

How Do We Represent Africa?



Phone Charging in Kampala

Jonathan McNeil

This typical city scene depicts the vibrant commercial activities common throughout the continent of Africa. This picture of a man charging his cell phone also shows the innovative nature of African commerce in this busy market place.



Sunset at Gauteng

David Edwards

This peaceful sunset scene is a moment of respite in the busy Gauteng province in South Africa. The borders of this province encompass some of the poorest and richest human experiences of the continent, though the economic disparities of Soweto, Johannesburg, and Sandburg are not seen here.



Untitled
Anna Potter

The fishing boats in the coastal areas of Ghana are made through a traditional labor-intensive process, and yet in the construction of some, a platform to hold a motor is included. Here, there are women selling oranges and men wearing button-up shirts in the context of sweat, sand, and a past of slavery (I took this photograph from the balcony of Cape Coast Castle, a former slave-holding area). Africa is a continent of diversity through detail, and Ghana's culture has detail bursting from every pore.



This photo was taken at Christel House, a school for financially and socially disadvantaged children in Cape Town. This sign lists the “core values” of the school, which both students and families must pledge in order to receive the full scholarship of tuition, meals, uniform, and transportation to and from school. Through these values, the administrators and teachers at Christel House try to break the cycle of poverty by instilling the students with the education needed to be self-sufficient, contributing members of society. This photograph spoke to me of South African hope for future generations as well as the vibrancy and diversity of the African continent.

Core Values
Veronica M. Lett



One Good Chance
Chase Foster

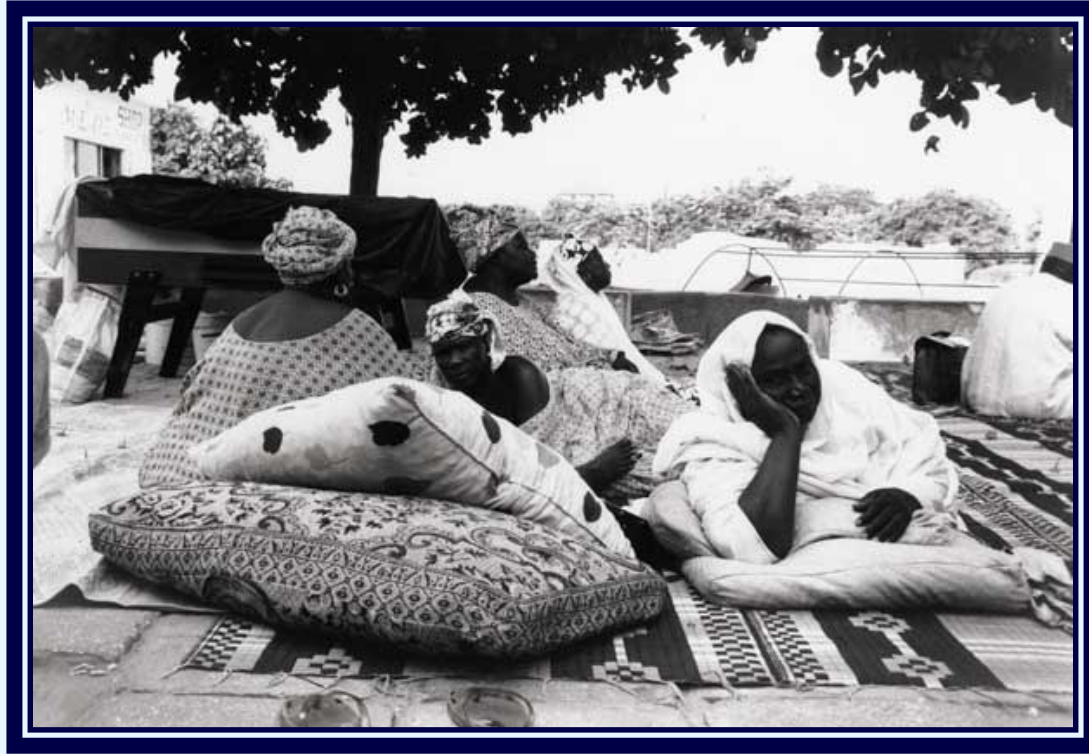
Johnny is pictured here in Ethiopia's Omo Valley. He works as an auto mechanic in Addis Ababa, but his dream is to become an internationally-known artist. Johnny feels he must leave Ethiopia to have what he calls, his "one good chance," and is trying to move to either Dubai, where many friends have gone, or the U.S., where his mother lives. For Johnny, and millions of other African urban-dwellers who straddle the tensions of a globalized capitalist modernity that finds little space to include them at home, it is only in the imagined world of abroad that their "chance" can be fulfilled.



Women carrying baskets of nsimah (corn)

Leah Hawkins

The women in this photo embody strong African women. These Malawian mothers not only care for their children and their relatives' children, but they also volunteer for a Non-Governmental Organization that helps feed the village's orphans. These women perform back-breaking labor five times a week by cooking in a pot of boiling corn meal (nsimah) in front of unsteady fires to ensure that the AIDS orphans of their village, the most vulnerable children of Africa, are fed. It is women like those in this photo who carry the entire continent of Africa on their backs.



Ramadan Respite
E. Keats Webb

Seeking respite from the intense Dakar sun, the women of the Sané family lounge under the trees in front of their urban home during Ramadan, drained by the month of fasting from dawn to dusk. The image depicts the intricate interweaving of the two main influences of Senegalese culture: African and Islamic traditions. The rich African culture is illustrated through the vibrant fabric designs and close family ties, which the reverence represented through the act of fasting (one of the five tenets of Islam) portrays the Islamic influence on everyday life. An intricate mélange of African, French and Islamic culture creates an example of the vibrancy and complexity of Senegalese life.



Facing the Future
Nathan Clendenin

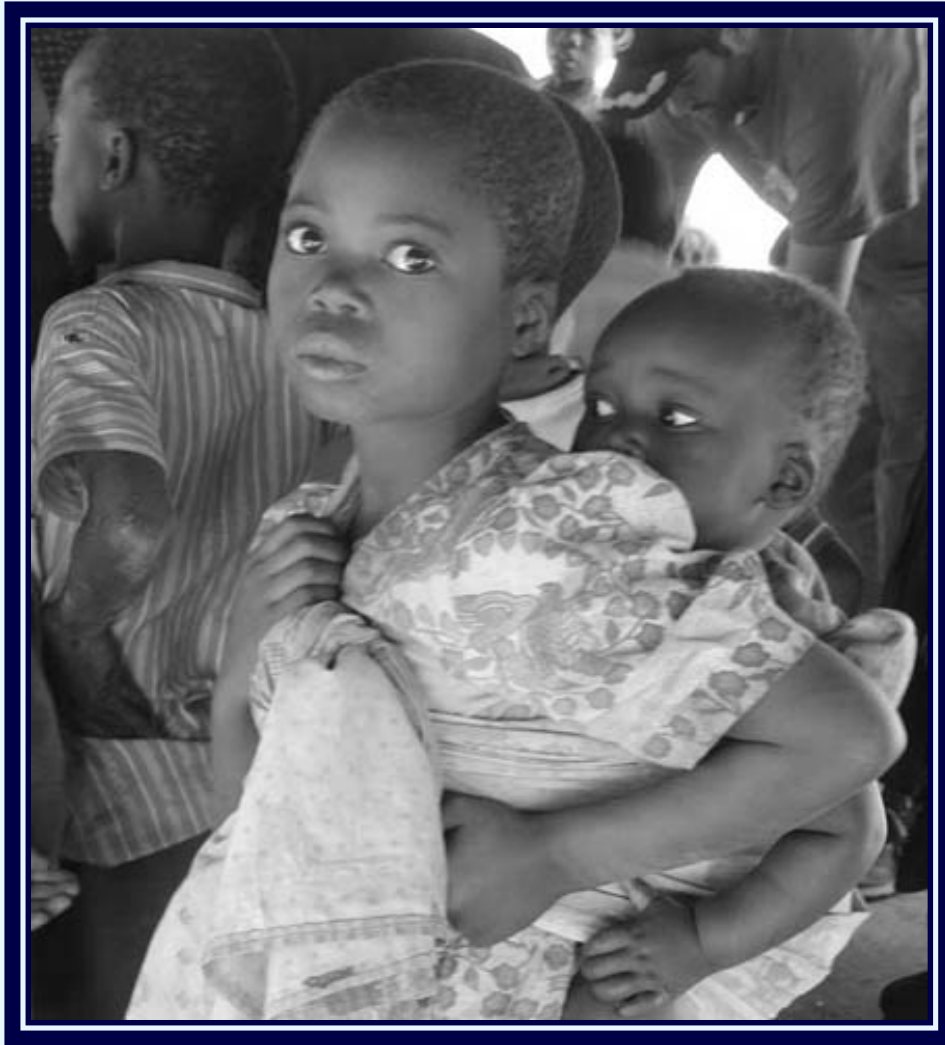
This photo was taken in the South Africa township of Mamelodi. While researching for my master's thesis about how poverty and faith relate to the AIDS pandemic there, I stumbled upon a house where almost 15 orphans were living with their one uncle. These children, from two sets of parents who unofficially died of AIDS, were so beautiful and innocent as I spent time with them. Instead of imitating the many pictures of children suffering, I tried to show a child full of youth and innocence, allowing the viewer to catch a glimpse of hope.



This is a picture of two Masai men who led me through the wilderness of Kenya and Uganda to a small village at the base of the Rift Valley where I spent some time carrying out community service. It was simultaneously humbling and a privilege to gain an element of understanding as to how they lead their lives. I felt they were true to their roots, living in and respecting the hostile environment in which they live. For me they became just one small example of the diversity that exists in Africa.

Pointing Forward, Pointing Backwards

Lott Tulloch



This photo was taken in rural Malawi while I was working with World Camp, teaching HIV/AIDS prevention in primary schools during the summer of 2005. This eight-year-old girl assumed the parental role for her baby sister as her parents were full-time farmers. The little girl's enchanting eyes reflect that she is wise and experienced beyond her years.

Malawian Girls with Baby Sister
Meera Shah



Guinness and an Okada
Sascha Bollag

This photo was taken on Victoria Island, Lagos. The woman with her two children riding on an *okada* (motorbike taxi) and the other man on a motorbike with a box of something were moving along the road in front of the beach. This picture speaks to both the vibrancy and complexity of Africa, and Nigeria in particular, in the big, commercial advertisement for Guinness juxtaposed with the water jugs and the woman carrying her baby in the traditional way. It also shows vibrancy in the *four* people on one motorbike.



Like Mother, Like Son
Stacey Craig

This is a photo of one of my homestay mothers with her youngest child sitting in the courtyard of their home in Bamako, Mali. I chose it because this perspective of the African mother and child is rarely seen in the United States. My memories of my little brother are of him running headlong at life, laughing loud and full and free. He is one of the most intelligent, energetic, happy and beautiful people I have ever met; he is powerful, and his personality just pours out of him. Knowing who he came from, it makes sense. Like mother, like son.



Dr. David Abdulai with Patient
David Swanson

Although he grew up a beggar, Dr. Abdulai became a surgeon and a District Health Director. In 1991 he resigned from government work, however, when foreign lenders required Ghana to introduce user fees in the public health care system. Dr. Abdulai set up a table beneath a mango tree at the edge of town, offering his services for free. Fourteen years later, his organization consists of two clinics with substantial infrastructure, still free of charge. Dr. Abdulai's understanding of the circumstances that lead a patient to require his services is always evident; an essential part of what his clinics provide is love.



On the Beach
Paul North

This photo was taken at Salima Bay, Lake Malawi. Every year, World Camp for Kids, headed by UNC alumnus Baker Henson, takes a field trip to the beach with the street kids from the Chisomo Children's Club, a shelter in downtown Lilongwe. At the beach, the children are given the opportunity to escape the relentless and unforgiving grind of city life; they swim, play games, and eat fish under the afternoon sun. This picture shows Chipelero, aka "Chippy," a leader among the street children, contemplating the waters of Lake Malawi.



The Family Mousa Nikiema

Padmaja Patnaik

My impression of Africa is influenced by all that I have read and experienced as an adult, but my core perceptions are rooted in the first twelve years of my life in Burkina Faso. One of the foremost impressions is the extraordinary warmth and unparalleled humility of the Burkinabe, exemplified by the family of Mousa Nikiema.



Reunion with Mousa Nikiema

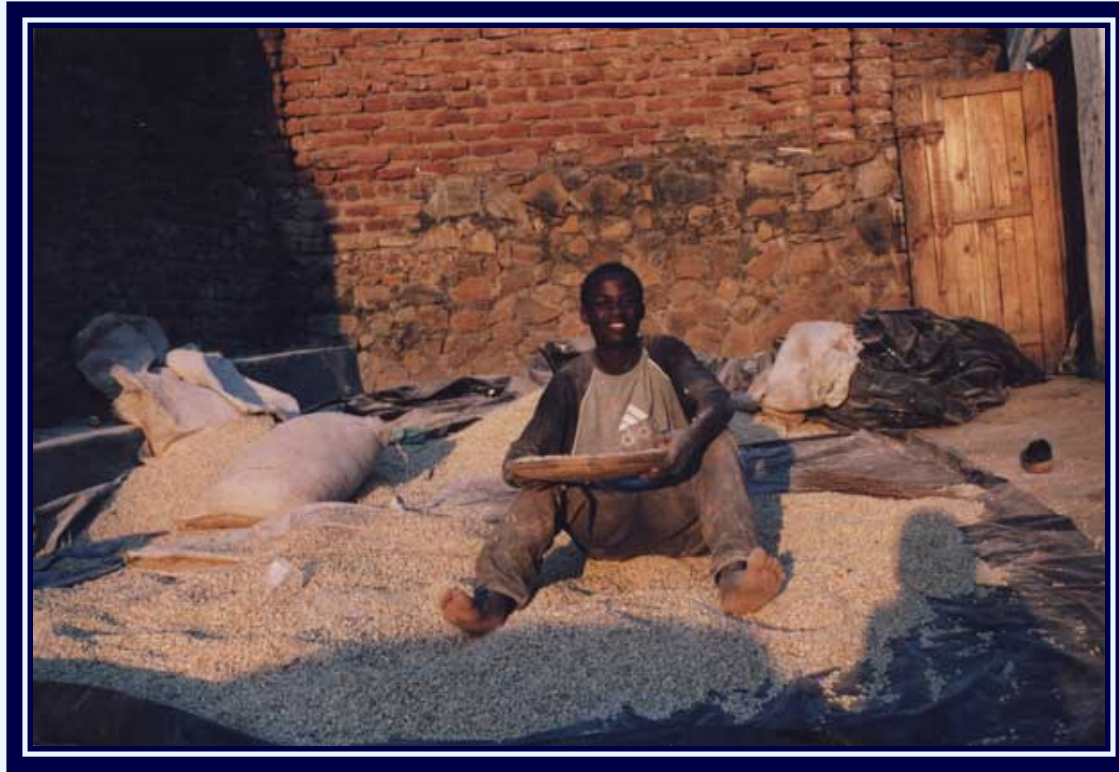
Padmaja Patnaik

Mousa Nikiema was our family's security guard during my childhood in Ouagadougou. Even in my earliest memory, he stood out as one of the kindest, most mild-mannered and caring, humble people I had ever known. From him, I first learned the meaning of gratitude. When I left Burkina, I didn't know if I would ever return, let alone see Mousa again. Fifteen years later, I returned for work, and was determined to find him, desperately hoping he was still alive. With help, I found my way to find Mousa's home. It was a joyous, emotional reunion that left us both speechless in our mutual elation and disbelief.



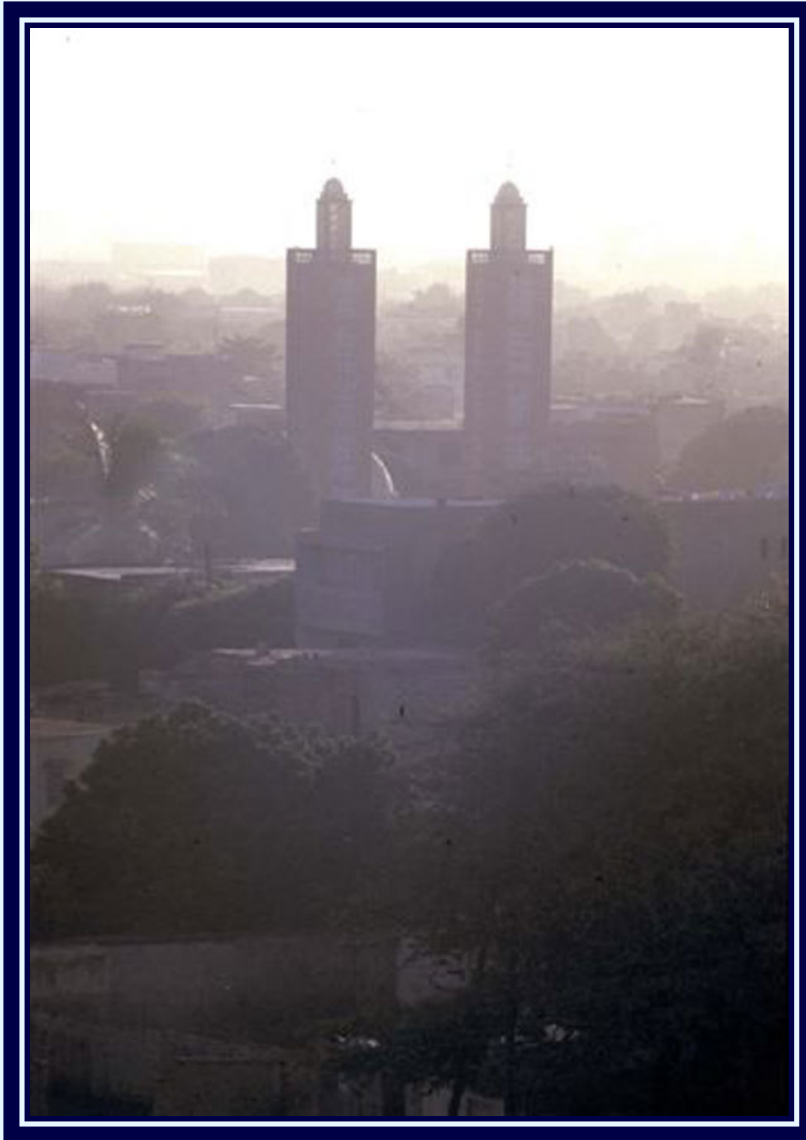
The St. Michael's Primary School End-of-Year and Christmas celebration had been in full swing for most of the morning. Children, their parents and invited guests, had enjoyed songs, remarks of teachers and parents, and a nativity pageant the children had presented. By now, the younger children were running around, some dancing to the loud rhythms pounding over the p.a. system, while they waited for sandwiches and other treats to be served. Amidst the bedlam, this young woman's composure and concentration invite reflection on her and her world. Relaxed yet focused, she suggested to me that she is ready for anything.

Eyes that See Clearly
Roberta Ann Dunbar



Mr. Geoffrey
Patricia Longoria

In this photograph, Geoffrey, a young man of fifteen, coats the corn his family has collected with preservative. He had been doing this all day, and as he sat down to take a break, he laughed to see me taking his picture. He is at his home in Chilone, Malawi. I loved the colors in this photograph and the expression on Geoffrey's face. The contrast of the Adidas shirt with this traditional Malawian task also makes the photograph interesting.



Twin Towers in Dakar
Michael Lambert

I took this photograph in 1990 from the rooftop of my apartment building in Senegal. I was looking west to the city at sunset. It reminds me of the pervasiveness and peacefulness of Islam in Senegal. The mosque echoes the twin towers of the World Trade Center, which is appropriate. There was no contradiction in the deep Islamic faith of the people of Senegal and the outpouring of sympathy they displayed for the United States in the immediate aftermath of September 11 terrorist attacks.



Boy Walking Home from Work

Ali Tharington

Like many other Americans, before I went to Rwanda last summer, all I knew about the country was the genocide. However, as I spent time that summer working with nurses, taking local buses, and spending time in the markets, the small nation began to feel “real” to me. It became less about the horrors of war and more about people who, just like us, are trying to make it through life. I took this picture after a long, dusty drive to Nyamata Church where, in 1994, as many as thirty thousand people were slaughtered in five days. After viewing the remains of countless people, it was this boy, walking home after work in the fields, who caught my eye and reminded me that even here, life continues.



School in Hobeni

Anna MacDonald

This financially stressed school, in the Hobeni village of the Eastern Cape, is attended mainly by local girls (studying environmental science in this classroom). More than half the students are AIDS orphans living with extended family. The headmistress of the school recently instituted a breakfast program, providing each student with a piece of bread and a cup of orange juice daily, often the only meal they will eat besides dinner. She said that the students' concentration had since improved, but now the school does not have enough money for general upkeep of the building.



Community Gathering
Jonathan Pourzal

This photo was taken during a community meeting/gathering in the Kakira region of the Jinja District in southern Uganda. This community is made up mostly of people of the Acholi tribe who migrated south to escape the war in the North. The young girls dancing are from a cultural group in the community, and the men in the background are playing music for them to dance to. I chose this photo because it represents for me the notion that even in disenfranchised communities made up of people displaced by war, people hold family and community with the highest regard and help their neighbors and friends.



Self Reflection through the Eyes of Children
Sonak Pastakia

“The Expatriate”

by David Gill; Kenyan poet

Here I sit with every mortal gadget around
me.

Klemperer conducts from his narrow groove
And Brahms breaks like a sea against the
windows-

an imposing European noise.

Or, if I wish, the radio with its sorcery of
wires and vales

will fill this room with tongues and tragedy.

Or when a glinting bird alights in view of
these tall windows,

I snatch my violet-tinted, smooth-adjusting
binoculars to see more definitely.

These things, my adjuncts, live with me,
belong these Siebensachen

like Jupiter’s old moons to Jupiter- and yet
I’m only conscious of their modern presence

when

that boy appears

that small black boy that stands
so shyly at the window looking in

through sad soft eyes

like two dark holes

in a forest wall.