PHOTO

ISSUE

2018

EMIN ÖZMEN

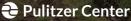
THOMAS DWORZAK

JONAS BENDIKSEN

SUSAN MEISELAS

CHIEN-CHI CHANG

A JOURNEY THROUGH CONTESTED LANDS





MAGNUM PHOTOS

Last summer, Magnum Photos and Pacific Standard collaborated on the magazine's debut photo issue. This year, with additional support from the Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting, we partnered again—this time telling six stories that explore indigenous women's land rights. Indigenous women are the backbone of their communities and often are disproportionately affected when their land rights are

Founded in 1947 by Robert Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, George Rodger, and David "Chim" Seymour, Magnum Photos is one of the most influential artist collectives in the world. The subject of this issue is deeply rooted in Magnum's powerful history of authentic storytelling, as Rodger dedicated himself during Magnum's earliest years to photographing indigenous peoples, exploring diverse cultures and stories.

Following in this tradition, Magnum photographers traveled to six countries to document the struggles that indigenous women face in retaining rights to their land. Their stories call attention to forced urbanization, battles with commercial interests, and disputes with state governments. They highlight an ability to survive through perseverance, economic mobility, and unity, as well as a shared hope that future generations will have greater opportunities to thrive.

We hope that this issue presents a window into the practice of the Magnum collective and the diverse talent it embodies. We feel privileged to work so closely with these exceptional storytellers and are proud to be a part of all that Magnum continues to stand for.

Shannon Simon

DIRECTOR OF THE AMERICAS CONTENT DIRECTOR MAGNUM PHOTOS

Lauren Winfield CONTENT DIRECTOR MAGNUM PHOTOS







SIX MAGNUM PHOTOGRAPHERS WENT OUT INTO REMOTE REGIONS AROUND THE WORLD WHERE INDIGENOUS COMMUNITIES ARE WAGING UNSEEN BATTLES AGAINST GOVERNMENTS AND COMMERCIAL INTERESTS TO REMAIN ON THEIR ANCESTRAL LANDS. THIS IS WHAT THEY SAW.

Letter From theCreative Director

No place like home.

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Without the Azerbaijani government's structural support and full recognition, the Talysh people fight to preserve their language and culture.

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NO PLACE LIKE HOME



THE VIETNAMESE NAIL LADIES are chirping away, melodic words weaving back and forth through the scent of acetone and polish. I am reclined in a cream-colored spa chair, embraced in marshmallow cushions, feet soaking in warm water. A familiar phrase in Vietnamese lodges in my ear and I chuckle in amusement. The blond two seats over leans toward me: "What are they saying?"

They are chatting about children and romance, about spending their tips and saving for college, about ladies with calloused hands clutching expensive purses. They talk about their hopes and dreams in this American life. They are mothers, wives, and daughters—a group of women who have experienced extraordinary loss and are trying to make ends meet, supporting family members still living in their homeland while giving the second generation of Vietnamese Americans the chance to pursue a higher education. They gave up more respected careers in Vietnam to move to the United States. They had to start over with virtually nothing. For all the hardships, these women are making their own money and putting their children through school. They are improving their English and have earned or are in the process of earning American citizenship.

This is my story too. About 80 percent of licensed manicurists in California are of Vietnamese heritage. Many arrived in America after the fall of Saigon in 1975. My father, a lieutenant colonel in the South Vietnamese Navy, fled Saigon before South Vietnam's capital fell into North Vietnam's communist regime. My mother, with her two young sons, was among the second wave of boat people to flee Vietnam—staying at Songkhla refugee camp for nine months before arriving in the U.S. in 1979. In 1985, my mother opened up Lee's Nails in Compton, California, becoming a business owner with money saved through sewing and selling homemade goods: beef jerky, chili sauce, and pickled delights.

My monthly pilgrimage to the nail salon is a constant reminder of home. It's a place of comfort for me. It makes me think of my mother and the sacrifices she made for the protection and survival of our family. Because of her persistence and strength, we were able to thrive. The salon is a place where women

(Left) The author's mother, crouching in the center, with women she befriended at the Songkhla refugee camp.

(Below) Teaching sewing class.

can work toward ownership and independence. It is a place of freedom. Because of a little nail lady, I have the opportunity to shine.

Women around the world have experienced similar stories of disenfranchisement, diaspora, and the reclamation of hope for their and their families' future. For the second annual Pacific Standard photo issue, we partnered with Magnum Photos to bring you personal stories of family, land, and loss of livelihood within a historic context of women's land rights issues on a global scale. We are pleased to be able to share glimpses of a movement that is uniting women across countries and cultures to defend, claim, and reclaim space.

Taylor Le
CREATIVE DIRECTOR
PACIFIC STANDARD
@ITSTAYLORLE







Taking a break from work in a tea field in the Osakuca village, outside Lankaran, the capital of the short-lived Talysh-Mughan Autonomous Republic.



THE MUSEUM'S main room looks like a market: hand-knit clothes and linens lined up on the floor; tables stacked with photographs, homemade dishware, a lone phonograph. The objects come from villagers in the town of Kakalos, Azerbaijan, where Febriye Sabaonva founded her theater-turned-cultur-

al-museum more than 20 years ago.

Sabaonva—a 78-year-old fashion designer—wanted to build a space that preserves the history of residents in Kakalos, her hometown in southern Azerbaijan, where the majority of the country's Talysh people live. An ethnic group indigenous to the area, for centuries the Talysh have lived mostly in farming commu-

nities centered around remote villages in the Talysh Mountains. Russia and Iran fought over sections of their territory during the Russo-Persian War in the early 19th century, and officially claimed different portions of it in the peace treaty that followed. The northern stretch became part of Azerbaijan upon the country's independence from the Soviet Union in 1991.

Since then, the Talysh of Azerbaijan have confronted a kind of identity crisiscalled upon by the pressures of national loyalty to identify as Azeri, yet maintaining mountain traditions distinct from the rest of Azerbaijan, including speaking an Iranian dialect. The Talysh language, which most schools do not teach, is decreasingly useful for addressing one of the community's major concerns: finding jobs. Many Talysh seek work in larger, non-Talysh-speaking cities farther north, where they can make more money than they can by farming in their villages. As their land remains underdeveloped and economically isolated, their language, already classified by the United Nations as vulnerable, loses relevance. Uniquely Talysh traditions and cultural memorywhich have mostly been passed down orally-have gone with it.

Some Talysh activists have sought to protect their language and culture by pushing for land independence, in the form of an autonomous state. In 1993, a Talysh army colonel leading a small separatist movement proclaimed an independent Talysh-Mughan Autonomous Republic in the south. The republic ended just

A man and woman sit outside the Seydi Pir mausoleum in the Shaglakuche village, near Lankaran. Most Talysh people are Shia Muslim.

two months later, and the central Azerbaijani government arrested and imprisoned the colonel for treason. Since then, the government has devoted little attention and few resources to the community, and Talysh activists claim that their numbers are repeatedly undercounted in the national census.

The movement for an independent state never went mainstream among the Talysh, though the idea of separatism has not quite died. Independent Talysh groups, led by members of the former Talysh-Mughan Autonomous Republic, joined the international **Unrepresented Nations** and Peoples Organization twice between 2005 and 2014. A Talysh Revival Movement reportedly gathered in Russia for an international conference on self-determination in 2016. But pushes for autonomy have struggled because of a nebulous sense of Talysh identity, according to ethnographers who have studied the region. Talysh people often express ambiguity toward their own sense of Talyshness. These responses, researchers have argued, reflect the long history of that identity being marginalized.

Sabaonva, however, expresses pride in her Talysh



background, and she has channeled it into her museum. The exhibits present traditional local objects—like a painted box containing a woman's dowry—and photographs of notable villagers. The museum also offers classes in Talysh dance and a community theater, which was the first museum component Sabaonva launched. Two decades later, she received financial

support from Azerbaijan's Ministry of Culture and Tourism to expand the museum's collection. She continues to work with women in town to run it; it's an impossible job to manage alone, especially since she still works as a designer and costume-maker.

While continuing her work as a fashion designer and dressmaker, Sabaonva has watched all of her grandchildren and one of her sons go abroad for school, a fact she declares proudly. Of her four children, only that son, who is disabled, still lives in Kakalos. But she sees it as part of her job, as their mother, to reinforce their roots, both Talysh and Azerbaijani. "I tell my kids," she says, "that no matter where you live now, don't forget Azerbaijani or Talysh language."







(Top) A man rides the bus in Lankaran.

(Middle) Agazahir Hasanov, 56, and his wife Ulduz Hummetova, 48, at their home in the Lerik District, another Talysh region, where they raise cows and sheep and make a living selling milk and cheese.

(Bottom) Women cook tandoor bread near a Lankaran market.

A woman prays in the Seydi Pir mausoleum.







(Top) Behruz, 36, a telephone line repairman, on the phone in his home near Lankaran. Behruz's father works in Russia for higher wages than he would earn back home; his mother maintained the family farm and home while raising the children.

(Bottom) Men chat during the wedding ceremony of 17-year-old Terane Sahverdiyeva to 20-year-old Muhammed Guliyev in Lankaran.

Febriye Sabaonva, 78, on her bed in Astara's Kakalos village. Her family has lived in this area since her grandfather, originally from Baku, married a Talysh woman in the south.



Saray kisses Muhammed, the new husband of her daughter, Terane. It is common in southern Azerbaijan for girls to live with their parents until they marry.







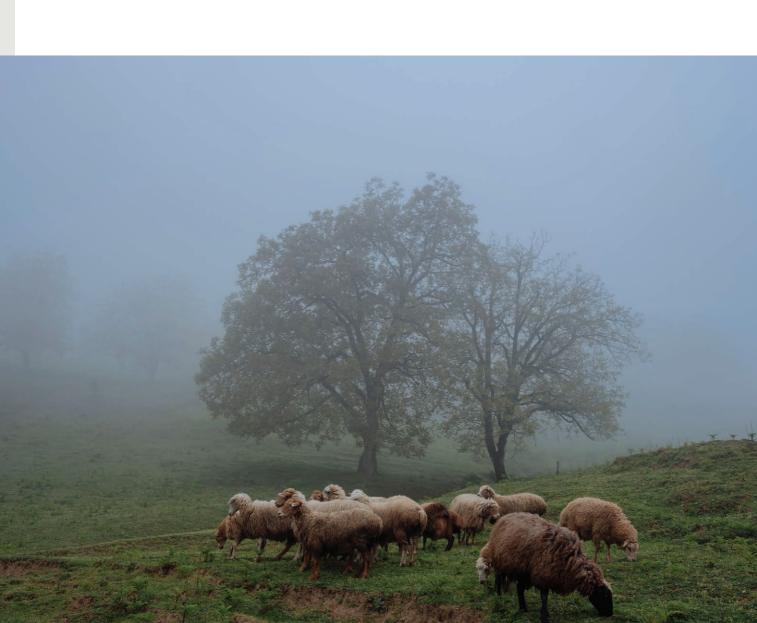
(Top) Girls pose after school in the Kakalos village.

(Bottom) A woman chats with her daughter in the Seydi Pir mausoleum.

(Below) Sheep graze on hills in the Lerik District.

(Top Right) A man walks on train tracks near the Lankaran city center.

(Bottom Right) Fishermen prepare their boat on an early morning in Lankaran, which borders the Caspian Sea.







EMIN ÖZMEN is working on a project, "Limbo," documenting the lives of people uprooted by conflict and forced into refugee status. His photography has appeared in *Time*, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and other outlets.





IN NORTHERN TANZANIA, NOT FAR
FROM THE KENYAN BORDER, THE
MAASAI PEOPLE ARE SEEING
THEIR ANCESTRAL LANDS CLAIMED BY
MINERS AND THE GOVERNMENT — ALL
AMID A SERIOUS DROUGHT.

photos by **Thomas Dworzak**TEXT BY TED SCHEINMAN

THE RUBY RUSH in the Longido district in northern Tanzania began in 2017, when a Maasai herder first plucked a handful of the sharp-pink and bloody-purple gems from a hole in the dry earth.

The Maasai, a semi-nomadic pastoralist people, have become accustomed to others laying claim to their ancestral territory. In recent years, the government grabbed their land for game hunters and real estate developers in Loliondo, several hours northwest. And now, the ruby miners have moved into Longido.

The village of Mundarara is growing into something of a boomtown, with all the perils and promises that come with that condition. Residents say the character of the town has changed down to its very sounds: There's now a constant buzzing and chattering around the tables in the village center, where locals haggle and sell tea and snacks to visiting ruby-seekers. In the distance, the natural stillness is pierced by the slow, persistent ring of mining tools.

The Maasai raise livestock on migratory routes, a tradition imperiled by the surge of new activity in the region. Rubies have brought new commerce to Longido, but government evictions and the effects of climate change have forced the Maasai to seek new, often drought-ridden grazing routes for their sheep, goats, and cattle. They must travel farther with their flocks and herds and work longer hours than ever before. Many have reluctantly migrated to cities, some as far away as Dar es Salaam, a 12-hour drive southeast.

Seventy-five kilometers east, in Eworendeke, government development, rather than mining, is forcing some Maasai



out. In 2012, locals say, a government official used bureaucratic sleight of hand to trick them out of two-thirds of their land in a case that the villagers mean to take to court.

In the face of a government that increasingly seems to want them gone, the Maasai of Mundarara and Eworendeke are determined to keep tending their flocks. One recent morning, a band of women walked in the first rays of dawn toward the village elder's hut in Eworendeke, carrying a sheep they planned to sacrifice as a prayer for relief from the drought that has borne hard on this area, and on East Africa more generally.

In Maasai tradition, the sheep should ideally be completely black, with no splotches of any other color, and must be slaughtered within the confines of traditional fences in the middle of the village. The person chosen to slaughter the black sheep must be kind and generous, a friend to everyone in the village, and innocent of any murders. Before the slaughter, the women sang soft prayers. The knife did its work, and the sun began to rise.

(Left) Hanging out by the well in Eworendeke village.

(Top) Maasai women in Longido hold a group meeting to discuss the effects of evictions and the ruby boom.

(Middle) A Maasai man prepares for the slaughter of a sheep.

(Bottom) After they were evicted by force from their old home, this family moved from Mundarara to Kitarini. The husband has found some success in the ruby trade and is building a house and a restaurant.









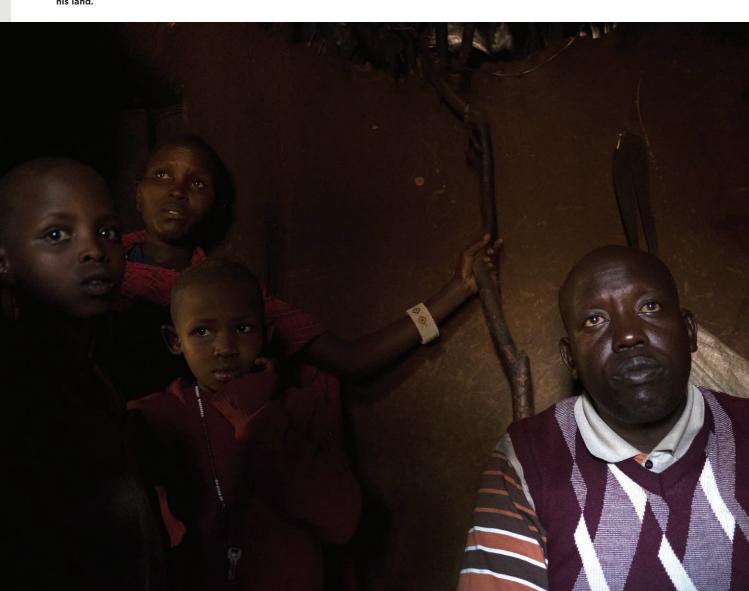
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(Top) Sifting rubies next to a recently built mine in Mundarara.

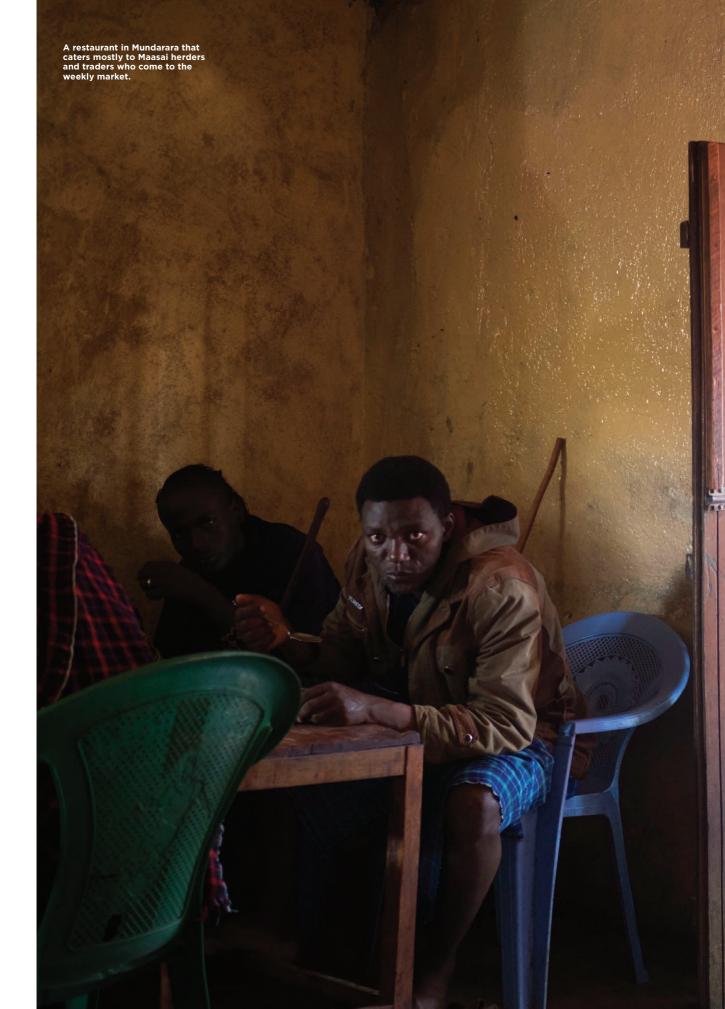
(Bottom) Local Maasai ruby traders.

A Maasai father with his family. He hopes to be part of the new ruby boom but also fears that the boom could push him off his land.



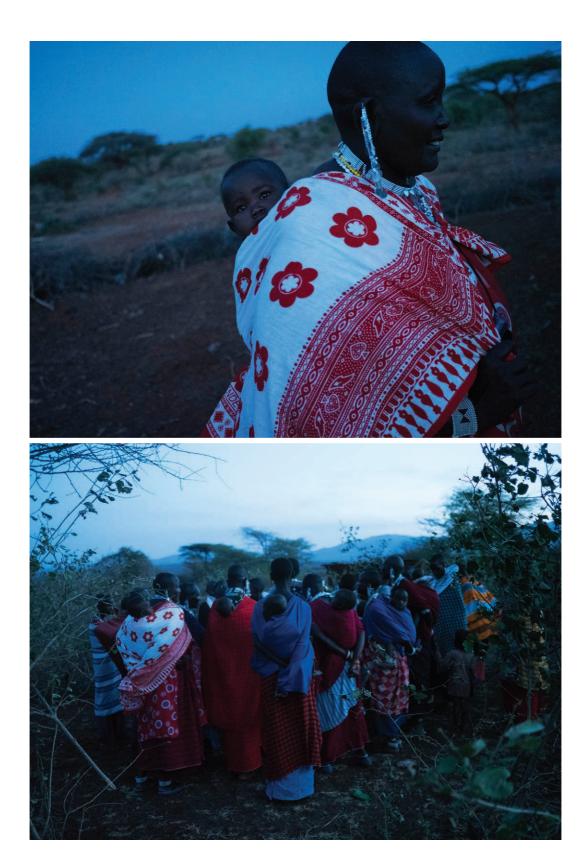












 $\begin{tabular}{ll} \textbf{THOMAS DWORZAK}, author of $\mathit{Taliban}$ and $\mathit{M.A.S.H. Iraq}$, is an international documentary photographer. He is working on a long-term project covering the legacy of World War I. @ \textbf{THOMASDWORZAK} \\ \end{tabular}$



DISPLACEMENT SARAWAK The Malaysian government has routinely put private-sector interests and infrastructure projects ahead of the livelihoods of indigenous people. PHOTOS BY Stuart Franklin TEXT BY FRANCIE DIEP



THE RAINFORESTS of Sarawak—a Malaysian state located along the northwestern coast of the island of Borneo, facing the South China Sea—host some of the most contested land in the world. They are home to dozens of indigenous groups, including the Iban, Kayan, and Penan, who traditionally made their living hunting and gathering, fishing, or slash-and-burn farming. By Malaysian law, each group owns the land it customarily uses, but in practice, the state often claims swaths of forest, offering licenses to private companies to log or farm it.

In 1998, the government

resettled around 10,000 indigenous forest-dwellers to make way for the statesponsored Bakun Dam, but it never made good on promises of free housing and electricity, activists say. The three acres of farmland that families received as recompense doesn't grow enough food to support them.

The government is inclined to look out for companies' interests, not forest people's, says Harrison Ngau, an indigenous landrights lawyer based in the Sarawak city of Miri. "These companies are ... financing the election campaigns of the ruling political parties."

In response, indigenous groups have blockaded logging and plantation roads that run through their



(Top) Paya, a Kayan, uses her feet to start weaving a plastic basket handle.

(Bottom) Bakun Dam outflow pounds into the Rajang River.

AUGUST 2018

(Top) A pig's head marks a blockade near an oil palm plantation.

(Bottom) Drying rice.

land. They've also filed hundreds of suits against companies and the government. Some of these cases have taken decades to resolve. In the meantime, timber harvesting and oil palm plantations leave the forest degraded, unable to support the indigenous livelihoods it once did.

Women often suffer the most. Traditionally, the Iban people grew rice and raised pigs and chickens for their own use; they didn't rely much on cash. Both men and women could own land and its resources. Things began to change for the Iban village of Kampong Lebor, however, in the 1990s, when an oil palm company began clearing land around the

village. Residents sued, winning back about 10,000 acres in 2012. Because the returned area was already planted with mature oil palms, the villagers began selling palm fruit. By court order, the proceeds went to the "head of the household," usually a man. In two generations, Kampong Lebor moved from sustenance farming to a cash economy, and found its egalitarian gender relations overturned. The forest now produces cash primarily for men.

Women from various Sarawak groups traditionally harvested rattan palms, processed them, and wove them into baskets and mats. But logging and mono-crop plantings have made important native species harder to find. Now, they must buy and use plastic instead. Such material changes can have serious consequences. "If [groups] are able to contin-



ue to use and relate to their most prominent and culturally significant species, they will be better equipped to retain their cultural identity," ethnobotanists Ann Garibaldi and Nancy Turner wrote in 2004. "Conversely, losing access to such species, or moving away from the knowledge about them, can foreshadow or symbolize a more drastic loss of language and culture."

For centuries, many

Sarawak forest-dwellers lived in longhouses, wooden structures hundreds of feet in length where dozens of families lived together. Longhouses act as social and political units, and often the longhouse communities are the groups that bring land-rights cases to court, or plan blockades. Many of the houses are now partially abandoned, or serve as homes only on weekends away from urban jobs.







(Previous Spread) Harvesting oil palm fruits





(Top Left) One Penan boy cuts another's hair on the veranda of their longhouse, Long Jaik. Long Jaik is in the midst of a land dispute with a company that sells timber and palm oil.

(Bottom Left) Catrina Aki Lumbau in her kitchen.

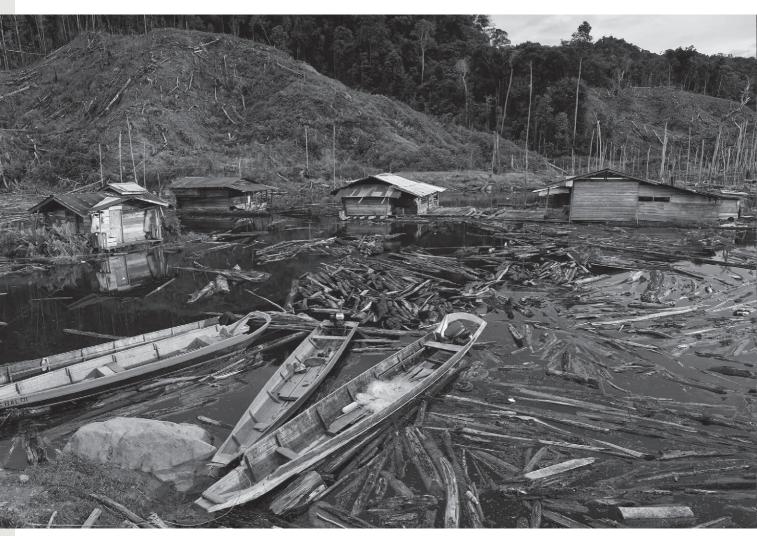
(Top Right) John, Uday's husband, looks for fish after dark.

(Bottom Right) Uday prepares cigarette papers made from banana leaves. She grows tobacco and makes cigarettes to sell.





Fishing boats at the longhouse Uday and John have joined.



Uday dries tobacco in the sun.



 $\textbf{STUART FRANKLIN} \text{ is the author of } Footprint: Our Landscape in Flux \text{ and } The Documentary Impulse. He received a World Press Photo award in 1989 and chaired the awards jury in 2017. \\ \textbf{@STUARTAFRANKLIN}$











(Previous Spread) The town of Ilulissat, Greenland's third largest, with a population of 4.400.

(Left) Sixteen-year-old twins Sara and Stina Olsvig plan to study abroad for a year in Denmark. Many of the students who study abroad don't return to Greenland.

(Right) Greenlandic musician Nive Nielsen returned to Greenland to raise her twin daughters.

1721, kicked off its efforts to modernize its Arctic colony. Danish men arrived in Greenland as civil servants and construction workers, and many returned to Denmark with Greenlandic wives. At its most extreme, the Danish plans to modernize the country involved forced urbanization. Entire communities were uprooted and resettled in larger towns like Nuuk (then known as Godthab), the capital city of Greenland. Today, many trace Greenland's soaring rates of suicide and alcohol abuse back to this social upheaval.

An island mostly under ice, Greenland has always been a treacherous place to live. Even today there are few roads between communities—residents must

IUALO OLSEN is the only teacher in Oquatsut, a cluster of red, blue, and yellow buildings on the rocky western coast of Greenland.

There are just five children enrolled in the village's elementary school, aged six to 12. When the weather allows, Olsen enjoys the silence of the sleepy village during long walks on the ice, looking out at the icebergs floating in Disko Bay. But the winters are long, dark, and lonely. She wants to start a family of her own, but she's found no romantic prospects among the city's 22 voting-age adults. She plans to leave Oqaatsut when the school year ends.

Oqaatsut's population, like that of many of Greenland's rural settlements, has been shrinking for decades. Many young Greenlanders are leaving small villages for more urban centers, both in Greenland and abroad, in search of educational and occupational opportunities that don't exist in rural areas. Far more women leave than men.

The trend began after World War II, when Denmark, which first claimed Greenland in

travel by air, boat, snowmobile, or dogsled. When the first European settlers arrived around 985 C.E., they found evidence that humans had been there, but no living inhabitants. Some centuries later, the Arctic-adapted Thule Inuit arrived from Canada and thrived in small, huntingbased communities until relatively recently. Just 80 years ago, nearly 70 percent of Greenlanders lived in small communities of fewer than 200 people; today, only 7 percent do.

Traditional gender norms run deep in the small villages—men have been hunters or fishermen, and women homemakers—and while women now participate in the labor market, those roles are still entrenched. As a result, there are few opportunities for educated women in the small villages, where traditionally male-oriented vocations like hunting and fishing still dominate.

"The first who have the ability to move are the women, because they are capable of taking care of themselves," says Julia Knudsen, who spent more than a decade living in Denmark after she left Greenland in 1999 to travel and get an education in computer science—a subject that was not offered at the time at the only full-fledged institution of higher education in the nation, the University of Greenland. "The ones who are left behind are mostly the men. Maybe they think they can only hunt, or don't see themselves surviving in the big city."

All of the kids in Oqaatsut must leave if they are to continue their education. There are no secondary schools in the small village, and, in a few years' time, when the youngest reaches 8th grade and heads to a bigger city for boarding school, the primary school could close.

"I don't know how small the village will be in 10 or 20 years," Olsen says—and Oqaatsut is hardly the smallest village. Olsen wonders about the toll it takes on villages to watch their communities fade. "I don't worry about the students," she says. "I'm more worried about all the adults who have been living here for their whole lives."







(Top Left) Paulus Gabrielsen hunts for grouse and rabbit outside Oqaatsut, where the traditional Greenlandic lifestyle, centered on male-dominated activities like hunting and fishing, still prevails.

(Bottom Left) Sled dogs outside a house in Oqaatsut, a small village of 28 inhabitants.

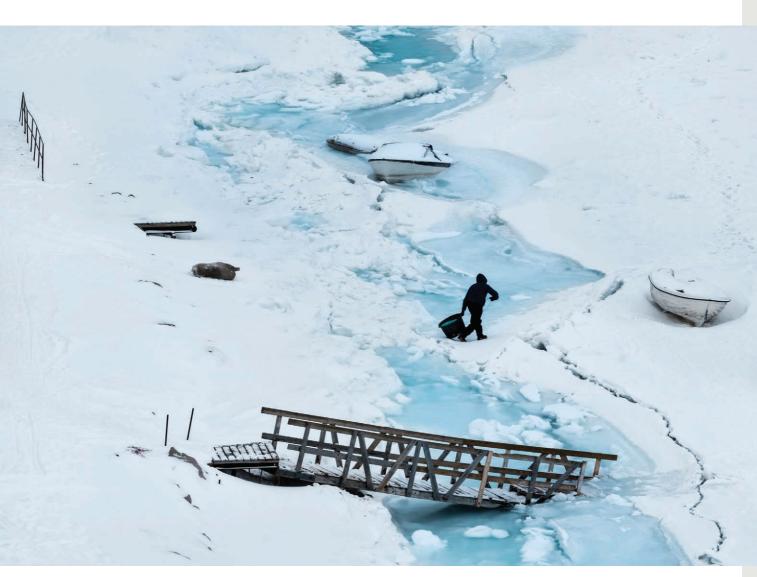
(Below) Crosses in a cemetery in Nuuk, Greenland's largest city. Greenland has one of the highest suicide rates in the world, which researchers attribute in part to the fact that many people have difficulty finding their place at the crossroads of traditional and modern lifestyles.



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Young people play on an icy hillside in front of a neighborhood in Greenland's capital city of Nuuk (population 17,600).



A man crosses a crack in the ice in the inner harbor of Ilulissat.



 (\mathcal{T}_{OP}) A group of men work to free a small fishing boat frozen in the ice in Ilulissat's harbor.

(Bottom) A man walks among fishing boats frozen into harbor ice in Ilulissat, a major hub for Greenlandic halibut fisheries.





(Left) Ivalo Olsen, from Ilulissat, is the only teacher in Oqaatsut. She dreams of becoming a psychologist, which means she would have to study in Denmark or elsewhere abroad.

(70p) The iconic mountain of Sermitsiaq rises up behind a row of apartment buildings in Nuuk.

 $\begin{tabular}{ll} (Bottom) & {\bf Apartment \ buildings} \\ & {\bf in \ Nuuk.} \\ \end{tabular}$

(Right) A young woman on a hillside in one of Nuuk's newer neighborhoods.





JONAS BENDIKSEN won a 2007 National Magazine Award for *Kibera*, his documentary of life in a Nairobi slum. His work has appeared in *National Geographic*, *Newsweek*, the *Telegraph Magazine*, and other outlets. **@JONASBENDIKSEN**







(Previous Spread) Paulina, 57, harvesting and replanting yucca in Guadalupe, Honduras.

(Left) The Alta Vista development property of Canadian investor Randy Jorgensen, in Guadalupe.

(*Top Right*) British tourists from Banana Coast Tours visit Fortaleza de Santa Bárbara in

(Bottom Right) A statue of Christopher Columbus on a lookout in Trujillo points to the spot where the explorer first landed on mainland Central

THE FIRST CRUISE

ship landed in Trujillo, Honduras, on October 15th, 2014—a 2,376-passenger Norwegian Cruise Line vessel with more than 1,000 crew members. It was the first realization of a grand tourism plan hatched by Canadian "Porn King" Randy Jorgensen, who had made his fortune operating adult video stores before expanding into real-estate investments.

Since arriving in Trujillo in 1991, Jorgensen has bought more than 1,500 acres, including land that once belonged to the

Garifuna, descendants of escaped African slaves and indigenous Caribbean tribes who-after a failed uprising on St. Vincent against the British in 1797were forced to resettle in Honduras. Once the inhabitants of expansive strips of untouched greenery, virgin beaches, and ports right on the Caribbean Sea, the Garifuna have lost thousands of acres to greed, corruption, foreign business interests, and tourism.

Jorgensen's goal, in part, is to make Trujillo the goto escape for thousands of foreign retirees, and his vision has attracted other foreign investors to Trujillo Bay. The Garifuna contend local mayors and community leaders have sold their land illegally, and

say they have been largely excluded from the resulting tourism profits.

While Honduras has ratified several international declarations and conventions protecting the land rights of indigenous groups, the government has offered little support, arguing in international hearings that the Garifuna are immigrants, and therefore have no right to the land. Meanwhile, President Juan Orlando Hernández, looking to reshape the country's notorious reputation for violence with increased investment in development and resource extraction,

has made it easier for outsiders to acquire property.

The Garifuna culture is inextricably tied to the land. Each morning men walk down to the beach to fish, while women cook spreads of coconut bread, fish stew, and yucca. Theirs is a matrilineal society: Women pass on the knowledge, myths, and memories of the Garifuna people to the next generation. With their culture at stake, they are leading a movement to reclaim their ancestral land through occupation. They are building homes and planting crops on territory they say is rightfully theirs. With each new effort, they beat drums to invoke their ancestors, who they believe will guide the fight to preserve their land.









(Top) Medalime David, with her niece Yesli.

(Bottom) Julio Lino says he was shot during a land recuperation effort in 2011.

REMITTANCES ARE

crucial to the Garifuna. With little opportunity for employment, many Garifuna, mostly men, migrate to the United States. This often leaves Garifuna women like Paulina, 57, and Emiliana, 67, to wake up at 5 a.m. to harvest crops of yucca, banana, and coconut, the core ingredients of Garifuna cooking.

Now some Garifuna men are returning to find the

land where they planned to raise their children sold off. "I came back for a visit, but when I saw what was starting to happen I wanted to come back quickly because if I didn't there wasn't going to be anything left for us. I knew I had to come back and fight," says Nerlin "Rocky" Noel. "We are losing our culture, and the land is an important part of that. It's who we are, and it's how we self-sustain."

Rocky's partner, Elsa, in his mother's home in Santa Fe.



THREE YEARS AGO,

Nilfor and his brother Rocky, who both lived in New York for nearly 20 years, established a settlement on a plot of land in the town of Santa Fe, which they named Wani Lee. Canadian investors who reportedly had plans to build a mall on the land threatened the men regularly. Two years ago, the police torched the provisional homes the brothers had built. In recent months, they've begun to rebuild.

"We used to play on this land as kids. Now we can't even step foot on it without a security guard kicking us off," Rocky says, looking out over a beachfront lot across the street from Wani Lee, which was allegedly sold illegally. "My kids will never know what it's like to play on this land, so I've got to give them something."

Elsa, Rocky's partner, is the only woman living on the Wani Lee territory. All others left after the clash with police, afraid to return. "There's no longer any land left in Santa Fe to live," she says. "We need this and it's ours. I hope to build my life on this land with my children."



(Left) Elsa's daughter Mirsa on recuperated land.

(Right) A man builds a home on the contested site of Wani Lee in Santa Fe.



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A local beach in Rio Esteban where fishermen launch daily.

THE WAMUA settlement in Guadalupe is the site of the most hotly contested land dispute in Trujillo Bay. Many Garifuna say the land at Wamua was illegally sold by a member of the community to Patrick Forseth, the part-owner and general manager of Carivida, a multinational tourism and real-estate company. Forseth, who lives in Honduras, contends that the government's approval of the title transfer gives him legal claim to the land.

In 2016, Medalime David and several other Garifuna began sleeping on the land to prevent Carivida from developing there. David was gathering wood to cook dinner one afternoon in November when police stormed the property and arrested her for land usurpation.

A group of Garifuna still maintains a near-continuous presence in provisional housing on the Wamua land, with plans to build around 40 more permanent homes. Carivida has filed charges against several of their leaders, including David, who faces defamation and usurpation lawsuits, and is barred from leaving the country or visiting the site. "I feel like a prisoner," she says.

But she is undeterred.

"Any conflict, we'll be there with our drums and maracas, because guns we don't have—just our culture, our hearts, and our ancestral instruments."

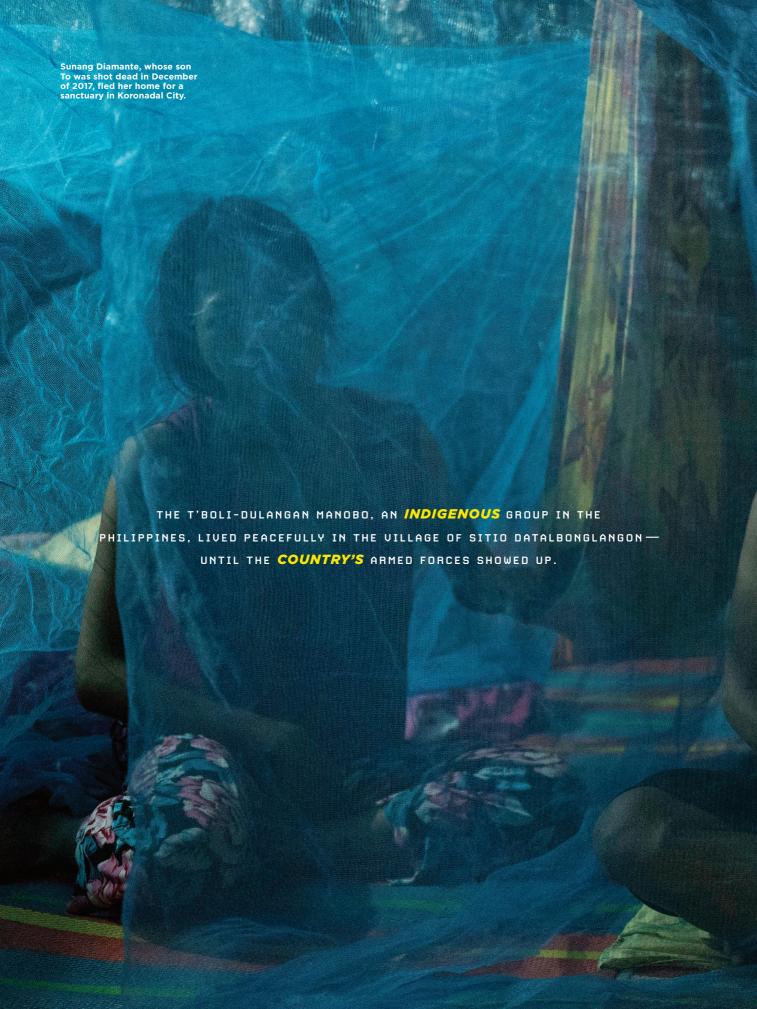
(Top Left) The resettlement community known as Wamua.

(Bottom Left) Emiliana, 67, harvesting yucca. She returned from the United States 10 years

(Right) An anniversary mass in remembrance of a local Garifuna man.









<u>A</u>

RETREAT

FROM

MASSACRE

photos by Chien-Chi Chang
TEXT BY MAX UFBERG

EUEN NOW, so many months later, Sunang Diamante can remember the sulfurous reek of the gunpowder.

"I was on my farm harvesting corn when the gunshots started," she says. "The guns were being fired continuously." It was the guns that killed her son, 23-year-old To Diamante.

On the morning of December 3rd, 2017, members of the Armed Forces of the Philippines came to Sitio Datalbonglangon, a small village of around 33 families located in the Barangay Ned region of the South Cotabato province in the Philippines. Sitio Datalbonglangon was home to Sunang Diamante, 48, and her fellow T'boli-Dulangan Manobo-an indigenous people of the region. From here, reports vary: Sitio Datalbonglangon residents say the military representatives demanded that leaders of their community falsely claim an association with the New People's Army, a communist guerilla wing operating in the country, and turn themselves in to authorities. The military maintains that those community members indeed were members of the NPA. Either way, the community leaders refused to facilitate their own arrest, and the





disgruntled military representatives left in a huff.

What's not disputed is the bloodshed that followed. About 30 minutes later, gunshots rained down on the village from the surrounding hills. It was a piercing volley—one that villagers say continued for three days. All told, eight tribe members were killed, as were two soldiers.

"All I know is the reason

why the soldiers did this: because of our land," Diamante says.

Members of the T'boli-Dulangan Manobo insist the killings were motivated by greed. Nestled in roll-





ing green hills, Barangay Ned has long held value to various logging, coal mining, and coffee companies in the country. Tribe members and human rights activists claim the massacre was essentially a government-backed land grab. They say the military's insistence that the slain tribesmen were in the NPA is merely a cover-up. In early 2018, President Rodrigo Duterte announced he would open up tribal lands throughout the country to private investors.

The remaining T'boli-Dulangan Manobo fled Sitio Datalbonglangon. A place that was once teem(Top Left) Seven-year-old Angelo Wali wraps himself in a banner depicting his late uncle, Victor Danyan, who was killed in the December shooting. Wali lives in the Koronadal City sanctuary.

(Bottom Left) Assigned cooks must prepare enough rice and vegetables to feed the 70-some survivors staying in Koronadal City.

(Top Right) Nelly Danyan sits with other survivors of the shooting in the sanctuary.

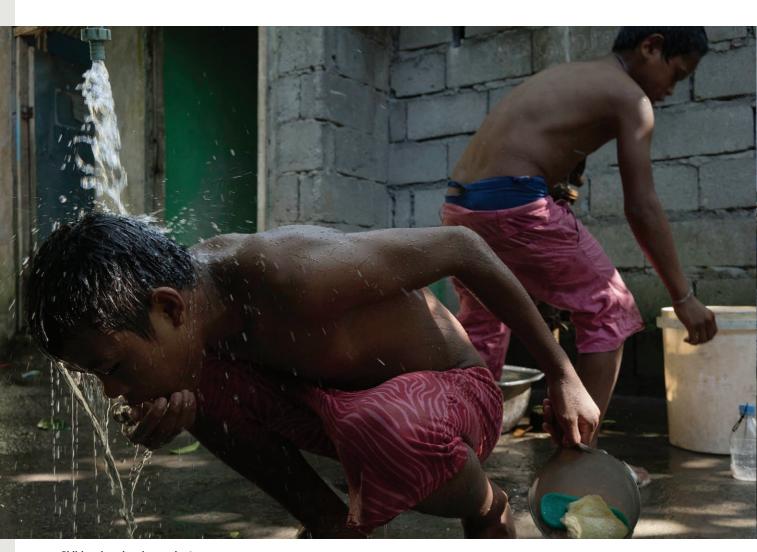
(Bottom Right) Inday Bantay, 50, lost her son during the shooting. She is among those staying in Koronadal City.

ing with life—bamboo homes, a crowded basket-ball court, a noisy daycare center—became a ghost town seemingly overnight. Some were eventually apprehended by the government, and remain under close guard by the military.

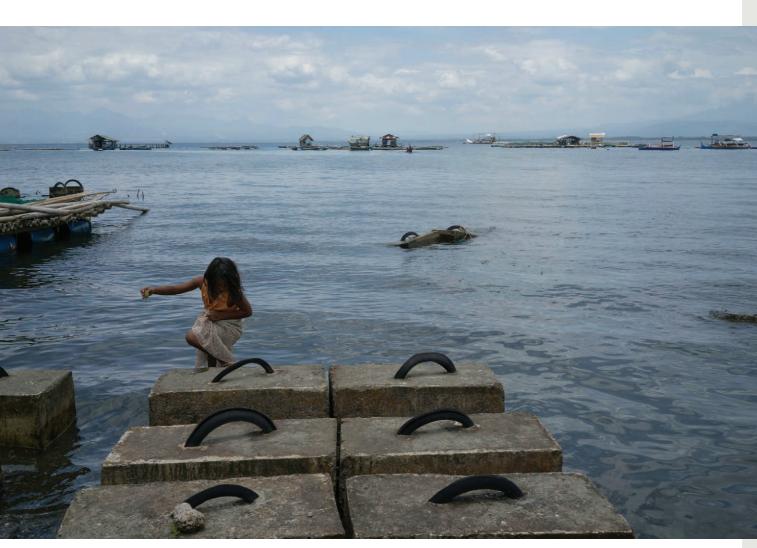
Others, like Diamante, sought refuge at shelters in nearby Koronadal City, where they now live in crowded huts and sleep on cool floors.

At night, Diamante can't help but contemplate the loss of her child and her home. She always comes to the same conclusion: "I cannot think of any sins that we have committed to warrant such an attack."

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Children kneel under a spigot to bathe in the Koronadal City sanctuary.



The B'laan, another indigenous group, live on heavily coveted lands 50 miles away from Sitio Datalbonglangon. A B'laan girl plays on a beach near Bulol Kilot, one of many small fishing villages in the region.









(Top Left) Young boys wait to be served a meal of rice and vegetables at the Koronadal City sanctuary.

(Bottom Left) Sanga-Minson, 64, surveys his recently reclaimed land, in the Barangay T'konel region.

(Top Right) Children from the B'laan tribe play in a creek near Bulol Kilot.

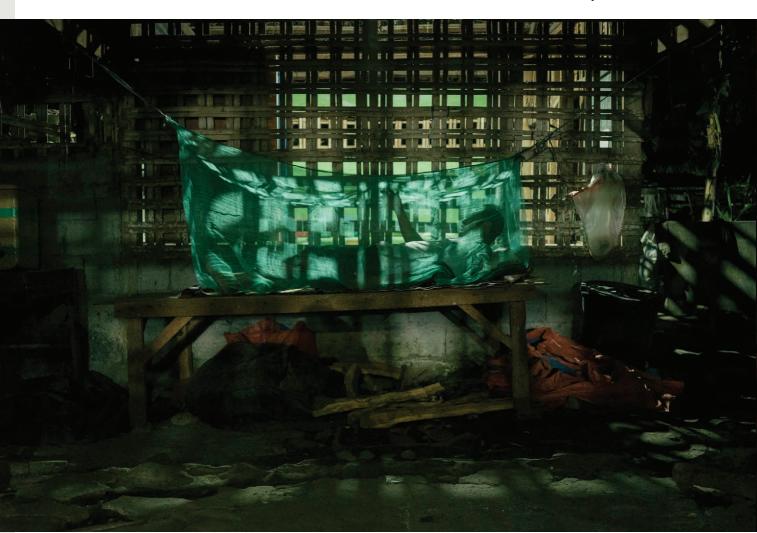
(Bottom Right) An older man living in Bulol Kilot.



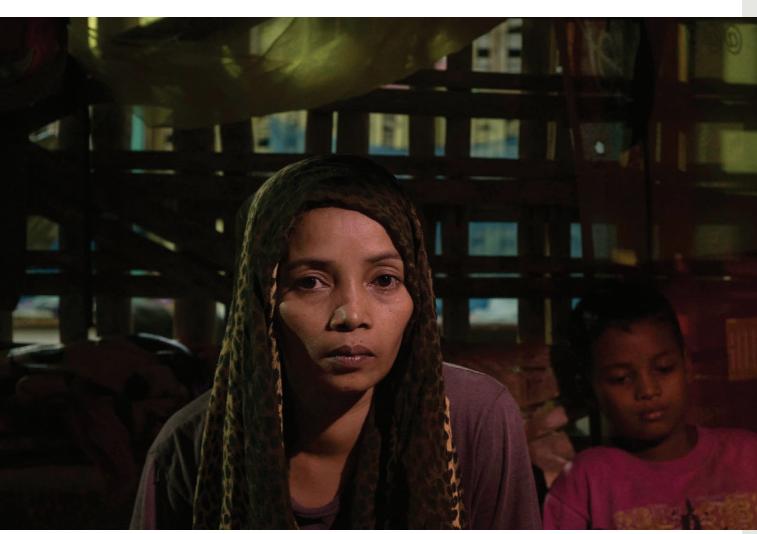


(Previous Spread) A raised right fist has become a symbol of solidarity among survivors living in the Koronadal City sanctuary.

Protective mosquito nets are drawn for those sleeping in the sanctuary.



After the shooting, Nelly Danyan moved to the Koronadal City sanctuary; her husband, Rudy, is still missing.



CHIEN-CHI CHANG has authored two books documenting marriage—*I Do, I Do, I Do* and *Double Happiness*—and spent 20 years photographing the lives of Chinese immigrants in New York's Chinatown. @**CHIEN_CHI_CHANG**

Pages from Magnum Photos co-founder George Rodger's 1948 reporting journal in Ngorongoro, 80 miles west of the Maasai villages in Tanzania's Longido district.

PHOTO BY JONATHAN RODGER

MON. Bet. 4. MGORONGORO.

It was terribly cold in the night. The camp is on the lip of the typorongono crales, Poor ft. up and our tog cabin had so many cheirhs in it, the would came through with gale force. This morning, visibility was down to a few yards oroning to a thick. scotch wist but after an hour or so it began to char over the nater so we could see the dried up sall. take shining in its centre, 2,000 ft. below us. around it were thousands of wilde beste and jetra, tooking through the glasses, tike so many fleat. after a white the mist cleared allogether and we could see the beauty of our surrounding The run of the crater is thickly forested, and the trees are corred in long green most which hangs from their handes take so many

There are beards. Elephant, whire and beofrard here up here and, at night, course close to the cause, the the crater betwoen are consistely thousands of all types of game. - loo for betwoen to be seen with the naked eye, that planity visible through the glasses.

TUES. Oct. 5. HEGGERGERO. OLDERNI.

The camp filled up a little to.day. Belides orestelves there

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