



Near Coldingham, twenty miles  
north of the Scottish border.





























Twice we saw pairs  
boxing in the sun-  
shine, too far off to  
allow a good photo.













Looking north to St Abbs





At St Abbs













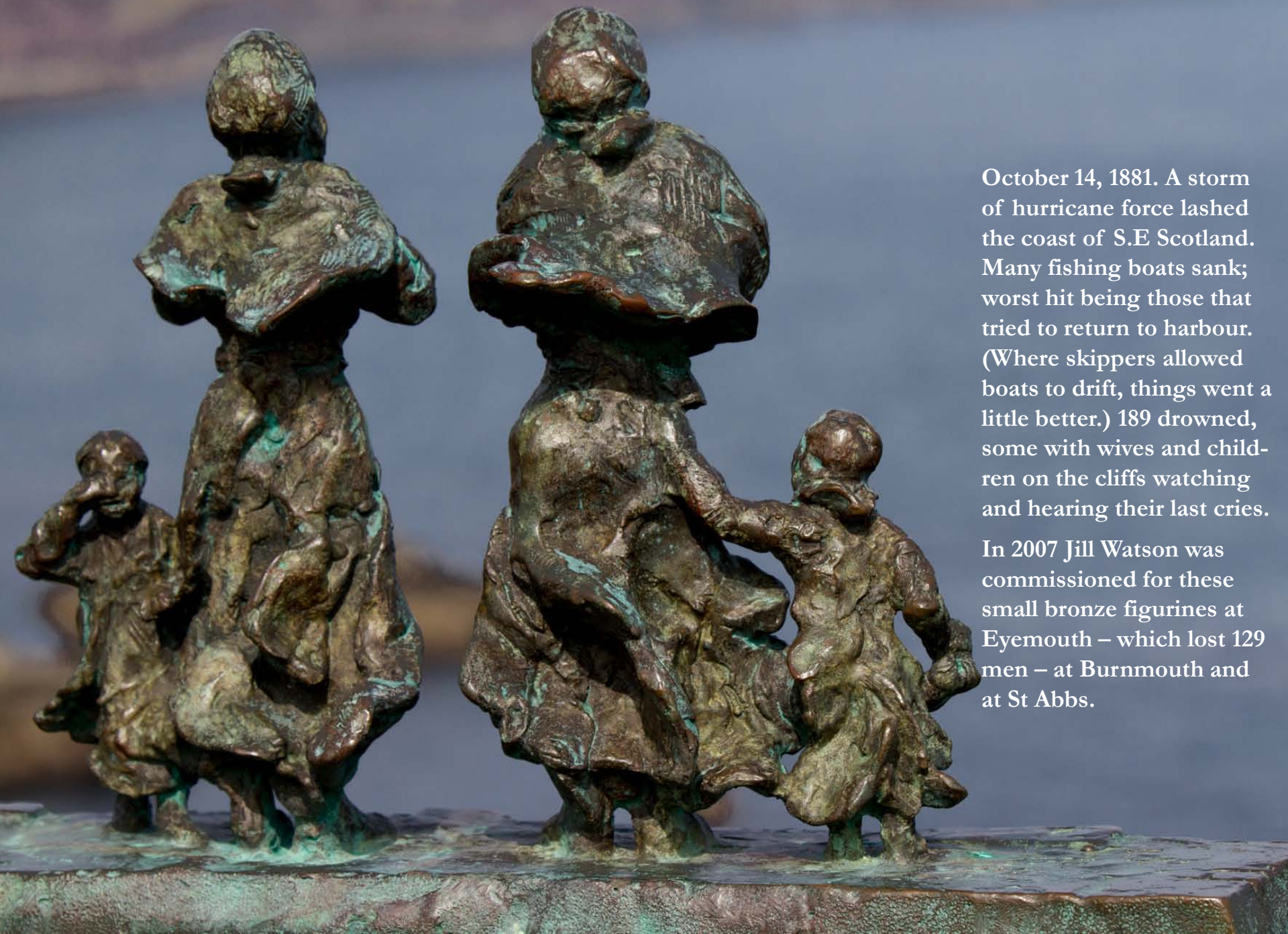












October 14, 1881. A storm of hurricane force lashed the coast of S.E Scotland. Many fishing boats sank; worst hit being those that tried to return to harbour. (Where skippers allowed boats to drift, things went a little better.) 189 drowned, some with wives and children on the cliffs watching and hearing their last cries.

In 2007 Jill Watson was commissioned for these small bronze figurines at Eyemouth – which lost 129 men – at Burnmouth and at St Abbs.





Burnmouth, 12 miles north of Berwick and the first harbour across the border.

















Eider

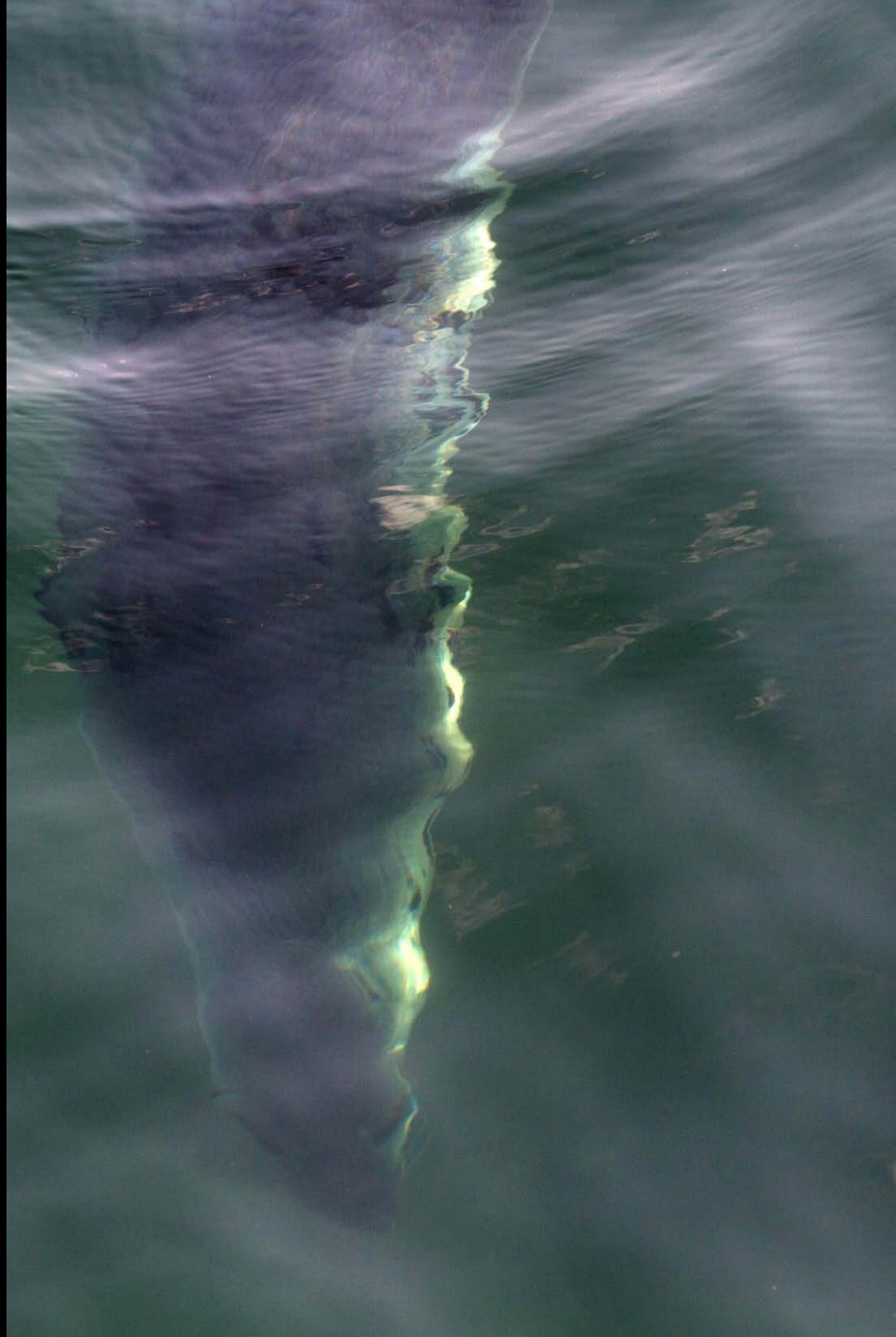














Holy Island







































*Don't ask, says Donne. But we might question whether Saint Cuthbert was in his right mind when he chose this neck of the woods. Breathtakingly scenic, to be sure, and suitably remote for the contemplative life.*

*It's just that it does rather jut into the North Sea as a pretty clear invite for Olaf and Erik to pop over for a spot of R & P.*













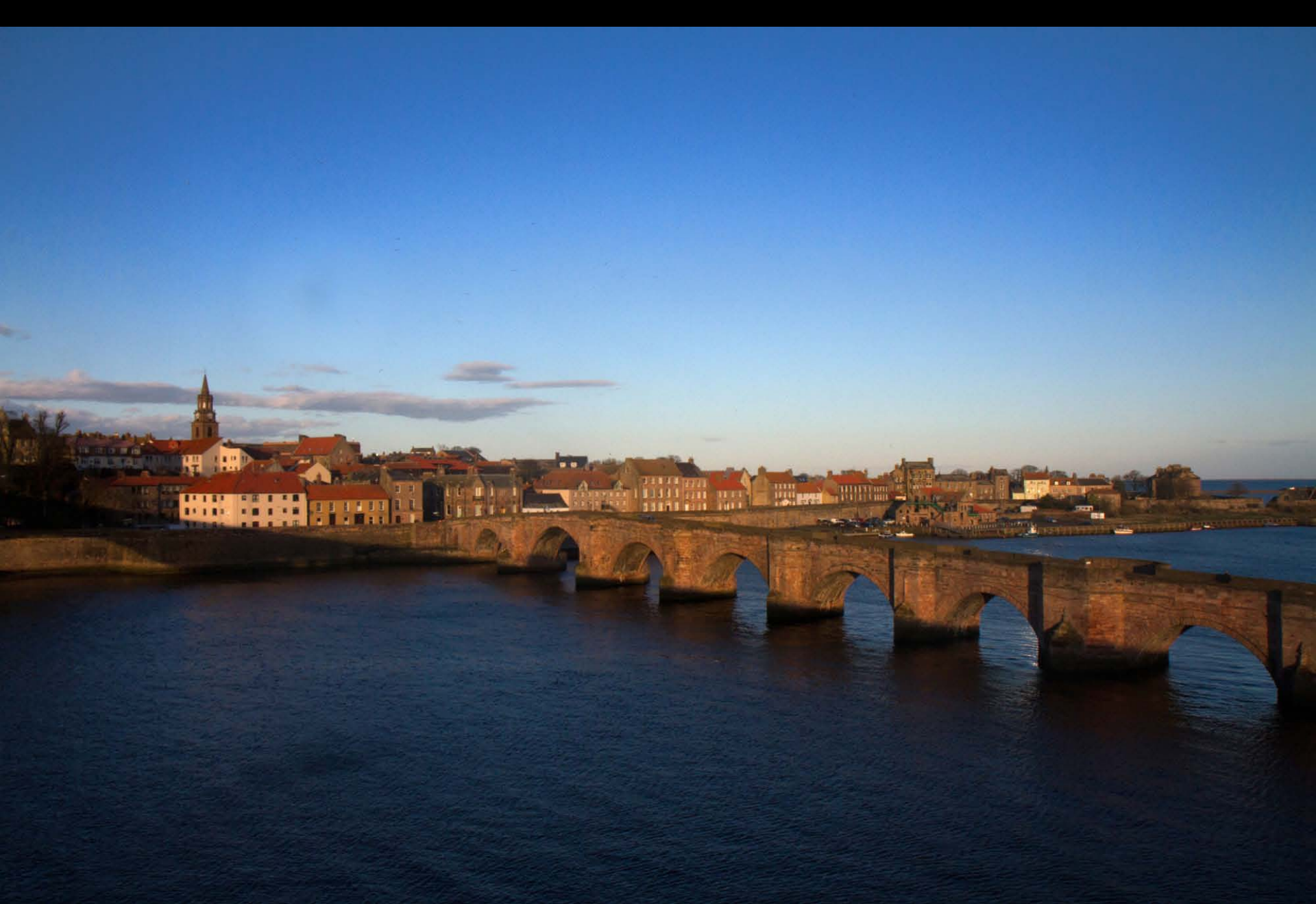
The harsh diagonal across boards and door is clumsy. Unlit, the boat/shed would be a silhouette *or* the sky a washout. I needed more flash

guns *and* diffusers *and* time; all of which I had: in the car or as an existential fact. And I used to tell my photography students not to be lazy ...









Berwick on Tweed





Every summer from 1935 to 1975 a rent collector from Salford took his fortnight holiday here. He

set up his easel in spots like this to paint matchstick men and matchstick cats and dogs.





He walked the city walls too,  
though they've had a facelift  
since his day.











Berwick changed hands between England and Scotland many times prior to 1482, and has seen plenty of trouble since. Exuding dour fortitude, it reminds me of Shrewsbury or Hereford and for the same reasons. Its gritty character, as much dirty old town as olde worlde fort, appeal to me. It doesn't hurt, of course, that it has the best pub I ever sank a pint in.







Upholstered barrels as seats: how do you pull that off without being twee? Eclectic – rock and jazz items .. tuba .. barber's pole .. suspended salmon and Biggles era plane .. WW2 phone and, yes,

a dentist's chair – but it all comes together nicely. Add live music and, in the cellar, a free cinema (Godfather next week). Plus they serve Taylor's Landlord. A spot of bad news on the wall though ..

















ta for watching