

## Man at Bus Stop, Glasgow

When I was speaking with my friend, the Photography Researcher and Historian, Tia Stemani she said she sometimes wondered why I show members of the Black community, like in the shadows, that they're not always optimistic.

I don't always believe in psychoanalysing your motives when taking photographs, but when you're dealing with representation, I think it is actually important to try and work out why you're drawn to certain aesthetic moods. And I still haven't found an exact answer to be honest, but the best I've come up with is that photographs are windows and mirrors and, and very often I'm photographing a sense of my own displacement as a Black person living in Britain as much as other members of the Black community. So when I see a shot like this of a Black man waiting in the cold at a bus stop on the outskirts of Glasgow, there's a kind of symbiosis of experience that takes place in the frame.

And this has long been a preoccupation in the Black photography tradition, actually. If you think of the way people like Roy DeCarava, Stanley Greene and Ming Smith work in the lower end of the tones, or somebody like Arthur Jafa whose work is haunted and quite dark. It's, it's a process I think, of trying to find meaning and even beauty in difficult times or places. Beauty and melancholy in a certain way. I took this photograph on a Yashica T4 that I'd just dropped on the floor. It was given to be made by my mate, Robin Maddock, another photographer. And I think this, this kind of might have broken the camera and it might explain why there's a, a blue light leak on the left-hand side of the frame. As I was making prints and scans people, well-meaning people kept asking me if I wanted them to sort of get rid of it somehow, but I, I actually love it. I wanted to leave this, this mistake in because for me, these happy failures are the only reason to keep on using 35mm film instead of going digital. And to go back to DeCarava

again, Stanley Greene once described his legacy as '*Photography at the edge of failure*'. It captures a kind of quiet surrealism that is, I think, very much a part of the Black experience in the West.