

effects seem to direct themselves towards insights into nature and the celebration of the unique phenomenon of the rock carvings. Yet the subtlety and sophistication - and the new maturity of Campbell is what is being secretly received by the reader as the centre of this poetry's ability to charm and to please.

(i)

It is springtime. The first eight poems circle around this fact. Not all poems make mention of it, but the mood is one of celebration, new life, love and sex. "The Chase is mad with sex". The line leaps out to the common reader. It is Campbell's humour, his wit, his freedom with feeling. Section I of "Kuringai Rock Carvings" is a romantic comedy, teeming with a natural life which wishes to procreate. Boronias, honeyeaters, wild orchids, banksias, spiny ant-eaters and fairy penguins - the early August spring along Sydney's great sandstone coastline (Kuringai Chase is the National Park north of Sydney along the Hawkesbury River) comes with a rush of colour in its wildflowers and with raging, if secretive, activity among its animals. The poems stand fixed in their four line statements, neither adding to nor subtracting from the truths they are professing. Something about the plainness, the bluntness - the human inadequacy - of Campbell's manner works to counterpoint with the variety, the detail, and the ecstasy of nature's springtime.

There is, also, the fact that much of the life Campbell is depicting is itself art. Art in rock. Art which has existed for, possibly, thousands of years. Time, here, is ancient and immemorial. It is awesome, and seeps into the poetry as its stillness. And as a stillness demanded of the poet in observing it. Images of fish, "trapped" in the headland rock faces, seem to suggest an urging to "move one way", out "through the blue heads". However,

It is light-years to the open sea.

Time is present and active, eternal and passive. Campbell's statements enact both truths. The rock itself takes hold of the poetry as its deepest tone. The carvings announce art in praise of human activity over thousands of years, line drawings as they are and weathering into nothingness all the time. They are fragile and contingent art forms. Their abstractness has to be moved towards imaginatively by modern viewers. In the rock carvings the challenge of ancient art demands a unique response from the person who comes near it. The poems show how Campbell makes a living universe of the scene.

It is the human element which Campbell introduces into the scene which is the poetry's subtlest effect. It seems to slide unobtrusively into the stone world, flow through the carvings and then explode riotously into the spring life of love and sex. There is a surrealistic inter-planing of human life - white and aboriginal - flora, fauna, rock face and art. The opening poem "The Lovers" has this freedom:

Making love for ten thousand years on a rockledge:
 The boronia springs up purple
 From the stone, and we lay together briefly
 For as long as those two lovers.

The rock carving here is itself named last. Two figures of aboriginal art are the subject. To say they are "lovers" and to lead into the poem with their "making love" is, however, a Campbell move, an initiative of his own word. It is done with wit, with paradox. The opening line catches both worlds: the timeless quality of the rock carving itself, and the presentness of the moment. The paradox is sustained, too. The Australian shrub, boronia, is seen as springing up "purple" (suggestive of its strong perfume and rose-pink flowers - its passion) from "the stone". It is a brilliant image which acts as metaphor. Campbell has found an exact statement for combining both worlds, ancient rock and his own feeling. When he turns, then, to speak subjectively he uses the

conjunction "and" coordinating the human and natural worlds, and does so with a stroke of genius. To make love is to know a quality of existence which makes time immaterial. It could be a moment or ten thousand years. "For as long as" is a moment in time which in the rock carving has been repeating itself forever.

"Honeyeaters" carries the paradox further. The verbs structure the four lines into a kind of drama. "The gynea and emus wait . . . the great whales doze": there is here the stasis of rock, art and nature. The second part of the poem begins with "but", an opposition.

but the fish
Leap down the flowering sandstone
Where honeyeater chickens rage.

The liveliness of wildflowers and new-born honeyeaters transform the fish of the carvings. They "leap down" and the small birds "rage". These terms exceed descriptive need. They enact feeling, the feeling of the poet. It is his excitement, his passion which is participating in the drama, while able at the same time to respect the calmness of the gynea which stands (chorus-like) in silence as the tall lily plant alongside the rock carving. To say, also, that the "emus wait for the lithe tribesman" is to implant an idea and image of the poet's own making. "Lithe" is what Campbell is himself as poet and person in this situation.

The interplay of meditation, self-discovery and dramatic function which these poems express lies at the heart of Campbell's achievement. The smallness of scale suits him. He is a conceptual poet who needs to work through image and statement. His dramatic impulse has to find an indirect way of uttering itself. He loosens up the logical relationships of the several parts of his compact world, and allows the differing elements to change places with one another and to interact in doing so. This transfer of roles - where subjective becomes objective and where the poet's mood is imputed to the

meaning of the rock carving - is clearly there in "Man and Woman":

All night they look at the moon. No one sees them move,
 Though his arms are raised in praise.
 Delicately their ankles cross
 And her fork is an inch-deep groove.

Precisely observed, flattening out any false poetic effects, these lines depict a point where contemplation and fact "cross" ("delicately" as "ankles"). There are a dozen vantage points or perspectives being offered: the looking and the seeing are done from opposite angles, subject becomes object. What "they look at" is what the poet imagines "they look at", what "he looks at" is the moon. The fact that "no one" sees them move is the use of negative statement for positive effect. Dramatic immediacy occurs, then turned to one side with the qualifying clause "though his arms . . .". Such transforming devices as these are the means of Campbell's penetration imaginatively into the scene. His complex meditative stance allows for a yoking of religious and sexual imagery and symbolism: "raised in praise . . . cross . . . fork . . . an inch-deep groove". There is, finally, a balance struck for the poem's mood between "delicately" and "deep". It is an act of loving celebrated as an act of observing.

Creative confusion is part of Campbell's way of visualising and signifying without inferring. When he writes in "Whales" that

whales litter the landscape
 Like stranded boulders with calves
 Carved on their backs.

he is exploiting the likeness of sandstone rock formations to the shape of whales. Which are carvings, here, and which are fascinating rock shapes and groupings of rocks is uncertain. This poem falters in not centring its imagination equally in the poet's reality as in nature's. To say

And there they blow
 Low banksia scrub, a froth of spiked spring flowers.

is merely to push a descriptive term to an extreme without any subjective need or impulse. Campbell's statements fail when they are not self-referring or reflexive as well as imaging and enacting.

It is love that is the motive force in "Kuringgai Rock Carvings". Campbell's central statement of it is in "Spring":

The Chase is mad with sex. Flowered trees sustain
The act of love a season;
While from stone loins wild orchids spring
Whose pleasure is in intercourse with beetles.

"Mad with sex" is clearly not a botanist's or biologist's way of talking. Yet it works poetically. The meaning is obvious and taken further with humour and personal push. It is balanced by the comparatively sober statement of the next sentence, then liberated again by the oblique and paradoxical clause of orchids springing from stone loins, and sustained by the strongly sexual last line. This poem is a frontal conceptual statement, which would be heavy and conventional and sententious if Campbell had not so boldly stepped into the poem in his own voice and temperament, and then turned his concept askew and into comedy.

A joke supports the poem in "Spiny Ant-Eaters": "It may be a prickly business. / But their desire goes on forever". In the context of "Kuring-gai Rock Carvings" as a group of poems, it works well as a momentary gesture. But it stands alongside a line of Campbell's fine wit, and the comparison is instructive:

and the stone echidnas
Dawdle across the rockface:

The word "Dawdle" is brilliant here. As rock carvings which will never move "dawdle" is just right. As animals which do in fact "dawdle" the echidnas seem to be actually alive and moving. As well they may be. The possibility of both being there - live echidnas and as rock carvings - is a nice point to Campbell.

The fun he then draws from his dawdling, spiny-backed mammals seems to be part of the mood of spring which Campbell had announced in royal terms "gold and purple", and presumably needed a plebeian touch to round it off.

Using the gratuitous "I" presence, or allowing the author to appear to enter the poem directly, is a risk that Campbell resists until the final poem of this first sequence of the "Kuring-gai Rock Carvings". It is again a poem, "Fairy Penguins", where it is not certain whether actual animals or rock carvings are being referred to. Here, it is ingeniously confused but not in a way that hurts the poetry:

A fairy penguin dives in rock for cover
 With swept-back wings, as jets
 Pencilling vapour-trails, go over:
 For all I know, the rest may still be under.

It is best if the penguins are there as carvings. The words "dives in rock" is a brilliant and very funny way of putting it. And the likeness of their "swept-back wings" to a jet's, plus the likelihood of planes actually being overhead as Campbell wrote, makes these lines as precise as they are playful. Campbell has got something quite unusual exactly right.

How to include himself as part of this world is the point of the coda or final line. It is not a very clear line, which is part of its point. A shrug of modesty, placing himself alongside or below the natural world, is a fine note or gesture to end on. The idea that "the rest" of the penguins (not to be seen) "may still be under" is ingenious. Under the rock or in the rock (under the surface) is Campbell playfully releasing his poem with a comic and deft twist.

Part I of "Kuring-gai Rock Carvings" is a celebration of Spring. Part II stands back somewhat from the carvings, and while still rapt in meditation begins to take in the significance and values of the aboriginal culture to which they belong. Always, there is some particular thing which focusses each of the eight poems: lizard, bora ring, rain, shields, boomerang and bush fire. The

poems have particular and factual referents, but the poetic reference Campbell is bringing together in this central section of "Kuring-gai Rock Carvings" impressively concentrates a profound respect for black society and culture while contrasting it with the white European civilisation which destroyed it.

The conceptual power of Campbell is easy to miss, such is the lithe and leaping imagination of these poems. The concision and compactness work with the flat executive statements to defuse heroics and pathos (though this is certainly revealed). The poems share in the fineness and fragility of the carvings; they do not force themselves on the reader's attention. Their value lies in a reader learning how to stand still, be receptive, and bring meanings - as it were from the soul - to fill out their simple shapes. The art is incomplete without a believer, it is an instrument that enables awareness; the stance of the viewer or reader is the true achievement of this art. Campbell creates a kind of open space around his poems; it is as if he is in an open-air cathedral, intent in contemplation, willing to receive insight and painfully aware that as a white man he (and his kin) has much to confess.

"Lizards" is a brilliant opening poem. It consists of three sentences, three statements. The stance is intensely observant, analytical. But the statements turn to metaphor, and transform themselves into drama. The rational base of Campbell's manner of address holds throughout, but undergoes a kind of conversion into empathy with the object of its attention.

Lizards are kin and can return to stone
 At will. Transfixing a shield
 Like a spear a lizard froze in the sun, a thing
 Of bronze, yet quick. See the dart of his tongue!

To see the likeness of animal and stone habitat is commonplace. But to claim it as "kin" (a family relation) and to give "will" to the lizard, together with the happy ambiguity of "return to stone" - these are signs of Campbell's imagination moving into unique insight while retaining a cool and judicious tone.

The middle statement fixes action and stillness as one and the same moment. It also reaches out to aboriginal culture ("shield" and "spear") for its comparisons. The opening participle "Transfixing" and the closing word "quick" frame the statement as dramatic action. Central terms as "froze" and "bronze" create a stop, a stillness. The image is paradoxical, dramatic in its empathy. Campbell's word play sustains the structural wit. "Froze in the sun" and "a thing of bronze". To use the idiom "a thing of" is to accept a certain kind of poetic gambit, a plain anti-metaphoric and tentative gesture. But the word "bronze" touches on colour, material and art form. The plainness leaps into new significance, as does the word "quick" which touches on movement - and life (as distinct from "bronze").

The final sentence enacts both the rapt attention of the speaker-viewer-reader and the nature of the lizard. It fulfils the closeness the poem has built up with its subject. The poem as a whole draws everything in to its own reality; it also highlights the word "transfixing" in a way that makes the alert reader look around for signs of other frames of reference. Literally, "transfixing" means (or may mean) the lizard's head poking out and through its shield-like frill around the neck. But the "shield" and "spear", the "kin" and "will" are intimations of wider concerns on Campbell's part, which quickly appear in the following poems. The lizard in its paradoxical stance is a kind of totemic being for Campbell. His poems move in and out of the world of stone at will.

"Bora Ring" introduces the cultural and religious dimension which the "Kuringgai Rock Carvings" have for aboriginal people. Campbell comes at it through three discrete sentences. One, "the kangaroo has a spear in his side" refers to a rock carving. It is literal and matter of fact in tone. Yet "spear" picks up the earlier reference in "Lizards", and is open to being further developed in terms of cultural symbolisms both aboriginal and Christian. Here,

it works in a natural way, suggesting the hunter life style of the people, and their natural and necessary use of the kangaroo for survival. The fact has its theory.

Campbell then steps back to inform the reader:

It was here
Young men were initiated,
Tied to a burning tree.

This information on the sacred site (the "Bora Ring") is offered almost neutrally. But why the qualifying phrase "Tied to a burning tree"? Its understatement counterpoints its meaning. If imagined, the image takes on a huge power. The initiation ceremony demands an experience of pain equal to that of the animal which will feel the "spear in his side". Campbell grasps at the closeness and continuity of aboriginal experience and its environment. Also, he introduces the term "burning" which as "flame" and "fire" will become central and organising motifs in this section of "Kuringgai Rock Carvings". The understanding of pain and punishment holds his attention as a major point of difference between Aboriginal and European cultures. He keeps both traditions in mind throughout. Here, "Tied to a burning tree" focusses on aboriginal ritual and ceremony, but it is also within reach of the central Christian symbolism of the Cross and Crucifixion.

Something of this wider concern is there in the final sentence of "Bora Ring":

Today
Where are such cooling pools of water?

The question (in part rhetorical) surprises the reader. It is a leap. Presumably, the initiation ceremonies in the Bora Ring made use of "water" to assuage the experience of the burning tree. There would be a natural and ritualistic process worked out by aboriginal culture. The elements of fire and water belonged together, and needed to be related in the sacred site and its

experiences. But Campbell has gone well beyond this kind of anthropological comment. His question, offered in a kind of public voice, is addressed more generally. To us. To the modern world. It carries anger and anguish at the loss of ritual, faith and culture. It is prophetic, conservative sadness. Yet it turns this energy of a wider vision back in the terms of the poem. "Cooling pools" picks up the sound or vowel pattern of "kangaroo" and holds the reference of "Bora Ring" as a poem within a context appropriate to its subject.

"Tench, 1791" opens sharply with the words "Flesh carvings". The juxtaposition by Campbell is a telling one. It is the white man's way of leaving his mark. By the lash. Captain Tench, one of the first officers in the Australian colony, records the whipping of a convict for theft. Campbell sets this account against the ritual of initiation among the aborigines. Pain is common to both. But pain is reserved for punishment in white society, while in black society it is a test and a process of admitting the receiver into the status of a full member of the tribe. The one excludes, the other includes. The aboriginal carvings are in rock and remain; the European carvings are in flesh, and will vanish. The irony is succinct.

The poem "Tench, 1791" makes the confrontation of cultures explicit. The flogging took place before "the assembled tribes", presumably on purpose to threaten the aborigines with white man's justice. The response as Campbell tells it, was surprising - sympathy for the victim and anger at "the lasher".

Daringa,
Her nets forgotten, wept: while Barangaroo
Threatened the lasher. A feckless if tender people.

Campbell withdraws with the word "feckless" any cheap sympathy or sentimentality the incident might arouse. He is a realist. His public voice in the final phrase, if rough, is aware of the "spiritless" condition of aboriginal culture when controlled by European power and values. It is history. Yet the word

"tender" and "Her nets forgotten", and the interlacing of rhyme (where Barangaroo reaches back to the previous poem) builds up an answering voice to the authoritarian voice of Tench, which he and white society generally, cannot avoid using. The judicial and militaristic mind and idiom of Captain Tench is caught rhythmically in this poem by much internal pausing and phrasing. The verbs and participles are in the past tense, the judgment of history seeming to be inevitable. In the context of "Kuring-gai Rock Carvings" the cut-and-dried manner of Tench takes on an especial irony and pathos.

A similar tone at first is felt in "King Boongarie: Etching by Earle".
History caught as Art:

A convict driving nails in a deal coffin:

The irony rises to symbolic proportions. A victim of one society "drives nails in" the coffin of another victim. That it should be a timber coffin, of fir or pine wood, deepens the irony with its genteel inappropriateness.

Campbell allows the sadness to speak for itself. In fact, he draws on the unconscious humour of the scene to lighten the irony and find a balance for the feelings involved:

They're burying the tribe's last king
Beside Queen Gooseberry with naval honours.
His Commodore's uniform (Brisbane's) is in tatters.

There is, here, a Lowellian sweeping forward through grand gesture into falling cadence, cryptic parenthesis, and the use of bathos for pathos. The running rhythm, so different from "Tench, 1791", holds the author away from the verse, and makes something gentle and sympathetic out of a scene which inevitably arouses anger both at the historical fact and at the oddity of manner with which the funeral was carried out. Campbell uses the etching of Augustus Earle as a frame or foil for his own feeling. The point is made about "burying the tribe's last king" without the need for dramatic gesturing.

Campbell begins the second half of Part II of "Kuringgai Rock Carvings" by returning deep into the world of the carvings. "Black rock" and "black hills" suggest both place and mood. It is a poem called "Rain", and acts as a centre for Campbell's philosophic concern in his approach to the rock carvings:

The waterfalls are real. All night it rained
 On black rock where eels
 Slither and cling for centuries
 Out there in the black hills.

Rain is like the imagination. Obviously, in this dry landscape there can be doubt that waterfalls (the signs and vestiges of which are there) do in fact exist. They are in this respect like the rock carvings. Something is needed to make them "real". It is rain for the waterfalls. For the carvings the implication is that a certain stance - of imagination, faith, respect - is needed for the carvings to be real. When brought to life in perceptiveness the carvings reveal a dramatic tension:

where eels
 Slither and cling for centuries

The physical image goes one way, the image of time another way. Change and tortuous contingency are being measured against the apparently changeless and timeless landscape.

Campbell is reaching deep for his meaning here yet conveying it through the simplest of images. There is a melancholic feel to the word "black", especially when repeated, as if the natural condition of reality is to deny or conceal meaning or truth. But when rain or imagination/faith/respect transform the landscape, life leaps into shape, form and significance. "The waterfalls are real". And images of "eels" emerge against the black - all the more clearly now because of the wet-on-black. Many subtle implications may be worked into the compact four lines of "Rain". It is a poem where Campbell and Wallace Stevens share a common modernist reflectiveness.

"Shields" represents a shift into scholarship, where Campbell looks matter-of-factly at the place of shields in aboriginal culture. He uses a long prosaic statement to make an opening point:

A shield was the symbol of the tribe rather than a spear
Or boomerang.

But the poem works eventually in a different and more dramatic way than this statement suggests. Aboriginal culture, it is implied, is not to be known by its outgoing, aggressive modes of behaviour. It is "In caves / And on tessellated pavements", that is to say, in places of retreat, reverence and craftsmanship (the mosaic patterning of aboriginal artists) that their culture is best known. It is here that

Shields
Forbid the stranger.

The statement is cryptic, and possibly taps into something subjective and subconscious in Campbell. The shield is a defensive weapon: it protects. Here it is aggressive, it forbids: and not so much the enemy as "the stranger". The idea of the enemy is absent. Presumably, aborigines do not have enemies. But those not known are "the stranger", an equally distancing and fearful state of being and awareness. Something of Campbell's Scottish ancestry seems to be at work here in this terse insight. A defensive-aggressive stance (possibly an intense reserve) is being discovered in this meditation on "Shields".

The poem "Shields" ends ambiguously. To say "but hearth and heart are bare" seems to be answering the forbidding function of the shield as if to say that it is not merely for the sake of protecting possessions or selfishness of motive that the aborigines chose to keep their distance one from the others. Their psychology may have a subtlety that European possessiveness and egoism cannot understand. Campbell may be intending a complex observation of this kind. But the word "bare" standing exposed at the end of the line allows for a

variety of readings. Does it mean "poor" or "impoverished" with a consequent negative overtone to Campbell's sense of aboriginal culture? Does "bare" mean "open", "candid", "uncluttered" suggesting an innocence and naturalness? Whatever the true meaning is, the clause has a coda-like quality as if Campbell has said too much in saying "shields / Forbid the stranger". It is as if he has sinned against his own sense of hospitality and camaraderie.

In "Weapons" Campbell uses a single sentence for the first time in these poems to carry all the four lines. It is here, too, that he reaches out in irony, approaching satire, to look at white society, especially Australian society, and the absurd way it goes about defending itself. In place of the subtlety of aboriginal "shields", white Australian society in its warrior psychology seems a farce.

In "the war to end all wars", an obsolete tank
 Patrolling the blue littoral
 From Gabo to York, pitted the rock
 And unearthed from moss a boomerang.

The Euro-centric mindedness of white Australians, thinking that a war (1914-1918), ten thousand miles away, was a threat (as well as a filial commitment) resorted to the absurd gesture of one tank patrolling five thousand miles of coastline. Campbell catches the nationalistic paranoia exactly here.

The token defence merely "pitted" the surface of what would have been needed, and the final line holds up for inspection a complex irony at the whole cultural (let alone defence) endeavour. It is a beautiful line which looks many ways. Does it mean that inadvertently the tank uncovered an enemy within? A weapon is unearthed. Is the Australian problem, its defence need, to be directed within? Is this where the enemy is? The suggestions seem too heavy for the line to carry, but is not to be ruled out.

A "boomerang" is a brilliant closure to "Weapons". It completes the irony,

its sound pattern repeats the "kangaroo . . . cooling pools . . . Bangaroo . . . Queen Gooseberry" sequence which has so adequately established and identified for Campbell his sense of aboriginal life in these poems. Then, a boomerang itself has symbolic value. Tritely, it is white society's central image of aboriginal hunter craft, and in this slight sense for Campbell may suggest that white society only discovers an image of itself in black society. The boomerang returns. Campbell allows the nice irony to find its place. White society thinking of an enemy "out there" coming from across the ocean is blind to the self-reflexive, self-inflicting weapons in its own hands that return to hurt. The aboriginal use of the boomerang is clear and functional - and a matter of genius. The irony is rich and poised.

"Unearthed from moss" teases the mind. There is something gentle and beautiful in the image. In spite of the crudity and witlessness of the white man's machine, it does something fine despite its own different intentions. Possibly this is because such beauty and fine cultural life lies buried everywhere at hand around Australia that to dig under any surface is to discover something rare and wonderful. Campbell makes the point with assurance and ease.

The final poem of this central sequence is called "Fire", and has a significance of a climactic kind. Writing in 1969-1970 Campbell has in mind the huge bushfires which raged through Kuring-gai Chase not long before his visit. He had earlier touched on such aspects of fire ecology as the "burning tree" in aboriginal initiation ceremonies, the black rock and black hills of the landscape. It is as if fire is natural and to be expected, and less to be feared than white society assumes. It is part of nature's way, a way known to and accepted by aboriginal society.

He finds a great phrase "the corroboree of flame" for saying this. Fire is ritual, it repeats itself, it is a dance. The image is a fearsome one, and meant

to express and provoke fear. Yet for that same reason it is meant to be faced. Campbell, in actual fact, comes at the issue gently and indirectly and calmly. Nature has recovered (or is recovering) from the devastation of the flames. The rock carvings have survived, as they have for thousands of years. A delicate balance and relationship among the elements of nature is re-establishing itself. It is in the context of the abiding power of both art and nature that Campbell uses fire and flame as a great blaze that comes and goes. Like human passion.

Ladyslippers tiptoe to the carved birds
 Where the great fire blazed
 Last summer. After the corroboree of flame,
 Black crows complained of two lyrebirds dancing.

Around the central tragic presence of the earth-blackening, life-destroying fire there is a kind of comedy which the rock carvings bring into focus. Flowers - the shy inconspicuous Australian wildflowers - "tiptoe" or arrange themselves as if in a sacred presence around the "carved birds". Their viola-like blue petals and gentle mien are the absolute opposite of the destructive red ^{fire} flower. Yet they survive and return.

Campbell's last line is one of genius. He has a long-running feud in his poetry with the black crows of Australia. Not that he wishes to destroy them. He knows their beauty. Yet he knows their nature too. They never seem kind. Especially to sheep and young lambs. Here, he finds them in sandstone sea-bordering hills. They belong to the black hills the fire leaves behind it. Here, also, they play a moral, a psychological role. Campbell is clearly reaching back into his own moral and psychological sense of things to project this role on the crows. Their voice does sound like a complaint. But to make the connection with the "two lyrebirds dancing" is to be looking at opposite sides of human life through a mask of birds.

The lyrebirds with their uniquely Australian power to imitate their own

environment here become symbols of affirmation. The rock carvings are affirmed, the great fire is affirmed, the ladyslippers tiptoeing are affirmed by the song and dance of the birds. Yet the black crows complain. Incompatibility for Campbell is part of the scheme of things. After the great passion of the fire it is possible to live with the carping crows so long as the comedy of the lyrebirds can finally be celebrated.

So much gets said in these four lines without any overt gestures towards significance. The lines present themselves as matter-of-fact statements, but the insight has come from profound attention, long experience and deep meditation. The interplay of tragic and comic modes of awareness is part of the sanity and plainness of Campbell's poetry generally. His rational tone beautifully provides a base for explorations of mystery and surprise in the Australian scene.

Section III - after the observant nature studies of Section I and the social reflections of Section II - seems to stand back a little and introduce a personal awareness into the experience of the rock carvings. There is a mixture, here, of close response to aspects of the environment together with a sense of what it means first to be an artist recording this life and then what finally the scene as a whole may mean in the mind of God. Campbell has a mythical instinct working for him in Section III. He moves quickly from contexts which touch on Greek mythology through aboriginal art, and religion, into Australian literary and cultural references into the conclusion where Divinity, the Deity, Sri Ramakrishna and "Baiaame, the All-father" fall easily into place, given the wise and generous feeling which the mood of Section III generates.

After the blaze of the fires and the blackness of the landscape, the Australian spring returns with a dramatic sense of recovery and relief.

The underground is stirring. Orchid and bird
Rise from the ashes, seed
Spread beetle wings;

The poetry could be implying much more than it literally states in "The Underground", the opening poem of Section III. There is a hint of Greek myth, of Persephone returning from the grim dark world of Pluto to announce the springtime. There is a suggestion of the phoenix, the bird that recreates itself from the ashes. There is the charming botanical inversion of seed spreading wings when it is the insects with their wings which spread the seed. Campbell catches the life of the scene dramatically but without seeming to dramatise the proceedings. Or conceptualize them. He is at ease with his world. He rounds it off with noting the students on August vacation assignments coming to see the rock carvings. Lightly, he assimilates their presence both into the sense of the aboriginal past, and then includes them in a more total way into the ritual of the moment.

and August student tribes
Step out between the blackened trees

Young people take up where black people had left off, and make an entrance as from a blackened world. Something "is stirring" in Campbell to make these connections and associations. A comic, up-beat impulse is moving him away from the barely restrained moroseness of Section II to begin the largely affirmative effects of Section III.

Campbell ties his poems together neatly for all their disparateness. He moves from "ashes" and "blackened trees" to his next poem "Charcoal Drawings" neatly and adroitly. Presumably, here, he and a companion are using lumps of charcoal from the fires to sketch in the outlines of carvings on the rocks. The four lines of the poem are very active, not standing still or having a common or single focus. There is, here, an agile mind and subtlety of feeling which is so characteristic of his writing, when it is purporting to be simple:

We drew in charcoal by the poisoned water
And you cried, Look, a sunfish!
Light wrinkled stone but you had gone
Like a crane in blue creekwater.

The central exclamation of the second line is vital to the "Kuringgai Rock Carvings" as poetry. The shock of discovering recorded forms, carved in the most resistant of mediums, the surprise at the oddity of the forms when retraced (the sunfish is almost all head), the modern playfulness of being able to take part in this strange ritual process of seeing the world this way - Campbell is inside all of these possibilities with his shorthand elliptical expressions.

The fact that the water is "poisoned" or stagnant and undrinkable and that a fish form reveals itself close by cuts off any sentimental shaping of the environment. There are ruptures as well as connections Campbell is catering for. Equally, the uncertain sense of who the "you" is in lines two and three is part of his technique of unsettling the sentiment. The moment of perception is grasped as contingent and finite. There is no fixed way of seeing the strange forms on the rocks. Yet because contingent and finite they present infinite subjective associations to the viewer. The blackness, the water, the surprise of the sunfish dissolve by the poem's end into other things for the poet's imagination. Something of the candour and innocence of John Shaw Neilson (Campbell's mentor in much of his earlier poetry) is felt in the last line. Yet the poem as a whole is a modern complex ironic act of awareness, which centrally affirms the imaginative process but does not idealize it.

Campbell uses two birds to focus Section III, the Australian lyrebird and the white-eared honeyeater. They pick up the phoenix reference of the first poem and have their own spring-like indigenous forms of behaviour; and they allow Campbell to generalise outwards towards the role of the artist in recording and recapturing the world round about. Three poems have literary and cultural allusions here: all have sharp reflections to offer on the strange history of art and its teasing process.

Alluding to Catherine de Berg, the National Librarian who compiled a

huge collection of recordings of artists on their work, Campbell jokingly claims:

The lyrebird is a de Berg. She records
The sounds of men and of birds.

The lyrebird's gift of mimicry is what is involved here, one of the unique experiences of the Australian bush. Campbell's calm statements belie a certain envy of this bird which so exactly can reproduce Australian sounds. His poem seems to accept the limitations of his art form, and throws out a comical allusion as metaphor as a point of connection. A fine irony rounds out the poem:

The Ku-ring-gal live in their rock carvings
And a note or two of the lyrebird.

These are slight records to have left of an existence. Yet Campbell's slight poem and the bird's chancy sounds are the apt place to see what can be celebrated being celebrated.

The one explicit comment on art finds expression when Campbell meditates on a cave painting. The poem is called "Hands" and describes the process of an aboriginal artist blowing "ochre to outline his hand". It is in a cave and dripping water has "glazed" the image. The result is a hauntingly clear image, a kind of spectral presence, one of immediacy and timelessness:

You can shake hands with this dead man.
It teases the mind like John Keats' hand.

Campbell's presence is marked by the strangeness and independence of his response. His mood is respectful and benign. Yet he keeps free; there is amity not empathy. He belongs to himself. And he has his own world of art. He belongs to English poetry. Here, by a leap of association and a twist of imagination, it is the handwriting of John Keats which comes to Campbell's mind as the equivalent sign in English literary art. It is not only something to revere but more something to be teased by. The poem ends with this stance of

Campbell before a mystery. Not overstating or even suggesting large excitement. But to say "It teases the mind like John Keats' hand" is to touch lightly on things at the circumference of Campbell's awareness, while keeping free and serious things at the centre.

The comic and generous mood of Section III approaches quiet climax in "Woolgathering". The title is a joke by Campbell. A bird - "the white-eared honeyeater" - picks wool from his son's sweater. It is a highly playful moment, something of delight to have happening. The bird exactly fits a Campbell poem. How it belongs to the "Rock Carving" sequence becomes a point of Campbell's mastery of this four-line leaping form.

The white-eared honeyeater is fixed in time
 By the hand of Douglas Stewart;
 Yet today it flew out of the bush, or out of his lines,
 To gather wool from my fair son's sweater.

Moving as he does from the hand of the aboriginal artist in the cave to John Keats' hand to the hand of his fellow Australian poet and close friend Douglas Stewart is one of Campbell's best touches in these poems. It was Stewart who introduced Campbell to the Kuring-gai Rock Carvings. It had been Stewart who had earlier shared with Campbell the discovery and creation of Australian country life in verse. There was something right, too, in the comparison of the honeyeater with Stewart. Not a large or pretentious bird or poet, one that knew its needs and limits, one that performed boldly and exactly its game with the world. Campbell intuitively senses the rightness that allows him graciously to introduce his friend into the aboriginal process of fixing in time the images that please and that matter.

The lines pile on thought after thought, wittily and affectionately. Not the least of wit, however, lies in the title. "Woolgathering" may have its literal point in this poem. But it also suggests something that is a joke against the artist (i.e. Campbell himself) and floats a more abstracted point across to

the reader at the same time. Idle speculation, undirected thought - these qualities are poised between the close attention Campbell is giving to nature and the more open meditative mood he is reaching towards at the climax and resolution of "Kuring-gai Rock Carvings" as a whole.

The final three poems are, indeed, philosophical without being abstract. The first is called "Thought" and is a sign of security in Campbell's writing when he recognises that his reality is anchored in his own mind and sensibility. It is not ^{lost to} anyone or anything outside himself, even though it becomes largely absorbed in the world "out there". Campbell's way of saying this is very different, and is as unassuming as it is ingenious:

The instinct of this olive bird to gather fur
From wallaby and man,
Quite free from fear at nesting time,
Is an instant of free thought as old as stone gods.

Thought is art, it is instinct, it is "free thought", "free from fear", it is as ancient as modern, it is what animals possess, it aligns itself with patterns and processes of belief and awe. Campbell's mind leaps among these possibilities while his words focus their attention (and ours) on the white-eared honeyeater "this olive bird", olive being the dominant colour and tone of the Australian landscape.

Just as the bird connects the two poems, so too does Campbell's reference to "stone gods" open up the way for the final two poems. The aboriginal deity or divine presence "the All-father" is looked at, laughed at, and in turn is allowed to look back; and while Campbell does not allow him to laugh at white man's antics, Baiame holds to his own reserve and transcendence. "The god is not surprised".

Campbell holds many elements in suspension in "Baiame". The rock carving of the aboriginal divinity invites satirical laughter from Sunday trippers. A large phallus ("a big dong") makes visitors "snigger" and "drive / Home to

their home-units". The repetition of the word "home" underlines the opposition of cultures. The rock carving is open, exposed, weathering the storms and corrosion of nature. Suburban homes try to deny this world. The primitive image confronts the fear of the white voyeurs, and provokes their ridicule. Campbell catches the resultant attitude as a negative and passive tolerance on black culture's part towards the idiocy of the whites. There is an absence of affect in Campbell's lines which wisely shares in this manner of the black divinity. It suits something in Campbell to look with this kind of impassive reserve at the life style of modern white Australia.

Campbell's final image in "Kuring-gai Rock Carvings" is one of deep ambiguity. It is called "Sri Ramakrishna on Mount Topham". In one sense, therefore, it might be called a mystical mountain-top experience. It contains Campbell's only explicit theological reference, and reminds the reader that in his autobiographical comments Campbell had recalled his schoolday experiences in being successful at Divinity and Geometry (with much comment being drawn to the geometrical qualities of his poetry but rarely any to his religious sense). The poem "Sri Ramakrishna on Mount Topham", coming at the end of a significant meditative set of studies by Campbell has a seriousness and a "message" which affirms and fulfils the sequence as a whole.

Yet the poem is structurally ironic. Its meaning or affirmation is framed inside a way of seeing and experiencing which throws into doubt or uncertainty the "message" itself.

By the cave of the hands a page blew on the wind
 To catch in thorn-flowers. Its message:
 Only those who see Divinity in all things
 May worship the Deity with advantage or safety.

The ultimate irony is that the "message" would in all likelihood be meant by Campbell to be true. He does not use the words "Divinity" or "the Deity" as part of his own vocabulary. But the accident of finding on a scrap of paper

blown by the wind alongside an aboriginal cave, caught in thorn-flowers a message by an Eastern mystic is sufficient distancing to allow him to use its contents with detachment. Its meaning suits his meanings. Campbell has in twenty-four poems been coming at the meaning of the Rock Carvings from a stance which implies a truth in all things. He does not reject. His poetry "while critical is not unsympathetic. There is a pantheistic element in his grasp of nature. The Rock Carvings sequence has forced him to break the world of nature up into small parts, and to discern the ultimate reality of each of these parts. And while the sequence is remarkable for its breaking down into atoms of analysis a poetic world, there is also a felt presence in some comprehending mind which unifies and supports and relaxes the sequence as a whole. There is in the final line of the poem a certain rational valuing of worship which is also part of Campbell's mind and manner. It is as if his Scottish post-Enlightenment commonsense approach towards religious matters here finds an unexpected counterpart in Buddhist thought. "With advantage or safety" are limiting terms in western religious experience. Campbell senses that some limitation of this kind is a wedge to drive in between the poetic experience of nature and the mystical sense of divine presence. He absorbs many traditions into this final moment of coming to terms with his own indigenous spirituality of place and aboriginal experience in Australia.

Chapter IV

"Works and Days", a sequence of twelve twelve-line poems on country life, stands alongside "The Branch of Dodona" as an act of imagination on Campbell's part that unifies the Australian present with the ancient Greek past. While quite free of its sources in a material and formal sense, Campbell's poem obviously has an affinity with, and gets inspiration from, one of the oldest of all pieces of western poetry - Hesiod's Works and Days. It is as if Campbell was glad to find a kindred spirit from more than two thousand years ago who shared his agricultural and pastoral experience, and who wanted to recognise in such a life a good life, record its nature, and communicate to others the feeling of life on the land. Hesiod is both more practical and moral in his way of writing than Campbell. Indeed, apart from certain deep principles they share based on their common experiences the two "Works and Days" bear only fortuitous likenesses. Campbell has an ongoing sense of continuity between past and present, and to find that his own daily life also belonged to the daily life of ancient Greece gives him confidence and authority in the way he addresses his subject. But a reading of the two poems side by side quickly dispells any sense that Campbell used Hesiod other than as a point of departure. Indeed, the common title is perhaps their only point in common as poems.

It is worth noting, to begin with, the formality of Campbell's writing in his Works and Days. Something symmetrical, geometrical, is there in the twelve poems of twelve lines each. The poetry, however, will prove to be poetry of experience with clear surfaces filled with concrete and particular detail. It is, therefore, worth emphasizing the shaping mind of the poet. Campbell as well as immersing himself in his "works and days" is also standing back, looking at the patterns of life, and analysing the varieties and rituals of

his country world. His poems in "Works and Days" are like Margaret Preston's paintings: forms caught formally as a sense of stillness; colours organising themselves into relationships of drama and meaning, alive with the Australian-ness of the experience. The poetry has an outgoing flow to it. Facts crowd the lines as if there is too much life that has been lived that demands to be uttered. Yet balancing this submission to the world there is also in the poem a withdrawal from the world, a meditation on its meaning, and a sense of transcendence in harmony with the immanence of event and time and place.

Above all, "Works and Days" is a comic poem. Campbell finds his voice perfectly in these poems as that of someone experienced in work and living, genial and generous of spirit, and delighted by the detail and quirkiness of things in nature - himself included. The poems could so easily have been sonnets. It is as if Campbell deliberately cut off the closing couplet of the Shakespearian sonnet form to save himself from sententiousness and didacticism. His poems stay inside the world of their experience, and it is only through comic tone that the poetry rises up with richness of meaning. The comic imagination of Campbell allows him to play with powerful associations for his "works and days" of a religious, sexual and cultural kind without losing his bearings. The tone affirms the structure. Secure, engaging, and strong Campbell's "Works and Days" occupy a high place in modern Australian poetry and world poetry.

The opening poem "Ploughing" takes its quality from a balance between his own unstated and seemingly inconspicuous presence - the author is absent - and the world of nature so preeminently present. The lines fill up with facts. Tractors turn the red soil. Birds follow foraging. The ploughed land falls into patterns "in furrows like the sea". The time is right. "Good rains after a long drought". Campbell senses the drama of the land. It is the time to act, and ritualistically the farmers go to work. The whole world of the ploughed fields

takes on the colour of the soil. "Valley and town", "the sun", "the sunset", "the stars" - all are "red". The twelve lines pulsate with the energy, the opportunity and the goodness of the land. The values are implicit in the facts.

How, then, do we suggest Campbell's presence in this apparently self-celebrating natural world? And what is added to the poem by demonstrating his presence? The verse communicates itself to a reader with deceptive ease, and to suggest complexity is to distort the effect: the plainness, the bluntness, the intuitive oneness by the author and for the reader with the work being done in the ploughing. These are achieved qualities of Campbell's art, and may not be denied. Yet the need is for careful attention to the verse in such a way as to hold to its primary effect of realism, while sensing that the idealising mind of Campbell is essential to the achievement of the effect.

The poem is written in a special tense. It is in the dramatic present. It is as if the author and the reader are experiencing the work and labour of the farmers. There are also almost no conjunctions. "And . . . and . . . but" are carefully placed in the second half of the poem with significant effect. But before this point the poem is carried along by statements and declarations of fact, crowding up against one another, pressing their presence forward, creating a rhythmical thrust towards excitement and celebration in work.

Campbell's presence is a subtle matter. He uses the formality of stanzas, a strong but not dominant rhyme scheme, and an overall shapely verse line as a sign of his constructive power. He may be putting facts first, but he is shaping them into a form of his own choosing and meaning. The formality of the writing is therefore something which flows into the tone of the writing as a support for the good feeling which Campbell is showing towards his scene. The impersonality of the verse form and the personality of the tone are parts of the one creative manner. Also, there are many other points of Campbell's signature in the poetry.

From the **Gib** rise, you can see a dozen toil
 Uphill, earth falling in furrows like the sea.

We feel only the rhythmic release of the opening phrase but the sense of withdrawing from the immediacy of the experience to "see" as if from a distance, in perspective, the wholeness of the situation. This is gently and tactfully done. The "you" effect is a fine one. The idiom is right here for its trace of the personal and impersonal, advice or comment mixing with invitation to share, and the general vantage point admitted into the poem of an outside point of view which remains an inside point of view. These effects happen without fuss or drawing attention to themselves.

What is seen, in the last line and a half of the opening stanza, is something strangely different from the world of facts. "You can see" what? "A dozen" what? Tractors, presumably. But the abstractness works subtly to open up other possibilities. It could be "men". It is men who "toil". The ambiguity is a good one. The tractors feel human. The men are close to their machines. And the emphasis in abstracting the subject is thrown across on to the verb "toil", which is the crux of the verse as a whole. It comes at the end of the line, and breaks open the phrase "toil / Uphill". The splitting of these two words enacts the exact point of Campbell's stanza. Rhythmically, stress-wise, semantically the two words cap the sense of labour as labour. It allows Campbell a beautiful falling cadence in which to resolve his opening stanza: "earth falling in furrows like the sea" contains a vision of the land of a kind where fact and imagination and subjectivity flow together. The generalisation, the abstractness, the metaphorical nature of the statement do not disturb the poetry: they confirm and resolve its mood and meaning. To see land as sea is, of course, to be speaking from a perspective at once removed and close. There is a psalm-like cadence here but the effect largely is of a sensuous, swelling, flowing organic life state. The poetry discovers and creates a meaning for its subject, the land.

The statements of stanza two are in fact transformations of dramatic experience. The mood of relief and the equanimity measure themselves against certain realities that have entailed an opposite sense of life. "Good rains after a long drought" means what it says. Yet the statement as such is a dramatic gesture. Drought denies life, and this moment of work is a point of release and recovery. Campbell underlines the dramatic change of feeling and fortune in the last line of the stanza: "And old despairs go underground". The moment is one of contingent good fortune: it has not always been like this; it will not always be like this. The farmers know this. Campbell knows this.

Given the context of nature's drama in stanza two, the central lines work to stabilize the process of labour as ritual.

The paddocks take on patterns under the plough
For Brodricks, Masters and Harrisons are out

Again, it is a balance between nature and people. The "paddocks" are the subject; they act; they formalise themselves. It is ritualistic gesture, of movement, of dance. But the people are named, as individuals and as several individuals. Campbell enjoys the family names; there is a strong sense of identities established as clans or groups and yet as particular people. The threefold naming draws them into ritualised gesture also. And the final words ". . . are out" works well in its cryptic, abstract way to put them at large and in the open. They are not to be defined or placed but open and active in their work and responsibilities.

The verses have moved - or changed - through a process of fact and drama. They resolve themselves in the third stanza as an act of mind. Campbell draws the whole scene, as it were, up into his mind, as if dreaming its reality. It is hard to dissociate fact from mental image here. The drama of the land is also internalised: it becomes a drama of colour - of red and green. There is a trace of surrealist feeling in the super-real redness of things:

the very concentration to excess on the redness of everything at the time of ploughing amounts to a perception of things and qualities, not mere naturalism. Exaggeration is expression, dramatisation.

Valley and town are red with a mist of dust
And the red sun sets in a red sunset, red stars;

As if there were a need to formalise the process of the mind contemplating this world of work, Campbell then proceeds with his adversative conjunction "But":

But in the minds of men their land is green again:
Stock stockstill, lambs leaping, bargaining in bars.

Campbell's use of the phrase "the minds of men" is in one sense so obvious in its meaning as to seem unremarkable. Here, the phrase is not heavily underscored in itself. It simply shifts the poem from the land to the way the farmers think about the land; and what they think is expressed in terms of the land and of the way farmers deal with each other socially and at the level of business (which are one and the same thing).

But the terms "the mind . . . the minds of . . . the minds of men" carry special weight in Campbell's poetry generally. A study of his complete works would show a dozen or more places where the use of these terms occurs as an organising motif or structural principle in his writing. Something essentially poetic - and more than semantic - happens when explicitly he turns from nature to mind. It establishes the two worlds of his art. His philosophic or reflective stance is affirmed by this signature phrase. It functions psychologically to complete the total sensibility of the poem. The simplistic understanding of Campbell as a nature poet has to adjust itself to include the Rodin-like "man thinking" stance and quality of his imagination.

Here, there is a clear turn from things to thought, from a world of red to a world of green, from one kind of reality to another kind of reality conceived in similar terms but of opposite quality. The symbolism of red and green is not

pressed forward as an end in itself. Both red and green belong to nature; they do not transcend the actual world as some idealised internalised understanding of reality on Campbell's part. But red carries associations of blood and passion and commitment while green opens up possibilities of new life, peace, security, even romance. The green world of romantic comedy in Shakespeare is available to Campbell's sense of things: the pastoral world embeds itself in local and actual experience; a good season means another fresh start, chance has been kind.

Campbell's last line holds his method and manner together brilliantly as a climax. There are three phrases with repetition implying ritual, alliteration intensifying the ritual, and simplistically sophisticated word play. Yet the images are in themselves sharply discriminated each from the others; there is compactness and comprehensiveness of observation and experience, the analytical mind breaking down the mood of celebration into three aspects, each with an appropriate life style and rhythm. The climax of "Ploughing" fills the line to overflowing with energy and fact while stabilizing the mood of the poem finally as some formal stasis which belongs to a time and place scale that only poetry and art can express. Campbell's poetry delivers and presents a world far out from the world of fact that it uses as its material. The form of the poetry demands that the reader recovers the rich process of its composition, some sense of the creating mind that distills experience and intelligence to a point of solid harmony and melody. It is song of land and man.

"Ploughing", "Sowing", "Harvesting" - the first three poems of "Works and Days" form a unity. They deal with work - the classical work of the land - as love. There is a male-female duality which surfaces only occasionally (and then in a boldly humorous way which cuts it down to size as something gratuitous and perhaps not absolutely necessary to the poetry's interests). But the mood and the movement of the verse in this opening section of "Works and Days" is clearly sensually sensuous.

"Sowing" shifts the interest from the male world of "Ploughing" to a male-female mutuality. Certainly, the speaker is male, and his relaxed and anecdotal manner is the primary voice of the poem. His mood of satisfaction with work carries in itself a felt sense of sexual satisfaction; and when he reaches for an expression to name the nature of his feelings, he finds it explicitly in female terms:

It's like the grateful
Shudder of conception in a big blond woman

and

it's like the other girls I've known.

and in the resolving lines of the poem as a whole:

In darkness
Your mind and body fill with ripening green.

The mood is one of loving, but not idealizing or sublimating loving. The self-consciously explicit similes "like . . . like" keep the referencing in the control of the speaker. It is his feeling, his experience, even through relating to women. Campbell's panache and riskiness (risqueness?) finds a neat place for itself here in these half-joking comparisons. He gets the best of both worlds, creating himself as male and an other as (significantly) female. The style is plain but clever and flexible.

"Sowing" structures itself into three situations. That is to say there are three distinct experiences Campbell recounts. It is no simple act. Sowing is first seen in straightforward terms as work that produces results in a good and direct way, nature's way. The poet is glad to be part of the process:

It's all right on a still blue day sowing down a paddock
When the skyline shimmers and lifts as if the grain
Had sprung to life already.

Both the relaxed personal idiom and the reaching out for richness of analogy gather the work of sowing up into an act of more than labour. We might call

it an experience of blessing, an epiphany, a realisation of being part of an imaginative, even magical, world. It is here that Campbell reaches out for his "grateful / Shudder of conception" image as a way of saying what the experience means. Perhaps this goes too far. Fantasy? How does he know? But the verse signals its own gratuitousness in the way the comparison begins and ends: "it's like . . . in a big blond woman". A certain gamesmanship is accepted by the poet for his comparison. He is responsible for the fantasy; his tone is playful and tentative while the meaning is freed for the reader's consideration.

The benign mood changes in stanza two into its opposite. Sowing can be difficult and chancy, the weather changes. As does loving. The farmer and the lover are often on the receiving end of mishaps and moods. "it's like other girls I've known" Campbell writes, risking himself and his reputation for a comic coda and a feminine ending. His poetic touch here is deft, if less than ingratiating. Then, again, the mood turns back on itself in stanza three. "But . . . But". It is a Campbell signature: reasoning through contraries. Here, it is the moods of love that are being presented as the moods of sowing.

The sexual nature of the imagination in this poem is clear. The word "It" is used suggestively, the poet not specifying quite what he means. Indeed he scores off the colloquial ambiguousness. "It's all right . . . It's like . . . it blurs . . . it's like . . . it eases with evening". Campbell is placing a subtle wedge-like phrase in between his natural work-world and the suggestive and subjective feeling and mood he floods through this world. The resolution of this word is powerfully done:

And copper light shines hollow and hillock clear
As the underside of an animal. In darkness
Your mind and body fill with ripening green.

Copper is the uniquely right colour for the evening light here. It is also in alchemical terms the metal associated with Venus and love. The words "hollow"

and "hillock" make the earth seem like a body, as does the "underside of an animal" with the added point that the animal is lying on its back to expose its underside. Campbell's comparison "clean / As" is an important one. Does it belong to an objective or a subjective frame of reference? Undoubtedly, both. Yet, as a descriptive figure of speech, it surprises. Does it make sense to describe something in nature in this way? Certainly, it catches a quality of the light, and links time, place, colour and creatures. But "clean / As" still surprises, when thought about. Something in the poet is expressing itself here, a subjective thrust of temperament. There is a "clean" move being made between sexuality and nature. To Campbell they belong together. He senses a continuity in this moment of sowing between nature and human nature.

In darkness
Your mind and body fill with ripening green

What is "ripening green" but sex? The copper of the evening light and the green of "Your mind and body" harmonize as colours, and make the mood of love flow smoothly to the poem's climax. "Sowing" is therefore a love poem discovering and creating itself in a world of labour. Campbell's gift to unify his own life with his work world is rarely seen to better advantage.

"Harvesting", which completes the opening trio of poems in "Works and Days" has a subtly more formal structure to it as a poem. The use of caesura pause in the middle of the opening line of each stanza is a rhythmic way of acting out the presence of a mind analysing, balancing, discriminating. Some sense of the poet's presence is felt throughout "Harvesting" assessing his world at its point of fulfilment. Campbell moves deftly and variously to speak of this season now descriptively, now colloquially, now in metaphor and simile - and above all, again, in terms of love and male-female mutuality. The poem rises to an incantatory celebration of the harvest world, and the voice that is singing grows with the poem into a state of beauty and blessing.

The focus of each stanza is three-fourths on detail, finely observed and experienced.

In early ear oats glaze; wheat is hard green,
 Burnishing to a furnace glow in summer.
 When the stalk sweeps clean, she's ready.

The sexuality of Campbell's colours lends itself to what he finds in the colloquialism "she's ready". Again, his poem is a love poem with a brilliant variety of moves and plays being made from line to line and from word to word. His poetry simply belongs to many worlds at the one time, while keeping its prime concern with "works and days":

The blue days itch with silver. Blond and long,
 Straw bows to diamond knives. Put a hand in the bin
 And feel the good full grain come piping in
 Towards dusk by the dump, some sheila's singing a song.

Campbell goes to a point of some risk for his poem in this "ocker-type" ending. He could be trying to force a very classical Hesiod sense of the Muse supervising the harvest into Australian terms of experience. The line stands sharply alone in his poem (in spite of the poem's general sexual associations) as if Campbell is making a gratuitous gesture, assertively emptying his world of any high-toned meaning and morality. He demythologises with a vengeance. Yet the point of a female presence being needed to express this world of the harvest is projected across to the reader all the more forcefully by the slang and crudeness of Campbell's apparently throw-away ending.

His sense of art becomes clear in the final stanza of "Harvesting" where all the elements of the poem are brought into balance and harmonized. There is detail of the work done; physical activity has a way of becoming psychological activity; colours are used with meaning; and the sensuous, sensual mix of Campbell's imagination rises to a natural but formal climax in the harmony of place, time, song, colour and female presence. The word "warmly" belongs to both the world that is being experienced and to the world that is

experiencing.

The bag-sewers are busy: it could go fourteen,
 The way they twitch the ears and needles fly
 In loops of silver. And warmly the rich voice sings
 Over the harvest field to a rose-green sky.

The transformation of a world of work to a world of beauty brings the opening phase of Campbell's "Works and Days" to a conclusion. Simplicity has been maintained. Honest attention to detail has been given. There is no romanticising of the situation. But Campbell has created perspective on his world and as Whitman would have said "vista". He locates his world, tantalizingly, just inside the boundaries of fact but with some access to the world of myth and legend; and, overall, his mood of being in love with life comes through in a dozen ways. He shares with the ancient Greek Hesiod a practical feel for the land. But his philosophic sense and his acceptance of sexuality as natural in all reality stamp these poems with real originality. They belong to the modern world.

"Sheepdogs", "Merinos" and "Lambing" concentrate their attention on the creatures - the animals - of Campbell's world. The verse of "Works and Days" takes on a narrower focus here, and is close to dramatising the lives of the dogs, the ewes, the lambs and the crows. The poet speaks, also, with an engaged voice, as if experiencing the animals as he writes. He allows his reactions and responses to run freely:

Sheep! You can keep them! What cynic godhead made them?

His sardonic gesture stands at the centre of this group of poems. The feelings being released in this line are complex even though the humour of it stays simple. His (sometimes) wish to be rid of the sheep is, of course, only part of the story. He is committed to them. They are a livelihood, a rich livelihood usually. They demand work, which is the life Campbell knows and which he is making real in these poems. They also demand care which is the point of

"Lambing", where a real closeness and empathy with the animals works itself out, quite un sentimentally. Part of life with sheep deals in cruelty. The weather and the crows are all too often enemies of the sheep. But this sense of danger and threat is also balanced by the sheepdogs, the good companions of the grazier. Campbell writes brilliantly on three of the sheepdogs he has owned. Nothing could be sharper or more exact in his reporting on the land than how he speaks of his dogs' qualities. He throws the interest so much onto their behaviour that the poem fills up with information. Animals become almost human. Which is a way of saying that Campbell is really talking about human nature here. Paradox is embedded in the structure of the poem. It appears to be telling about dogs. But what is being also given and assessed is the experience of the owner. There is a playful game of psychoanalysis going on. The dogs are the shadow figures of both man and sheep. The comic world of "Sheepdogs" is very subtle.

First dog I had was the dad's, I inherited him
 With a mob of stubborn wethers. Don was good on one side.
 He'd work out of sight till noon over logs and boulders
 And keep sheep propping; then vanish. Times I could have cried.

The controlled colloquial opening is a stroke of wit. Freud could hardly have said it better. Yet Freud is possibly the last thing Campbell (or the reader) has in mind. But the point is made. The dog is inherited from the poet's father - like his own nature in large part. What is inherited is only good in part.

It stays out of sight, and checks the impulse of the herd to scatter. A kind of super-ego dog. But it is not consistent; it disappears from time to time. When needed it lets Campbell down. He knows, and confesses, his anger and disappointment in this dog. Nevertheless, he is not ungenerous to this dog of his own background.

Peter, the second sheepdog, is the sociable, companionable one, the one who is gifted and privileged. Did Campbell have himself in mind? His birth

and social graces and ability to handle crises?

Peter arrived like a white-eyed bear in a box.
With ewes and lambs he'd move out nice and wide
And freeze when they broke.

Peter was a long-haired collie which made him susceptible to "burr", the cause of his death. Campbell condenses wide experience in cryptic phrases here, but the cryptic manner only works to conceal (and so reveal) the affinity of man and dog. There is a sense that the man is a much larger and stronger being than the dog. But in terms of some "inner self" it is as if Peter is Campbell's projection of himself.

You could talk to that dog all day till the day he died.

What does this say but to point to the dog as an outside figure for an inside state of being and style. The role of the good companion is given to the dog, but it is the man who knows how to value it. It is his role as much as the dog's.

The third dog "Old Choc" comes from the workforce, the people, totally a creature of his work. Campbell can enjoy the way "Old Choc" absolutely lives his "sheepdog" role and existence. The poet may know this is not the be-all and end-all of things. He can detach himself (affectionately) while the dog cannot. Their worlds communicate with each other exactly while being different. The dog remains dog right to the poem's end, even though becoming the poet's alter ego:

I bought old Choc from a shearer. He knew the answers -
Or so they said and he thought - but tan his hide,
And he worked all day in the dust, eyes on you, smiling.
"Speak up!" and he barked - and nipped a hock in the side.

"Sheepdogs" is a brilliant success as a poem. It is absolutely right in its mood and pitch, totally with its subject. It is full of humour and friendliness, yet is un sentimental. And while it does not parade its intelligence, it is a poem of

real wit. What the poet can see as the nature of each dog is - even though the poem is reticent in this regard - a way of seeing and sharing that belongs to the poet's own nature. The unselfconsciousness of Campbell's tone is in itself the finest measure of the bond between man and dog which is the subject of the poem.

When Campbell begins his next poem "Merinos" with the exclamation:

Sheep! You can keep them! What cynic godhead made them?

he has calculated the shock effect of his line nicely for an Australian audience. The merino has an image important to Australian history, an image approaching idolatry. Campbell does not smash the idol so much as look at it from the other side - the farmer or woolgrower's side. Working with sheep is different from looking at the thickness of their pile.

Sheep! Move a mob one way, it elects the other;
Cross a creek, sheep stamp the pebbles and ring around,
And when they do start leaping, follow the current
Downstream to a cliff-face. Half a dozen drowned!

Sheep! They're not dumb, they know every trick in the book:

What Campbell is creating here, however, is as much the character of the speaker as the character of the sheep. Granted that sheep are everything Campbell says they are, it is the double-edged part-anger part-indulgence in the speaker's voice which is interesting as poetry. There is an expectation that life should be orderly and rational. The sheep are denying this. How they come to be the way they are confounds Campbell. At least he pretends in the opening stanza that this is so.

But it is noticeable how much clearer stanzas two and three are than stanza one. Depicting the behaviour of sheep is more certain ground than play-acting a theory of their nature. The opening stanza goes too far in protesting its case. But the cooler tones later on are not as simple as they sound. There is a feeling in stanzas two and three that Campbell is talking

about more than sheep, that sheep themselves are like people, and the politics of controlling sheep not unlike the politics of controlling people. Campbell's voice and manner here has its affinities with those of Menzies, Whitlam and Fraser in Australian politics. A certain noblesse oblige applies but testily. Campbell gives a cultural perspective on the issue in his last lines:

Ask Paterson: merinos
He wrote, made our men sardonic or they would weep.

Banjo Paterson saw the connection between Australian animals and men whose bitter scornful humour was an answer or defence to their environment represented by the sheep. Campbell understands the dynamics of the Australian outback character. Tough answers to tough. In all, it is an unsentimental and anti-romantic view of sheep, but one that accepts (after some comic posturing) sheep as saying much more than economic truth. Political and psychological lessons, Campbell implies, may be learned on the sheep runs and in the pens.

The realities of a sheep farmer's life are grimly seen and experienced in "Lambing". Campbell has a distinct manner of address for this subject. In a kind of jagged and leaping shorthand he pushes short phrases, as it were, on top of each other, especially in the first stanza. Something of the pace, the pressuring of phrasing creates his subject for him. The sheep are there on the surface of the verse.

Grass cropped to grass-roots, and a few ewes go down,
Like broody hens, with lambing sickness. Thank God
For yellow-tipped oatcrops. The mobs trail slow as clouds
Until they scent new pastures. Watch the barrels run!

Campbell's exclamations counterbalance the harsh facts of life. "Some poor bastard's copping the crows" works in several ways: the fact is there laconically stated and grim; the speaker's tone and manner intensifies the fact (perhaps it is "crows" who make Australian farmers "sardonic" too); then finally it is a gesture of sympathy or empathy laced with irony. If it is possible to

have "mateship" with detachment, Campbell has found it in these colourful Australian words.

Crows, blizzard, snow. "There's nothing flatter than a dead lamb". Campbell makes the process sound ritualistic:

The crows

Move in and it's dawn-to-dusk work. When a ewe's
Cast, crows take the eye first (foxes the tongue)
And their beaks are poison.

The human role in "Lambing" changes from the exclamations of closeness at the beginning of the poem to a sobering, almost clinical, non-sympathy or fatalism by the end.

it's kinder to kill and skin
Than watch the sheep stand and swell three days and die.

There is an irony in a poem called "Lambing" expressing a depth of black mood for Campbell in "Works and Days". There may be a slight suggestion of the lamb being the sacrificial victim on the various altars of Australian climate, birds and other animals. Whether any Christian associations are being looked at in the "swell three days and die", only to be denied more deeply is not irrelevant to Campbell's instinctive sense of the way nature flows on into culture.

Certainly, a priest-like manner (absorbing also his own father's physician's manner) is there in the next poem "Delivering Lambs". Campbell has a way of saying "And you thank God" which is irreligiously reverent and very personal. Here, however, he faces up to the point of his language:

Delivering lambs, you're god: tug at the forelegs
And drag it, yellow, by the tight lips of the ewe
Until she starts to lick and the lamb starts butting.
Walk home as tall as your shadow in the dew.

The poetry flows from the facts. But the poet is there, too, framing the world of fact with his sense of self which here is clearly transcending any petty sense

of ego and finding with great personal power an impersonality in the role he is called on to play.

"Delivering Lambs" has at its climax this god-like role playing. Campbell uses a kind of naif manner to help himself be serious. But the poem generally is another dour statement of unsympathetic realities in sheep farming experience. The black crows are like demons here. And the fight for survival is always couched barely a step away from biblical and pietistic terms.

I have seen
Black crows ride sheep like jockeys. There's one or two

I've settled scores with. Their eyes are a primrose rose blue
When they turn on the wind with wings like sooty fingers;
But their cry can lead you to ewes cast in the mist
And you thank God when they've eyes and their lambs have too.

It is another, and more complex, parable of the good shepherd. The crows may be demonic and the enemy of sheep and lambs, but they too have their beauty in Campbell's eyes - and their part in nature's way of redemption.

The personal presence of Campbell at work is a focus for "Delivering Lambs", "Feeding" and "Loafing". The somewhat priest-like manner he adopts in "Delivering Lambs" gives way in "Feeding" to a blunt workmanlike style, active throughout, full of interest in the animals, and generally relaxing the verse into a conversational style addressed to no-one in particular but subtly implying both author and reader sharing an exchange. A kind of intimacy is being worked out by the poetry (or assumed) which is largely a spin-off from the observed ways of the sheep themselves. Campbell reads them with a psychology and a sociology: "The truck is mother . . . The stronger ewes shoulder in . . . the ewes come running / To be butted the better to get the good milk down". It is a steady and stabilizing poem, concentrating in "work", balancing the human and dramatising gestures with finely observed sheep detail.

"Loafing" releases both poet and reader from the role of "work" and makes real the sense of "days", or more particularly "a day". It fits well as a

poem into the total sequence, and for all its laid-back qualities works most of all as dramatic relief from the concentrations of the earlier poems. It is in its texture the simplest of the "Works and Days" poems. Internal rhymes such as "graze" and "gaze" catch the mood of being at ease and at one, the benign passivity of Campbell's moment away from work.

It's good to take a day off late in spring,
 To let the reins hang easy and sheepdogs trot
 At heel in the mare's shadow

 An idle day is good in the spring or fall.

The effect of these lines is real enough not to be questioned. Yet there is a question that can be asked. "Loafing" is so obviously an exception to the rule of life. It is hardly Walt Whitman's invitation that we hear "Come loaf with me by the roadside"; it is not a drop-out situation. Quite the opposite. A one-off, deliberate, formally informal, limited day.

The poem in one sense contradicts itself. It is full of busyness. Nature goes on regardless. Larks are singing, "Ducks act a broken wing" and "bulls are busy". Campbell by seeing all the life of the world is not "loafing". He is relaxing. It is some moralistic element in him that tells him he is "loafing". The protestant work ethic has bitten deep into him. A descendant of Scottish and Calvinist forbears is forced to enjoy himself guiltily.

There is a sense that "Works and Days" ends with "Loafing". It is the last point where Campbell seems to be actively involved. His dramatic presence has been vital to the life of the poems. After this point - in "Shearing", "Weather", and "Fats" - there is an accomplished kind of reportage which is lively and informative, but the quality of the poetry changes and moves much closer to prose. It is the kind of poem that Les Murray does much better. Campbell has a wealth of material to select sharp details from, but his heart is not in shearing or shearers' conversations. And when he writes in "Fats":

If ridden through enough, a man on horseback
Is nothing to cattle.

it is as if what may be a truth as fact is no longer for Campbell a truth as poetry. The man's presence is ignored in reality - by animal and poet. Something essential to the verse is lost by this failure in encounter. It suggests that a dramatic relation between man and work, man and animals, man and nature has been what "Works and Days" have been on about.

The shift in the dramatising interest of these poems is instructive. Campbell projects what was elsewhere his own tension and competitiveness (and creatively so!) onto the workmen in "Shearing":

Smoke-oh, and Ron's as red as a rooster's comb
From trading it with Hank who looks so slow:

The conversation as they drink their tea is in shearers' language. They seem to be deciding whether to stop work.

They vote.
Lambs suck at ewes and Ron at beer. "Where's Hank?"

Does this mean that Hank has already gone? Is he the no nonsense really efficient one, the non-talker who as soon as he is finished is off to the next job? There is a suggestion that Campbell is saying this is so. His own verse in the opening stanza of "Shearing" and the closing stanza of "Weather" has that concentrated nervous energy in the observation of detail, which is itself a kind of work that may be measured against (and as superior to) the talkative moments of the shearers, colourful as their argot may be. What he does not supply in these final three poems of "Works and Days" is the sense of his personal presence affirming the energy of his subtle observation.

Chapter V

The change that took place in Campbell's writing late in the 1960s is nowhere more apparent than in the poem "Hotel Marine" and the other poems which cluster round it in Sections I-IV of The Branch of Dodona. These sections as a whole do not force themselves on the reader. Campbell's style always has an air of detachment to it, and when the subjects being treated are felt to be occasional, oblique or slight the effect is not a compelling one. This is unfortunate since it is here in the quieter stretches of The Branch of Dodona that Campbell is handling awkward material and exploring a new kind of dramatic concision for his verse.

There is a sense in Sections II and III of Campbell measuring himself consciously against Robert Lowell, the American poet who had established ten years earlier the genre of "life studies" writing where personal experience, not necessarily the poet's own but usually of a disturbing kind, is brought to the forefront of the poem. Campbell quotes a line of Francis Webb as his epigraph to Section II "In the Gale": "Mortality, an ague rocking to the roots", which signals the sense of the poems to follow. "Chimneys: Yarrangobilly" personifies Autumn as a Kali-like female presence out to destroy the edifices of the countryside. Whether some grimly-conceived sexual process is being suggested by Campbell is open to be considered. There seems to be a certain tension between the writer and his subject which is being spread through the poem indirectly by mood and metaphor. "Murder of a Ganger" is a more direct dramatisation of a convict's hatred of a supervisor. But instead of projecting the sense of a vicious force out into nature as in "Chimneys: Yarrangobilly" Campbell sees a strange compact of perversity in viciousness as between the two men, villain and victim. They are linked together in their action-reaction process, the villain becoming victim and vice versa. It is a grim vision of

convict morality.

Other poems from "In the Gale" support this sense of Campbell's awareness of the dark side of life, especially of death itself. A fox in "Bobingah" "dances . . . between the traps and rifles"; a jocular tone in "Old Age of an Old Dog" barely staves off the depression obvious in the poem's title; "The Squatter's Daughter" is an occasional poem reaching back into Monaro family history, setting off deaths against colourful life styles; and a kind of gallows humour in "Three Friends" again counterpoints mortality and panache in living:

Forbes told me, just before he died, men came
And at South Head they laid him
Out on a raft. The waves lapped over him
Comfortingly. It was next week he died.

Campbell seems to enjoy the bizarre image of dying with style. His own death in 1979 is recorded in a late manuscript verse: "Don't send me a priest: send me a script writer / For my last words".

Section III on "Time and Fevers" has stronger poems of a kind that have literary overtones of Lowell, Berryman, Plath and T.S. Eliot. In "Nurseries Revisited" he speaks of "A womb of scents and shadows" and obliquely offers a child's view of a family world. "The Ages of Woman" is a sturdily energised reading of "Women's Lib" as seen through the complex eyes and experience of a young woman. The liveliness of this poem partly defeats its own authenticity, as if Campbell is playing a game of empathy. How serious or genuine he is is open to question. The tone of "Song for Ophelia" is also finally unsympathetic as if some negative feeling is being sent through a situation which has been arbitrarily chosen for the poem. "Comfortably Off" is an anecdote of a woman and a randy priest, well told in all, and measuring the fortuitous event against an emptiness of soul which is made real by Campbell: "You get that lonely! Silence is dust in sunlight: / In mirrors it can roar."

"At the Ruined Millionaire's" is a set of nine four-line vignettes, presumably drawn from Campbell's hospital experience in Sydney in 1969 for hepatitis. It looks across at Eliot's sense of human nature in varying states of distress and decay, but does little more than offer short exercises in empathy, moving in and out of the consciousness of the inmates of a ward. A certain humorousness in the tone and attitude robs these poems of any real sympathy or depth of feeling. A comparison with Francis Webb's poem "Ward II" (which may well have been in Campbell's mind) does not work in his favour here. More give-and-take between the poet and his subject is present in "The Family Life of a Biologist" in which an adult male figure is imaged in five situations, his professional role and mask falling away in confrontations with unsettling and threatening experiences of family, sex, his drinking, the generation gap and the illusions of fame. There is an evenness in the lacerating tones of these poems, as if Campbell is moving onto ground not much removed from his own experience. The poetry could be confessional.

It is in the darkened contexts of "In the Gale" and "Time and Fevers" that Campbell's striking poem "Hotel Marine" needs to be read. Taken on its own it has often resisted critical reading. It is - and this is on Campbell's own admission - a dream, a nightmare. It is presented also in a surrealist fashion in a leaping, loose disconnected style as if an automatic record of subconscious imaging, apparently without rational process or intention. The reader feels insecure at its many-faceted crypticisms. What is its subject? Who is its subject? The surface effects - its super-realism - seem to crowd out a vantage point for either writer or reader. There is a comic quality which seems to be holding at bay a tragic vision.

Campbell, while acknowledging it as dream, has also spoken of "Hotel Marine" in an opposite way. In a 1970 ABC radio script for a series "Australian Poets Speak", he talked about this poem in particular, and makes quite clear

what was for him its rational meaning and moral implication. Far from being irrational and mere dream "Hotel Marine" presents itself to Campbell himself qua poem as a serious, moral statement of the loss which has taken place in modern culture and specifically in Australian culture. He speaks of the "main feeling" as being "one of loss":

a dream-like sense of loss and vulnerability not just the loss of clothes and transistor, but a way of life symbolised by the hotel itself with its cats and smiling doorman. And this tells something about the loneliness of big cities where most of us live today.

He adds in a similar vein:

Poets today quite rightly are writing more and more about the city and it is what you might call a more intellectual type of poetry.

The traces of provincialism in these last remarks need to be carefully weighed. Campbell, writing in Australia in the late 1960s, has all of twentieth century literature to measure himself against from Eliot and Joyce onwards, and in this context his remark seems naive. But in the context of Australian writing and his own reputation and background as "a pastoral poet", the discovering of the city and its life style was a new and slow area of growth. Then, granted this, the pose is also slightly disingenuous since Campbell takes the stance of the country into the city, and makes use of its simplicities there in a quite sophisticated way.

The country images in "Hotel Marine" are, in effect, turned to good use, poetically speaking. For the sense of a pair of country folk wandering lost in a big city - it seems to be Sydney - gives the subject matter and the tone of the poem. Campbell speaks of "loss and vulnerability", which is true for his overall subject. But there is also a genial, marvelling edge to the tone which is surviving the central anxiety. There is a long history of Australian country folk coming down to the city. The Campbell family is on record, as through the

fifty years before David Campbell was born, of coming to Sydney to the one hotel, to Petty's Hotel, Campbell himself had a liking for a particular harbour-side place to stay. This tradition is, therefore, one of peculiar strength, culturally speaking; and Campbell is able to deal with change in Australian society, of the Bush sense of City change, of the loss of a Past in relation to the modern Present and Future.

It must be clear, therefore, that the poem which purports to be a dream, and in certain respects not make sense, is in fact a kind of allegory of Australian history. That it does not read like this is a measure of the way Campbell has made the dream dimension of the writing work for him to loosen up and fracture the abstractions and moral intent which lie just behind the poetry. "Hotel Marine" may be a dream; but it is more importantly a poem, and needs to be read accordingly.

Hotel Marine

Lost in glass gullies, searching for a suitcase:
The white sun shatters in ten thousand windows,
And splinters scatter, colouring the crowd
Looking for the Hotel Marine.

Our books are there, small treasures, a transistor
And all our marvellous clothes. I guess that's why
We wander naked through the rush-hour traffic
Looking for the Hotel Marine.

We use our hands as shields but no one sees us
In this steel garden with its paper leaves.
Their eyes are twenty blocks or hours before them
Looking for the Hotel Marine.

We keep together, eyes wide for a policeman,
But no one cares. Perhaps they are not here
But somewhere in the past or in the future
Looking for the Hotel Marine.

Maybe it's round the corner, sunlit, floating;
The doorman smiles and cats are on the sofas -
How should it vanish, leaving us with nothing,
Looking for the Hotel Marine.

The first thing to note is the firmness of the form. Not only the repetition of