It was from the grand old derelict fountain on the Green, its cracked, blunt-nosed sculptures, that his dreams were fed. There from the Gorbals could escape Scotland to far-off lands via the terracotta tableaux of the colonies… Trailing his red kite, he became an explorer, a discoverer of things that no Glaswegian dreamt of; he wandered through weird vegetation, slew the giants of Africa and sailed off to India. He favoured the bearded man in the South African tableau with a gun by his side, and at his feet a sweet, odd-looking girl who would speak in a lovely sing-and-cursed in the close. But best of all was the ostrich with a long snake-and full, soft feathers like the girl’s bosom…!

ZOE WICOMB AND THE TRANSLOCAL: SCOTLAND AND SOUTH AFRICA

KEYNOTE: DOROTHY DRIVER

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