

WI Fc 2014: WHEN IS AN INSCRIBED CIGAR JUST A CIGAR?

As is well known in Aegeanist circles, I have been receiving periodic *Aegaeum* psychotherapy since 23-25 April 1990 when on the island of Corsica I happened upon what I thought was a pathway to inner understanding and enlightenment, an inscribed document that has proved to have no more to do with the real world we all live in than the story told by Franzis in the *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. Verities, eternal or ephemeral, are hard to come by in human affairs whether in the physical or metaphysical world. But that does not mean that the rightly (in)famous *ra-pi-ne-u* and his ever-changing retinue of enablers and abettors will ever get discouraged.

I had the highest hopes that my psychological infirmities, mainly my obsessive impulses, shared by many scholars of Aegean prehistory worldwide, to sit through sessions of *Aegaeum* conferences, could finally be cured by coming to Vienna, birthplace of psychoanalysis, on 22-25 April 2014, the very days marking the 24th anniversary of the insular onset of my affliction at the age of thirty-eight.

As proof of my seriousness of purpose, I even enlisted on the final day of papers as a kind of Freudian Pausanias the help of a noteworthy ksenos, Dr. Reinhold Stipsits, Ao.Prof. Institut für Erziehungswissenschaft of the University of Vienna, a noted practitioner of psychoanalysis, a student of Carl Rogers (himself a student of Otto Rank) and a contributor to the recent volume *The Ethics of Remembering and the Consequences of Forgetting: Essays on Trauma, History, and Memory* (2014).¹ I took this expedient measure in the fervent expectation that my past miseries connected with the machinations of *ra-pi-ne-u* could be forgotten and I would only then remember the Golden Age before *Aegaeum* conferences plagued the psyches of learned men and women with repeated reminders of how very little we know and how insecure even that little really is.

Reinhold eventually took me to where Freud practiced, the *fons et origo* of our modern exploration of the metaphysical component of our natures (Fig. 1). Perhaps, I foolishly thought—and Reinhold did nothing to dissuade me—the spirit of Freud and perspectives offered by the denizens of Vienna could help us reach a better awareness of the other-worldly visions of the Mycenaean and Minoans.



Fig. 1

I met a physis-ian in Wien
who asked if I ever had seen
a genius Minoan
I said, "There's no way of knowin'
if I've even seen one Mycenaean.

The Aegeaum laos
The Second Wiener Sezession
Play Heidegger Go Seek
&
Explore Being and Time
&

—as Martin did at Freiburg in summer of 1935, when he taught the ideas that he would later publish as *An Introduction to Metaphysics* to an audience that must have felt every bit as caught in an Arachnaion spider web as the attendees at the 15th International Aegean Conference—radically reinterpret the other-worldly thoughts of the Mycenaean Greeks, Minoan Cretans, Hittites, Old Babylonians, Calabrians, native Americans of the Pacific Northwest, Pompeian graffiti artists, the *wanax*, the *pharaoh*, Louis Quatorze, Amenhotep, Ramses III, and any other culture or power figure, human or divine, in their path.

Asking questions of the Living, the Newly Dead and any and all
Ancestors
Like

Fig. 2

¹ With whom I am related through *ksenīā* with Prof. Ricardo Ainslie of the University of Texas at Austin.

But I am getting ahead of myself.

We all know that Freud with his own peculiar genius made much of word play and what we still call Freudian slips. In my first days of strolling around Vienna to the conference halls I met a physis-ian (Fig. 2)—not to be confused with a physician—who set me to pondering the formidable intellectual tasks to be undertaken at the 15th International *Aegaeum* conference. And I rehearsed in my psyche all the other mind-polluting questions that papers and discussions during the sessions of the conference were bound to raise and in fact did raise. (Fig. 3)

Would a rosette by another name shine like the Egyptian sun disk or curl like a Tin Tin lion's quiff?

Can't we leave at least *one* numinous stone unturned?

Who knew the second bishop of Salzburg was Irish and why do they insist on calling those cloverphoroi Die Schotten any way?

Kommt Zeit, kommt Rathaus?

All that wall painting in Xeste 3 to dispel chaos and for what? Guess *po-se-da-o* doesn't like his bulls grappled with any more than the Sun likes his eaten?

Does the sperm of a castrated vault of the sky god (Ouranos) really sail counter-clockwise from western Crete to Libya, Egypt, the Levant and western Cyprus? I mean *really*?

And one riddle. Question: When is a line of sight not a line of sight? Answer: Let's wait and see.

Fig. 3

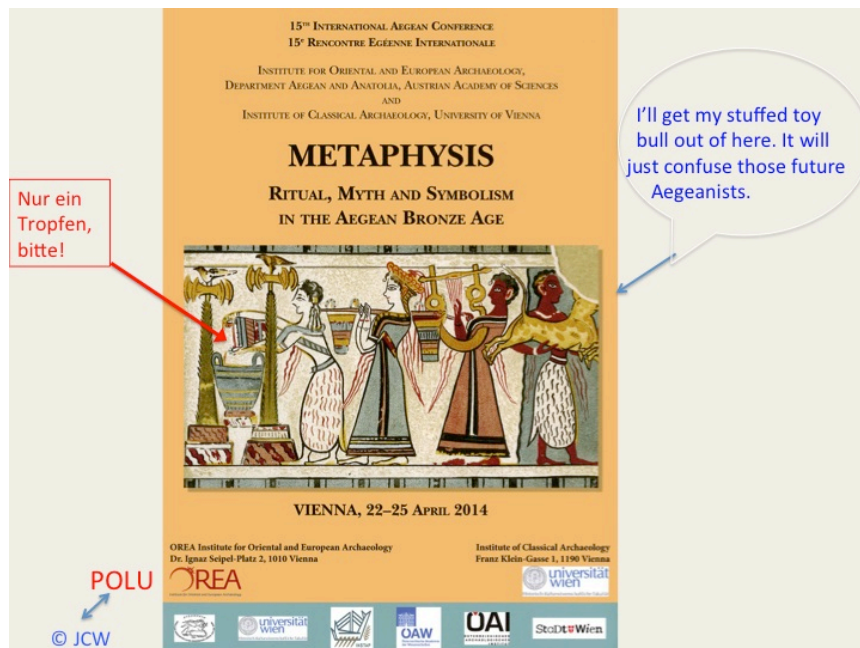


Fig. 4

As the poster of the *Aegaeum* Metaphysis conference (Fig. 4) makes clear, there are ways in which even the Minoan human beings who lived out their days at Hagia Triada in the 14th century BCE had a proleptic, we might call it Nostradamian sense of our needs in the 21st century CE. They anticipated the admonition that a bit more wine—“just a drop”—can suffice as a libation to metaphysical powers. They tried to remove their plush toys, of which they had an inordinate fondness, so as not to confuse modern scholars who have an equally excessive fondness for iconographical speculation. And they thought ahead

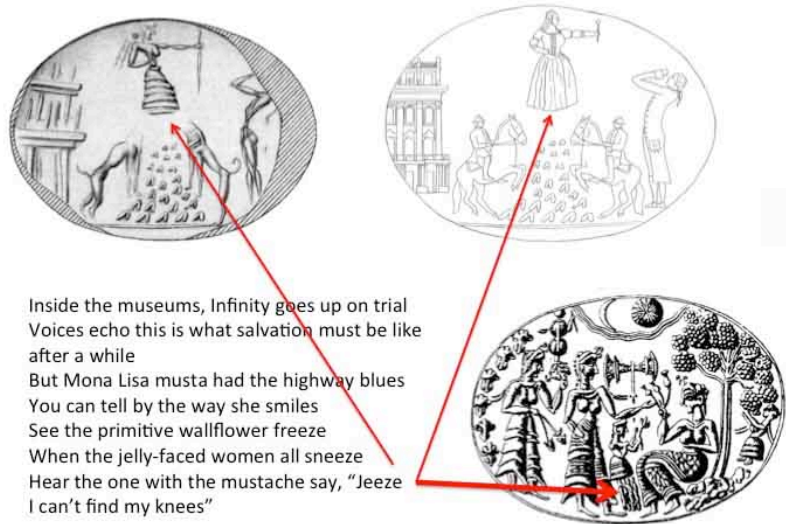
that such a conference would not only be what their modern Greek descendants would consider *ώραία*, but in the words of James Wright *πολύ ώραία* (OREA).

This induced a kind of collective nostalgia for the days of bygone times when life was simpler, when a state, whether Late Minoan Khania, late 20th-century Heidelberg (Fig. 5), or Austria in the spring of 1938, could dream of being led by one heroic figure who had contacts with the powers that control the universe.



Wo is der Wolf von gestern?

Fig. 5



Inside the museums, Infinity goes up on trial
 Voices echo this is what salvation must be like
 after a while
 But Mona Lisa musta had the highway blues
 You can tell by the way she smiles
 See the primitive wallflower freeze
 When the jelly-faced women all sneeze
 Hear the one with the mustache say, "Jeeze
 I can't find my knees"

Fig. 6

I recalled then a German postage stamp sheet (issued April 5, 1937) I bought in Vienna in 1982 that had four stamps with images of a mustached 48-year-old Führer and bore as its legend "WER EIN VOLK RETTEN WILL / KANN NUR HEROISCH DENKEN." Such a leader must have supra-human inspiration and visions of kingdoms that will last for a thousand years. The Minoan leaders were surely likewise in contact with powerful supernatural female forces of fertility and longevity that made them contemplate eternity. This realization made me turn to a personal source of divine inspiration, the music of Bob Dylan, and his philosophical contemplation of what it must feel like to experience "infinity" in the form of eternal salvation, through his "Visions" not of a VIP Lady or Lord, but of an enigmatic "Johanna." Here Minoan iconography and the artwork in the Louvre help guide us and also explain the peculiar disappearance of the lower legs of Minoan goddess-geniuses, who, if they ever deigned to look downward towards mortals, could not find their knees either (Fig. 6).

Such a revelation made me ponder what other questions should have been posed at the very start of the Metaphysis conference (Fig. 7). In particular, I wondered why (Fig. 8), when iconographers could not even explain why flying VIP Ladies had no lower legs, the prime mover of *Aegaeum* conferences, an iconographer and archaeologist, openly invited scholars who fantasized about reading Linear A, Linear B and Cretan Hieroglyphic texts. Surely this would be a formula for getting all the conferees "Lost in Translation."

Further questions that should have been asked at the start

Fig. 7

It would be much better, I thought as my mental visions were becoming clearer and sharper, for us to concentrate on minute details of miniature seals and seal impressions. And so, with an appeal to our

baser animal instincts, I administered the Tierisch Schwierig cult-and-religion solar-disc-sacred-cross examination, just to be sure we would all be up to a challenge of such epic proportions (Fig. 9).

Why did Eva, Fritz, Sigrid, Robert and Jörg invite those annoying script people? Two of them even invited themselves! Linear A, Linear B, The Archaes Script, Hieroglyphic, even Homeric Greek and Pompeian Latin. It's not just the Zakro Master who suffers from mental illness. And not just Minoan villa theorists who have Freudian fantasies. *a-ta-na-te, a-ta-na-je, e-ne-si-da-o-ne, i-je-re-ja, ja-sa-sa-ra-me*. Even Niemeier who took one class from Palaima drops "qa-si-re-u" into his talk! Don't they know that kind of gibberish just leaves all of us in the Hörsaal



Fig. 8

Cult and religion seal specialist special **Tierisch Schwierig** solar disc sacred cross qualifying exam.



Es haben sich drei (3) Fehler im unteren Bild eingeschlichen. Findest Du Sie?

Fig. 9

Exhausted after this baffling Prüfung, the assembled participants headed out to a Trankopfer ceremony (Fig. 10) for “just a drop” or more and in search of human companionship that could divert their over-heated minds and bring them fully back to appreciating the simple pleasures of non-metaphysical reality. Unfortunately, the streets of Vienna are maze-like, despite the imposition of the *Ringstrassenstil* in response to the simply expressed *fiat* of Emperor Franz Josef: “Es **ist** meine Wille”—clearly a VIP with whom the willful *rapineu* has strong affinities and sympathies. Aegeanists, men and women, young and old, once out on the streets of old Vienna, felt disoriented, as if in a *da-pu₂-ri-to*, even before they participated in the Trankopfer ceremony (Fig. 11).



Like calls to like. There is someone for everyone in Wien

Come pour libations, mix urine with murex extract, smear honey.
Have a double axe to grind because your favorite idea is not hailed as the insight of the century?
Tired of squinting at seals, counting emmer wheat grains, or reconstructing squirrel skeletons?
Tired of watching the wind blow across your peak sanctuary?
Has your favorite bare-breasted goddess not been answering your apparition requests lately?
Is your special Palikaistro kourois, Khania city-surmounting he-man, or early Apollo boy toy keeping his polythura shut tight. Come find the Aegeanist of your dreams.

Fig. 10



SPECIAL *da-pu₂-ri-to* EDITION

Fig. 11

I myself took the occasion, as I said at the outset, not to imbibe of alcoholic spirits, but to plumb the depths of my own psyche, communing with the *genius* of Freud and his assemblage of be-legged and

beloved ancient figurines (Fig. 12). The spirit of Freud’s chow chow dogs greeted me as if they were Argos and I were Odysseus returned after twenty years (Fig. 13) or as if the soul of a Mycenaean *ku-na-ke-ta* had metempsychotically invaded my body.



Freud’s desk and his antiquities

Fig. 12



Freud and kuōn and antiquities

Fig. 13



The daimōn of Freud begins his session with the subconscious of *pa-ra-i-ma*

Q: “Herr, Freud, bist du der berühmteste Wiener?”
A: “Nein, der berühmteste ist Malcolm Wiener.”

Fig. 14

I asked one question of Herr Doktor Freud as my mental being drifted into the narratological state familiar to patients who tell their stories to cigar-smoking psychoanalysts or sit too long through a session of *Aegaeum* conference papers. The smoke from my cigar and from Freud’s merged in a dream-like mist such as Hesiod once fantasized surrounding beautiful Muses dancing around the peak of Mount Helikon. I had the feeling that the story I then was thinking and here am telling was truly like the tale that Franzis told of Dr. Caligari in the expressionist grounds of the asylum in 1920. Freud gave me a plain-spoken answer (Fig. 14).

I drifted finally into a dreamless sleep wondering how my memories could ever get so deep. And when I awoke, in my hands, were the ashes of that inscribed cigar that I recall lighting and smoking and that looked like this before I consumed it (Fig. 15).



Vienna Fc 2014

wi-je-na-de ra-pi-ne-u ra-wa-ke-ta e-wa i-ra-no-po-ro-u-si-jo-qe ni-ko-ka-
wa-qe ka-wo-ko-qe e-qe-ta MUL 2 VIR 3 te-re-ta-qe pa-ta a-ko-u-si
po-ti-ni-ja te-o-pa-to-qe e-ne-ka 2014 tu-wo ka-wo te-o

Fig. 15

I here translate the Mycenaean transcription of its text as I recall it:

Vienna F(reudian)c(igar) 2014

Wiennande Rapineus lāwāgetās Ēwā Īrānoplousiosk^we Nīkokal 
wāk^we Gāworgosk^we hek^wetai MUL 2 VIR 3 telestāsk^we pantas agousi
potniās theōn pantōnk^we heneka 2014 thuos kalwon THEOS

To Vienna *rapineu* as leader of the *lāos* Eva, Friedrich, Sigrid
 and Jörg (are) mobilizers WOMEN 2 MEN 3 and they lead all initiates
 for the sake of potnia and all the gods 2014 a smoke is a fine thing the God

A cigar may just be a cigar. But a stimulating and successful conference has a strong chance to be an *Aegaeum* conference, whether it is held in this world or in the metaphysical world where the Minoans, Mycenaeans and their contemporaries thought that forces, powers and entities dwelled and took some regard of the lives that they, like us, lived in wonder, hope and intimations of something larger than themselves.

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