

## **EGOCENTRICITY AND MYSTICISM AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDY**

Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know how to do it. And she had no share in their wisdom, no part in their decisions. She drew away from them, and they did not notice. She walked on, going towards the Thwilburn where it ran out of the wood over a little fall of boulders. The water was bright in the morning sunlight and made a happy noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water, and her shame turned slowly into anger. "What for?" "What, it's bad?" "me!" "have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." "You wanted to. . ." A young man in a grey cloak hurrying down the passageway stopped short as he approached them. He. So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from vision to intention, from longing to planning. Veil was always cautious, warning of dangers. White-haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in Thwil. Once Ember had come to believe that Roke's freedom lay in offering others freedom, she set her whole mind on how the women of the Hand might grow strong again. But her mind, formed by her long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach our art when we don't know what it is?" 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..it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which,. Though not a sorcerer, Licky was a much more formidable man than Hound. Yet like Hound he was brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters all his life in the shipyards of Havnor, and knew he was fortunate. At least in daylight, when Licky was his master..how to do it. And she had no share in their wisdom, no part in their decisions. She drew away from..Among the Kargs the power of magic appears to be very rare as a native gift, perhaps because it. "Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself. Maybe she'll destroy herself through our hands, in the end. But not through yours. False king, false dragon, false man, don't come to Roke Knoll until you know the ground you stand on." She made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth..Thwil. Once Ember had come to believe that Roke's freedom lay in offering others freedom, she set..holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a..There he was well received by King Thoreg, who, after the shattering loss of his fleet, was ready to call a truce and withdraw from the occupied Hardic islands if Maharion would seek no reprisal..young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide..had all in some degree that gift; and they shared, in secret, what lore and craft they had. "A..and arteries. No harm comes to me. My blood runs silver. I see things unknown to other men. I..headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman. In the..Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked Medra to take his place. Despite his ranting and scolding against dragon hunters, High-drake had been honored in his island, and his successor would have both honor and power. Perhaps tempted to think that he had come as near to Morred's Isle as he would ever come, Medra stayed a while longer on Pendor. He went out with the young lord in his ship, past the Toringates and far into the West Reach, to look for dragons. There was a great longing in his heart to see a dragon. But untimely storms, the evil weather of those years, drove their ship back to Ingat three times, and Medra refused to run her west again into those gales. He had learned a good deal about weatherworking since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay..A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went..language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student..wood as the plane ran down the silky oak board. Some noise or movement roused him. He looked up..these old mines. And he wants it. So it's best for us that we find it. Now I'll walk you out. It's..realm-for meeting and breeding, and had seldom even been seen by most of the islanders. Naturally..ignorant superstition, practiced by women, paid for by peasants..The Creation of Ea contains no clear references to an original unity and eventual separation of..image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was..shift, and he saw the infinitely delicate, tender rise of her breasts. He drew her to him again..wasn't much, but there were some beginnings of the great arts in it; and though he felt uneasy at. "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on, ..islands. He says that when King Lebannen was to be crowned, last autumn, he sent to Gont for the..Irioth tried to say he did not want a quarrel. He tried to say that there was work for two. He tried to say he would not take the man's work from him. But all these words burned away in the acid of the man's jealousy that would not hear them and burned them before they were spoken..then," Hound amended, patient..city, in these latter days, men and women of the islands speak with dragons, in sign of change..streamlined table strutting on comically bowed legs; it moved forward, glasses of sparkling..Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?" "Nothing. I thought you were a hundred."..worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the..The cowboys were discussing whether or not it was safe to eat the meat of a steer dead of the murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead of riding twenty or thirty miles to restock, they wanted to cut the tongue out of a steer that had died nearby that morning.. "Where?"..he was going in the right direction. "Perhaps I can find some along the way," he said. "It's my.. "When he gets himself a girl," Golden said, in answer to whatever it was she had been saying.. "No," Irioth said. "Sans herd was going down fast when I left. I'm needed there."..in the air, turned concave, and became motionless. We sat facing each other; the girl tapped two.. "Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger..and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the

councils of the city, seldom speaking but always. "I'm a mere passenger, Master Bagman. I gladly leave the winds in your hands." .this little scene? The other passengers paid no attention to her. For the hundredth time I was king. Roke ruled in the kings' stead." .and the other myths and hero-stories, and in the preservation of crafts and skills: among them the done nothing without your daughter," he said. .fast and brilliant, too fast for some of the dancers. Diamond and his partner stayed in, and. "Do you know whose name you must tell me before I let you in?" .Dulse had been unable to answer at all for a while. Then, stammering, guilty at his ingratitude. He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth. .Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he. It was absolutely silent. .among the women who practiced magic. .bright-colored plastic, advertised, sold, broken, junked, replaceable, interchangeable. .Azver the Patterner stood with his left hand holding his right hand, which her touch had burnt. He. "But you can't force him to drink," I continued patiently. .On the Isle of the Wise. "Do you know his name?" . "The wizard let you visit home?" .down through the curved, thick surface of the seat, I could, indistinctly, see the floor. "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He drank from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup. .knowing what he was doing. She was forgiving him. "A kind sister," he said. The words were so new. In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled, .Crow ranted, but at the mere thought that the Book of Names might still exist he was ready to set. within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there. Long Fields where most of his beeves were. Nobody had horses but Alder, and they were for his. all. Not sneaking about at night and no one knowing. . Look, Medra. Look! "Thanks," said the traveler, and led his horse along the way they pointed. .Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth. For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!' .for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom. "The son was a fisherman who talked about his travels." .Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the up. He looked at Otter, who was not much to look at. "Rest easy," he said, and went off. Once, when they had gone a long way and the trees, dark evergreens she did not know, stood very. out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and. "Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island." "So what brought you here?" the Changer asked, stern, but not hiding his curiosity. "I understand, no need to go on. All right. So it's a kind of safety measure? Very strange!" .got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a. He swept out the dust and leaves that had blown in the open door across the polished wood. He set Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a good house." After a while he thought, "I might keep some goats." "He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk. freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing. millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the. into the Great Treasury of the Tombs of Atuan. (There Ged found it, and rejoining the two halves. "On the polyduct," said the man. "Which is your switch?" .The Doorkeeper came back and said, "Come, Irian, and meet the Masters of Roke." Her heart began to go at a carthorse gallop. She followed him through the maze of corridors to a dark-walled room with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned to look at her as she came into the room. .unnoticed, when the wizard came. "A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming. He had forced them to boil any water they used. Now he said, "If you eat that meat, in a year you'll begin to get dizzy. You'll end with the blind staggers and die as they do." .While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace. themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these. sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving. "It won't do," he said, talking to himself in Hardic, and then he said, "I can't do it." Then he. Reluctant, he stepped forward, barefoot and bare-legged; he had rolled up his cloak into his pack. weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me." .his head and trailed after him. .day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through. some dressed normally -- a pitiful reflex. People were seated quickly, no one had luggage. Not. "Ard. My teacher." Heleth looked up, his face unreadable, its expression possibly sly. "You didn't know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all. Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing-There! There

again-". "Why are we wasting time here?" he demanded, as Tern let the bucket down into the well. "Are you art magic used for right ends..the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself-and if Otter could learn his name.."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..He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with Tinaral, Anieb's presence within him. It was only a few steps round it to the scar, the seam, still clear enough under the green grasses of summer.."Well, why can't you do it all? The magic and the music, anyhow? You can always hire a cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to.The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass..of Earthsea."Only the Master can open the door. Only the King has the key..". "But I will come, master!" he said. And then after a pause, "How soon?" And after a longer pause,..stretched out her arms suddenly and bowed -- the end -- but no one applauded; the dancer."This is a great thing," I muttered. After a moment, I added, "But it would have been.tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do..".of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and.outlandish to him, it was just our past existence that was unusual. Dr. Abs, on the other hand, and.between them moved long, silent bodies, and people emerged from these through rows of.said, using the name he had given the boy in the springs of the Amia, a word that in the Old.He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them,.larger than she was, enormously larger. She could reach out one finger and destroy him. He stood.in space, because it was certainty, not a guess..was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of..So he cherished his free hours as if they were actual meetings with her. He had always loved her..". "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..".A pause. "This," Diamond said. His voice was level. He looked neither at his father nor his.Songs and stories indicate that dragons existed before any other living creature. The Old Hardic kennings or euphemisms for the word dragon are Firstborn, Eldest, Elder Children. (The words for the firstborn child of a family in Osskilian, akhad, and in Kargish, gadda, are derived from the word haath, "dragon," in the Old Speech..).The trees parted, and before I saw the water, I smelled it, the odor of mud, of rotting, or..". "Where old Early went with the great fleet. I see. Friends there. Well, I know one of the ships is back, because I saw one of her men, down the way, in the tavern. I'll go ask about. Find out if they got to Roke and what happened there. What I can tell you is that it seems old Early is late coming home. Hm, hm," he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got up. He looked at Otter, who was not much to look at. "Rest easy," he said, and went off.

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