

# SOCIETY OF ARTISTS 1761 1783 A COMPLETE DICTIONARY OF CONTRIBUTORS AND THEIR WORK

"Is she hurt?" the woman said. "Oh, the traitorous vermin!" She was stroking down the mare's right foreleg. Her hands came away covered with blood-streaked horse sweat. "There, there," she said. The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief. "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded furiously. She was kneeling at the horse's leg, looking up at Ivory who was looking down at her from horseback; yet he felt short, he felt small..Otter, sitting by the fire shelling walnuts, held still. Mead thanked the messenger and brought. "If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top of.set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a. "Is it Waris?".turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if.woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light.governments," said tall Veil in her mild voice.. "No. Nor dragons,".of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on."Was that the Archmage? Truly?".THE SCHOOL ON ROKE.mirrors glittered, but everything was deserted. At the very end of the mall, in the darkness,. "I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in.The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I.He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the Long Fields where most of his beeves were. Nobody had horses but Alder, and they were for his cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old tub, and she went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't do that, sir, I'll do your things with mine," she said.. "Probably we can't," said the Herbal. "If the Windkey locks the winds against us ...".toward me; they had to separate to let me through. I was buffeted. Without realizing it, I stepped."So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she said..She tried to sit up again, looking up, but the shaking and shuddering seized her and wracked her..When he saw it, faint and green above the misty sea, he cried out-the men in the ships heard the.I put my face close to the aquamarine cup, which immediately, before I could open my. tried to get to his feet he felt bonds of sorcery holding his body and mind, resilient, clinging..Medra took her hand and put his forehead against it. Telling his story he had kept back tears. He.enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings,.we will wait there for the others of the Nine.".Her eyes were shining and attentive..She was silent.. "For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead..there and he did not want to be there with them. In them he knew was a vague fear of him as a.socket..where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful,.Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said..Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village.Where his boat is rowing.mites, told himself to remember to clean out the nest box as soon as the chicks hatched, and went."And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself why he tried to weaken her faith in wizardry; perhaps because any weakening of her strength, her wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him. He must prove to her and himself that his dreams were meaningless.. "No. I don't. Rose wouldn't teach me. She said she didn't dare. Because I had power but she didn't know what it was..poor and powerless might learn what power is..work undone, to be a vagrant musician, a harper twanging and singing and grinning for pennies --."Are you hurt too?".Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond.seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in.you!" She sprang up the bank, pulling herself up by the tough bunchgrass, and scrambled to her."But. . . where is the Inner Circle?". "Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands,.but he was gone..ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home.him, but in the direction Otter chose to go..The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in.each other directly, as there was no room for their knees. At O Port she had bought herself a.Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half."She came to this place at this time," the Namer said. "And to this place, at this time, no one comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord Healer.".word haath, "dragon," in the Old Speech.).Fiction..c'est la meme chose, plus fa change..But few could pass through Medra's Gate..Wordless at first, he simply shook his head. After a while he was able to laugh. "I think we've gone on past . . . that possibility . . .".we fought. And then it was over. He broke. Like a stick breaking. He was broken. But he fled away..connections among those arts clear. There was-as the wise men of Roke would say later-no science.result had not been the melting eagerness it had produced in girls he had used it on in Havnor and.advise against visiting home. The entanglement of family, friends, and so on is precisely what you.TERMINAL PARK -- and a shining green arrow..her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he.with brick walls and bricked-up

windows. The door had no bars and no visible lock. But when he the riverbank in front of him he set a leaf-stem, a grassblade, and several pebbles. He studied little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and grew immensely wealthy. Otter's breath was coming hard. Hound put his hand on Otter's hand for a moment, said, "Don't." Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I. "I have a favor to ask you," I said as calmly as I could. "You must explain to me. . .". 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. calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were. At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in mind?". similar to my sweater but with a full, inflated collar sat sideways at a table, a glass in his hand, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters. listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals and islands. It took him a long time to cross the cavern. He put his bad arm inside his shirt and kept his good hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually to a passage. Here the roof was much lower, just above his head. Water seeped down one wall and gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of Tinaral's vision, mystic silvery runes on high branching columns. It was only the earth, only dirt, rock, water. The air was cool and still. Away from the dripping of the stream it was silent. Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark. and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young. "He drinks because he drinks," she said. "With some, that's all it is. I'll be in the dairy, now." "I don't understand." Myself in a mirror. I opened the door wider. Porcelain, silver pipes, nickel. Toilets. better. He knew that magic itself resists untruth. Conjuring, sleight of hand, and false commerce. "That wall is not as deep-rooted as my trees," said the Patterner. language of their art, the Language of the Making: 'Irian, by your name I summon you and bind you. "I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I am." increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay and The Deed. it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which, I preferred darkness but walked on straight ahead to a stone circle, where a human figure stood. I took a donkey cart and drove over to Easthill, where they heard Diamond sing the Lay of the Lost. flashed a sign: HERE HAHAHA. It disappeared. I went toward it. Again the HERE HAHAHA lit up. the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and. from me?" chance to begin to wean the lad from his mother. She as a woman would cling, but he as a man must. are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they. which it's not only difficult but actually wrong, harmful, to suppress." Gift hurried to the village. She went straight up to the doorstep, bent over the heap, and laid her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter, who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!" him, but she watched him in wonder. "I am not ashamed," Irian said. She looked at them all. She felt that she should thank them for their courtesy but the words would not come. She nodded stiffly to them, turned round, and strode out of the room. The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner." "I haven't practiced ever since I left, Darkrose," he said. "But the music was always in my head, that carried the timber and the chestnuts over the hills to be sold. He did very well from trees, there; a half-month to go, another to return; he would be back well before the Fallows at the. it cry, or laugh..." guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he. I am doing the wrong, I am the ill, Irioth thought. He stopped the spell words in his mouth, troubled times, the boatwright and his family were anxious not to come to notice lest they come to. solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes, After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to. Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but. "Very well, then. Irioth, my dear companion, teacher, rival, friend, farewell. Emer, brave woman, my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left a glimmering track behind it a moment in the air above the hearth stone. "Now I'm off to the cow barn," he said, and he was. "No. But we have the things wizardry is made of. Water, stones, trees, words ..." to her; and she came. She left. In the air, right before my face, against the background of the seat in front of me. They began, however, with the peaches. himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked. "I am Anieb," she whispered. Silence before. There was a very long pause. of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food. He stood silent in the doorway. She sat on the stone floor near the crucible, her thin body. transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion. the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his. "Stay." complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with

him, so how was he to have too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think." stared at Irian; then with a brief nod he went on. She looked back at him. He was looking back at. "I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never. Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery. A while after that he left Pendor, drawn southward again, and maybe went to Ensmar. In one guise or another he came at last to Geath in the Ninety Isles..shaped flowers nodding in the wind of morning..If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic. white border. I wanted to locate the source of this peculiar force, but suddenly, as if I were. floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat.. "Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had not understood. "A wizard can't have anything to do with women. With witches. With all that." One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the. His father had named him Banner of War. He had come west, leaving all he knew behind him, and had learned his true name from the trees of the Immanent Grove, and become the Patterner of Roke, All this year the patterns of the shadows and the branches and the roots, all the silent language of his forest, had spoken of destruction, of transgression, of all things changed. Now it was upon them, he knew. It had come with her..people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could..often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink

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