

Featured are the creative responses of S1 pupils from Hillhead High School to the exhibitions of Polly Braden (Trongate 103) and John Thomson (Burrell Collection), as part of Takeaway China, Glasgow, 2011. Revealing China in the 19th Century and modern day, these separate photographic exhibitions uniquely documented life, landscape and architecture from two different historical perspectives.

Photographic reproductions in this book are from Polly Braden's series China Between. China Between is a photographic essay on the modern city culture of contemporary China; an intimate response to the material and psychological effects of the changes experienced by the country's new urban class.

Thanks to: teachers and students at Hillhead High School, The Burrell Collection, Street Level Photoworks, Polly Braden, The Village Storytelling Centre, Laura Tansley and Malcy Duff.

Takeaway China, coordinated by [Ricefield Chinese Arts and Cultural Centre](#), is a series of creative partnerships incorporating visual art and independent Chinese Language Cinema. Ricefield delivers cultural workshops, produces exhibitions, creates events and provides support to artists of Chinese descent through our residency programme.

RICEFIELD

E: info@ricefield.org.uk

T: 0141 548 6978

GMAC, 5th Floor, 103 Trongate

Glasgow, G1 5HD

www.ricefield.org.uk

TAKEAWAY CHINA

GLASGOW

FEBRUARY - MARCH 2011

MUSTAFA BHUTTA

POLLY BRADEN

REBECCA GAULT

AMBER HANLON

CHAND ILYAS

LIA MARGIOTTA

NICOLE RAWLINGS

ZIDANE SADIQ

MOHAMMED ALI SOUIDI



Chinese Arts & Cultural Centre



MOHAMMED ALI SOUIDI

There was once a rich and powerful man who lived in China. One afternoon he was out walking through a field, thinking about all of the houses and cars and servants he had when a panda fell from the sky and crushed him completely. At that instant, a baby boy was born in Glasgow called Jonny Hill.

As Jonny grew his parents were more and more astonished at their child, as soon as he could talk he was telling stories about a rich man from China, who had more houses and cars and servants than you could possibly imagine. People loved to hear his stories, which were so realistic and exciting, so as Jonny grew up he had many friends. Jonny grew to be an old man, before dying suddenly aged 66. And the instant he died, the rich and powerful man in China woke up in a hospital bed from his coma. He recovered fully from being crushed by a panda, but until his dying day every now and again when he went to sleep he would dream of Glasgow.



LIA MARGIOTTA

The man's house was destroyed by a fire, so he always goes into the sea. The man is as lonely as a turtle with only a small shell on its back.

Homeless man in army uniform.
Hottest day of the year, Xiamen,
August 2007

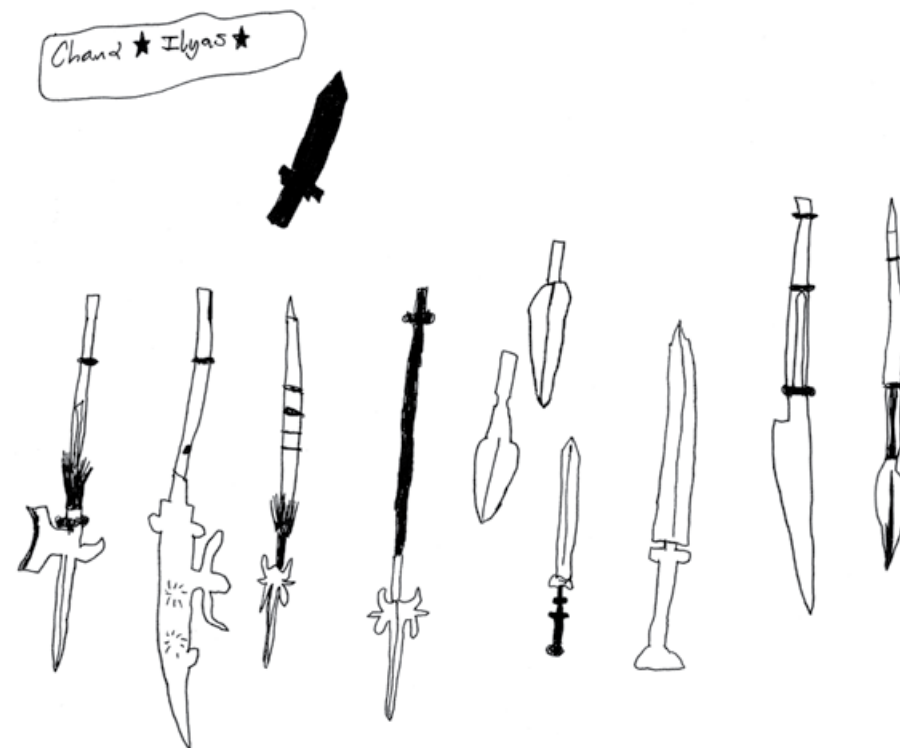
AMBER HANLON

It was in combat when it happened. When Bill was killed. I don't care if a wave takes me, crumples me like a piece of paper. The only thing I can do now is to take care of my other sons.

REBECCA GAULT

Long, long ago in ancient China a man was a part of a gang called 'The Killers'. To get into the gang you had to do terrible things, and hurt lots of people. This man was horribly ashamed of himself, but his father had been a member of the gang, his grandfather had been a member of the gang, and for generations all of the males in his family had been members. The man had three children, who had no idea what he did when he went out in the evening.

One day the gang leader called a meeting. He was desperate to rule the whole of China, so he announced that the gang would have to kill every child in China except his own son, so that his own son could become king. The members thought of their leader as God, so they agreed. The man's conscience was troubling him, though. He didn't want to be responsible for the deaths of his children, so after thinking for a long time he went to the leader and asked to leave. He knew how dangerous this was, rule number one of the gang was "No Release". So as he asked the leader for his freedom, he was terrified. But strangely, the leader not only released him, but gave him a beautiful leather satchel to take with him on his journeys. The man thanked the leader with tears of joy in his eyes, and, in examining the satchel, he opened one of the clasps. Immediately, a deadly scorpion leapt out and stung the man between the eyes. He died instantly. However, the rest of the gang members saw what had happened and staged a revolution against the leader and won.



NICOLE RAWLINGS



My arm is killing me. I should never have fallen asleep under that tree at the river. I was so terrified. Thank goodness that woman came or I would have died. Not bad that I escaped with only a broken arm. I have still got some of my money but the attackers took my bike. How was I meant to get home? So I started to walk. My house was so far away. I walk for hours.

Her face is grey under the street lights as she walks past the shops. She falls to the ground shouting at no one.

*Night Walk. Xiamen,
September 2007*

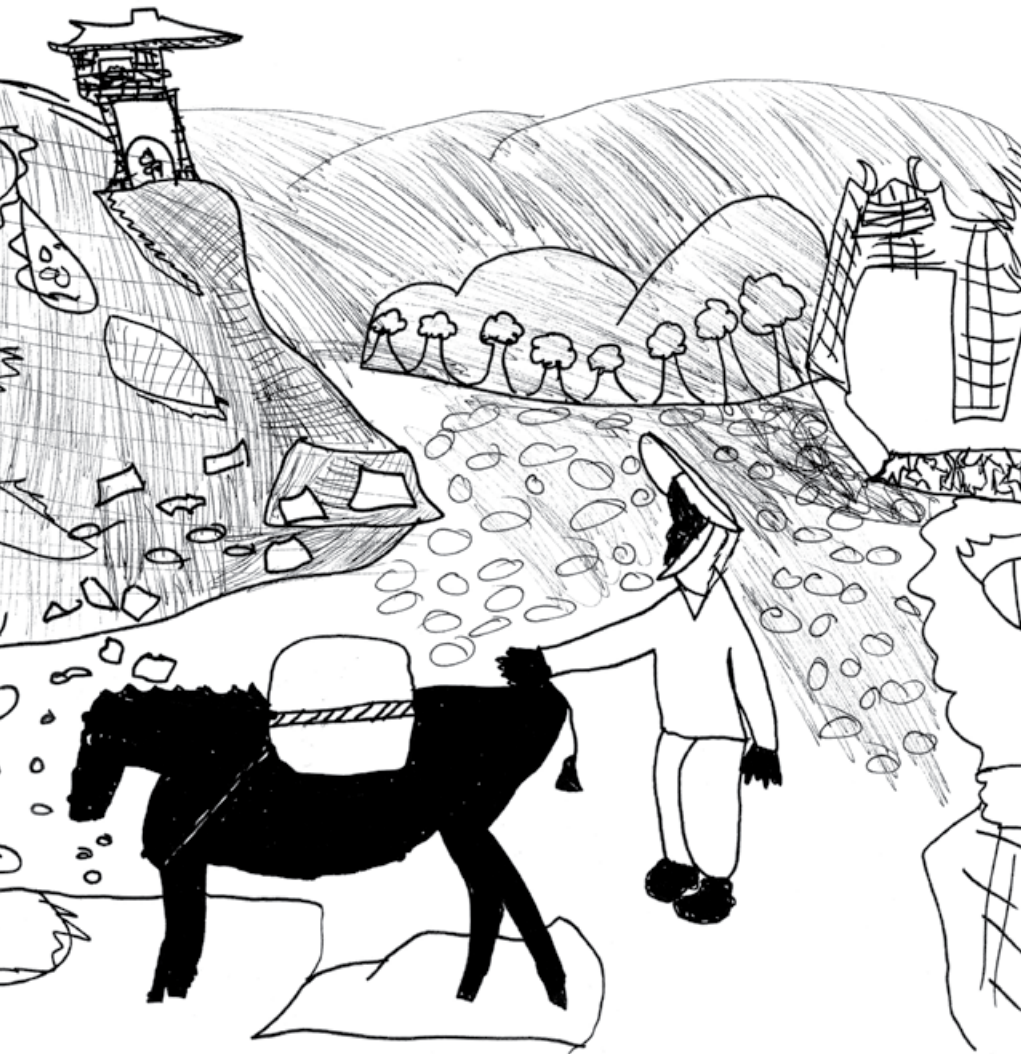
CARA DOWE



I dashed down the alleyway looking for somewhere to hide. I run down some steps and found myself in front of a large tree. I crouch under it, hoping that the leafy branches would shield me from view. What have I done? I thought, fingering the bracelet on my wrist. Why had it entranced me? Why was I inclined to slip it on? And what if the merchant finds me? I get my phone out of my pocket and dial.

“What time is it there?”

*What time is it there? Xiamen,
August 2007*



Mustafa Bhutta, Nankou Pass
Beijing, 1871- 72

NICOLE RAWLINGS



The shriek of the baby wanting a balloon. An old man sitting in a wheelbarrow begging for money like a puppy wanting a treat. A sad woman looking at me. All of this makes me walk away from the sad little market.

Wholesale Market.
Kunming, 2009