

A BOOK OF CONNECTIONS...
INFORMATION & IMAGINATION
ALL TO DO WITH BEING AT TRELOAN

Caravanserai "draws attention to what is on the doorstep, bringing together local anecdotes and craft processes, and instigating environmental practices and discourses in an organic interlacing of politics, history and poetics."
Dr Harriet Hawkins ('geographer-in-residence' 2009)

COME RAIN OR SHINE.



TO SOME THE WORD 'CARAVAN' MEANS THE SUMMER IS HERE AND THE ROADS ARE CLOGGED WITH VISITORS TRAILING THEIR HOMES DOWN THE A30.

BUT IF YOU HAD BEEN PRESENT AT ONE OF OUR FIRESIDE SESSIONS YOU WOULD HAVE HEARD MAC DUNLOP, OUR 'MASTER OF CEREMONIES' EXPLAIN THAT THE WORD 'CARAVAN' MEANS 'COMPANY OF PEOPLE' & HAS ITS ORIGINS IN TRAVELLING THE ANCIENT TRADE ROUTES SUCH AS THE 'SILK ROAD' BETWEEN ASIA AND EUROPE.

AND... A 'CARAVANSERAI' IS THE 'MEETING PLACE' OF 'CARAVANS / COMPANIES OF PEOPLE' — A PLACE OF EXCHANGE, REST AND CONVIVIALITY."

CARAVANSERAI



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'discovering what's on our doorstep' is a limited edition publication,
a pdf version with links to contributor websites is available online:



<http://www.caravanserai.info>



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remembering
John Webster Walker
3.9.26 - 9.3.09



artwork by Annie Lovejoy & Mac Dunlop 2009
photo by William Walker

WELCOME TO TRELOAN! (Arthur's Field)

This booklet arises from the Caravanserai arts project initiated by Mac Dunlop & myself at Treloan. In partnership with Pete & Debs Walker we are hosting creative activities that celebrate our local environment and culture.

Stories, memories and experiences are deeply ingrained in the well trodden paths of this place by those that have gone before us - understandings that can help shape tomorrow's landscapes for our children and their children's children.

It's with this sense - of caring about where we are - that we have invited artists, writers, musicians, performers, foragers, geographers, students and academics to Treloan. The pages that follow offer a glimpse of these activities alongside local anecdotes and contributions from village residents and visitors - with huge thanks to everyone involved.

Special thanks goes 'dreckly' to Pete & Debs Walker for their energy, enthusiasm, trust & friendship.

These events and activities are possible thanks to many people, some who just happened to be here at the time, & others who are often here - 'team Treloan' - thank you!

Thanks also to local historian Hilary Thompson for her invaluable expertise and wonderful reflection on the 'poetry of history' here, in this place, this landscape (p.63).

...and to Daro Montag - RiNE (Research in Art, Nature and Environment at University College Falmouth) for his support with publishing and printing.

A (Annie Lovejoy, 2011)

Treloan Coastal Holidays
Treloan Lane
Gerrans, near Portscatho
Roseland Peninsula
Cornwall TR2 5EF

Tel: 01872 580989
info@treloancoastalholidays.co.uk
www.treloancoastalholidays.co.uk



William
pitches his tent



staged and photographed by Pete Walker
graphics A.L.

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'enjoy - and leave nothing but your smile'

Debs Walker 2011

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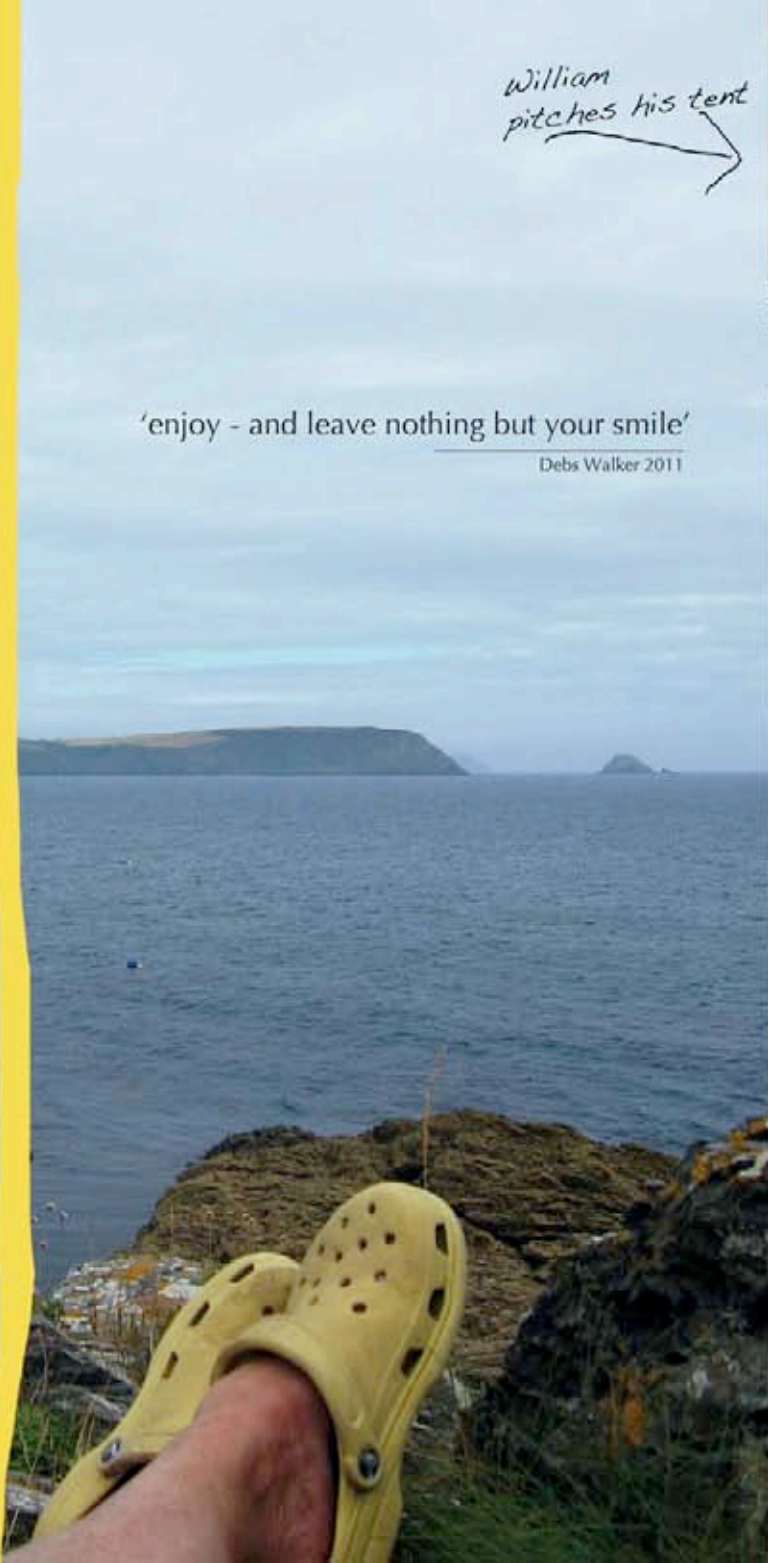
all about Grey Seals p.49

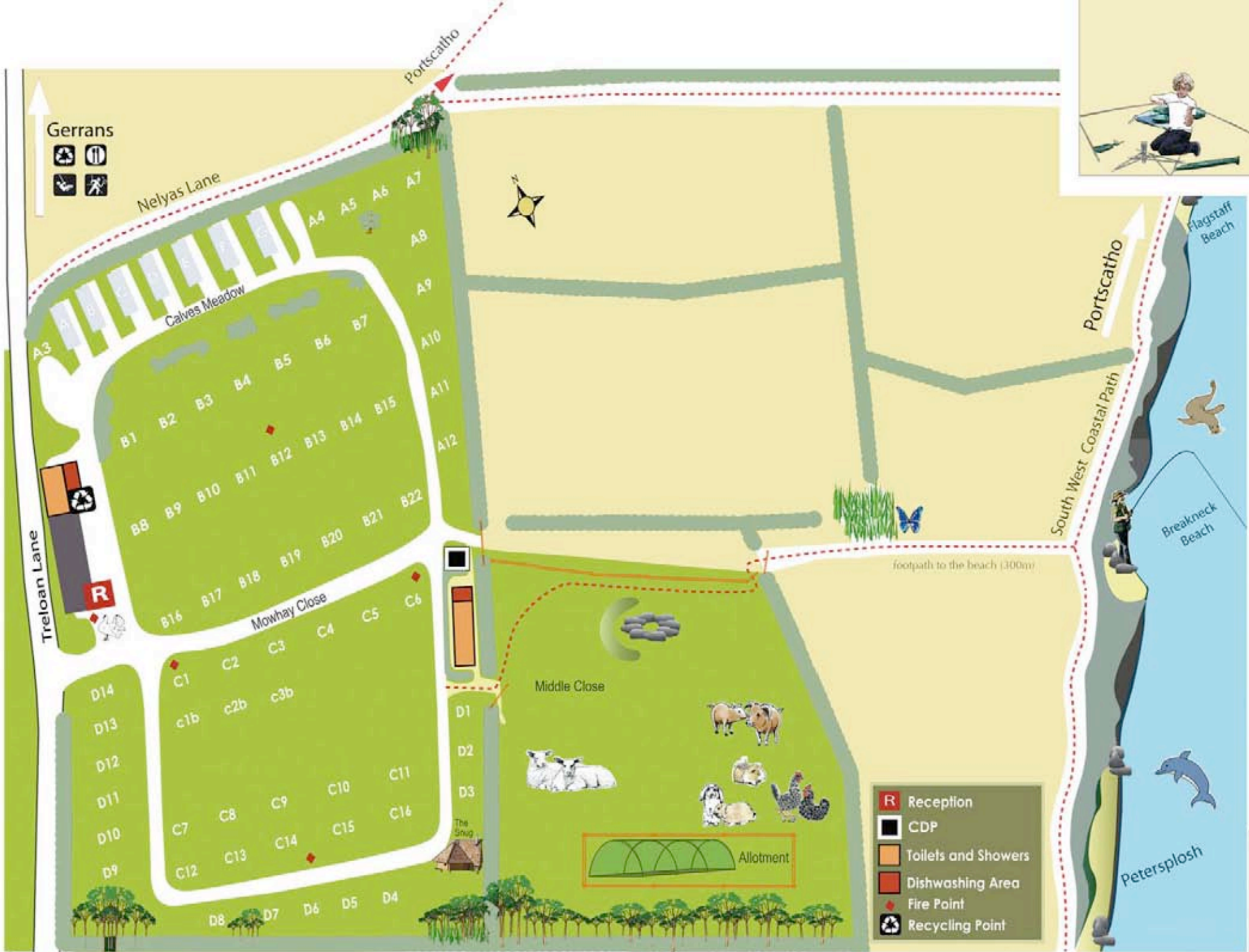
WALKING TO PLACE

Illustrated along the bottom
of pages 33-57

MESHWORK

stories, artwork, poetry,
local anecdotes, wildlife
histories and other musings
are interwoven throughout.





- R** Reception
- CDP** CDP
- Toilets and Showers
- Dishwashing Area
- Fire Point
- Recycling Point



✓ zero car miles

20% discount if you get here by public transport, cycle or walk



Treloan is situated on the Roseland Peninsula, an 'Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty' - 'as many as 83% of visitors come here because of the environment (but 95% of the visits to AONB nationally are made by car...)' CoaST - Cornwall Sustainable Tourism Project

'during the single month of August there is nearly 45% more rubbish generated and buried in Cornwall than in December' CoaST



recycling facilities, two family shower rooms, washing machine, dryer and freezer (ice packs only) are all at the shower block by the house



seen Larry?
when?

This is LARRY - he loves rubbish! so if it's left out in a bag he'll make a right ol' mess of it - all over the campsite.



LARRY'S friend



braziers for hire
ask at reception



'dreckly' sign by M. Dunlop 2010

PLEASE SLOW
..and relax

family shower sign (opposite page) and 'please slow' by UCF design student Charlotte Stranks 2009

if you want to help feed the animals,
just listen out for the bell in the mornings



animal feeding
time!



Early mornings,
babies crying,
Dogs barking,
cold sea,
Small waves,
Debs & Pete,
Cows moaning,
Chickens cluck,
Pigs snort!
That's the life at
Trelcan.

Mr
Bye Bye
10th Bee
11th old



logbook entry

poet-in residence Alyson Hallett placed logbooks
in the loos that filled up with poetry and drawings
by campsite visitors





Seen a sunflower?
when?



Peter, formerly H.C. 'Head of Courgettes' has surpassed all expectations and is promoted to M.M.O. 'Master of Massive Onions'



James

'team Treloan' - experts in all manner of tractor & trailer manoeuvres, polytunnels, marquees, pig pens.. or whatever! ...as long as there's a launch involved!



sunflowers by Andrea Insoil 2010

marking the plot



pigs dig



For our first spontaneous honesty stall visitor Kate Strong made these beautiful bunches of runner beans tied with green string and decorated with a chive flower. Summer 2010

✓ zero food miles

A box of garden delight for our 'poet-in-residence' Alyson Hallett to take home after a busy week of creating poetic encounters for people at Treloan and in the village. August 2009



August 2010



sketch for FEAST by Greg Humphries 2009



All produce is chemical free and provides for events such as FEAST and the FIRESIDES - any surplus fresh veg & flowers can be found on the honesty stall

Everything 50p!
TRE LOAN
by GROAN

sign by Kate Strong 2010



"It's often the simplest things that leave a lasting impact, sharing a fire and food with strangers and friends, listening to music, storytelling and poetry as the night draws in. There is something timeless in that, something that echoes back through our shared histories, cultures and languages. An experience we share with our ancestors, wherever we're from..."

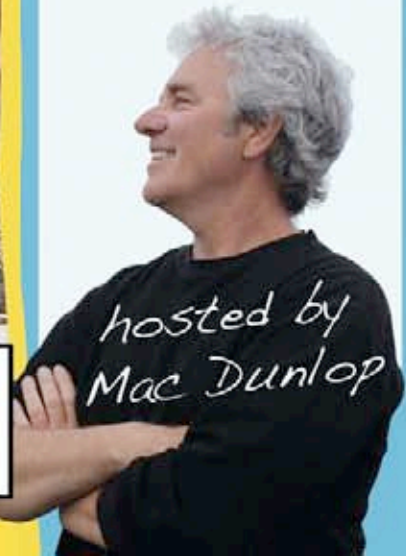
Mac Dunlop
Poetry Kernow Cornish World Magazine,
 Oct/Nov 2009, Issue 66 p. 52/53

Fireside Session
 with guest poets
Des Hannigan - author of 'The Sea in all its Squalor'
 and **Rob Barratt** - 'the Bodmin Bard'
 hosted by Mac Dunlop
 Come and read / perform something...or just listen.
 Barbeque - bring and share (food/drink)
Wednesday July 28th, 7pm onwards
 'Arthur's Field' Treloan Coastal Holidays, Gerrans
 any enquiries, contact Debs at Treloan, tel: 01872 580989
 email: info@treloancoastalholidays.co.uk

Fireside Session
 with special guests
Alyson Hallett - author of 'The Stone Library'
 and
Chris Pollard - author of 'The History of Gerrans and Portsootho'
 Come and read / perform...or just enjoy.
 Barbeque - bring and share (food/drink)
Wednesday August 4th, 7pm onwards
 'Arthur's Field', Treloan Coastal Holidays, Gerrans
 any enquiries, contact Debs at Treloan, tel: 01872 580989
 email: info@treloancoastalholidays.co.uk



come and join us at the fireside on Wednesday evenings from 7pm, guest writers & musicians perform as well as anyone else who wants to do something - bring food & drink to share / BBQ



J & B fantastic folk & rhythm duo summer 2010



a 10 song medley on the ukele in fmins (or so!) by camper Matt in the rain...brilliant!

There have been so many fantastic firesides! we can only offer a wee glimpse here...but we do try and keep a record on the blog with images and info on performers <www.caravanserai.info>



storyteller, Jane Pugh 2010



Steve Arthur "...binder string" 2010

all eyes & ears on the Bodmin Bard Rob Barratt 2010



Pete Woodbridge 2010



Dominic Power 2009



< look out for Mary Alice with her camera, she takes wonderful photos and you might be in them! to see her pics follow the link from our blog

It's not only established writers who have left their mark, one family adorned the fireside with painted text on stones - 'soliloquy on serpentine', 'syllables on slates', 'grammar on granite'...

detail from 'fireside' an illustration by Andrea Insoil 2010





ingredients



- **Andy Day Butchers**, Portscatho 01872 580246
Mon – Fri 8am – 5pm, Saturday 8am – 1pm
- **Curgurrell Farm**, Rosevine, Portscatho 01872 580243
Mon - Sat 9am-12pm and 5pm-7pm
Curgurrell is a gem for seafood lovers, the day's catches including fresh lobster, whole or dressed crab and a selection of fish that might include bass, sole, plaice, mackerel and more. Seasonal produce includes veg.
- **Ralph's Stores**, Portscatho – 01872 580702
Well stocked to include everything you need including local & deli products Open daily 7am – 7pm
- **Veryan Country Market** – 01872 501559
Great for home cooked & local produce
Fridays 10.30 – 11.30am Veryan Parish Hall
- **Humfreys Farm Shop**, Tregony – 01872 530110
Mon - Sat 8.30am-5pm, Sunday 10.30am-4.30pm.
- **Lobbs Farm Shop** – 01726 844411
at Heligan gardens, Monday to Saturday 9.30am - 5.30pm
Sundays 10.30am - 4.30pm
- **Fish & Trips**, St Mawes. - 07891 300 078 or 01326 279 204
Fancy a day out fishing for your supper? Mackerel fishing & live bait or trolling for Bass (2 hours - minimum 2 people)
Trips include pulling up lobster and crab pots.
- **St Mawes Seafood** – Angie 07792 220 821
The Quay, ring to check when open. Fish caught by Celestial Dawn, a St Mawes trawler owned and operated by Pete Green.
- **Gill's Delicatessen**, The Arcade, St Mawes.
Tel. 01326 270045. Open all week 9am – 5pm

Farmer's Markets:

Truro, Lemon Quay
Saturdays 9am – 4pm
(01209 821408)

Falmouth, The Moor
Tuesdays 9am – 2pm
(01326 3762)

a foraging session for FEAST
led by Allan Collins,
Greg Humphries
and Rachel Lambert

photo by Jon Dovey 2009



Fire sculpture by Hannah Cox (photo: Mary Alice Pollard) 2009

*FEAST is a
'bring and share'
celebration of local food*

Everyone is invited to make a delicious dish from ingredients sourced as close to Treloan as possible - from the village shop, a farm shop, an honesty stall or a forage. Thanks to all you culinary whizzes in the field there are recipes included in this 'guide' and many more on the blog (www.caravanserai.info)



table preparations (photo: M. Dunlop) 2009

Do you have your grocery shopping delivered to the campsite? If so, consider ordering from Cornish Food Market (<http://cornishfoodmarket.co.uk>). They offer a viable alternative to the major supermarkets providing a wide range of goods sourced from local producers and suppliers - a healthy option that benefits Cornwall's economy and environment.

☺ support local producers and local shops ☺



<< The church cake stall in the 'Big Tent' part of a Treloan Easter event that raised over £2000 for Shelter Box and Gerrans Church. 2010

"Like King Arthur, who it is said, waits in the form of a Cornish chough until the day his countrymen need him, so King Gerent sleeps on the wind and watches patiently over the Parish of Gerrans, as he has done for over 1400 years"

Chris Pollard *The Book of Gerrans and Portscatho*, Halsgrove 2006 p.12



Seen a chough?
when?



Choughs are very rare, in 1973 they disappeared from Cornwall completely and then returned naturally in 2001. It is thought that they had come from Brittany. Since then 56 choughs have fledged from Cornish nests. Many farmers and landowners are working with the RSPB to create the kind of habitat they need.

cream teas
lunches
coffee mornings
'the big lunch'
harvest



Gerrans church noticeboard

Please Join Us for Coffee or Tea & Biscuits and Tradecraft Stalls Every Wednesday in Gerrans Church 10.30 am—12 noon

The Roseland magazine is a free monthly publication of local info & insights. 3000 copies (approx) are produced, and distributed throughout the Roseland with the help of volunteers.

Chris Pollard *The Book of Gerrans and Portscatho*, Halsgrove 2008 p.61



'Percy & Mary Simpson getting ready for the Harvest Home at the Royal Standard 1950'

Margaret Davis' Tradecraft stall August 2009



You will always be welcomed at local church and community events - look out for details on the village noticeboards and in the Roseland Magazine, or online at www.roseland-online.co.uk





1. Treloan - Arthur's Field
2. Children's playground
Roseland Squash Club
3. St. Gerrans Church,
bus stop (Truro / St Mawes)
village green, The Heritage Centre,
The Royal Standard
4. Roseland Garage (Jim's)
(veg, fruit, logs, gas refills)
5. Gerrans Parish Memorial Hall
Doctor's surgery, car park
6. The Porth (harbour)
Tattams beach (no dogs Easter - Oct 1st),
Ralph's (shop - cash point),
Andy Day (butchers),
Post Office (cash point), Harbour Club,
The Boathouse, Plume of Feathers,
art galleries, craft & antique shops
7. Portscatho United Church
8. Car Park (Porthcurnick)
9. Porthcurnick beach (dog friendly)
beach cafe / shop, and road to
Rosevine (Rosevine Hotel,
Driftwood, Curgurrall Farm)

Ferries:

King Harry Ferry (car)
01872 862312
St Mawes (passenger)
01872 861910

The Harbour Club:

01872 580387
wi-fi, sports screen, cinema,
open mic, music etc.

Eating out:

Plume of Feathers
01872 580321
The Royal Standard
01872 580271
The Boathouse 01872 580326
The Rosevine 01872 580206
Driftwood 01872 580644

Taxi:

Gerrans Bay - 01872 580673
Roseland Taxi - 01872 501001
St Mawes Taxis - 07971 104909
- 01326 279042

Churches:

St Gerrans - 01872 580117
Portscatho United Church
01872 272608

Some other useful no's:

Roseland Garage
01872 580347
White River Outdoor
(caravan accessories)
01726 874100
Doctor's Surgery (Portscatho)
01872 580345
Dental helpline
01872 354375
Vet - Clifton Villa Vets
01872 501900



The car park is often a good spot, along Treloan Lane (on the right before the Royal Standard).



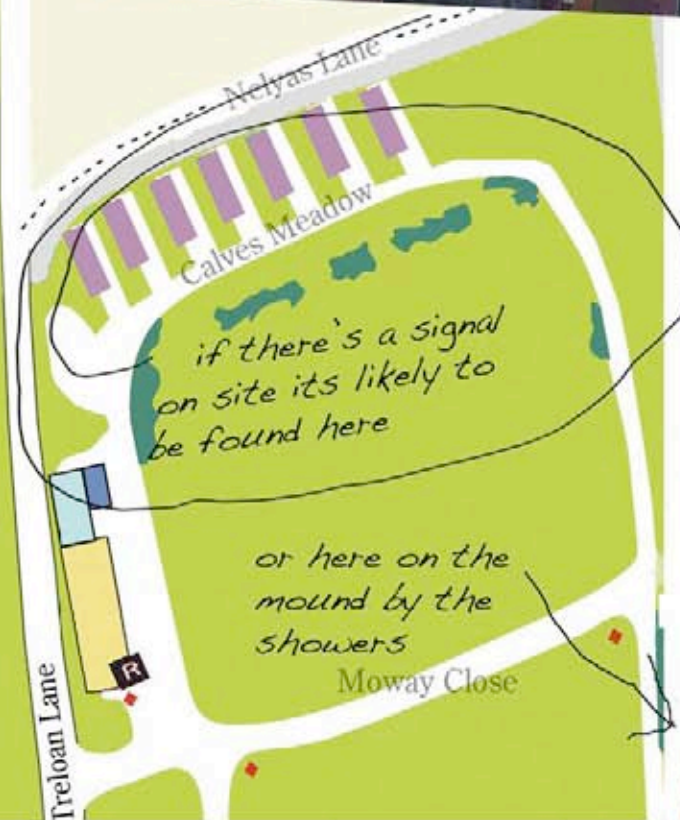
Sue can't understand why her reliable spot (on top of her caravan) isn't working today



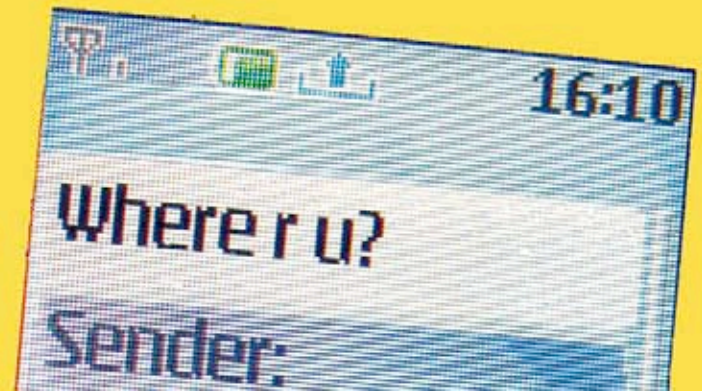
Gerrans



using his fishing rod as an aerial, Matt's got 3 bars!



NO signal?



slipways
for launching
small craft

Portscatho Harbour

Tel: 01872 580243

Percuil Boatyard

Tel: 01872 580564

St Mawes Harbour

(beside Idle Rocks Hotel)

01326 270553

St Just in Roseland

Tel: 01326 270269

Porthcurnick beach

has a free slipway, and behind the beach there's a field for parking small craft (check at the Tea Hut for charges).



The Porth; Mary Pollard



'This tangled, tousled Tamarisk, a gnarled and ancient tree, is protector of my garden when savaged by the sea.

Disregarding East Wind onslaughts and spurning salt sea spray, it bends before the buffeting and looks the other way.'

Jerry Gill, from *The Tamarisk* in 'Some Ramblings in Rhyme and Reason of a Roseland Rambler' a booklet available from local shops / outlets published in memory of Jerry Gill (1915-2009) proceeds to Gerrans Churchyard Fund.



Jem Smale - regular visitor and Treloan team raft survivor! Portscatho Regatta 2010

a tip from Jem - avoid the Easterly winds at Portscatho by launching from St Just. For a good day out from there, head over to the Pandora Inn at Restranguet or Mylor Harbour for lunch. Then carry on up the Fal river past King Harry Ferry, Trelissick Gardens, the Oyster farm & onwards, returning at some point to Tolverne for tea.



from Margaret Davis' collection of postcards



PORTSCATHO, FALMOUTH.

'**Porthcurnick Beach** Here there has been much erosion. A hundred years ago the highway crossed the beach via a bridge over the stream, linking Rosevine with Tregassa. There was a group of houses on the Rosevine side and a Lime Kiln. A grassy area stood between the road and the sea. Farmers removing sand for their fields were blamed for the erosion but the sea has encroached by many yards in recent years, long after such a practice was discontinued.'

Hilary Thompson, *Rocks, Coves and Fishing Marks - Nare Head to Zone*, 1999, p.7

FOR HIRE

motorboats, sailing boats,
kayaks and wind surfers

Roseland Paddle & Sail

01872 580964 07970 926409

St Mawes Kayaks

07971 846786



GREETINGS FROM

I AM NOT
Chris Pollard

I AM NOT
Chris Insoll

PORTSCATHO

On a local tour with guide Peter Messer-Bennetts, we were told that sometimes the stomping of feet and clapping of hands can be heard beside the Harbour Club. Apparently it's the ghosts of impatient cinema goers frustrated at waiting for the film to be fixed when it had snapped.

Granny Pollard used to sell milk and butter from her cottage. If someone came around for milk and they hadn't brought anything to put it in she would say, "There, I haven't got nothing to put nothing in or nothing."



Mr Truran was opening a box of England's Glory matches and discovered inside a piece of matchwood on which was written in pencil 'Miss Walters, 8 Guinea St, Gloucester'. On the other side was written 'In want of a young man'.

Mrs Wilkie used to sit in the doorway of her house with a bible on her lap. If anyone passed by that she wasn't very fond of she would say, "look at they, they don't have any God in them." She always walked backwards up the step into her house.

Chris Pollard, *The book of Gerrans and Portscatho*; From *Churchtown to Luggers End* Halgrove 2008

Fred Truran, the shoemaker never drank water from the tap, he always collected his water in a jug from the spring that comes out of the sea wall, under the post office. In his shop he had a sign, "No Smoking, No Swearing."

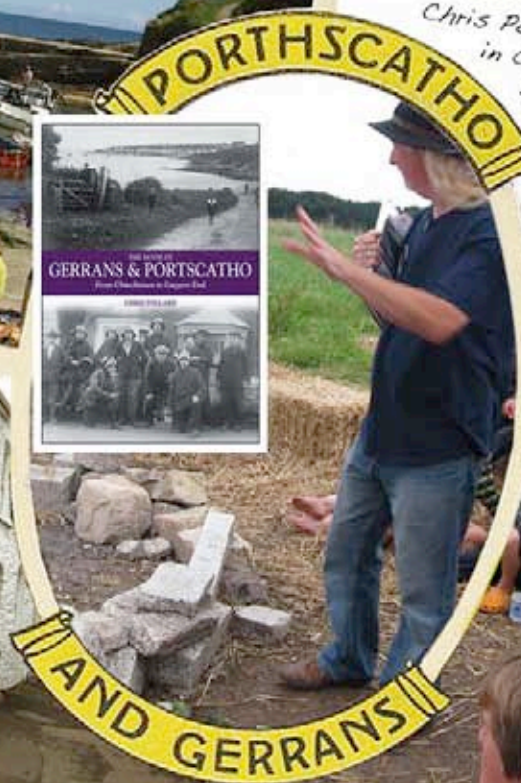


"Towels and bathing costumes hang out to dry where once there would have been nets and lines. The porth is full of boats, but they are gaily painted dinghies, not the heavy, tarred and servicable craft of the fishermen. Throughout the winter half the houses are empty..."
Laurence O'Toole, *The Roseland between River and Sea*. 2002 p.86

Chris Pollard's family have lived in Gerrans and Portscatho since the late 1800's "the past is all around us if we keep our eyes open"

The cottage slumbers,
It's early March,
The house is dark
They're in Marylebone or Rome
It's a second home

Rob Barratt 'The Bodmin Bard', *Fireside*, June 2010
photo by Andrea Insoll



Fireside Stories - August 2009



illustration by Ken Barratt
artist in residence 2010

"A distant relative of Scotland's famous Loch Ness Monster could be lurking in the waters off the coast of Cornwall, it has been revealed. Video footage of a creature swimming in the sea off Gerran's Bay has been captured by local man John Holmes and has confounded experts."



BBC news, England June 27 2002

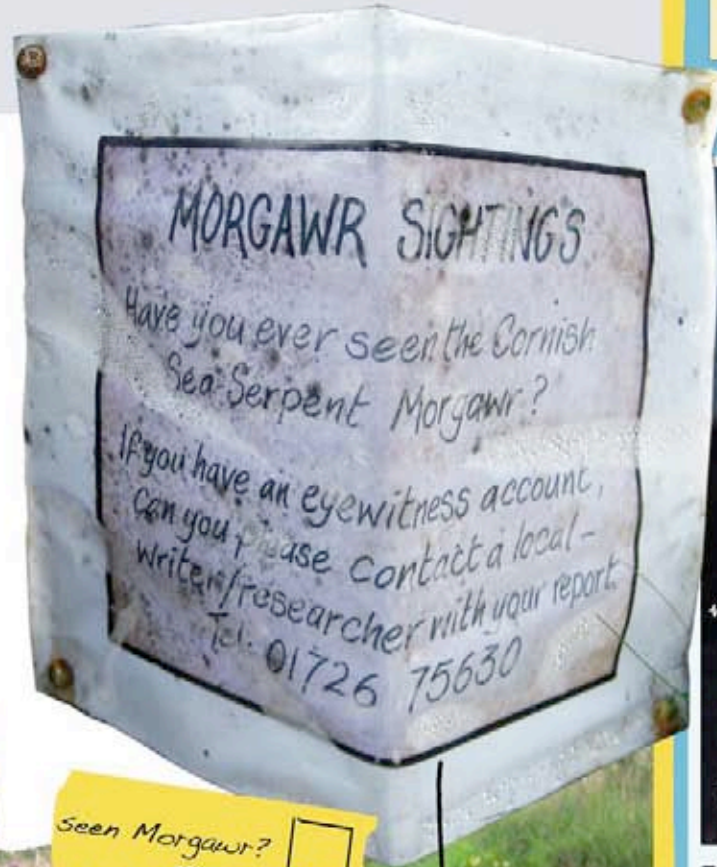
Seen a cormorant?
when?

I met Lucy tending her beautiful garden beside the coastal path, someone had recently left a gate open & some farm animals had trampled her plants... so she was asking everyone who passed by to make sure that they shut the gates behind them.

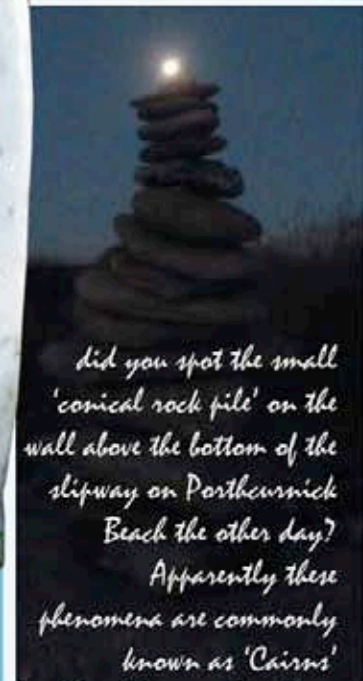


FARMLAND
Please close
the gate
Thank you

Morgawr ('mor' for 'sea' and 'cawr' for 'giant' - Cornish) has been seen by many people over the years in the Falmouth area. The first reported sighting was in Gerrans Bay by two fishermen in 1876



Seen Morgawr?
when?



Did you spot the small 'conical rock pile' on the wall above the bottom of the slipway on Porthewnick Beach the other day? Apparently these phenomena are commonly known as 'Cairns' - although seasoned walkers who use stone files to mark hiking trails would tend to call them 'Ducks or Duckies'.

'The Moon Setting at Dawn'
Image and text by Marlin Edwards

Seen a Cairn?
when?



Portscatho (The Luger) via The Nelyas to Tregassick Rectory.
 A much used route. Until the advent of the motor car Falmouth was regarded as the local town by the parishioners of Gerrans and Portscatho. Thus this path provided the shortest way on foot to Percuil and then on to Falmouth, either by boat from that point, or across the river with the ferryman to the far side and thence to St. Mawes. Percuil was the haven for the locally-owned and crewed merchant schooners. The oyster fishery and boatyards along the river provided employment for men living at Portscatho.

Cornish Stiles in the Roseland, St Gerrans and Portscatho Old Cornwall Society, 1997

Seen a wood pigeon?

When?

"Cuntelleugh an brewyon us gesys na vo kellys travyth"
 Gather up the fragments that are left that nothing be lost.

Federation of Old Cornwall Societies



Three Cornered Leek (*Allium triquetrum*)



check Robins' foraging tips on p.53

Allium triquetrum Sarah Carter. The Cornish Hedge Library

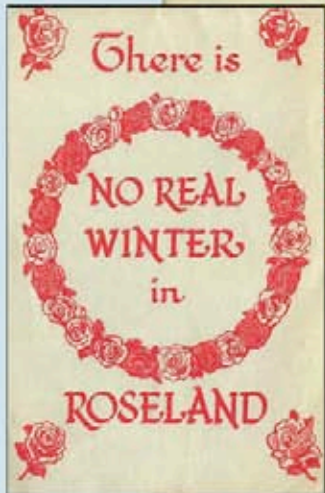


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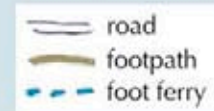
You will find this ancient pathway to Portscatho beside the campsite on Treloan Lane (facing towards Gerrans).



At the end of the path is a gate into Crug Nelyas, the field where a bronze urn was found in the mid 19th C. If you follow the path diagonally across the field you will come to Nelyas Ope, the passageway with stone steps leading down to the Luger (harbourside).



A souvenir booklet for Place Manor Edward Harte 1955 (Gerrans & St Anthony in Roseland Online Parish Clerk).



Roseland

a promontory or spur of land from Rhos or Ros (Cornish)

FERRIES:

Place > St Mawes
 half-hourly 7 days a week
 from easter to october
 10 mins journey

St Mawes > Falmouth
 7 days a week all year
 20 mins journey

Tel: 01872 861910

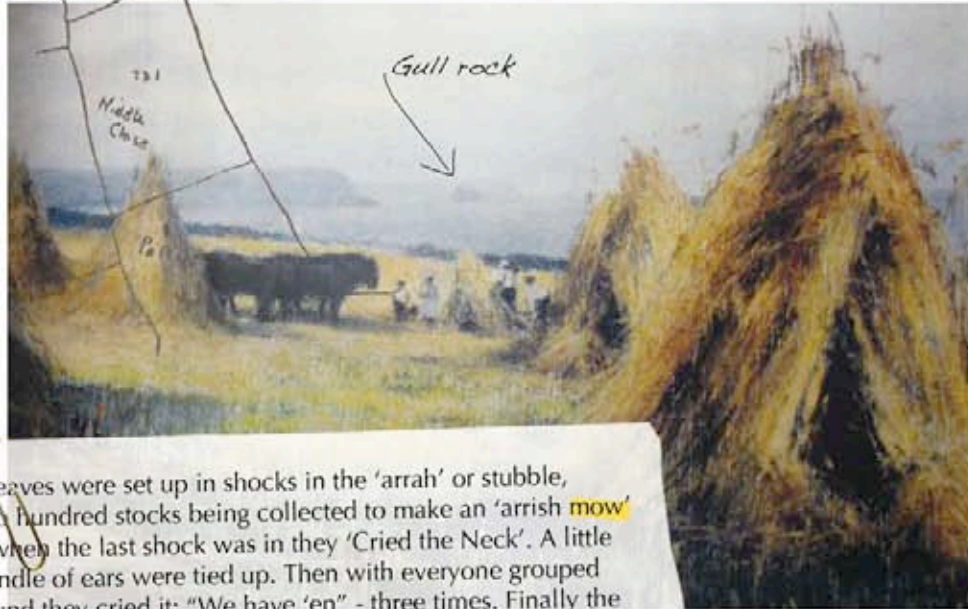
the walk to Place takes about an hour, the views are amazing so you may want to take a bit longer.

at Treloan entrance - turn left...





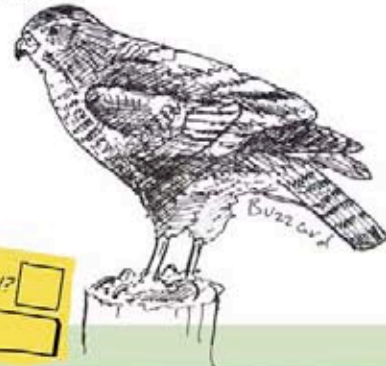
Thanks to local historian Hilary Thompson we updated the Treloan brochure in 2008 from her map of fieldnames based on Tithe records as follows: Calves Meadow (where the static vans are), **Mowhay Close** (the main camping field) and Middle Close (the 'project / eco field').



Sheaves were set up in shocks in the 'arrah' or stubble, two hundred stocks being collected to make an 'arrish mow' ...when the last shock was in they 'Cried the Neck'. A little bundle of ears were tied up. Then with everyone grouped round they cried it; "We have 'en" - three times. Finally the sheaf was taken ceremoniously back to the farm, where with drinks and kisses all round, it was hung up until next year... the corn spirit was believed to remain in the last sheaf of corn cut, ready for the next sowing.

Laurence O'Toole, *The Roseland between River and Sea*. 2007 p.61

Painting by G M de l'Aubiniere, early 20th Century Gerrans Parish Heritage Centre



Seen a buzzard?
when?

'TRELOAN' means farm or homestead of the elms - from the Cornish 'tre' (farm or homestead) and 'elew/elowen' (elm tree)

Elms were once the dominant hedgerow tree in Cornwall and the source of wood for Cornish Gig construction. This beautiful avenue along the road from Gerrans to Trewine succumbed to Dutch Elm disease in the 70's. Cornwall Council are keen to establish where any mature trees have survived. "Any elm which has survived elm disease since the 1970's (diameter 20-30 cm or more at chest height) is of interest." (www.comwall.gov.uk)

From Margaret Davis' collection of postcards



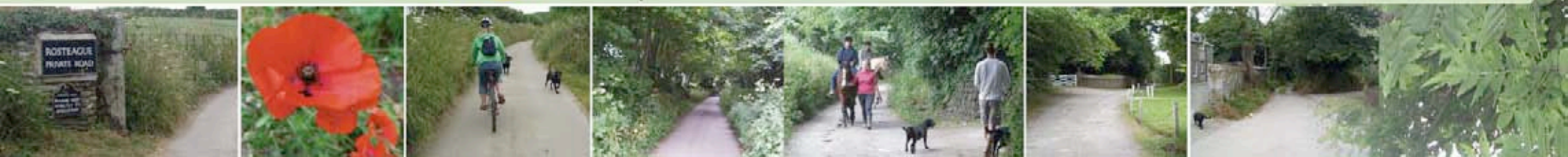
Cornish Elm (*Ulmus stricta*)

This stuffed owl is a family heirloom belonging to Peter Davis, he and Arthur (see next page) were each given one. Peter thinks it is approximately 140 yrs old, it belonged to their great grandfather and was shot down at Treloan.

Seen an elm tree?
when?



Treloan



Arthur's Field

excerpts from an illustrated story by Mac Dunlop
performed at Treloan Fest 2009

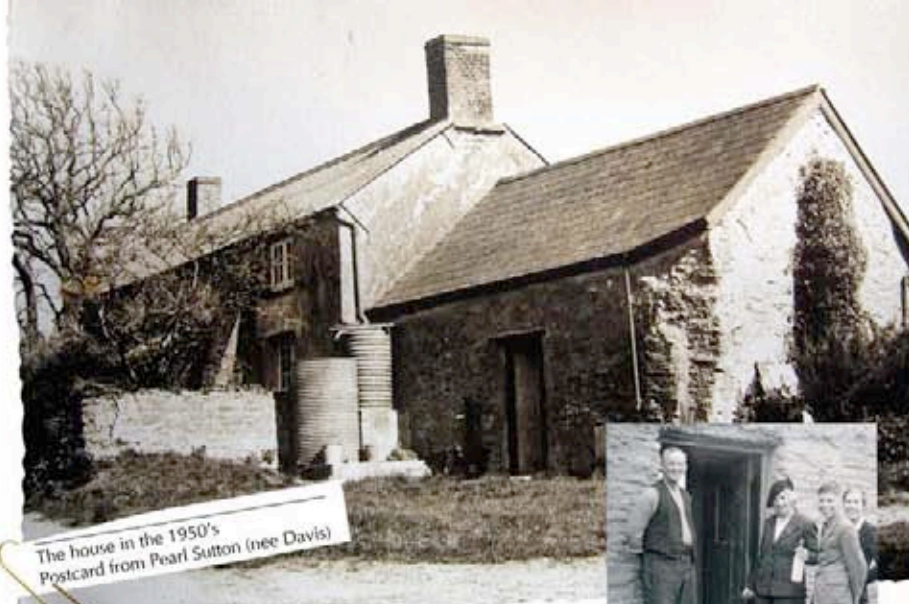
"Arthur would have loved this" said Chris, after they'd finished singing around the fireside, and we looked out over the moonlit field toward the sea.



I don't mean Chris Pollard the carpenter historian from up the top in Gerrans, whose family have been here for generations. The one who wrote the history of Gerrans and Portscatho,



who remembers his Gran having cannonballs on her mantelpiece, that were said to have come from the thatched roof of Arthur's farmhouse not long after the Second World War when they decided to replace it with corrugated asbestos sheets.



The house in the 1950's
Postcard from Pearl Sutton (nee Davis)

"Arthur's father Leonard started the campsite, he used to deliver milk in the village from churns with a pint measuring ladle. Mrs Merryfield was upstairs when he called 'milk' - 'the jugs on the table' she shouted 'but take me teeth out first'.



"The Crusader boys were always dressing up. In one game they'd be in disguise and have to be discovered. They were all over the village - there was a mock wedding and reception where they even hired a car. Others would serve at the garage, clean windows or pretended to be an artist with an easel outside the Plume. We girls loved all those boys coming every year."



Leonard at the door with visitors.
photo from Margaret Davis



In the evening a Sing-Song, Concert or Camp Fire is arranged.

Portscatho Crusader Camp leaflet 1939

Arthur always had the Crusaders camp there every year, we loved it. There'd be concerts on the campsite & games and fancy dress. On their last night everything in the village moved! We'd find a dinghy in the churchyard, a garden seat on the street, the school buckets (loos) on Gerrans signposts. No-one minded, it was all fun, you couldn't do that now."

Treloan memories, fancy dress photographs and West Briton cutting - Pearl Sutton (nee Davis).

Arthur in high

ROBERT JOYSON

ARTHUR Davis, one of the best-loved characters of Cornish tourism who lived at Gerrans on the Roseland peninsula, has died aged 81.

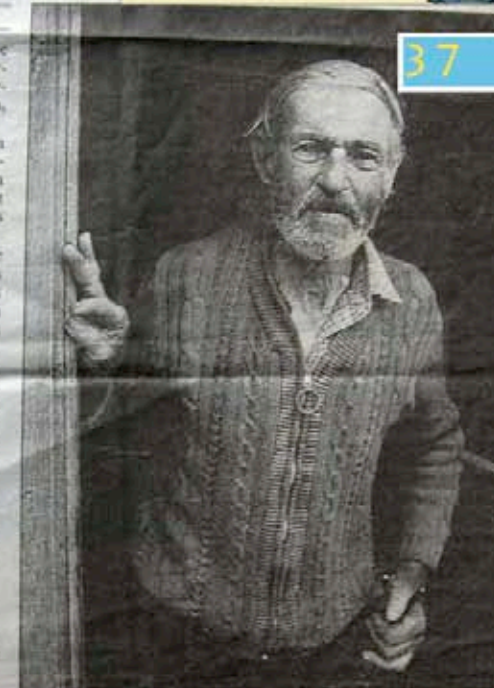
For more than 40 years he ran a hillside caravan camp overlooking Gerrans Bay which proved an irresistible magnet for holidaymakers from across Britain.

Despite its lack of even the most basic facilities, hundreds of caravanners and campers would return year after year to a place known simply as "Arthur's".

It was specially popular with affluent members of the medical, legal and teaching professions, who shunned exotic destinations like Barbados or Bermuda, to congregate at Arthur's every summer.

Local legend had it that Arthur's was the best place in Britain to become ill during the summer because "half of Harley Street was up there".

Although Arthur's prices, as little as 25 pence a night in his 1970s hey-day, had something to do with it, the rural bliss and lack of regimentation were the prime attractions of Treloan Farm.



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● GENEROUS: Arthur Davis

'Arthur had friends in high places'
West Briton 21.3.1998



The story goes that these cannonballs could have come from the time of the English Civil War, when Cornwall was the last bastion of the Royalists, against Cromwell's Parliamentarians, somewhere between 1642 to 1651.

Anyway, I don't mean that Chris.

And I don't mean Chris Insoll, the artist who runs the New Gallery down in Portscatho. The one who camped on Arthur's field when he first moved here, before settling in the village with Andrea.



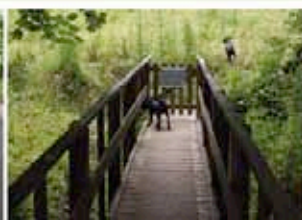
writer Penelope Shuttle, ('Redgrove's Wife) gave a poetry reading at a Treloan 'fireside' in August 2009

He's got an eclectic collection of experimental writings by the poet Peter Redgrove, stashed in the Gallery Studio somewhere upstairs - that's from his days of study at Falmouth College of Art - where Redgrove taught for a while.



New Gallery window installation by Chris Insoll for Treloan Poetry Week August 2009

FOOTPATH TO PLACE VIA
PERQUIL RIVER 2 M



Grasping the Nettle

'Be not nettled, my friend,' wrote the poet Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) 'at my praise of this useful weed. In Scotland, I have eaten nettles, I have slept in nettle sheets, and I have dined off a nettle tablecloth. The young and tender nettle is an excellent potherb. The stalks of the old nettle are as good as flax for making cloth.'

There's a recipe for 'Khachapuri' a delicious Georgian cheese & nettle flat bread on page 61

check Robins' foraging tips on p.53



'ODE TO NETTLES" *Urtica dioica* (Common Nettle).

NETTLE CONTAINS 3 TIMES MORE IRON THAN SPINACH, 7 TIMES MORE VITAMIN C THAN ORANGES, 35% PROTEIN ON DRY WEIGHT. THEY LOWER BLOOD SUGAR AND BLOOD PRESSURE...

STINGING NETTLES HAVE BEEN WITH US SINCE PALAEO-LITHIC TIMES, AND AS A FOOD THEY WERE PART OF OUR DIET RIGHT UP UNTIL THE 1700S. THEY FELL OUT OF FAVOUR AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 20TH CENTURY (DUE TO FOOD SNOBBERY) WHEN THEY BECAME AN ALTERNATIVE FOOD SOURCE FOR WORKHOUSE INMATES.

NETTLES ARE A VERY SUSTAINING FOOD, AND IF EATEN IN PORRIDGE AS WAS DONE IN LANCASHIRE IN THE 1870'S THEY WILL HAVE YOU PURRING THROUGH YOUR DAY, AND GIVE YOU HUGE AMOUNTS OF ENERGY.

NETTLES ARE A FANTASTIC SUPER FOOD, SO THROW OUT YOUR IMPORTED, CARBON EMITTING, UNSUSTAINABLE WHEAT GRASS AND GREEN BARLEY POWDERS AND GET TUCKING INTO NETTLES. THEY'RE FREE AFTER ALL!



Robin Harford, forager in residence 2010

Anyway, I don't mean that Chris either.

Although you can be excused for getting your Chris's in a muddle in Portscatho...



The Chris I'm on about is the one who sings in "Du Hag Owr", he runs the Garage down in St. Mawes. He was born in Veryan, then settled in Portscatho when he got married. Said when he was younger, he worked in the oil industry up in Plymouth. He lasted about a month, and has been here ever since. It was the people, he said, nobody seemed to smile up there...

"Du Hag Owr", is the local Shout - 'Shout' is what they call a group of sea shanty singers, and the word 'shanty' comes from the french word 'chantez', meaning 'sing'! And they sing about being 'shantymen'.

'Du Hag Owr' is Cornish for Black and Gold, and, their first gig was at the Caravanserai 'Open day' in the Memorial Hall on August 8th, 2009.

NETTLE STRING

1 PICK NETTLES WITH GLOVES. RUB OFF STINGS.

3 RUN THUMB ALONG CRACKS THAT FORM
PULL NETTLE OPEN TO REVEAL INSIDES

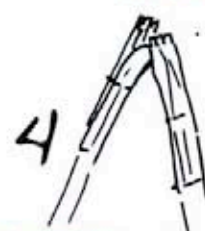
5 SPLIT OUTER WOODY PARTS INTO SINGLE FIBRES. THEN DRY THEM OUT!

7
KEEP TWISTING THE SAME WAY UNTIL A "KINK" IS FORMED.

8 HOLD KINK AND HANGING STRANDS.

HOW TO make nettle string
sketch instructions - Greg Humphries, artist in residence 2009
photos instructions - Mary Pollard

2 PRESS STEMS FLAT (PUSH HARD AT NODES)



FOLD OPENED NETTLE IN 1/2 AND SPLIT / CRACK WOODY INNER. PEEEL OFF OUTER GREEN FIBRES.



6
HOLD

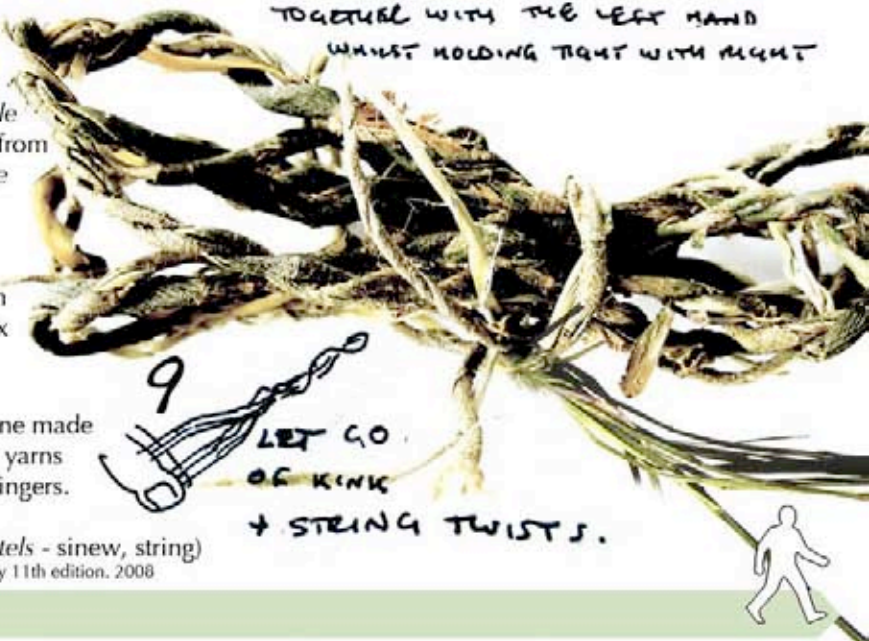
GET 3-4 STRANDS AND TWIST THEM TOGETHER WITH THE LEFT HAND WHILST HOLDING TIGHT WITH RIGHT

The origin of nettle is 'netel' derived from 'noedle' or needle possibly referring to how it was the main source of thread in northern Europe before flax became popular.

knittle - a small line made with two or three yarns twisted with the fingers.

(Old English *cnyttels* - sinew, string)
The Chambers Dictionary 11th edition, 2008

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LET GO OF KINK + STRING TWISTS.





Their singing fitted in seamlessly with the circles of knitting, sewing, wool spinning, in a way that felt a little



magical, a little like time was fluid, and you could imagine such a scene on that August day might have been almost the same a hundred, two hundred or however many hundred years you could think of going back to.



Open Day

That Allan, in Du Hag Owr, that's Allan Collins, he's a story or two to tell, in fact he's a walking autobiography, like most people! His family goes back to the oldest records in the Parish files.



Reversible, strong shopper made from recycled plastic bags by Zoe Duffy, at our 'make, do and meet' Gathering the Threads, Open Day August 2009
HOW TO pattern from Zoe thanks to the p-hive collective:

Plastic Bag Pattern

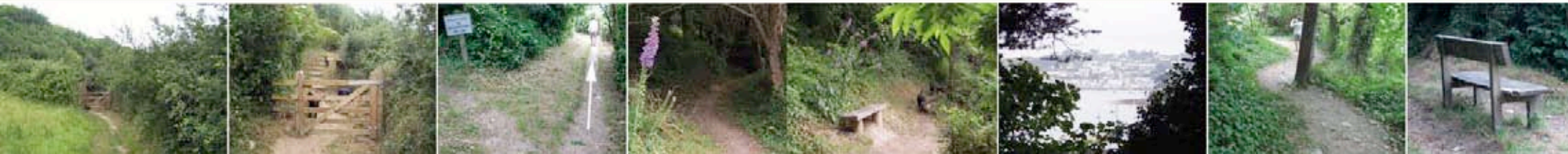
- Cast on 26 st. with smaller needles (2mm)
- Rows 1-3: knit
- Row 4: k9, cast off 3, k remaining 9
- Row 5: k9, cast on 3, k remaining 9
- Rows 6-9: knit
- Row 10: start knitting with larger needles (5mm)
- Row 11: discard small needles + knit only with big needles ...
- Rest of the bag: k until you are satisfied with the size (doubled over)



Local resident Peter Pomery weaves sheep's wool on a peg loom made by artist Greg Humphries. August 2009

Finishing (handle)

- Row 1: start knitting w. one of 12mm needles
- Row 2: dis card 15mm needles + k with 12mm
- Rows 3-6: knit
- Row 7: k9, cast off 3, k9
- Row 8: k9, cast on 3, k9
- Rows 9-11: knit
- cast off
- Press bag under heavy books for about a day
- Sew up the edges





Besides singing, he's the local station officer for HM Coastguard - that means he's on call 24/7, you should see him spin off when his beeper goes, 'every second counts' he says - I guess if you were in trouble you'd like to think someone would be coming that fast wouldn't you?

Anyway he's just taken the whole traditional skills thing on like nobody's business. Allan's a master carpenter too, so when he met Greg Humphries coppicing willow at Jude & Tony's place he soon got involved.

Together they decided to try and find someone who could teach them how to make willow crab pots - a skill no longer practiced in the village.

Allan says that if modern crabpots made of plastic and nylon, go adrift, they last forever and keep trapping things, which isn't much good for fishing, or for replenishing the crab and lobster populations. Whereas with a willow pot, it won't last more than a season in the sea anyway, and the only cost is in time.



Allan being filmed in the Fisherman's Shelter for My Cornwall TV photo by Mary Pollard 2010

"Allan told me the coppice was used by a man called Morley Billing in order to make crab-pots. He'd been shown how to make willow crab pots as a child, but nobody of his generation was making them today." G.H.



Months later...when the willow was ready to be harvested, Allan and Greg were able to learn this craft, thanks to the skills and generosity of John Hurrell.

Sadly, at this time John Billing (son of Morley) passed away. He was the only person left in the village that knew how to make willow crab-pots .

"This was very poignant for me as it illustrates the amount of knowledge of these basic skills we are losing as the older generation dies." G.H.



Thanks to Jude and Tony Tomlinson, Greg Humphries was able to work with willow. Having cleared and regenerated their plantation he coppiced enough for making a hurdle, a peg loom (p.43) and a fedge. With the older willow he made charcoal for our local food banquet' FEIIST (p.17). Detailed instructions for all these outcomes are archived on his website.



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making charcoal: "Stacking the burner is a real art. Making sure that larger bits are at the bottom - smaller bits at the top and the minimum of air is in the drum" Greg Humphries.

Following this successful attempt at making charcoal, Greg worked with artist / researcher Daro Montag on his RANE CHAR initiative at the Eden Project. Daro is distributing 1k bags of biochar - ground charcoal to bury (not burn) as a soil conditioner and method for mitigating climate change. Each bag comes with a return slip so that the sites of where RANE CHAR has been buried are mapped.

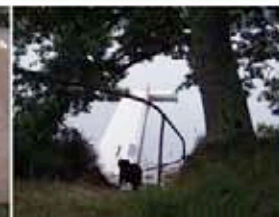
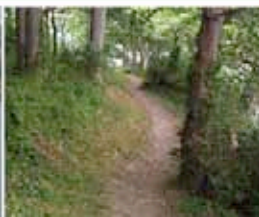


NEST is in Middle Close, the project field.



Greg returned in Jan 2011 for a Caravanserai 'do tank' - coppicing willow and building 'nest' with the help of Daro's MA Art & Environment students (UCF).

Greg Humphries, artist in residence 2009; Greg's residency was supported by an ESF (European Social Fund) student placement scheme through UCF (University College Falmouth); and won the 'Unlocking Cornish Potential Award for Creative Enterprise Cornwall - Best Postgraduate Placement'.





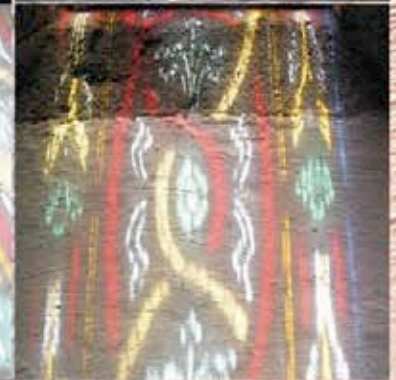
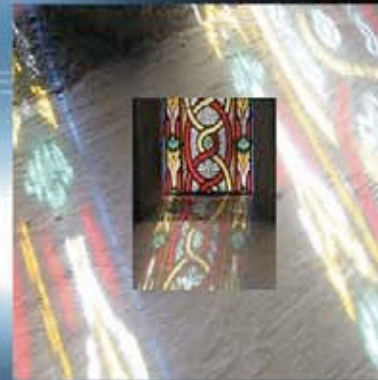
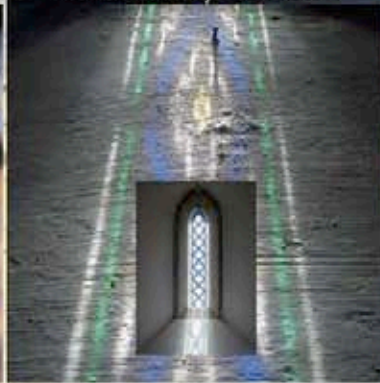
St. Anthony Church

Remember those women in Venetian churches – brooms and dusters, an air of busyness always about them? Old women engaged in practical devotions. Electric candles, plastic flowers, walls hung with Titians. I wish they were here now. Making tidy, making housekeeping a holy thing. We'd steer a steady course for this prayer-stained ark as she moved out of harbour and into deeper waters.

Alyson Hallett - poet in residence 2009



St Anthony Church



"7 maids all lived in & they'd polish the floor one sat on the cushion & the other pulling"

Pearl Sutton (nee Davis)

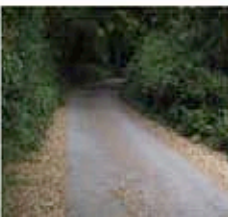
steps to St Anthony Church

style to coastpath

Porthbear beach down steps



Place Manor



keep straight on



did you know...

Grey Seals are one of the rarest seal species in the world. The UK has 40% of the world's Grey Seals, so we have an international responsibility to protect them (Cornwall Seal Group 2010). The UK has 2 resident types of seals, Grey and Common; Greys are larger, have flatter, longer more dog-like heads and usually inhabit rocky shores; Commons have cat-like faces with a clear forehead and prefer hauling out on sandbanks. Cornwall has mostly Grey Seals.

...that seals sleep in the sea?

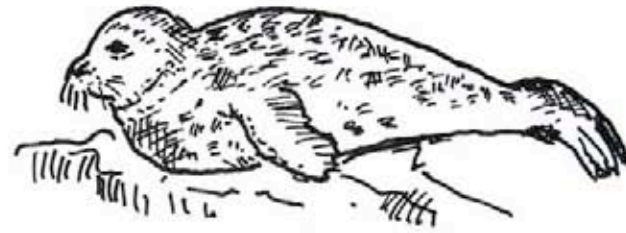
Seals swim at an average of 4 to 5km an hour. On average they dive to 70 metres for around 12 minutes. Seals sleep in the sea. They lie on the sea bed or float upright, but must return to the surface to breathe.

Seals must return to shore (haul out) to breed, moult, rest and digest their food. Disturbing them back into the sea creates a double energy loss for the seals.

Grey Seals spend about 4 days at sea for every one day on land. If another seal gets too close, they will growl, snarl, howl and swat the offending seal with their fore flipper (Cornwall Seal Group 2010).



Roseland Grey Seal photo by Richard Wallis 2009



You may see a round head bob up in the bay, or come across a young one on the beach...

Seal drawings: Ken Barrett 2010

Unnatural sounds (eg. human voices & dog barks) and changing sounds (e.g. slowing boat engines) may alert a seal to potential danger. Equally seals can spook when silent sea craft suddenly appear. Canoeists and kayakers, being low to the water and with 2 eyes, look like potential predators and can disturb seals. If you see one seal, be aware and look out for others! Disturbed seals will look at you and crash dive, creating a splash. The seal will often resurface in the area again to observe you.



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If you are in the water close to a seal, always let the seal make the first move towards you. Sit back, wait and observe. Seals will explore you with their fore flippers, whiskers and mouths. Remember that seals have strong claws and sharp interlocking teeth. So, if you are not in a wet suit, your skin could easily be scratched by a seal's curious behaviour.

Be confident that seals are gentle creatures unless they feel threatened.

- Take your litter home – a 2 week old white coat seal pup was seen struggling in a high tide with a big swell, only to be hit by numerous floating plastic bottles, an oil drum and a wooden plank. Adult seals have been observed eating carrier bags and crisp packets and swimming into see-through plastic bags (Cornwall Seal Group 2010).

If you are sea angling, avoid fishing where seals are seen and use corrodible hooks (Cornwall Seal Group 2010).



Sea Bass: Jamie Hawker 2010

Seals need our protection: seal info by Debs Wallis 2010

Cornwall Wildlife Trust
Strandings Hotline 0845 2012626

● Seals in trouble - Seal Sanctuary 01326 221361



Rain

The drumming on the roof is thunder rumble
the tornado only miles off now, eyes
closed the caravan is our air raid bunker fallout shelter
refuge at the end of the garden from summer holiday homework.

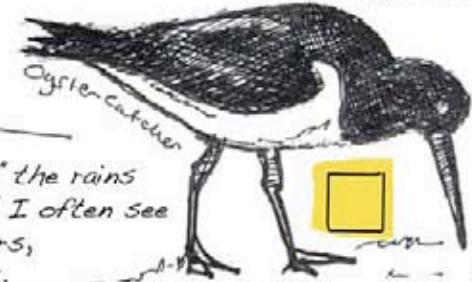
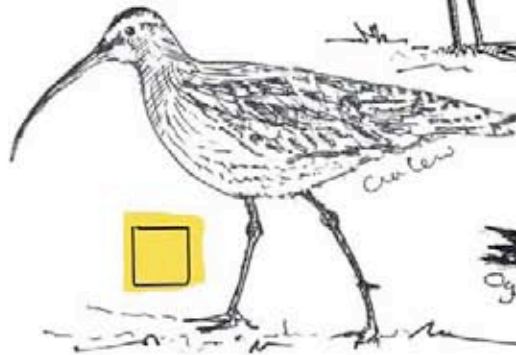
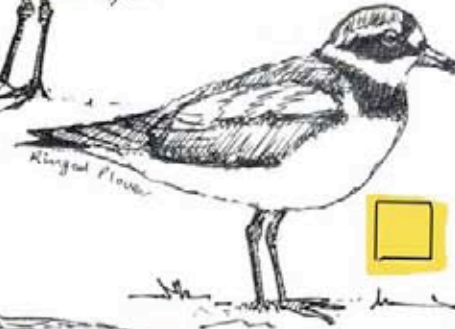
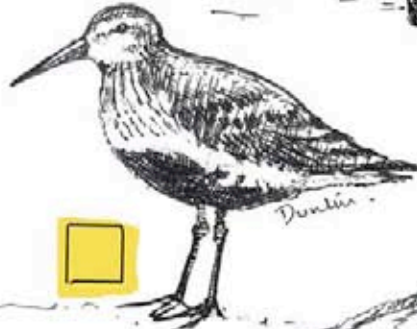
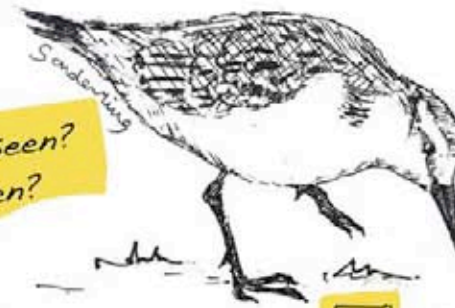
Now we are shipwrecked, desert stranded, starving
noses pressed against the glass racing rain drops
from top to bottom, our only hope the jangle
of the ice cream van, willing that it stops one last time.

The rain has seeped through my hand-me-down
waterproof jacket pocket, with its shredded hankies,
coins sticky with sugar, shards of shell and crab pincers,
thirteen scrunched up mint Cornetto wrappers.

Rain - Cat Holman, writer in residence 2009



have you seen?
when?



we met Stan sat beside the path "the rains
great for bird watching" he said, "I often see
waders here... Dunlins, Ring Plovers,
Sanderlings, Turnstones, Curlews,
Winbrels, Oystercatchers..."

bird illustrations by Ken Barrett, artist in residence 2010



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'Guerilla Nostalgia' by Ken Barrett, 2010
"inserting high grade nostalgic material into
public places". For Treloan, Ken painted the
toilet blocks with images from I SPY books
(1950 /60's spotters' guides for children).

in memory of Mary Gill who loved the Cornish coast
and her husband Jerry who walked here more than most



IN MEMORY OF MARY GILL
WHO LOVED THE CORNISH COAST
AND HER HUSBAND JERRY
AND TRAVELED IT MORE THAN MOST



Black Mustard Leaf Sushi is best served as fresh as possible. Refrigeration spoils the texture. Many other fillings can be tried such as grated radish, carrot, smoked salmon, fine slices of red pepper etc. Black mustard leaf is a brilliant substitute for wasabi with several thousand less food miles! Any left-over leaf can be added to a vinaigrette for spice and colour.

Ingredients - for each sheet of nori: • 125g sushi rice • 175g water • 1 tbsp sushi rice seasoning (Clearspring) • 30g black mustard leaf • Dribble of oil • Small piece cucumber, cut into thin matchsticks. *You will also need a sushi mat for shaping & soy sauce (optional)*

- * Place rice in a bowl, pour over plenty of cold water and stir until water goes milky, then seive. Repeat 4 times.
- * Place the rice in pan, add water and leave for 30 minutes.
- * Bring to boil and simmer for 10 mins. Take off heat & leave with lid on for a further 10 mins.
- * Tip rice into large shallow dish, pour over sushi seasoning and fold in liquid without squashing the grains. You are aiming for a glossy texture with separate grains. Cover with tea towel until cooled.
- * Finely chop mustard leaves into a bowl & add a dribble of oil.
- * lay a sheet of nori shiny side down on a sushi mat. Spread rice leaving a 1cm margin at top and bottom edges. Sprinkle a line of mustard mix across middle (left to right) & add cucumber matchsticks on either side.
- * Fold bottom edge of the nori over rice & using the mat roll the nori towards the far end.
- * Dampen top edge with water & stick the two layers of nori together. Wrap the mat firmly around the roll so it will keep its shape when cut.
- * Hold roll with one hand and pull far edge of the mat gently away from you.
- * Using a wet sharp knife cut into 8 even-sized rolls. Place cut side up on a plate and enjoy!



Black Mustard (*Brassica nigra*)

- Only eat wild plants whose identification you are 110% certain of. If in doubt, leave it out.
- To avoid confusion with the identification of plants use the botanical (Latin) name.
- Make sure you gather from unpolluted areas away from roads, field outflows, sprayed fields, and any land that looks unhealthy. ie. the plants are stunted & lack vibrancy.
- Ask landowner's permission to forage on their land. This helps build community and good neighbourliness.
- Never gather more than a third of any plant community. Leave something for others, human and non human.
- It is illegal to dig up roots without landowner's permission or to gather from land and then sell for profit.
- Eat something wild everyday, only take what you need. Trust life, and life will support you.



*Robin's foraging tips!



Towan beach



Robin harvests wild edible plants on a daily basis for his family, as well as supplying local restaurants. He teaches at Eden Project, and has been featured in BBC2's Edwardian Farm, the BBC Good Food magazine, The Guardian and GQ, to name a few...



Robin Harford, forager in residence 2010

ONCE UPON A TIME

I know how beautiful was Gerrans Bay,
St Anthony to lovely Kybrick Cove
with fish in multitudes nigh ev'rywhere,
no death was there of life within that span.
From Peter's Splosh and Breakneck to the Grebe,
o'er Flat Rocks then to Killigerran Head,
Elwinick Cove, the Old Walls and the Zone.

*This epic poem tells of every fish that once swam
in the bay, how they were caught, the marks, what
they would weigh, and how they've become
scarce and small, such as the Bass...*

"Today they have gone, there's nought to
bring home, no Gannets diving, no boats
with four lines, no digging lugworms,
no cliff climb at night. Willows were
growing, fisherman made pots.

...
But slowly, surely all things were changing.
No willow gardens, pots made of plastic.

...
As fish grew scarcer men began to look,
for ways and means to use the gear they had,
and in a while, without a look ahead,
began to dredge the bottom of the Bay,
to harvest Scallops which were in demand.

...
But Nature couldn't keep pace with what was caught.
Catches fell but men persisted.
They trawled and trawled till scarce a life was left.
And so this Bay which once did teem with fish,
was left so barren, nothing seemed to stir.

excerpts from *Once Upon a Time* in 'Some Ramblings in
Rhyme and Reason of a Roseland Rambler' by Jerry Gill.
Published in his memory & available from local shops
& outlets (proceeds to Gerrans Churchyard Fund).

*Foxgloves
(Digitalis)
also known as
'Bee Catchers'
like the bees,
are also
disappearing
from our
woodlands
and verges.*



Seen a foxglove?
when?



*'Have you noticed something
happening where you live that
might be caused by changes
to our climate?'*



Question and responses from the CLIF project stall 'Bringing it Home: Climate Change and Roseland's Landscapes'
at the Memorial Hall Open Day August 2009. (CLIF - From Climate to Landscape: Imagining the Future,
University of Exeter, Cornwall Campus).

*Seems like paradise here but if you look
carefully all sorts of things are changing. Where are all
the sparrows. Fewer butterflies ^{but} many cabbage white!!*

*Fewer swallows, plants confused
about seasons on my allotment
bees starving -*

*BLACK BERRIES ARE OUT EARLY
(PICKED SOME LAST WEEK 1/8/09)*

*Climate change is an opportunity
to work together to look
after our planet & each other*

*'Three times a week in summertime, by changing beauty led,
I walk the Cornish Coastal Path to and from Portmellin Head'*

*...wrote Jerry Gill in his poem 'From Home to Porthmellin
Head' offering us wonderful insights to changes in our
local environment through lyrical recordings.*

*'On the cliff edge in the first field grow the tall and rare wild
Leeks, which burst their heads of purple seeds in a process
taking weeks'*

*'To end this verse' he writes 'I pen a plea, conservation on my
mind. "For generations yet to walk, leave a footpath fit to find"'*

excerpts from *From Home to Porthmellin Head* in 'Some Ramblings in
Rhyme and Reason of a Roseland Rambler' by Jerry Gill. (1915-2009)

foot path down to Petersplash



This and this and this

And what will I gather, will I gather?

A pebble from the beach.

A day so still the sea can hardly haul waves to shore.

Water so clear, so transparent it could never be blue,
never hold blueness in its sway.

Stillness stretching all the way out to the anchored ship in the bay.

Nameless regions of sky.

The nape of day as it reaches for night's first kiss,
so still, so silvered in evening light I'd be forgiven
for saying look at this, and this, and this.

Alyson Hallett - poet in residence 2009



turn left here for Treloan



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Breakneck beach, sometimes mistakenly referred to as Treloan Cove, is the closest beach to the campsite (see map on p.5), the path down is steep and has collapsed at one point. At high water it's covered so keep an eye on the tide. Breakneck is "probably so named from the steepness of the cliff above and the proximity of the coastal path at that point"

Hilary Thompson *Rocks, Coves & Fishing Marks; Nape Head to Zane*. 1999





it's an issue ... over the summer months I've seen bags of dog shit hanging from fences, tucked into rocks, hedges, hidden under foliage or just left lying on the verge or path. A strange affair altogether, an activity that could be fantasized as a hobbyist collector pastime or scientific study in progress - "copromorphology perhaps?" (if you know what I mean) says my friend George.

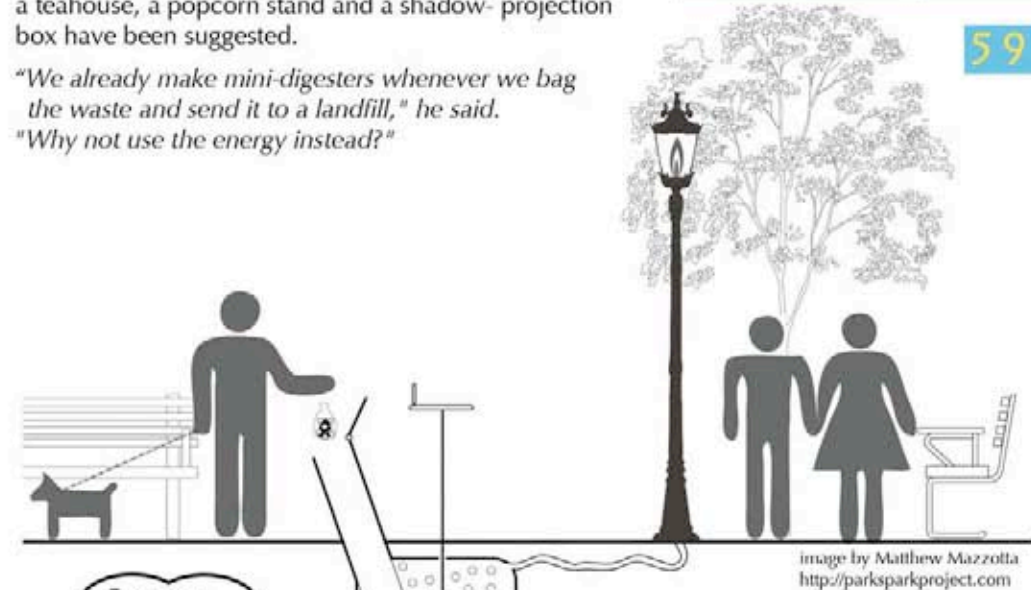
I've seen one lady carrying a plastic spade, the ones bought in seaside shops - I guess she must just pick it up & chuck it somewhere out of the pathway. The thing is, poop & scoop plastic bags don't break down and biodegradable bags need light to disintegrate (which they won't get in landfill).

Q. what to do about it?

A US based artist Matthew Mazzotta has come up with a creative use for dog waste in Cambridge, MA.

The system he has developed for a local park uses methane gas emissions from decomposition to power a gas lantern. The future use of this 'spark' or 'eternal flame' is being decided by the local community. So far, a teahouse, a popcorn stand and a shadow- projection box have been suggested.

"We already make mini-digesters whenever we bag the waste and send it to a landfill," he said. "Why not use the energy instead?"



Khachapuri Chinchari: Georgian cheese bread with nettles
 Khachapuri (pronounced 'hatcha puri', *khacha* is Georgian for curd cheese and *puri* is bread) This is the most delicious cheese bread ever, especially when pan baked over a fire.



The recipe is brought to you courtesy of Nata Bukia-Peters whom I first met on a wild food walk at Treloan. Having spent an unforgettable 8 weeks on an arts residency in the Republic of Georgia in 1998 it's always good to meet a Georgian. Would she teach me how to make Khachapuri? I asked, & could we put nettles in the cheese filling? 'of course' she said 'it's normal, already nettles are used in Georgia'.

ingredients for the filling: cheese - 300g mozzarella, 400g feta (in Georgia they use 'imeruli' fresh crumbly cheese mixed with 'sulguni' layered cheese with a stretchy texture) • nettles (chinchari) - half a carrier bag of young plant tips.

to make the filling: wash nettles and dry them in a tea towel then chop finely (don't worry if you get stung a bit, Nata says a nettle sting is good for you as it makes your blood move faster) * grate cheeses, mix with the nettles, cover and put to one side

ingredients for the dough: 3½ cups (500g) strong white flour • 1½ tsp yeast
 • 1 tbsp honey or sugar • pinch of salt • 1 tbsp oil • 1½ cups lukewarm water.

to make the dough: stir the honey (or sugar) 5 minutes until bubbly * Add 1 cup of flour, of the flour to form a dough ball (add more consistency (do it in small amounts). a covered bowl & leave to rise in a warm place.

into the water with the yeast & let sit for salt, the olive oil and mix, then add rest water or flour as needed to get the right * Knead for a minute or two then put in

a smile left hanging in the air

After 45 minutes the dough should have doubled in size,

- * Divide into 4 balls - 2 for the bases & 2 slightly smaller for the tops
- * roll out and place cheese mix on bases * wet the edges with water
- * place smaller rounds on top of mix
- * gather up edges & seal over top (it's ok if the mix comes out a bit)
- * place in a flat pan & prick with a fork, brush with oil and cook slowly till browned on both sides.



willow & canvas raft designed by Si Holman built by Si & Mac August 2009

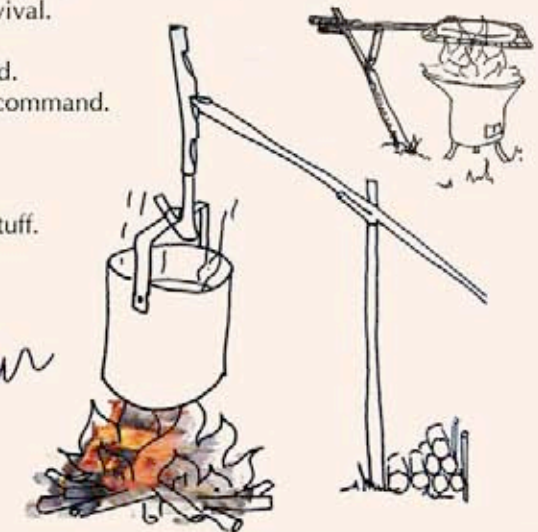


Porcellino Regatta 2010

It provides relief from the screens that surround you. Gaze into the fire. It will change you. It comes with low expectations, and so spares you the rage when your expectations fall short of the reality. It is a negotiation between yourself and the environment. You can neither perfect nor control it. It gets your children out of the house and into nature. Nature is where children learn to take risks and where those risks have consequences, unlike computer games. It opens you to a life with less stuff. It puts you in a place where preparation is more important to well-being than money. You discover the land and its moods. You learn how to train and use fire, and so control the element required for survival. You negotiate with your enemies; the rain, the mud, and the cold, cold ground. You realise you are neither helpless nor in command. It punishes greed. It confronts you with waste. It takes you out of domestic comfort. It is a break from people trying to sell you stuff.

'Why Camp?' by Mathew De Abaitua - author of *The Art of Camping: The History and Practice of Sleeping Under the Stars*. Hamish Hamilton 2011

why camp?



'a smile left hanging in the air' Mac Dunlop 2009

sketches: Greg Humphries artist in residence 2009



"Local rocks in the Roseland consist of the "Gramscatho" series, probably mid-Devonian in age (some 380-390 million years ago) and comprising interbedded blue and grey slates, sandy silts and light brown grits of Grampond. Similar rocks outcrop in Brittany and indeed closer to home, on the other side of the Fal estuary. These rocks are tilted and folded in places, dipping steeply towards the sea where they are exposed, leaving smooth, steep surfaces along the cliffs and beaches and jagged seam edges facing upwards and inland, punctuated by seams of white quartzite."

Margaret George, MA Oxon, BA Lond, Dip Ed.,DMS

Geographical Background in The Wells, Shutes and Springs of Gerrans Parish, edited and compiled by Hilary Thompson, Gerrans and Portscatho Old Cornwall Society

Local historian Hilary Thompson has produced numerous publications on village life. In these invaluable records she has mapped wells, shutes and springs, tithe portions and recorded various histories of Gerrans & Portscatho - its built and social environs. One publication that I am particularly fond of is 'Rocks, Coves & Fishing Marks, Nare Head to Zone', where she introduces the landscape of her childhood as 'the ways of the Porth' when 'local men knew the sea bed as intimately as farmers knew their fields'. This moving and fascinating account draws attention to how previously guarded secret fishing marks are now revealed so that the knowledge would not be 'lost forever', and it's on this note that I leave the last words of '*discovering what's on our doorstep*' to Hilary...

Long, long ago in prehistoric times this land was populated with hunter-gatherers and early settlers of the Neolithic, bronze and iron ages. In the fields between the campsite and the sea lived these ancient people, whose presence has been revealed with evidence of their pottery, of the food that they ate, and their burials.



As you explore the cliffs, beaches and footpaths of this lovely area, allow your mind to imagine the generations who walked these ways before you. The paths you tread over fields, down steep slopes and over streams were made by labourers, trudging from home to farm by the most direct route, summer and winter, through storm and tempest. You will still hear the call of the birds, as they did, but no longer will you hear the ploughman directing his horses as they ploughed in the spring or the merrymaking at harvest.

As you walk the path along the Percuil river, now crowded with modern yachts, imagine the local masters and crews of the many merchant schooners, who made their quiet way upstream to their safe haven after many months at sea.

G M Trevelyan wrote: 'The poetry of history lies in the quasi-miraculous fact that once, on this earth, once on this familiar spot of ground, walked other men and women, as actual as we are today, thinking their own thoughts, swayed by their own passions, but now all gone, one generation vanishing after another, gone as utterly as we ourselves shall shortly be gone like ghosts at cock-crow.'

Hilary Thompson 2011

The Porth - Mary Pollard





IMAGINARIUM

'our imaginative affinities with the natural world are a crucial ecological bond, as essential to us as our material needs for air and water and photosynthesising plants'

Richard Mabey, Nature Cure

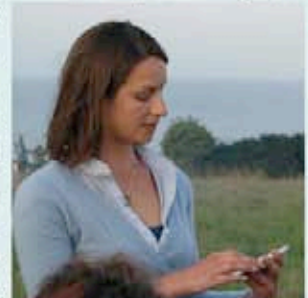


Caravanserai
Caravanserai será
será cuando vayan
vayan de aquí
de acá...

quando escapen las historias
no acabarán; seguiremos
contándolo por las
memorias

It felt as though I was about a hundred miles from home when I woke up in the van this morning. Despite sharing some of the same view of the sea, and a few familiar faces, the campsite feels very different from home. It's amazing how a new location can change your perspective... it's giving me a chance to appreciate what we already have in the village, which I certainly take for granted at times. The space in the van is fantastic for a residency – good areas to work in, no complications or diversions like internet or phones, and the knowledge that I should be immersing myself in my surroundings and writing.

'When the stories escape from here, when they go, they will not disappear...'



Portsmouth based writer in residence Cat Holman, reading at the 'fireside' July 2009



Environmental issues are affecting and will continue to increasingly affect our lives in Cornwall, and we are interested in creative engagement projects which allow people to explore, debate, learn, comment, and even create solutions for some of these challenges. FEAST - Cornwall Council / ACE 2009