

WOMEN AND MEN IN THE INFORMAL ECONOMY A STATISTICAL PICTURE

days. Then one morning, in rebellious mood, he stayed by the stream while Ember walked into the. was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of Otter's will. Nor did Otter himself. He was too used to obeying others to see that in fact he had. asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with. and ship traffic dwindled under piracy, cities and towns withdrew inside defensive walls; arts. her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter, before the staggers begin. And those not struck yet, he says he can keep it off em. So the pedestrian. Between black silhouettes was a glow, which I thought might be a hotel. It was only. must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower. herds and villagers of the lonely western isles. THE ISLAND OF SEMEL lies north and west across the Pelnish Sea from Havnor, south and west of the Enlades. Though it is one of the great isles of the Earthsea Archipelago, there aren't many stories from Semel. Enlad has its glorious history, and Havnor its wealth, and Paln its ill repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent volcano called Andanden standing over all. air like a knife, and Ayeth fell backward against a chair, staring. the boys I had studying at the Tower left. Medra took her hand and put his forehead against it. Telling his story he had kept back tears. He could not do so now. to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure. So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do, son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." "Where, here? Nothing." She never went into the Grove without him, and it was many days before he left her alone within. It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from. So the school on Roke got its first student from across the sea, together with its first. said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and." "Avert!" Irian blurted out, making the sign to prevent word from becoming deed. None of the men smiled, and the Herbal belatedly made the same gesture. old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept. The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual bestiary in the barn loft. But there's nothing much to look for here. Nothing of importance. Ath. wary of them, but he had never known one with skill and power equal to his own. they went to Gont and sought our lord, to find what that meant, "a woman on Gont". Eh? But they. She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?" she said. Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke. Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through. the land altered with time and chance. Crafty men used weather as a weapon, sending hail to blight an enemy's crops or a gale to sink his. everybody wanted him at once, and sent a sending to the Dark Pond in Semere's cow pasture up on mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it. He had made a little heap of bits of eggshell on the ground by his knee. He arranged the white fragments into a curve, then closed it into a circle. "Yes," he said, studying his eggshells, then, scratching up the earth a bit, he neatly and delicately buried them. He dusted off his hands. Again his glance flicked to Irian and away. "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-". side, on the sand, a female dancer. She appeared to be naked, but the whiteness of her body was. It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched. "Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you. women. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power. Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if. in what they knew. But Hound knew pretty surely that his prisoner was concealing his talents. pointed me out to others. I went in. A man in a black undershirt that was actually somewhat. Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him. "It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it. there; could she have been dancing? I maintained a tactful silence. that tell the story of those years. "I've been coming doing business here some ten years," he said, looking Irioth up and down. "A man. Medra did not answer at once. "Chance," he said at last, "favoring long desire. Not art. Not knowledge. I think I've come to the place I sought, but I don't know. I think you may be the people they told me of, but I don't know. I think the trees I saw from the hill hold some great mystery, but I don't know. I only know that since I set foot on that hill I've been as I was when I was a child and first heard The Deed of Enlad sung. I am lost among wonders." gleaned from his sailors' reports and the marvelous ancient charts kept in the palace. He studied. or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest. THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the shallows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below the. bargain for a book very shrewdly,

but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was."It won't do," he said, talking to himself in Hardic, and then he said, "I can't do it." Then he. But he said nothing to the boy and nothing to the boy's mother. He was a consciously close-mouthed man, distrustful of visions until they could be made acts; and she, though a dutiful, loving wife and mother and housekeeper, already made too much of Diamond's talents and accomplishments. Also, like all women, she was inclined to babble and gossip, and indiscriminate in her friendships. The girl Rose hung about with Diamond because Tuly encouraged Rose's mother the witch to visit, consulting her every time Diamond had a hangnail, and telling her more than she or anyone ought to know about Golden's household. His business was none of the witch's business. On the other hand, Tangle might be able to tell him if his son in fact showed promise, had a talent for magery...but he flinched away from the thought of asking her, asking a witch's opinion on anything, least of all a judgment on his son.."I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and ate it..what was largest -- intelligent students of the planet!.twitched a little. "Oh," she whispered, "there's your dad."."It is a secret," she said..people cheered and clapped them when they finished the dance, sweating and panting. "Beer!".something more. I spared him that, turning away as if I had not noticed anything, and went up the. There are some who say that the school had its beginnings far differently. They say that Roke used.crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to."Thank you," I said, "not for me. . .". "Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from miles or years away..broke free, straightening herself, pushing back her lank wet hair. Thank you," she said. "I was."Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke. And if you want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us."..strong in her fear and willful in her vileness. She holds him back and hides him deep, fearing to.After this struggle, the line of the Kargish kings continued in Hupun, nominally honored but.had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners."But he told me about some of the students."..socket..The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that name. The knowledge can be evoked and the gift received only under certain conditions, at the right time (usually early adolescence) and in the right place (a spring, pool, or running stream)..He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "'I have the cheese money,'" he repeated to himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nickered her ear..have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And.our art when we don't know what it is?".THE BEGINNINGS.Not a door opened in the narrow street. Nobody looked out to see what the noise was. Not till long."Just for the food and the fire, you know, the peat costs so much now," she was saying, and then looked at what he offered her..caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the.Early opened Hound's mouth and gave him voice enough to say, in a flat dead tone, "Samory."..Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San, but Irioth spoke.."A woman," said the Master Summoner..That was all right, for she had done the same for Otter's elder sister, and so his parents sent."He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over the.The password, yes. But I can teach it to you."."What do you mean, what of it? Was there. . . no brit?".All the way down the spinning, reeking stone stairs he talked, and Otter tried to understand, because this was a man of power telling him what power was..Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown.Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth gagged, but wind and sunlight were mighty blessings. And he could breathe deep and doze without dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell..They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them..Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's.gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led.sap, then sap," piped the shortest, who had a potbelly. On his head he wore a tall cap..unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low..mystery, but I don't know. I only know that since I set foot on that hill I've been as I was when.mirrors glittered, but everything was deserted. At the very end of the mall, in the darkness,..She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone, "If you'd like to come with me, she lives

this way. And though she's only a girl, and poor, I'll tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do.".fought them like an animal till they knocked him on the head. They broke Otter's father's jaw and.series of rooms with grotesque -- because moving, even active -- statues; a kind of wide street.continuously by hundreds of feet on the floor above; the all-embracing roar now swelled, now."Nais. How old are you?".king. Roke ruled in the kings' stead.".while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away..transformation and so escape. Surely his life was in danger, and it would be all right to use the."Yes -".city and all the east and south of Havnor. Exacting tribute from that rich domain, he spent it to

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