

graham dunning  
**AGGREGATE**

**DAY 2. 20/9/14**

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Carmyle Loop

Grey concrete in liminal spaces fights into the green scrub. The M74, previously a bordering nuisance, now juts closer and closer into the Clyde, an intersection doomed to stop travellers gaining egress to the hidden spaces where they meet, thanks to fences and curiously military concrete bollards. Rain falls like grey confetti, ever-present and eventually mixing with the grey of concrete and grey of tramped cold mud to fill the senses with an endless ghost of static.

We pass a school named for St Joachim, patron of fathers, grandfathers, grandparents, married couples, cabinet makers and linen traders, and break into Carmyle New Park, in reality a barren expanse of grass, open and exposed. Only a tight sullen copse offers respite; and, pushing behind it, a strange hinterland of discarded tyres, odd effigies part-burnt, and brickwork.

The brickwork leads to a curious ramshackle cluster of outbuildings, tucked right into the cleft where motorway reaches river. No maps show anything other than appropriate grey blankness, but these buildings were more than just a single house and have elevated levels, a rudimentary french window, a loading hatch. What was their purpose? Farm, industry, hovel? No clues but in the driving rain and strange still atmosphere there are ghosts who know.

In the distance, the faint, near-imperceptible sound of an orange walk suddenly stirs the esoteric reverie and reminds of grim realities.

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