

# The Majority World looks back

**With the advent of the internet and digital photography it should be easier than ever for photographers from the Majority World to present their own reality in the global media. But old prejudices die hard. Shahidul Alam explains why and tells an inspiring tale of resistance and success.**



LUCIA CHIRIBOGA

Lucia Chiriboga portrays the deep spirituality in Ecuadorian life. Long before Photoshop became commonplace, Lucia began creating complex images by subtle multiple exposures, as a way of weaving multilayered stories of her ancestors.

**It was a grand opening. The 'Who's Who' of development** in Britain was there, championing the noble cause – the Millennium Development Goals, making poverty history.

The Bob Geldof circus could perhaps be pardoned. Geldof is neither a development worker nor someone particularly knowledgeable about the subject. But for the organizers of the 'bash' at the OXO Tower on London's South Bank to produce such a culturally insensitive event was revealing.

Apart from parading a few young black people from Africa, who extolled the virtues of 'development', there was little contribution from the Majority World. The key

speakers, typically white western development workers, spoke of the role that they were playing in saving the poor of the global South. The token dark-skinned people, having played their part, were soon forgotten.

The centrepiece of this celebration was an exhibition entitled *Eight Ways to Change the World*. All the photographs were taken by white western photographers. No-one questioned the implication of such an exercise. When I confronted one of the organizers he explained that the curator – a director of a western photographic agency – had decided not to use Majority World photographers because they 'didn't have the eye'. The sophisticated visual language

possessed by the western audience was presumably beyond the capacity of a photographer from the South to comprehend, let alone engage with at a creative level.

#### **New rules**

This represents a shift from the position of 20 years ago when we started asking why Majority World photographers were not being used by mainstream media and development agencies. The answer then had been: 'They don't exist.' Today our existence is difficult to deny. The internet, the fact that several majority world agencies operate successfully, and that photographers belonging to such agencies regularly win

international awards, means we are no longer invisible.

Now it's a different set of rules. We have to prove we have the eye. A similar statement about blacks, women, or minority groups of any sort, would raise a storm. But when such prejudice is used against a group of media professionals from the South, who happen to represent the majority of humankind, no one appears to bat an eyelid.

I have, of course, faced this situation before. There was, for example, a fax from the National Geographic Society Television Division asking if we could help them with the production of a film that would include the Bangladeshi cyclone of 1991. They wanted specific help in locating 'US, European or UN people... who would lead us to a suitable Bangladeshi family'. The irony of making such a request to a picture agency dedicated to promoting local voices had obviously escaped them.

We had gotten used to requests for iconic objects of poverty that international NGOs insisted existed in abundance and had to be photographed – but which locals neither knew nor had heard of.

### The economics of suffering

Charities and development agencies need to raise money from the western public. The best way to pull the heart strings – and thereby the purse strings – is to show those doleful eyes that a few pennies could save.

Perhaps photographers from the South cannot be trusted to understand this. Perhaps they are so hardened to such images of daily suffering that they are unable to appreciate the impact these sights might have on western audiences – and the coffers of western aid agencies.

But certain changes have been taking place, forcing various adjustments. Media budgets have become tighter than they were. Flying people to distant locations is expensive. Having western photographers

'on the ground' can be dangerous in some cases – and costly in terms of insurance premiums. Better to have locals in the firing line. So, slowly, local names have begun to creep in. Certain rules still applied of course, such as the vast differentials in pay between local and western photographers.

Stories about Nike regularly make the headlines, but the exploitative terms on which local photographers work rarely surface. The Bangla saying 'kaker mangsho kak khai na' (a crow doesn't eat crow's meat) seems to apply to journalism: criticism of the media is taboo. Not only do the workers on the media sweatshops have to work for peanuts, they need to know which stories to tell. None of this journalistic independence rubbish: gimme stories that sell.

This, of course, affects Southern photographers. When they know certain stories sell, they themselves begin to supply the 'appropriate' images. A man known to carry a toy gun in the streets of Dhaka is repeatedly photographed at religious rallies, and despite common knowledge that it is a fake gun, news agencies run the picture without explaining the nature of the situation. Numerous wire photographers have been known to stage flood pictures and in one famous instance, a child was shown to be swimming to safety in what was known to be knee deep water. The photograph went on to win a major press award.

Money also affects publishers. Smaller budgets require careful shopping. The Corbis, Getty and Reuters image supermarkets are rapidly squeezing out the 'corner store' suppliers and a small majority world picture library simply can't compete.

But there are other factors in the equation. Development isn't simply about money. What about developing mutual respect; enabling equitable partnerships; providing enabling environments for intellectual exchange? What about creating awareness of the underlying causes for poverty? These are all integral parts of the development process. When all things are added up, cheap images providing cliché messages do more harm than good. They do not address the crucial issue: poverty is almost always a product of exploitation, at local, regional and international levels. If poverty is simply addressed in terms of what people lack

while Reuters has an archive of over two million images.

In recent years the microstock photography industry, led by iStockPhoto and later Shutterstock, Dreamstime, Fotolia, and BigStockPhoto has emerged as a rapidly growing market. Using the Internet as their sole distribution method, and recruiting mainly amateur and hobbyist photographers from around the globe, these companies are able to offer stock libraries of pictures at very low prices. Corporate giants, Corbis, Getty and Jupiterimages have now muscled their way into this market too, adding to their ever-expanding portfolio of the world's imagery.

Sources: Corbis-Corporate Fact Sheet, BAPLA, Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Photo District News, StockPhotoTalk.

**A man known to carry a toy gun in the streets of Dhaka is repeatedly photographed in religious rallies, and despite common knowledge that it is a fake gun, news agencies run the picture without explaining the nature of the situation.**



Materially poor nations should have a say in how they are represented. This picture, by Nepalese photographer Bindo Dhungel, shows members of his country's Maoist Movement.

in monetary terms, then the more important issues of addressing exploitation are sidelined.

### A broader picture

However, the type of imagery required from the Majority World is broadening. This is coming less from growing political sensibility and more from global economic shifts. Negative imagery is seen as a deterrent to foreign investment in emerging markets. With multinationals interested in cheap labour, and a wider consumer base, a different profile is now required to stimulate investor confidence. So, along with the standard fare of flood and famine, are stories of Indian and Chinese billionaires and how they have benefited from capitalism.

Furthermore the new 'inclusive' media now take on more ethnic-minority journalists. But when they come over to do their groundbreaking stories, it is the rookie on the streets of Dhaka who provides the leads, conducts the research, translates, drives, fixes, and does all that is necessary for the story to emerge. If things do go wrong – as when the British TV Channel 4 attempted an ill-fated exposé in Bangladesh in late 2002 – the western journalists are likely to be home for Christmas while the local fixers face torture in jail.

### Drik's vision

Lacking the advantages of our Western counterparts, image-makers in the South have had to rely on ingenuity

and making-do in order to move from being fixers, to authors in their own right. We have had to be pioneers.

With one filing cabinet, an XT computer without a hard drive, and a converted toilet as a darkroom, we decided we would take on the established rich-world photo agencies. On 4 September 1989 Drik Alokchitra Granthagar was set up in Dhaka.

The Sanskrit word Drik means vision, inner vision, and philosophy of vision. That vision of a more egalitarian world, where materially poor nations have a say in how they are represented, remains our driving force.

The European agencies I had encountered wanted a minimum submission of 300 transparencies and told you not to ask for money for the first three years. This constituted a massive investment for a Majority World photographer, and virtually ruled out her entry into the market. We had a very different approach. If a photographer had a single good image which we felt needed to be seen we would take her on, try and sell the picture and pay her as soon as the money came in.

It allowed the photographer to buy more rolls of film and carry on working. The photographers didn't have printing and developing facilities so we set up a good quality darkroom and trained people to make high quality prints. They had no lights so we set up a studio.

The only gallery spaces available were owned by the State or foreign cultural missions, none of which would show controversial work. So we built our own galleries. Few would publish pictures well so we built

our own pre-press unit and published postcards, bookmarks and calendars which we sold door-to-door to pay for running costs.

Photography was largely male-dominated, so we organized workshops for women photographers. There were no working-class people in the media, so we started training poor children in photography. We couldn't afford faxes or international phone calls, so we set up Bangladesh's first email service and lobbied for the introduction of full fledged internet. Professor Yunus, the Nobel Prize winner, was our first user. We set up electronic bulletin boards on issues important to us, such as child-rights and environmental issues.

**Nine out of ten photos of the majority world are taken by white westerners.**

We started putting together a database of photographers in the South, and wrote off to as many organizations as we could, offering our services. No one replied.

Undeterred, we put together a portfolio of black-and-white prints, largely by Bangladeshi photographers.

On a rare visit to Europe, I visited the office of the New Internationalist in Oxford. Dexter Tiranti greeted me warmly. He had received our letter, but hadn't given it too much importance. An agency in Bangladesh seemed too far distant for the NI to work with on a regular basis. Having seen the portfolio however, Dexter sat me down at his desk and started ringing picture users across Europe. I remember feeling envious of this ability to simply pick up a phone and call someone in another country, but was grateful for the contacts. Dexter asked us to submit pictures for the NI Almanac. The next year we got a letter from him that stated: 'The photographs are beautiful and the reason we are using only six is because we can't really have too many from one country.' Others Dexter had phoned that day, and many others we have contacted since, have responded similarly, and so picture sales slowly grew – but it was no easy ride.

Drik's e-mail network was put to use when writer and feminist Taslima Nasrin, pictured here in hiding, was being persecuted.



**Knife wounds and death threats**

Our problems weren't simply ones of surviving on slender means and competing against agencies based in London, Paris and New York. Our activism created problems on our home soil too. We had, by then, set up our own website and had helped to establish the first webzine and internet portal in the country. Our email network had been put to use when Taslima Nasrin was being persecuted. The website became the seat of resistance when pro-government thugs committed rape in a university campus. So the site, and later the agency, came under attack.

The day after our human rights portal *www.banglarights.net* was launched all the telephone lines of the agency were disconnected. It took us two-and-a-half years to get the lines back, but that never stopped our internet service and we stayed connected. Later, Drik became the seat of resistance when the Government used the military to round up opposition activists. I was attacked on the street, during curfew and in a street protected by the military. I received eight knife wounds.

So we learnt to walk a fine line. It wasn't just the government that found us unpalatable. The US embassy felt it couldn't work with us because we opposed President Clinton's visit to Bangladesh. The British Council demanded we take down a show that talked about colonialism, and threatened that future projects might be jeopardized when we openly opposed the invasion of Iraq. Death threats, some real, some less serious and a whole range of sabotage attempts have been part of the path we've travelled.

Current strategies are more subtle. We know we will never be given work by certain agencies and that visas for some of us will be more difficult to get, but it is certainly not all negative. The main strength of Drik has been its friends and their support. None of what we have achieved would have been possible without the contribution of a large number of people, ranging from ordinary Bangladeshis who have rallied when it mattered, to influential people thousands of miles away who have provided moral and material support. Combining our compulsion to be socially effective with the requirement to be financially independent has remained our biggest challenge. It is a difficult balancing act.

**A great high**

Taking a principled position has other drawbacks. People work long hours for salaries below the industry norm. There are few perks. But working at Drik is a special experience; a great high. Not everyone can survive on these highs, of course, and job satisfaction doesn't help pay the bills, so we need to be competitive and ensure a level of quality so that we can hold our own despite the political pressures.

Eighteen years down the road, we now have a workforce of around 60. Graduates from our school of photography, Pathshala, hold senior positions in major publications. The working-class children we've trained have gone on to win Emmys and other awards, and I believe Majority



GOLAM KASEM

Golam Kasem (nicknamed Daddy) was Drik's oldest photographer when he died at the age of 103. His original glass plates date back to 1918. This 1927 image is one of many where Daddy records everyday life in rich detail.

World photographers feel they have a platform.

The big agencies like Reuters and Getty can provide images at a cost and a speed impossible for independent practitioners to match, a very real consideration for picture editors under time pressure and working to tight budgets. The fact that Corbis (owned by Microsoft) is buying up picture archives like the Bettman is important for their preservation, but the images that now exist 200 feet below the rolling hills of western Pennsylvania are no longer accessible to the students, scholars and researchers. An important part of our visual history is now in the control of one person – Bill Gates.

**Fair trade**

Father Paul Casperg, who has been working for many years with the tea plantation workers in Kandy, has an interesting story to tell. Nearly 30 years ago, in his Masters thesis at the London School of Economics, Father Casperg was able to show that an increase of two pence (four US cents) in the price of a cup of tea being sold on the British railways would, providing it went to the Kandy tea plantation workers, result in more income than the total foreign aid received by the Sri Lankan Government.

Father Casperg rightly concluded that it was fair trade that Sri Lanka needed, not more aid.

That is what fair trade imagery organizations like majorityworld.com and kijijiVision (see Action) are trying to do. By invoking ethical standards in the trading of images, these organizations address not only the distorted and disrespectful depiction of people of the global South, but also the economic divide.

Organizations that call for Majority World governments to be more transparent and accountable need to reflect upon their own ethical standards when it comes to depicting and dealing with the South. Practices such as not allowing photographers to retain copyright or film are justified by the 'convenience' of distributing images. Such 'convenience clauses' are rarely applied to western photographers, who know the law and can exercise their rights.

**Light, flexible, potent**

We are resisting, though. The new portal, majorityworld.com, supported strongly by its lobbying partner kijijiVision.org, has built on the extended groundwork done by Drik. DrikNews.com, though still very young, threatens to give the wire agencies a run for their money, and photographers in the South are pooling their resources, including developing close partnerships with like-minded western organizations.

Recently, I was sitting with a small group of photographers, painters and filmmakers in a corner of the top floor gallery of the Voluntary Artists Society of Thimpu. At the end of the showing of a film on Chobi Mela IV – the festival of photography in Asia – projected on a bed sheet pinned on the gallery wall, the conversation veered to pooling resources in neighbouring countries. Sharing computers, scanners, and contacts, we talked of bus routes to neighbouring countries, and finding public spaces for showing work. What we needed was an on-line solution that would serve all Majority World photographers.

Having purchased expensive software produced in the West for selling pictures online, we were further bled by consultancy fees we had to pay every time we needed to adapt it to our situation. So, eventually, we developed our own software. It is an inexpensive but highly efficient search engine that local newspaper archives can use. Developed using largely open-source modules it is constantly updated using feedback from users from all over the globe and it has worked well on low bandwidth.

Groups in Bhutan, Peru, Tanzania and Vietnam recognize that the wire services and the big agencies have a different agenda. If it's a guerilla war against the corporations that has to be fought, then we need different tools. Light, flexible, inexpensive and potent ones.

A revolution is taking place. As new names creep into the byline, unfamiliar faces step up to the award podium and fresh imagery – vibrant, questioning and revealing – makes it to mainstream media, a whole new world is opening up. A majority world.

# Belongings: felt, presented, challenged

[Clockwise from right]  
Saiful Huq Omi was the first Bangladeshi to win the National Geographic All Roads Photography Award. In his essay on victims of political violence, Omi remembers the young man maimed by a bomb saying 'When I had my leg I could cross the river in one go'.

The photograph of an LTTE sniper from Sri Lanka was taken by a woman (pseudonym Gajaani) who is a fighter herself and has been taking photographs of her war for the past 15 years. She contacted Drik – through an intermediary – because she wanted her work to be seen.

Returning the Gaze: Tired of the representations of Iranian women by men of her own culture and by foreigners, Shadi Gadharian decided to use images of women where she mimicked the stereotypes but incorporating subtle elements of subversion.

When she began a photography course in Cape Town in 1992 there were few black female photographers – fewer than 10. It was not safe for any photographer, regardless of gender or race. To be found in possession of photographic images that carried any political message was a criminal offence. Neo Ntsoma now looks at changing expressions of identity by South African youth. Fashion is not just about clothes. It is a statement about society and about dress sense. It is about cultural identity and expression. It can even be a way of resisting oppression.

Two days before the Pakistani army surrendered on 16 December 1971, collaborators rounded up teachers, journalists, doctors, artists and other prominent citizens and killed them. This photograph by Rashid Talukder has become one of the icons of the war between Pakistan and what was to become Bangladesh.



SAIFUL HUQ OMI



RASHID TALUKDER



NEO NTSOMA



SHADI GHADIRIAN



GAJANNI

# A true Pathshala

## Shahidul Alam describes the birth of an unusual school.

The word **Pathshala**, a traditional Sanskrit word for a seat of learning, was generally associated with the shade of mango trees in open fields. There were no walls, no classrooms, no formal structures, but children gathered to listen to wise folk. It was wisdom being shared.

Having decided that the language of images was the tool to use to challenge western hegemony and to address social inequality within the country, Drik had begun to put in place the building blocks to make it happen.

The agency was serving people already in the trade, but opportunities for learning had to be created. There wasn't a single credible organization for higher education in photography in the region. One had to be built.

Taking advantage of a World Press Photo seminar in December 1998, the school was set up. A single classroom was all that was available. The visiting tutors Chris Boot (formerly with Magnum, then with Phaidon) and Reza Deghati (National Geographic) conducted the workshops.

I continued as a lone tutor. Kirsten Claire, an English photographer whom a friend had recommended, came over soon afterwards and stayed for a year. We paid her a local salary, the best we could afford. The two of us formed the faculty.

A stream of tutors, all friends willing to be arm-twisted, came at regular intervals. For some we provided the air fare and modest accommodation. Some came at their own cost. Some slept on our floor. Some, like Ian Berry, who had come over on an assignment, were simply roped in. The students, most new to the craft, didn't know they were rubbing shoulders with the greatest names in photography. And it was an impressive list. Abbas, John Vink, Ian Berry, Martin Parr, Morten Krogvold, Pablo Bartholomew, Pedro Meyer, Raghu Rai, Reza Deghati, Robert Pledge, Trent Parke. Some

became repeat visitors.

Few demanded payment, none flaunted their superstar status, one even made an anonymous donation. They all wanted to be part of an exciting journey.

Lazy at first and unaware of how special the environment was, the students soon became infected by the passion of their marvellous tutors. They studied photography, economics, statistics, environmental studies, visual anthropology. They were in a true Pathshala, studying life. And it showed.

They got selected for the prestigious Joop Schwart Masterclass. They won a host of prestigious awards from the likes

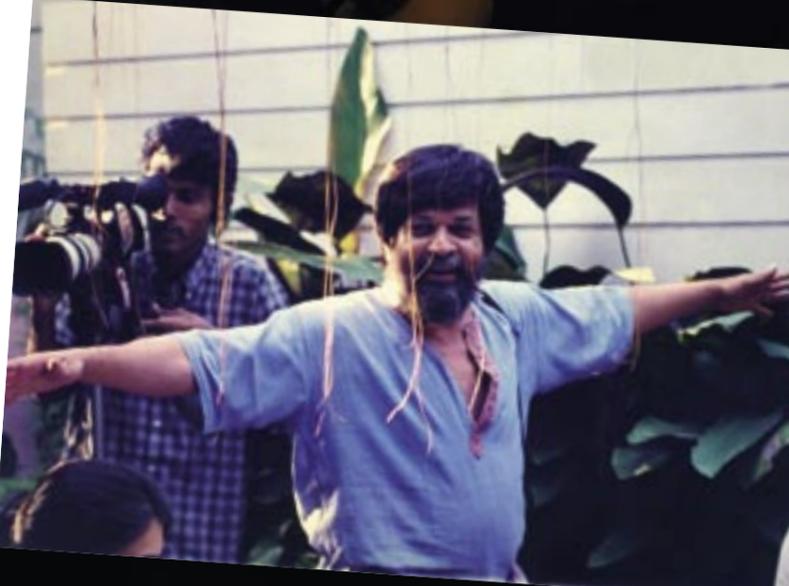
**'I do not know of a single institute of higher education anywhere in the world which provides the quality of education being provided here in Bangladesh today.'**

**Rob Mountfort, Picture Editor of AsiaWeek, 1999**

of Mother Jones, World Press, The National Geographic. Every emerging student was gainfully employed. *Time Magazine*, *Newsweek*, *The New York Times* and other leading publications began to hire them, and the school's reputation spread. Soon students and interns from other countries started to come to us.

The number of regular tutors has grown from the original two to eleven. Eight are former students. The tutor to student ratio remains high. DrikNews, a news agency which gives emphasis to rural reporting, hires former Pathshala students for its core staff. The staff photographers and picture editors of most of the country's major newspapers are from Pathshala. Some are also working in television stations and other broadcast media.

Pathshala continues to defy gravity. A school of photography in one of the most economically impoverished nations, and with no external support, continues to produce some of the finest emerging photographers.



[Top to bottom] Reza Deghati and Chris Boot conduct the first World Press Photo seminar in Pathshala. Limited space and frequent electricity failure required many of the classes to be taken under an open sky.

Kirsten Claire, a British grandmother, came over to Bangladesh to teach at Pathshala. Staying with a friend, and surviving on a minimum salary, she was the first regular teacher at Pathshala. She became a mother-figure to many of the students, especially the women.

Shahidul Alam, the principal of Pathshala, simulates a bird in flight during a class on picture editing, then an unknown profession in Bangladesh. Working with Sri Lankan photographer Dominic Sansoni, and Nicole Robbers, the picture editor of the Dutch newspaper *NRC Handelsblad*, Alam set up a mock picture desk in the leading English Daily, *The Daily Star*. Alumni from Pathshala now work as picture editors in several major newspapers.

National Geographic photographer Reza Deghati was one of the first overseas tutors at Pathshala. He made repeated visits through a seminar programme organized by World Press Photo Foundation, and later used the Drik/Pathshala model to set up a similar organization AINA, in Afghanistan.

## We were going to change the world

### Sameera Huque, one of Pathshala's first students, takes a measured look.

When Pathshala started, I remember, Dhaka's photography circles reacted by forming two camps. One was thrilled at the prospect of 'real' photography education starting in Bangladesh for the very first time; the other remained strongly sceptical about what Shahidul Alam was getting up to next.

The school's first students came from the former camp, and I was one of them. Our group had two women, Munira Morshed Munni and myself. As students, we wanted to revolutionize the face of photography as we knew it in Bangladesh, South Asia, and the world. Drik and its philosophy was our inspirational starting point.

Our initial excitement dried up somewhat as we discovered that our school was not perfect. It was going to grow with us, and that meant many things would not go as smoothly as we would have liked. But as the first students, we enjoyed a tremendous amount of autonomy in deciding how our study would progress. Specific topics were introduced because we asked for them. Tutors were refused because we didn't like them. We freely argued with tutors

on media, politics, morality, the environment, feminism, religion, issues of representation, and some photography thrown in between. This level of interaction was truly unheard of in Bangladesh. Coming from an education system where students rarely question their teachers, we were spoiled with attention. As it turned out, at least in my view, the students who were most vocal and rebellious also produced the best work. This was Pathshala, and we didn't believe in encouraging the herd mentality.

The informal environment at Pathshala made sure many friendships were formed and tested. Sometimes our egos would get the better of us, but there were critical discussions on each others' work, plans for what to do next, disappointment

**'Because of my time at Pathshala, I learnt to see and think differently.'**

**Abir Abdullah, ex-student, Mother Jones Award winner**

over projects not working out, chatter about the next big camera, impromptu singalongs, and many, many cups of tea under the campus mango tree.

As a student, then a tutor, and now a well-wisher of Pathshala, my view of whether the school has been successful had its own ups and downs. We former students often

end up discussing this among ourselves. Were we successful as professional photographers? Many of us have won international accolades, and publish our work around the world. Did we change photography as it was practised? Did our photography change the world? It certainly helped the world to see Bangladesh differently. With time that will force its own changes.

# Lifecycle: with few exits

[Clockwise from right]  
Residents of Old Dhaka, who live in buildings in dangerous states of disrepair, often cling to their homes out of poverty, or fear of homelessness. A child being lifted from the rubble of a collapsed building bears the brunt of poverty, exploitation and corruption.

While teaching photography in Nepal for a year, Shehab Uddin befriended many of the inmates of an old people's home in Pashupati Bridhashram. Dipa Thapa, 75, has two pet cats in the shelter. They are her only friends.

In the absence of writing paper, children in a rural school write with quills on dried palm fronds. It is said that the practice, where the leaves would tear if straight lines were drawn, resulted in the curved writing style of the handwritten Devnagiri script.



ABIR ABDULLAH



SHEHAB UDDIN



ABDUL HAMID KOTWAL



NAYMUZZAMAN PRINCE

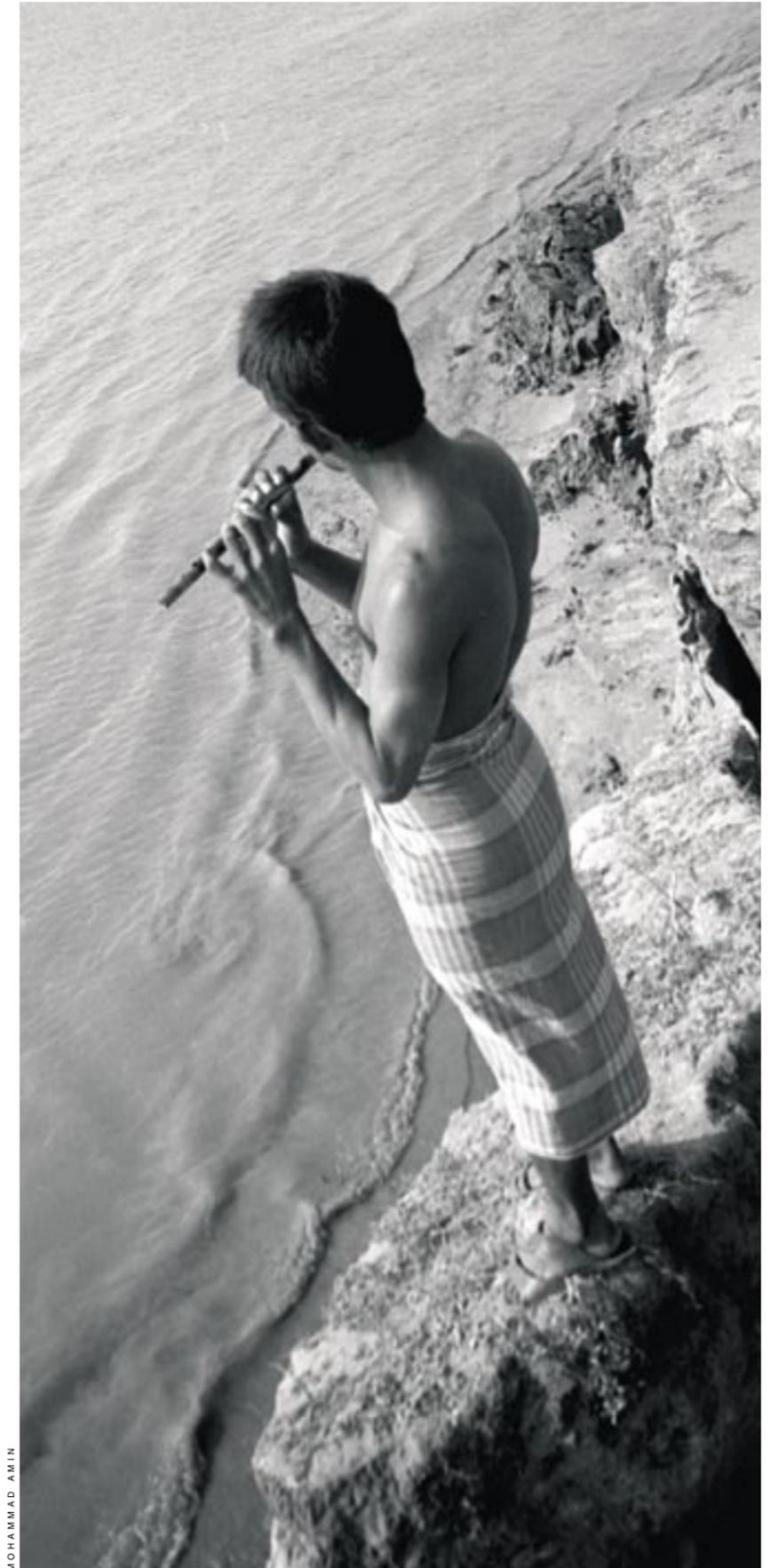
## Coping with pain

[Clockwise from right]  
The sheer abandon of the flutist takes on a different meaning, when one realizes he is standing on the edge of a raging river. With global warming becoming a major threat to Bangladesh, erosion by the river and rising sea levels will make millions homeless.

With just 400 beds, Hemayetpur is the only mental hospital in Bangladesh, a country of over 150 million people. Mental patients are therefore often treated by local doctors, many of whom practice methods they themselves have developed. While recognizing the harshness of chaining a child with illness, photographer Shoeb Faruquee saw that these healers often provide the only medical services that a family might get.

Pulikali – play of the tiger– is a 200-year-old folk art tradition, practised in the Thrissur district of Kerala. The painting lasts almost an entire night. Many paints contain toxic chemicals and create a burning sensation when applied on the newly shaved bodies. Country liquor helps minimize the pain.

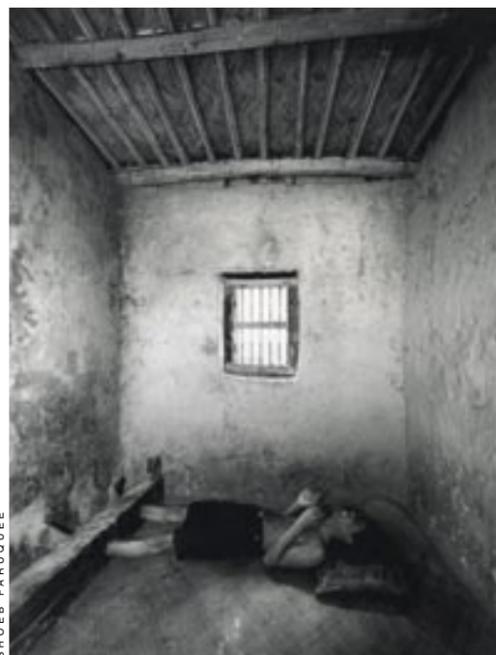
Pathshala student Naymuzzaman Prince has been documenting the lives of children with terminal cancer for many years. The intimacy with which he photographs a mother and her dying child is a trademark of the school's approach to photography.



MOHAMMAD AMIN



SAIBAL DAS



SHOEB FARUQUEE

# Lifestyles: disappearing and aspired

[Clockwise from right]

Women in green paddy fields, and cows, are a common rural scene. The late afternoon light is also common and known in Bangla literature as *kone dekbano alo* 'light to show off the bride in'.

Sher e Khwaja is a religious man who says he has no need of or hankering for money. His home by the Dhanmandi Lake is visited by the country's leading politicians and visiting international dignitaries. His home shows an aspect of Bangladesh rarely revealed.

The Bangladeshi season Shorot is known for its dramatic cloud formations. Sailboats, once common in the country, are rapidly disappearing, or are now powered by petrol engines. Occasionally a shaft of sunlight will pierce through the clouds. The photographer stayed in the fisherman's home for three days to catch this ray of sunshine.

In 1962, when Japan began importing powdered milk, local farmers in Atika could no longer recover the cost of their production. When they symbolically dumped the milk in a public protest, Shinzo Hanabusa was there to tell the story. The publication of this photograph in the major publication *Ewanami Shoten* helped turn things around partially.



MAIN UDDIN



SHINZO HANABUSA



SHAHIDUL ALAM



SHAHIDUL ALAM

# Action

Contacts and websites for agencies that hold or promote Majority World photography.

## INTERNATIONAL

Drik related sites:  
[www.drik.net/](http://www.drik.net/)  
[www.majorityworld.com/](http://www.majorityworld.com/)  
[www.driknews.com/](http://www.driknews.com/)  
[www.pathshala.net/](http://www.pathshala.net/)  
[www.chobimela.org/](http://www.chobimela.org/)

Kijiji Vision exists to reveal, support, develop and promote indigenous photographers from the majority world whilst also making it easier for image buyers and the general public to access their work. [www.kijiji.org](http://www.kijiji.org)

## AFRICA

Afriphoto – [www.afriphoto.com/index.asp?lang=\\_en](http://www.afriphoto.com/index.asp?lang=_en)

## ASIA/PACIFIC

**India:** India Picture – [www.indiapicture.in/](http://www.indiapicture.in/)  
Photo ink – [www.photoink.net/](http://www.photoink.net/)  
**China:** Fotoe – [www.fotoe.com/](http://www.fotoe.com/)  
China Foto Press – <http://en.chinafotopress.com/>  
Photomall - Xinhua – [www.photomall.info/eng/index.jsp?locale=eng](http://www.photomall.info/eng/index.jsp?locale=eng)  
**Afghanistan:** Aina – [www.ainaworld.org/](http://www.ainaworld.org/)  
**Nepal:** Photo Circle Blog – [nepalphotography.org/](http://nepalphotography.org/)  
**Bhutan:** VAST – [www.vast-bhutan.org/](http://www.vast-bhutan.org/)  
**Philippines:** Konrad Adenauer Center for Journalism, Manila – <http://cfj.ateneo.edu/>

## LATIN AMERICA

Zone Zero – [www.zonezero.com](http://www.zonezero.com)

Hill people in the Chittagong Hill Tracts have faced persecution by the military. Events like the water festival may soon disappear. As the men circle the ring around the water trough, the women throw water at the ones they would like to marry.



RASHID TALUKDER