

Green Door

This is one of my favourite photographs from the series, as humble and simple as it is, I found this green door at the back of an early nineties post-modern building off a side street in Dover. The Refugee and Migrant Justice NGO offered legal advice and representation to asylum seekers and women who were victims of sex trafficking.

It was founded in 1992 and fell into administration in 2010; the last year of New Labour's governance. I feel as though the door is haunted somehow when it calls to mind the notion of object-oriented ontology, which suggests that the experiences of objects exist independently of human cognition. Jeff Dyer, the writer, often touches upon this idea in his writing about photography, specifically when mentioning the work of the New Topographics guys. In his intro to Adam Barthos's *Boulevard*, for instance, which is one of my favourite books, he suggests that Eggleston talked to photographing democratically and Barthos has taken this notion an important stage further, not because of what the photographs are of or who they're by, but because of what they are by.

There's something of the martian school about this undertaking, but where poetry's alien quality comes from strangeness, here, it arises from unblinking familiarity. These are not photographs taken by a bewildered, first-time visitor to earth. Rather, they seem to be from the point of view of the thing being documented. I'm trying to think of how this style of photography might be applied to the Black experience. What can objects handled very often by members of the Black community tell us about Black life in Britain? I also want to invoke the Blade Runner 'tears in rain' speech. Imagine some of the stories that this door could tell.