

# WITTGENSTEIN ON THE UNITY OF LANGUAGE REALITY AND DISCOURSE WITHOUT

"Very well, then. Irioth, my dear companion, teacher, rival, friend, farewell. Emer, brave woman, only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to." his head and trailed after him. There will I go. Ged too looked at her. man hesitated. "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought..." A long pause. "I thought I could go on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that." "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. none of that was new to Irian. She found a bald broom and swept out a bit. She unrolled her. "Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was seemed to be approaching living quarters of some kind, as the area took on the quality of a." "Is it true I do harm being here?" "Is she misnamed?" the Doorkeeper asked the Namer. "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?" his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door open. good. But in the dark years, wizards sold their skills to the highest bidder, pitting their powers. choking grip of that power. The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the beginning of time, is presumably an infinite language, as it names all things. They were only voices and shadows to each other. My eyes still closed, I touched my chest; I had my sweater on; if I'd fallen asleep without. 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. The cowboys were discussing whether or not it was safe to eat the meat of a steer dead of the. that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out. was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This. "This way, this way," Gelluk murmured. "No harm will come to you." They came to the doorway of the roaster tower, a narrow passage in the three-foot-thick walls. He took Otter's arm, for the young man hesitated. with a spell, if I have to. And the band, they're all right. Labby isn't as bad as he looks. supposed to wait until you got tired of playing wizard. Well, I got tired of waiting." Her voice. dragons had taken to setting fire to boats that went west of Hosk, and harried ships even in the. That night, over supper at the waterfront inn, she asked with unusual timidity in her voice, "Do I have great gifts?" king. The brave and the wise, they came before him as if summoned, as if he had called them to. "Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself." the young king in the Summoner's place. To us it seemed right that he should sit among us. Only. "My place, then. It isn't worth taking a gleeder. It's nearby." He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water, dim at first, mere dots and lines, then lifting up their bright banners, the white city at the center of the world. Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the Kargs, whose occasional forays from the East had in recent times become a slave-taking, colonising invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish dominion for a generation or longer. At Shelieth on Way, Erreth-Akbe worked a great magic against the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-sacred springs and pools in the gardens of the Lords of Way-into a flood that swept the invaders back to the seacoast, where Maharion's army awaited them. No ship of the fleet returned to Karego-At. "My master Highdrake said that wizards who make love unmake their power," he blurted out. topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own. "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was. "But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh. "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on, overlooked?" into the street. That is, I thought it was a street, but the darkness above us was every now and. and was dumbstruck. Above the amphitheater-like sunken dial of the stop rose a multistory. "Nobody can do more than that," said Rose. Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front. metallic fabrics of the women's dresses flared up in sudden flames. I walked, oblivious, and. "What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long. her whole mind on how the women of the Hand might grow strong again. But her mind, formed by her. and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver." He stood there for a while, bewildered. It seemed to him that it was not by his own act or decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had become himself. A magic greater than his own

prevailed here..of riding twenty or thirty miles to restock, they wanted to cut the tongue out of a steer that had.the practices of sorcerers and witches. Women's powers were particularly distrusted and maligned,.Long Fields where most of his beeves were. Nobody had horses but Alder, and they were for his.I practically fled. It was no window. A television screen. I quickened my pace. I was.bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before."No," his wife said in her soft, level voice, "we aren't." "Craftily," said Ember..Silence shook his head..began to eat..They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the summers..there and he did not want to be there with them. In them he knew was a vague fear of him as a.down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out..Otter stated it as an unfortunate fact, not as a moral assertion. Hound looked at him with.circulating fires; beneath the window, at my approach, a chair emerged from nothing, slid under.They had little trust in men. A man had betrayed them. Men had attacked them. It was men's.checking as he went to be sure that the spell of paralysis was holding.. "Now, what is forbidden to the summoner, or any wizard, is to call a living spirit. We can call to them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not summon them, in spirit or in flesh, to come to us. Only the dead may we summon. Only the shadows. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and mind. No one, no matter how strong or wise or great, can rightly own and use another..The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of." "Look at that," said the woman. "He's not friendly with most folk."..forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big..beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles,.perhaps of ill fame. There was some mystery or shame connected with Ard. Though he was talkative,.House, but inside the wood it was all shadows.. "I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the ground glimmered faintly before their feet.. "Will you come with me?" the Patterner said to Irian.. "Hah!" said Golden. "Well! I will say I'm glad of it, son." He ate a small porkpie in one mouthful. "Being a wizard, going to Roke, all that, it never seemed real, not exactly. And with you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If you're here, it adds up, you see. It adds up. Well! But listen here, did you just run off from the wizard? Did he know you were going?"..Just as if he were talking to me..not there. A bumblebee buzzed heavily through the air where he had been..whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good.adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of." "Shall we go?" he said to the cowboy, who set off at once with a wave to Gift and a snort from his.rushed in. The voices of the passengers getting out of their seats were completely drowned in it. I.and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired.the Language of the Making. But this may not be so, since the dragons do not use them, and if they." "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never.body understand his body, repeating that first, deep embrace that had held all the years of their.you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?"..line of the Kargish kings but unwilling to risk sacrilege by shedding royal blood, the Godking.beat his aunt and mother senseless to teach them not to bring up crafty men. Then they carried." "Aha. Well, in a sense -- yes. But you can undress on the beach." "The house is all right?"..metal; at the intersections, hanging overhead, were shuttered lights, orange and red; they looked a.stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to..who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with.wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low.. "I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both..transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion.Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a trickle of blood came through..afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat.When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had..must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the.cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across.Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix." "Do you know his name?"..will be born dead, I know it!" "And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of Havnor," he said. "My teachers told me not to use magic to bad ends, but they lived in fear and had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was by mere luck I didn't go wrong. And by Anieb's gift of strength to me. But for her I'd be Gelluk's servant now. Yet she herself was untaught, and so enslaved. If wizardry is ill taught by the best, and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young dragon feed on?"..Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half lifted at his side.."Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her.Wordless at first, he simply shook his head. After a while he was able to laugh. "I think we've.The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he.How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud, about the floor, about Silence. Had he been out walking on the path above the Overfell? No, that was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the sound of thunder was still in his mind, the vibration of thunder was in his bones, in his feet. Thunder?.tongue moved. "Ayezur" he said..her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded.. "Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with

himself for giving in; but it was not anger that made his heart pound. Striding along-he could stride, then-with the seawind pushing at him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger..went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer..interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door."But you can't hide true power," Medra said. "Not for long. It dies in hiding, unshared."..false dragon, false man, don't come to Roke Knoll until you know the ground you stand on." She..swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his..court for the general good and to study the ethical bases and constraints of their practice..Tell me what it is, this bet. . . or whatever."..thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not..Heleth" ..She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight at him. "My name is Irian," she said..ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it."..over that..the story of Morred, called the Mage-King, the White Enchanter, and the Young King. Morred came of..Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was..over all Havnor now for years.."So some wise men say," said Veil mildly, and smiled again, and bade him goodbye..quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west..who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon..writing from the publisher..That is, human beings chose to have possessions and dragons chose not to. But, as there are ascetics among humans, some dragons are greedy for shining things, gold, jewels; one was Yevaud, who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated, betrayed..At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in mind?"..Anieb's mother nodded. "She'll hear it."..then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the..the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of."I think you feared him."..He shivered like a horse as he stood there, too tall for the herb-festooned rafters. He was very..He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the..change in position, but I kept forgetting. It was not pleasant -- as if someone were following my..They cursed and sneered, but believed him. He had no idea if what he said was true. It had seemed true as he said it. Perhaps he wanted to spite them. Perhaps he wanted to get rid of them..latest. He must ask Master Birch to provide him an advance on his salary to pay for ship..passage..protecting individuals, farms, towns, cities, and shipping, until social order was re-established..the edge of the platforms by an unprotected abyss. I drew close to this empty space, as if..Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her

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