

proceeded to kill him by 'breaking him up'. Afterward they left him lying dead and went out hunting wallaby, but when they returned they saw that Djurdju was alive and had made a windbreak for himself. Then they showed him the dancing associated with this ritual.

The second example is in two sections, from two closely inter-related series. Their main connecting link is the *dingari*, a word which refers both to the Dreaming, and to a group of mythical beings who are believed to have traversed the whole Western Desert, particularly in the Canning Stock Route region. They are known as far south as Laverton, and as far north as Djamindjung tribal country beyond the Victoria River. Hundreds of songs relate their wanderings and allude to the rituals they introduced, often called by the name *gurangara* (*kurangara*). Although in many cases they are referred to collectively, simply as the *dingari*, individual members or individual groups may be singled out in sections of the mythology, or in more detailed discussion. Petri (1960a) contrasts the *dingari-gurangara*, which in one sense is associated with darkness, with the *bugari-gara*, the "second period of creation", when the Two Men brought light to the world by pushing the sky away from the earth with their sacred boards.

(a) The Ganabuda were a party of women (in some versions, one woman identified with the Gadjeri or Galwadi) in the *dingari* 'mob'. As they travelled from one place to another they danced the *bandimi*. (This is now one of the preliminary rites leading up to circumcision, as in the eastern Kimberleys, where a row of women dances with a shuffling step making parallel grooves in the soft earth.) But Lizard Man, Gadadjilga ('spiny-head'), saw them, and sang *djarada* love magic for them. By this means he was able to catch one of the young Mangamanga girls from among them, and had sexual relations with her. This was *wadji*, wrong. The Ganabuda resented him: and they killed him by breaking off his penis with a *gana* (digging stick). Then they went on, still dancing the *bandimi*, and swinging bullroarers. They owned the sacred objects and the rites connected with them. The older Ganabuda women used to send the girls out to hunt and collect food for them, and in return they showed them the rituals: that is, the girls 'paid' them by supplying them with meat. (This is what men do today: the older ones expect 'pay' from the young men in return for revealing the sacred rituals.) The Ganabuda women had all the *daragu* (sacred things), men had nothing. But one man, Djalaburu, creeping close and watching them secretly one night, discovered that they kept their power (*maia*) under their armbands. He succeeded in stealing this. Next morning the women tried to swing their bullroarers, but they could hardly manage to do so: they had lost their power. After that, Djalaburu led them down to where the men were; the men went up to where the women had been, and took over their responsibility for attending to sacred matters. They changed places.

(b) One of the *dingari* men was Lundu, 'kookaburra' (Petri, 1960a, speaks of Lon, the kingfisher.) Coming to Ladjeribang, south of Gordon Downs in Djaru country, he swung a bullroarer. Going further south to Ngandu rock-hole, he mixed antbed with blood and used it for painting designs on the

bodies of the other *dingari* men. (This kind of painting has a slightly luminous tinge.) He went on to Wonguda, where he swung some *daragu* boards. . . . He continued to Dirri swamp, where they painted their bodies again and arranged tall 'pokiti' headdresses. They took part in a ritual here, singing, the actors shaking their chests (like birds shaking their feathers). . . . The *dingari* 'mob' went south again to Galbanu rockhole and spring. Here the old men told the young men to collect meat and 'pay' them. On their return they were first covered with bushes, and when everything was ready they were shown the long *daragu* boards, which were stood upright, decorated with a pattern of emu feathers. The young men came forward and placed the meat they had collected at the foot of the *daragu*. Then the ritual leaders climbed up on the boards and called out invocations.

Thirdly, here is a section of a western Arnhem Land myth relating to the *ubar* ritual.

All the Kangaroo Men lined up and began to jump around and around in a haunched posture, propelling themselves with their arms as kangaroos do; and they saw that their dancing was all right. Then they brought out one man and sat him by himself in the middle of the ground. He began to shiver ritually like an owl. After watching this performance they said, 'Ah, that's very good.' They got two more 'owls'. When they had seen them dancing they said, 'In future, you two must always come and dance.' Many men were there, but these two were especially good. 'We shall call this ritual the *ngurimag ubar*, it is the most sacred,' they said. '*Ngurimag! Ngurimag!* Oh Sacred Uterus of our Mother!' The Goanna got ready for his dance. . . . Then they brought out Blanket Lizard and covered him completely with bushes. The other men got together, chanting loudly, 'Ah! Ah! . . . ' and Blanket Lizard stirred in his hiding place. Singing, and the drone of the didjeridu, continued as the Old Kangaroo took up a different pair of beating sticks and walked over to where Blanket Lizard was hidden. The singing and the didjeridu stopped, and the Old Kangaroo began to beat the sticks as he bent over the other and called the sacred names referring to him. . . . Lizard emerged, throwing aside his bushes, and danced all the way down the sacred ground to the sound of the clapping sticks. . . . Then, while the *ubar* gong was beaten, the Old Kangaroo called the power names of the sacred totems:

'I name the blue sky, *bajangudjangul*.'

'I name the sacred *ubar*, *ubar banagaga*.'

'I name the very old woman, *ngalwariwari*.'

'I name the moon, *wombidjid*.'

'I name the scorpion, *bidjarabul*.'

'I name the long bark fire-torch, *djadagulan*.'

'I name the barramundi fish, *balgungbi*.' And so on.

When he had finished, the men said, 'Everything is all right now!' The *ubar* stopped. The spirit of the Mother had returned to her own camp. The men went back to the main camp, calling out to let the women know they were coming.

This is why we perform the *ubar* now.

The next and final example does not describe the origin of a rite, in this case subincision, but suggests an additional justification for it. The myth says nothing about the esoteric aspects of