

Statement Against the Appeal by Catamount Energy Ltd. Site at Land at Barmoor,
Between Ford and Lowick, Berwick upon Tweed. Appeal Ref:
APP/V2913/A/08/2078347/NWF

I have been fortunate enough to have lived and/or worked in a rural and agrarian environment most of my life, in England, Scotland and abroad. I first became familiar with this area in 1977 as a working visitor. I have lived near Lowick for twenty years and until 2003, I spent part of every summer inspecting arable crops in various parts of the Borough.

Listening to what has been said over the last few weeks, it seems that views do have a value but we as individuals have no right to a view, or the right to keep the ones we already have and enjoy. And what makes this area special are the views. What makes this area special are the variations in landscape, the vistas and the skylscapes, the ever changing quality of the light, combined with the tranquillity. Out in the fields you can hear the skylarks and the peewits. You can hear the susurration of the breeze in the barley and the whisper in the wheat. But sometimes, sometimes it is so still and the silence so tangible, it could be sliced and gift-wrapped. This tranquillity would be lost through the installation of massive and mobile turbines.

When one is out and about, the eyes are drawn to the hills and The Cheviots in particular. It is a reflex action. Residents and visitors alike will have their views – and impressions – dramatically altered by the presence of turbines.

It was Mr Woolerton who mentioned how the eye would be caught by the sight of moving turbine blades. How right he is! I expect everyone in this room has had the experience of casually regarding the sky and for the eye to be instantly snagged, say, by the merest flash of light on a gull's wing. The brain is programmed to detect movement, however slight. The moving blades of turbines will inevitably capture the gaze and limit the field of view, a spoiled view

The landscape in this area may be classified as open rolling farmland but there are pockets of intimacy, in the deans, in the hollows. And in a place like Ford Moss. And Ford Moss in turn gives way to the openness of Goat Crag. We will rue the day if the solitude and serenity were to be sliced and shredded by the sight and sound of turbines.

My fear is, that given a toehold, the wind farm companies will ride roughshod over the area, leaving a straggle of gigantic spurs sticking up the sky. And all for what? To partially quote Sir Martin Holdgate: we will be left with a huge spatial footprint for a piddling little bit of electricity.

I urge you to reject all three appeals.

Maggie Harker