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#### William Blake's Songs of Innocence and of Experience

A Student's Guide

Brendan Cooper

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#### The Poetics of Sight

Series: Cultural Interactions: Studies in the Relationship between the Arts

John Harvey

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#### Folklore in British Literature

Naming and Narrating in Women's Fiction, 1750-1880

Series: **Studies on Themes and Motifs in Literature**

Sarah R. Wakefield

Folklore provides a metaphor for insecurity in British women's writing published between 1750 and 1880. When characters feel uneasy about separations between races, classes, or sexes, they speak of mermaids and «Cinderella» to make threatening women unreal and thus harmless. Because supernatural creatures change constantly, a name or story from folklore merely reinforces fears about empire, labor, and desire. To illustrate these fascinating rhetorical strategies, this book explores works by Sarah Fielding, Ann Radcliffe, Sydney Owenson, Charlotte Brontë, Geo ... [Show More](#)

Book (PDF)

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The screenshot displays a search results page on the Peter Lang website. On the left, there is a sidebar with a 'Table of Contents' link and a 'Filter' section. The main content area shows a list of search results. The first result is 'American Realist Fictions of Marriage' by Kelli V. Randall, with a sub-section 'Browse by title' and a 'Download PDF (1.3 MB)' button. Below it are two more results: 'At the Edge' by Rajesdra Chetty and 'Die Sprachlernklasse(n) im Fokus' by Gabriele Blell, Gabriela Fellmann, and Stefanie Fuchs. Red arrows from the instructional text boxes point to the 'Table of Contents' link, the expand/collapse arrows next to the chapter titles in the first result, and the main title of the first result.





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### Odyseus, Simbad and Atlantis

#### Odyseus's voyage home

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... on the island of Corfu during his stay there between 1937 and 1938. Durrell's younger brother, Gerald, only twelve at the time and before long to become a famous zoologist and author of several popular books about animals, has given a memorable description of his first impressions of Corfu. At the close of the prologue to *My Family and Other Animals* (1956), Gerald relates how he and his family went up on deck at dawn after the overnight crossing from Italy in order to catch a first glimpse of the island that would be their next home. This lyrical passage, describing a real island in a highly stylized and imaginative manner, is characterized by a profusion of colour words and references to birds and insects:

The sea lifted smooth blue muscles of wave as it stirred in the dawn-light, and the foam of our wake spread gently behind us like a white peacock's tail, glinting with bubbles. The sky was pale and stained with yellow on the eastern horizon. Ahead lay a chocolate-brown smudge of land, huddled in mist, with a frill of foam at its base. This was Corfu, and we strained our eyes to make out the exact shapes of the mountains, to discover valleys, peaks, ravines and beaches, but it remained a silhouette. Then suddenly the sun lifted over the horizon, and the sky turned the smooth enamelled blue of a jay's eye. The endless, meticulous curves of the sea flamed for an instant and then changed to a deep royal purple flecked with green. The mist lifted in quick, lithe ribbons, and before us lay the island, the mountains as though sleeping beneath a crumpled blanket of brown, the folds stained with the green of olive-groves. Along the shore curved beaches as white as tusks among tottering cities of brilliant gold, red and white rocks. We rounded the northern cape, a smooth shoulder of rust-red cliff carved into a series of giant caves. The dark waves lifted our wake and carried it gently towards them, and then, at their very mouths, it crumpled and hissed thirstily — 29 | 30 — among the rocks. Rounding the cape, we left the mountains, and the island sloped gently down, blurred with the silver and green indescence of olives, with here and there an admonishing finger of black cypress against the sky. The shallow sea in the bays was butterfly blue, and even above the sound of the ship's engines we could hear, faintly ringing from the shore like a chorus of tiny voices, the shrill, triumphant cries of the cicadas. [pp. 17-18]

**Annotate** with the poetic prose of the above the following description of another first glimpse of Corfu, or Scheria as it was then called.<sup>1</sup> Emphasizing just one aspect of the island and using a single analogy, the depiction, as related by Homer in Book V of *The Odyssey*, could not be more succinct. Sailing alone from Calypso's island of Ogygia in the boat he had built there, Odysseus's initial impression of the island is one of stark defensiveness:

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#### Odyseus's voyage home

In *Prospero's Cell*, Lawrence Durrell described life on the island of Corfu during his stay there between 1937 and 1938. Durrell's younger brother, Gerald, only twelve at the time and before long to become a famous zoologist and author of several popular books about animals, has given a memorable description of his first impressions of Corfu. At the close of the prologue to *My Family and Other Animals* (1956), Gerald relates how the Durrell family went up on deck at dawn after the overnight crossing from Italy in order to catch a first glimpse of the island that would be their next home. This lyrical passage, describing a real island in a highly stylized and imaginative manner, is characterized by a profusion of colour words and references to birds and insects:

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Contrast with the poetic prose of the above the following description of another first glimpse of Corfu, or Scheria as it was then called.<sup>1</sup> Emphasizing just one aspect of the island and using a single analogy, the depiction, as related by Homer in Book V of *The Odyssey*, could not be more succinct. Sailing alone from Calypso's island of Ogygia in the boat he had built there, Odysseus's initial impression of the island is one of stark defensiveness:

So for seventeen days he sailed on his course, and on the eighteenth there heave into sight the shadowy mountains of the Phaeacians' country, which jutted out to meet him there. The land looked like a shield laid on the misty sea. [trans. E. V. Rieu, pp. 94-5]

No sooner does Odysseus catch sight of the island than Poseidon delivers a series of stormy blasts that shatter his craft, and, but for the intervention of the ever-protective Pallas Athene, the hero would appear doomed:

For two nights and two days he was lost in the heavy seas. Time and again he saw his end at hand. But in the morning of the third day, which Dawn opened in all her beauty, the wind dropped, a breathless calm set in, and Odysseus, keeping a sharp lookout ahead as he was lifted by a mighty wave, could see the land close by. He felt all the relief that a man's children feel when their father, wasted by long agonies abed in the malignant grip of some disease, passes the crisis by god's grace and they know that he will live. Such was Odysseus's happiness when he caught that unexpected glimpse of wooded land. He swam quickly on in his eagerness to set foot on solid ground. But when he had come within call of the shore, he heard the thunder of surf on a rocky coast. With an angry roar the great seas were battering at the ironbound land and all was





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