I am in an unfamiliar place... Momentarily what the map tells me bears little sense of where I think I am

(John Newling, Essays: 93)
Treloan is situated in the parish of Gerrans, sometimes called St Gerrans (Cornish: Gerrans).

The parish is bounded on the north by Philleigh, on the east by Gerrans Bay, on the south by St Anthony-in-Roseland, and on the west by St Just-in-Roseland. The Roseland is thought to mean "the land of the promontory" rhos being the old Cornish for headland.

The deep map attempts to record and represent the grain and patina of place through juxtapositions and interpenetrations of the historical and the contemporary, the political and the poetic, the discursive and the sensual; the conflation of oral testimony, anthology, memoir, biography, natural history and everything you might ever want to say about a place...

Mike Pearson and Michael Shanks, Theatre/Archaeology: 64-65
Knowing is like mapping, not because knowledge is like a map, but because the products of mapping (graphic inscriptions), as those of knowing (stories), are fundamentally un-maplike.

Ingold, Perception of the Environment, 220

A walk is just one more layer, a mark, laid upon the thousands of other layers of human and geographic history on the surface of the land... Richard Long, Five Six Pick Up Sticks

Ingold, Perception of the Environment: 227
The Nelyas
a much used route
This path provided
the shortest way on foot from
Portscatho to Percuil - and then
on to Falmouth, by boat or across
the river with the ferryman.

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.

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

Cornish Stiles in the Roseland - St Gerrans
St Gerrans and Portscatho Old Cornwall
Society, 1997
But things can change when we move from cartography to street level. We can experience spaces that seem to be in limbo as places. Limbo, because such places often seem to exist somewhere between a previous state and the possibility of a new one.
A MAN who walked 13 miles to Truro to claim benefit, but was told to return the next day because he did not have an appointment, burgled houses for food when he ran out of money.

West Briton 25.6.09

THE Roseland is one of the wealthiest areas in Cornwall, if not in the country, with properties in St Mawes regularly vying with those in Rock and Sandbanks in Dorset for the title of most expensive seaside location in Britain.

Portscatho is not far behind, and you only have to see how few houses are lit in the winter evenings to understand that second homes nearly outnumber those of permanent residents. (West Briton 25.6.09)
The nomadic subject, a figure which describes not only a spatial state but also an epistemological condition, a knowingness or unknowingness that refuses fixity. Braithwaite, Nomadic Subjects.

It is a question of contingencies overlapping. The events which take place in the field—two birds chasing one another, a cloud covering the sun and changing the colour of the green... It is as though there...
this inside but outside place
a thin membrane betwixt inner and
the wind whips round and shakes the space...
outer for an insideling.

"The French use the same word for time, evolution, 'temps'...
... ecosystems evolve in time.
Precisely because of this.
Which means they tread on
all creatures, and important p 48
rainy and events - a storm,
a migration, a nervous breakdown -
are partly expressions (symptoms)
of environmental conditions
in the bodily self.
Navigation is a collection of techniques for answering a small number of questions, perhaps the most central of which is **Where am I?**

‘the ocean is a great draftsman’
Helen Mayer Harrison and Newton Harrison 2008,
Decided to keep walking the peninsula, the skies opened and I remember wondering if this was as much water as all the tears I may have cried for you......got completely soaked.

The sea was an extraordinary colour, very strange yellow/grey, like the grey of a solarised image,

...disturbing... a kind of no light colour, dull silver tarnished.

The painting of the big-bellied penumbral sea drew me into the gallery only to be shown volumes of notes from the artist’s archive - written under hypnosis with the poet... ‘gold dust’ I’m told.
The liminal is not a barrier but a threshold, a shimmering hesitant mist…
...a cloud of unknowing.

John Newling, An Essential Disorientation: 4