

Watch Croft

or



It is possible to look at something and

to see that something clear and

yet not to know what it is

Naming is...

I have suggested that NAMING is the basic artistic process. It is what Adam did in the garden.

But the archival approach, when one takes the flowers in to press them, in order to defeat the process of death, requires further NAMING – the song, the poem, the sympathy, the painting must have its name so that it may have identity outside of itself

it doesn't matter that we do not know

flowers have many names; and birds

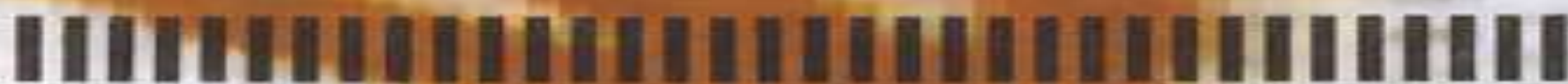
Watch Croft
is a place I visit rarely, It is visible for miles
along the north coast of West Penwith. It is of
course an historically late name, because it is
in English.

I

have been told of a town in Central Africa the colonial name of which translates as “I don’t know”

Watch Croft

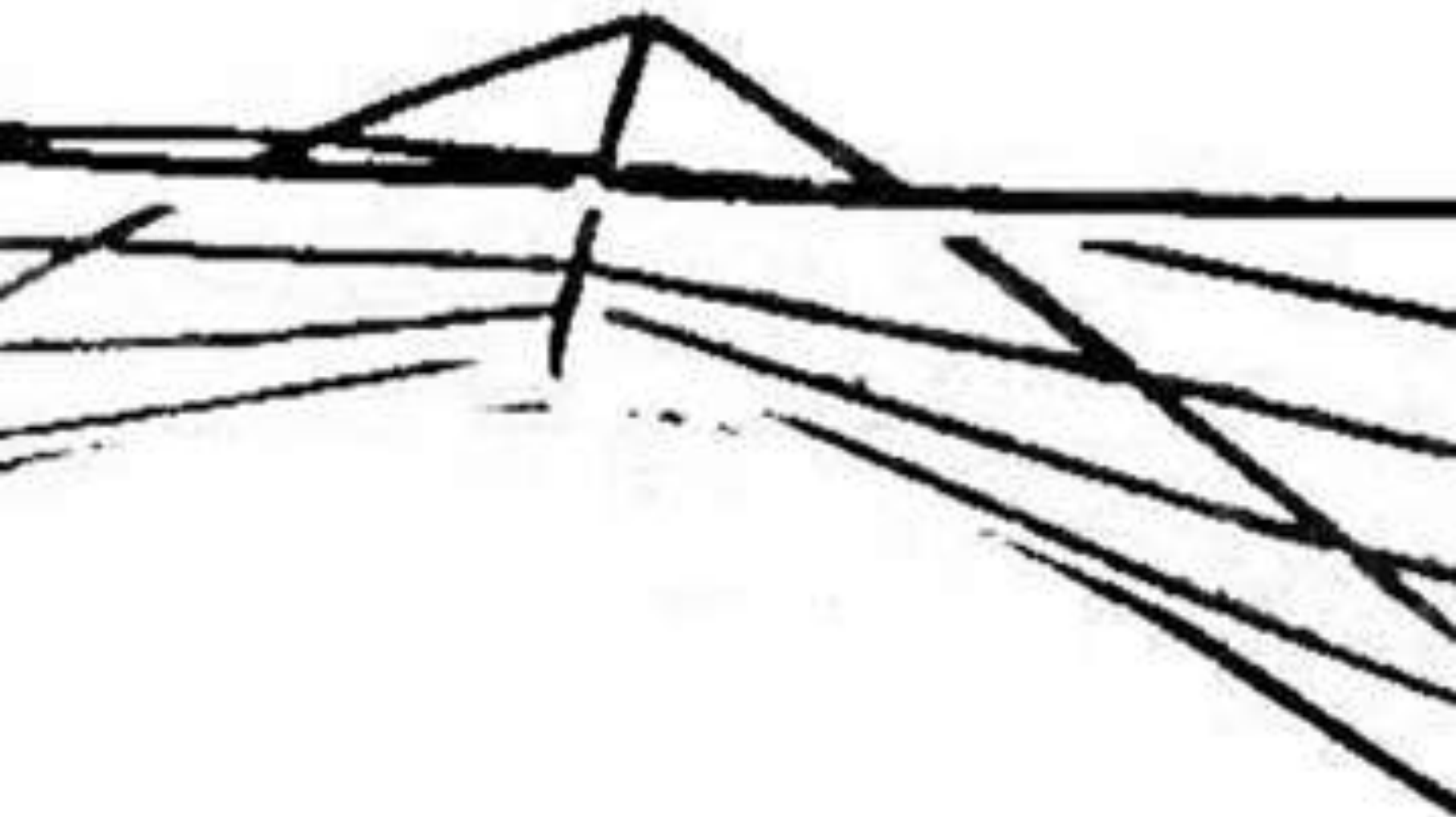
is reached by many routes. It's quite a busy place now. Even in the winter one is likely to meet someone who isn't worth speaking with.





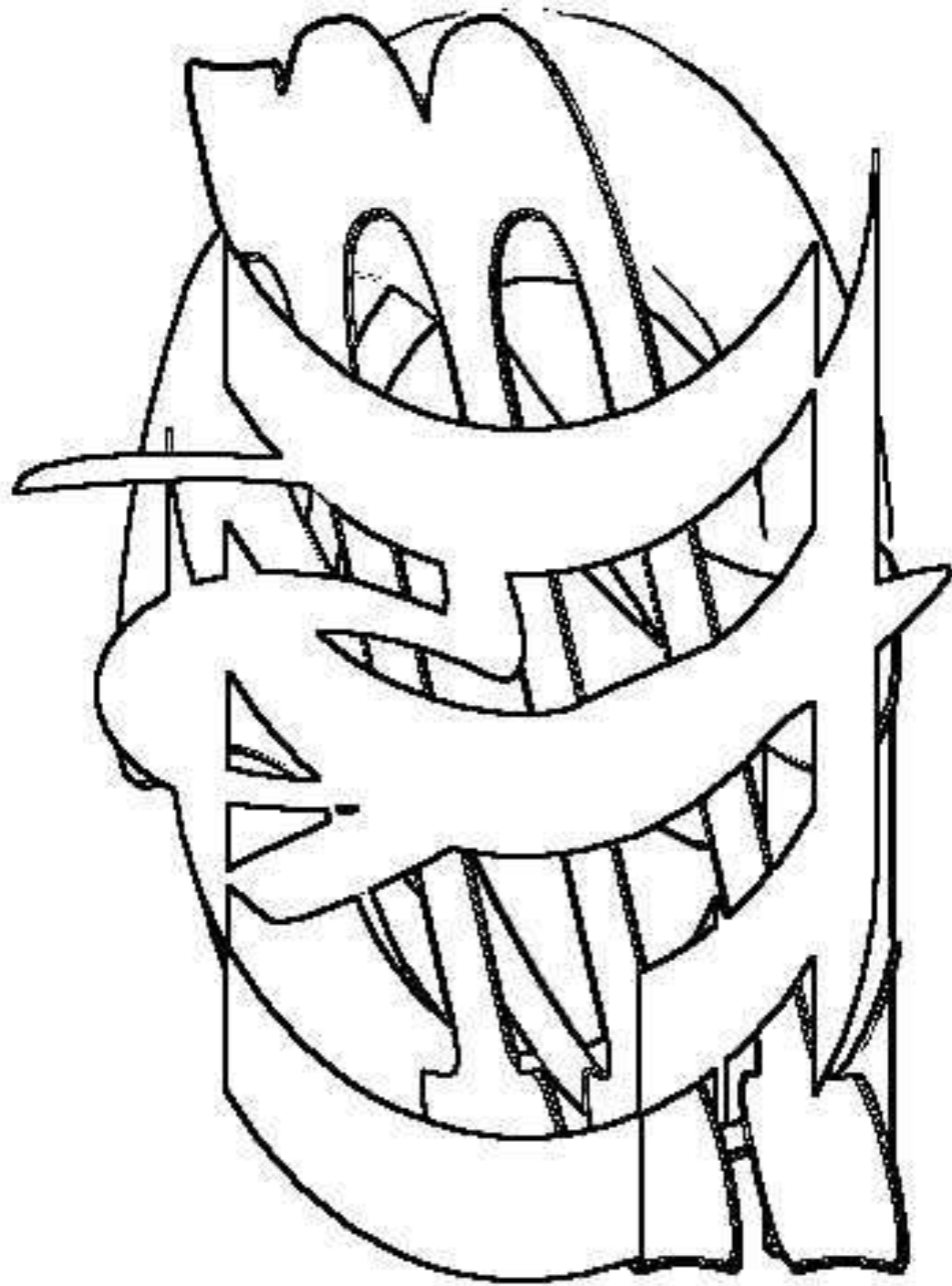








Where, on the coast road east or west towards Pendeen, one must necessarily walk on tarmac, above, on the stumps of the Variscan mountains, one must tread on stony ground, on the thick black deep mud, through thorns, between uncapped adits and shafts overgrown. The physical experience affects one's perceptual processes.



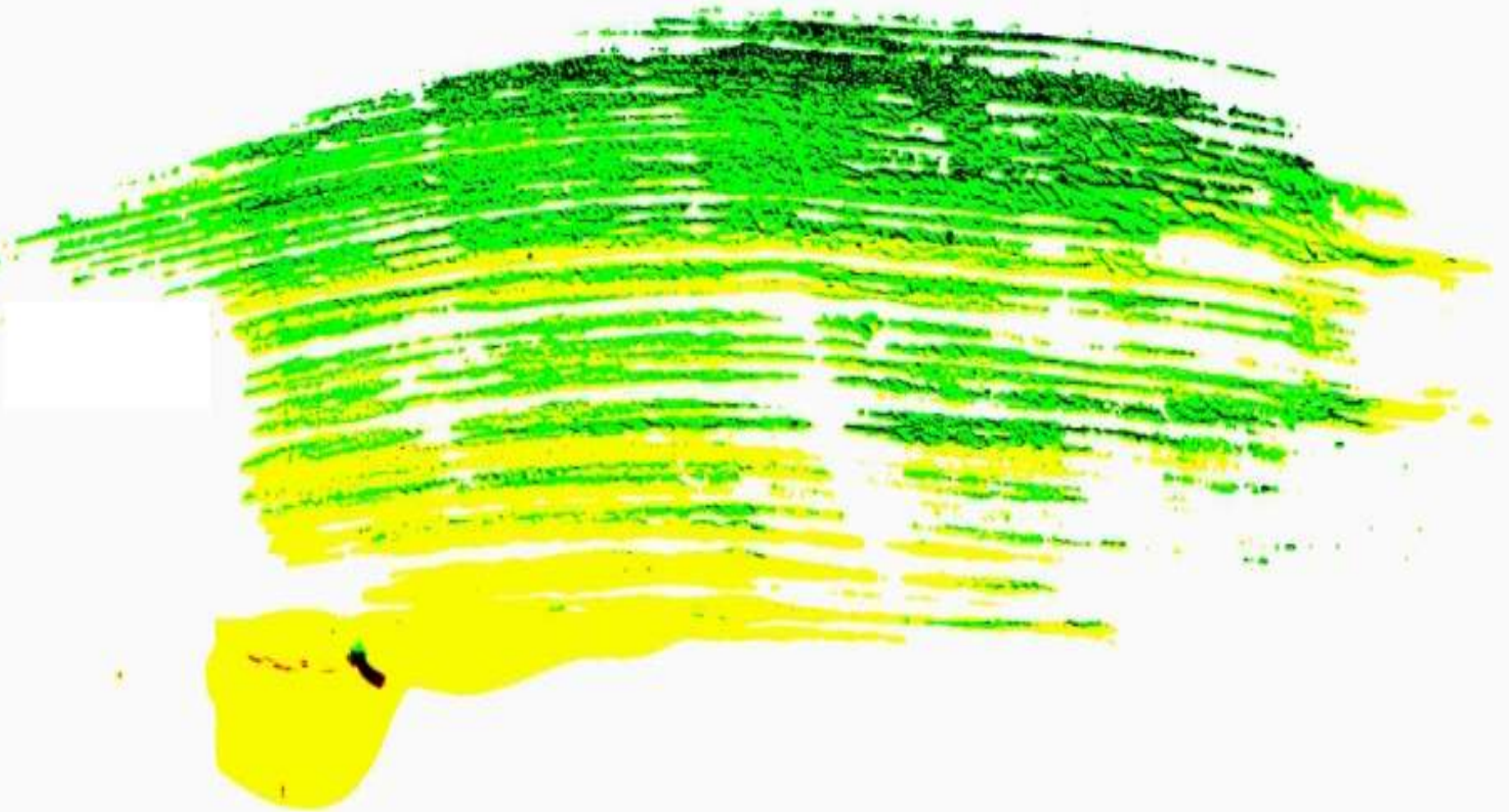








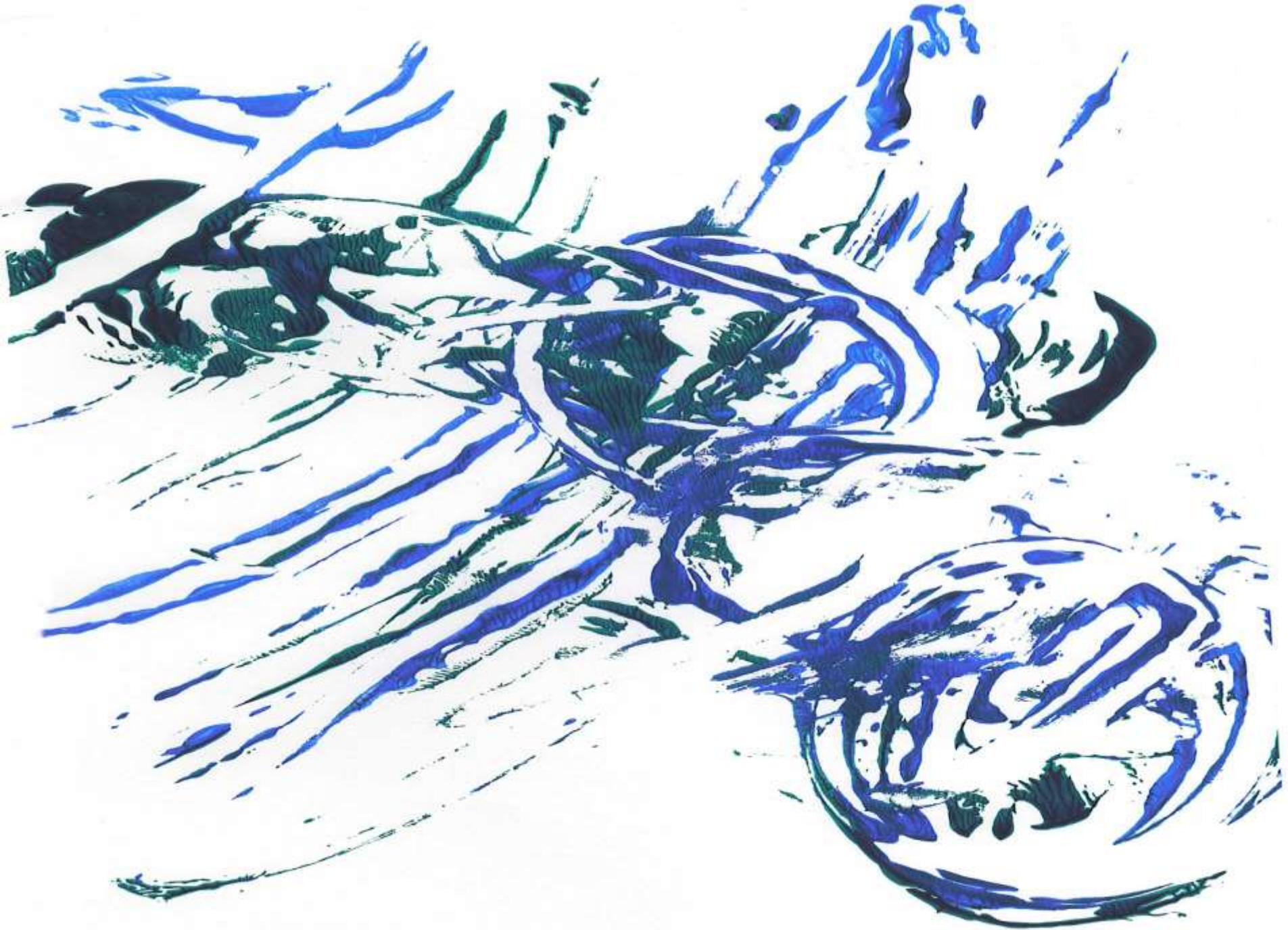






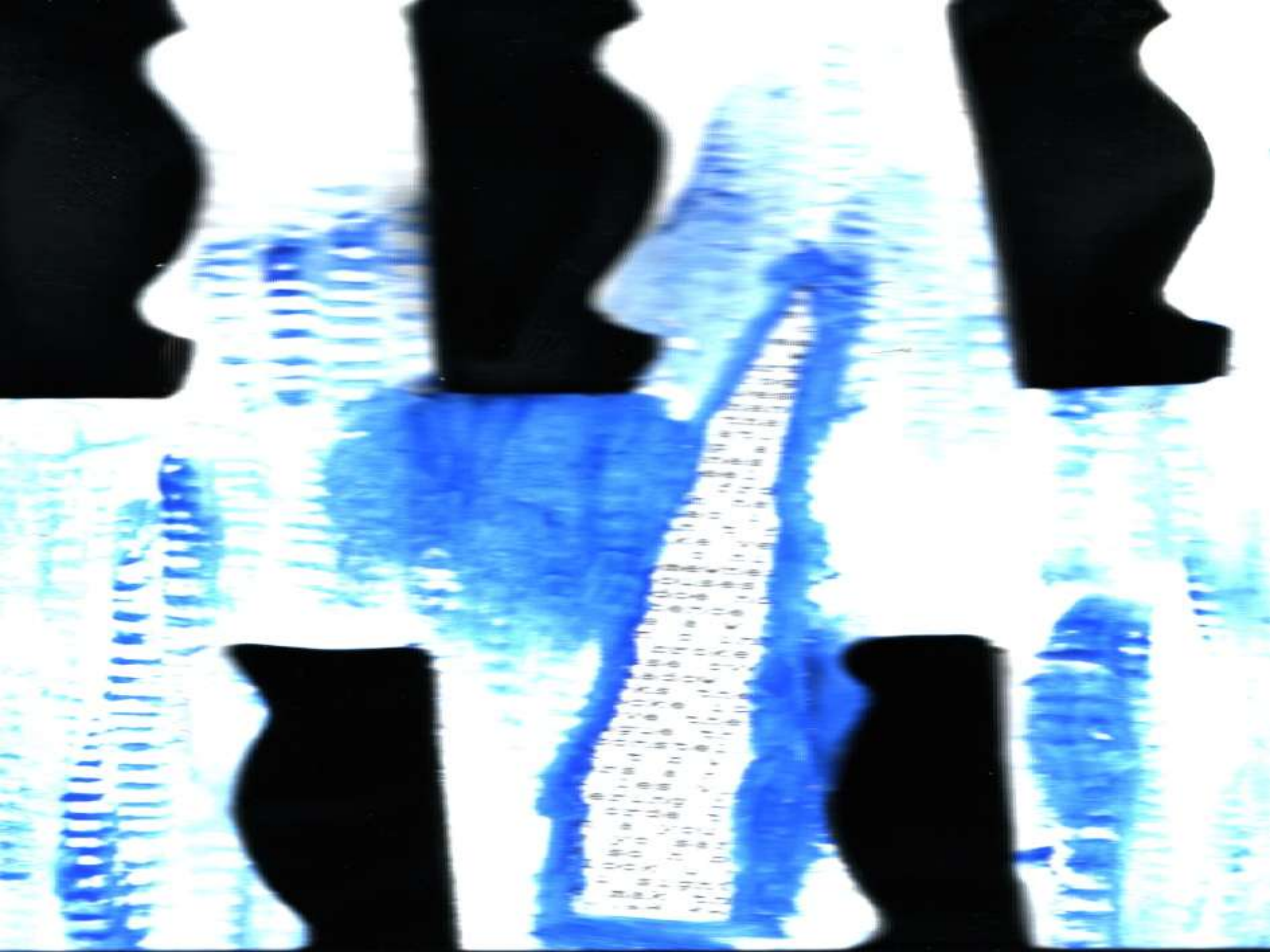


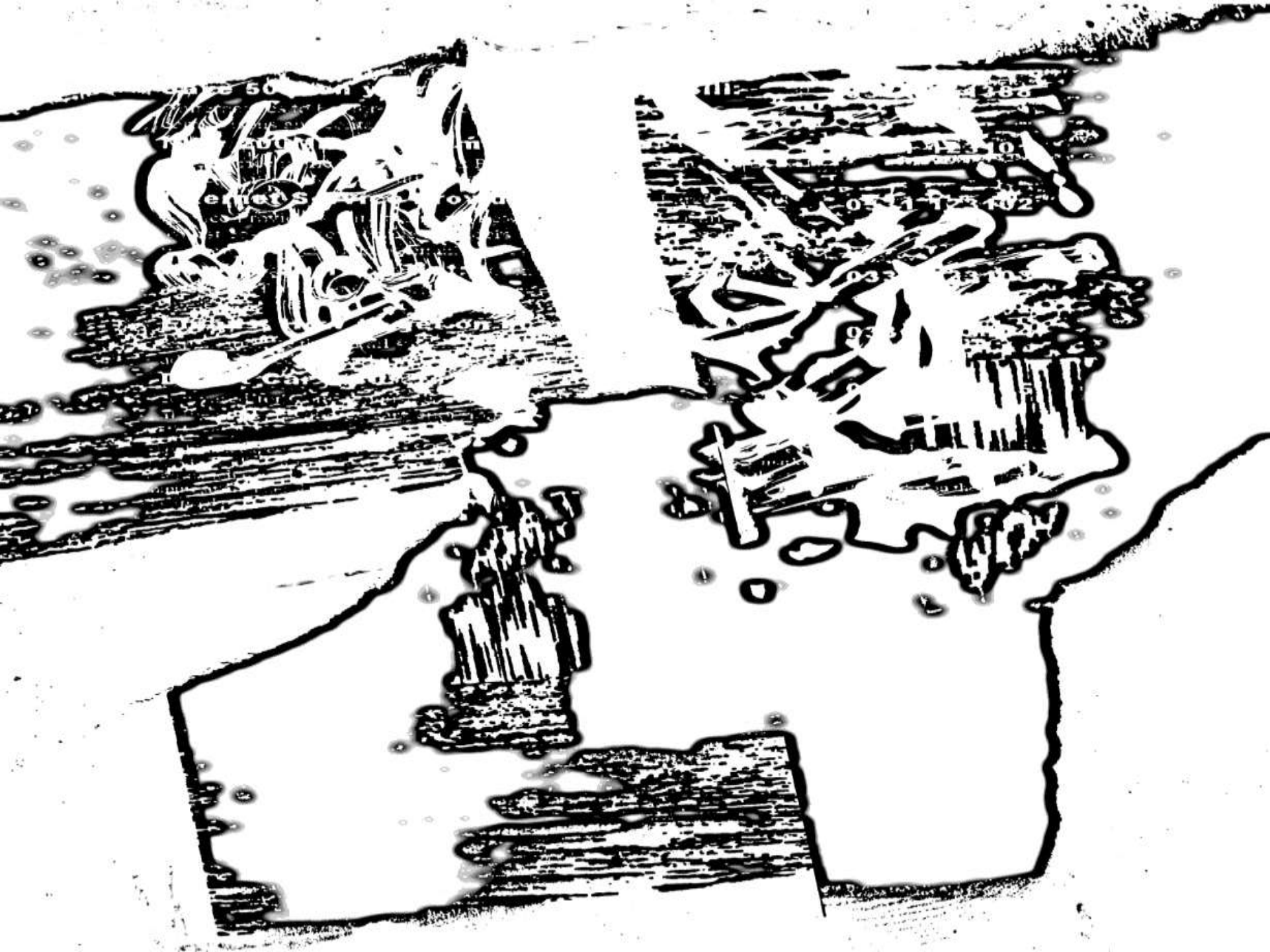










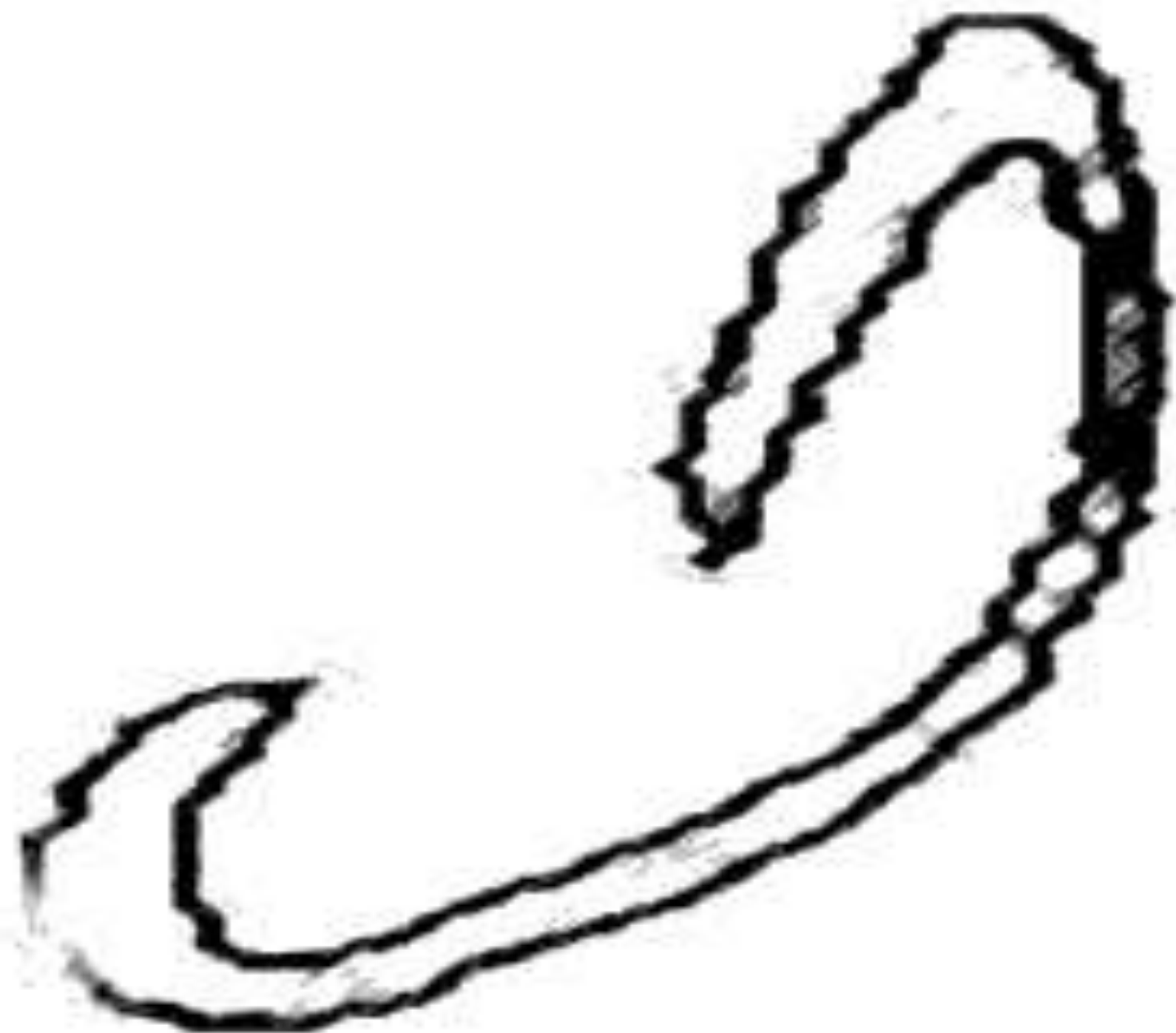








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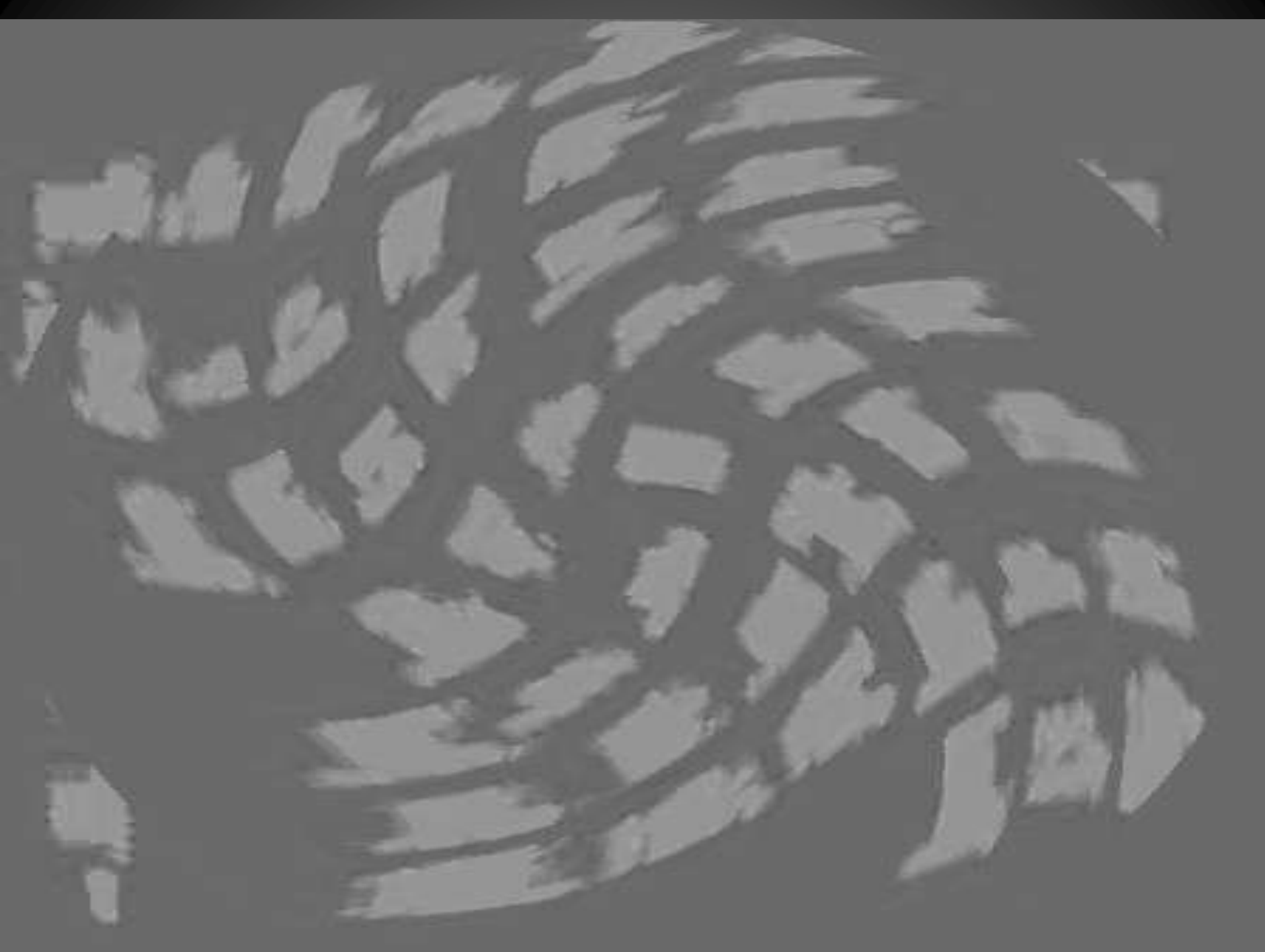
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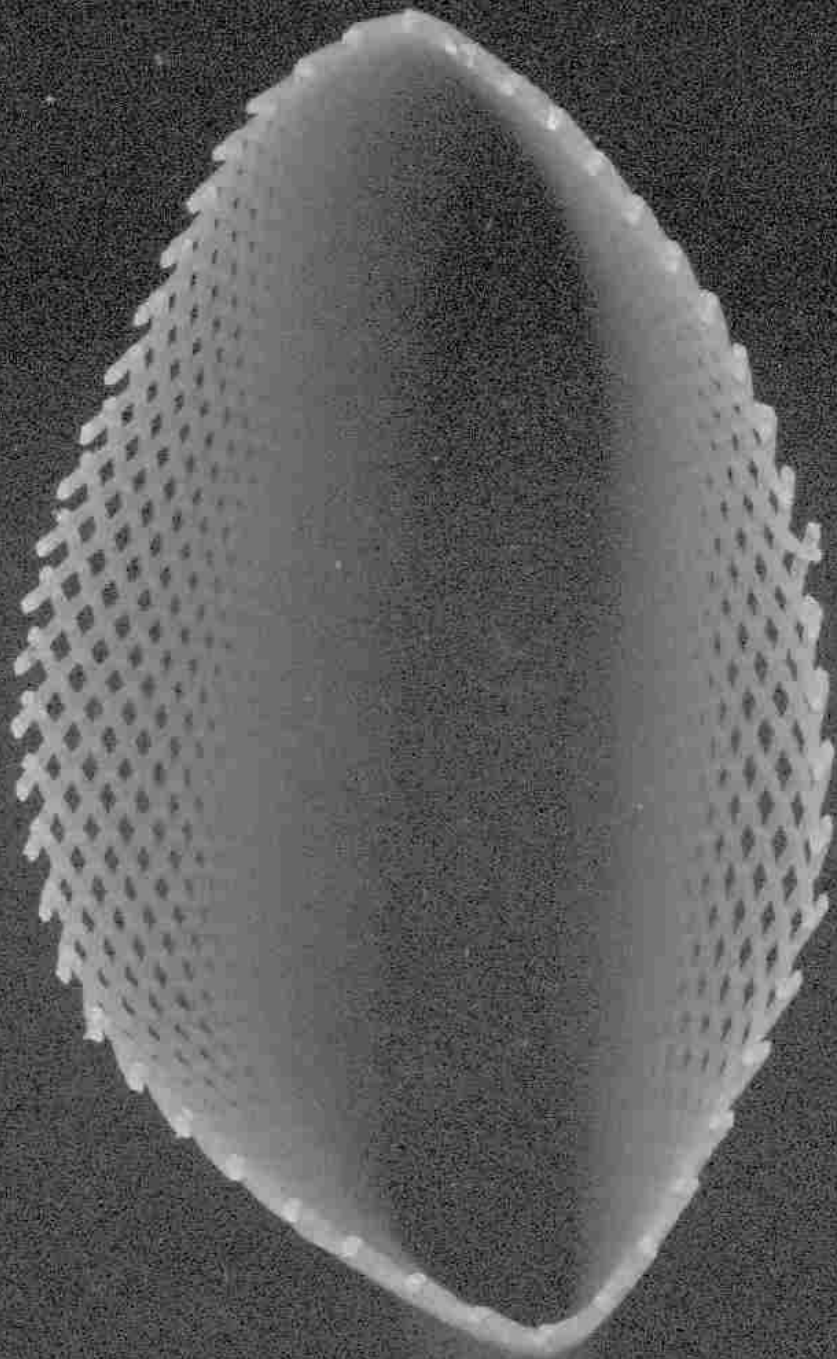
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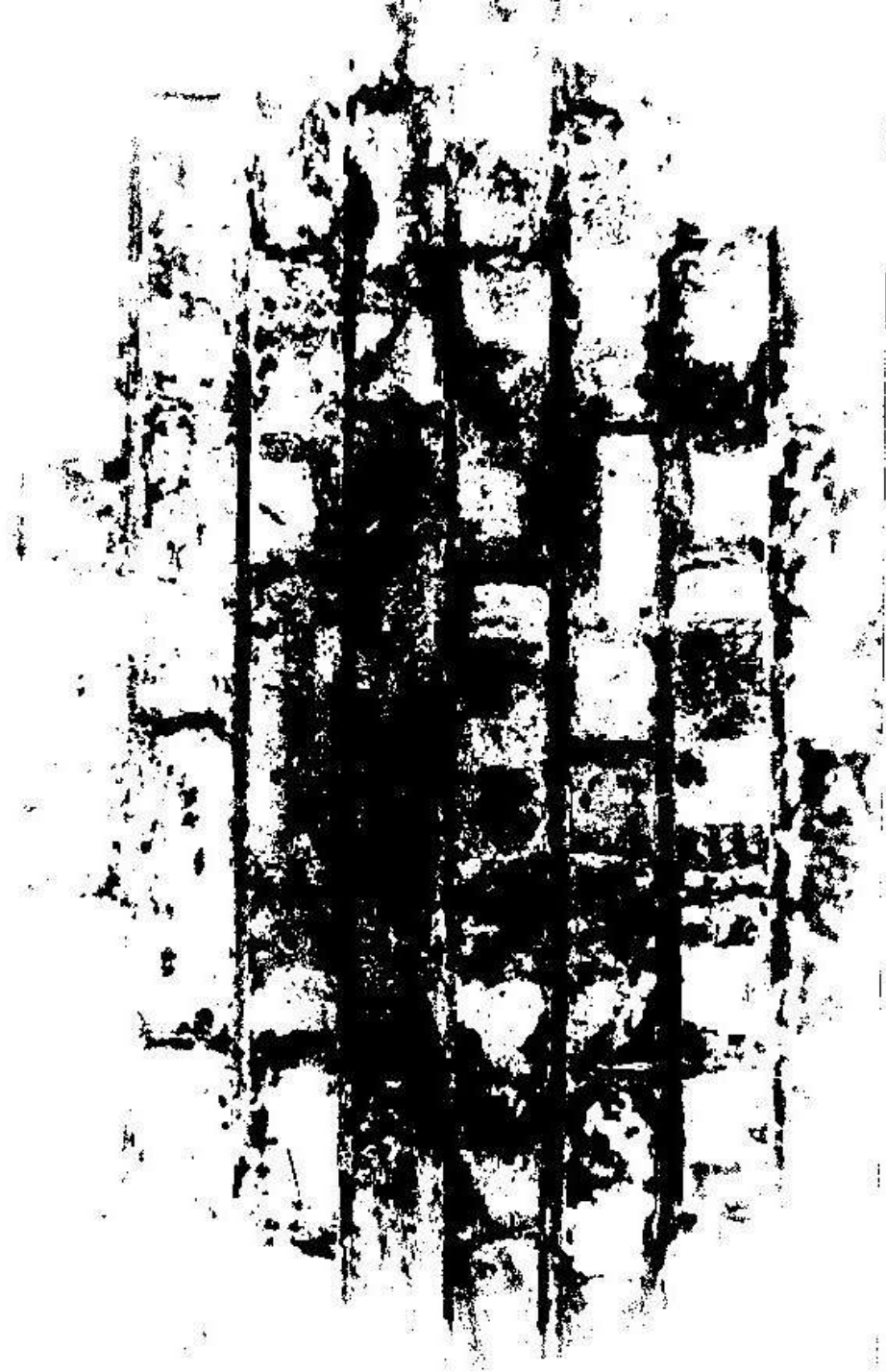


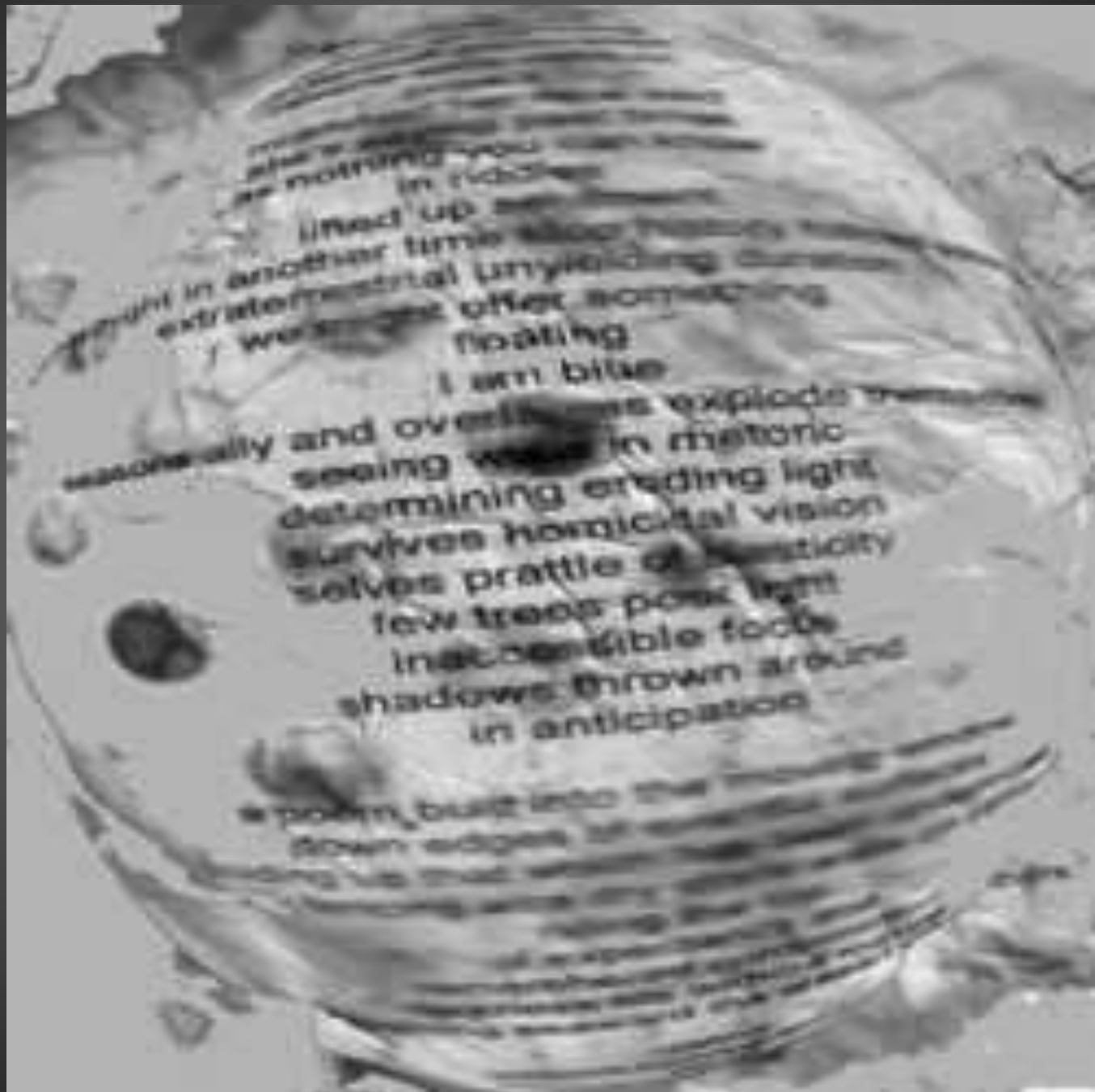
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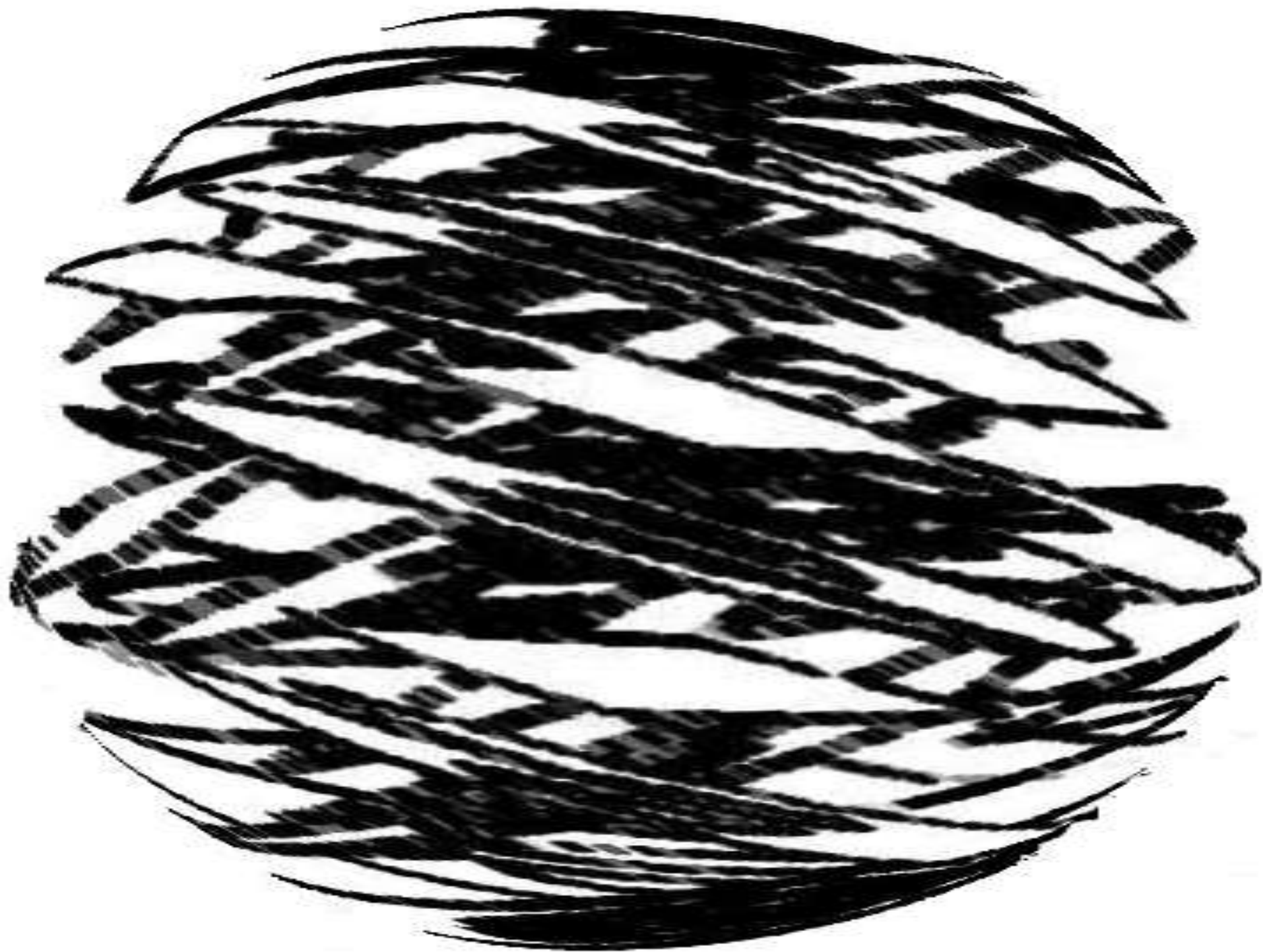
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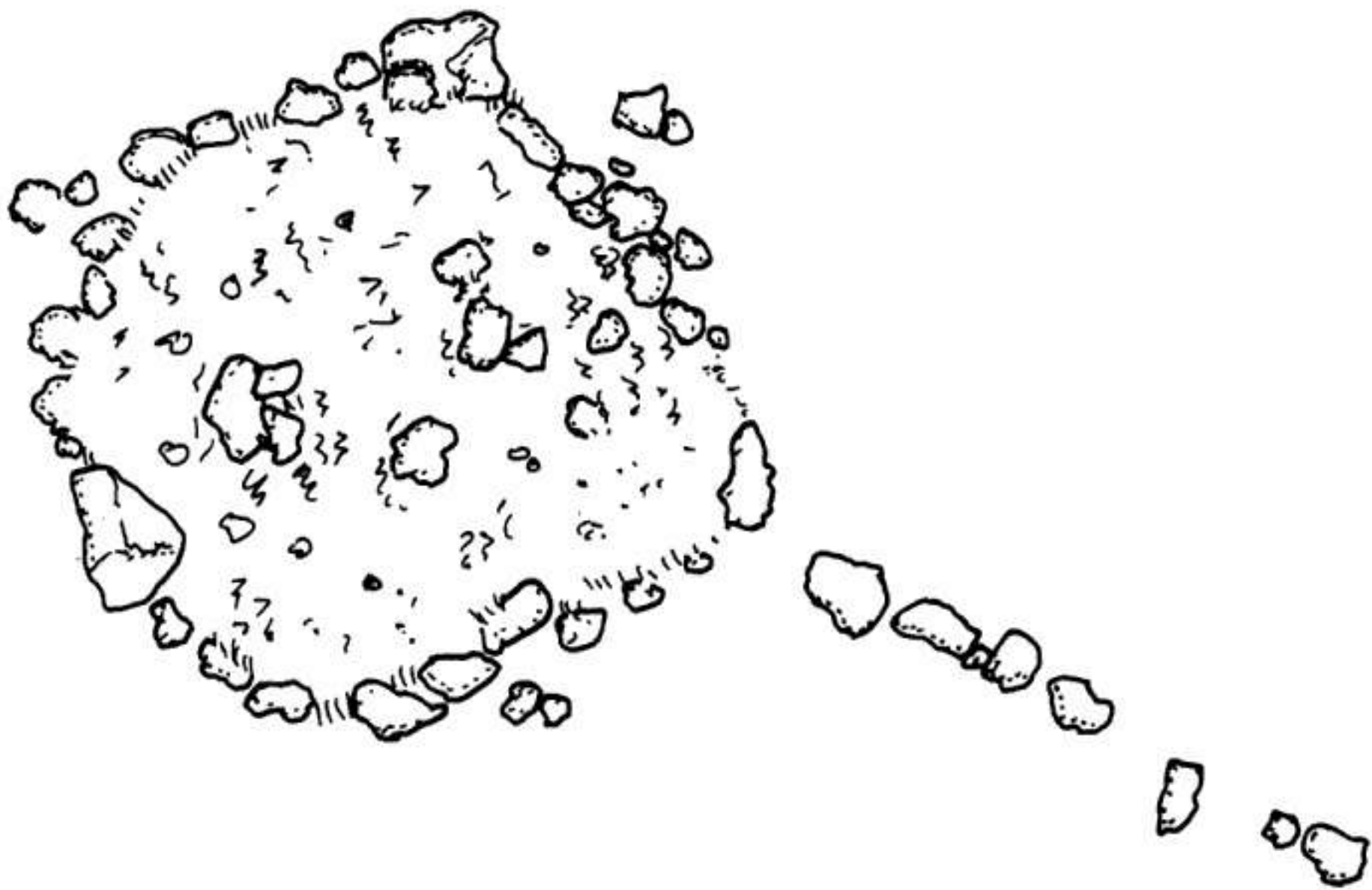
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- And the LORD God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

As one moves through the landscape, the appearances of its parts change. A change of direction changes what one sees. A change of season changes it too; as does a change of climate. A change of speed changes perceived distances.

I used to live opposite a large London common. Unusually for an urban area, there were houses on one side of the road only; on the opposite side, behind the granite kerb, was grass. I told some children that all the grass and trees that they could see were in my garden. They were old enough to question but not quite old enough to disbelieve. They interrogated me and I replied consistently but increasingly elaborately. It changed how I looked at the world.

As I walk along the road west out of St Ives, I see Watch Croft approached for many miles. I have never ascended it from that direction. I approach it from the south, at an angle of perhaps 100 degrees to my habitual walk. One has done the climbing, such as it is, so that the small peaks are little more than undulations; and, the reverse side of what is familiar, do not resemble themselves.

Too many made gardens
exclude the perceived
landscape. And few are large
enough to allow it to function
satisfactorily.

Slide show RIGHT
for
an insect on a leaf
by **Lawrence Upton**

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