

Write a guided analysis of the following text.

This is an extract from *Prospero's Cell*, a non-fiction work by Lawrence Durrell.

DIVISIONS UPON GREEK GROUND

29.4.37

5 It is April and we have taken an old fisherman's house in the extreme north of the island – Kalamai¹. Ten sea-miles from the town, and some thirty kilometres by road, it offers all the charms of seclusion. A white house set like a dice on a rock already venerable with the scars of wind and water. The hill runs clear up into the sky behind it, so that the cypresses and olives overhang this room in which I sit and write. We are upon a bare promontory² with its beautiful clean surface of metamorphic stone covered in olive and ilex³. [...] This is become our unregretted home. A world. Corcyra⁴.

5.5.37

10 The books have arrived by water. Confusion, adjectives, smoke, and the deafening pumping of the wheezy Diesel engine. Then the caique⁵ staggered off in the direction of St. Stephano and the Forty Saints where the crew will gorge themselves on melons and fall asleep in their coarse woollen vests, one on top of the other, like a litter of cats, under the ikon of St. Spiridion of Holy Memory. We are depending upon this daily caique for our provisions.

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6.5.37

Climb to Vigla⁶ in the time of cherries and look down. You will see that the island lies against the mainland roughly in the form of a sickle. On the landward side you have a great bay, noble and serene, and almost completely landlocked. Northward the tip of the sickle almost touches Albania and here the troubled blue of the Ionian is sucked harshly between the ribs of limestone and spits of sand. Kalamai fronts the Albanian foothills, and into it the water races as into a swimming-pool: a milky ferocious green when the north wind curdles it.

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7.5.37

The cape opposite is bald; a wilderness of rock-thistle and melancholy asphodel⁷ – the drear sea-quill. It was on a ringing spring day that we discovered the house. The sky lay in a heroic blue arc as we came down the stone ladder. I remember N. saying distinctly to Theodore: 'But the quietness alone makes it another country.' We looked through the hanging screen of olive-branches on to the white sea wall with fishing-tackle drying on it. A neglected balcony. The floors were cold. Fowls clucked softly in the gloom where the great olive-press lay, waiting its season. A cypress stood motionless – as if at the gates of the underworld. We shivered and sat on the white rock to eat, looking down at our own faces in the motionless sea. You will think it strange to have come all the way from England to this fine Grecian promontory where our only company can be rock, air, sky – and all the elementals. In letters home N. says we have been cultivating

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the tragic sense. There is no explanation. It is enough to record that everything is exactly as the fortune-teller said it would be. White house, white rock, friends and a narrow style of loving: and perhaps a book which will grow out of these scraps, as from the rubbish of these old Venetian tombs the cypress cracks the slabs at last and rises up fresh and green.

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- ¹ Kalamai: village on Corfu, Greece
² promontory: a rocky ridge
³ ilex: holly
⁴ Corcyra: an alternative name for Corfu
⁵ caique: a fishing boat
⁶ Vigla: village on Corfu, Greece
⁷ asphodel: a plant common in Greece

– How does the author use descriptive language to create atmosphere?