

**Jadzia Lahn**

he / him

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I am an animation major at MCAD (Minneapolis College of Art and Design) with interest in photography. My identity is Hafu-American, I am White, Japanese and Cuban, but most of my childhood I was raised with Japanese culture. I like to combat the idea that race is one category, and being mixed is not something to be ashamed of. In my submission I personally went around Minneapolis finding myself in the other, that having that part of myself (Asian Heritage) was much more than a percent. It was a community, a home, that being part didn't divide me from the people. Being Japanese-American, Cuban-American, and White didn't separate me from that culture that brought people together. In that, I found a part of myself.

Submission 1: *Asian Culture in Minneapolis 1*

This photograph visits some of the beckoning cats I grew up with around the house I lived in. Often my grandmother would give these cats to us as an Omiyage from her travels, seeing it so often in Minneapolis restaurants made me feel close and at home.

Submission 2: *Asian Culture in Minneapolis 2*

I initially just walked into the store, on my way of exploring Nicollet Ave. When I explained my project, the employees were enthusiastic that someone was making a project on Asian Culture. They made jokes of who was the funniest, and who were the models of the pictures I was producing. Beauty Salons/Nail Salons were heavily important to Asian-Americans, as it gave jobs to many Asian Women alike, especially to Viet-Immigrants during the 70s. During my time there I met a Japanese-American woman named Tanko, who served in the secret service during the cold war. She was an immigrant from Sendai, with a family that were honored Samurai, she explained how hard working the Japanese were. And it felt like I was at home, talking with my grandmother Tamiko, even though she passed in 2015. My grandmother was a very hardworking woman, and just like Tanko, came during the Korean War. Tanko told me that she was proud that I was in school, working hard, because that was the Japanese spirit. I think that day I heard the words I needed, the words my grandmother could not say anymore. Truly, I was home again... Tanko didn't want any photos, which I was respectful of. I feel like that day, some god gave me what I needed to hear, pieces of my grandmother, a culture.

Submission 3: *Asian Culture in Minneapolis 3*

Shang Hur; This was the first Asian grocery store I visited in Minnesota, in short it gave me the food and ingredients that most could not provide, while taking me back to the feeling of those boxed-up shelves of SF Supermarket in Sacramento. When I met the owner, she was a very hard-working Chinese woman, often checking in on me. Although there was embarrassment lied with the fish market, I could tell that once again, it was a thought placed by the white majority, especially when the fish was much more fresh than other markets compared. Established in 1992, she mentioned it was one of the first in Minneapolis to open.