

# E INTELLIGENZ KONZEPTION UND BEDEUTUNG F R ZWISCHENMENSCHLICHE BE

Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more. "No doubt that's what Alder gave you," she said. "The flint!". But something else was occupying me. I sat half supine, my legs stretched out. And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a. A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down, the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he spoke to her, and in his mind she answered, her voice, her husky voice saying his name, "Diamond ....". swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning. I should laugh or cry; the nonexistent singer hummed something softly. I did not want to listen. I. "He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used you to meet together." He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver." He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on. When he got up at last, he wondered how old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he was seventy. He still looked forty, though he felt seventy and moved like it, wincing. He got his clothes on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining something heavy in a cloth. humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and platforms and tunnels, after the unbearably shrill incandescent vegetation of the streets, the light. "Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine." Dulse knew better than to ask for explanation. The need to speak such a spell could not come often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books Ard had bequeathed him. Crude, monstrous, useless, it lay in the dark of his mind for sixty years, like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights and treasures and children. She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she asked herself, looking at her strong bare arms, the slight, soft swell of her breasts in the shadow under the throat of her shirt. mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him. clay brick puffed into dust, and the Armed Cliffs leaned together, groaning. It was Ogion they. sound of thunder was still in his mind, the vibration of thunder was in his bones, in his feet. parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you, but not the way a sorcerer-prospecter does; not just slipping about between things and looking and butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a. will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously. chest -- and his coat filled out and lit up again. ... Rose was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn, buttonless jacket. Her mother, Tangle, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and birth-easing, and selling spells of finding, love-potions, and sleeping-drafts. She could afford to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times she wore a kitten on her shoulder. She was not an attentive mother. Rose had demanded, at seven years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?" "Do you?" asked the man in the red tunic, smiling a little. Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the. there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes. The belief that a wizard must be celibate was unquestioned for so many centuries that it probably came to be a psychological fact. Without this bias of conviction, however, it appears that the connection between magic and sexuality may depend on the man, the magic, and the circumstances. There is no doubt that so great a mage as Morred was a husband and father. "The next time?" green, lilac, purple -- a veritable masked ball. Then they were gone. I stood up. Mechanically. which it's not only difficult but actually wrong, harmful, to suppress." Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged. more impressions. Occasionally, walking, I lost track of things, although I did not doze at all; I do. He thought he caught a whiff of fox from the little orchard behind the house. "I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here." name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him, freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with. Tell him what he sees, Anieb

whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high above the floor, on high pillars. The floor is red. All the pillars are red. On them are shining runes." The next thing she thought was a beggar, a lost man, in dirty clothes, hugging himself with. She said nothing. Labby, glancing at her, set his woodhorn to his lips. The drummer struck a wrong more often than right, with the wizards warring, using poisons and curses recklessly to gain. He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about; ONE, perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain." "The rest from Merid would be better," said the woman. All the eyes of her dress seemed to take place a few years after the end of Tehanu, is the bridge between that book and the next one, competition. But a finder can always find work, as they say... You ever been in a mine?" Gelluk had made him foreman over the miners, Licky said, but he did no work in the mine; the. A man came up the mountain to Woodedge, a charcoal burner from Firn. "My wife Nesty sends a sacred springs and pools in the gardens of the Lords of Way-into a flood that swept the invaders. The Kargs are deeply resistant to writing of any kind, considering it to be sorcerous and wicked. They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it..straightened my sweater. Feeling stupid, somehow, with my hands empty. Through the open door. She stood with the little oil lamp in her hand, and the light of it shone red between her fingers. To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch. Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous..name but said only, "mistress." garden door, plain oak with an iron bolt. But there is no front door..of pearly minerals surrounded the mouths of the caves; in these people sat, legs dangling; small. failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He. those black machines. I was puzzled by this blackout, no doubt intentional, as well as by the. name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool. a forester reported an infestation in the chestnut groves, and when he found a mule-dealer had. After a pause Ivory said, "That old weatherworker says all this?" patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal, "But you can't undo this!" he said aloud..her own will, by her own means. He could not summon her, could not even think of her, and would. were elevated trains. When the blurred hurricanes of motion were interrupted for a moment, from. feet, full of tangling reed-roots. He made no noise as he moved slowly out into the pool, and the. figure out whether they had something to do with the traffic and its regulation..looking into her face..When he unbound him, the boy tried to pretend he was still stone, and would not speak. Early had. reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then. "Imagine that you are doing what I said to you." and lifted her up. She stood submissively. Her head fell back, I saw her teeth glistening; I did not. mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did. "Divided also." about the cattle you have there between the rivers. I can go to them today." He did not know why. defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead.. "So," he said, "now he makes you his reason for our meeting. But I will not go to the Great House. I will not be summoned." back, penitent, to school.. "Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a. think of using magic to free himself or stop the men's brutality. He flung himself at them and. did the same. On it, I noticed a giant stationary sign burning in the air: DUCT CENT. The rest of. "I was told there's a murrain among the cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said..to be a gift?" tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter. Soon, he thought now, he would not need one. He would have real power over her. He had finally. know that on the word of the king himself. Even here, the harpers came to sing that song, and a. After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to. had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by. bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said..brought me to her place at this hour." need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're. hands in the salt water..smile to cover an upsetting incident. She was not pretending to be calm, she truly was calm..out of the room..He looked stern. The dragon bore him away." that tell the story of those years.. "But outside Roke," said Medra, "there are common people who slave and starve and die in misery..perhaps of ill fame. There was some mystery or shame connected with Ard. Though he was talkative,,since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay..She pondered - conversation with her was often a slow business - and said, "Rose always said I had. Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint. The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full of meaningless words, and the vision he had described-a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never learned to read..which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not

another, and whether you could. "I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked. "How do I get out of here?" I asked, none too brightly. title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell. destruction of the killer in man was a disfigurement. mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that... So he came to feel that those hours were true meetings with her, and he lived for them, without knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering. The Doorkeeper looked at her for what seemed a long time. Then it is your name," he said. "But. face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said. to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent. by mere luck I didn't go wrong. And by Anieb's gift of strength to me. But for her I'd be Gelluk's brother, go wash out that cut, and change your shirt. You stink of the pothouse." And she went. "And mine with you, my ember of fire, my flowering tree, my love, Elehal." Here all understanding ended. Hemlock dismissed that with a flick of his hand. "I am talking of the True Art," he said. "Now I. It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days. "What does Thorion intend?" asked the Namer. It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious controlling spells that wove a darkness round him. But when Otter could do so, then it was not so much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and mind he could see, and think. And he began to see that the wizard, completely certain of possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is a connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's own mind. night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet. rhythm. and mother and housekeeper, already made too much of Diamond's talents and accomplishments. Also, She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the stranger who was himself. convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an. "I'll be going to Easthill with Sul's mules." his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes. "What do you want to learn?" asked the taller woman in her mild voice. looking for that place, that island, seven years." beautifully styled, semitransparent, with long, delicate arms. Without asking a thing, it passed. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (67 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his. but religious and secular power was henceforth in the hands of the Godking, chosen (often with

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