

# Contemporary Photography

A collection of the best of new Contemporary  
Photography from the UK and around the world



Issue 94  
October 2024










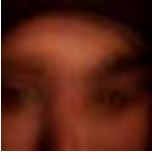
**THE RPS**  
ROYAL  
PHOTOGRAPHIC  
SOCIETY



Front Cover  
The destroyed building of the village council.  
Cherkasy Tyshky  
© Yevheniia Laptii

This page  
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© Rob Kershaw ARPS

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# Contemporary Photography

Contemporary Group ethos - Photography that conveys ideas, stimulates thought and encourages interpretation; photographs 'about' rather than 'of'.

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Deadline for the May 2025 issue is 1 April 2025.

# Editorial

Welcome to the first issue of our new-style journal! It will be published less frequently (every six months), but with twice as much content. While this means that we can include more contributors, it also allows us to show a set of images that is better representative of their work.

We are also taking the opportunity to make some additions to how we show the global range of contemporary photography. At one end of the spectrum, we include a brief survey of photography in Morocco, taking advantage of the recent "Rencontres de la Photographie" in Marrakech. At the other end, we include a new regular feature of '*A Story In One Photograph*' – examples of where we can lose ourselves in pondering the significance of the details in a single image.

I don't set out to create a journal with a common theme, but it is surprising how often a theme emerges linking the work of unrelated photography. Here, I can see a common photographic expression of 'identity', whether of place (Colin Templeton, Michael Thomas) or culture (Rob Kershaw). We normally think of identity as evolving naturally, but sometimes it may be combined with or imposed by outside forces: the man-made landscapes of Alice Calliopée, the catastrophes unfolded by Yevheniia Laptii, the prejudices recorded by Ala Buisir, and the cultural expectations depicted by Maki Umaba.

As always, I welcome feedback on the journal, but especially on this new, larger issue, including suggestions for how else we can exploit the space – although I already have some ideas!

Paul Ashley ARPS, Editor

# Contemporary Photography in Morocco

Abdellah Oustad

Contemporary photography in Morocco embodies a vibrant and rapidly expanding dynamic, deeply rooted in a rich and complex history. Introduced later and more cautiously compared to its Maghreb neighbours, Moroccan photography has evolved into a flourishing artistic scene, highlighted by major events such as the "Rencontres de la Photographie" in Marrakech.

These gatherings are far more than mere assemblies of artists; they serve as intercultural dialogue spaces where creators from diverse backgrounds come together to explore the rich cultural diversity of Morocco and beyond, while breaking down geographical and cultural boundaries.

Historically, photography in Morocco was influenced by Orientalism, with European artists like Eugène Delacroix and Henri Matisse, who, fascinated by Morocco, captured its essence through their works. Although often tinged with exotic fascination, these early perspectives paved the way for a deeper exploration of Moroccan culture.

At the turn of the 20th century, photography in Morocco began to experience significant growth, despite challenges posed by cultural and religious reservations towards human representation. Photographers like Gabriel Veyre overcame these obstacles, immortalizing the daily life of Moroccans with an authentic and respectful gaze.

Today, contemporary Moroccan photography is distinguished by its ongoing exploration of Moroccan identity, its traditions, and its sociocultural transformations. Moroccan photographers, blending traditional and contemporary influences, offer a fresh perspective on their country, creating works that resonate both locally and on the international stage.

In essence, contemporary Moroccan photography does not merely reflect Moroccan society; it serves as a platform for dialogue between past and present, between the local and the global. Through it, questions of identity, memory, and culture are explored, all whilst contributing to the recognition and influence of Morocco on the global artistic scene.

*Editor's note: Abdellah Oustad is Director of the "Rencontres de la Photographie de Marrakech"*  
See more of the work of all photographers shown here at: [rencontres-photos.com](http://rencontres-photos.com)



Ali El Madani









Anass Ouaziz



*Fatimazohra Serri*



*Iman Zaoin*



*Ismail Zaidy*



© M'hammed Kilito



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*Mehdi Ait El Mallali*

# 15 Kilometers/274 Days

Yevheniia Laptii

15 kilometers.....

I could walk 15 kilometers to reach Kharkiv, but it took me 5454 kilometers to come back to Ukraine. I went through 5 countries, with Russia among them, to get back to my homeland. I could have walked 15 kilometers before the full-scale invasion.

I was walking down the side street, avoiding the central road with blockhouses. Snow was melting under the sun, small streams were running down the black soil. It was around noon. With the first column that had passed us at 6 am, it was a temporary lull. People had thought that everything was over, but it was an illusion.

When I had almost left the village, I heard a noise coming from the road. Another column was coming. I went to look at it. That time it was the national guard of Russia. There were no Z letters on tanks, only a sign 'Rosgvardia'. The last hope that these were not Russian soldiers had gone, and we sank into despair.

The sound of explosions started to come from a circular road. The fight for Kharkiv had begun. I had nothing left then to come back home to. I would walk 15 kilometers in 4 hours, and I would drive it in 15 minutes, but it was too late.

274 days.....

That's how long I haven't been at home. That's how long I haven't seen my grandparents. The last time we saw each other, a bomb flew into our yard. When I returned home, they did not know that I would come because there is still no communication in that area. Grandma cried for a long time when she saw me... 274 days, 5 countries and 5454 kilometers.

I lived most of my life in Northern Saltivka. I went to kindergarten here, travelled daily to the art academy from Severka, as we called it then. This is a completely autonomous area that had everything for a comfortable life. Previously, Northern Saltivka had 600,00 inhabitants and it was rapidly developing: new residential complexes, supermarkets, infrastructure were built. Finally, Northern Saltivka began to get rid of its Soviet past. It seemed that everything was gradually changing for the better; it was becoming a quality and comfortable life. But Russia decided to save us...



Now, in one of the largest districts in the world, there is not a single surviving house: you can see only broken windows, a hole in the wall from an unexploded shell, the torn out insides of the houses hanging outside and creaking with their burnt rags.

Walking along the empty streets, you can't help feeling as if someone is watching you. The houses look at you through their black burnt windows. They are vigilant... to prevent the enemy from entering Kharkiv again, to prevent the sound of cannonade.

Meanwhile, their crippled bodies moan and swell from rotting, but they are standing, waiting for their turn to be restored, waiting for their owners to return.

See: [yevhenialaptii.com](http://yevhenialaptii.com)



*A destroyed house on my street. Cherkasy Tyshky*



*A destroyed house on my street. Cherkasy  
Tyshky*



*A fragment of a rocket in my backyard.  
Cherkasy Tishky*



*A house with traces of destruction. Cherkasy Tyshky*



*A fragment of a rocket near my aunt's house. Cherkasy Tyshky*



*A ruined shed in our backyard.  
Cherkasy Tyshky*



*A destroyed neighbour's house.  
Cherkasy Tyshky*



*The destroyed house of our neighbour on my street.  
Cherkasy Tyshky*



*A destroyed shop.  
Cherkasy Tyshky*



*The inscription 'Children' on the gate.  
Cherkasy Tyshky*





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*A forest in my village destroyed by Russian missiles.  
Cherkasy Tyshky*



*The destroyed room of my house. A fragment of a rocket under the rubble. Cherkasy Tyshky*



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*A ruined house. An inscription on the gate reads 'Children live here - a 2-year-old girl'  
Cherkasy Tyshky*

# The Barracks

Colin Templeton

An ancient stone wall encircles a 55 acre site in the north of Glasgow. Until the 1960s the land was occupied by Maryhill barracks, a location woven into the history of the city. During the first world war, it was home to a tank division. In the second world war it was briefly home to Hitler's deputy Rudolph Hess, captured after his aeroplane crash-landed in Scotland.

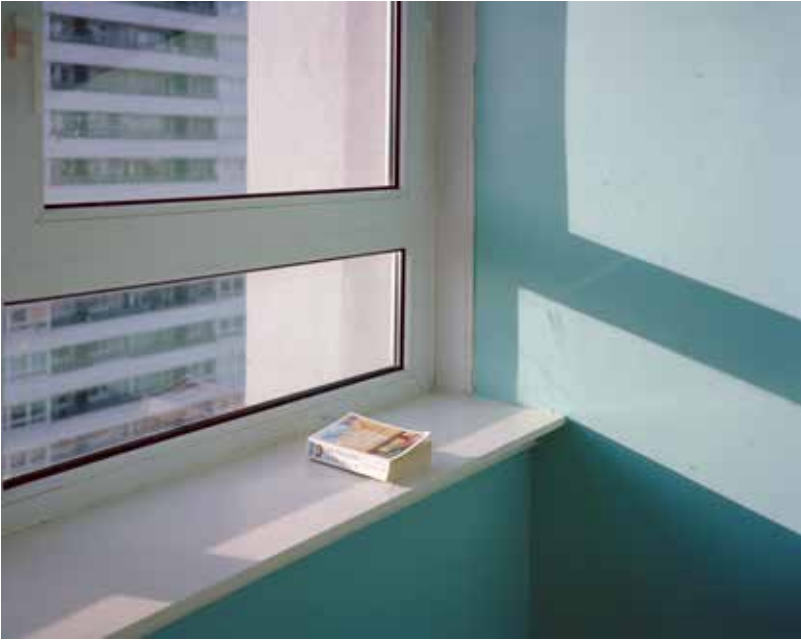
Today, the wall protects the Wyndford, a sprawling brutalist housing estate still known locally as The Barracks. The area is dominated by four 26-storey point blocks. They project their shadows across the estate, in the manner of giant sundials. You can easily estimate the time of day by observing where the shadows fall.

All four towers are scheduled for demolition, and it feels increasingly lonely in and around them. As the months go by, there are fewer lights on. Residents move out, never to be replaced. Once again, change is coming.

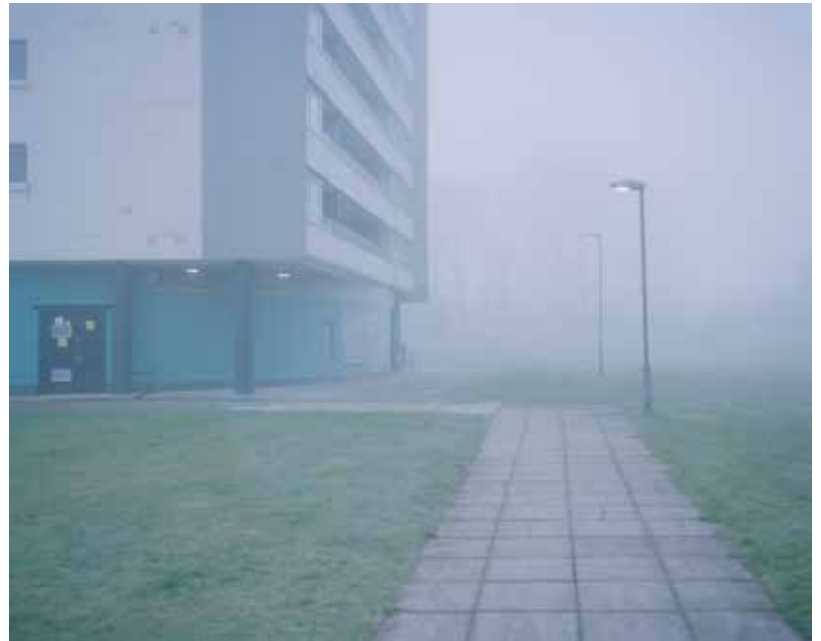
The Wyndford still clings to its old reputation for drugs and violence, but it's a peaceful place. I am drawn to the juxtaposition of lush parkland against industrial concrete, the desolate open spaces and ever-changing light. There is quiet beauty here.

 @colintempleton





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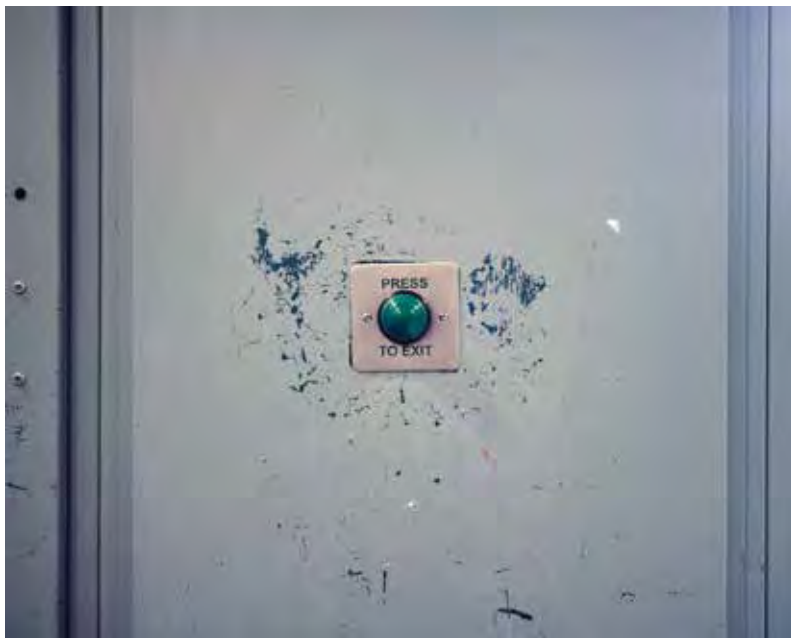








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# The Ground Heals While I Climb

Alice Calliopée

*"I come from here but I've never seen these plants. They're everywhere. The ground I walk on is warm, moist and fragile. I lie down to feel my surroundings, and as I do, I feel the all-encompassing warmth even more strongly. I don't have anything to write this with, so I use the crumbling rock around me to blacken these pages. I always knew I was going home when the terrils appeared at the edge of the highway. You can't miss those black mountains in a flat country. If I'd known I'd come back here, back to what feels like home to me, but where I can't find myself, to finally find answers. I finish writing with my rocks. My hands are blackened. And the ground heals while I climb."*

36 Photographing terrils [ed: slag heaps] to approach the memories of the land where I grew up. Investigating both violence and resilience around the soils in order to understand the impact of violences produced on bodies and from bodies.

These strange black mountains are the result of nearly three centuries of mining. They are witnesses of human exploitation of the land and of communities still scarred by the economic and environmental consequences of coal mining. In this region among many others, the issue of violence directed against the land is also an issue of violence against bodies and within families. In fact, violence directed inside lands, living bodies and people. Who is being exploited? Who is exploiting? What are the traces of this exploitation? Where does this violence come from and how do people survive it? How do we deal with the aftermath? In this project, I am interested in the very matter of these territories, and tried to find clues to their survival and adaptation mechanisms.

This work thus begins a study of the capacity of a particular ecosystem to change in order to find its state of stability. Questioning the inside/outside duality allows me to understand the interactions that occur and how they evolve. The soil of the terrils is still forming and is home to an intriguing and unusual flora, and illustrates human attempts to recondition the site. For now presented as an investigation, this ongoing work traces the visual evidence of these transformations. Finally, my own body experiences raise other questions: What gestures carry with them the violence of the past? What gestures heal bodies and soil? By slowly surveying these places that are both familiar and distant, I have tried to (re)connect with them in order to learn from the inside and build my own memories.

See: [alicecalliopee.com](http://alicecalliopee.com)

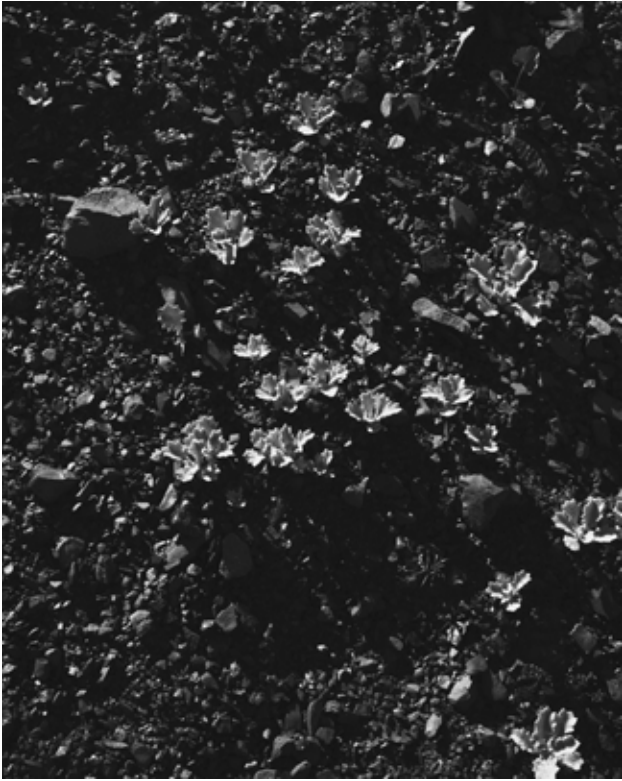




















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# Tint of Trauma

Ala Buisir

*Ala Buisir has documented how three Moslem women' have been traumatized by the 'war on terror'.  
See: [alabuisir.com](http://alabuisir.com)*



Loujan

*"In my trial, I remember that there was a bit of salvation for me because the judge knew exactly what my background and belief system were. In fact, she considered me to be a dedicated person in my religion. So she considered me a devout Muslim and not an extremist, which I was being labelled as, not an ISIS supporter. I'm not someone who's grooming and radicalising my young children."*



Loujan

*"You know, our livelihoods are affected and disturbed in society, in the community. Neighbours don't really talk to me. You get these stares. You get these looks because of the constant presence of police officers. With the number of raids, I've had the neighbours see me handcuffed and taken into police vans. It's impacted us."*





Loujan

*"My kids, for example, you know, are independent children. They have their own personalities and characteristics, but I feel the smear from Mom and Dad. Our arrest and our criminal records would definitely impact these young children and their ambitions. You know, they have goals in life, you know, they have a different way of thinking, and you know, you can't hide the fear. And that is the ramifications of what would happen to them. You know, they will get flagged up. One of them wants to be an architect. Another one wants to be a journalist and wants to travel around. Of course, the first thing I thought of was a flight risk."*



Loujan

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*"One of the things that upset me was the disrespect I encountered from counter-terrorism police during their raids. And they had this habit of going for the Qur'ans and flicking through the pages, tilting it upside down to see if anything was hidden in the pages."*



Loujan

*"Alhamdulillah, in court I was exonerated. That didn't mean that was the end of my harassment, raids, the rest, and other kinds of difficulties. And they've always tried to come through a different approach. My children were one of the main tools. In every child protection conference, there was a strong presence of the counter-terrorism police, with all the cases. Done and dusted and completed. The children are constantly watched and monitored in their schools by "safeguarding" officers."*



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Loujan

*"You know, and the children are scared. They eye-witnessed me being arrested. I had to leave them with police officers and then come home and not see the children again for months, it's horrific. It's just, how to do, how does, how do I sit here and explain what kind of pain"*



Ruqiyah

*"I have a Dawah YouTube channel where I make Islamic videos. I started in 2018. I did it for over a year. I then became inactive on that. That was basically what caused these events to happen. But because I was inactive on them and I'd put it all behind me, I would never have expected this to happen."*



Ruqiyah

*"The police officer at the door said are you the user of this account, she then mentioned my email address, and she said, "We have received anonymous allegations against you. You have extremist views you have previously expressed the desire to join ISIS. You've been involved in radicalising other people online. You have a quantity of terrorist material on your phone, and you have engaged in a campaign of harassment against other users online."*



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Ruqiyah

*"When I thought about it more, I realised the way they questioned me was to try and use my channel against me. So it's not a matter of fact that individual allegations have been made against me. It's using the Islamic content that I used to make."*



Ruqiyah

*"I'm the only practising person in my family. My parents have always been against me practising. Because I didn't use to be practising, they liked the old me. At one point, they used to say, I'm an extremist because of how I dress. If they had been here when that situation happened, it would have turned my whole life upside down. They wouldn't understand that I just had a YouTube channel where I'm sharing Islamic content. They wouldn't see it as that. They would be like if you are doing something so innocent, Why are the police here? Obviously, there's more to it."*



Ruqiyah

*"They later told me we could confirm that our investigation had been concluded. They gave us no information on their conclusion. I spoke to one of my friends, who's been in a similar situation, and she told me that when this happened to her, the two police officers came to their house and had a similar kind of scenario. But they came back a few months later and raided her house, even though they had a conversation with her first, just like they did with me."*



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Ruqiyah

*"It's so unpredictable now. I know they said the investigation is closed, but it's always going to linger in the back of my mind. Is it truly closed? Will they resurface, or perhaps discover new evidence, or piece things together differently? All the questions they posed, could they manipulate my answers into something else? I feel vulnerable because I responded openly to many queries. so there's this constant concern lingering. Will they reinterpret it, or distort it? Will they resurface? its an ever-present thought."*



Khoula

*“What makes it extremely personal for me is that my family has been directly impacted by it. When my father and my brother were arrested due to the anti-terror laws in 2009. Even before then, I would hear of the arrests and the war on terror's impact on Muslims. You hear of Guantanamo; you would never imagine that you would be in that situation. Where you know somebody or a loved one from your own family is arrested due to these anti-terror laws.”*



Khoula

*“I thought I would never recover from the impact of the actual raid itself because it took me years. Having 50 officers barge through your door at three o'clock in the morning. It left a significant impact on me, and that's left a mark on me forever. To the extent that if I'd hear somebody pushing the bins outside at night, I would be extremely fearful, thinking, is that another raid that's, without any exaggeration, I felt like that for many years. It's been over a decade now. It still impacts me to this day.”*





Khoulou

*"Despite being so directly and so profoundly impacted by the war on terror. It's almost as if we're not allowed to talk about it. Truthfully, I avoid talking about it for that very reason. We're not allowed to voice our concerns. Our thoughts or experiences of that trauma, even though they're valid, real, and raw. They're the truth. We are heavily scrutinised and heavily penalised for it, despite it not being a crime, despite, you know, not saying anything wrong or illegal. And I can only say that when you're Muslim, it's as if we can be on one side of the spectrum and be silent. Unfortunately, that's how I truthfully feel. The moment we are brave and courageous enough to speak up. It's at considerable risk."*



Khoula

*"We'd never been a part of any court cases in our lives, yet little did we know from that moment, our life here would be all about legal battles, solicitors, and fees. When you hear about these stories, it's like a case, oh, in such a case, this happened for us on the receiving end. It's our life. It's our livelihood. It's our day and night. It's our breathing. We can't escape from it. You have to live with that. In our home, we had people from the press interviewing us in our living room. We had printers on the sofas because of the number of cases we had to battle. They were just there on the couch because you don't know which document to print out and serve or type up. We always had a file on the sofa. Once one case was closed, another would be served, and we had to start fighting another. For over a decade, it's been like that."*



Khoula

*"When my father was arrested, it was like my life had come to a halt. To be honest with you, life has never been the same. It took a very unexpected turn. And I know that happens with many people for many reasons. I've carried on living my life, but my life stopped back then when my father was arrested, it was tough to explain. I guess it's very difficult to comprehend that unless you've lived through that experience yourself, he couldn't understand. You don't see it coming. And it's difficult because of the accusations used against a loved one who you never saw in that particular way. Who is a loving father, a companion, a friend, never as a violent extremist or a terrorist, and then you have to digest it. Not just the shock."*



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Khoulā

*"When my father was arrested during the first week, he was at the police station. He called us, informing us that we weren't allowed back into our house yet. We lived in a hotel for an entire week. He conveyed to my mom that these people were suggesting, "Plead guilty, and we will release your son." The weight of that stress weighed heavily on my mother. She was already grappling with the trauma of her husband and son being arrested, and now she was displaced from her home. On top of all this, her husband was urging her to plead guilty to secure our son's release. In response, my mother adamantly told them that even if they were to cut off her head, she would not plead guilty."*

# Ebb Tide

Michael Thomas & Monika Buttling Smith

*Ebb Tide* is a collaboration between Michael Thomas, photographer, and Monika Buttling Smith, mudlark. It is a photographic representation and interpretation of Monika's ten year archive of finds and artefacts from the Thames foreshore. The objects date from the Roman occupation of Britain to the present and are mostly ordinary objects, common in their time, discarded by their owners, washed by the tidal Thames until picked up by Monika. The work shows the surfaces, shapes and energies brought to bear upon the objects by the river, the distortions of time and tide, the patination, delamination, oxidisation and transfiguration that the river imparts. The works aim to elevate the found objects showing neither their context, nor their provenance, but concentrate on their emotional resonance. The visitor is invited to think about ideas of waste and longevity, triviality and importance, of tenacity, materiality, and futility, about legacy and sustainability and the two way cultural traffic of London's great river.

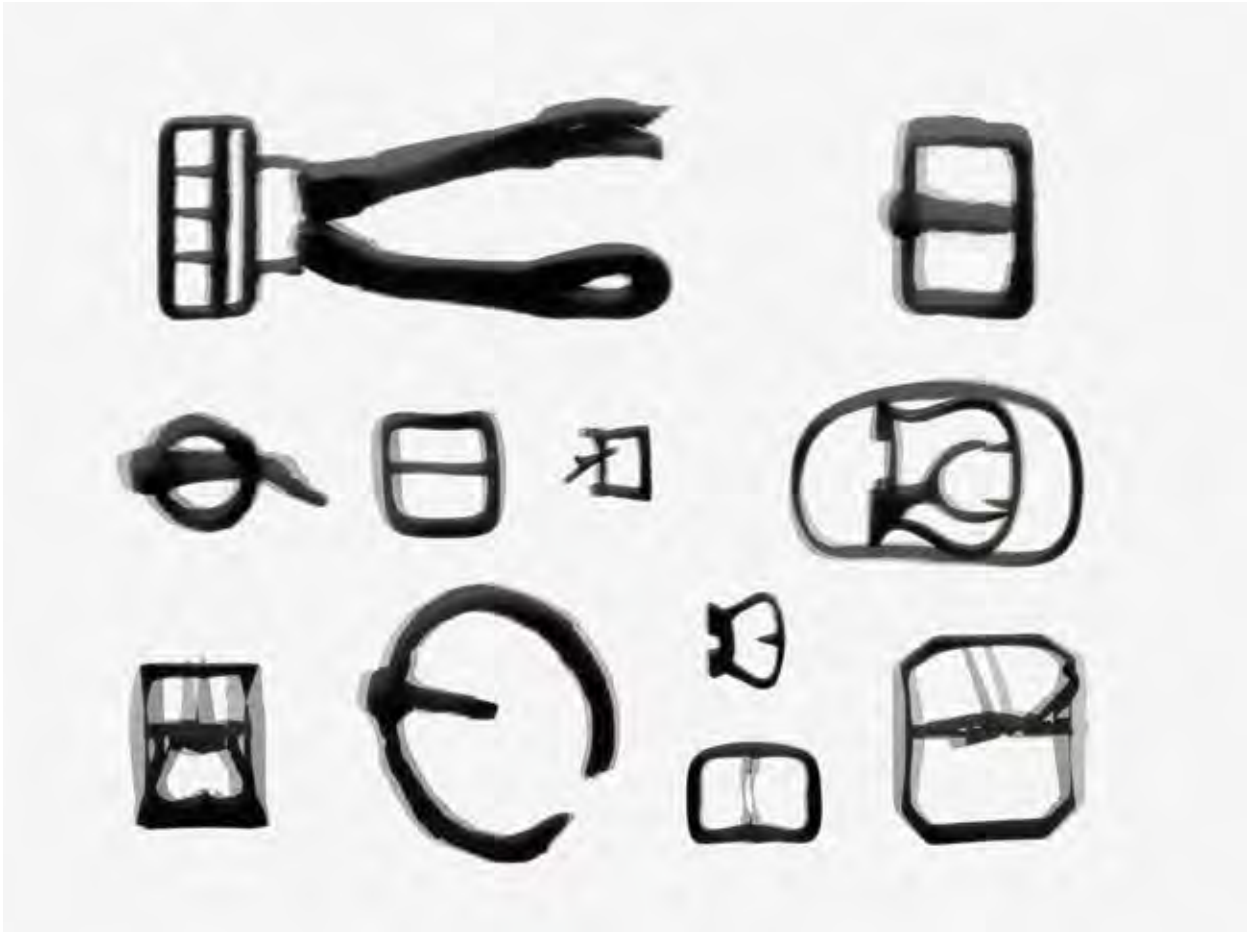
The collected photographs [*actually photograms - ed*], when sequenced, look like a hieroglyphic language, as though they have a message embedded within them. They speak of the things that have gone on down in the river over millennia. They have a violent overtone despite being spare, organised, and de-contextualised. They invite a narrative that is the consequence of the viewers imagination and life experience. They are not silent specimens, or fetish objects – They have a life that endures even without their owner or user. A life that can be given to them by the viewer.

The objects may be our own future – they are proof of a life submerged and, as sea levels rise, more of the commonplace in our lives, the ordinary useful things, will find their way into a subaquatic existence. Questions come to light...will there be anyone to view these things in the future? They may exist, but will they be scrutinised by humans or overlooked? The objects will no doubt be seen by other eyes, but will those eyes give rise to ideas of narrative and history or will they be unmoved by the redundant objects that are neither animate nor food. Like the medium of photography, the objects give evidence of a fixed time and place, alluding to a past life whilst being before us in the present, showing fixity, permanence and evidence of their journey in time.

*"A work that aspires, however humbly, to the condition of art should carry its justification in every line... The task approached in tenderness and faith is to hold up unquestioningly, without choice and without fear, the rescued fragment before all eyes in the light of a sincere mood. It is to show its vibration, its colour, its form; and through its movement, its form, and its colour, reveal the substance of its truth..."*

Joseph Conrad, *The Children of the Sea* 1897

See: [michaelthomas-studio.com](http://michaelthomas-studio.com)

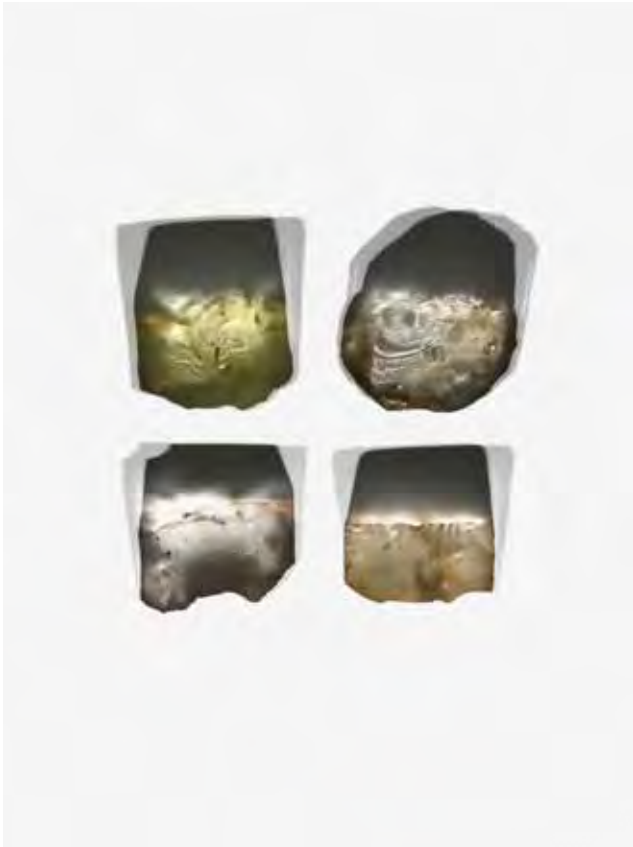














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Contemporary Photography





# Donor

## Maki Umaba

From statues of the Virgin and Child in museums to souvenir photos in studios, images of mothers and children appear before us as symbols of good fortune and of compassionate, humble and gentle motherhood. The ideal image of mother and child is unconsciously fixed in our minds.

But the mothers I know are far from this ideal. They may be happy, but they're also complex and human. Sometimes they're frustrated by their babies' crying, and as soon as they wake up, they're already wondering when they'll go back to sleep. Their bedrooms are full of untidy things, and they're irritated by their lives and their husbands' every move. They do their best to smile, playing the role of kind mother, and in the evening, they see themselves exhausted in the mirror.

And these flesh-and-blood women hold their babies in their arms and feed them with mother's milk from their own blood.

When do we become mothers? As soon as we have a baby in the womb, we're expected to be a compassionate mother. Once we've learned to be a woman and a wife, then comes the moment of being a mother. We women are expected to transform ourselves according to society's expectations at different ages and times. From the day we become mothers, we unconsciously cease to be a woman who is faithful to her desire.

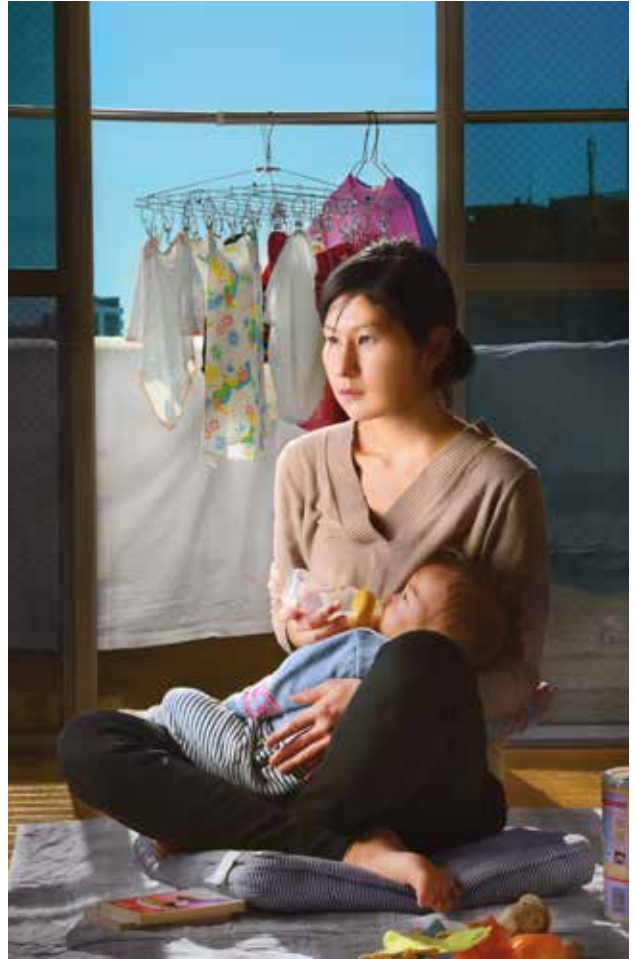
*"You're not born a woman: you become one"* (Simone de Beauvoir). You're not born a mother: you become one. We are considered mothers from the moment of conception. Society demands that we behave like a mother. And we leave aside what we feel, what we understand and how we cope with this experience.

A question crossed my mind: when Mary suddenly received the Annunciation, was she able to accept it calmly? Perhaps the Virgin exists in a distant, soft, abstract world, like the names of places on the Moon. Far from this idealism, the mother imperturbably continues to give herself to her child.

See: [umabamaki.com](http://umabamaki.com)



Contemporary Photography



















# Anfield Liverpool 4

## Rob Kershaw ARPS

Apart from my family, my main passions in life are photography and all sports in general, but especially Liverpool Football Club, which I have supported for 62 years! Having lived in Switzerland for 36 years I had few chances to go to home games. However, in April 2023 an opportunity came to see a game, so I embarked on a street photography project. As you will read, it was at a poignant time.

I arrived at Anfield three hours before kick-off and walked around the area close to the ground to record pre-match activities and scenes. There is a sense of calm as different scenes are played out. Street vendors display scarves and memorabilia whilst others offer food enjoyed by a range of characters: three friends, a supporter with chips, a queue for a barbecue and a young lad eyeing the photographer. It's nice to see youngsters going to the game. There are murals around the area depicting Liverpool greats from the current era. Fathers and sons have their photos taken below giant depictions of Jurgen Klopp, Mo Salah and Trent Alexander-Arnold, whilst other supporters wear shirts to honour their family.

The memorial to the Hillsborough disaster recalls a time of grief. A crush of Liverpool fans during a match at Hillsborough Stadium in Sheffield on April 15 1989 resulted in 97 deaths and hundreds of injuries. The disaster was largely attributed to mistakes made by the police, and many families have yet to feel real closure. Kenny Dalglish, the Liverpool manager at the time, was knighted for his tireless work supporting victims' families and pushing for justice.

On a positive note, the club anthem, You'll Never Walk Alone is displayed on the Shankly Gates, and a commemorative statue bears the words: "He made the people happy". This is a philosophy that remains a principle today through the bond between the club, its supporters and the City of Liverpool. Shankly's views are emblazoned on the front of Hotel Anfield: "The socialism I believe in is everyone working for each other, everyone having a share of the rewards. It's the way I see football, the way I see life".

Match time is getting closer, and supporters line Anfield Road with a minimum police presence to ensure safety. As the team bus arrives phones are ready to record the scene, whilst others clap the team. Now it's time to head for the entrances, sing the songs and pass around the commemorative flag, almost 34 years to the day when Liverpool played the same opponents, Nottingham Forest, in the FA Cup semi-final at Hillsborough.





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Scarves for sale



*Barbeque*

80



*Pre match snacks*



*Tucking in*



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The team buses arrive



The way I see



*Egyptian King*

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*The BOSS*

Contemporary Photography



*He made the people happy*



*Police presence*



*Heading for the entrances*





*Hillsborough Memorial*





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Commemorative flag

# The Tube Mapper Project, by Luke Agbaimoni

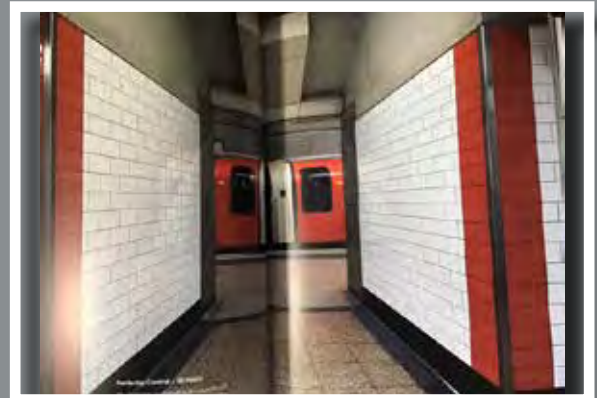
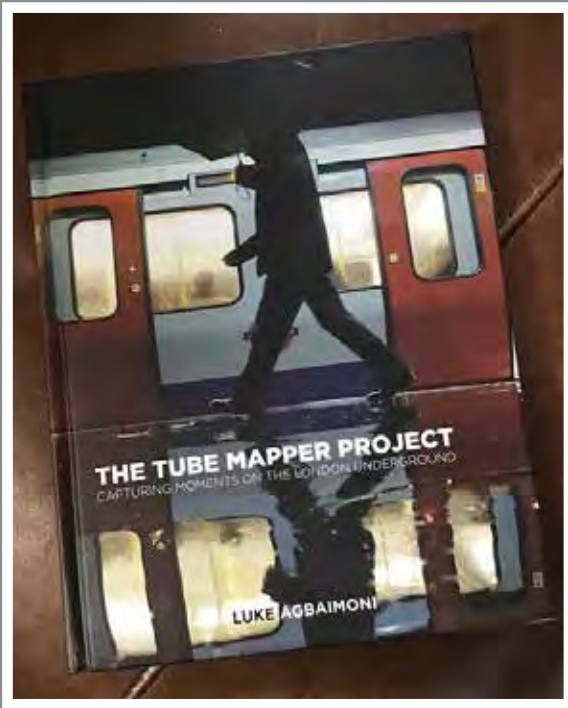
Book Review by Tim Hancock

Luke Agbaimoni recently gave a very enjoyable lecture to the RPS Contemporary Group by zoom. Such was my interest in what he said and showed, that I immediately bought his book, subtitled: 'Capturing Moments on the London Underground'. This can be purchased from his own website from as little as £20 (specials are also available), amazing value for a hardback book measuring 25cm x 20cm with 225 pages. It is also available from online retailers.

90 Images of the London Underground will be familiar to nearly everyone but, as Luke says, there are far fewer taken in poor weather and at night; I would add, nor with such skill and creativity. Luke has embarked on the huge task of capturing images from the 427 stations of London Underground and Docklands Light Railway. His undertaking was triggered by winning a photography competition by Transport for London of the Docklands Light Railway.

The book is a showcase of his work, and is organised into visual themes, each with a few tips for photographers on how to approach the subject. Themes include Reflections, Symmetry, Lines of Light, Waiting for Trains, Spirals, Escalators, and Tunnel Vision. The images are striking and superb, and his reputation has grown to such an extent that he is now a well-recognised figure around the many stations, and has gained access to several areas hidden from the general public. The book also includes a few lines of poetry and his camera information. It really is a complete and truly original work of the highest order, with splendid colour images (and a few monochrome), beautifully printed by The History Press.

See: [tubemapper.com](http://tubemapper.com) and [lukeagbaimoni.com](http://lukeagbaimoni.com)



# Stories in One Image

Jonathan Williams

As photographers we go out and seek to document the world through photographs. However sometimes the world comes to us, in this case in the form of stamps: an everyday item that connects us to everyone else.



History : Politics : Geography

## Contemporary Group Committee

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Postal portfolio	Vacancy



CONTEMPORARY  
GROUP

### Group meetings

The Contemporary Group continues to hold meetings online and, where possible in person. Keep an eye on the RPS website, Concept and the group Facebook page for forthcoming events.

### Regional meetings

**Contemporary East.** Meetings are held online on the first Thursday of each month in the afternoons.

**Contemporary North.** Meetings are held monthly live at Clements Hall, York, and online, on Saturdays. Contact Patricia Ruddle for more information or see the RPS website.

**Contemporary South West.** Meetings are held regularly, online and in person. Contact Adrian Hough for details.

**Contemporary Northwest.** Meetings are held both in person and online. Contact Alan Cameron for details.

**Contemporary Central.** Meetings are held jointly with the Documentary Group on the second Wednesday of the month at 7pm, online. Contact Steff Hutchinson for more information.

**RPS Contemporary Group**  
[rps.org/groups/contemporary](https://rps.org/groups/contemporary)

**Contemporary Group Events**  
[rps.org/events-listing/](https://rps.org/events-listing/)



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the The RPS Contemporary Group

