

33 Bury Walk
London S.W. 3
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Dear Professor Bennett

Today is my birthday & I am writing to you to request your good wishes for it, & to wish you good travelling in the country of the Phaistos Disc.

I am also writing to ask if I could send you for addition to the other papers my notes on Linear A & on the Eteocretan disc. I should like to keep them all together as life over here is so transient & people's arrangements so fleeting, and I know with you they will be in good hands. They ~~do~~ all belong together.

I have been thinking things over very much, and on my forty-seventh birthday I came to Terra Irima. I am deeply sorry I ever began studying of the Phaistos Disc. It was a matter of chance,

it was not normally the sort of thing I would have thought of doing, I usually did things to please myself only and for my own consumption. If I had it beneath my hands again at the beginning as I knew it was going to be the centre on the world it proved to be, of such a nature that I only wish it was dark again, I would put it away untouched. The light it shed on the modern world around me - irrespective of the knowledge it carried - was that of a nightmare, and I regret only I meddled with it. I used to think knowledge was worth acquiring for its own sake; now I think one should discriminate, and that an untilled field gives more liberty to Man. I have begun to understand the man who buried his talent, he had something there, for with it he buried a great deal of sad & useless experience he would otherwise have been called upon to carry. Is it worth resurrecting these people for the general consumption and for a collector's passion? I believe the Ladish stone formed part of a farmer's darling - toy for his cattle, or some other useful purpose - is not that the best end

for a people, once gone? I ask myself that, & now I cannot truthfully answer anything but, yes, it is the best end. The knowledge it brings is useless and the light it sheds on its history unbearable. I am sorry I meddled with the world; one plows many carrots, but in the end like Pavlov's dogs one learns.

I did enjoy using my mind; I have got a wealth of a clue to the Indus scripts, but this time, dear Professor Bennett, it will be for myself alone if I choose to follow their eccentric path, the knowledge gained, if any, will stay with me and go with me back where it came from. I feel myself it is the best way.

In regard to the Linear A texts & the Eukhomi tablet, I have a few remarks to make for they are interesting in themselves to talk on, like the end of a detective-story. There is a summary sheet to the Linear A notes which gives all the points I really observed & worked on, & I have written up about half of these numbered notes, and the summary of the unwritten ones makes clear enough what point about each specially intrigued me. The Hagia Thira tablets are just plain, but the other texts

are more interesting in a way because of the duties
in them. They are all ladies, now that I come to
think of it. Of course there is Asasara, that is to
say, Atano Asasara Muterika, with the tag-end popularis
Asasara Dv.; I think she must be Athena. Then
there is Cybele who always appears as an associated
goddess; she turns up as Kubebe, and this is
quite satisfactory as it reflects the Egyptian
medial dam in the Keftiu language "Santas al
Kupapa", at times her in line with the Hittite
goddess which should please Professor Palmer (though
he would probably say she was Luwian).
Theris also turns up, although it might be
Artemis, but I think Theris is more likely; and
then the Lady of the Raiders, which must have come
from the mainland. And finally, I think the Nymphs
are included in association with Cybele, but it needs
consideration. It is interesting to talk of them in the
confines of a letter, they come back then with all the
pleasure of remembered faces out out of those old
tablets, much better than in an article in print!
And as if one recalled someone's quiet regular days
before catastrophe & vicissitudes overtook them. When

I was Assistant Librarian in the Irish College of Surgeons about fourteen years ago, I came across in one of our 19th-century textbooks a note in an envelope addressed to a young lady, I suppose about 1871. It addressed her by surname, & I knew the family, they still had their shop down the road, a medical supplier & bookseller. It asked her for the pleasure of an evening stroll; I am sure she got it, but I don't know how the note came to be stuffed back in the book. I pondered it for some time, wondering whether to show it to my Professor; but he was an ardent collector, a bibliophile, & I felt sure he would preserve it in the library - I thought I would prefer evening stroll & letter to go the same way so I smiled & put it in the waste paper basket; & it is with something of this attitude I tell you of the deities because they are interesting & sympathetic but having read them & told you of them, I think they might be forgotten.

The same may be said of the Enkomi tablet. Actually, with hindsight one could say one might well have deduced it beforehand just from looking at the text, considering its find-spot & its date, and that everyone has been so surprised that the

Myceræus left no written literature behind them.
Well - if they had, what do you think they would have
written about? What event shattered the Aegean &
went ringing round the Mediterranean for hundreds of
years? What so intimately concerned all those family-
proud men & women? Where did the "Kupria" come
from, why is Homer so linked with Cyprus, where
did Teucer go, where did Troy fall? It would be
more surprising if this gifted people had not written
about Troy than if they had. And that is what the
Eukomi tablet is about so far as I can see - the
exploits of Ajax, Achilles' brother, in the Trojan War.

It's not a tablet I like actually, especially as
I have not got very far in it, any more than I like
descriptions of page-fights; but I suppose it is
interesting in a kind of a way. The shorthand & graphic
systems are certainly very interesting, the cleverness of
the latter is quite breath-taking, Sir Isaac Pitman
would have loved him whoever did it; but I don't
love it as I love my hieroglyphic & the Hagia
Triada tablets. I suppose literature, which is the
celebration of the ego, bores me, & I prefer humanity.

I don't think I have need to say about it except that
once again the Phaistos Disc confirmation crops up in it,
that is, 8.7, as did in the Linear A texts, and that to
my mind is another confirmation of the direction of the
Disc text. It is in Eteocretan text line 19, group 1 "no-pi-sa".

I think this finishes my remarks. It has been a
pleasure, on my forty-seventh birthday, to be able to sit
down and write quietly to you, not about the people, but
about the texts, not about personalities or the world,
but about ancient deities and "battles long ago". Certain
of the oblique texts, I think, are thanks for home-coming,
I presume from sea-voyages as Crete was a maritime
nation. The wording is so scamped that any repetition
of one group in these journey texts must be vital; and
this is "nosteia" in full in two texts, and must
surely derive from "nosteo". It makes me think of
all home-comings from dangerous lands, of Edgar Allan
Poe "On desperate seas long wont to roam". I suppose
no-one will ever know for sure; but if to me it is
a breath of thankfulness from lips long muted, then I
suppose it is good enough for me to re-do on my
birthday, addressed to myself and yourself for the future year,
"A safe home-coming", before putting it away in
obscurity again.

Yours sincerely

Beatrice V. Gwynn