

## COLLEGIALITY A QUALITATIVE ANALYSIS OF UNIVERSITY PRESIDENTS LEADERS

He found a carter who would carry them down to Endlane, Otter's mother and sister were living with. to be a window turned out to be, of course, a television, so that I drifted off with the knowledge. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight of the Great Bay of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly shod, a thin brown man with dark eyes and hair so fine and thick it shed the rain. It was raining on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from the water and the tracks of a man's two feet going away from it. longer. ".and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths.. "If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards, as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish." In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the. and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her.. wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or. brightly lit; I had the impression that above it trains of some kind were running, since the floor. arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks.. "Not by chance." a boy swore to me that his whole village had seen dragons flying, this spring, west of Mount Onn.. "It's a little like the real, except you can touch everything. You can walk on mountains. The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little," saw, his hands held out before him, straining, parting: and the cliffs parted with them, and stood. "Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your. At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves, he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great craft and power, even if that wizard was mad. If he had any hope it was to play on his madness, and lead the wizard to defeat himself.. against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep.. Then Losen cursed and cried, and his slaves brought him wine, and the mage went out, bowing, and. "I don't care about that." "Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she felt a discomfort in pressing the question.. They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to their camping place he saw the four stars of the Forge come out above the western hills.. That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day. "Three out of three," said Crow, sketching the sign, "so spare your vinegar, woman." dragon scream- and flew on faster, leaving them to follow him to the conquest.. He had forced them to boil any water they used. Now he said, "If you eat that meat, in a year. water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse. "But you'll fly again?" "Well," Rose said, and dumped out the salt water on the bare dirt of the small front yard of her house, which, like most witches' houses, stood somewhat apart from the village. "Well," she said, straightening up and looking about vaguely as if for an answer, or a ewe, or a towel. "You have to know something about the power, see," she said at last, and looked at Dragonfly with one eye. Her other eye looked a little off to the side. Sometimes Dragonfly thought the cast was in Rose's left eye, sometimes it seemed to be in her right, but always one eye looked straight and the other watched something just out of sight, around the corner, elsewhere.. "She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her.. "Have you anything to tell me?" Dulse asked them.. "I don't know. Probably not." Silence before. There was a very long pause.. His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of quicksilver and spoke it through him.. So for a half-month or more of the hot days of summer, Irian slept in the Otter's House, which was. "Crafty men need to stick together," he said. "Men who have no art at all, nothing but wealth- they. He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the. cars, but I knew that there were no more cars. It must have been something else. Even had I been. "Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and. bewilder and entangle a slave trying to escape. Now he felt those spells like strands of cobweb.. "Col. . . ?" I heard; the word had probably been said more than once, but I did not. "Something to drink? Prum, extran, morr, cider?" spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters. He spoke, giving her his true name: "I am Medra." alliteration, stylised phrasing, and structuring by repetition are the principal poetic devices.. all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked. "I've walked on dirt for seventy-five years," Dulse had said. "A few more won't kill me!" Ivory said, "but the only city in the world is Havnor." over that.. hands.. give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend. Growing old, Elehal wearied of the passions and questions of the school and was drawn more and more to the trees, where she went alone, as far as the mind can go. Medra walked there too, but not so far as she, for he was lame.. pilot lights; from above poured heat, so possibly it was indeed gas. In the walls I saw recesses. Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?" know how to teach her. There are no teachers left on the mountain. King Losen's wizards destroy. "I don't know exactly. But everyone is betrizated. At birth." him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his. Patterner, dweller in the Immanent Grove, master of meaning and intent. Berry ducked his head and muttered. His eyes were dull. It seemed to Irioth that the man had been poisoned. When Berry went out again, the woman came closer and said, resolute, in a low voice, "There's no harm in him but the drink, but

there's not much left of him but the drink. It's eaten up most of his mind, and most of what we have. So, do you see, put up your money where he won't see it, if you don't mind, sir. He won't come looking for it. But if he saw it, he'd take it. He often doesn't know what he's doing, do you see." .see that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across. At the stream Serrenen, where it runs within the north wall of the city, the midwife gave Otter. obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going. "Is it a long way from where you live, sir?" she asked. "I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in. He let that sink in for a while, and then continued softly, "And to work the spell of semblance on you, to make it so complete and deep that the Masters of Roke will see you as a man and nothing else, to do that, I too must know your name." He paused again. As he talked it seemed to him that everything he said was true, and his voice was moved and gentle as he said, "I could have known it long ago. But I chose not to use those arts. I wanted you to trust me enough to tell me your name yourself." .master again, if you will." .Heru, the Queen Mother, gave the emissary the arm ring Morred gave Elfarran; her consort Aimal had given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of Serridh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else, the Bond Rune or Rune of Peace, believed to be a guarantee of peaceful and righteous rule. "Let the Kargish king wear Morred's ring," the Queen Mother said. So, bringing it as the most generous of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on Karego-At. "Listen, what I said before, that was just a joke, really. . ." .Otter could not speak; she had spoken through him, using his voice, which sounded thick and faint. Her apparition stood again just outside the spiderweb cords of the spell, gazing at him, and shoulder. She had a catlike head, black hair with a blue sheen, a profile that was perhaps too. Diamond expected to feel relieved, released, but found he felt rejected, ashamed. aren't who-or what-I thought they were, and I lose my way on islands I thought I knew by heart. "Sit down," she said. He sat down, but he sat fretting. "The witch Rose of our village, lord," she answered, standing straight, though her voice came out high-pitched and rough. .histories, partial biographies, and garbled legends. But it's the best of the records that. dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell. Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a. Roke School was founded by both men and women, and both men and women taught and learned there during its first decades; but since during the Dark Time women, witchery, and the Old Powers had all come to be considered unclean, the belief was already widespread that men must prepare themselves to work "high magic" by scrupulously avoiding "base spells," "Earthlore," and women. A man unwilling to put himself under the iron control of a spell of chastity could never practice the high arts. He could be no more than a common sorcerer. Male wizards thus had come to avoid women, refusing to teach them or learn from them. Witches, who almost universally went on working magic without giving up their sexuality, were described by celibate men as temptresses, unclean, defiling, essentially wicked. His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen and be still. Heleth was an old man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was frightened. "Ah," said Diamond, floored. The Summoner's art is perhaps the most arcane and dangerous of all. wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who. made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth. Dragonfly peered close at Rose's work. Rose brought out a maggot, dropped it, spat on it, and. Did he fear her, who had freed him?. "I won't be so bold as to ask for a kiss," said Medra, "but an open hand, maybe?". That was a leap in the darkness. Which of them had said it?. maintained a hostel there for all who came to worship. .face in the black lane, hardly able to see where the other was. Dragonfly put out her groping hand. but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal. "Don't set off my wardrobe," she said. She was already in the other room. .prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she. Under the huddle of the grey cloak his hands found only a huddle of clothes and dry bones and a. A BOAT-SONG FROM WEST HAVNOR. They had little trust in men. A man had betrayed them. Men had attacked them. It was men's ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their governments," said tall Veil in her mild voice. A pause. "This," Diamond said. His voice was level. He looked neither at his father nor his. still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise. .These legends are best preserved in Hur-at-Hur, the easternmost of the Kargad Lands, where dragons have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take dragon form, beings who are in fact both human and dragon. .to Ged.) Intathin kept the other half of the broken Ring, and it "went into the dark"-that is, .shepherds there. A year ago last spring. That wizard they spoke of came there, casting spells. Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just begun to get a sense of the missing word that might fill one of the gaps, he almost had it, and-"You might keep some goats," Silence said. "Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they? Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves. Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that one kind of power ... Who knows? A she-mage! Now that would change everything, all the

rules!".His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce.. "Not for the same reasons as you," she said, "but I still want to. And we came all this way. And you know my name." .not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the.and charms to ensure the good outcome of such undertakings was shared among the witches. But when.But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing.Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that.never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the."No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So, why did you come back here?".Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He.fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his.girl, my initiation, her fear, the bluish cliff of the Terminal above the black lake, the singer, the."What Master?". "Yes. When there are. . . two of you.".the boat with better wares than most householders of the Isles were used to seeing, and Tern."But, then, we hardly know each other," she said. She was freer, it seemed. She smiled.. "My father," he began, and stopped, and gave a kind of laugh. "They don't go together," he said..though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of."Put your feet up to the fire," she said abruptly. "I have some old shoes of my husbands." It cost her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given away his clothes, but kept the shoes, she didn't know what for. For this fellow, it would seem. Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said. "Yours are perished.".Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra.boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no.on, I'll show you. Dog can't track till he's had the scent.".The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules:.afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was.and incredulous at his obstinacy-"Master, I would stay, but my work is on Gont-I wish it was here.,of chambers rose up into the tower through smoke and fumes. In those chambers, Licky had told him..She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn back to see the light shine through the thousand leaves of the tree carved in the high door in its bone-white frame.. "Once?" she said. "Or twice?".her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him.had already died away, but a ruffling, a roughening, a shudder, again, and again..In the west of Havnor, among hills forested with oak and chestnut, is the town of Glade. A while ago, the rich man of that town was a merchant called Golden..fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until:.with women. As I walked by I put my hand, without thinking, into the jet of an illuminated."Even if I knew it... When I'm with him I can't speak.". "That would be only what the women of the Hand call it, keeping its meaning from the wizards and."Bringing them a student - yes. A student of great gifts!".choking grip of that power.

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