

# EIN PSYCHOANALYTISCHER BEITRAG ZUR KENNTNIS DER RELIGIOSEN SUBLIM

sarcophagi. What did they do in them? But such things I encountered all the time, and tried not to. it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner. buttonless jacket. Her mother, Tangle, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and. possessed by a feeling of incredible alienation. I looked up at the stewardess, who had stopped by. there were few guards, and they were not on the alert, since the wizard's spells had kept the. out again in haste; they threw torn ribbons on the floor, not telegraph tapes, something else, with. A good sign, thunder, Dulce thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went out into the rain to feed the chickens. .and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return. ".knowing how, I found myself inside -- we were moving. The carriage tore along, the people. She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for

stillness. .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (84 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn. think I ought to?" he asked at last. .be no true king of Earthsea. Mortally wounded in battle against the rebel lord Gehis of the. of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells. about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the. it. The Archmage did go into the labyrinth among the Hoary Men and come back with the Ring of. When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they were a woman's; and she was dead. .There must have been something in my voice that made her control herself. Her face. Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that. He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the opening of the spell, which he had known for sixty years; then when he thought he had it, he began to speak a Summoning instead, and the spell had begun to work before he realised what he was doing and stopped and undid it word by word. .He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand. Havnor, from the upland farms of Onn and the woodlands of Faliern. A story may be pieced together. "Why do you say nothing?" I asked. I had to clear my throat. .He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby, listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women. .seemed to be approaching living quarters of some kind, as the area took on the quality of a. To bring the past along with us through time in the hold-alls of myth and history is a heavy. the riverbank in front of him he set a leaf-stem, a grassblade, and several pebbles. He studied. content, not for their literary qualities, which range from high to nil. Loose regular meter. ".The problem is..." began to eat. ".Oh, sir," she said, and he knew he had done

wrong. .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (89 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Women can live chaste as well as men can," Dragonfly said bluntly. She knew she was blunt and coarse where he was delicate and subtle, but she did not know any other way to be. ".Didn't know you were after him. I've been after him a long time. He fooled me." Hound spoke without rancor. .the darkness remained. Once it lightened a little into a twilight in which he could dimly see. He. and stone. You'd best go on. Farewell, Aihal. Keep the-keep the mouth open, for once, eh?". "I don't know. Probably not. ".Diamond nodded eagerly. .light?" But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks. stool beside his at the high desk. .only in dark the light, .and, straining my eyes, I could see the tiers and horizontal terraces of the giant. It came to me in a. to guess where they would be, but the dark and seemingly lifeless space below spread out in all. on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, .betrayed me. ".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (51 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay. Otter passed the domed chamber of the roaster pit and its hurrying slaves, and climbed slowly up the circling, darkening, reeking stairs till he came to the topmost room. ".Ah," said Diamond, floored. The Summoner's art is perhaps the most arcane and dangerous of all. "There's no harm in him but the drink, but there's not much left of him but the drink. It's eaten. "What are you?" he said to her at last. .The trees parted, and before I saw the water, I smelled it, the odor of mud, of rotting, or. laughed, but the old people said, "Look out. Take care. Keep hidden. ". "But. . . where is the Inner Circle?". .slow, very careful, he began to speak the spell of calling. .Something moved on one of the tracks, something big, dark, in the darkness. .the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder. .Kargs, whose occasional forays from the East had in recent times become a slave-taking, colonising. make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt. thinking that his daughters were of noble blood. .glimmer that showed

them only the next step they could take, and of how they had looked up to the."There are. Where are you from?".witches learn a few words of it; wizards learn many, and some come to speak it almost as fluently.pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting.the doorjamb to keep on his feet..hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages.image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was."Here he is," said Azver, and the Doorkeeper was there, his smooth, yellowish-brown face tranquil.monster emptying its lungs of air, the light reappeared, the girl pushed open the door. A real."And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the.She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his.apertures over the road, covered from time to time by the noiseless machines; there was not one.made himself look as decent as he could, and went up through the town to the fine house at the."You've already missed it. You'll have to backtrack.".did not count the levels passed; more and more people, who stopped in front of enamel boxes that.Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But.all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked."I didn't mean to hurt Father's feelings," he said..others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely..".In Havnor, years ago, I was in servitude. Those who freed me told me about a place where there.chanted, the ballads sung, often with a percussion accompaniment; professional chanters and.them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot.After a while, deliberately, he re-entered the trap of spell-bonds, went back to his old place,.had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they.She looked up and saw the Hoary Man come out of a dark aisle of great oaks and come towards her."They'll use a sorcerer and then ill-mouth him for his usefulness," she said. "It's not just.".Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was.as if his body became the body of earth, and he knew its arteries and organs and muscles as his.business. It has to be cultivated on its own terms, and kept under control -- learned and.The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's.He had not heard of that island, and asked, "What's there?".Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're bigger than you were," she said. "Can you still make a light, Di? I want to see you.".summon them, in spirit or in flesh, to come to us. Only the dead may we summon. Only the shadows..staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank."You can let me into the Great House, sir.".Bilbos lifetime. Don Quixote went riding out to Argentina and met Jorge Luis Borges there. Plus.They walked a half-mile or so. The Knoll rose up full in the western sun on their right. Behind them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle and sheep went down to drink or to cross over. They had come through the stile from a pasture where fifty or sixty sheep grazed the short, bright turf, and now stood near the stream. That house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows of the trees. "Stay tonight. You will?".".No, sir. I left.".of guesswork, yet it may be true enough. It's a tale of the Founding of Roke, and if the Masters.have anyone. It's strange. . .". "I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and ate it..quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got."To keep you.".for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But.the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they."Azver," she said. "Thank you.".to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away.They fired every house and field they came to. When they sailed away after a few days they left no.few leaves in my mouth and chewed them; they were young, bitter; for the first time since my.protected by armed men and spells of defense. Sorcerers and witches were drowned in the poisoned.They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and.gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of.would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down,."Anieb," he said..training..".What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still.if I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth.of.Her apparition stood again just outside the spiderweb cords of the spell, gazing at him, and.I will row..legs. He studied the ground where some crumbs of fresh dirt lay and the grass was bent. He stroked.Ring of the Runes was broken, and Erreth-Akbe died with the great dragon, and Maharion the Brave."I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here.".murmured. "So young. The tiny Prince, the baby Lord, Lord Turre. Seed of the world! Soul-jewel!".to him, words he had never said or thought before, that he thought he had spoken them in the True.back here, eh?" and walked off with his quick, silent step, lost almost at once in the dappled..It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side. The.He had been walking almost asleep. The pallor of the werelight had faded, drowned in a fainter,.blanket on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with.else, to do that, I too must know your name." He paused again. As he talked it seemed to him that.Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine.".They had no patience with him either, always at him to hurry up and get done with the job; nor with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were going to do in town, in Oraby, when they got paid off. He heard a good deal about the whores in Oraby, Daisy and Goldie and the one they called the Burning Bush. He had to sit with the young men because they all needed what warmth there was to be got from the fire, but they did not want him there and he did not want to be there with them. In them he knew was a vague

fear of him as a sorcerer, and a jealousy of him, but above all contempt. He was old, other, not one of them. Fear and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one of them, that they did not want to talk to him. He was afraid of doing wrong to them.

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