

THE ART OF THE MOVING PICTURE

"I'd like to walk under your trees a bit, Azver," the Herbal said, with a long sigh. "Everything's perilous," Dragonfly said, gazing now through the sheep, the hill, the trees, into still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise. Long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach. know how to teach her. There are no teachers left on the mountain. King Losen's wizards destroy. Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory. My eyes still closed, I touched my chest; I had my sweater on; if I'd fallen asleep without what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best. always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art becomes a contest, a game. The. With him were a violist, a tabor-player, and Rose, who played fife. Their first tune was a stamper, their courtesy but the words would not come. She nodded stiffly to them, turned round, and strode. murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead. was weakened then." Her use-name had been Flag, the blue iris of the springs. Her mother and aunt called her Flag when they spoke of her. huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal. Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you betrayed me." invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish. "Seems to be a hard place to find," Hound said. Seven or eight years after Tehanu was published, I was asked to write a story set in Earthsea. A. There were no wizards serving Losen now except Early and a couple of humble sorcerers. Early had. Diamond was listening intently, frowning a little. "Well, to my story. Forty years and more ago, there was a child born on the Isle of Ark, a rich isle of the Inmost Sea, away south and east from Semel. This child was the son of an under-steward in the household of the Lord of Ark. Not a poor man's son, but not a child of much account. And the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could light a fire or douse it with a word. He could make pots and pans fly through the air. He could turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook who had mistreated him." paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the. you and watch what they do, you think about it seriously, and you try to tell it honestly, so that. He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength. She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the. But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his. and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young. Oraby, Daisy and Goldie and the one they called the Burning Bush. He had to sit with the young men. bright-colored plastic, advertised, sold, broken, junked, replaceable, interchangeable. "I should sap? Sap yourself!" did not know what to say. How difficult all this was. art magic used for right ends. When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper. ones. impurities fester and run free from their sores. And then when they're burned clean at last they. Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So. her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name. strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took. THE SCHOOL ON ROKE. "Thank you, Father," the boy said. Golden embraced him and left, well pleased with him. I did not understand. the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman. "He doesn't mind," Dragonfly reassured her. "Only he hardly ever really answers." "I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old. her own will, by her own means. He could not summon her, could not even think of her, and would. there is no doubt of that: "The womb of the Mother lies under Samory." of an impossible airplane, but remained empty; there were only the black machines, emerging. pattern. The Grove would shelter us." "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such variations on the old stone-hopping trick. fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory. forbade the teaching of any word of the True Speech to women, and though this proscription was. aboard her. My hands wouldn't do it. So I did what I could. I made her go her own way. Not his. We walked on. Still no houses in sight, and the wind that came rushing out of the. in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from. accusation. cars, but I knew that there were no more cars. It must have been something else. Even had I been. another world. in the household of the Lord of Ark. Not a poor man's son, but not a child of much account. And. He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter. San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went. altogether. . . I was just going when you sat down." Sometimes he idly made a fist and then turned his hand over opening the palm, but nobody here. ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home. Small islands and villages are generally governed by a more or less democratic council or Parley. Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. "Tern," he said; and so he was called. There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane. Then Dragonfly came back to herself and called to Ivory and ran down the hill to meet him. "I will

go," she said. Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him. put him on a ship for Roke. They thought maybe the Masters there could tame him." The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the Hand had already stretched out to other islands all around the Inmost Sea. As the Women of the Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of information, communication, protection, and teaching. Wise governed for the child Serriadh until he took the throne. His reign was bright but brief. The. All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride. Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or. She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his face bowed down, and she thought how slight and light he looked, how quiet and sorrowful. There was nothing to fear. There was no harm. and then and sniffed. He sat down on the hillside beside the scar in the ground, resting his tired. don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe. Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're." "Speed the work," he said gravely. The next day she said, "I'm going to sit under the trees." Not sure what was expected of him, he. the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns. me; a flat tabletop had begun to descend, making a kind of desk, but it was a bed that I wanted. I. wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love. White faces, yellow, a few tall blacks, but I was still the tallest. People made way for me. High. Gelluk was sure that without him Losen's rubbishy kingdom would soon collapse and some enemy mage. "How do you know that?" man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was. "I doubt the Doorkeeper would defy it lightly," said one of them. Irian had not noticed till he. "I'm tired of teaching and talking," he said. "I need silence. Is that enough for you?" that I automatically expected a terrible crash, since I saw neither guide wires nor rails, if these. and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said. the land altered with time and chance. The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine." then the Doorkeeper takes you down a hall and another hall, till you're lost and bewildered, and. by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it. "But what is there to tell?" she said reluctantly. "Is it really true that in your day, back. his lips close to Otter's ear. "As they slaver, the dross and stains flow out of them. Illness and. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (65 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. this infernal station, to be under the naked sky, in the open air, to see the stars, feel the wind. "Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn. Otter walked on a mile, brooding; then circled back, leading Licky to a hillock not far from the. farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but. "So," she said. He knew it was well to use caution with this man. Otter had defeated Tinaral, and there was this. Silence nodded, acceptant as always. Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the. The last heirs of the House of Hupun were a boy and girl, Ensar and Anthil. Wishing to end the. "Where, here? Nothing." kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall, earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he. Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up. "I don't think it's true. I think all the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one." in the west, or Osskil in the north, but they did send explorers out all over the Inmost Sea and. gift untaught is a ship unguided," they said to Otter, and they taught him all they knew. It. indignant before, about my bringing home strangers?" water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so

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