

*Love Is A Distant Shore* has 7 ratings and 1 review. boogenhagen said: *Re Love is a Distant Shore - CH brings us another angsty romance, but this one diff.*

His novels have a way of. With the elegance and maturity of a prize-winning author. Phillips lives, breathes, and masterfully teases into prose the singular dilemma of the outsider. Impossible to pull away from. The plot is teased out with all the supple control of a superb craftsman in his prime. A remarkable and penetrating novel. A novel of failed grasps at redemption and horrors that reduce characters to madness, murder, and incoherent grief. Arguably his most accomplished work to date. Transcend[s] limitations of time and place. I think the more you write and publish, the clearer it becomes just what your territory is. Unlike your previous novels, *A Distant Shore* is set in the present day. Did specific news events compel you to write a contemporary novel? And, of course, the right characters. Why did you choose to give her one of the major voices in the book? Well, she demanded attention. The complexity of her life, and the corrosion that she was suffering, drew me in. A supposedly quiet, almost anonymous, life, yet one filled with drama and internal anguish. Like so many people out there. The other major perspective in the book is that of Gabriel, a black African man who journeys to England to escape horrors in his homeland. Is his character based on people you met on that trip? No, I went to Sierra Leone after the book was published in England. But one reads, listens, observes. Dorothy and Gabriel form an unlikely friendship. What does their relationship signify about cultural shifts in England? Well their friendship is tentative, full of anxiety, riddled with doubt, self-doubt, and conducted under the full and judgmental scrutiny of people who are quick to condemn. Why did you decide to use this format? It just seemed to be the best way to tell the story. I wanted to give out the idea that this cautious friendship was actually forged by degrees; painful degrees, as two people from very different backgrounds tip-toed towards each other. Early on in the story, Gabriel is murdered by a group of white teenagers after he settles in their town. Why did you choose to end his life that way? There is still a lot of racial violence in English life—both officially and unofficially. The statistics for racially-motivated murder—or hate crimes—in England are shameful. It seems to me quite likely that a man such as Gabriel, in a village such as the one described in the book, might conceivably meet such a tragic end. You grew up in northern England, where you were one of the few black people in a white working class town. Have you been back to your hometown to see whether it has changed? The city has changed enormously. The place is buzzing. However, the part of Leeds where I grew up is still struggling with social problems, including racism. There are still few non-white faces, and those that walk the streets are subjected to much abuse. So, like most cities, the place has a public face and a private face. The public face is certainly rosier than it was when I was a boy, but the private face is just as sinister. Is this the case? And even in the inner-city one still sees many problems. Would these films even have been made when your parents came to England from the West Indies four decades ago? No, they would not have been made. After you graduated from Oxford, you met the writer James Baldwin, who greatly influenced your life. Tell us about your friendship with him. What writer would have the same impact on a young black man today? I was very lucky to get to know a writer as generous as James Baldwin. I understood that the literary world is subject to the vagaries of fashion, the poison of money and celebrity, and all of it means nothing when set against the legacy of the work. What is the significance of this anniversary to you? Are you working on a film project now? I am doing a film for the BBC, but who knows if it will come to fruition. You constantly travel around the globe, have ties in England, St. Kitts and New York. Getting to your own issues of identity, who do you root for during the Olympics? I root for individual athletes. However, when it comes to team sports, I suppose I still have a soft spot for England. From the Hardcover edition.

**Chapter 2 : Sailing Television Show - Distant Shores TV**

*This feature is not available right now. Please try again later.*

To view it, click [here](#). Re Love is a Distant Shore - CH brings us another angsty romance, but this one differs from her usual in that both the h and H are somewhat damaged people and through connecting with each other, they become more rounded, whole people who have a lot to offer each other. The h is a 25 yr old teacher who is currently training to swim 32 miles across Lake Ontario. Re Love is a Distant Shore - CH brings us another angsty romance, but this one differs from her usual in that both the h and H are somewhat damaged people and through connecting with each other, they become more rounded, whole people who have a lot to offer each other. The h is a 25 yr old teacher who is currently training to swim 32 miles across Lake Ontario. She is very introverted, her father left when she was very young and her mother has been mentally ill for years. The h has always been the parent in there relationship and it has isolated her from establishing relationships with other people. Now she is in intensive training for the big swim and the local paper wants an in-depth article on marathon swimming with the h being the featured story. He is 30 and on hiatus from war reporting after having his leg blown up in Beirut. He still has the leg, but it was severely injured and he walks with a bad limp. The H is angry at life cause his injuries have gotten him moved off of war coverage and he feels that he has lost status and his big dream of fame and fortune as a dashing foreign correspondent. The relationship starts out a bit rocky with both of them mutually antagonistic and the H doing all he can to get the h to talk to him. But as CH notes, a man who is overly interested in a crushing 13 yr old has more than a little strange about him, and the H is emphatically NOT interested. The h is used to withdrawing from people and uses marathon swimming as a way to escape the never ending pressures of her life and stabilize her emotions. Gradually over the course of the month the h and H get to know each other and they start changing. The H becomes more human and less an investigator as the h turns his tactics of emotionless probing questions back on him when she questions him about his life, his injuries and his casual love affairs. The changes are very well done and illustrated, but it does make for a moody, rather introspective book because so much of it takes place in internal monologues and third person analysis of the main characters. The h is almost ready to do her big swim, and CH does anoither excellent job of the training and mindset needed to accomplish that feat, when her mum, who had been in hospital, dies. The H thinks the whole swim thing is a nothing but a personal vanity trip. Here CH does another nice job of showing how both have grown as people when she shows the reactions that the exes have to them. Usually the OW and OM set up leads to drama, but in this instance the meetups were used to show the changes that have occurred in both characters and the scenes really demonstrated how far both these people have come since the start of the story - there is no big showdown or confrontation and the exes gracefully exit stage left. The H and h finally wind up in bed and the H tells the h he loves her. The h just wants to swim, because that is how she processes things that happen to her and processes her feelings. For once though, it is the H that is suffering the unrequited love angst and CH did a good job on conveying his feelings. The big swim starts and the h is doing well. Then halfway through the weather turns really bad and the h is trying so hard but her body is failing her. All of the sudden, the H gets that people can be inspired by these feats of endurance and maybe the h is helping others to find their own courage to face their own personal demons by her attempt at overcoming the forces of nature. When it looks like the h is going to give up two miles from the end, the H strips and jumps into the frigid, stormy waters with the h and they both declare mutual love and devotion forever. The H swims the rest of the way with the h, she finishes and it is a big HEA with the H and h marrying and moving to Washington DC where he has a reporting job and she teaches at a private school - after the H spends a few days in the hospital for hypothermia and exhaustion after finishing the big swim with the h. This book is good, but it is very, very angsty and very sad at some points. It is also rather low key on action, with a lot of the story conveyed via inner naval gazing and monologue. Technically this one is more of a just visiting HPlandia book, but there is real change and growth in both the H and the h and that is what makes it a believable HEA and a pretty satisfying worthwhile read - especially if you like angst and damaged people becoming whole through a loving relationship.

Chapter 3 : A Distant Shore - Tracey Thorn | Songs, Reviews, Credits | AllMusic

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

Personal life[ edit ] The youngest of three children, [1] [2] Thorn was born in Brookmans Park , Hatfield, Hertfordshire. They live in Hampstead , North London. Music career[ edit ] Stern Bops â€” [ edit ] Thorn began her musical career in the punk-pop hybrid group Stern Bops playing guitar and providing some vocal backing. Marine Girls â€” [ edit ] Main article: Marine Girls Thorn then formed Marine Girls as primary songwriter, playing guitar and sharing vocals. The band released two albums *Beach Party* in and *Lazy Ways* in and three singles. The group disbanded in *Everything but the Girl* â€” [ edit ] Main article: Their first album together was *Eden* , released in *Everything but the Girl* released a body of work that spanned two decades. *Everything but the Girl* has been inactive since In the s, she collaborated with Massive Attack on several projects, including the soundtrack for the motion picture *Batman Forever* where she contributed with " *The Hunter Gets Captured by the Game* ". Their first project together was the song " *Protection* " for which she wrote the lyrics and melody from the album by Massive Attack of the same name. She also co-wrote and sings on the track " *Better Things* ". Just prior to her return to recording in , Thorn contributed vocals to the song " *Damage* " by the band Tiefschwarz on the album *Eat Books*. The third single, " *Grand Canyon* " was released on 30 October. In Thorn wrote and recorded the original music for *The Falling* , the debut feature film by filmmaker Carol Morley , which premiered at the London Film Festival *Songs and Collaborations* â€” , was released in the UK on 23 October It features 34 tracks on two discs. On 17 January , Thorn announced the release of her album *Record* , which was released on 2 March. Along with the announcement, Thorn released the debut single and video from the project, entitled " *Queen* ".

**Chapter 4 : Distant Shore - IMDb**

*Relaxing Music for Stress Relief. Soothing Music for Meditation, Healing Therapy, Sleep, Spa - Duration: Meditation Relax Music 4,, views.*

And glow more intense than blaze of branch, or brazier, Stirs the dumb spirit: There is no earth smell Or smell of living thing. Now the hedgerow Is blanched for an hour with transitory blossom Of snow, a bloom more sudden Than that of summer, neither budding nor fading, Not in the scheme of generation. Where is the summer, the unimaginable Zero summer? If you came this way, Taking the route you would be likely to take From the place you would be likely to come from, If you came this way in may time, you would find the hedges White again, in May, with voluptuary sweetness. It would be the same at the end of the journey, If you came at night like a broken king, If you came by day not knowing what you came for, It would be the same, when you leave the rough road And turn behind the pig-sty to the dull facade And the tombstone. And what you thought you came for Is only a shell, a husk of meaning From which the purpose breaks only when it is fulfilled If at all. Either you had no purpose Or the purpose is beyond the end you figured And is altered in fulfilment. If you came this way, Taking any route, starting from anywhere, At any time or at any season, It would always be the same: You are not here to verify, Instruct yourself, or inform curiosity Or carry report. You are here to kneel Where prayer has been valid. And prayer is more Than an order of words, the conscious occupation Of the praying mind, or the sound of the voice praying. And what the dead had no speech for, when living, They can tell you, being dead: Here, the intersection of the timeless moment Is England and nowhere. Dust in the air suspended Marks the place where a story ended. Dust inbreathed was a house- The walls, the wainscot and the mouse, The death of hope and despair, This is the death of air. There are flood and drouth Over the eyes and in the mouth, Dead water and dead sand Contending for the upper hand. The parched eviscerate soil Gapes at the vanity of toil, Laughs without mirth. This is the death of earth. Water and fire succeed The town, the pasture and the weed. Water and fire deride The sacrifice that we denied. Water and fire shall rot The marred foundations we forgot, Of sanctuary and choir. This is the death of water and fire. In the uncertain hour before the morning Near the ending of interminable night At the recurrent end of the unending After the dark dove with the flickering tongue Had passed below the horizon of his homing While the dead leaves still rattled on like tin Over the asphalt where no other sound was Between three districts whence the smoke arose I met one walking, loitering and hurried As if blown towards me like the metal leaves Before the urban dawn wind unresisting. And as I fixed upon the down-turned face That pointed scrutiny with which we challenge The first-met stranger in the waning dusk I caught the sudden look of some dead master Whom I had known, forgotten, half recalled Both one and many; in the brown baked features The eyes of a familiar compound ghost Both intimate and unidentifiable. I was still the same, Knowing myself yet being someone other-- And he a face still forming; yet the words sufficed To compel the recognition they preceded. And so, compliant to the common wind, Too strange to each other for misunderstanding, In concord at this intersection time Of meeting nowhere, no before and after, We trod the pavement in a dead patrol. I may not comprehend, may not remember. These things have served their purpose: So with your own, and pray they be forgiven By others, as I pray you to forgive Both bad and good. But, as the passage now presents no hindrance To the spirit unappeased and peregrine Between two worlds become much like each other, So I find words I never thought to speak In streets I never thought I should revisit When I left my body on a distant shore. First, the cold fricton of expiring sense Without enchantment, offering no promise But bitter tastelessness of shadow fruit As body and sould begin to fall asunder. Second, the conscious impotence of rage At human folly, and the laceration Of laughter at what ceases to amuse. From wrong to wrong the exasperated spirit Proceeds, unless restored by that refining fire Where you must move in measure, like a dancer. In the disfigured street He left me, with a kind of valediction, And faded on the blowing of the horn. III There are three conditions which often look alike Yet differ completely, flourish in the same hedgerow: Attachment to self and to things and to persons, detachment From self and from things and from persons; and, growing between them, indifference Which resembles the others as death resembles life, Being between two lives - unflowering,

between The live and the dead nettle. This is the use of memory: For liberation - not less of love but expanding Of love beyond desire, and so liberation From the future as well as the past. Thus, love of a country Begins as an attachment to our own field of action And comes to find that action of little importance Though never indifferent. History may be servitude, History may be freedom. See, now they vanish, The faces and places, with the self which, as it could, loved them, To become renewed, transfigured, in another pattern. Sin is Behovely, but All shall be well, and All manner of thing shall be well. If I think, again, of this place, And of people, not wholly commendable, Of not immediate kin or kindness, But of some peculiar genius, All touched by a common genius, United in the strife which divided them; If I think of a king at nightfall, Of three men, and more, on the scaffold And a few who died forgotten In other places, here and abroad, And of one who died blind and quiet, Why should we celebrate These dead men more than the dying? It is not to ring the bell backward Nor is it an incantation To summon the spectre of a Rose. We cannot revive old factions We cannot restore old policies Or follow an antique drum. These men, and those who opposed them And those whom they opposed Accept the constitution of silence And are folded in a single party. Whatever we inherit from the fortunate We have taken from the defeated What they had to leave us - a symbol: A symbol perfected in death. And all shall be well and All manner of thing shall be well By the purification of the motive In the ground of our beseeching. IV The dove descending breaks the air With flame of incandescent terror Of which the tongues declare The one discharge from sin and error. The only hope, or else despair Lies in the choice of pyre of pyre- To be redeemed from fire by fire. Who then devised the torment? Love is the unfamiliar Name Behind the hands that wove The intolerable shirt of flame Which human power cannot remove. We only live, only suspire Consumed by either fire or fire. V What we call the beginning is often the end And to make and end is to make a beginning. The end is where we start from. And every phrase And sentence that is right where every word is at home, Taking its place to support the others, The word neither diffident nor ostentatious, An easy commerce of the old and the new, The common word exact without vulgarity, The formal word precise but not pedantic, The complete consort dancing together Every phrase and every sentence is an end and a beginning, Every poem an epitaph. We die with the dying: See, they depart, and we go with them. We are born with the dead: See, they return, and bring us with them. The moment of the rose and the moment of the yew-tree Are of equal duration. A people without history Is not redeemed from time, for history is a pattern Of timeless moments. With the drawing of this Love and the voice of this Calling We shall not cease from exploration And the end of all our exploring Will be to arrive where we started And know the place for the first time. Through the unknown, unremembered gate When the last of earth left to discover Is that which was the beginning; At the source of the longest river The voice of the hidden waterfall And the children in the apple-tree Not known, because not looked for But heard, half-heard, in the stillness Between two waves of the sea. Quick now, here, now, always-- A condition of complete simplicity Costing not less than everything And all shall be well and All manner of thing shall be well When the tongues of flames are in-folded Into the crowned knot of fire And the fire and the rose are one. The Little Gidding is the last of T.

## Chapter 5 : Distant Shores (TV Series " ) - IMDb

*Recorded prior to his November death, On a Distant Shore isn't a strict return to the chintzy, homemade digital productions Leon Russell specialized in prior to his Elton John-assisted comeback The Union, but it's a far cry from the warmth of the solo affair Life Journey.*

## Chapter 6 : Leon Russell: On a Distant Shore

*About A Distant Shore. Dorothy is a retired schoolteacher who has recently moved to a housing estate in a small village. Solomon is a night-watchman, an immigrant from an unnamed country in Africa.*

## Chapter 7 : A Distant Shore by Caryl Phillips | calendrierdelascience.com

*It is just as foolish to expect *On a Distant Shore* to have the same organicity as Leon Russell and the Shelter People (Shelter, ) as it was to expect the Rolling Stones' *A Bigger Bang* (Virgin) to be comparable to *Sticky Fingers* (Rolling Stones, ).*

### Chapter 8 : Tracey Thorn - Wikipedia

*A Distant Shore is the first studio album by Tracey Thorn, released via Cherry Red Records in It includes a cover version of The Velvet Underground 's " Femme Fatale ". [3].*

### Chapter 9 : That Distant Shore | Steven Universe Wiki | FANDOM powered by Wikia

*"That Distant Shore" is a song from the episode "Can't Go Back". It is sung by Lapis Lazuli about her feelings of her time spent on Earth. Trivia This is Lapis Lazuli's first song in the series., In January , approximately four months before the airing of "Can't Go Back", a fifteen-second.*