100 صورة 100 قصة

خطف الصور والقصص تحول إلى النص ورسمي على قصصهم وتجاربهم الإنسانية من خلال سرد مبدع وصور تفصيل إحساسا وتقعهم، تت锗 من الأساليب والتقنيات الصحفية، فلا يتسنى الاقتباس المباشر أو ما يمنح القصة من دوخل ذهني.

قبل أن نطرق باببنا، فإنها كانت الموهوب sacrificا والمبدعة، وفجأة فصمة صين الحدود الإبداعية التي توقعتها المصمم الرفيع أن تكون تكبير وبؤس جديد، بعدا عن بعض الأمور المشتركة، والعناصر المميزة والأشياء المبتكرة، التي تضمننا معاً الأدوار المشتركة، والعناصر المشتركة.

قد تبدو القصة المضحكة، عندما ترى من المبادرات الامنية تكمن في "الحالة المسبقة للحالة المسبقة"، وتلتزم وتنافس معها. كل قصة "قصة" استنفادت أن يجد مساحة تشقلب بها التفاصيل والصور ومن ثم توضب، بإيجاد حكایات الشروط، والعمل، وعملية "الحالة المسبقة"، يمثلون سببًا، كل مصغرة "قصة".

تعد صناعات الصور والكتابة المصاحبة لسياق الصور، ونقول الملاحظة الأولى أن الصورة، والتغطية، والتفاصيل، التي لا تخلو من صناعات الكتاب، وحيث الأسلوب، والملاحظة لا تكون وفقاً لشيء.

على مدى عامين، خطت الشعور في أكثر من 70 ذاكا حول العالم على اتفاق 5 قراء، حسبما ذكرنا أكثر من 500 صورة و500 قصة عن الإنسان والمكان كما بروجها أصلها ومنها هذا الكتيب لنحن 100 صورة 100 قصة، وما زالت تخطف

معهد الجردة للإعلام
After 2 hours on the track from Ouahigouya, I reach through the cloud of dust that still surrounds me and grabbed the first children’s outstretched hands leading me to Rigui’s village chief. I brought him cola nuts and a big bag of rice for the village. Benoit, who is with me on this bush portrait project, lets me know that I have been given a hut and that all my equipment has already been carried inside. It’s 43 degrees and I sweat profusely while setting up the studio in this airless space. Amadou Ouedraogo, the village imam will be the first person I photograph. When he enters to sit in front of the lights we discuss the situation in the Sahel at length where all religious communities have been able to live in peace and tolerance. “But how do you see the future?” I asked. I only shoot one picture.
Apart from the front door, traditional Wakhi constructions have only one opening, located on the roof, to allow both light to flood the main room and for smoke to escape from the fire pit. Each person here has a dedicated place. For example, the oldest people sit high up near the fire pit. Furniture is kept to a minimum, usually just a cupboard to store groceries and kitchen utensils. The Wakhi house has become more comfortable as educated children with higher incomes look for a house with more rooms, a more spacious proper kitchen and electricity. Proud to be Wakhi, upward mobility allows them to affirm their cultural identity, where traditional music and the Wakhi language have been preserved. But their cuisine is left behind, with traditional dishes being replaced by generic dishes with no cultural signature.

Access to trade routes has led to the introduction of new food products. Knowledge of traditional Wakhi dishes, prepared from wheat/barley, sour buttermilk, yak cheese (if available) and apricot oil, are the secret of mothers and grandmothers, and have therefore already been relegated to special occasions such as housewarming parties, weddings, and village festivals. Here she can be seen preparing a traditional “graal” meal for me.
Angelito caught my attention with the level of passion he was putting into what he was doing when I passed by him on the streets of Eastern Cuba. He started shining shoes at the age of 8 and is now 87. He asked me if I had met many people who have been doing the same job for that long. He said he loves his job because he can choose his schedule every day. He finds fulfillment in his profession through the conversations he has with his clients. He confessed that most people come to chat more than to get their shoes shined. He knows the whole neighbourhood and what goes on in everyone’s life, as the few minutes spent with each client fills him in on the latest news. He joked about how people like me wearing flip flops leaves him jobless.

AISHA VAN BEVER
Shani drinks a cup of traditional spice tea, taking a short break from a long day’s work at the Babu Café on the seafront of Zanzibar’s Stone Town. This rough and ready establishment is one of many Arab-style buildings crammed onto a rocky promontory overlooking the sea. As the evening draws in, the café is at its busiest. Customers come to watch the sun disappear beyond the sea as old-fashioned sailboats criss-cross the horizon. Shani and her business partner compete for clientele with other more modern cafes in the same area.

While Babu still serves Zanzibar’s traditional spice tea, their competitors offer a pastiche of local culture: western food and drink with a Zanzibari twist. Most of the owners are themselves foreigners drawn to the allure of the “romantic” East and know exactly what tourists are looking for. But while Shani may have to follow her rivals’ lead in order to make a living, she does it while staying true to the café’s spirit – all the while wearing her traditional Zanzibari dress.

SHANI IN RED
ZANZIBAR, TANZANIA

WONTACÉ MARKAI
At the edge of Song Kol Lake in Kyrgyzstan, a little boy is sleeping on a horse. From childhood to death, horses are part of nomadic life. Following the Soviet period, the prestige of a Kirghiz person was evaluated by the number of horses owned. Nowadays, there are almost 400,000 horses in the country. They are bought for transport, agricultural work, their meat and Kyymz, fermented mare’s milk. In the past, they also played a military role: the nomad became a warrior thanks to his horse. In these times of peace, they are feted in many celebrations with equestrian games. During the summer, the nomads leave them free to roam all day long. Before nightfall, men gather the herd and women milk the mares. Hitting or flaying a horse is also considered shameful. Humans and horses are inseparable friends: as with this child in Song Kul, they share a relationship of trust.
In the disadvantaged countryside of northwest Cambodia, the activity that offers families a chance of survival hardly spares children. Farmers work together to plough the fields, sow and replant rice, in five-month cycles. Most of them cannot afford a tractor and have to work the land with oxen. Rice roots also require a large amount of water. To prevent the water from stagnating and rotting the plant, rice farmers must use irrigation techniques. I met Sophany on my trip to Cambodia. She’s the daughter of rice farmers. She’s 15 and barely knows how to read. Her family has been working in the paddy fields for generations, the work is hard and we earn almost nothing but it’s the only thing I can do, there are no job opportunities. Despite the hard work, these farmers sing while working to keep their spirits up.

VALÉRIE LÉONARD
Azeta is the women’s leader in the village of Reko. She is an intermediary between all the village women and the organisations supporting development and fighting malnutrition, which affects one child in four in the village. As part of the Burkina Faso Ministry of Health’s new protocol for monitoring malnutrition, community-based care is now favored in order to improve its effectiveness over the long term. In the village, 45% of children under the age of five suffer from more or less severe stunting and the village population lives on less than $1 a day. Azeta is a highly respected woman, a wise person who is able to defuse nascent conflicts on issues that affect people’s intimacy and child-rearing practices. Each of her gestures is an invitation to peace and dialogue between generations within a traditional society.

Azeta is the women’s leader in the village of Reko. She is an intermediary between all the village women and the organisations supporting development and fighting malnutrition, which affects one child in four in the village. As part of the Burkina Faso Ministry of Health’s new protocol for monitoring malnutrition, community-based care is now favored in order to improve its effectiveness over the long term. In the village, 45% of children under the age of five suffer from more or less severe stunting and the village population lives on less than $1 a day. Azeta is a highly respected woman, a wise person who is able to defuse nascent conflicts on issues that affect people’s intimacy and child-rearing practices. Each of her gestures is an invitation to peace and dialogue between generations within a traditional society.

PEACE
RIGUI, BURKINA FASO

Azeta is the women’s leader in the village of Reko. She is an intermediary between all the village women and the organisations supporting development and fighting malnutrition, which affects one child in four in the village. As part of the Burkina Faso Ministry of Health’s new protocol for monitoring malnutrition, community-based care is now favored in order to improve its effectiveness over the long term. In the village, 45% of children under the age of five suffer from more or less severe stunting and the village population lives on less than $1 a day. Azeta is a highly respected woman, a wise person who is able to defuse nascent conflicts on issues that affect people’s intimacy and child-rearing practices. Each of her gestures is an invitation to peace and dialogue between generations within a traditional society.

JACQUES PION
In southern Honduras in the Choluteca region, Namasigue’s inhabitants are mainly women who have had to adapt to living without the help of men who have emigrated to the United States. They have found their salvation in growing the cashew called marañon. They are behind the creation of a cooperative called Drepaimasul, which has enabled five villages in the Choluteca region to join forces to commercialize organic cashew nut farming. Living in precarious conditions, i.e. without running water or electricity, the women and children have nevertheless managed to find a balance. Pictured is Ines Baleriana, a 69-year old farmer who has been growing cashews for over 56 years. She has 10 children, 5 of whom have disappeared over the years. After her daily tasks and harvesting the precious fruit, her stepdaughter, Lupe breastfeeds her son in the warm atmosphere of Ines’ house.

M U J E R E S Y M A R A N Ñ O N

N A M A S I G U E, H O N D U R A S

In the Choluteca region of southern Honduras, Namasigue’s inhabitants are mainly women who have had to adapt to living without the help of men who have emigrated to the United States. They have found their salvation in growing the cashew called marañon. They are behind the creation of a cooperative called Drepaimasul, which has enabled five villages in the Choluteca region to join forces to commercialize organic cashew nut farming. Living in precarious conditions, i.e. without running water or electricity, the women and children have nevertheless managed to find a balance. Pictured is Ines Baleriana, a 69-year old farmer who has been growing cashews for over 56 years. She has 10 children, 5 of whom have disappeared over the years. After her daily tasks and harvesting the precious fruit, her stepdaughter, Lupe breastfeeds her son in the warm atmosphere of Ines’ house.
JASMINE

ISTANBUL, TURKEY

Jasmine, 25, is passionate about her environmental engineering degree. When the war started in Syria, Jasmine was a university student in Aleppo. She was forced to give up her studies in 2013 but immediately decided to find a solution by studying in Turkey. Four years ago, she was accepted at Istanbul University. The main difficulty was speaking Turkish and finding decent accommodation. “I do not feel very comfortable when people learn I’m from Syria because I often have to cope with bad-taste jokes about Syrians. I do not consider myself a refugee. I study here, I work here and I have a house.” She feels that language is the most important thing: “The Turks respect you more if you speak Turkish.” Challenge met as Jasmine takes all her courses in Turkish at the university.
Aziz Diop and his wife are attending the celebration they organized for the birth of their new daughter. In Senegalese social life, this celebration is very important. In their large home, on the outskirts of Dakar, their entire family and neighbours are gathered together. They are happy to see the celebration is successful: all day long, men will celebrate the child with words of blessing. Aziz Diop is a prominent figure in his city. He is successful and shows it by this display of wealth. Guests are offered food and refreshments.

'I am the happiest father today,' he says. Everyone knows him in the neighbourhood. For a long time, he has been helping the mentally ill abandoned on the streets. According to custom, his wife went to the hairdresser with her sisters to get her makeup done and be dressed. The celebration will continue until late at night.
SONGKRAN IN ISSAN
TAKAW, THAILAND

Every year from the 13th to 15th April, Thai people celebrate the Buddhist New Year. Far from the excesses of the capital, Bangkok, the region of Issan located in the northeast of the country still retains all its meaning and tradition. In the small village of Takaw (Nakhon Phanom province) after a journey of several hours in crowded and often fully laden buses, families get together for 3 days of festivities and sharing. The whole population gathers to organize the celebration, celebrate the wisdom of Buddha and honor the place of the elders in society with dignity during a public ceremony followed by a great collective meal. Issan, the poorest region of Thailand abandoned by foreign tourists, still reveals to us the sensitive soul of the inhabitants of this country who retain strong family values.
From Imilchil on the banks of the Assif Melloul (the ‘White River’) in the Eastern Atlas, Touda has travelled some 195km to dance with her Ahwash troupe at the Flower Festival in Kalaat M’Gouna. She speaks to us in the Tachelhit dialect of Amazigh, while another member of the troupe translates for us. Ahwash is a collective Amazigh performance style whose name is linked with the Sufi concept of fana’, the ‘annihilation of the self’ in religious experience. While the men sing, the women chant and dance. The movements vary considerably from village to village, area to area. Touda wears jewelry and a white robe adorned with shining coins, showing she belongs to the Ait Laza tribe. The men of the troupe wear turbans and flowing white jellabas and carry silver daggers and traditional embroidered leather pouches. Like all female Ahwash dancers, Touda is unmarried - a requirement not imposed on their male counterparts. But during the dance, all are equal.
Naaba Kiiba is the 49th King of Yatenga, one of the Mossi kingdoms that remained until the French conquest at the end of the 19th century. He is a retired civil servant who was enthroned on March 10, 2001 and who was chosen among the descendants of the previous king. Naaba Kiiba lives in his palace in Ouahigouya in the middle of his estate. His residence is very modest. There are rugs on the ground, some wooden chairs and an inner courtyard where food is prepared. He is a vital political figure for the stability of social and religious cohesion in this region of Burkina Faso.

After the meeting of the Council of Elders, he kindly invited me into his personal hut. There, sitting on a chaise longue, we discussed the situation for a long time and in a calm voice he said to me: “we are at the dawn of great instability in our country.”

Mack with thanks

Jacques Pion

THE KING OF YATENGA
OUAHIGOUYA/BURKINA FASO
When speaking of Peru you often think of the archaeological splendors of Cuzco emerging from the Andes. Yet Peru is also the equatorial forest that makes up more than 60% of its territory, and of course the sources of the Amazon. The capital of the region, Iquitos, is in this jungle, and is the only city in the world that has 500,000 inhabitants but no access by road, air or boat. It can take 7 days to get there. On the river, wooden barges known as lanchas, go from one village to another finally reaching Iquitos. You board with a hammock that, hooked on the ceiling of the single cabin, will serve as a bed during the journey. Ariana sleeps in the lancha that takes her on the Amazon River to her village 13 hours from Iquitos. She and her sister have sold their parents’ entire plantain crop at the city market. The money she earned enabled her to buy sugar, oil, flour and other food necessary for survival in the small remote villages of the Amazon.

A NAP OVER THE AMAZON

AMAZON RIVER, PERU

When speaking of Peru you often think of the archaeological splendors of Cuzco emerging from the Andes. Yet Peru is also the equatorial forest that makes up more than 60% of its territory, and of course the sources of the Amazon. The capital of the region, Iquitos, is in this jungle, and is the only city in the world that has 500,000 inhabitants but no access by road, air or boat. It can take 7 days to get there. On the river, wooden barges known as lanchas, go from one village to another finally reaching Iquitos. You board with a hammock that, hooked on the ceiling of the single cabin, will serve as a bed during the journey. Ariana sleeps in the lancha that takes her on the Amazon River to her village 13 hours from Iquitos. She and her sister have sold their parents’ entire plantain crop at the city market. The money she earned enabled her to buy sugar, oil, flour and other food necessary for survival in the small remote villages of the Amazon.

A NAP OVER THE AMAZON

AMAZON RIVER, PERU

When speaking of Peru you often think of the archaeological splendors of Cuzco emerging from the Andes. Yet Peru is also the equatorial forest that makes up more than 60% of its territory, and of course the sources of the Amazon. The capital of the region, Iquitos, is in this jungle, and is the only city in the world that has 500,000 inhabitants but no access by road, air or boat. It can take 7 days to get there. On the river, wooden barges known as lanchas, go from one village to another finally reaching Iquitos. You board with a hammock that, hooked on the ceiling of the single cabin, will serve as a bed during the journey. Ariana sleeps in the lancha that takes her on the Amazon River to her village 13 hours from Iquitos. She and her sister have sold their parents’ entire plantain crop at the city market. The money she earned enabled her to buy sugar, oil, flour and other food necessary for survival in the small remote villages of the Amazon.

A NAP OVER THE AMAZON

AMAZON RIVER, PERU

When speaking of Peru you often think of the archaeological splendors of Cuzco emerging from the Andes. Yet Peru is also the equatorial forest that makes up more than 60% of its territory, and of course the sources of the Amazon. The capital of the region, Iquitos, is in this jungle, and is the only city in the world that has 500,000 inhabitants but no access by road, air or boat. It can take 7 days to get there. On the river, wooden barges known as lanchas, go from one village to another finally reaching Iquitos. You board with a hammock that, hooked on the ceiling of the single cabin, will serve as a bed during the journey. Ariana sleeps in the lancha that takes her on the Amazon River to her village 13 hours from Iquitos. She and her sister have sold their parents’ entire plantain crop at the city market. The money she earned enabled her to buy sugar, oil, flour and other food necessary for survival in the small remote villages of the Amazon.

A NAP OVER THE AMAZON

AMAZON RIVER, PERU

When speaking of Peru you often think of the archaeological splendors of Cuzco emerging from the Andes. Yet Peru is also the equatorial forest that makes up more than 60% of its territory, and of course the sources of the Amazon. The capital of the region, Iquitos, is in this jungle, and is the only city in the world that has 500,000 inhabitants but no access by road, air or boat. It can take 7 days to get there. On the river, wooden barges known as lanchas, go from one village to another finally reaching Iquitos. You board with a hammock that, hooked on the ceiling of the single cabin, will serve as a bed during the journey. Ariana sleeps in the lancha that takes her on the Amazon River to her village 13 hours from Iquitos. She and her sister have sold their parents’ entire plantain crop at the city market. The money she earned enabled her to buy sugar, oil, flour and other food necessary for survival in the small remote villages of the Amazon.
The Essaouira Fish Cleaner

Essaouira, Morocco

As soon as the first fishermen’s boats start to return from the sea with the catch of the day, the fish cleaner is ready as usual on this wall that connects the Port to the old medina. He brings 2-3 buckets of water to clean the fish, takes out a cutting board and a knife, adjusts his small chair, and waits for his first customers. Under the gaze of the seagulls who are hoping for a piece of fish, the customers follow one another, each one bringing their freshly caught fish back and asking for specific preparations: cut to be fried, opened for a barbecue, filleted for a plancha etc. The fish cleaner carries out this work with precise and controlled movements, and a big smile.
Neither Brian, 34, nor any of his family members often leave the dark confines of their small flat in Tegucigalpa, one of the most dangerous cities in the world. They are afraid that news will find its way back to the people they are running from. Here, lying on his bed, Brian is trying to think of a way to escape his home country. A few angry words to a member of the infamous Mara gang were enough to put Brian's life in danger. This gang use children and young men to sell drugs, and the violence they use forces people like Brian and his family to relocate to other parts of the country for fear of their lives. Brian says that before he would have never considered leaving Honduras: he had a good job in the haulage sector and a decent, stable income. But now Brian's family are among 174,000 IDPs concentrated in twenty of Honduras’s 298 cities, all of them looking for the first opportunity to escape.
AKHAL-TEKE HORSES
TURKMENISTAN

“Of the 250 horse breeds in the world, there are only 3 pure breeds, English, Arab and Akhal-Teke. We have huge respect for our horses in Turkmenistan; we even give them a burial ceremony. Horses should only die from a natural death.” Ada Geldiev Ashir is the proud owner of the Ahal Dayhan Birleshik farm, 52 km west of Ashgabat, the capital of Turkmenistan, well known for breeding Akhal-Teke horses, a breed from Turkmenistan where they are a national symbol. Akhal-Tekees have a reputation for speed and endurance, intelligence, and a distinctive metallic sheen. There are currently about 6,600 Akhal-Tekees in the world, mostly in Turkmenistan and Russia, although there are some in Europe and North America.
Cameroon is a land of astonishing variety much like its inhabitants. This country has shaped their soul, spirit and appearance. More than 250 ethnic groups live in this ‘Little Africa’, a natural paradise combining all African climates and vegetation. In the north of the country many people live without any official papers. Henry, 47, is one of the unlisted people in this area. He learned to sew with his mother when he was little. In a week’s time, he will celebrate Christmas with the whole village. He is sewing the outfit he will wear on that special day. Henry, a devout Christian, has put a poster of the Pope on his wall. He has two wives; one is Catholic, the other Muslim. They get along very well. In Cameroon 61% of Christians and 21% of Muslims live in harmony. Religious tolerance in this country is such that one can often see interreligious marriages. Muslims and Christians cohabit without issues and even sometimes organize shared prayer ceremonies.

THE POPE POSTER

GUILLI, CAMEROON

Valéria Leonard
Although it’s monsoon season, this year it has rained less than expected on the east coast of Sri Lanka. Anyway, the rain doesn’t stop Uppuveli fishermen going on the beach every morning to get their catch. After a small boat has moved the fishing nets away from the beach, the fishermen take the rope from either side of the net, strap it on their hip and pull the fishing net slowly out of the sea. Centimeter by centimeter. They rock slowly from side to side, one foot to the other, in the same rhythm. A poetic and strenuous dance. In the water, 2 fishermen with snorkels manage the net to maximise the chance of catching fish. Their catch is one again paltry today.
THE LATEST PREDATORS
MAZUNTE, MEXICO

Why photograph school shark fishing? Because this shark has a long regenerative capacity (reproductive cycle), and has been put on a red list of vulnerable species by the IUCN (International Union for the Conservation of Nature). A shark that must be saved.

Why do you fish the shark? - The Japanese buy the fins at a good price. They make soup and think that it heals impotence. It’s a profitable catch. The shark is very good to eat too.

The shark is endangered. - If I had known, I would not have taken you to sea. Do you think I’m having fun? I have friends who never came back. We do not have all your navigation equipment. One storm and everything is over. I have to feed my children, support my family. It’s easy for you Europeans to come and lecture us!

FABIEN DUPUX
During the summer season in Kyrgyzstan, herdsmen go up to the jailoo, the high pastures, to graze their herds. They stay with their children for 6 months, living in their yurt, the traditional tent found among other nomadic people in Central Asia. I meet this shepherd on his horse, the traditional four-wheel drive vehicle, who invited me to stay with his family for the night. After his Asr prayer, he shows me tiny white spots on the top of a mountainside and tells me, “This is my flock, look now!” He puts his fingers to his mouth and whistles once, loudly. His flock freezes suddenly and heads towards the encampment, rushing unstoppably down the mountain. The cows came back of their own accord, as they had been trained to do. Reassured, he invites me for a bowl of green tea, bread and kaymak in the tent, waiting for the herd to arrive. Convenient but not infallible, he will go and look for the last animals.
"I stopped wearing the dark glasses I used to wear. When I attended a cultural function at school, someone told me that I look like a normal girl when I wear glasses. I then asked: 'Without glasses do I look abnormal'? People like to hide what they are missing. I have nothing to hide. I can't see and that doesn't cause me any pain. I have never seen anything in my life other than by feeling or touching or hearing. I am alert to any presence and can feel things around me. I have developed this sense since childhood. Now I read in class six. I want to reach the rank of policy maker. You can't make anyone feel someone's struggle. Only if one of us, someone lacking physical ability, reaches the highest rank of government will people say that a blind girl like me is as normal as any other human being" - Mariyum (16).
Rokhaya is 20 years old. She has dreamed of becoming a mechanic since she was a child. In Senegal, this profession is overwhelmingly male and it is frowned upon to be a female mechanic. Rokhaya doesn’t care. She found an internship at Femme Auto, a private garage in Dakar, as a woman founded it. Rokhaya learns how to repair vehicles there. Half the people working in the garage are women and everyone works together.

“I already knew this place when I started my studies. I was thinking about it and it gave me the courage to continue,” she explains, her head in an engine. In Senegal, a mechanic’s work is particularly difficult: there is almost no equipment to facilitate the tasks and there is a lack of raw materials. It doesn’t matter to Rokhaya who can’t see herself doing anything else.
Rabari tribe dishes are usually very basic: chapatis (bread pancakes) and dhal (lentil soup). Lakshmi is cooking chapatis for lunch. Her son Divak, 2 years old, is quietly lying on her. She wears a gold ring in her nostril and large white plastic bracelets that completely cover her arms, from elbow to shoulder, a sign that she is married. Rabari women are limited in their ability to speak to their own family through very strict rules of decency, and are also forbidden to sit on chairs. Their days are divided between the endless task of making chapatis for the whole family, collecting water and wood and sweeping the yard. Rabaris lead a simple existence that meets the basic needs of everyday life but always with great dignity never showing their poverty or their desire for materialism.
BOXING TO MIGRATE
TUNIS, TUNISIA

Every evening in the heart of Tunis' medina, the Nasria Medina boxing club opens its doors for the daily traditional training session inside an old colonial building. A young boy comes up to me and says, "I want to be a hero too, here there is no hope, I want to succeed and leave." I look away for a few moments and the child is already in front of the master ready to honor his passion with dignity, his mind already filled with dreams of glory. In front of him, with his eyes fixed on his face, the teacher teaches him how to warm up. Boxing is really still the hope of getting out of poverty and maybe becoming a success on the other side of the Mediterranean sea.
Idomeni, a small village on the Greek-Macedonian border, has the highest concentration of humans on the road to Europe. Before the famous takeover on Wednesday 9th December 2015, between 4,000 and 6,000 people lived there in makeshift tents next to Europe’s new barbed wire border, waiting to cross it. In the evening, under the halos of sodium street lights that illuminate the railway tracks, human shadows emerge from their tents and head towards the distribution points for food and hot drinks. Overnight, this camp was emptied of all its occupants. Under police supervision, migrants mainly from sub-Saharan and Northwest Africa are sent directly to these famous ‘Hotspots’ set up late 2015 by the European Community near Athens. There is no more hope in Idomeni.
Seydou is a blacksmith from Bamako. In Mali, blacksmiths are part of a caste. Their role is prominent in Malian society; they act as mediators in the event of conflict. One day, I passed a workshop where men were melting metal. One of them saw my camera and immediately attacked me. He was ready to hit me when Seydou, whom I didn't know yet, pulled me by the shoulder and ordered me to sit on a truck tire that was lying in his workshop. Seydou tried to comfort me by telling me that my attacker was drugged but I knew he was lying. He then called a young boy and gave him some money and asked him to go get something. The young boy came back with a bottle of coke and orange juice for me. I wanted to pay Seydou back, but he refused categorically. He told me, "You don't make a white woman cry." My tears at that moment were for him. Seydou who only earns $8 a day never drinks coke cola, he can't afford it was a wonderful lesson in generosity.
Women farmers have a special status. Sandy often says so. It is hard for them to establish themselves and especially to stay, to continue, to be taken seriously. Sandy works on the farm every day with her husband in Lauzerte in the Tarn et Garonne region of France. After acquiring her parents' holding 10 years ago, she tries every day to blend her life as a woman, a mother and a farmer. Reconciling daily concerns and dreams, it is above all her love of the job and its repetitive movements, that are sometimes tough but precise, that shape her body and spirit. Sandy is sometimes tired, but alive and laughing, and she never gives up on following her ambitions. It is a matter of care too, of attention, while coping with the fast pace and struggles. Sandy is a fighter, a woman farmer.
Koulikoro, where divers collect sand from the bottom of the Niger River. Women carry the gravel on their heads in buckets from the canoes, walking skilfully to the shore. Despite the work that never stops and the heavy loads they carry, women are always in a good mood. No machines, no automation, everything is done by hand. Everyone works ten hours a day, six days a week, for four Euros a day. Sand extraction diving can be very dangerous, especially during flood periods. Divers go to the bottom of the river, regardless of depth. The dive may take 1 to 3 minutes. Sometimes the rope, which serves as a means of communication between the diver and the surface, breaks or is mysteriously abandoned by his teammates, causing the diver’s death. It is said that sand collectors have lucky charms to protect them against the Bafaro, the evil river spirit. Fatoumata told me one day, ‘My brother drowned last year, the water demon took him and his legs were paralyzed when he dived. My family went to see the marabout and we are now protected from the Bafaro.’

Valérie Leonard
On the roofs of the Chouara Tannery in Morocco, a porter brings the skins from the pools. He climbs the high steps to the tannery roofs in order to lay out the skins. I can hear his breath from afar. Between two convoys of this exhausting work, we share a smile, a handshake and an assalamu alaykum. After a moment, he takes a break with me and tells me this local adage: Dar dbagh, dar dhab, the tannery is a goldmine. As with many tanners in Fez, he learnt the job from his father and is very proud to work here. Yet, his eyes and his body seem to tell me something else. Is he tired of his life? I dare not ask him: it is probably a complete fabrication on my part. But, when he starts his work again and I take this photo and feel a painful loneliness.
The midday heat is overwhelming. Under the shade of a tree, Biafo Bienvenue Kapé is busy stripping long branches. This Central African man weaves small rattan stools of different sizes. They are also used to carry goods on the head and to carry fruit, vegetables and dried cassava from street vendors. Aged 37, Biafo Bienvenue sells about 4 stools per day; the smallest stool sells for 250 CFA francs (0.43 USD) and the largest for 1000 CFA francs (1.72 USD). This barely allows him to cover the food needs of a family with 6 children. In recent decades, successive political and military crises have led to a deep discontinuity in Central African Republic’s growth. Since December 2013, more than 400,000 internally displaced persons have been living in precarious conditions, and as many are refugees in neighbouring countries. Today, 76% of the population suffers from multidimensional poverty. The Central African Republic is among the poorest of the least developed countries.
Er-Remmimi hammam in the suburbs of Tunis is very old and traditional. When you sit in a row in the hot room, feet in a basin waiting to be washed and massaged, you can hear the whirlwind of conversations and the rule of the customers in the dome who pass into the hands of the masseurs. Masseurs who wish to do this job are increasingly rare. Today only Djamel and Nordine still work regularly for men. In their hands you will feel brutally rejuvenated while they relieve you of a thick layer of grime stuck to your skin. And they will often make you wince while singing and dancing, loofah in hand and arms outstretched to your ligaments. In the past there were almost twelve Taiebs, now there are only two!
"Yes, the world's changed a lot. The phone I have in my pocket now can do more than the supercomputer I worked on in the seventies. That one took up a whole floor. We'd have needed two trailers worth of storage units to store as much as this USB drive my son gave me." So says Stepan Valerevich Kalashnikov, a former Soviet computer engineer who now supervises the physics lab at Tver Technical University. He tells us his story whenever he comes in for a cappuccino at this cafe near the university. While he never seems to get bored, what keeps us interested is his obvious nostalgia for those bygone days and his great love for the work he used to do. For this reason - and to pay tribute to those happy years - I decided to take this photo using an old analogue camera.
This elephant is 61 years old and his name is Rahjan. He is the last elephant to swim in the sea. His unusual pose in this photo is the one he strikes to enable his mahout (master) to climb on his back. The islands, located in the eastern Bay of Bengal, are almost entirely covered in lush tropical rainforest and have nurtured a sizable logging industry since the colonial era. In 1893, The British were quick to note the commercial potential of the islands for the trade in wood. They decided to bring elephants over from the mainland to help with timber extraction. At the time, limited infrastructure on the islands meant that the cheapest and most efficient way to get elephants from island to island was to make them swim. Thus, the swimming of elephants at Andaman and Nicobar was born.
If this boy doesn’t help his parents, they’ll be forced to take on other workers - and this is a financial burden the family would not be able to bear. Kevin Joel Paz Gómez works on a potato farm in Valle de Azacualpa, 200km west of the Honduran capital of Tegucigalpa. Kevin is a victim of the child labour practices widespread in Central America because of grinding poverty, violence and the absence of suitable educational facilities. Despite efforts to alleviate the negative consequences for children, according to the Ministry of Labour and Social Security the number of child labourers is rising. Current estimates say there are 435,300 of them, 74.4% of them boys, with most of them (68%) living in rural areas.

DÉLMER MEMBREÑO
Cambodia is now one of the poorest countries in the world: 35% of the population lives below the poverty line, 96% are located in rural areas. Seth, 14, is a frog hunter. He goes into the jungle everyday searching for big frogs. He dives into ponds to catch small frogs, which he uses to lure big frogs hidden in the bushes. His parents are rice farmers and don’t have enough money to buy meat. Seth brings a few frogs to his family daily, which will make up for the lack of protein. One day I went with him to the jungle to see how he managed to catch frogs. I went to the pond with him. I was immersed up to my shoulders and I took this picture when he was rising out of the water with duckweed still hanging off him.
Uganda has abundant water resources. The country enjoys a favourable geographical position as 96% of the national territory belongs to the Nile basin. However, the country is significantly underdeveloped in terms of resource exploitation and, consequently, access to water and sanitation. The various international partners have made the water sector in Uganda one of their priorities, but it remains centred around the capital. In rural areas, only 67% of inhabitants have access to water. In some isolated areas such as Bunjako Island, the climate is particular and favourable to some unusual crops in Uganda. The population living there does not however have regular access to water. Like this young girl who fills the inevitable yellow canister. One of the easiest sources is to draw directly from Lake Victoria, although some experts believe its quality is becoming alarming. Uganda is among the 15% of the least developed countries in the UN Human Development Index.
"It was one hour after midnight when an Israeli plane bombarded the house and I fainted. They carried me, thinking that I was dead. They wanted to put me in a coffin at night but there were a lot of air strikes and bombings, which forced them to wait until the following day. I was four years old. The situation resumed until dawn and a few hours later the same man who placed me down here came back and saw I was alive. I later found out that my sister had become a martyr. I still remember every single thing about it. I still have all her belongings, even the shirt she was wearing before she was killed. Even though I was only four years old, I can still recall all the faces, even the color of the blanket they wanted to wrap me in. None of my friends survived, they were all killed". - Hasan Shalhoub.
MABROUKA’S BURNS
Nouakchott, Mauritania

Mabrouka, 20, was taken away from her mother - also a slave - when she was still a child, to serve a family in the Rosso area. She is a victim of forced labor and abuse. At around the age of 11, when she was cooking for her masters, her left arm was seriously burned. She still suffers from the pain as it was badly treated. Mabrouka was released in 2011 at the age of 14 and was never able to go to school. She got married at the age of 16 and is now the mother of Meriem, 4 years old and Khadi, 2 months old.
Kashan - a shop in the Great Bazaar. Threads of all colors surround two old men. I enter, and Reza shows me his blue hands: I ask him if I can take a photograph. With a mischievous air, he closes the shop and tells me to follow him. Without delay! He opens a new door and we are in a fabric warehouse.

Two ladders are immediately set up to a skylight. Reza climbs quickly. I struggle to follow him. We are on the rooftop of the bazaar. Reza weaves in and out of the domes. Blue threads are hanging in a corner. They are the reason why his hands are blue. Now, he lets me take a photo of them. Reza is laughing. It was a good joke! Then, in the blink of an eye, he hurtles down the ladder. I go back down. Reza has already gone. But the photos remain.

ARTHUR THOURET
Wind, sun, dust all around, thousands of mosquitoes busy trying to bite you and a couple of mud brick houses summarize the scene. How the hell did I get here? Simply by being stuck in Murghab, an even more lunar town. It’s actually one of the main places on the M41, the main road in Tajikistan toward the Kyrgyz border. Actually, I couldn’t find a car to cross the border to reach Kyrgyzstan and decided to take a look at the surroundings.

A “quick” drive with a marshrutka (a Russian style shared taxi), followed by an invitation from a Muslim Kyrgyz to break the fast at his house and spend the night there, and I found myself in Rangkul! Nothing special except for the kindness of our hosts who made this little trip a good experience. I’m always moved to see how people open their doors so easily and share their daily life with you. Even their beautiful shaving routine.

CAMILLE DELBOS
My name is Wuld Nijato, and I’m a street pedlar from Addis Ababa. People come and go, shops open and close, and time flies by, but I’ve been rooted in this spot for 35 years. Is it the perfume? Is it the people? Or has the place I work gradually become a place I feel at home? Over the years I’ve earned the respect of the other people who ply their trade on this street. I feel a sense of importance in my place and in my work. When I sell a child a sweet and see the joy on their face, it makes me really happy. I think of it as my reward. Working here on the streets of Piazza, I’ve taught myself how to repair watches. Now it’s my favourite job. People tell me I should try something else, move somewhere else, but I won’t do it. This place is my identity.”
Sandeep insists: “you must see the New Delhi Metro!” I forget rickshaws and taxis and follow his advice. The metro is the pride of the capital and runs counter to Indian stereotypes. Stations and coaches are very clean with air conditioning and the rules are respected. Sandeep laughs while telling me this new local proverb: “In Delhi, only the metro is never late.” The Parisian subway definitely pales in comparison! The metro was a revolution for the city and the country. Even though air pollution is still a major problem, it has reduced traffic. Full of optimism, I arrive at Rajiv Chowk metro station. It’s rush hour. Every three minutes, hundreds of humans leave the metro while others step into the breach. I am in an amazing hive with an ordered and magical chaos.
The prison in Bimbo, Central African Republic holds around 50 female prisoners, a third of whom are currently incarcerated for acts of witchcraft. Witchcraft is registered in the penal code and it is possible to end up in prison as a result of a simple declaration by neighbours. At 77 years old, Monique has been in prison for two months for witchcraft. A neighbour who married her daughter, accused her of casting a spell on him resulting in gastric disease. Since then, he has been cured but she is still in prison. The majority of cases are under investigation and some women no longer even know how long they have been in prison. Some women live with their children in cells because no one wants to keep their children and once they leave, most of them tell us that they will not be able to return to their respective villages.
The present village of Rum was initially the gathering place for Bedouins who came to fetch spring water. It was the only long-lasting spring in a several hundred-kilometre area. Today the region has changed greatly: rock, sand, but also concrete cohabit. Pastoral activities and nomadic trade gave way to international tourism some thirty years ago. Bedouins have settled down, 4x4s are now replacing camels. Some, like Nasser [left] and Brahim continue to pass down what remains of the nomadic spirit, the heavy silence of the desert and their link with the anthracite, ivory and carmine-coloured stone cathedrals. Lined up on the rock, the Bedouins’ mobile phones can access a network in this exact spot (and only here, I checked!). They are waiting for a call from the host cooperative to take tourists looking for a desert experience on the back of a camel.
I don’t know how to tell the time. I will return home when it gets dark. Our work starts at midnight. This place is not bad. At least we have our own temporary hut. We lost our home in the river years ago. We had nowhere to go. When the brickfield is under water during the monsoon, we go to the village and take free work at people’s houses in return for food and shelter. All my family members go to different places. We miss each other very much. This work is hard, my mother can’t breathe at night, but this is the only work that keeps us altogether. Usually I dry 1000 bricks every day or carry bricks. Now it’s the lunch break, I am collecting coal for cooking. I get 80 taka [1$] daily, which is saved, along with my brothers & sisters. We are saving to build our own home” - Shimu (10).
Water. A vital resource for us all. The so-called developed countries have a running water distribution network, water flows directly from the tap. Others have inherited elaborate fountains and systems like those still used in medinas. Some in arid areas have to travel kilometers to access this basic resource. This young Mongolian child will only have to pull the gallon of water needed to run the household on his trolley for several hundred meters. It is a daily task that remains unchanged for this ancestrally nomadic people, despite a way of life that is gradually becoming more sedentary. Their environment has changed but some tasks remain the same. I wonder: is the lifestyle they embrace more comfortable than the one they leave behind? A very complex question with multiple answers.

CAMILLE DELBOS
Ratna (30), after an unsuccessful attempt at breastfeeding her newborn. She is holding her seventh child. The newborn fell asleep from exhaustion. Ratna gave birth to her first child at the age of twelve. She is also a grandmother. To avoid an unplanned pregnancy, Ratna tried home remedies for miscarriages. Nothing worked. On her island it is shameful to talk about birth control. No men in her community allow their wives to take charge. Ratna thought she would die this time. She had no help during childbirth. Her husband went fishing three days earlier. She couldn’t go to work. Staying at home with a newborn means starvation. Ratna’s young children do not ask her about their father or the newborn. All they want is food.
Safiata
SONGH/BURKINA FASO

Safiata is a little girl from the village of Sonh in Dula Province, Burkina Faso. She is very shy and when I approached her, she didn’t want me to shoot her portrait. She didn’t say no to me, but I immediately understood that she was avoiding my gaze. Safiata has three brothers and four sisters. Traditionally dressed, she lives in a context where a young girl being open towards a stranger is not acceptable. I quickly understood that she was seeking approval from those around her to give me a nod maybe. The village chief, who stayed beside me, told him that his daughter could accompany me without risk. I understand this modesty and that is why I decided that I wouldn’t show Safiata’s face, even though it’s so beautiful...
In the northeastern Indian state of Jharkhand, the Damodar Valley is a hell on earth. Open-pit coal mines have replaced the forest. These mines have been continuously active for over a century. Being cheaper than underground mining, most mining is done in the open air. The extraction of the ‘black diamond’, has destroyed fauna, flora, and changed the topography. Most trees are only dry stumps and groundwater pollution prevents any cultivation. For over eighty years, a huge underground fire has been burning, releasing huge amounts of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere. All efforts to extinguish it have been in vain. Wherever you look, there’s a coalmine. Every day the people of Jharia collect coal left on the ground to sell on the black market and support their families. In the suffocating hostility of this environment a poverty-stricken people sacrificed to the economic development of India, works and survives despite the many diseases caused by the toxic atmosphere. People who live in smoke and toxic fumes that constantly escape from the ground have a considerably shorter life expectancy.

V A L É R I E L É O N A R D
Imran lives in a remote valley of the Hindu Kush in Pakistan, a few hundred metres from the Afghan border in Nuristan Province. Given his clothing and the pakol (felt hat), one could easily confuse him for a Pashtun. Yet, it is here that the 4000-year-old Kalash ethnic group lives, which, despite converting to Islam, has preserved its culture through isolation and respect for its traditions. Against all odds, despite the remoteness of this people, Imran has travelled quite a bit, speaks English relatively well and is a very cultivated man who has a fairly lucid vision of the world and his ethnic group's complex future.

He told me about his language, their 13-month solar calendar, the celebrations and their disappearance for security reasons, the Bashali - the house reserved for women during lochia and menstruation, the Jilga the judicial system run by the elders, his many readings of the entire Bible, as well as Hindu texts and he listed many similarities between their faith and Islam.

But the situation is changing, men no longer wear traditional clothes [only women are the guardians of this cultural aspect] and the lack of agricultural land prevents transmission to boys and girls in a fair way [preference being given to boys].

There are only 4,000 to 6,000 Kalash still living in the valley, compared to roughly 40,000 in 1950.
When fatigue and pain affect physical abilities, the vast majority of squid fishermen smoke methamphetamine at work in Santa Rosalia, Baja California, Mexico. They must fish exactly one ton per man. They will only be paid when they have filled the small boat. One ton a day is a lot, but the pressure from the mainly Chinese, Korean and Spanish buyers, who impose quotas and prices, as well as the need for these fishermen to survive, leave them with no choice.

The molluscs are brought to the surface by hand. This work feels like fishing from another age. As the hours go by, the pace slows and cramp paralyzes their fingers. When it is difficult to be physically active, many give up and find comfort and energy in methamphetamines. But today, they will not go fishing.

The Chinese company imposing quotas does not need squid. Due to work, drug use has become daily. Roberto has just heard the news he won't take to sea today. He starts pinching his neck; addiction and withdrawal are beginning to be felt.
The lands of Boyaca are renowned for their emerald mines, and the historic village of Chacaro is a descendent of this Green war. American and Canadian factories purchased all the mines. The deal was struck between these factories and the government without the agreement of the people living in this zone. In response to this, many communities have continued searching for emeralds illegally in the nearby mountains. They are called *guaqueros*. Every day they go down tunnels they have dug, in temperatures of up to 40 °C. Ernesto, 45, says “It’s a job you do as soon as you’re a kid, every miner goes down the mine with the same dream of finding the biggest stone.” In the photo, the miners have just come out of the tunnel, they must rinse whole bags of minerals they bring back from the mine before sieving them to extract the famous stone. It is physical work done by generation after generation, despite the permanent risk of collapse.
I found him sitting on a mountain of books just behind the run-down Unity High School, dressed in a green Sufi jubbah. He was carefully re-binding a well-thumbed book. I asked him where he was from, and he told me he was originally from Jabal Awliya. He had come to the city some twenty years before. Muhammad Youssef is a bookbinder, and his workshop is a pavement in central Khartoum open to passers-by. He sells used books at a pittance. He remembers every book he has ever sold or loaned. "They quickly find their way back to me, my books," he says. In fact, he sees himself more as a library than a bookshop. And this mountain man is a peaceable sort: life is short, he says, and nothing lasts.
For several centuries, the Wakhi people have elected to live among raw and beautiful valleys and rivers. They predominate in northern Chitral, in the valleys of Ishkoman, Gojal and Hunza. The Wakhis content themselves with meagre resources and a simple lifestyle associated with fierce independence and pride, thus preserving their culture and traditions. An unusual longevity is attributed to this people. They are an example of living a harmonious life in one’s environment, even in very harsh and landlocked areas. Surrounded by rocks, streams, towering mountains, they maintain a special relationship with their greatest enemy and ally: nature. They magically grow crops such as barley, wheat and apricots in this arid environment. Thick or flat, bread is part of their staple food and occupies a fundamental place in all seated rituals: welcoming guests for tea, at weddings, and all meals of the day, supplemented with a little rice and vegetables.
Two migrants make steel hooks and prepare shoes to climb the border fence between Europe and Africa. In 2014, Spain established the fence and added a smaller mesh to stop migrants climbing it with their bare hands. The migrants created a special kit to climb the new fence. They have added three bolts reinforced with metal sheets to their shoes, and made steel hooks to catch faster. Thousands of migrants from Sub-Saharan Africa leave their country in an attempt to reach Europe. Those who don’t have the means to cross by sea, choose to travel over ground through Ceuta or Melilla, two Spanish enclaves in the north of Morocco. The migrants wait several years to "beza" - succeed in crossing the Spanish border - living in camps hidden in the forest near the European border.
Aurelia Martina Arzu is fifty years old and a member of the Garifuna minority. In 1998, when Hurricane Mitch hit the small village she calls home – Santa Rosa de Aguan, in northern Honduras – she saw for herself the destruction wrought by global warming. After the hurricane, Aurelia joined the Global Fund for Women, a registered charity partnered with the Black Honduran Brotherhood Organisation which works to encourage the Afro-Caribbean Garifuna community to fight for their social, economic, cultural and territorial rights. Aurelia quickly became a passionate defender of the land that she inherited from her ancestors. Climate change now threatens forty-six Garifuna groups in Honduras, mostly along the coast, with extinction. Through the organisation, Aurelia has learnt how to fight for her people – and how to protect them from the slavery widespread in Central America.
In the 16th century, during Spanish colonization, the city of Potosi in Bolivia was gigantic and had a population of no less than 200,000. At the same time, Spanish aristocracy exploited Potosi’s silver in very large quantities. It is estimated that millions of slaves lost their lives in these mines to feed the waists of the Spanish aristocracy. Today silver has lost its value and the global market needs Zinc, which is used to manufacture roof covering and gutters. Spain left and the miners organized themselves into small cooperatives. When you're lucky, you come across a vein. When you don’t find one, it’s more difficult. Ricardo believes in his lucky star and we dig constantly. I do not own this vein in which I work, so I will be paid a percentage per kilo. The slavers are gone, but the mine remains uncompromising with the miners.
Sheila lives in the IDP camp near the hospital in Kaga Bandoro in central CAR. She prepares ‘gozo’, a cassava-based dish. Sheila and her 3 children eat only one meal a day and her son, who is suffering from malaria, has been hospitalized for a week. Part of the hospital is set aside so that families waiting for their children to be treated by ICRC teams can cook. Since the September 2016 attack, the camp has not stopped growing in population and the city’s airstrip is now closed because there are too many refugees. In this region, armed conflicts force families to gather in camps several thousand people strong and regular interventions by armed groups prevent communities from establishing a stable agro-economy and food and humanitarian needs are enormous.
Yasser has spent 27 years working in a quarry deep in the Jordanian desert, hauling slabs of stone for tiny sums of money. His family knows almost nothing about his work, other than that he barely makes enough to make ends meet. The slabs could easily be lifted mechanically onto the trucks that take them the 220km from the quarry to the Jordanian capital of Amman, but quarry owners prefer for them to be loaded by hand. This type of stone is very valuable and a favourite of wealthy renovators looking to add fashionable facades to their homes, and workers like Yasser can make sure that it is not cracked or damaged.

According to civil society organisations labour violations are very common in Yasser’s industry. But at 46 years of age he has little alternative. He believes he is too old to learn a new trade.
Savadogo Vadogo is the land chief of Rigui village located in the Dula region of northeast Burkina Faso. He is an extremely respected character and difficult to convince to be photographed. The land chief plays a fundamental role in village life. He is the direct descendant of the founder of the place, the daily guarantor of everyone’s rights on the land and arbitrator of all conflicts without state intervention. He is a kind of justice of the peace whose power is based on the tradition of ancestral customs. After two hours of discussion, the village chief agreed to send for the land chief, who lives a little outside the village. He introduced himself to me, majestic, dressed in his most beautiful clothes, with a proud and respectful look. I would long remember this very intense moment.

JACQUES PION
On my way back from a photo session, I came across Yassin, a friendly Bedouin and his donkey modestly named... "Donkey". He was on his way to get supplies at the nearest village, Rashadiyah, near the Dana valley in central Jordan. Eager to share his lifestyle he showed me a well and mimed how he gets water from it. Then he insisted I ride his donkey but I was saved by a ringtone. He put his hand in his djellaba and pulled out his phone. Even though I travel a lot documenting several ethnic groups, I apparently still have some misconceptions: yes, why should a Bedouin living in the middle of nowhere not have a phone?
This fisherman is sailing back to his house on Lake Nokoué in Benin. The whole village is raised on wooden stilts. According to legend the Fon warriors kidnapped people from other tribes in the 18th century to sell them as slaves to the Portuguese. In order to escape, the king of the Tofinu tribe decided to leave the shore of the lake and settle in the middle of it. The Fon people believed there were evil spirits in the water and never came after the tribe again. Since then, the village has thrived and its people are at peace. It has schools, churches and restaurants. Their main income comes from the fish that they sell in the villages on the shore. Solar panels and generators produce electricity, so the village is almost entirely self-sufficient. Nokoué’s water is currently under threat due to the lack of a sewage system and pollution coming from the capital nearby. But forces are coming together to protect its biodiversity. It is not a coincidence that “Ganvié” means “We survived.”
In the middle of the Anatolian plateau, sunrise hits the train windows and dazzles a woman contemplating the beauty of the landscapes. The Eastern Express (Dogu Ekspresi in Turkish) is an overnight train from Ankara to Kars, a city in eastern Turkey. The journey lasts approximately 25 hours. This route along the mountains has become popular among travellers seeking new adventure by undertaking a 1310-kilometer journey. Passengers enjoy this nostalgic ride across unexplored areas of Turkey. It’s a unique experience that gives them the opportunity to meet new people, and even to hold parties in the compartments. There is also a tradition of ordering a kebab on the train, which is delivered at Erzurum station. People enjoy every moment of this special trip before arriving at their final destination close to Ani. It’s a historical site with ruins from an Armenian kingdom.

DOGU EKSPRESI
BETWEEN ANKARA AND KARS, TURKEY

MARIE TIHON
In the Chin Mountains in Myanmar, there are five tribes (Muun, Daai, Yin Duu, Uppriu, and Ngagah) living far removed from the modern world. The distinctive feature of these tribal women is their thousand-year old tradition of tattooing their faces. The government officially banned this ritual in the 1960s. According to legend, a Burmese king once traveled to the remote hill regions of Chin state, which was known for its beautiful women. The King then brought a Chin girl back to his palace and made her his wife. The girl, desperate and unhappy with this situation, finally managed to escape and tried to make her way back home, fearful that the king would capture her again. In order not to be caught she disguised herself by making incisions in her beautiful face using a knife.
"Djak', if you earn millions of dollars with the photos, promise to buy me a new suit!" Rabah Bouziad was born in 1948 in Djebel Ouled M’Halla, a small village located less than 10 km from the town of Ksar El Abltal - Wilaya of Setif. Rabah has never left his birth region. His life is very simple in the middle of the djebel, a life marked by the cycle of the sun and the modest meals prepared every morning and evening by Bibihya, his wife. His only luxury is a small black and white television and 2 suit jackets branded "seven days" that he proudly wears when taking his sheep to graze in the mountains. It’s 5 am, the sun rises and the first scent of thyme carried by the morning breeze sounding the hour of departure! Djebel, Ô my Djebel...
Abdullah Al Kurd: A Global Brotherhood of Music

TANGIER, MOROCCO

Dark-skinned and blue-eyed, Abdullah Al Kurd's curious colouring always leads to questions about his background. Abdullah is a master of gnaoua bahriya, a distinctive style of music native to the Moroccan coast. At the sessions he holds every day at a Sufi lodge opposite Bab Al Marsa in Old Tangier, devotees smoking traditional sebsi pipes attempt to achieve t'hayyur – the trance-like state at the heart of the gnaoua tradition – and train for concerts at home and abroad. In 1967, a chance meeting brought Abdullah together with American jazz legend Randy Weston, who had come to Tangier as part of a US cultural delegation. Together they produced a unique musical fusion of jazz and gnaoua, and for Abdullah this marked the beginning of a lifelong project to "rehabilitate" gnawa's occult image in Morocco while forging connections with like-minded spirits from Africa and beyond. He has had a clear influence on the famous Essouaira Gnaoua Festival, which features an eclectic mixture of funk, blues, jazz and soul alongside traditional local music.
I FEEL FREE!
JERUSALEM, PALESTINE

“This is my life. I can't go 3 meters without doing this,” says Sami, 21, who created the first Palestinian Parkour team in 2008 after watching the French movie “Banlieue 13.” “I feel free when I'm doing it. I can easily pass all the obstacles in my way,” adds Sami before jumping in the air. Parkour is “the art of expressing oneself in your environment without limitation of movement.”

Little known, Parkour was officially invented in France in the 1990s by David Belle, and became a more acrobatic freestyle discipline known as free running in 2004. In Jerusalem, Sami and his friends, Jihad and Mohamad, practice free running above the streets of the old market, on the walls of the old city: in every corner possible for their back flips. More than a sport, free running allows them to escape the reality of their lives, to be free to move and to go wherever they want without being hindered. The situation is very different in their everyday lives.
Beijing’s hutong neighbourhoods are most famous for their distinctive traditional houses, some of which date back to the 13th century. But this area is also home to a venerable local culture, a culture kept alive by older residents even today. The regular mah-jong sessions of the women in this picture help preserve this important piece of local heritage despite the hectic pace of life in modern China. The gulf separating different generations of Beijingers is visible in the stark difference between the traditional hutong houses and modern apartment buildings. Younger people have very different lives and prefer to live in neighbourhoods with Wi-Fi and other modern facilities. But these ladies don’t need the internet to keep in touch with one another or with their culture.

IMRAN MAZHAR
STEP WELL
RAJASTHAN, INDIA

In northwest India, water is a real issue. At the edge of the Thar Desert, the area suffers torrential monsoons and then sees the water disappear almost immediately. In the first century BC, the slippery shores of major rivers were filled in by the construction of ghats, long, shallow sets of stairs and platforms. The same approach has been applied to the construction of a new type of well. The use of step wells began to decline during the British Empire in India. The English were horrified by the unhealthy conditions of the stagnant drinking water where people washed. They started installing pumps and pipes, finally banning the use of step wells in a few places. Those that remain are in various states of conservation. Some have even completely dried up. Local children enjoy the last wells filled with water and turn them into diving sites.
After a long day as a domestic security guard, Biruk Girma unwinds by braiding his daughter Yasbira's hair. Yasbira's mother abandoned her when she was only forty days old, leaving Girma to play the role of both parents. Although they own their living space, it's so small that there's barely enough room to move. Yasbira is now five and has started going to school. Biruk is bringing her up on his own, working hard to provide for her. Those close to the family regularly tell him he should remarry so his daughter can have a mother figure, but he rejects these stereotypes. Instead he's taken on all the duties and responsibilities, hoping to show that good parenting is not about having the right gender but being selfless and loving unconditionally.
The San Diego Women’s Prison is located in the historic heart of Cartagena, a tourist town in northern Colombia. In this overcrowded prison where violence reigns, the Interno restaurant opened to the public in December 2016. The San Diego Women’s Prison is a pioneer in social rehabilitation and improvement of detention conditions. In addition to the unique experience of eating gourmet dishes in prison cooked and served by inmates, it enables the prisoners of San Diego to benefit from “segundas oportunidades” (second chances), as displayed on the restaurant’s facade. For Paula, working as a waitress in the prison offers her new future prospects thanks to the knowledge acquired everyday. Thirty women work in the restaurant, enabling them to reduce their prison sentence while earning a salary. The rest of the profits from the restaurant serve to improve the quality of life for the 180 inmates.
Nahid is getting ready to attend her cousin’s wedding. There will be more than 250 guests. She told me that she couldn’t wait to go to this wedding because she had been bored over the last couple of months. Iran is a country of many people with countless tribes. Although weddings in the cities increasingly resemble those celebrated in the West, in some areas of Iran, people still get married according to their own centuries-old traditions. The Qashqai clan is one of the oldest and largest tribes of Iran. Most Qashqai live in Fars Province, and many of them speak Turkic languages. The Qashqai nomads take the wedding seriously. Sometimes it lasts 4 to 5 days. Separate dances are held for men and women. Dressed in beautiful costumes, Qashqai women dance to their traditional music and celebrate the wedding. I was honored to be invited.

VALÉRIE LÉONARD

QASHQAI WEDDING
FARS PROVINCE, IRAN
NAR BEGUM

SHIMSHAL, PAKISTAN

Nar Begum is one of the oldest shepherds still to reach the high plateaus of Shimshal Pamir. Away from her village for 5 months at a time, she moves to the summer pastures with her own animals as well as those of villagers who can no longer go up or who are busy doing other work. Life is rough up there in the stone huts. Wood does not exist at an altitude of 4500m and it is necessary to adapt to the acrid smoke emanating from the stove, which is essential to warm up after the wind blowing down from the glacier and to prepare very basic food. In this pure but hostile environment, the weather is capricious and the 4 seasons often play out in the same day. Social life is reduced to sparse interaction with the few shepherdesses who, like her, still go up for the grazing period, but pastoral activity and the early night leave little time for entertainment. Nar Begum plays on his wooden jaw harp for a few moments before whispering, “Some of my friends don’t have good enough health to come, others have just gone forever. As for me, God knows!”
I often go hiking in the mountains of the Atlas Mountains in Morocco and each time, the beauty of the landscapes and the gentle light overwhelmed me. But if there is one thing I have to remember: the kindness of the Berber people and their generosity. I can no longer remember how many times I have been invited to come and drink tea, or share a meal when I travel through a village. That day I spent the night with Ahmed and his family in a remote area around Jbel Saghrou. I still remember it was the beginning of winter; I woke up early the next day to the smell of the wood fire, it was still very cold. I followed that smell until I came upon Ahmed’s wife with her baby on her back baking bread for breakfast. This woman is like many others in these isolated regions, they are hard workers and strong, but unfortunately they are also the first to suffer from the region’s very tough living conditions.
6 a.m.: the alarm clock rings. I get out of my bed and head into the streets of Chefchaouen, the blue city of Morocco. It is empty. The town is still sleeping. The hustle and bustle of the day is far away. However, I can hear footsteps somewhere. I speed up. A black shadow, an illusion caused by a djellaba, weaves in and out of the walls. I follow a ghost. It is the right time to press on my camera’s shutter-release button. I look at the screen: I was dreaming, he is just a man. Emerging from my hallucination, I look up to call him. But he has already disappeared. I am lost in Chefchaouen.

ARTHUR THOURET
Ibrahim, 40, has been a traditional blacksmith for more than 30 years in a small village in Wassolo, Mali. He started at the age of 10 with his father, who is also a blacksmith and naturally took over his father’s job to perpetuate the tradition. Ibrahim is the only blacksmith in the village and he is passionate about it. “All the villagers come to me to repair their spades, make a pickaxe or a plough.” He works using a traditional coal oven and a manual crank blower that he turns every time he wants to increase the heat and soften the iron before working it. His profession is vital and highly respected in this farming village, which is why Ibrahim is also the village chief.
For many years after the Golan Heights were occupied in 1967, people waving handkerchiefs and using loudspeakers to call out to their loved ones in Syria were a common sight on the ‘Shouting Hill’ (Tallat Al Sihat) in Majdal Shams. But the practice became rarer when phones and wireless technology found their way to the Golan and disappeared entirely with the arrival of social media.

For many years no-one waved their handkerchief or stood peering over the fence, awaiting a response from the other side. When war returned to Syria, however, shouts were once again heard on the Shouting Hill. When from time to time a communications blackout strikes the Syrian side – especially when Druze villages are being bombarded or clashes are taking place nearby – the people of Majdal Shams will climb the hill to check on their friends and relatives. Women will wait by the ceasefire line for hours in the hope of hearing some good news from the other side.

JALA MAREI
Every year Mustafa embarks for 6 months on board the Don Questo from Port Sudan. This former oceanographic ship, converted into a scuba diving cruise ship, welcomes about ten divers every week to discover the remarkable sites off the Sudanese coast. Mustafa is the chef. He takes care of supplies and manages 3 crew members. The sun has just set. Mustafa ends his evening prayer and enters the kitchen to finish preparing the fresh fish caught the night before by his teammates. Mustafa knows how to make divers happy. It’s 8pm. In the distance we can already hear the sound of the zodiac returning after the last night dive on the site of the former Cousteau base. The table is set and the dinner bell will soon ring for the pleasure of all.

DON QUESTO
PORT SUDAN, SUDAN

DON QUESTO
PORT SUDAN, SUDAN

JACQUES PION
“People call us Los Duros [the strong ones]” says Barbara while collecting heavy waste from a school in Palmira city in Southern Colombia. Barbara is an inspiring entrepreneur; she created Nucleo, a waste-recycling center in the village of Nashira. This recycling project means a lot to Barbara, she sees it as the best way to raise awareness in her community. She carries a lot of waste every day from markets, schools, and shops to the center to transform it into bags, wallets, plant pots, etc. Her aim is to promote the idea that everything people use can be collected and turned into something else. Nashira is an eco-village run entirely by women, most from low-income families, and many of whom are single mothers as a result of the 52-year civil war. Nashira provides free housing for vulnerable women and, like Barbara, women there can make a living through their own business.
NOTHING BELONGS TO MAN EXCEPT HIS EFFORTS

KOCHI, INDIA

I ran into this man, whose name I think was Zubeir, on the streets of Kochi shortly after sunrise. Putting aside the rickety bicycle he’d arrived on, he set about writing this famous verse of the Qur’an on a nearby wall followed by a long explanation of its meaning. I didn’t want to interrupt him, so I left him to finish his work while I took a few pictures from a distance. I later found out that he’s been doing this for fifteen years—going to different places around the city and writing different verses along with explanations in Hindi and English on boards of a similar size and shape, using the city’s walls as a canvass to teach people about the Qur’an. And his simple explanations draw in Kochi’s many tourists, who can often be seen inspecting his chalk murals with a clear curiosity.
A few hours from Brazil, Argentina celebrates the carnival with as much enthusiasm as its neighbour. The celebration derives from a mix of a Christian tradition that marks the end of winter, and samba tournaments originating in West Africa. It has evolved into a competition between samba schools with categories such as dance, costumes, or float decoration. The carnival in Corrientes is particular in the fact that each member of the comparsa (samba school) has to create their own costume and help make the float. Families have been part of their comparsa for generations and the feeling of belonging is as strong as to a soccer club. Children start taking part from the age of three and their parents invest a large part of their salaries in the costumes, as well as their time in rehearsals. In a desire to make the celebration accessible to a maximum number of people, the parade ends up in the streets of the city, followed by thousands of people.

ARGENTINA CARNIVAL
CORRIENTES, ARGENTINA

Alisha Van Bever
In our tradition, our daughters do not leave the village, they go to school until the end of primary school and then help with household chores until the day they get married," says the village representative. In the photo, little girls can be seen learning the Quran at the Quranic school in the village of Tizili. They dream of their future but in a few years, most of them, if not all, will leave school and start doing household chores until they get married. Mountainous areas are home to more than 8 million people, most of whom are living in dire conditions in more than 10,000 small villages. Thousand-year-old villages suffer from the harshness of winter, precarious social and economic circumstances, and the growing effects of climate change. And the first victims of this isolation are women and children.
An artisan working in Seffarine Square, Fes, Morocco. Around this same square, you can find one of the oldest crafts: coppersmithing. Masters and artisans make all kinds of goods to sell across Morocco and beyond. Working copper and brass, the artisans of Seffarine Square use centuries-old methods to make unique items such as tajine pots, teapots, candleholders, bowls, utensils, and more. Their craft is mystical and passed down through generations from father to son. The square itself is located in front of the world’s oldest library, which lends it an even greater atmosphere. Rich in minerals, Morocco exploits mines in mountains across the country to retrieve copper, which is transformed in Seffarine Square. In 2018 alone, Morocco produced around 40,000 metric tons of copper, over ten times the quantity produced in 2005.
She doesn’t know her age, but she’s definitely a grandmother! Alica Gonanga is a Pygmy, one of these groups of hunter-gatherer-fishermen in Central Africa who are now facing increasing insecurity and whose culture is threatened. The major public health issues among Pygmies are alcoholism, drugs, the geographical distance from health centres, poverty that prevents them from accessing health and hygiene products and mistrust of modern medicine. Poverty is explained by unpaid work among the Pygmy population more prevalent than among other neighbouring villagers, as are human rights abuses and violations against them. They were only granted the right to vote in the Central African Republic in 2006, but the Pygmy people are still not recognized as an indigenous people. Pygmies traditionally practice a form of nomadic life and despite progressively settling, they still possess highly important material knowledge of the forest and various private actors and NGOs seek this vital expertise. They move between temporary camps whose leaf huts are built by women such as Alica Gonanga.

ALICA GONANGA
CENTRAL AFRICAN REPUBLIC

CAMILLE DELBOIS
Rufino Garcia has been growing the ‘Amapola’ poppy flower for more than 50 years. It is a small source of opium whose gum is used to make heroin. Although it is an illegal crop, many farmers in southern Mexico’s remote mountains in the state of Guerrero, have no choice but to grow it. Rufino confides, ‘I was born in flowers, I grew up in flowers and I will die in flowers’. Despite a lack of financial means, difficult transport access, a system of almost nonexistent health care and constant insecurity, knowledge on how to grow the Amapola Flower is passed down from generation to generation. Just like Rufino, these communities had to adapt to survive in breach of the law.
More than just a drink, coffee plays a very important role in Jordanian Bedouin interpersonal relations. Whether during a mourning period or a religious holiday, coffee is a symbol of hospitality. It holds a very special place when it comes to business, weddings, family disputes or negotiations (peace or war). Coffee is used to endorse a deal. From Yemen, the caravans passed through Aqaba. Coffee was shipped to Iraq and Iran at first. Since pre-modern times, Bedouins have integrated it into their culture. The roasted bean on a wood-fired stove is ground with a “meshbash” [a stirring spoon] then mixed with cardamom to finally be sweetened and boiled, offering a strongly flavoured coffee. A symbol of trust and hospitality, tradition involves 3 cups of coffee: the first for the soul, the second for the sword and a third one as you are a guest.
The Addis Mercato is the largest open-air marketplace in Africa, a visual feast of bright cinematic colour. Its streets, packed with customers, go on as far as the eye can see. You can buy almost anything here, from household items to exotic spices. Berberi (mixed spices), turmeric and tikur azmud (black raway) are all key ingredients in Ethiopian cooking. Spices can be very pricey, but with a bit of haggling you can always get the right goods at the right price.
In São Paulo, Brazil, there are different ‘communidade’, a term used by the inhabitants to describe the favelas where they live. Conditions there are extremely tough. These people don’t have access to basic rights (health care and education) as they don’t have an official address. This leads to a situation where many children become drug traffickers. But Professor Buiu has decided to devote his life to educating the children in the comunidade through capoeira as it has helped him succeed. He is a model for the children there, proof that there is another way to survive. Professor Buiu and his team of students called Guaraua, provide capoeira classes everyday inside different communidade where neither the government nor NGOs dare to go. Since 2010, more than 300 children have stayed off the streets during the day, received food, and found a new passion thanks to Buiu’s project.
In the Batha region of Chad, the nomadic M’bororo people travel the country with their animals in communities. Each year the transhumance route is marked by meteorological conditions and the country’s sometimes-dangerous security conditions in the Lake Chad region. Achta Adoum, 40, is part of this community, and she and her family regularly settle on land that allows animals to feed and drink. But since the great drought of the 1970s, water has become increasingly scarce. Achta tells me “that animals provide less than a litre of milk a day whereas before we could sell 3 times more milk. Not to mention the roadblocks that prevent access to some of the more fertile areas, it is also necessary to travel more kilometers to find a place to stop”.

MBORORO
CHAD

In the Batha region of Chad, the nomadic M’bororo people travel the country with their animals in communities. Each year the transhumance route is marked by meteorological conditions and the country’s sometimes-dangerous security conditions in the Lake Chad region. Achta Adoum, 40, is part of this community, and she and her family regularly settle on land that allows animals to feed and drink. But since the great drought of the 1970s, water has become increasingly scarce. Achta tells me “that animals provide less than a litre of milk a day whereas before we could sell 3 times more milk. Not to mention the roadblocks that prevent access to some of the more fertile areas, it is also necessary to travel more kilometers to find a place to stop.”

CHRISTOPHE DA SILVA
CHURCH PASTOR IN KIBERA
NAIROBI, KENYA

ADC (African Divine Church) Pastor Kidaha stands at the front of his church before the service, bible in hand. His 3-year old son, Peter looks up in front of bible study books and his assistant, Elias Omondi is behind. A large number of churches and denominations have sprung up in Nairobi’s Kibera slum, allegedly one of the most densely populated places on the planet. Seventy-five percent of the population is under the age of 18 and 100,000 are orphaned children. Each of these churches provides a slice of heaven in the form of hope, and some a slice of hell in the form of deception and greed, of miracle workers demanding extortionate fees for ‘cures’. Amidst the filth, insecurity and uncertainty that are part of everyday life for those living in Kibera, these churches provide relief, community and purpose, and a safe place for children to get an education and play.
A swirl of color and brightness radiates in the historic district of Khan El Khalili in Cairo. In a wakala dating from the 16th century, dancers pay tribute to the Sufi tradition. Spiritual discipline from the brotherhood of the whirling Dervishes founded by Djalâl ad-Dîn Rûmî in Turkey, this dance is a show in Egypt. Called Tansura, the translation of the skirt in Turkish, the performance is accomplished by professional dancers. Contrary to the Turkish tradition where white prevails, the skirt is colorful with ornaments from Islamic art. However, in spite of these differences, the dancers also go into a trance: following the beat of the drum, they spin round without stopping. In this state, they exemplify the Rumi words: “Dance in the middle of the fighting”. When the show is close to the end, the dancers seem to come smoothly back to earth with a happy expression on their faces.
On our way to the Tunisian city of Gafsa, we stopped to ask a local shopkeeper about a destination some 30km off the main road – an Amazigh village called Sened. The trip felt like a journey backwards in time. Sened is well-known for its fruits and vegetables, but what makes it unique are the caves (maghawir) carved into the mountainside that long served as homes for its inhabitants. Some are still inhabited today. This woman, who engaged us in conversation while we were taking photos, told us that some 25 families live in the caves, of whom she is the only one who still speaks Amazigh. The area has seen steady depopulation, and within a few years may be entirely empty thanks to a lack of government interest in the region and its inhabitants. Falling fertility, desertification and a lack of job opportunities are slowly driving them away.
In December 2013, hundreds of thousands of people were forced to flee their homes when violence broke out in the Central African Republic (CAR). Today, more than 450,000 Central African refugees still remain in Cameroon, Chad, the Democratic Republic of Congo and the Congo. Despite peaceful elections held in February 2016, more than 415,000 people remain displaced. This is the case for Kadija, a 10-year-old girl, who told me about her journey since 2013, when her parents fled violence in Bangui to Chad but their camp closed and they had to return to CAR. Her parents were afraid and her mother was pregnant with her youngest brother. Once there, her father learned that a member of his family had been shot and that he had to go to his funeral in Bambari. He left her mother behind and Kadija has had no news since.
MARYAM THE WAKHI
UPPER GOJAL, PAKISTAN

There are approximately 85,000 Wakhi people, living mostly in northern Pakistan, west of China, north-eastern Afghanistan and south-eastern Tajikistan. Speaking wakhi, their own language, they belong mostly to the Ismailia community. Today, in one of the remote Pakistani valleys near Afghanistan, Maryam is getting dressed for her traditional Wakhi wedding. At the top of the frame in the background, the Ismailia spiritual leader looks as if he is blessing her. Beliefs remain strong but traditions are evolving in the valley. Wakhi people have often praised the high education rate in the community, which probably has allowed Maryam and her future husband, from the new generation, to choose each other. The short ceremony will start soon at the Jamatkhana, the place of worship. While the restricted ceremony takes place, children will carry on the tradition by hiding the groom’s shoes. A few rupees will be enough to get them back!
"Are you a man? Are you debt-free? Do you have your parents’ permission to become a monk?" Traditionally, boys become monks for a period of time during adolescence to study and promote the family’s karma. They must follow more than 200 rules of conduct, while ordinary Buddhists have only 5 (not killing, stealing, lying, not having an unbridled sex life and not using drugs). An ordinary day for a young monk begins around 4 a.m. They pray for an hour and then go to the market to beg for food for the only meal of the day. They live from handouts from others, not being allowed to work. The monks, all dressed in the color saffron on Thursday, Buddha’s Day, spend their days meditating, praying and doing temple maintenance. Some join the Sangha for a few weeks, others will stay there for the rest of their lives.
Ousmane Dakar

Ousmane is Senegalese. He has lived in Dakar for several years but his family has remained in Casamance, in the south of the country. At 30 years old, he manages to support himself by ensuring deliveries of all kinds. He often meets his friends who have coffee on the beach at Les Mamelles and helps serve customers. “It’s hard for youth here. There’s nothing to do. I hope that young people will come to power one day and make a difference. Despite this, he was unable to obtain a voter registration card for the last elections because the government had difficulty distributing them correctly. We are lucky despite everything, we have been a stable country for many years and our ethnic communities are at peace. But this must not make us forget how far the Senegalese people still have to go.”
Hanuman (the monkey god) is one of the most popular and widely revered deities in India. This popularity stems from his intermediate status, as both god and servant. He is less distant and more accessible to men. Another important factor is that this accessibility is coupled with his ability to protect those who invoke him. In the Karnataka valley near Hampi, one of these temples is erected on the mountainside. Very rarely do we go down the 500 stairs that separate us from the rest of the world. Obviously we’re a little bored. We share a great deal of our time with the monkeys who watch over us.

To see the complicity between the monks and the monkeys gives the impression that the deity of Hanuman is indeed present in these places.
When you enter the Trans-Siberian, you first see many pairs of legs. If it is summer, a strong human smell emanates from the third class. Welcome to this famous train. Since 1916, it has connected Moscow to Vladivostok: 9288 kms in 6 days. Thinking about these numbers before the departure can give you a feeling of vertigo. People with claustrophobia who fear proximity to people should choose to fly. Forget also the landscapes; they are almost the same during the entire journey. To break this monotony, everyone has his or her little trick. Crossword puzzles and books are the most popular. Young people prefer their smart phones until their battery gives up. Then, the book reigns again. As time goes by, the travelers become a family. Naturally, food is offered, and cups of tea are served. From Europe to Asia, people share the same life in this compartment. That is probably why this train is legendary.
Eliza, 14, is a pupil in a small village in northern Malawi who does not speak English, despite it being the official language. In many parts of the world the first victims of this exclusion are girls. According to UNESCO, 130 million girls between the ages of 6 and 17 no longer attend school and 15 million girls of primary-school age will never enter a classroom. Half of them are from sub-Saharan Africa. This lack of access to education, especially amongst the poorest and amongst girls is also apparent in Malawi. Malawi is one of the most stable countries in Africa, but still one of the least developed in the world. A total of 65% of those living in poverty live in rural areas, and a higher percentage is women. As data from UNICEF shows, in Malawi over 10 percent of school-aged children do not attend primary school. Even though school fees, at least for primary school, were abolished in 1994, only 26 percent of children completed their entire primary school cycle. Of the children who do finish primary school, only 16% are girls.
100 PICTURES 100 STORIES

We wander streets and cities, we listen to people and shine a spotlight on their stories and human experiences through innovative narrative and pictures that help us feel they are real. We cast aside the shackles of traditional models of journalism: we do not simply narrate facts, seek expert opinions or look for reasons that the story should not be published.

There was one main question guiding our thought process before we launched the Story platform. How can we be journalists and tell short stories within the creative limits imposed by digital platforms? How can we invent new styles and moulds free of the problems associated with the breakneck pace of modern news, linguistic affectation, and fetishistic pursuit of new technologies?

Stories of the traditional journalistic kind may seem foreign to frivolous digital platforms full of selfies and pictures of cats and coffee cups. But Story has found a space where words and pictures can interact. It rearranges people and places in a tour of narratives as told by the speakers themselves and not from the pages of books. It records not opinions and prejudices but impressions and observations.

Over a period of two years, we wandered the streets of cities and towns in more than 75 countries on five different continents, collecting more than 500 pictures and 500 stories about people and places as told to us by local narrators. For this book, we have selected 100 of these pictures and stories. And we are still looking for more.

Al Jazeera Media Institute