People
Jetta Harrison

During my travels to Vietnam, a country bustling with human existence, one can expect to come across people of all sorts. This series is a reflection on the people and environments I encountered during my stay. As a black woman in a country where racial boundaries are apparent I found it hard to connect with Vietnam and it’s inhabitants, so when I felt inclined to take a picture of a particular human being, I felt it important to recognize that feeling. This series is a reminder to me that no matter what a society may think there are always those individuals who go against the grain and they could just happen to be the person in my frame.

Windows
Jetta Harrison

A window, a single piece of glass separating one’s self from the world on the other side. In Vietnam I fell in love with windows, the silhouettes, the mystery, the longing, the comfort. Whether riding in a bus through the city streets or staring out over the skyline, I looked out a lot of windows traveling across Vietnam. This series is a reflection of my feelings towards my 18-day experience. As someone who has traveled many a time, I can safely say Vietnam was the most challenging cultural-wise. I found comfort in windows, I appreciated through windows, and I learned through windows. Looking back I realize that in a sort, I also hid behind windows and I hope that was the last time I do so.