

Mungo Man

On the way to Mungo National Park, home of the forty thousand year old Mungo Man and Mungo Woman, we were playing a C.D called Jabiru by a group of artists called Zyan (or maybe its Zyan by Jabiru, frankly who cares). Very tribal but complicated rhythms with, I confess, a degree of chanting involved (not by me, by the artists. I only chant during the equinox).

Anyway, I got to thinking ... did Mungo Man (and Mungo Woman) enjoy the delights of a musical recital round the campfire now and then? No doubt they did as they were the ancestors of the modern Aborigines who we all know enjoy a good Cooroboree from time to time. I delved a little further and asked myself "what about Neanderthal Man or some of his cave man relatives" ... did they enjoy music? Did Gronk, the group leader, sit there thumping away at a Diprotodon skull with a couple of disused ulnar. Did Gronk Jnr, mouth open, stick in each hand, whack himself on the head first one side then the other, fascinated by the sounds emanating from his mouth? Did the family group look on in amazement as the two produced the first syncopated sounds while blood trickled from Gronk Jnr's ear cavities? I guess we will never know, for as with all anthropology with no record, written or otherwise, there is always an element of guesswork. So be sure to write important things down.

For the record I have not ever whacked a Diprotodon skull with an ulnar or intentionally hit my head with a stick. Furthermore, I have no desire to do either now or in the future. Circumstances however do change and I do enjoy a nice piece of music as long as someone else does the chanting. So if you do see me hitting my head with a stick you can assume the C.D. Player is broken.



The remains of a forty-two thousand year old meal, Wallaby bits preserved in sand. Yum.

By the way, for you vegetarians, the guide assures us that tofu was not a basic food of any early civilizations. Emu eggs on the other hand are widely regarded as "good tucker" along with Kangaroo, Emu, Perch, various shell fish and Goanna



The eroded sand dunes at Lake Mungo. Bones poking out everywhere.

