WHEN THE ELEPHANTS CAME TO OUR VILLAGE

a tale of resettlement

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Photo on back cover: Salia, January 2009

Hidden costs of conservation

INTRODUCTION

Nature conservation and the preservation of biodiversity are of great importance to many citizens of Europe and the United States. Specifically with respect to Africa, the exotic nature of the African wildlife and landscape has caught the hearts and imaginations of many, but few realize that local people are often negatively affected by conservation initiatives. Beautiful pictures of elephants and sunsets over the savannah can be easily found on websites, glossy magazines and television, but the perspective of the people whose lives are most directly impacted by conservation initiatives remains hidden. Through pictures, this book gives voice to people who were resettled from their homes in an area that was turned into a national park, to a location outside the park's borders. Using three rounds of pictures taken with disposable cameras, the resettled residents documented their experiences, before, during and after resettlement. The aim of this book is to share the challenges, complexities and ambiguities of the lived experience of resettlement. Through this experience, you are invited to question what 'development' really looks like.

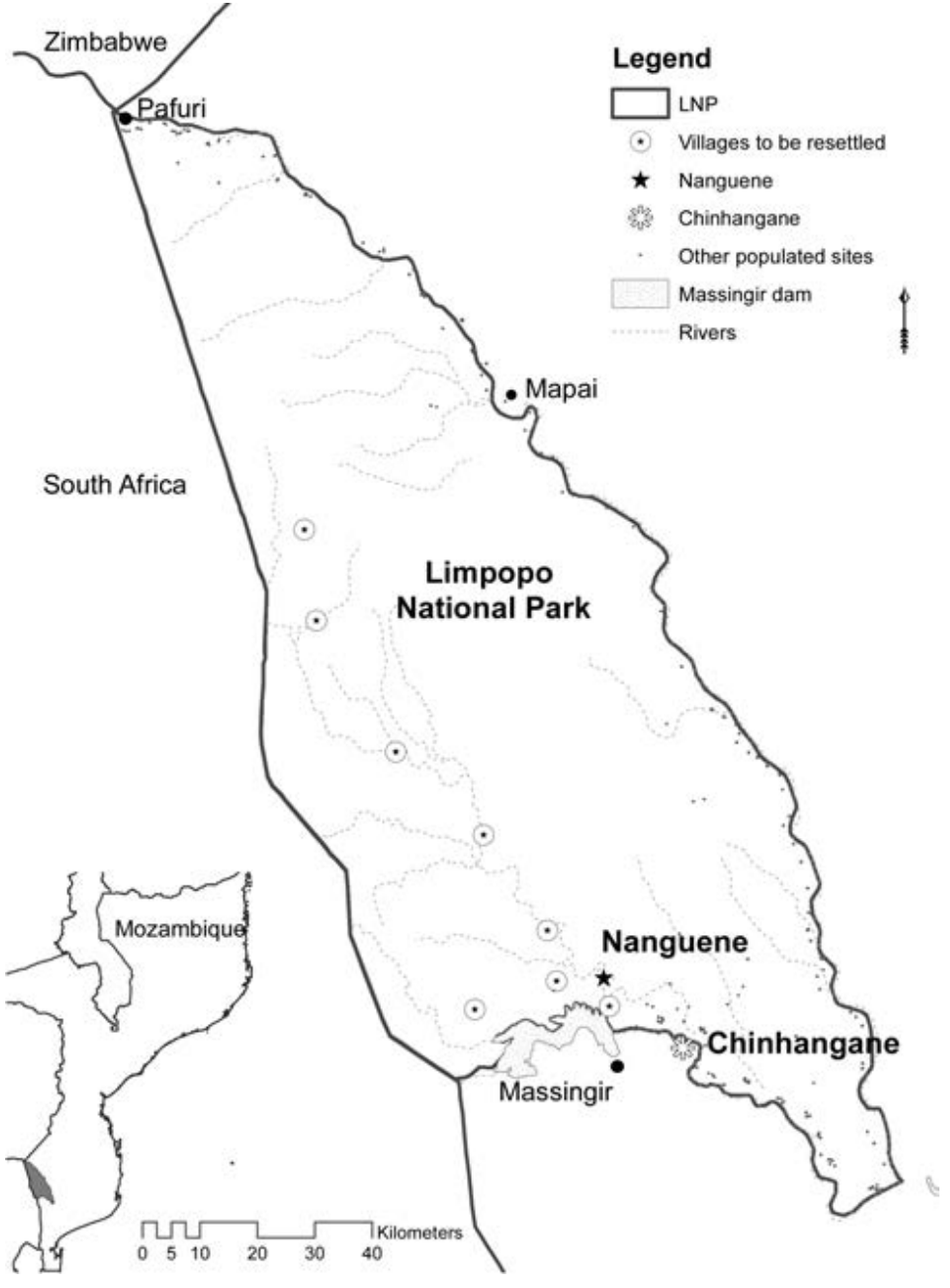
Setting aside land for conservation excludes people from using the resources upon which they have traditionally depended for productive and cultural activities. Agriculture and livestock herding, for example, provide important sources of food and income for rural dwellers across the African continent. These activities are generally restricted when conservation areas are established or regulations in existing conservation areas are enforced, causing more people to depend on fewer resources concentrated on less land outside the park's boundaries. This, in turn, can lead to increased hunger, poverty and vulnerability of local people, as well as environmental degradation outside of the conservation areas.

Paradoxically, conservation is often portrayed as a path to development. Many conservation and development organizations argue that the establishment of conservation areas can bring economic growth through tourism. Who benefits from profits made from tourism and who bears the burden of changes in land use, however, is not always carefully considered. This becomes especially clear in the case of resettlement. To further both conservation and tourism efforts in a conservation area, it is sometimes deemed necessary to remove the people living there. Resettlement, however, is extremely difficult to carry out and tends to lead to the impoverishment of the affected people, although this may be hard to see at first glance, because of tangible improvements such as houses or schools. It is argued that resettlement can be an opportunity for development by providing infrastructure and services that were not available in the pre-resettlement location. Infrastructure and services, however, can never replace the precarious mix of resources and activities needed to sustain livelihoods, especially in rural areas characterized by harsh agro-ecological conditions. People's resilience, their capacity to carve out a livelihood in the marginal environment in which they live, is easily disrupted when its logic is not understood from within. Resettlement begs for an understanding of and respect for this location-specific and culturally sensitive logic.

This book of photographs aims to bring this logic to life from the perspective of the residents. It shows some of the underlying trade-offs at the interface of conservation and local livelihoods for you to judge for yourself where to place development in this equation.

RESETTLEMENT IN THE LIMPOPO NATIONAL PARK

In November 2008 the village of Nanguene was the first village to be resettled from the Limpopo National Park (LNP), in southern Mozambique (see map). The


Zimbabwe
Pafuri
Legend
LNP
Villages to be resettled
Nanguene
Chinhangane
Other populated sites
Massingir dam
Rivers
Mapai
South Africa
Limpopo
National Park
Mozambique
Nanguene
Chinhangane
Massingir
Kilometers
0 5 10 20 30 40

LNP was established in 2001 as a step towards the establishment of the Great Limpopo Transfrontier Park that covers 35 000 km^2, an area approximately the size of the Netherlands. The transfrontier park straddles the Kruger National Park in South Africa, Gonarezhou Park in Zimbabwe and the Limpopo, Bahnine and Zinhave National Parks in Mozambique and has been envisioned as a way to jointly manage natural resources across political borders. It was also promoted as a vehicle for regional peace and stability, biodiversity conservation and economic development. Since the establishment of the LNP, however, the livelihoods of residents of the area have been jeopardized by the encroachment of wild animals that eat their crops and limit their mobility, as well as by the restrictive regulations about the use of natural resources. The resettlement of 7000 people has been planned, but until now only one village, the village of Nanguene, has been resettled to the host village of Chinhangane, as part of a pilot project for resettlement. Nanguene is a small village consisting of 18 nuclear families, approximately 70 people.

The photographs in this book were taken by men and women of the village of Nanguene in 2008, 2009 and 2010 as part of a larger research endeavor that studied the unfolding process of resettlement in the LNP from 2006 to 2010 (Milgroom, 2012). The method, called photovoice, allows people to record and reflect on critical issues in their lives by taking their own photographs (Wang and Burris, 1997). In the context of this research, the photographs were used as a tool for discussion with the resettling residents.

In the following section of this book I take the liberty to tell the story of resettlement from the point of view of a resettled resident. While I, the researcher, selected the photographs and wrote the stories, the compilation is anchored in 40 months of ethnographic research in the village of Nanguene before resettlement, during the move, and in the host village of Chinhangane. I draw on interviews, which I conducted regularly throughout the resettlement process with each of the adult residents of the village, and my own observations, as well as those of the residents themselves, the latter collected in the form of quotes that describe the photographs taken. Whenever possible people's spoken words recorded in interviews are incorporated into the text, and quotes explaining specific photographs are displayed in their original form. First names are used with the permission of the photographers. I selected a handful of photographs out of hundreds based on the stories they tell, but also for their aesthetic qualities. I hope you enjoy them.

RESETTLING

Thick smoke from the cooking fires wafts out from between the loosely fit together, skinny logs that make the walls of the kitchen, a room under the elevated granary. The smells of the smoke and of the lightly dung-scented dust are the same as before. The rhythmic, musical sound of women grinding maize in large ceramic bowls dug into the ground, interspersed with regular, dry beats of maize being pounded in another corner of the village is the same as the day I was born. Children sing and play as always, the animals wake up at the same hour with the sun, but we are not where we were before.

I took this picture because I wanted to show how it is to start in a new place.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Alisão, April 2010

THE HOUSES ARE NICE, BUT WE CAN'T EAT THEM

When the cars first appeared in our village to tell us that they were going to make a park on our land, we realized that they had talked to the elephants first before talking to us. It would have been better to talk first to the people and then kick out the animals. They told us we had to move to another place, but then we heard that elephants had also gone to that village. They told us that resettlement would bring development. We know Kruger Park. We have to cross it to get to South Africa from here. They have plans to make things even prettier here than those places in Kruger park. It would show the development of Mozambique if we had things nicer than in South Africa.

We call Kruger, 'Skukuza', which means 'sweep clean' in our language. We know some people who were there when they made Skukuza. There, people lost everything when the park was made! They were not given any help at all. They lost even their cattle. If we give up our land for the tourists and then don't have anything, it wouldn't be development.

They told us that after being moved to another place outside the new park, we would be better off than in Nanguene. Now we have these nice, brick houses, but we can't eat them. We are hungry and the houses don't help us with that. When something breaks in the house we won't have enough money to fix it. They will just fall apart with time. Still I am happy to have slept in one of these houses before I die. I never thought I would have a house like this.

The mother of this child was in another village looking for food. I was taking care of him myself.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Daniel, May 2010

The houses are nice, but we can't eat them. We will starve here.

—PHOTO: Amelia, February 2009; QUOTE: Emelina, May 2010

NOT ENOUGH TREES FOR US

In Chinhangane there weren't enough trees to rebuild our houses. This is because people are making charcoal with the wood. Even firewood is hard to find. The park gave us one brick house for each family, but each of our homesteads is made up of many houses, one for each wife, for our children and for our ancestors. Then also we each need a granary, a kitchen and corral for our animals. When we were still in Nanguene they told us to cut down all the trees we would need to rebuild our homesteads in Chinhangane. So, for weeks we got up each morning to cut down trees until our arms were tired. The park sent a big truck and we loaded it up with all the posts we had cut and unloaded them again near our new houses. We cut more than 3000 posts just for our small village. It was hard, and when we got there more work awaited us. We had to build our houses and clear the land to open fields. It is not easy to build a granary or a corral. Widows and elderly people in our village had to hire other people to help them build. I wonder where we will get material for construction when the posts we brought from Nanguene have worn out.

These are the posts that I cut down for our family, in my homestead in Nanguene.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Simone, October 2009 FOLLOWING PAGE, LEFT

We were loading posts from Domingo's house onto the truck.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Carlota, November 2009 FOLLOWING PAGE, RIGHT

We had just arrived in our new house. We had already started cutting small trees and clearing the plot.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Simone, October 2009

MAIZE ...OUR LIFELINE

The way we live here, it is necessary to feel around to find our way. Whether it rains or not, we have to plant. It is like in the river—you have to put your hand in to see what you can find. When it rains we can produce plenty of maize, so much that we don't have anywhere to put it. We can eat and get strength from that maize every day for two years and even have some to sell to buy clothing. But we don't know when or where it will rain so we have to plant as much as we can to make sure we get some harvest. We plant every day that it rains and every day after each rainfall as long as the soil is still moist enough for the seeds to germinate. Most of the time the plants die from heat before they produce anything. Sometimes, however, it rains on one field but not another. Sometimes what we planted on a Tuesday dies and what we planted on a Friday survives because of a small shower. This is why we need large areas to plant on and we need cattle to plow our fields—otherwise we would never be able to plant a big enough area. If you don't have cattle you can ask someone; you work on their field and their cattle work in your field.

Before we were resettled we had between 4 and 15 hectares of land to plant on per household. In our new location the park gave us 1 hectare per nuclear family—we were supposed to find the other fields that we would need, but many of us have not been able to get access to enough land to plant on. Some of us have borrowed fields, cleared the forest off them, planted on them and have had to give them back to the owners after only one season. Some have not managed to get any fields at all. Some of us have found permanent fields, but mostly those with family in Chinhangane. If you don't have family in Chinhangane no one will give you fields. There is a lot of land in Chinhangane, but they said that they didn't resettle us, the park did, so the park should give us land. They say that the park gave us nice houses and not to them, and that they've given us enough land already.

We arrived here in the second month of the rainy season. In Nanguene we would have already been eating pumpkin leaves and selling them too. The fields the park promised us were not ready yet and the rains came before we had time to find enough land to plant. We only ate maize for a few months after harvest, and we would have to wait another three or four years for good rains to come again.

I took this picture to show the maize suffering from the heat.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Arleta, March 2008

I weed in their fields and their cows plow my land.

—PHOTO: Jon, April 2010; QUOTE: Beatrice, May 2008

In this picture we hadn't even finished building our granaries. We only ate maize for a few months from that rain. In Nanguene we would have filled our granaries.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Simone, March 2009

WATER, SWEET AND SALTY

We used to get water from the river bed. We would dig holes in the sand until we reached the water running under the ground. That water tasted so sweet and pure. There were never any lines to wait in to get water like the ones at the pump in Chinhangane. The park said that we would get our own faucet near to our houses powered by solar panels and this would be an improvement over getting water from the river. We like these faucets very much because we don't have to walk far to get water, but the water is salty! We can't use it for cooking or drinking, not even for washing our clothes. The river is too far away to go everyday so we have to go to the pump in the center of Chinhangane to get sweet water, which is closer than the river but still further away than the river was in Nanguene. At the pump our women can't leave their jugs to mark their place in line like the women from Chinhangane do because our jugs have been stolen and punctured.

We wonder if the pump is better because we have to pay for water now; in Nanguene it was free. The pump can break or the solar panels can be stolen—they had to fix the tubes many times before the water ever came out because people from Chinhangane kept cutting the tubes and putting stones in the borehole. The water under the riverbed never ran dry.

In Nanguene there is no lack of water. You don't have to wait to get water, you just get it and you go home.
In Nanguene the pump never breaks.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Zaida, April 2008

What makes us suffer here is the water. Sometimes we go there to wait in line and come back without water because it gets full of people…everyone needs water.

—PHOTO: Pedro, May 2010; QUOTE: Amelia, January 2009

We are at the river. I was washing clothes and getting water for the house. I liked this because it was running a lot.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Faileta, May 2010

FISHING FOR FOOD

In Nanguene, we always fished together in groups. Almost all the women from the village would go two or three times a week. We would wade into the water with our nets in pairs and walk slowly to scoop up the fish. During most of the year there were only small pools of water in the riverbed where we could fish, but at least we always had something to eat with our maize porridge! In Chinhangane the river is too full and too fast for us to fish. We miss eating fish very much. Some men in our village fish with boats in the reservoir above the Massingir Dam, but they only do this to sell the fish, not to bring it home to eat.

We were fishing. When we are hungry and don't have anything to eat with our maize porridge we go fishing.

—TOP PHOTO: Beatrice, March 2008;
BOTTOM PHOTO AND QUOTE: Salia, March 2008

Here I was getting out of my boat with fresh fish.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Alisao, October 2009

SEARCHING FOR PASTURE

The cattle in Chinhangane look sick, but it is just hunger– they are so weak they don't even get off the road when a car comes. It looks like they are eating sand, but it is grass. We need cattle to plow our fields, and to sell so we can get money when we have to buy food. In Nanguene when there wasn't enough grass to eat, we could take them to other places where we would leave them to graze for the whole dry season if necessary. In Chinhangane there are no faraway places with grass where we can take our cattle because there are other villages in every direction. And, anyway you can't leave your cattle alone here because there is too much theft. This is why we have to keep our children out of school, or hire a herder so that they can tend to the cattle.

Cows were even stolen from within our village! When we built our corrals in Chinhangane the park told us to build them in the forest outside of our homesteads because that was the modern way. But one night three cows were stolen from the corral that belonged to the leader of Nanguene. He is sure they chose his corral on purpose. They came in, stole two pregnant cows and one bull and killed them on the road leaving blood and the parts of the animals that they didn't need for us to see. After that everyone took their granaries down and rebuilt them next to our houses in the village.

In Nanguene there was good grazing for our animals.

—PHOTO: Simone, March 2008; QUOTE: Amelia, April 2010

I found my livestock eating these spiny flowers because there is no grass for them here to eat.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Faileta May 2010 FOLLOWING PAGE, RIGHT

SCHOOL

Some of our children had to stop studying because they have to tend the livestock, but for the rest, the school in Chinhangane is nicer than the one we had in Nanguene. It is made of cement and has tables and chairs for the children to study at. In Nanguene we only had logs to sit on and no tables. We built the school ourselves and rain came in holes in the roof. There are many teachers in Chinhangane and they even have brick houses to live in with their families. In Nanguene there was only one teacher for all the children. His family never came to stay with him and he was always suffering. He had to walk 4 kilometers from the road carrying his food with him, because he didn't have time to plant maize. But here in our new school in Chinhangane, our children get picked on for being from Nanguene. One is never at home if you don't live in the land where you were born.

Our school in Nanguene.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Simone, October 2008

The school in Chinhangane is good. The children study there fine. It is built out of cement blocks and that is better than our school in Nanguene... but our children suffer in Chinhangane. They get beaten up and receive little food. If they had built a school for us here, it would have been a source of pride for all of us.

—PHOTO: Amelia, January 2009; QUOTE: Simone, May 2010

NEW OPPORTUNITIES

When we moved to Chinhangane some of us used some of our money from the resettlement to purchase goods to sell. One family even bought a kiosk and painted it and now sells things there. Other people got temporary jobs with the park or as wage labourers in other people's fields. These kinds of opportunities did not exist in Nanguene—there was no one to buy our goods from a kiosk and no one to employ us. But even here there is not enough employment for the people already living in Chinhangane—people still have to sell their animals to buy food when it doesn't rain—so there will never be enough for us.

One thing that Chinhangane has that Nanguene did not is the charcoal production. There are teams of people that make charcoal for 'the charcoal bosses', each on their own strip of land. For us, coming in as newcomers from outside, we can only work for others. There is no chance to get your own land to make charcoal. This means that it is a lot of work for little pay. In Chinhangane all they think about is money. They cut down all their trees for money and don't wonder where they will get wood when they need it.

In Chinhangane there are development projects that help people. In Nanguene we didn't get much of this kind of help. There are three agricultural associations that use irrigation, when it is working, so that people can have some food when it doesn't rain. They promised that we would also get land for an association and irrigation equipment, but we haven't yet. Chinhangane refuses to give us a plot next to the river.

The money we got from the park when we resettled and these new opportunities made the differences among families within our village more noticeable. The families in our village who had a lot of land in Nanguene were those who already had enough money and cattle. They got a lot of money for their land, even enough to buy motorcycles—they got fields and jobs and one person even bought a car to start a small transport business but it broke down and he sold it again. These were also the households with family in Chinhangane. Those of us that did not have much land in Nanguene were given much less money and we had fewer animals that we could sell, so we quickly suffered from hunger.

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I took this picture to show that we bought this kiosk just after we were moved and now even my children know how to sell things.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Amelia, November 2009

These are some things we were selling. We wanted a picture of the whole family in front of the house.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Simone, November 2009

This is how we work in the charcoal area. I took this picture because it is what is worked in this land. I am working for someone else here. When I finish he gives me some small money that helps me for a short time.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Daniel, May 2010 FOLLOWING PAGE

One thing that made us accept to be resettled was that they told us they would give us a pump for irrigation. With that promise we decided to agree to leave because then, even if it is a dry year, we can produce something. We still don't know if they will come through on that or not.

—PHOTO: Pedro, May 2010; QUOTE: Domingos, June 2007

MARGINALIZED

Beatrice had been married in another village. She couldn't get along with her husband's second wife so she left his household go join her mother and brother in Nanguene. In only two years she had opened four fields. She worked together with her mother, but lived and cooked independently with her four children. When it came time for the park to count houses they were going to build for us, the leader of Nanguene told the park that one woman had gone to Joni so she shouldn't get a house. An important elder, the husband of that woman who left thought he would get that extra house. He told the park that Beatrice should not be given a house because she should return to her husband. But really it was because Beatrice is part of the leader's family. Tit for tat. Beatrice's mother and brother were resettled and each given a house but Beatrice was left by herself in Nanguene. She could not live alone in the forest and she could also not return to her husband's household, so she moved to another village with her children.

I asked Silvia to take this picture of me in my maize field.

—PHOTO: Silvia, April 2008; QUOTE: Beatrice, April 2008

FRUITS OF EXCLUSION

When I was bitten by a scorpion in Nanguene I knew where the trees were that could cure me. When we were hungry we knew where we could find fruits to fill our bellies. We use many, many kinds of trees and plants to eat, for medicine, for materials, and for firewood, but here the forest has owners and we don't know where the trees are that we can use.

Nkanyu[1] is an important tree for us. We make a drink from the fruits and get together to pay respects to our ancestors. But the nkanyu trees mostly grow on fields. We don't have very many fields here and we cannot harvest fruits from someone else's field. That first year we couldn't even have an adult do the work of making the juice because we had so few fruits. Even the little we had was from a relative's field who called us to collect from his tree. We kept them until they were yellow and taught the children to make the juice. This means that we could not invite our neighbors to drink with us and they did not invite many of us to drink with them. It would have helped us to share in these ceremonies with people from Chinhangane to make friendships stronger, like family, and through these new friends get access to fields for planting.

The seed from the nkanyu fruit also has a nut inside that we save and use to eat with our maize porridge in the dry season when there is nothing else to eat. If we don't harvest nkanyu, we also don't have this nut to eat when we are hungry.

This person is collecting nkanyu. It helps us to fill our bellies to drink.
Without these kinds of things it is hard to survive. Like the maize that doesn't get rain.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Daniel, May 2010

A nkanyu drinking party in Chinhangane

PHOTO: Pedro, May 2010

We use this seed to make sauce for our maize porridge.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Zaida, March 2008

We didn't find these nkanyu fruits in Chinhangane. We found them in Massingir. In Nanguene we knew where we could get fruits to eat in the forest. Nkanyu doesn't give you strength...but there [Nanguene] we could have found fruits to fill our bellies.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Simone, May 2010

HUNGER

The rainy season a year after we were resettled wasn't very good. The money they gave us for our land lost in Nanguene was already gone. Some of us had had cattle stolen or had already sold animals to buy food and couldn't sell any more. While many people in Chinhangane still had some maize from the previous year and others managed to produce something from the last rains, we were hungry. In Nanguene we knew of trees that would help us when we were hungry, like the xikutsu[2] tree that has a root that you can make tea from and it makes you feel full, or the nthlaru[3] tree that has lots of fruits—we only eat them when we are really hungry because you have to cook them with the skin of a cow.

An nkuwa[4] tree. We eat the fruits of this tree. In Chinhangane, this is the only wild fruit we can find.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Simone, May 2010

My mother was selecting seed from our last bit of maize. Most of it was already eaten by insects.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Silieta, May 2010

People in Chinhangane eating fresh maize and drinking nkanyu.

—PHOTO: Pedro, May 2010

We were eating goxi[5], just to be able to sleep that night. We didn't have any maize left.

—PHOTO AND QUOTE: Simone, May 2010

RE-RESETTLING

We hope that next year will be better, but we cannot sit with our arms crossed and wait. Some of us, those of us with no family in Chinhangane have left already to look for land back inside the park. Others have sold their houses and moved to South Africa. The rest of the people in the park are suffering from elephants but it won't be easy to resettle them. They will refuse because they see that we have no fields. Maybe with time our children will have a better life here than with the elephants in Nanguene, but we will see.

This elderly woman is heading to her new fields back inside the park
with a bag of maize on her head and a water jug slung across her shoulder.

—PHOTO: J Milgroom, March 2010

The paradox of development

Four months after being resettled half of the resettled village went looking for fields back inside the park. They paid for access to land, delineated fields for each person and began to clear them for planting. Many of them returned to Chinhangane, but the effort they made to re-establish themselves back inside the park after being resettled outside reflects their frustrations and disappointment with their new lives. After abandoning his new plot back inside the park the original leader of Nanguene sold his resettlement house and left to try his luck in South Africa with his family.

Research shows that resettlement entails a period of transition that can last into the second generation. This book cannot draw any conclusions about the success of the resettlement initiative because the research upon which it is based was completed only 18 months after resettlement. However, it does provide a picture of the lived experience of resettlement and insight into the logic underlying the livelihoods of these people. But the question remains, what does development look like?

The story presented through these photographs highlights the complexity of the answer to that question. The houses are nice, but you cannot eat a house. Compensation for resettlement focused on the visually rewarding elements—the house and the water tap, rather than the important productive resources, such as land, grazing and forest. People depend on a range of activities, including foraging for their livelihoods, and maize is one of the most important sources of food. In the challenging agro-ecosystem of the region, given the erratic nature of the rainfall, to produce enough maize, large areas of land spread across the landscape are needed. Resettled residents were provided with insufficient land and struggled to get access to the fields they needed.

The water taps, although close to the houses, had salty water. To get sweet water residents had to wait in long lines. Unexpectedly, getting water from the riverbed in Nanguene was more time efficient, the water was of better quality and it was more reliable because the ground water never ran dry. In a similar sense, ironically, the fast running river near Chinhangane provided less fish than the stagnant pools of the intermittent river the women from Nanguene were used to. The school was better in Chinhangane but due to cattle theft in the area fewer children could study because they had to look after the livestock.

The most vital resources for food security and household autonomy were, paradoxically, the most difficult to access. While the grazing, forest and agricultural resources fell short of meeting the livelihood needs of the resettled residents, the post-resettlement location did offer new income generating opportunities, such as the possibility to sell things in a kiosk, to work for others, and to benefit from development projects, including irrigation infrastructure. However, while these opportunities provide additional sources of income, they were unevenly spread amongst the families and, moreover, they were insufficient to make up for the lack of fields. Divisions within the village of Nanguene emerged as the well-off households and those with family in Chinhangane thrived while less well-off, well-connected households suffered a much grimmer fate. Implicit in this story is the competition, envy and exclusion tied up in the social dynamics among host villagers and resettled newcomers, especially the clear marking of boundaries around the autonomy and authority of kinship groups. This exclusion was one of the reasons that resettled residents could not rely on the tenuous combination of resources traditionally used to get through times of scarcity. The idea underlying resettlement implementation decisions that, in a resource-scarce environment, inclusive agreements would be made among host and resettled residents proved to be unrealistic.

In conclusion, the lived experience of resettlement is, by any measure, an intense and arduous one. Despite promises of development, far from reaping the benefits of conservation, both resettled and host village residents have felt the burden

of the establishment of the park, starting when the elephants first came to their villages. While nature conservation initiatives are undoubtedly important for the preservation of global biodiversity, the negative social impacts of these initiatives often go unnoticed. The household resilience and self-sufficiency that is threatened when the resources on which people depend for their livelihoods are claimed for conservation cannot be replaced by nice houses and water taps.

Jessica Milgroom

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1 *Sclerocarya birrea*
2 *Boscia albitrunca*
3 *Cordyla africana*
4 *Ficus sycomorus*
5 *Corchorus olitorius*, an herbaceous plant that grows principally on fields or in meadows

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