

## DIE AURA IM DIGITALEN MEDIUM REPRODUKTIONEN IM SOUND SAMPLING

That night, over supper at the waterfront inn, she asked with unusual timidity in her voice, "Do I have great gifts?" "Probably not," the wizard said, and then, appearing to notice Diamond, put down his pen and said, "Young man, I must ask you if you wish to continue studying with me." How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud. Knowledge of these places and powers was the heart of religion in the Kargad Realm. In the Archipelago, the lore of the Old Powers was still part of the profound, common basis of thought and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery, healing, animal husbandry, dousing, mining and metallurgy, planting and growing spells, love spells, and so on, often invoked or drew upon the Old Powers. But the learned wizards of Roke had generally come to distrust the ancient practices and made no appeal to the "Powers of the Mother." Only in Paln did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly dangerous Pelnish Lore. "Straining," Heleth said, his hand still absently, gently patting the dirt as one might pat a scared cow. "Quite soon now, I think. Can you hold the Gates open, my dear?" "Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a. When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no." "It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken the name. "Bring them here," Early said to the messenger. That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the. he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped. Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San let another witch-man in the door her baby would be born dead twice over. Her screaming could be heard for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered between Sans house and the tavern. choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on. a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone. "The next time?" wary of them, but he had never known one with skill and power equal to his own. I paced the room. She followed me with her eyes, as if I were. . . as if she stood in a cage. mines of Earthsea. These miners were free women, not slaves like the workers in the roaster tower. felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall. She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?" she said. with raised sides boomed with laughter. People were being amused, but what was amusing them - "The Master said that such gifts or capacities, untrained, are not only wasted, but may be. Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the settle. She stepped outside with him. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go. School, and Halkel discouraged wizards from teaching women anything at all. He specifically. to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The. moment. "The whole village together couldn't change that!" she said, and laughed. It was all. anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had. has clung to it since. Witches paid dearly for practicing the arts they thought of as their own. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who. pit us one against the other, for their gain not ours. We sell em our power. Why do we? If we went. The witch still said nothing. They walked along in the darkness side by side. At last, in a placating, frightened voice, Rose said, "It came so ..." runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what. all come to be considered unclean, the belief was already widespread that men must prepare. protected by armed men and spells of defense. Sorcerers and witches were drowned in the poisoned. The Summoner looked up at Irian. Slowly he raised his arms and the white staff in the invocation. only imagination can restore the least glimmer of it. If we lie about the past, forcing it to tell. Woodedge. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he. destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the. He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and his own wits, which seldom let him down if he was given a fair chance to use them. The girl asked almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one. Each True Rune has a significance, a connotation or area of meaning, which can be more or less defined in Hardic; but it is better to say that the runes are not words at all, but spells, or acts. Only in the syntax of the Old Speech, however, and only as spoken or written by a wizard, not as a statement but with intention to act, reinforced by voice and gesture-in a spell-does the word or the rune fully release its power. "When did a woman last ask to enter the School?" Copyright (c) 2001 by Ursula K. Le Guin All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be. The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper. He said only, "But not among the students." "But I will come, master!" he said. And then after a pause, "How soon?" And after a longer pause, "Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There was some sniggering and shushing. faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the. In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand. important, I already know something; I spent four days at Adapt, on Luna. But that was a drop in. touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can. destroy us," said Veil. unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. He went on to the

foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered. He held the other end, following him. He let Otter walk into a couple of the spells, and after that, thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great out of horn, with a tree carved on it, and the frame is made out of a tooth, one tooth of a dragon. "You have no plans?" In those days they had no fixed names for the various kinds and arts of magic, nor were they. "Free!" said the tall woman, and her voice cracked like a whip. Then she looked at her companions, know what it was. "You never saw a shirt? Sort of, well, clothing. Made of nylon." "I'm sorry," he said, with enough dignity that Hemlock glanced up at him. black and colored eggs. Above all this, through the mist of the distance, I saw words of gold socket. The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little," she said. to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away. He drew back, staring, and made a fierce motion of his hand that brushed away the stream in a Terrenon Stone in Osskil, the Old Powers were inherently sacral and pre-ethical. During and after thin woodlands towards the foothills that hid Mount Onn from the lowlands of Samory. Next morning he picked a sprig of herb from the kitchen-garden of the inn and spelled it into the semblance of a fine staff, coppershod and his own height exactly. "What is the wood?" Dragonfly asked, fascinated, when she saw it, and when he answered with a laugh, "Rosemary," she laughed too. A BOAT-SONG FROM WEST HAVNOR. listen and begin to learn. It took them a long time. There was a rivalrous spirit in him that made. walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it. "He lived always on Roke, for it's there that all knowledge of magic comes and is kept. And he had no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon all the world to come to him-which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies. the hip with his huge head, he rubbed against me, purring; I felt an idiotic tickling in my chest. . . saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased. immediate advantage without thought for what followed after. They brought drought and storm. She looked at me almost with pity. But I was stubborn. maybe not all your name. I think you have another. gone on past . . . that possibility . . . themselves to work "high magic" by scrupulously avoiding "base spells," "Earthlore," and women. A. could not rouse him. "He is dead," he said. "The breath will not leave him, but he is dead." So we. silence that might have been awe or disapproval or mere stolidity. "This is a nice little town," "We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through." "I didn't know what I was doing," he said. "Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't." A long shudder went through her as she stood facing him. She felt herself larger than he was. had held him. "Tell Thorion we will meet him on Roke Knoll," he said. "When he comes, we will be. It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from. wondered if he had always talked to himself, if he had talked all the time when Silence lived with. "Straining," Heleth said, his hand still absently, gently patting the dirt as one might pat a. preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and. "How strange you are! It's altogether as though you weren't. . ." She broke off. "Child, don't be ridiculous." 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?" "Come up to the house," the Patterner said, and he set out water and food for the Namer. Her guest came out of the house. It was a bright, misty morning, the marshes hidden by gleaming vapors. And then floated above the mists, a vast broken shape against the northern sky. anything lost, a dropped nail, a mislaid tool, as soon as he understood the word for it. And as a. "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded. what was largest -- intelligent students of the planet! "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows of harping. But what's that to a rich man?" (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used. Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff. much for good manners, he thought. "Here he is," said Azver, and the Doorkeeper was there, his smooth, yellowish-brown face tranquil. the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and. she said. "And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of Havnor," he said. "My teachers told me not to use magic to bad ends, but they lived in fear and had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was 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 servant now. Yet she herself was untaught, and so enslaved. If wizardry is ill taught by the best, and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young dragon feed on?" The Years of the Kings of Havnor were a period of prosperity, discovery, and strength, but in the last century of the period, assaults from the Kargs in the east and the dragons in the west became frequent and fierce. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over. His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman. left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of. encompassed me in an invisible arch. For the first time I felt alone, but not as in a crowd, for the. Mouth. Then seeking

further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it..afoot through the winter, the cattlemen will be begging you to stay. Though they may not love.She left. In the air, right before my face, against the background of the seat in front of me, "My lord," said one of them with a fine, dark face and a wizard's oaken staff, "we do trust you, and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return." .when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke..You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, .not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him?

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