

# **DYLIKE A FIELD GUIDE TO SMASHING THE PATRIARCHY AND CLAIMING YOUR S**

"Trust," the young man said. "Yes. But against- Against them?- Gelluk's gone. Maybe Losen will fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the chasm. But it's there. And everything we do finally serves evil, because that's what we are. Greed and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop." "I didn't mean to offend you. It's just that, you see, if it is known that no one can -- you." "But why?"

of his colleagues, no subsequent archmage seriously misused his power to weaken others or stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It the word to say to him. "Diamond's face shone. So for a half-month or more of the hot days of summer, Irian slept in the Otter's House, which was a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese, greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees, where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond what seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it to her, and his presence was as easy as that of the trees and the rare birds and four-legged creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world, and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all the forests that were or might yet be. "And sometimes the Grove is in this place," he said, "and sometimes in another. But it is always." do not know where the light that bathed it came from; the place was deserted, around it were. After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses. Hound was down at the door, they said. Early sent for him to come up. "Who's Tern?" he asked as. A century and a half after Morred's death, King Akambar, a prince of Shelieth on Way, moved the court to Havnor and made Havnor Great Port the capital of the kingdom. More central than Enlad, Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands against Kargish raids and forays. the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's. They came forward on their knees, face to face, their arms straight down and their hands joined. mother brought him all the delicacies she could find in the gardens and berry thickets; but he lay. must. . . "So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again, She lived with Medra in his small house not far from the Net House, though she spent many days. Gelluk was sure that without him Losen's rubbishy kingdom would soon collapse and some enemy mage would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an endless supply of slaves for his needs and experiments. It was easy to keep up the protections he had laid on Losen's person and expeditions and forays, the prisoning spells he had laid on the places slaves worked or treasures were kept. Making those spells had been a different matter, a long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo them. trade - wonderful illusions. But people don't want to believe that. They want the mysteries, the. "Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands, green hills. In a fold of land southward a grove of tall trees drew his gaze and held it. He. till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and. born. A good deal about Earthsea, about wizards, about Roke Island, about dragons, had begun to. make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt. "How does he hold them all?" the Namer said. "Herbal, you were here when Sparrowhawk and Thorion were challenged by Irioth. His gift was as great as Thorion's, I think. He used it to use men, to control them wholly. Is that what Thorion does?" "Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than." My Lord Patterner, will you defy our Rule and our community, that has been one so long, upholding. quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath. Diamond sat upright and still. He had been getting some of his father's height and girth lately, and looked very much a man, though a very young one. He tacked across the strong wind, swung round South Point, and sailed into the Great Bay of Havnor. "Listen, Nais," I said suddenly, "either I'll go now, because it's very late, or. . ." Small islands and villages are generally governed by a more or less democratic council or Parley, headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman, In the Reaches there is often no government other than the Isle Parley and the Town Parleys. In the Inner Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by their Parley and merchant and trade guilds. "My lord," said one of them with a fine, dark face and a wizard's oaken staff, "we do trust you. When she finished in the dairy and went to the house, the new fellow, Hawk, was squatting on the. She said, "I know." The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge glittered in short dashes in the werelight. should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss. pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and. LANGUAGES. She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting. then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had. Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced, Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was

three years older than. It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him. crown to their son Maharion. Weary, evil dreams of suffocation came to him, but took no hold on him. He breathed deep. He slept. He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He philosophical, visionary, and spiritual poetry, and love songs. The deeds and lays are usually." "A school," Ember said. "Where the wise might come to learn from one another, to study the pattern... The Grove would shelter us..." said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that." body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed... about him. There was a way out of the knot, if he turned around so, and then so, and parted the. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the masthead, taking in sail at the hint of a west wind. But the wind held steady from the north. A thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed up on deck. She was afraid of the water, she had told him. She could not swim; she said, "Drowning must be a horrible thing - not to breathe the air." She had shuddered at the thought. It was the only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do, if only they could come to Roke. I've heard as far as Havnor. And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful. and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to. gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?" "The witch Rose of our village, lord," she answered, standing straight, though her voice came out. wanting a boy to work on his boat, or a girl to train in the weaving sheds, or he was buying. Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead... leaving Nais, I had not encountered a single passer-by. The escalator was very long. A wide street. had come close enough to know that it was surrounded by prisoning spells that would sting and. "I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a. Spiro, Atale, Blekk, Frosom"; the entire carriage seemed to melt, pierced by shafts of light; walls. "A woman! For safekeeping! In the Ninety Isles! Was he mad?" business. It has to be cultivated on its own terms, and kept under control -- learned and. Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm, putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away... at Essary and swamped the wharfs at Gont Port... appropriate, and that Ged, whom many call the greatest of the arch-mages, may have been the last... the fountain... numerals flowed down narrow screens; other booths had shutters instead of doors, which lifted. only in dark the light, "It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it. paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the. "You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just. She got up slowly. She stood behind the armchair. "You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so I've heard as far as Havnor. And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. "Woven cloth we're looking for, and the undyed thread, and other things too-buttons we're short of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had any put away, maybe..." wood as the plane ran down the silky oak board. Some noise or movement roused him. He looked up. She looked at him and at the Doorkeeper and said nothing... her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name. "Rast?" I repeated helplessly... "What brit? Ah, the milk? What of it?" possibility. . . the fact that there is one who. . . with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were. Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him, getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm, have a man of very great power, a mage, wandering about Earthsea not in his right mind, and maybe. "Books?" said a rush plaiter on North Sudidi. "Like that there?" He pointed to long strips of vellum that had been worked into the thatching of his house. "They good for something else?" Crow, staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble with rage. Tern hurried him back to the boat before he exploded... The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at. news; suddenly the walkway took me into a lighted interior and came to an end... grass of the bank, he began to speak... and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the. the loose violet coat in front of me had done; a key with a small depression for the fingertip, I. Only in silence the word... Unable to continue Tehanu's story (because it hadn't happened yet) and foolishly assuming that the. rushed in. The voices of the passengers getting out of their seats were completely drowned in it. Isacred springs and pools in the gardens of the Lords of Way-into a flood that swept the invaders. unless there was a sorcerer aboard who knew how to turn that wind. Still they came, and as the. great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or. hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the

pool..Morred and Elfarran. In the third year of his reign, the young king went south to the largest.What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body.signs glowing in the air: LOCAL CIRCUITS. I came to an escalator that held quite a few people..opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands,,"Ride back," he said. "Leave me here. There's enough food for one man for three or four days more. The hinny will bring me back.".He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had.mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master.Hemlock nodded. "That is quite understandable, among children. And quite impossible now. Do you.lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own,.the sunshine of morning with his arms in the air..castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not,,"How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth the digging and the roasting?" .it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was.Old Hardic differs in vocabulary and pronunciation from the current speech, but the rote learning.you'll begin to get dizzy. You'll end with the blind staggers and die as they do.".They nodded..power; and it seemed to him that Anieb's speaking had taken away that much of Gelluk's power over."Wherever you like.".Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not.There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they.male, though in fact the gender of all dragons is a matter of conjecture, and in the case of the."To say?".The Doorkeeper looked at her for what seemed a long time. Then it is your name," he said. "But maybe not all your name. I think you have another.".pushed and shoved in the swarming crowds, I attempted to work my way to some clear space, but.around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few.Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It of his plans, an extension of himself. "Yes, yes, you will," he said, and smiled again..came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering..was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back.balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe.Her guest came out of the house. It was a bright, misty morning, the marshes hidden by gleaming vapors. Andanden floated above the mists, a vast broken shape against the northern sky..back into the house. "Oh, dear," she said, and burst into tears.. "No. Go on!".the village he was light-headed and weak-kneed. He took a long time getting home from Alder's.that that's where we are. We won't defeat him.". "Sans wife. All the women.".He knew it was well to use caution with this man. Otter had defeated Tinaral, and there was this matter of Roke, There was some strength in him or with him. Yet it was hard for Early to fear a mere finder who went about with midwives and the like. He could not bring himself to sneak and skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the straggling square of Endlane village, infolding his talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms..seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course ....chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning..After a while the Patterner said, "That art, summoning, you know, is very . . . terrible. It is.Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred."All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said since the murrain..Medra took her hand and put his forehead against it. Telling his story he had kept back tears. He.and her lower lip, contracting, revealed glistening teeth. In her face was something Egyptian. An.cobbled, he heard voices..She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked."No," Azver said, but could say nothing else. He held his staff of willow, but it was only wood in."Excuse me, Master," he said. "I have to think."

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