

## AMERICA IN AUSTRALIA

The popular culture of Australia is dominated, inundated, by American influences. No one could deny this, and I don't want to overstate the obvious by dwelling on examples, like the television programmes: even the A.B.C. now running a thing like Camp Runamuck. The interesting thing here is that the A.B.C. assumes quite rightly that viewers will identify themselves with the antics at a children's holiday camp even though in fact these grim enterprises are still unknown here and quite foreign in every respect to the family clutter of the Caravan Park, which is still Australia's characteristic way of holiday life. Foreign indeed but for how much longer? Like Marching Girls? Who could have believed, a few years ago, that that alarming Amazonian custom could have caught on here? Yet today the girls are marching across the country to an all-American tune into a matriarchal future which will have no place for the old style Aussie husband who can only really enjoy himself in the sloppy, beery company of his mates around a sweaty bar.

Commercial exploitation of the American Dream is understandable enough. Naturally the commercial television stations buy as many American programmes as they can fit in. Naturally department stores push the American Look in clothes and novelties. Naturally those hapless bundles of syndicated pap that pass for popular magazines in this country reiterate over and over their prayers of adoration of America. Naturally the car salesman talks with a

short a. Because television and magazines and cars exemplify the American excitement. The three leading cities in the world today - ask any healthy Australian child - are New York, Hollywood and Disneyland, and in that triumvirate is all the world's glamor and goodness, the mecca, the aspiration of the technological age. No wonder every country in the world today - even Russia and maybe even China - looks slightly wistfully towards it. And no wonder that we in Australia lean further towards it than most others, for we have not only a common language; we can also identify with it in many historical and social contexts. Moreover we are linked with it in a military adventure, and bound to it strategically as far as forecasts can carry us. And even above that, as Max Newton no doubt will be detailing presently, we are becoming more and more positively identified with America in the most persuasive of all ways: through the ties of money. Every year more and more Australians answer to American bosses. When you have to lick the boots ~~(however metaphorically)~~ of anyone, it is extraordinary how sharp and clear the details of those boots stand out in your memory. Before long you want to wear the same hand tooled boots and the same Dacron pants; and after a bit your 'Yes Sir-rr' gets an American roll to it. And can you be expected to remember what the Australian Legend is all about if the man who holds the key to your future holds out instead the American Dream? And so it is all too easy to understand the infiltration of Americanisms in commerce, and beyond commerce into liesure pursuits and pronunciation. It is a symbol of alertness, of a go-go attitude,

to say 'skedule' and 'tomayto', especially in commercial announcements, and to practice the dee thing: "I don't de-ny I de-TECT a de-grading de-scent."

Thus our pop outlook, led by those national cultural subversives, the B-class radio men and others clinging to the fringe of show-business, sinks ever further into the sordid swamps of Austerica, and nearly all of us in one way or another, often without realising it, suffer from the Surfer's Paradise syndrome.

The sad thing about this syndrome is its contentment with copies, with second or third best. Our imitation of America is entirely different from our borrowing from other countries. In many ways we take the best that is usable or adaptable from England and the Continental countries. But we are more inclined to take the worst, or the silliest, things from the U.S.A. For instance, in the last five years we have made spectacular advances in befouling the sides of the highway arteries that run out from the hearts of our main cities and towns. We crowd them with billboards and signs, service stations with attention-getting propellers and plastic flags, motels, milkbars, used car lots, and further out unwanted car cemeteries and rubbish dumps. The pattern of all this is American down to the details of the wording and the twillers, down to the intimacies of the style and the colour of it all, down to the spelling of tires on the signs. Yet during this period when all this has built up here to a crescendo of visual mess, the Americans have been growing aware of its ugliness in their own home towns and have

engaged in a major offensive against it. We don't copy that. For we don't copy abstract ideas; we just copy physical phenomena. We leave the greatness of America in its place and all we bring home, in bulging bags of samples and agency rights and syndicated publishing rights is the gaudy tinsel. In all these ways we prove our intellectual and spiritual subservience to the U.S.A. So who is there who could argue that we are <sup>not</sup> already, morally, a colony of America?

There's nothing new about any of this. The start of Australian dependence for impulses on America coincided with the start of Australian feeling of independence from Britain and the Old World. We began to identify with the New World in the 1880s. 'Are We Becoming Americanised?' was a popular subject for debating societies in the between-wars period.

Yet for all that, for all the tinsel and television programmes, the movies, motels and magazines, we are not - Australia is not - yet, Americanised. It is really quite extraordinary how unAmerican Australians remain. There is in fact a perverse, stubborn streak in most Australians that holds us back from joining the Americans' confident march to a clear-skied future.

Let's look at some of our unAmerican activities and attitudes.

The first, and I suppose the most fundamental, is the relationship of the sexes. America is often accused with good reason for commercializing sex to an outrageous degree. Yet the American dream as spelt out by all the mass media from movies to comics accepts women as almost as important as men and even allows a quality of tenderness into the relationship between them and men. To the Australian this is mush. Australians are still not really happy in mixed company; we all know that the sex segregated Aussie party is still the norm, despite all the jokes and jeers at it. Ten o'clock closing and liquor reforms have not destroyed the all-male rite of the late-afternoon beer swill. Here sex is something for dirty, but essentially sexless, jokes.

American pop music and magazines and even advertisements churn out commercialised love-talk that is nauseous enough, but there is room for doubt if Australian avoidance of the subject of love is any healthier. Where is the Great Australian Love Story? Where for that matter is any Australian love story? Well, there was almost one, the 17th Doll. And it is not entirely coincidence that she was the only Australian play ever to make good overseas. Donald Horne in his justifiably successful and almost epoch-marking book *The Lucky Country* referred to the 'anxiously male' attitude of the Australian man. 'Mates', he said, 'are men thrown together by some emergency in an unfriendly environment and have become of one blood in facing it...' And he classifies clinically as others have the spectacle of Australian men standing endlessly at the beery bars: 'There is a socially homosexual side to male

life (of a 'butch' kind) that can involve prolonged displays of toughness in male company...' Yet with all respect to Donald Horne, in his next-published book, The Permit, a novel written earlier, not a single female human being appears in its large male cast.

In his categorisation of all the other things he considers mushy of soft in any way, the Australian shows his persistent differences from the American. To the American any new concept in technology, anything that promises escape from the harsh realities of nature to a world of gleaming plastic and push-buttons, any automation, has a certain inherent magic. The Australian man and woman is still suspicious of these things. The technological developments which take longest to cross the Pacific are those which interfere with nature and the tough old self-reliant way of doing things. The automatic washing machine was for years resented by the Australian housewife. It threatened somehow her domestic martyrdom. Automatic transmission in a similar way threatened to take the self-sufficiency from the Australian motorist's horny hands. Both of these logical improvements of accepted machines took much longer to catch on in Australia than other advances which merely changed the appearance or sped up a known process. Just as Australian servicemen are more scornful than ~~are~~ envious of the mechanical equipment of their American allies, so many Australians retain a deep suspicion of anything that threatens to ease the discomforts which nature sends to try us. Like air-conditioning. It is not that

~~It is not that~~ we enjoy sweating any more than Americans but because we feel somehow it is a historical necessity to sweat in Australia, to remain tough and personally, physically independent of artificial aids.

The American demands artificial comfort so that he can get on with doing things. The Australian prefers natural discomfort so he can do as little as possible.

The perverse refusal of the Australian to be Americanised shows up most strongly in that unAustralian industry: Tourism. So many things which the American tourist wants and can get anywhere else in the world are simply not obtainable here. Like, for instance, good service followed by the courteous acceptance of a generous tip.

An American visitor the other day paid Australia what most Australians would consider to be a splendid compliment. "There's one thing I've discovered in which you're far out ahead of us," he said. He was referring to the growing tendency to slackness and grudging service in the U.S.A., a result of ever-increasing affluence. But Australia had really opened his eyes. He had never experienced anything like the unconcern for his well-being and the rudeness he encountered here at airports and hotels, in taxis and shops. He was most impressed.

Yet not all Americans appreciate the subtlety of discourtesy, and the Old Aussie attitude on the part of almost everyone who comes in the path of the American tourist drives our poor entrepreneurs of travel and tourism up the wall.

Another thing is that most American tourists, debilitated by their artificial civilization, by all that airconditioning and pampering, are soft enough to notice and - if you can credit it - object to our flies.

"My God! Now I've seen everything," said an American visitor in a Melbourne suburb recently. She was visiting a house which was one of a series of several opened to visitors for charity - houses of special artistic interest. And the sight which had shocked the little prayer out of her was a spiral twist of yellow fly-paper encrusted with specimens hanging over the preparation table in the kitchen of this artistic house.

Our disinclination to do anything seriously about tackling the flies, restricting our retaliation to the Australian Wave, and the Hhhrh, is superbly characteristic of the persistence of the old Aussie attitude despite everything implicit in the American tinsel which industry and commerce spread across the countryside.

And then our monumental inarticulateness. How is it that any American has at least ten meaningful (if cliché ridden) words for every one that an Australian has? Do you remember those television and radio interviews at the end of Davis Cup challenges, when the American boys spun out an urbane stream of appropriate niceties, while the magnificent Australian boys, who had towelled them up on the courts, were left floundering in tongue-tied gaucherie?

There are several contributory factors here. Education for a start. And then America historically demands that every man at any time should be prepared to get up and declare himself. Everything, in principle, should be above board and out in the open. All through school and college there is emphasis on public talking. In Australia there is little or no public talking but, as the whole world knows, the world's highest content of public speaking.

"Your Excellency, My Lord Mayor, Your Grace, Distinguished guests, Members of Staff, Chief Bottle-washers, Junior Bottle-washers, Ladies and Gentlemen. It gives me much pleasure on this most innocuous of occasions to second the proposal to adopt the motion of my colleague's vote of thanks..."

Why do we have the national craving to speak like this? I think it is because we can't talk in public yet feel obliged to say something.

Why can't we talk in public? (Just think of our Parliamentary broadcasts; and then think of any American political broadcast, not to mention the Kennedy-Nixon television debate.) One reason is that awful hangover of colonial mateship and the digger thing. Masculine conversation is not permitted to depart from practical, material, subjective things. Anything smacking of an abstract idea or a tender feeling is soft. Then, again, to emphasise masculinity every third word has to be the one which refers to an activity requiring a certain amount of female cooperation. This word, however, cannot be said in front of females and, thus deprived of every third word in mixed company, the Australian male's speech disintegrates into a jagged series of hesitant, tentative stabs at thoughts. All painfully embarrassing to no one more than to the utterer. By this I don't mean that the Australian has necessarily fewer thoughts than the American or that he could not overcome this embarrassment and free his tongue if he really wanted to talk. But at heart he still feels it unnecessary, and ~~an~~ invasion of his privacy to be asked to say out loud what he thinks. In the past it was not necessary. In a land of few people with similar origins, backgrounds and circumstances -- everyone becoming 'of one blood' as Donald Horne said -- the fundamental beliefs of life could be taken for granted. Yet privacy of thoughts was precious. He stressed one's individuality, and it saved one the trouble of deciding specifically what thoughts, if any, one did have. Privacy of thoughts made for a quieter life.

It is significant that by far the greatest gift that Australia has ever given America - or is ever now likely to give her - was the secret vote: the Australian vote, as they call it; essentially uncharacteristic of American methods, of the "stand up and be counted" challenge.

Perhaps it is possible to put all these differences of Australia from America into one box and give it a name. The over-riding quality that makes us different, that slows the tempo of our life and reduces the temperature of it below the American level, that disappoints many American visitors, that sends droves of intending American migrants back to California, that is the despair of many Australian businessmen and of all good Americans - the overriding quality is our comparative lack of ambition. If Americans ran this country there would be more jumping to it, more self-improvement, more oil, more tourists - more of everything, but fewer flies. In America, personal ambition to succeed - to succeed in the long run no matter what - is a virtue, one of the cardinal virtues to be recommended to bright-eyed youth. In Australia ambition always tends to be suspect and sometimes is considered downright sinful. For instance, the chaplain at a service in a Melbourne Church school recently warned the boys as they stepped out into the world against the vice of ambition. T

To see the difference between the two countries in physical demonstration, let's consider briefly the first American town in Australia. There'll probably be a lot more and it may be setting

a pattern. I refer of course to Exmouth on the northwest coast, the town surrounding the U.S. radio base. It is described as an integrated town, which means that the American and Australian colonies there are not actually hitting each other. However the former live in concrete houses, air-conditioned, and the second-cl...I mean the Australian citizens live in fibro houses with fans flapping round on the ceiling. This symbolizes the national relationship very well. The matter goes deeper than the fact that Americans demand comfort still when in one of the world's toughest, ~~most~~ fly-ridden climates. The fact is that the simple Aussies there are reported to be happy beneath their fibro and fans. They say they prefer them. For they want to be in it, to be experiencing the climate, trying to learn to love it. They are frightened of softening up if they lived in airconditioned comfort. The Americans have no such fear. They regard the fiendish climate as something to be surmounted, eliminated, so that they can concentrate on the work in hand, on their driving ambitions.

Talking in generalities is always dangerous and odious. Naturally, from the first words I spoke, you will have taken for granted that when I spoke of 'The Australian' I did not mean you any more than I meant myself. And there are thousands more like us who, while loving Australia and identifying with the Australian myth, are impatient with many things about Australia. And we know what hundreds of them do. They leave. Many go to London, but they also go to the U.S.A. by the score. The departure of the most famous ones, like Sir John Eccles, is publicised. But there are countless others who are taking out of Australia their share of just those qualities of imagination and creativity that the country needs if it is ever going to be a more civilized place. Our drain of talent is a slightly different thing from Britain's 'Brain Drain', of established men going to better jobs in the U.S.A. than they can get at home. That may apply in the Eccles and Frankel cases, and is even more appallingly pronounced in the probability that the Snowy Mountains Authority, after completing its mammoth task and with other tasks as urgent crying for attention, will be allowed to disband and drift off to the U.S.A. and Canada. But what is even more serious than that, in its own way, is the fact that often enough we don't even allow our young men of talent sufficient opportunities to get themselves established in the first place. For instance:

Every city in the U.S.A. has road works and bridge works and traffic engineering that must make any Australian stare in awe and

wonder. One of the most impressive records for such activities in a comparatively small city is held by Seattle. The engineer responsible for these works during the last decade or so is a young American citizen named John Anderson who speaks with a touch of Australian accent. An Australian engineer, visiting Seattle in 1965, met Anderson, was amazed to recognize the accent, and said, "But you're Australian!" "Not now," replied Anderson, and he told why. Some eight years earlier Anderson, still under the age of thirty, was an Australian engineering graduate on a world tour. He stopped at Seattle to work awhile in the city engineer's department. He did well, stayed on, and rose rapidly. One day they told him he could go no further unless he was a U.S. citizen. He hesitated, and decided to return home first. In Melbourne he called on the chief of the Country Roads Board, Mr. Alan Rawlings, and described the situation in which he found himself. Rawlings was sympathetic and reasonable. He suggested that Anderson should spend three days with them, looking around, and at the end they would discuss an appointment. So Anderson spent three days, keeping his peace even though he saw designs going through which looked to him about a decade out of date. At the end he saw Rawlings again, who offered him a job at a very low grading and extremely modest salary. "Are you serious?" Anderson asked. "Well, yes," said Rawlings, with a touch of regret. "You see we have men here who've been with us a long time. We can't upset seniorities..."

Thus Anderson went back to his new home at Seattle and signed an application for American citizenship. This story is true in every detail, although some of the names have been changed to spare the guilty embarrassment.

Now if I may ask some rhetorical questions: How much longer will such an attitude - will all such Australian attitudes - remain? Was the Australian legend a good, genuine and helpful thing only in the 19th Century and up to - at the latest - the Second World War? Before the advent of Admass we built up this legend protected behind a barrier of oceans, and if we can see traces of the legend living today, as I have mentioned, is this only on borrowed time? Can we read in Barry Humphries' attacks on the legend and in the Strine book the last skirmishes before the legend dies out altogether?

Or is the Strine book, like They're a Weird Mob, really a glorification and rejuvenation of the Aussie myth? Can there be a New Australia which will bring the Old Australia up to date without losing everything that was in the legend, good as well as bad?

Despite the efforts of those old Australians who accept this country's role as a poor-man's America and who work so busily to reproduce Las Vegas here (and despite also all the old school ties to England of which Geoffrey Dutton has spoken) Australia still perversely looks itself: a real card, a real character among the nations. In this world of jet planes and television all civilization is growing more and more uniform, more and more American, but still in Australia's comparative isolation she retains those little differences in values and emphases. The American visitor may notice the first difference the very instant he steps from his plane on to Australian soil. There across a dusty tarmac is the airport building, looking smaller, older, hotter, dirtier and in every way less impressive than that of the poorest emergent nation of Africa.

Unpretentiousness to a fault dogs the visitor as he leaves the airport. He drives away in an untippable taxi along a succession of old roads tied together untidily to stretch the length to the city like so many bits of salvaged string. Where is the freeway with which the meanest city in the rest of the world likes to impress its visitors? Not on this side of the city. If there is a freeway it runs to the beach. Yet down sidestreets in most cities if he is observant he can glimpse countless, endless parades of comfortable private houses flashing by. Even in the U.S.A., where he would be driving on a freeway eight or ten lanes wide, the dwellings either side would be more likely the decaying inner-suburban timber flats of a negro ghetto or a Poor White skid row.

Let us regret the lack of freeways but at the same time take our seat beside the Australian taxi-driver and enjoy the last vestiges of national individuality while he discusses critically the techniques of all other drivers on the road. In England the taxi-driver would be sealed off by glass so that he could not contaminate you. Anywhere else you would sit in the back seat. You may here too, and the driver is unlikely to be any more offensive if you do. Only in the U.S.S.R. have I seen the democracy of the taxi-cab practised so assiduously, and with such unmistakable intent. There, as in Australia, even a single female passenger will cram herself and her parcels into the front seat beside the driver, in case by spreading herself in the back she may appear to be putting on counter-revolutionary airs. But then, in Russia, the taxi-driver lives on a higher salary than most of his passengers. A remarkable phenomenon of this period is, as a matter of fact, the number of social attitudes that Australia has in common with the U.S.S.R., despite our mutual political antagonism. The service in shops and restaurants may be declining steadily all over the world, yet in Europe there is only one place to go for a really sloppy, couldn't-care-less Aussie attitude from waiters and service-men of every sort. The only place to go is Moscow. It's most nostalgic. The basis of this sloppiness in Russian society is, just as it was in the beginning here, a defiant theory of ~~egalitarianism~~ maintained despite any evidence to the contrary.

The basis of the old Australian legend: giving the upperhand to the underdog, may be changing colour in the modern world, but it is not quickly being watered down. As some of our deep-rooted ideas get more out of step with the busy modern world the Australian individuality stands out more clearly. But is it doomed? When the day comes for the gentle arts to be accepted into an honoured place in Australian life, will we discover that all passengers sit in the back seats of taxis, all industry is operated by American principals, and all individuality in Australia is dead with the last blowfly? In short, are none of the qualities which we recognize as Australian timelessly good? Are none worth keeping, or capable of being kept, in a cultivated society? Are all characteristically Australian things as uncooth as the Gentlemen's esoteric language, and doomed to fade out with better education, like the four-letter words when the Ladies walk in?

The answers must be affirmative nearly all the way down the line. The legend is old-fashioned, is uncooth, is doomed. Yet ... yet surely there is that proud, earthy, democratic spirit, the old Fair Go, which is worthy and rare and preservable: one thing that could be retained despite better education and sophistication? Consider the question of tipping. Some prosperous Australians may fail at it simply by meanness and some through self-consciousness: not quite knowing how to do it properly, because it is so seldom done at home. But most Australians fail at it because they feel something repellent, almost obscene, in the surreptitious ceremony when master's and lackey's hands brush silently, and the

latter tips his hat, fingers counting blindly in his clenched fist. Tipping of course is understood to have sunk long ago from the realm of appreciation for services rendered to some shade of blackmail. To many an old Australian it will always seem an affront to human dignity, and an inexplicable inconsistency in the American Way of Life.

Can there be a new Australia that is still Australia and not an unwanted colony of America? I think there can be, I think the legend can live, but not if we continue exactly the way we are going now.

Our attitude to Asia is changing. We begin to realise that it exists and that we are in it, and from that point we jump to the conclusion that we will become a bastion of Western enlightenment and technology in this part of the world. In that conclusion we are probably deceiving ourselves terribly. Not that we couldn't be a bastion of enlightenment and technology, but because we are not yet; because we have taken too long to grow out of the colonial derivative phase, because we are still culturally insecure. We would rather make a good copy, risking nothing, than take a risk on making an original.

Asia, I'm afraid, will recognize that we are second-hand and will look to U.S.A. and Britain direct, preferring to get their impulses first-hand. Yet it is good that Australia has recognized Asia at

last, and this may be our key to saving something out of the wreck of the Australian legend. If we could only bring ourselves to realise it, we live on the edge of the great Pacific region which is a rapidly growing centre of culture that one day may rival the Atlantic axis. I include not only ourselves and Japan in this greater Oceania but the west coast of the U.S.A. as well. A highly sophisticated public, critical but receptive, already awaits our artists and thinkers and doers who carry their wares into this region. The success of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra in Tokyo last year and the more recent successes of the Australian Ballet Company in California and Honolulu are not insignificant pointers to a new era. The West Coast of the U.S.A. has never shared the East Coast view that the civilized world enters a nether region across the Mississippi and tumbles over into an abyss of bamboo and cave drawings a few degrees of longitude past Honolulu. The cultivated people of San Francisco, at least, often look beyond the sunset in the hope of finding interesting new soulmates across the ocean.

In an odd way we are drawn by parallel circumstances both to Tokyo and to San Francisco at this time. Although all of us have pride and pleasure in what we are making of the second half of the 20th century, we all experience the feeling of having our original cultural characters rolled flat by the international bulldozer that is made principally in New York. That's why we need each other's support.

The real advantage to Australia in any exchange of intellect or art is the broadening of our horizons. But there are practical gains as well. Our trade ships and shows and delegations go out to sell our goods the hard way, and do a worthy job. But there can be no doubt that a more distinguished and vital image of Australia as a making and doing country in this part of the world would ultimately, softly, sell us better.

Australia and California already have, of course, many historical as well as geographical ties. The climate and the countryside, the yellow-ochre grass and sparse trees, the verandas and the post and rail fences, all bring a sense of deja vu to an Australian in the gold-rush country of the Sierra Nevadas. The farm houses, the silos, the little old two storey shops on the dusty-edged main street of a country town - upper floors cantilevered forward on shaped brackets: we have seen it all before at home. Most of these things were built 80 to 100 years ago and have hardly changed since. In those days we had much in common. Many of the people who were disappointed in California after 1849 came to the Australian gold-fields after 1851, bringing their empirical techniques of carpentry along with their prospecting pans.

This is our quickest way back to America, not through New York, and we Australians ourselves could do infinitely more now in encouraging exchanges with California. A great deal of strength and stimulation and confidence could be gained by better

communication and harder competition on the modern creative level. A little of it happens already.

For instance, a fountain based on that beautiful thistle of water at Kings Cross is now being built in San Francisco in a court in the Golden Gateway. What's much more, the Sydney designers of the original, Woodward, Taranto & Wallace, have been retained to do the job. Whenever I hear of a little crumb of reciprocation with America like that I believe again in the possibility that Australia will live on after all as an individual creative region. This belief is strengthened whenever I think of a few internationally celebrated people like Sid Nolan and Alan Moorhead, who, though living more outside than in Australia, are not expatriates and still essentially Australian and are sending back to America (and the rest of the world) Australian contributions to 20th century civilization...or better still Patrick White who can actually bear to live here, alongside the critics whose insensitivity might have destroyed him, while continuing to make his major contribution.

To see just a little bit of good Australia in America is all anyone could wish for in this context. Americanisation is a phenomenon but not a problem in, say, Sweden, Switzerland or Scotland, because these three, like some other countries, have reciprocal exports to America which enable them to retain their self-respect. May I emphasize this point as strongly as I can, for it is at the heart of everything I have been saying: We

must produce our own ideas in the arts and sciences, not for mean chauvinistic, nationalistic reasons, but because no one living on this island - call it Australia, a British Colony or the last outpost of America - no one here can maintain selfrespect in the modern world of ideas unless we contribute to it.

Finally, I suppose it's necessary to stress that I personally love America, and am prepared to outdo anyone in my enthusiasm for its arts and sciences. What I am against is only the dulness and laziness and philistinism of many Australians who make or accept stale copies of things from overseas when they could make life more fun for themselves and everyone else if they tried to make, and encouraged others to make, something fresh and original here. Our stale copies of Danish furniture or Japanese gardens are often just as silly as our stale copies of Americana in most other things. It is not Denmark or Japan or the U.S.A. which is at fault.

The argument for importation of our ideas and entertainments is that only thus will we keep up our standards, for anything that originates here must be in some way inexperienced and inferior. There is a lot in this of course, but only if the imported material is of highest standard, only if it doesn't swamp out all local endeavour, and only if we are prepared to recognize and encourage good, unusual local talent when it does appear. None of these qualifications apply to Australia now. But they show the way to our salvation. Especially if there were a social climate here that

encouraged originality. Then it would not be impossible to foresee eventually a proportionate representation of imaginative Australia in America - and she would surely welcome it; she is hungry for ideas from everywhere. If and when that day comes there will be no longer any problem for us inherent in the phrase: America in Australia.