

This is far too slim of a volume to comprehensively reflect our more than 15 years of traveling to the American tropics: instead we have carefully poured over our thousands upon thousands of images and written records, selecting what we feel gives an impression of the diversity of landscapes and situations that were encountered in the forests of Central and South America. From seven week expeditions to ten day reconnoiter trips we have traveled in Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula, to the interior forests of Belize, to Venezuela far up the Orinoco River on the Columbian border and most recently, on a series of trips, to Guyana - up the Mazaruni River and into the tapui lands of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "Lost World." Bob Braine - Mark Dion

Bob Braine - Mark Dion

Neotropic

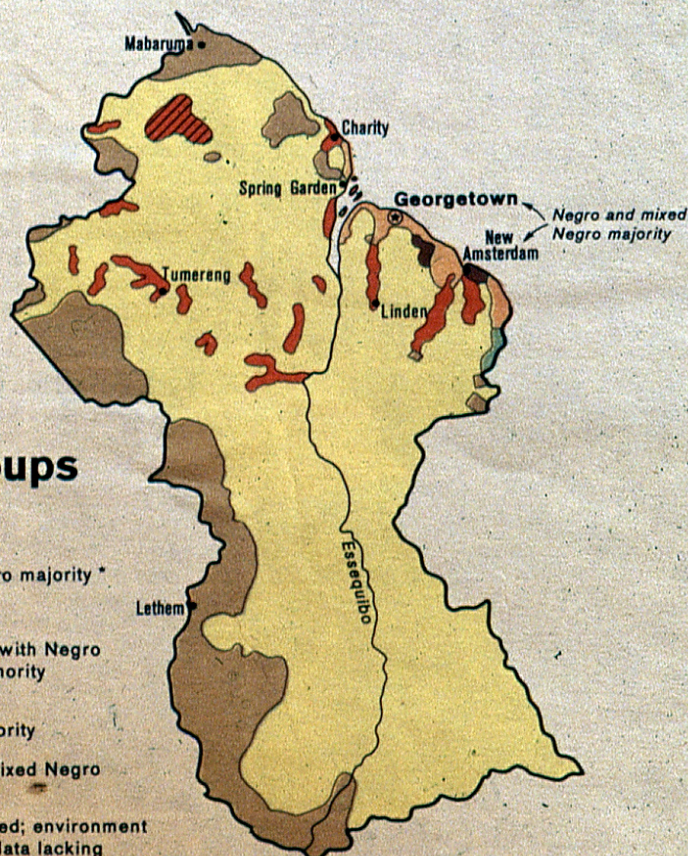
onestar press

Ethnic Groups

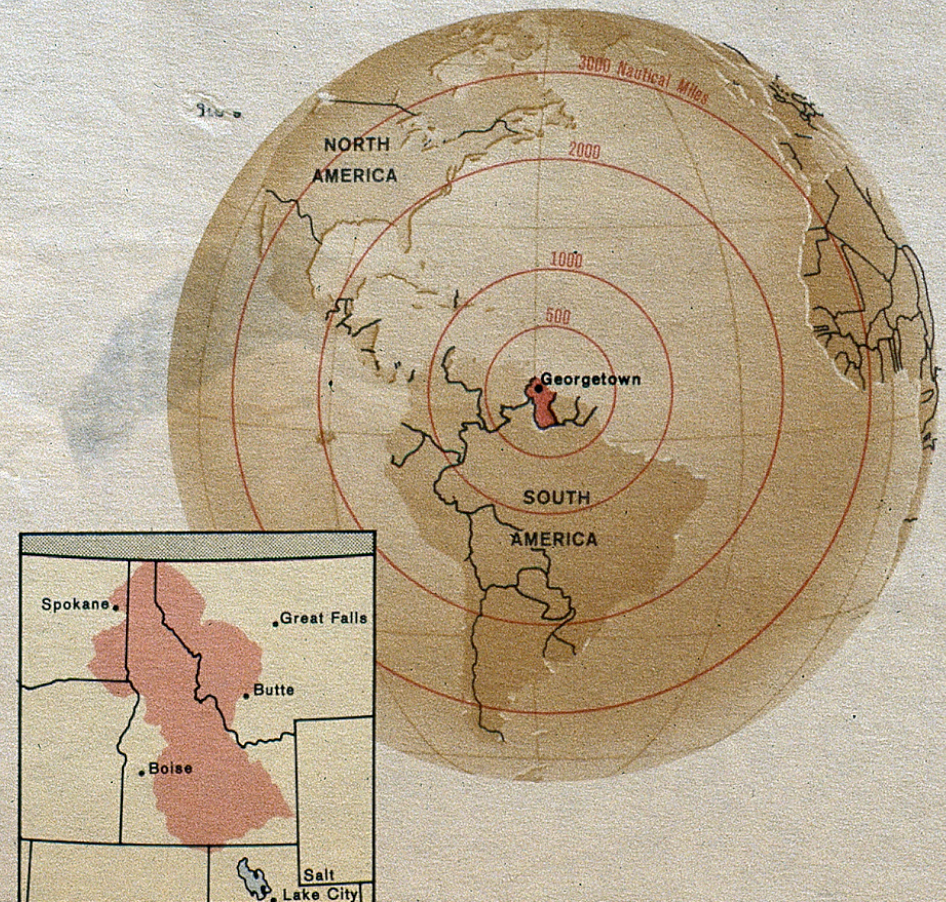
- East Indian majority*
- Negro and mixed Negro majority *
- Amerindian majority*
- East Indian majority** with Negro and mixed Negro minority
- Amerindian majority with East Indian minority
- Probable Negro and mixed Negro majority
- Presumably unpopulated; environment inhospitable and/or data lacking

*Majority more than 50%; no other group more than 25%

**Majority more than 50%; minority 25% to 45%



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Neotropic

Bob Braine - Mark Dion

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Labario in highwine bottle



Left to right top row: Shark, Trader, William Stone; bottom: Bob Braine, Mark Dion

Neotropic 1989 – 2005

This is far too slim of a volume to comprehensively reflect our more than 15 years of traveling to the American tropics: instead we have carefully poured over our thousands upon thousands of images and written records, selecting what we feel gives an impression of the diversity of landscapes and situations that were encountered in the forests of Central and South America. From seven week expeditions to ten day reconnoiter trips we have traveled in Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula, to the interior forests of Belize, to Venezuela far up the Orinoco River on the Columbian border and most recently, on a series of trips, to Guyana – up the Mazaruni River and into the tapui lands of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "Lost World."

There were many different purposes to our tropical journeying. While some of them were for specific projects, others were motivated more by the desire to experience what we at first imagined as 'real' wilderness. This of course was not the case. Although often the trips themselves were extremely arduous – getting the logistics right and overcoming many assorted physical discomforts – at every step of the way evidence of human activity, both in harmony and at odds with ideas of sustainability, was apparent. No matter how remote an area seemed to be we were constantly confronted with the realization that someone was always there and always had been. Abandoned mining camps, masses of rusted equipment and the skeletons of wrecked boats littering the sharp rocks of the Mazaruni River made us unavoidably aware that we were traversing a post-industrial landscape.

Our fascination with the tropics undoubtedly began in childhood when we poured over books such as Time Life's The World We Live In and The Wonders of Life on Earth. In the 1960's we were reading countless Edgar Rice Burroughs novels and watching *Kimba* and *Johnny Quest* cartoons on Saturday morning television. Our early passion for the tropical forest made it certain that in our adult lives we would be drawn there. Indeed, we both share a commitment to the



Sea wall, Georgetown Guyana

notion that travel and the opportunity to work in the field are far more engaging than studio work alone.

Our trips have been enormous sources of inspiration for our artistic work and intellectual development. Our first foray into the tropics was in 1989 when we traveled to Belize. We spent four weeks in the Cock's Comb Basin – a densely forested valley that has the highest concentration of jaguars in the world. After a week of hiking, bird watching, fishing and drunken nighttime animal flashlight spotting we were hooked.

Upon returning we read widely on the neotropics and immediately planned another trip. Several trips to Belize followed as well as a trip to a very remote area in Venezuela's interior. The three most recent trips, 1994, 1999 and 2003, were to Guyana which, like Belize, is a former British colony situated on the north east shoulder of South America. It was there that we made connections that continue to this day.

The main reason that these trips have been so productive is due to the generosity and helpfulness of the people that we have worked with in these places. In Belize we were frequently hosted by Sharon Matola and her wonderful staff at the Belize Zoo, who taught us just how much a conservation Biologist could drink. While in the cockscomb basin wildlife sanctuary we were befriended by Ernesto and Pio Saqui who gave us our first bits of jungle lore – like that the soft cooing sound that seemed to surround us on our nightly rum enhanced jungle walks was in fact a mother jaguar calling to its young. In addition to enjoying the comradery of the park rangers we had the good fortune of meeting Paul Towel – an ex French Legionnaire turned anthropologist who later traveled with Mark to Borneo. This established a pattern of inviting kindred spirits to accompany us on our explorations, among them are Peter Cole, Laura Emeric, Simon Farklondeh, Alexis Rockman, Bill Schefferine, William Stone, Paul Towel, and Sarah Vogwill. Of all the characters who assisted us in our endeavors few were more colorful than Delphine Sanchez, gentleman pirate of the Orinoco River. We owe him gratitude for putting us in the capable hands of Rafael and Lucio – who saw us through flash floods and the sinking



Left to right: Mark Dion, Simin Farhklondah, Bob Braine, Laura Emeric, Bill Shefferine

of our boat hundreds of miles up river from any salvation. Certainly more than any other individual we owe sincere thanks to our most trusted boat captain and companion, Shark, a.k.a. Akbar Chindu of Bartica, Guyana. Both Shark and his wife Valda and his entire family and circle of friends have been instrumental in the success of our Guyana expeditions. Shark's resourcefulness, experience and sense of humor have made him an invaluable traveling companion. He has introduced us to a motley assortment of characters: Sammy, Devon, Skull Boy, Thin Man (Albert), and Traitor among others.

Chapter I

Landscape



Bartica, Guyana - House Ship



Ground detail, Bartica, Guyana



Lagoon, Orinoco River, Venezuela



Compromised Etta, Bartica, Guyana

22

Jungle Garden, Orinoco River, Venezuela



Beach, Georgetown, Guyana



Jungle Canopy, Venezuela

24

Semang Creek, Guyana



Mining Pit, Semang Creek, Guyana



Autana, a sacred tupuy near the Orinoco River, Venezuela 1991



Clear Cut, Guyana interior

27

Looking out from Camp, Orinoca River, Guyana



Chapter II

Animal Life



Cow, Sheep, Bartica, Guyana



Donkey, Bartica, Guyana



Fer de Lance, Belize

34

Termites, Belize



Here's worm in your eye

"Thar she blows!...Whoops!"

"Whoops?" I said to Dr. Ruth Weichsel, my chin resting on the cool metal of her ophthalmologic viewing device. "What do you mean, 'whoops?'"

"It went back into its burrow."

Hmmmm. It went back into its burrow – in my eye. All along, I thought that it was only living in the surface slime. I had seen the worm that lived in my eye two days earlier. I had been editing slides on a light box for a travelogue slide show of my recent trip to Guyana, which is located on the northeast coast of South America.

My head had been aching beyond reasonable description, my eyes felt as if they were about to burst from their sockets and lie down upon my cheeks like some David-Caradine-induced Kung Fu extraction. I spoke to a friend of mine, who continually reminded me of the possibility of river blindness, a condition caused by parasitic worms that feast on spaghetti like optic nerves.

You see, I already knew that I had a worm in my body, but it really didn't bother me. Aside from the crayon-like trails on my right foot and lower right leg and the unbearable itching ("it itch hot," as they say in Guyana), I was happy with the worm in my leg. As soon as I got back from Guyana, I went to the dermatologist who had treated an earlier tropical-pathogen-induced leg condition, confident in her ability to help my infested organism reclaim the sovereignty of the body that is rightfully mine. She looked at the red squiggles and proclaimed that I had a hookworm, which normally attacks the intestinal systems of cats and dogs. This one liked my leg better. I must have gotten it while standing calf deep in a garbage dump in Georgetown, Guyana, snapping photographs of brilliant cattle egrets poking through the putrid rubbish amid mud-encrusted bulldozer tracks.

Anyway, it liked my leg and decided to move in. Little did I know that it had upward mobility in its real-estate portfolio.

I had no money when I returned from Guyana in April, 1994. I had cream – thebendizol in a topical solution – cost \$85, and I didn't have the bread. So I asked the dermatologist if the worm had the capacity to migrate to other sites in my body. She assured me that it wouldn't, that my body would eventually fight this parasitic invader and break it down to its base molecular structure. Well, the raised, red, parasitic mole tunnels seemed to die down after a few weeks, the itching subsided and I was content...until, many weeks later when my head hurt more than a lot. My friend, the one so enthusiastically proposing the river blindness hypothesis, had given me the telephone number of one Dr. Kevin Cahill, tropical medicine specialist to the rich and famous, and the down and dirty alike. He is even the Pope's doctor on occasion.

35

The moment I saw the worm undulate across my field of vision, I looked up at my girlfriend, who was sitting on the bed, and said: "Baby, something very bad just happened." At first, she didn't believe me. She just couldn't; so she relegated the vision to too much psychic stress. But to me, it was somehow gratifying to see this sinister nematode that had invaded my well being. One can fight the enemy when it is visible. On the light box, I had been looking at slides of the stomach contents of a "double boom," a large, brown, armored catfish of the Amazon basin that grunts rhythmically when you haul it out of its aquatic world. The photos depicted thin white, thread-like worms – I remember them well, undulating under my gaze, my glasses fogging from the heat as I wove forward and back to focus, kneeling in the oil-soaked Mazaruni river sand at the site of a former goldminer's camp. For years, I had been photographing the evidence of pathology – microscopic worms, fish parasites, maggots on road kill, etc. Now I had unwittingly become my own subject matter. My camera ceased to be the vehicle of visual delivery.

I called Dr. Cahill that night and got hold of his answering service at 10:15 p.m. and left my name and number in a panic. A few minutes later, Dr. Cahill called up and asked in an impatient voice, "what are you calling me at 10:00 p.m. for?!"

"I just saw a worm swim across my eye, doc. Help," I said.

36 "There are tens of thousands of people in the world with worms in their eyes. Don't call me at 10:00 at night. I won't be in tomorrow, but you can come in on Thursday morning. This thing has been in your head for weeks and it's not going to do anything within the next two days."

Meanwhile, I felt as if I were contemplating blindness. The prospect of blindness was unsettling. My eyes were filled with many floaters – strings of protein and things released from my retina becoming detached from its proper place. A common thing I am told. These worms were not only in my eyes. They were everywhere in my body. For hours, I tilted my head on the light box, envisioning the fluids sloshing to the front of my eyeballs, where I could see them. I desperately wanted to see one again. I was only granted that one fleeting glimpse, like the proverbial white whale that Weichsel referred to. My parasite was loath to show itself.

So, the fix: I went, very excited to have found "the man." He turned down the lights, took his little point light and looked into my left eye. "There it is!" he exclaimed. This gratified me to no end. Someone else had seen it. He sent my blood to the Center for Disease Control own in Atlanta. I felt like I had the last word in parasite control. Dr. Cahill described the way in which he found out about some of these worms. They were sent to him by the emergency rooms of various hospitals after they had been extracted, along with the eyeball. The

eye swells up because of the proteinaceous cysts, which form around it. This leads doctors to fear the worst: a retinal contusion, which could violate the sanctity of the eye socket and push into the brain where the pressure can kill you. When ER folks see this, out comes the melon-baller.

Well, I was lucky. If I had not actually seen the worm, perhaps this same fate would have been mine. I had the good fortune to be surrounded by people who steered me in the right direction.

Dr. Cahill then sent me back to Dr. Weichsel, a kind, fine-boned, 60-something woman, who had applied the New Bedford exclamation to my condition. She dilated my pupils and determined for sure my situation. The cure was the same poison cream, only this time in an oral solution under the brand name Mintozol. Yum.

Many people don't realize this, but insecticide is the main component of New York's beverage of choice. Caffeine is a plant alkaloid, a substance that is produced to prevent insects from eating its delicious green leaves. My diet that week consisted of anti-inflammatory steroids and Mintozol. Who could ask for more? I was drinking poison that was designed to kill bugs. It was like gargling with Raid. This lasted about one week. There was no sleep and nausea was with me every moment. All the while, my head ached. I'm sure that the steroids affected my mood significantly. I took the required dosage for one week and then settled down waiting to feel normal again. My head throbbed with pain that was unstoppable. The cysts that had formed as a defense mechanism still had to break down. Until they did, I would still have a headache. After another two weeks of peering constantly at the insides of my eyes against white paper, light, the sky – basically appearing to an unknown observer like someone looking vacuously around themselves for ghosts or angels – I decided they weren't dead. I went for another round of Mintozol. Delicious. Same things: a week of no sleep, nausea, etc. I now have an understanding of all systems, both "natural" and "man-made." I never really felt anger at my parasites, as if their presence was somehow unfair. I recall a scene in a Gamera movie, the first one, I believe. A gang of Japanese scientists were watching a movie of another gang of Japanese scientists who had cut open the trunk of an elephant, revealing a seething ball of finger-thick, arm-long white worms. The viewing scientists coiled back in revulsion. I remember thinking how unfair for the elephant. I have always thought of a bluefish I once caught. It had small, spherical, parasitic crustaceans attached to its gills. This sight had made my skin crawl. For some reason, when this was all brought right back home with my worms, I did not experience the same emotions. So. Now, I am certifiably worm free. And I will wash my fucking feet next time I slosh around a third world garbage dump. Next.



Vulture eating catfish, Mazaruni River, Guyana

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Road Hill frog, Bartica, Guyana



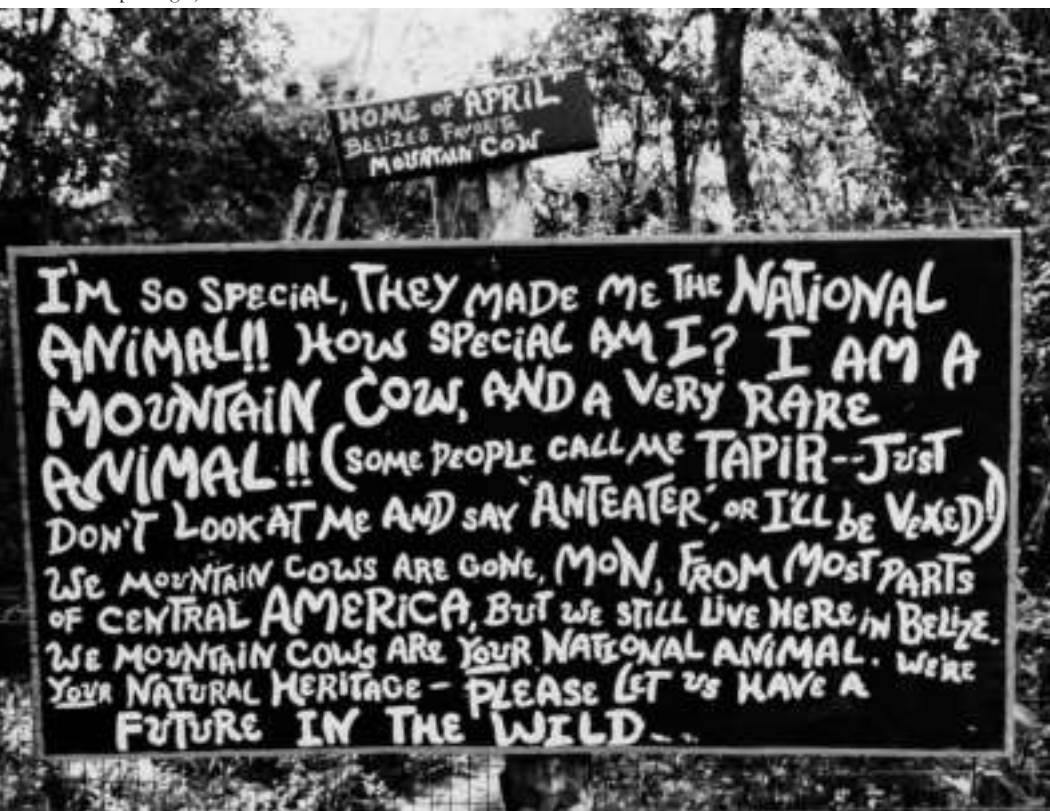
Tarantulas, Orinoco River, Venezuela



Tapir

40

Tapir Sign, Belize Zoo



Curassow in Yard, Bartica, Guyana



Water Bug, Guyana



Earthworm egg in tweezer, Venezuela



Dogs, Georgetown, Guyana

Chapter III

Animals in hand





Anole



Shrimp



Small fish



Tree frog





Bat, Mazaruni River, Guyana

Chapter IV

Documents



...the... of Nandalall's...
...Stabroek News...
...had no right to...
...Gulliver.

The shop owner told
Stabroek News that Gulliver
remarked, "Ya'll ain't
want back de boy...if de
want more money, pay
" and that this might

...newspaper.
He denied that he was ever
questioned by the police
about Nandalall's kidnapping,
claiming, instead, that he is "a
flat foot hustler" who is usual-
ly on the road earning his
keep the honest way.

The incident sparked some

resident said that about 10 or
15 persons rushed into the
community and broke up a
stall and threw rocks and bot-
tles. He said the disturbance
did not last long and had
ceased by the time the police
arrived on the scene.

Gulliver and some resi-

return to the shop.
wounded farmer, who
been living in the area for
past 11 years, said he
chased most of his
there. But yesterday he s
"I won't go back in the
These people wrong in
they trying, in a diplo

'Dogman' shot in arm

was shot in the arm
Wednesday morning on
ler Street after he was
ily cornered by a
armed men in bullet-
ts.

y-four-year-old Nigal
also known as
n' of 618 West
dt is nursing a gun-
and in the right arm
g the incident which

Played dead to escape further harm

occurred a little after 5 am on
Wednesday.

Speaking with Stabroek
News yesterday from his hos-
pital bed Bryant said he was
at an Alexander Street resi-
dence chatting with some
friends when he heard some-
one say "Police".

He recounted that he
immediately jumped up and
turned to face the men who
had approached the group. He
said he saw four armed men
dressed in police uniforms
and outfitted with bulletproof
vests standing in the yard.

Bryant related that one of
the men pointed a gun at him
and he made a sudden dash.
He said the man pursued him
and discharged several

rounds. He was hit him in
arm. He fell into a ne-
drain and lay motionless,
tending to be dead.

He said the man sta-
over him for some time t
left. According to him
men then searched his frien-
and left. He said that no-
went to his assistance and
eventually crawled over

Turn to page 23

Burdened Chief Magistrate 'to quit' - sources

Everything Music

76 Robb St. Lacytown - Camp & Wellington Sts. /Opp. Stabroek News/ Tel. 226-88

when he responded to a pick
up call at the Enterprise ac-
cess road last Thursday

which they will have to face
the long arm of the law.
Police said the suspects

Roger Bunbury

Penis-severed man discharges self



*Doctors had attached a tube to the remainder
of Salarbux's penis to enable him to urinate*

drug addict reportedly be-
came abusive when the staff
refused to give him the
money in his hand.

He only left after he was
given \$100.00.

Salarbux in an apparent
bid to attract attention to his
plight had used a knife to cut
off his penis, claiming that
some persons from whom he
had borrowed money were
planning to kill him.

Medical officials say that
Salarbux risks losing his
life if he remains without
treatment for a specified pe-
riod.

RAVIE Salarbux, the de- a portion of his penis in his

QUALIFY YO



Roadside shop, Bartica, Guyana 71



Chapter V

Camp life



Savage Ferox Camp, Semang Creek, Guyana, 1999

Bob Braine, Mark Dion, Alexis Rockmann, Mazaruni River, 1994





Akbur Chindu (AKA Sharle), Guyana, 1994



Bob Braine with spider



Mark Dion with spider





Sammy the Shortman, Guyana, 1999



Amerindian man in bark canoe, Guyana, 1999



Bob Braine photographing fish, Savage Ferox Camp, Semang Creek, Guyana, 1999



Mazarani River Camp, Guyana, 2003

Mark Dion's table, Guyana, 1994





Mark Dion's work table, Venezuela



Bob Braine trying out bark canoe, Semang Creek, Guyana

Chapter VI

Fish



Pirahna teeth

Double boom tail





Mark Dion with "Blinker", Guyana, 1994



William Stone with Himoura, Guyana, 2003

93

Bob Braine with Lucanoni, 2003





Mazaruni River Displacement, Lucamoni, 2003



Boro

96

Boro



Reclining Catfish in Black velvet

97

Reclining Catfish in the bush on stump





Bob Braine with 60lb Laulau

98

Bob Braine with 60lb Laulau



Himara head in hands

99



Mazaruni River Displacement, Bioro, Guyana, 2003



Catfish on Black velvet

102

Mazaruni Riiver Displacement overview



Laulau on Black velvet

103

Double Boom on stump



Chapter VII

Trees



Forest interior, Venezuela, 1991



Hari Creek, Butressed tree, 2003

108

Hari Creek, forest interior, 2003



Hari Creek, tree base, 2003



Hari Creek, forest interior

Chapter VIII

Journals

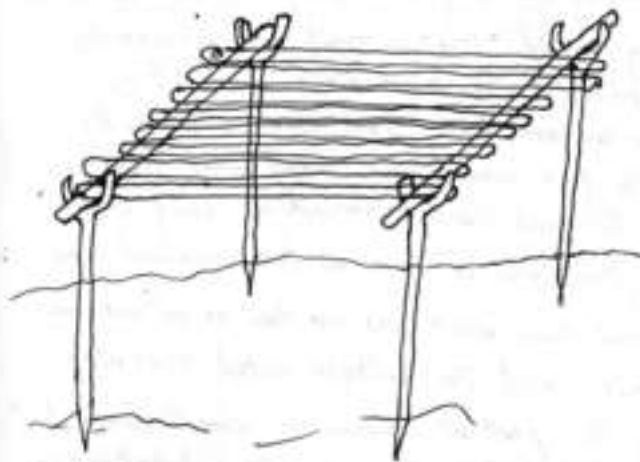
| <u>Kit</u> | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| * lighter and matches | * lens cleaner | * Hammock |
| * Candles | * super glue | * Mosquito net |
| * bills of heavy string | * ace bandage | * sleeping bag |
| * Knife | * first aid | * Blanket |
| * Leatherman | * Orange tape | * life vest |
| * Batteries | * lens cleaner | * rain coat |
| * Sharpening Stone | * trowel | * 4 shirts |
| * file | tripod | * 4 pants |
| * Machete | spotting scope | * bathing suit |
| * headlamp | * magnifier | * underwear |
| * Pens | * field microscope | belt |
| * Hatchet | binoscopes | * sneakers |
| * Water bottle | bird call | boots |
| * Flashlights | * mirror | * T-shirt |
| Extra glasses | <u>Fishing kit</u> | * Towel |
| * Pully | * Reels | * 6 Socks |
| * Underwater mask and boots | * Poles | etc. |
| * Gloves | * Hooks | * Shach Guard |
| * Plakes | * wire line | * Undercolor kit |
| * cups | * Sinkers | * Spices |
| * Spoons and forks | * lures | * Clean-up sponges |
| * Cook set | * Power bait | * Tea |
| * fry Pan - pot holders | * Fish Net | * Coffee |
| * Sewing kit | * Fish Spaw | * egg holder |
| * Gaffa tape | <u>Hygiene kit</u> | * Pencils |
| * Camera and film | * Razor | Paper |
| Water Purification treatment | * Toilet Paper | sharpen |
| * Insect repellent | * Sunscreen | Eraser |
| Compass | first aid | * Tweezers and probes |
| * Measuring tape | * drugs | * White Pen |
| * Sun Screen | * vitamins | * dissection kit |
| * books | * Sun Hat | |
| Kill Jar | expedition trunk | <u>Get on site</u> |
| * Insecticide | * backpack | Tarps |
| Insect traps | * Cargo bags | food |
| * Nets | * Shoulder bag | large pots |
| * Pins | * Document wallet | Nails |
| * Mallet | * Zip lock bags | lamp and fuel |
| | | Toilet Paper |
| | | Candles |
| | | Wash basin |

Birds 1994

Crested Caracara
 Black-Crowned Night Heron
 Little blue Heron
 Great Egret
 Wattled Jacana
 Ruddy Ground Dove
 Snowy Egret
 Black-billed thrush
 Blue-gray tanager
 Palm tanager
 Red-shouldered Macaw
 Pied water tyrant
 Yellow warbler
 Channel-billed toucan
 Southern lapwing
 Yellow-rumped cacique
 White-bearded flycatcher
 Amazon Kingfisher
 Orange-winged Parrot
 Greater Yellow-headed Vulture
 Red-throated caracara
 Reddish Hermit
 Gray-winged Trumpeter
 Blue and Yellow Macaw
 Swallow-tailed kite
~~Black-collared Swallow~~
 Black-collared Swallow
 Scarlet-rumped Caciques
 Black Vulture
 Swallow-wing Puffbird
 Red-capped cardinal
 Crested Oropendola
 Lesser Yellow-headed Vulture

White-necked Puffbird
 Yellow-green Grosbeak
 Yellow-knobbed Curassow
 Smooth-billed ani
 Purple Martin
 Shiny Cowbird
 Striped Heron
 Pale-vented Pigeon
 Crimson-crested Woodpecker
 House Wren
 Tropical Mockingbird
 Tropical Kingbird
 Violaceous euphonia
 Variegated Tinamous
 Ruddy Pigeon
 Red-fan Parrot
 Black-bellied cuckoo
 Lined Woodpecker
 Black Nunbird
 Black-crowned tityras
 Purple Hoopoe
 Moriche Oriole
 Green Oropendola
 Common Dowitcher
 Ringed Kingfisher
 Rufescent tiger Heron
 Plumbeous kite
 Gray Kingbird
 Three-striped Flycatcher
 Yellow-headed caracara
 Great Ani
 Tricolored Heron
 Snail Kite
 Short-tailed Tody flycatcher

lengths of wood are used to span the gap. The thing supported the cutfish. Amazing. I had two tables - one for afternoon and one for morning shooting.



SHOOTING TABLE WITH BLACK VELVET BACKDROP.

- It's 4:20 PM on Saturday afternoon, Oct 25th. I have discovered several small tan ticks upon me which I plucked off before they got their teeth into me.

- This morning when Mark, Trader and I went out we also pulled Trader's seines - the first night we have at this spot. Trader set out one seine and I went with him in the morning to pull it. The first fish to come up was a large biara - the "dog fish" with big fangs coming up from the bottom jaw. It was in the eight pound size range.

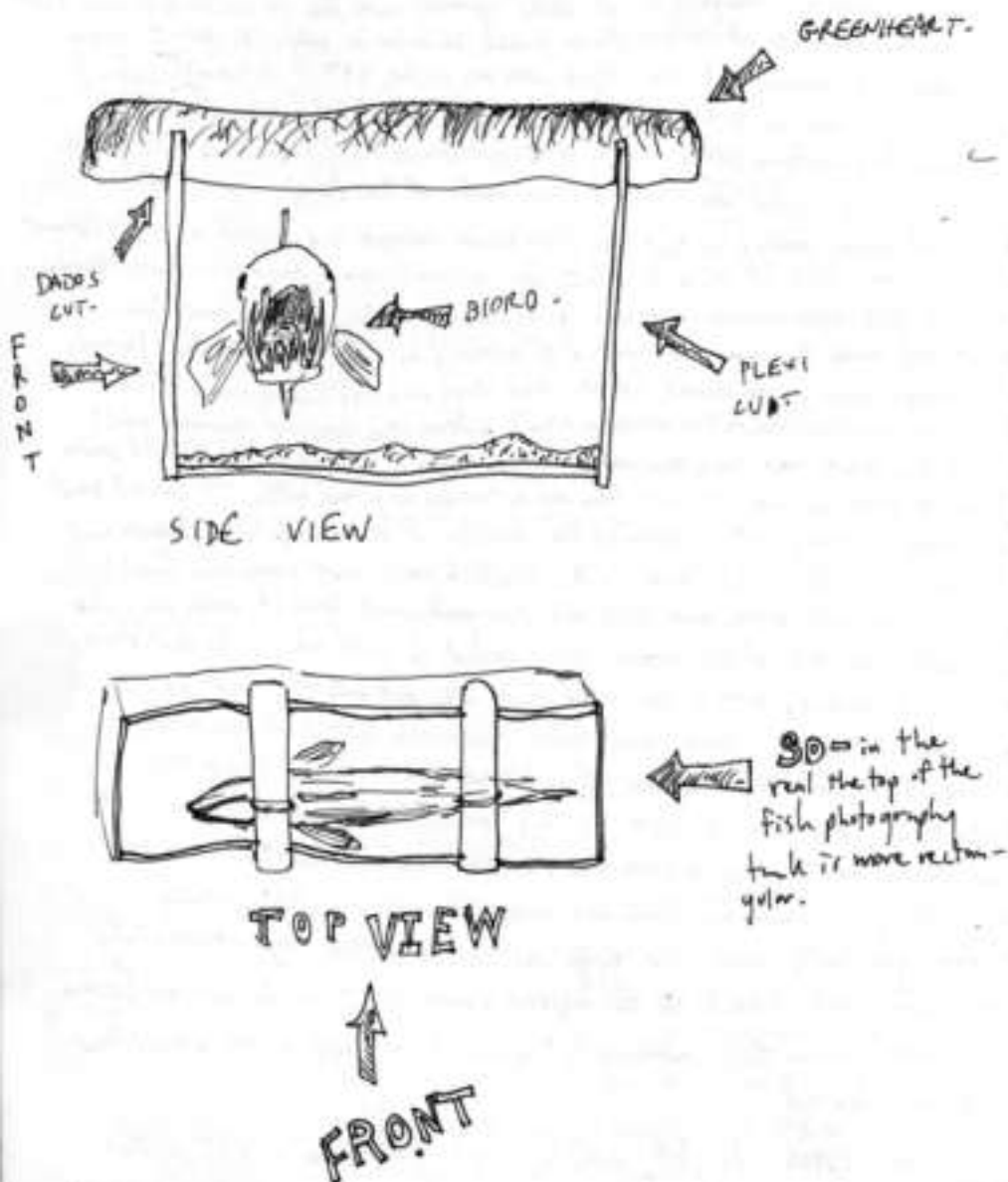


A Lucania of about 2 lbs, a piranha and a "skeeet" which is a semi-armored red and white cutfish.

This morning we pulled both seines and these contained a small species of pacu called a "catacari."

Yesterday activities included driving the boat up to the mouth of Itaki creek and tying up. This is the creek where Trader

FIGURE 1.



my lunch. Just before we had gotten to that point we pulled to the left bank again - This time below a completely impassable water fall. This time the four of us were going to carry this boat over land - through tangled undergrowth and thick mud - about a hundred yards to another piece of water. The fucker was pretty heavy and I definitely wrunched my back out (all this morning Friday I took tylenol and groaned)

Well - finally it came time to head down river - I could hear the roar of rapids ahead. This boat was over loaded with two people in it but we had four. The way I figured it nobody wants to die so if the two guys engineering this whole thing thought that they could make it through, I reckoned that I would go along for the ride. Aron was in the front seat, I was behind him - Davon behind me and Salomon at the rear paddle - Aron stood up -

★ Note - I heard a tree thunder to the ground across the river - an occurrence that happens after a heavy rain - it made such a noise the ground shook.

- to survey the approaching roar - after shouting instructions to our man in the back we headed towards the first set of white water. Looking at it I couldn't conceive of a boat staying afloat through it - it was too late for anything

★ Note: I hear - at 7:15 PM - the high pitched chirping of bats all over - today we caught a vine snake swimming in the river.

In a matter of seconds I could look to the side and see walls of water on both sides - Aron was

paddling furiously - the boat ~~was~~ was moving so quickly that one had to jam the paddle into the water with rapid strokes just to make contact - "Rock!" Aron screamed and in indecipherable quickly spoken piteous English Guyanese instructions were shouted on how to avoid the looming manure river - still afloat - the boat was filled with a foot of water and I, with nothing better to do, used my nervous energy to turbo bail the water out - splash splash splash splash - I was nowhere near the end of the job - water was sloshing around the ankles of my ~~un~~valued jungle boots - when I heard another roar - This one was ~~ex~~ - cont.

- NOW its Saturday March 26th. 1994.

Its only 7:30 AM so I have a jump on the day and can hopefully catch up. First I'll finish Thursday. Cont - even larger than the first - we were into it before it had been surveyed thoroughly and our small boat ~~then~~ slid into the bounding water. Right off the bat two large waves washed completely over the bow swamping us with water - the lead paddler dug his oar in frantically screaming instructions in an alarmed Baritone. It seemed like a long time but it probably wasn't. Everyone was shaken up. Davon asked me if I thought it was tough or too much or something - I said "Well, I can't swim and if I have to go I couldn't think of a better way. What a riot."

We now paddled about another 100 or 200 yards or so and rounded a bend which revealed one of the dredge camps on our right hand side. We pulled up - there was a woman washing clothes and a man and two small naked children playing in the

Vernacular animal names
 Cumoodi - anaconda
 Kigihiee - Coatiundi
 Pimpia hog - Porcupine
 Sakiwinkis - Squirrel monkey
 Uwarie - opossum
 barim - Antater
 Waterhans - Capybara
 Crabdog - Crab-eating Raccoon
 Carpenter birds - Woodpeckers
 Tank'e God - Silver antater
 Anhinga - Duck
 Jaguarundi - Haka Tiger
 Ocelot - Labba Tiger
 Margat - tiger cat
 Jaguar - Tiger
 Puma - Deer Tiger
 Brown Capuchin - Ring tail Monkey / Jack Monkey
 Black Spider monkey - Quinka Monkey
 Wedge-Capped Capuchin Monkey - Ring tail monkey
 Giant Otter - Waterdog
 Spectacled Caiman - Alligator
 Tayra-Haka
 Jabiru Stork - Ng-a-cup
 Collared Peccary - Bush Hog
 Kinkajou - Night Monkey / Honey Bear
 White-tailed Deer - Savannah Deer
 Tapir - Bushcow
 White-throated Peccary - Bush Hog
 Black-Bellied Whistling Duck - Wissy-wissy
 Black-crowned Night Heron - Quach
 Great Egret - Crane
 Green Iguana - Guava
 Ani - old witch
 Wattled Jacana - spw bird
 Yellow-rumped Cacique - Sour corn
 Piracy ants - Jack men
 Thayer (blue + palm) Saki

Birds

Carib Grackle
 Scarlet Ibis
 Great Kiskadee
 Grey-checked Thrush
 Blue-gray Tanager
 Orange-winged Parrot
 Ruddy Dove
 Anhinga
 Black-Bellied Plover
 Semipalmated Plover
 Spotted Sandpiper
 Ruddy Turnstone
 Sanderling
 Grey-breasted Martin
 Pied Water-tyrant
 Tricolored Heron
 Striped Heron
 White-rumped Flycatcher
 Tropical Flycatcher
 House Wren
 Palm Tanager
 Red-capped Cardinal
 Large-billed Seed-finch
 Waxed Tanager
 Yellow-throated Spinetail
 Turquoise Chlorophonia
 Yellow Warbler
 Tropical Mockingbird
 Crested Catbird
 Black-necked Arrearis
 Squirrel Cuckoo
 Black Humbird
 Lesser Kiskadee
 Green-backed Tanager
 Blue-black Grosbeak
 Lesser Yellow-headed Vulture
 Shrike Cuckoo
 Green Ibis
 Southern Lapwing
 Snowy Egret
 Cattle Egret
 Yellow-rumped Cacique
 Large-billed Turn
 Ringed Kingfisher
 Black Curassow
 Red-billed Toucan
 Osprey
 White-winged Swallow
 Black-collared Swallow
 Parakeet

Amazon Kingfisher

Bat Falcon
 White-necked Heron

Black Phoebe

Green Kingfisher

White-bellied Piculet

Scarlet-rumped Cacique

Sandwich Island-tailed Swift

Dusky Parrot

Shallow-winged Puffin

Channel-billed Tropicbird

Black Curassow

Black-billed Wren

Red-necked Woodpecker

White-crowned Manakin

Green-rumped Parrotlet

Black-throated Mango

Red-throated Saffron

White-tailed Tanager

Paranaquit

Purple Honeycreeper

Blue Dacnis

Golden-sided Euphonia

Spotted Tody-Flycatcher

Sunbittern

Scrubwren Finch

Grey-breasted Sapsucker

Opal-rumped Tanager

Fluorescent Tanager

White-flanked Antwren

Grey Antwren

Common Ground Dove

Black-tailed Tropicbird

Red-and-green Macaw

Moriche Oriole

Red-capped Vireo

Black-rumped Sapsucker

Crimson Tanager

Ruddy Pigeon

White-necked Jacobin

Red-billed Tropicbird

Black-headed Parrot

White-headed Swallow

Blue-headed Parrot

Rufous-crowned Tanager

Common Black Hawk

Paradise Jacamar

Black Skimmer

Large-headed Flatbill

Pale-vented Pigeon

Andean Dove

Crimson-capped Woodpecker

Pearl King

Grey-necked Wood-rail

Black Vulture

Barn Swallow

White-necked Thrush

Great Cuckoo

Black-crowned Night Heron

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Chapter IX

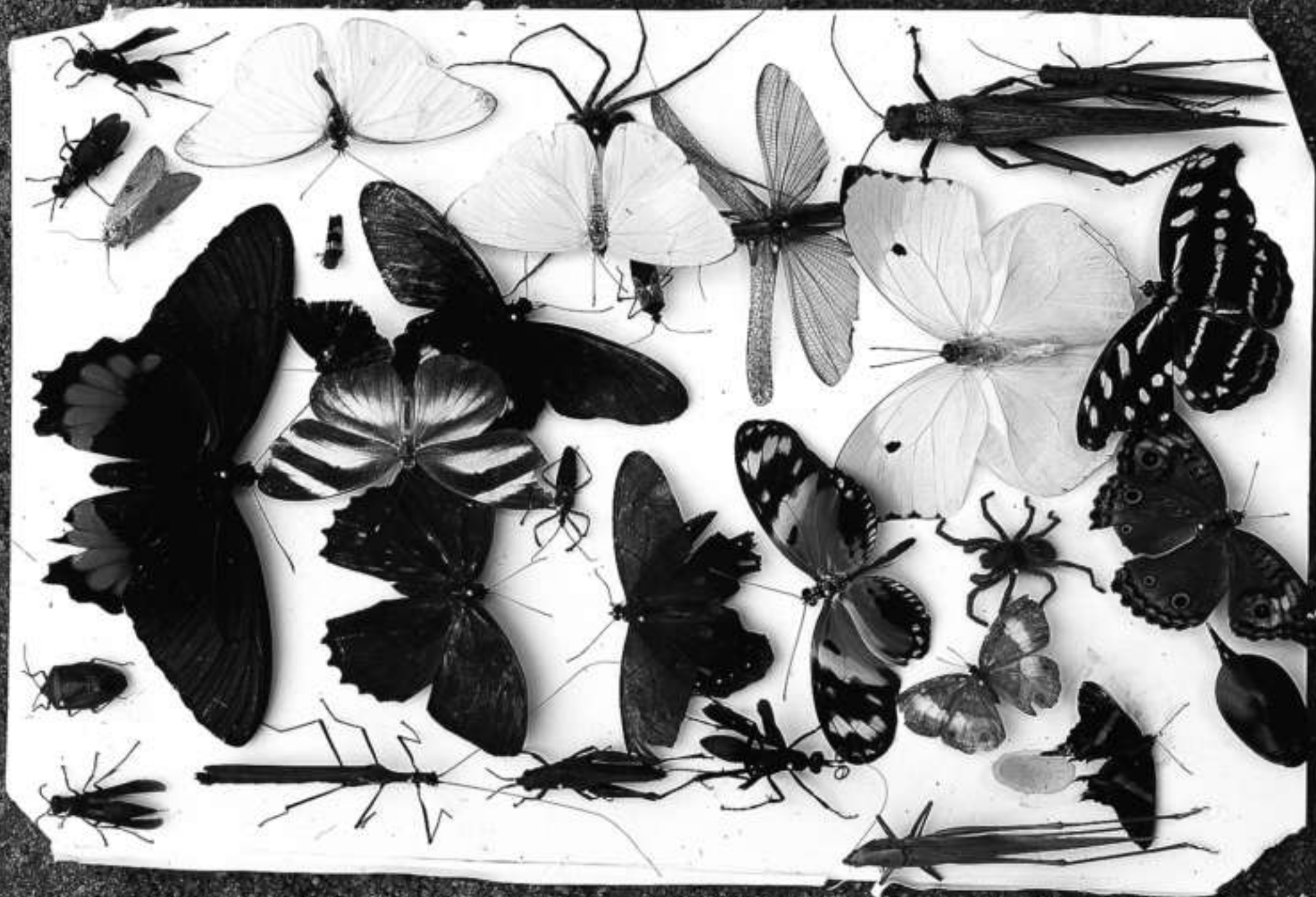
Collections



Tarantula in alcohol



Scorpion in alcohol



Mark Dion's bug collection, Venezuela, 1991



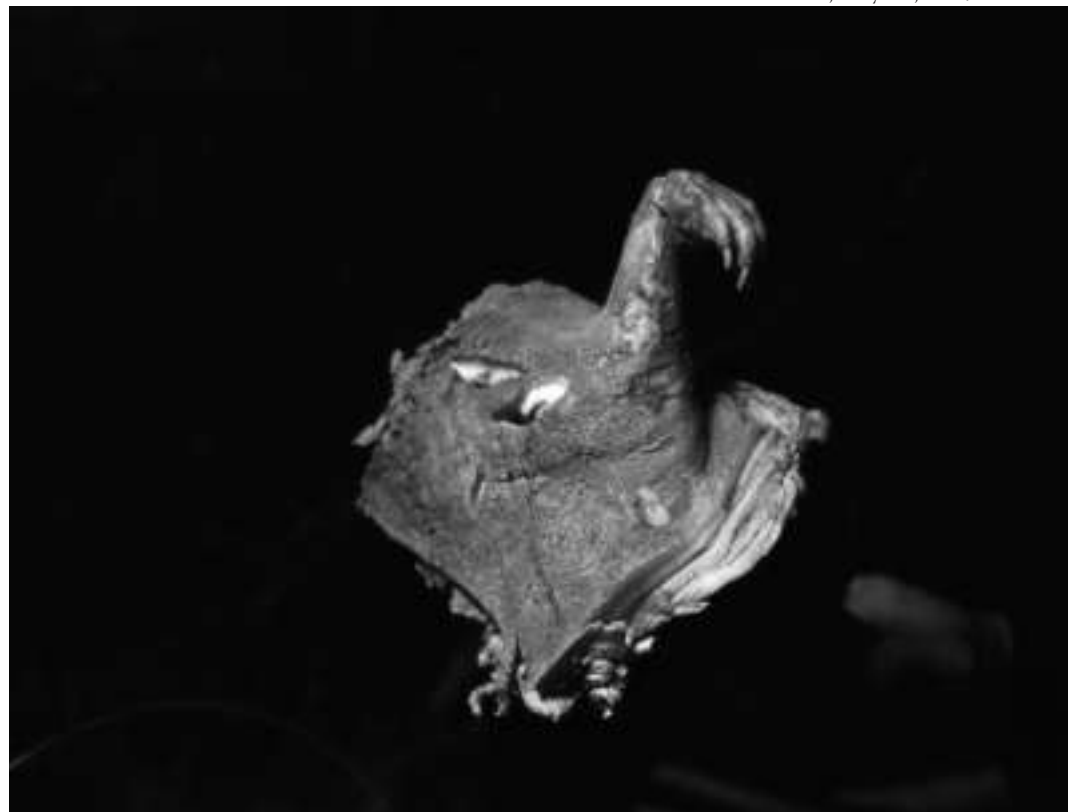
Mark Dion's forest Garbage Collection, Mazaruni River, 1994

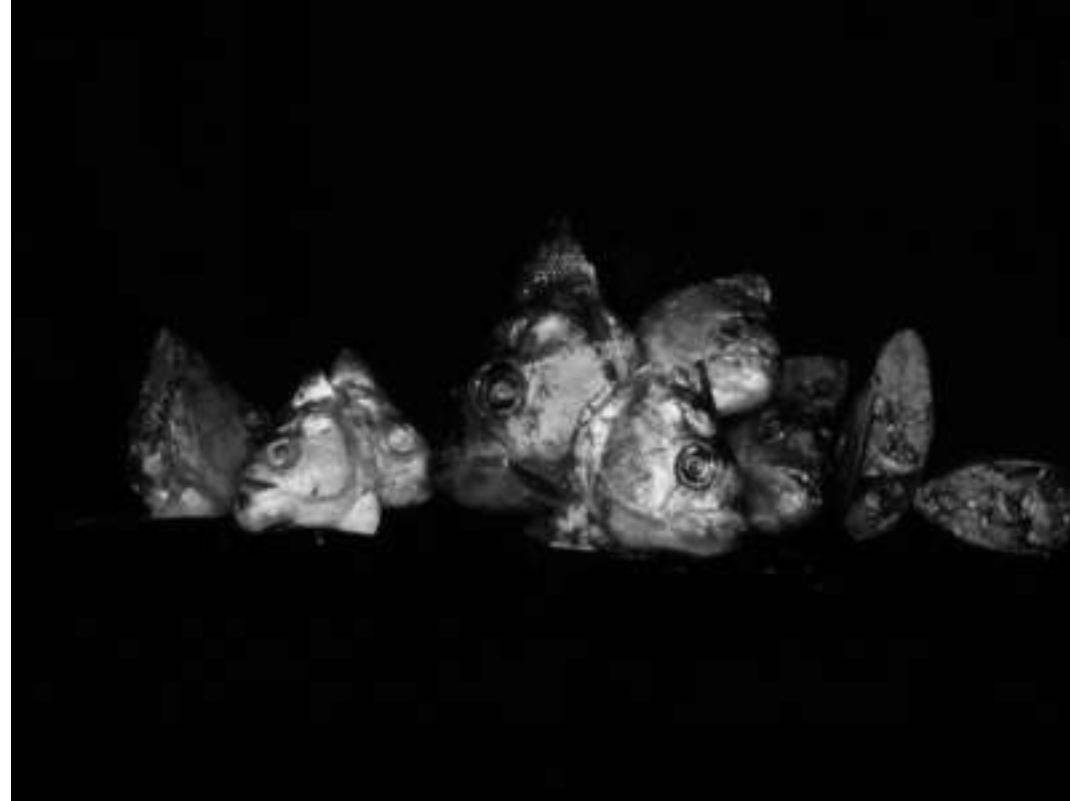




Sammy the Short man with rib bones, Camp Savage Ferox, Guyana, 1999

Labo haunch on knife, Guyana, 1994





Pirahna heads on Back velvet

24 hour ant





Road out of Issaro landing, Guyana, 2003

Mark Dion, Venezuela, 1991





Botanical study on Black velvet, Guyana, 1994



Bob Braine - Mark Dion

Neotropic

First edition limited to 250 numbered copies.
10 copies (+ 2 AP) deluxe limited edition of this book,
accompanied by a signed and numbered multiple by the artists
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Photos: Bob Braine and Mark Dion

Printed and bound in France

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