

Bernard V. Bothmer



Egypt 1950

My First Visit

Edited by Emma Swan Hall

EGYPT 1950

MY FIRST VISIT



Bernard V. Bothmer at age 38
(1912–1993)

Egypt 1950 My First Visit

BY

BERNARD V. BOTHMER

Edited by
Emma Swan Hall



Oxbow Books
2003

A CIP record for this book is available from the British Library

This book is available direct from

Oxbow Books, Park End Place, Oxford OX1 1HN
(Tel: 01865-241249; Fax: 01865-794449)
www.oxbowbooks.com

and

The David Brown Book Company
PO Box 511
Oakville CT 06779
(Tel: 860-945-9329; Fax: 860-945-9468)
www.davidbrownbookco.com



Typeset in Centaur
Typeset, designed, and produced by Peter Der Manuelian

ISBN 1-842170131-3

© 2003 Emma Swan Hall
All Rights Reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic or
mechanical, including photocopy, without prior permission in writing from the publisher

Printed in the United States of America by
Sawyer Printers, Charlestown, Massachusetts
Bound by Acme Bookbinding, Charlestown, Massachusetts

CONTENTS

List of Photographs	vii
Foreword	xiii
Preface	xv
Titles of Egyptian Officials	xviii
The Diary	1
Map of Egypt with sites visited	159
Index	161

Photographs

January 1950

1. Bernard V. Bothmer (1912–1993). Courtesy, The Brooklyn Museum of Art
2. George A. Reisner (1867–1942). Courtesy, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston
3. Louis Keimer (1893–1957). Courtesy, The Brooklyn Museum of Art
4. Walter B. Emery (1903–1971). Courtesy, The Egyptian Exploration Society, London

Unless otherwise noted, Mr. Bothmer took the following photographs in 1950. Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum of Art

5. Aswan: view across the river
6. Aswan: quarry, unfinished obelisk
7. Aswan: Elephantine Island, museum garden with sandstone block of Tuthmosis III
8. Aswan: tomb no. 25, Mehu, offering scene in raised relief
9. Aswan: tomb no. 36, Sirenput, court and entrance with Abubakr
10. Aswan: tomb no. 35, Heka-ib, with staircase
11. Aswan: tomb no. 35, Heka-ib, entrance
12. Aswan: tomb no. 35, Heka-ib, left thickness of entrance, lower part
13. Aswan: tomb no. 35, Heka-ib, hunting scene, right wall
14. Karnak: temple relief; detail of loose granite block, north of Pylon X, from the doorway
15. Karnak: temple relief, expanded offering scene; with cartouches of Horemhab
16. Karnak: east of Festival Temple, granite fragment of Tuthmosis III obelisk
17. Karnak: obelisk relief fragment lying north of aisle between Pylons III and IV, east face
18. Valley of the Kings (Biban el Moluk)

EGYPT 1950

19. Karnak: Sesostris I sanctuary, rebuilt by Henri Chevrier (1897–1974)
20. Bernard V. Bothmer (1912–1993), Mr. Alexandre Piankoff (1897–1966), Mrs. Piankoff, Natacha Rambova (1897–1966). Photograph by Fred Husson
21. Esna: temple of Khnum, fowling scene in raised relief, north wall, center, lower register
22. Edfu: temple of Horus, central naos
23. Deir el Medineh, facing west
24. Jaroslav Černý (1898–1970), M. J. Haggár, Bernard Bruyère (1879–1971), Georges Posener (1906–1988), and Bernard V. Bothmer (1912–1993). Photographer not known
25. Elkab: Ptolemaic temple
26. Elkab: chapel of Thoth
27. Elkab: temple of Amenhotep III, lion relief
28. El Kola pyramid
29. Kom el Ahmar (Hierakonpolis): the fort, inside, “east” wall with entrance (right)
30. Kom el Ahmar (Hierakonpolis): the fort, from west, with traces of white paint

February 1950

31. Medinet Habu: south side
32. Medinet Habu: alabaster bench, first court, south side of Second Pylon, front; now in Luxor Museum, no. 49
33. Deir el Bahri: Dynasty XI temple, two Middle Kingdom black granite statues of Sesostris III
34. Deir el Bahri: temple of Hatshepsut
35. Deir el Bahri: temple of Hatshepsut, southern hall, offerings, north wall, bottom register
36. Deir el Bahri: temple of Hatshepsut, left of granite door-jamb of sanctuary, upper court, west wall. The queen is wearing the vulture cap
37. Deir el Bahri: temple of Hatshepsut, the blood-spurting relief, shrine of Anubis

MY FIRST VISIT

38. Deir el Bahri: temple of Hatshepsut, first hall. Hathor capital pillars separating it from second hall, second from right
39. Deir el Bahri: Dynasty XI tombs, second and third west of footpath to Valley of the Kings (Biban el Moluk)
40. Thebes: tomb no. 34, Mentuemhat, first court, facing east with entrance to room Y and niches 3 (right) and 4 (left)
41. Thebes: tomb no. 34, Mentuemhat, first (east) court facing west towards archway and second court
42. Thebes: tomb no. 34, Mentuemhat, east court, north side, left jamb of third chapel (no. III) from east
43. Thebes: tomb no. 34, Mentuemhat, east court, south side, chapel VII, east wall, north (left) end
44. Queen Hetep-heres furniture, Dynasty IV, canopy, headrest, bed, Departmental Appropriation, May, 1938. Courtesy, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston acc. no. 28.1858, 38.873
45. Naga ed Deir: Abdallah with pottery
46. Quft: Mahmud, Mohammed, Abdel Hamid
47. Qena: with friends
48. Qena: the Hagg's bus company
49. Dendera: Birth House (Mammisi), left outside wall, one of five intracolumnar reliefs
50. Deir el Ballas: South Palace, staircase
51. Deir el Ballas: North Palace, interior with François Daumas (1915–1984)
52. Abydos: Ramesses II temple relief, first chamber on south side of east hall, east wall, left
53. Abydos: Shunet es Zebib [storehouse of raisins]
54. Abydos: Shunet es Zebib [storehouse of raisins], ancient wall covering of mud plaster
55. Naga ed-Deir: pit 41, wall
56. Beit Khallaf: mastaba, west side
57. Beit Khallaf: mastaba, south side, Lieutenant Youssef with two policemen

EGYPT 1950

58. Naga ed-Deir: N 248, from below
59. Assiut: tomb hill, north part
60. Assiut: Abdallah
61. Assiut: Chenouda Pacha's house
62. Meir: Aylward Blackman's camp
63. Meir: Professor Aylward Blackman (1883–1956)
64. Tell el Amarna: tomb no. 25, Ay
65. Tell el Amarna: tomb no. 10, Ipy, left entrance thickness
66. Bersheh: Sheikh Ali and his brother

March 1950

67. Pottery hippopotamus, "early Predynastic;" now thought to be Middle Kingdom. Courtesy, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston acc. no. 48.252
68. Mallon's relief of Metjetjy [Methethy in the text] and his son, Dynasty V. Courtesy, Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto acc. no. 953.116.1
69. Saqqara: Unas Causeway, looking west, towards bend
70. Saqqara: north of Unas Causeway, Khenu chapel, Dynasty V, west wall, center left, Khenu seated
71. Saqqara: Khenu chapel, Dynasty V, west wall. left (south) part, Khenu striding
72. Saqqara: Khenu chapel, Dynasty V, south face of south pillar
73. Saqqara: Khenu chapel, Dynasty V, top of south face of south pillars; inscription mentions Unas
74. Saqqara: "bird" tomb, South of Unas Causeway; west wall, upper register, from center to the right
75. Saqqara: "bird" tomb, south of Unas Causeway; west wall, upper register, from left end towards center
76. Abu Ghurab: funerary temple of Sahure, early Dynasty V, from top of sanctuary overlooking court with alabaster altar
77. Abu Ghurab: granite block with green-painted name of sanctuary, between altar and base of sanctuary

MY FIRST VISIT

78. Abusir: south side entrance to pyramid temple of Sahure, basalt, granite and limestone, early Dynasty V
79. Saqqara: Unas Complex with Zoser Complex beyond
80. Saqqara: granite gate of Unas
81. Saqqara: Unas Complex, chapel of Queen Khenut
82. Saqqara: Zoser precinct, colonnade. Kindness of Jean-Philippe Lauer
83. Saqqara: Zoser precinct, colonnade. Kindness of Jean-Philippe Lauer
84. Saqqara: Zoser precinct, entrance
85. Saqqara: Zoser precinct, entrance (as reconstructed)
86. Saqqara: Zoser precinct, cobra wall. Kindness of Jean-Philippe Lauer
87. Saqqara: Zoser pyramid, blue faience tiles. Kindness of Jean-Philippe Lauer
88. Abu Roash: causeway to destroyed pyramid of Radedef on a calm day; with thanks to James F. Romano for finding a photograph in The Brooklyn Museum of Art which Mr. Bothmer took on November 11, 1963
89. Abu Roash: causeway to destroyed pyramid of Radedef on a calm day; with thanks to James F. Romano for finding a photograph in The Brooklyn Museum of Art which Mr. Bothmer took on November 11, 1963
90. Pair statuette of Memi and Sabu, Dynasty V, from Giza; Courtesy, Metropolitan Museum of Art Rogers Fund, 1948, acc. no. 48.111

FOREWORD

*B*ernard V. Bothmer (Fig. 1, frontispiece) was Curator of the Department of Ancient Art at The Brooklyn Museum from 1956 to 1983. I started working with him in 1963. He told me that the job he had in mind for me was to look up maps of Mendes, a site in the Nile Delta, the Department was planning to excavate. Mr. Bothmer had already taken photographs of maps in the Cairo Museum. The work, he thought, might take two weeks. I continued from there.

In fact, I worked with Mr. Bothmer at The Brooklyn Museum until he retired in 1983 and went on with him to the Institute of Fine Arts, New York University, where he became the Lila Acheson Wallace Professor of Ancient Egyptian Art, for the next ten years.

It was a remarkably productive relationship. We edited two volumes on Mendes: a book of maps and a book on the site of the ancient Egyptian and Greek towns Mendes and Thmuis, who visited them and what was found there; after that a catalog of gold jewelry in the Department of Ancient Art, by Patricia Davidson and Andrew Oliver, and the ancient Egyptian section, which Mr. Bothmer himself wrote, for a catalog of Christos Bastis's fine collection of antiquities exhibited in 1987 at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Mr. Bothmer worked for many years with Herman De Meulenaere of Brussels on part of an important series, referred to as Legrain IV. It consists of sculptures not catalogued before in the Cairo Museum. The first of two volumes was completed while Mr. Bothmer was still alive but as yet nothing has appeared in print. Meanwhile, Mrs. Bothmer has prepared a selection of Mr. Bothmer's superb articles on Egyptian art for the Oxford University Press.

And then there is the *Diary 1950*, one of Mr. Bothmer's last projects. He improved it as he went along and would have gone further had time permitted. The Egypt he describes was very different from what it is now. With a lot of help from the Egyptians he met, he achieved a great deal. He kept the *Diary* every day for three months, taking copious notes on sites and photographing along the way. It is possible to see, aside from the hours of waiting for transportation, by bus and by train, and having to suffer from the winter weather, indoors and out, how triumphantly he fared at every turn.

EGYPT 1950

If Mr. Bothmer had lived longer he would have expanded the 1950 Diary. As it is, he did complete most of the footnotes.

I am grateful to the following for their help: Hisham Mehrez, a friend of the Department from Cairo, for translating the Arabic words and expressions and helping immeasurably with the Arabic names; to Richard A. Fazzini, Chairman of the Department of Egyptian, Classical and Ancient Middle Eastern Art at The Brooklyn Museum of Art for providing me with copies of Mr. Bothmer's original Notes to the Diary, a few of which are included here; to James F. Romano, Curator of Egyptian Art at The Brooklyn Museum of Art, for finding Mr. Bothmer's photographs and for reading the completed manuscript; to Diane Bergman, former Wilbour Librarian, and also to Madeleine Cody, Research Associate at The Brooklyn Museum of Art for her help, especially with respect to the index; to Vicki Landy Solia, who worked with Mr. Bothmer, as I did, for a long time, for her thorough reading of the manuscript, her thoughtful comments, and for adding the map of Egypt; and finally to Elizabeth Wadsworth for her incomparable expertise with the computer, which helped considerably to bring the work to a close.

Emma Swan Hall
Editor

P R E F A C E

In the autumn of 1949 I received a small grant from the American Philosophical Society to go to Egypt, to familiarize myself with the Cairo Museum and the archaeological sites, and especially to visit and study the places where, from 1905 to the beginning of World War II, the Harvard University–Museum of Fine Arts Egyptian Expedition, known as the HU–MFA Expedition, had done its fieldwork. I was granted a leave of absence from the Museum of Fine Arts for three months, which was later extended by a few days. I left Boston for Cairo by TWA, on December 31, 1949, with a two-day stopover in Paris, on my first transatlantic flight.

It was Dows Dunham, the head of the Department of Egyptian Art, who casually advised me to keep a diary on my first trip to Egypt, and I followed his advice to the letter, filling, in the course of three months, one hundred and eighty-eight pages of 9½ x 6 inch notepaper with 36–42 lines, trying to put down as well as I could the events and experiences of everyday life.

Mr. Dunham's advice had also sunk in because, since my first year in Boston, I perused not only the Expedition's object and photo registers, but also the field diary which Dr. Reisner (Fig. 2)¹ had kept during most of his excavations in Egypt and the Sudan, including a description of some of his family problems. It was to become a vital source of information for his successors in preparing his life's work for publication.

In addition to the Diary, I of course kept a Notebook that eventually grew to 305 pages of descriptions, archaeological observations, text copies, and sketch plans. Many deal with material unpublished to this day; there are

¹ George Reisner (1867–1942) went to Egypt in 1897 to work on the *Catalogue Général des Antiquités Égyptiennes du Musée du Caire*. As Dows Dunham related it to me, Reisner was introduced in Cairo in 1902 by the young American painter Joseph Lindon Smith ("Uncle Joe" in the Diary) to Mrs. Phoebe Hearst. She engaged the Egyptologist from Indianapolis with a Ph.D. from Harvard to conduct excavations at her expense for the newly founded university at Berkeley that later became the University of California. In 1905 Dr. Reisner was appointed Director of the Harvard University–Museum of Fine Arts Expedition and loyally served the Museum, where he was made Curator of Egyptian Art in 1910, to the day he died in 1942 at Harvard Camp at Giza, behind the Second Pyramid.

inscriptions, especially from Saqqara, that can no longer be found. For example, until Labib Habachi's magnificent two volumes on the sanctuary of Heqa-ib appeared in 1985, my notes of 1950 and the Kodachromes I was able to make on my next visit to Aswan in 1954–55, were my only sources for teaching the art of that part of southern Egypt when, in 1960, I began to give courses at the Institute of Fine Arts, New York University.

It is ironic that, although being familiar with almost all of Reisner's Egyptian sites from which the MFA had objects, after my return in April 1950, and until I left on a Fulbright grant for Egypt in the autumn of 1954, most of my time at the Boston Museum was spent helping Dows Dunham in preparing Reisner's reports on his Sudan excavations of sites that I had never visited. The constraints of time, money, and political conditions had made it impossible for me to extend my visit to the Nile Valley beyond Shellal, south of Aswan.

I came to Egypt armed with a host of names and introductions. The former, such as Louis Keimer, because I had met them before the War or knew them from the literature, the latter because Dows Dunham and William Stevenson Smith ("Bill Smith" or just plain "Bill" in the Diary)² had been to Egypt in the winter of 1946–47 to close out the Expedition's affairs, have a division made of the finds remaining in the storerooms of Harvard Camp (as the complex of simple huts, sheds, storerooms, and "buildings" was called by Dr. Reisner, who had dwelt there for some forty-odd years), and bring back to Boston the field notes, diaries, object registers, photographs and negatives that constituted the results of decades of field work and that were needed at home for the publication of the Museum's expeditions in the Nile Valley. There was also a sizable Reisner library that had to be brought back; so the two scholars had spent some months at Giza and had renewed old acquaintances and made new ones, all of whom I noted and was supposed to contact in Cairo.

Thus, on arrival in 1950 I was well prepared, and Egypt had not changed much since Dunham and Smith had left in the spring of 1947. The places they described, the people they met, were for the most part still there. Therefore, my first impressions of the African continent were not quite so exotic and "foreign" as I had expected them to be.

² William Stevenson Smith (1907–1969) was then an Assistant Curator in the Egyptian Department at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

MY FIRST VISIT

The one difference between 1947 and 1950 was perhaps the political atmosphere. The war of 1948 left many scars, and both at the Antiquities Department and at the Embassy I was warned repeatedly that all my papers, notes, letters and Diary would be read by a censor before my departure; otherwise I could not export them. I was cautioned to omit all critical, caustic, or even humorous remarks that could be interpreted as disparaging. Therefore the Diary is more factual, sober, straightforward and often dull, because, throughout my stay, I wrote with all of these caveats in mind. In the end it turned out that censorship was not half as bad as I had been led to believe, but I tried to play safe, and only now—over forty years later—some of the situations I experienced would normally have tempted me to give a more colorful description.

Bernard V. Bothmer
Institute of Fine Arts
New York University, 1991

TITLES OF EGYPTIAN OFFICIALS

<i>ghafir</i>	In the countryside, a policeman
<i>ma'mur</i>	Head of a police station
<i>mudir</i>	Head of a department or of an excavation
<i>'omde</i>	In the countryside, the mayor
<i>reis</i>	Foreman; foreman of an excavation

THE DIARY

MY FIRST VISIT

December 31, 1949

Boston. Took taxi to airport and waited for the 4:10 p.m. TWA plane from New York. I was the only Boston passenger. Plane came in on time, with only nine other passengers. Something was wrong with the oil feed of the port engine, and when we left at 5:30 we headed back to New York for repairs. Fell asleep soon and woke up when we landed at La Guardia. Everybody off the plane at 6:30, waited in the lobby, then taken to dinner by the airline in the main part of the airport. Very good dinner. Met two of my fellow passengers who were connected with a college in the southern Philippines and were going back by way of Paris–Rome–Jidda–Karachi–Calcutta. After dinner back to the overseas building by limousine. It was by then shortly before 9:00. We finally boarded the plane, the “Star of California,” which had been repaired and refueled. My seat was to the right of the aisle, back of the wing. Since we were so few, everyone had two seats to himself. Take-off for Gander, Nova Scotia, shortly before 10:00. The plane was well heated and flew smoothly. At midnight, the New Year, I looked out of the window. We were above the clouds, heading north; thus 1950 began.

January 1, 1950

After flying for four hours from New York, we arrived at Gander at 4:00 a.m. local time. Though there was snow on the ground, it did not seem very cold during the few moments it took to walk into the almost deserted airport building. Big lobby, much light, airline counters, coffee counter, cafeteria, bar, souvenir shop—a few stray merry-makers. I had slept quite well for about two hours before we reached Gander, had taken off my shoes, put on my extra-heavy Army socks and, by removing the armrest, was able to lie down between the two seats and prop my feet against the fuselage. I could actually stretch out comfortably. The plane’s washroom for men, forward, was a marvel of ingenious design, with two separate washstands and outlets for electric razors.

5:00 a.m. local time. The plane was not leaving for another hour. I only hoped we would reach Paris that night.

6:00. Left for Ireland just as it was growing light. Slept. Seven-hour flight. When we arrived at Shannon in rainy weather we had a belated lunch; it was already getting dark. Three more hours to Orly, and visits with friends outside of Paris.



Fig. 2. George Andrew Reisner (1867–1942). Courtesy, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

January 3

Breakfast at 8:30, then with my friends by car to Paris, where I was left off at the Invalides air terminal. I heard that the plane was late, so I would not have to return until 3:00. The rest of the morning was filled with a great many errands: to have the new Cairo Museum *TEL*³ sent to Boston, to buy candied fruit for my friends. It kept on raining. To the Gare de l'Est for train information to Germany, then lunch, then back to the Invalides for some more waiting. Finally the bus took us to Orly. This time the plane was a Sky Master (not a Constellation). There were a lot of people on board; it was almost dark when we took off. My neighbor was a Mexican from the Southern California border who, "as a vacation," was taking an air trip to Cairo and back in three weeks with intermediate stops. After two hours or so we put down in Geneva, which had a big new airport right near the French border, with an immaculate airport lobby (Swiss music boxes and a money exchange window). At every stop we had to get off the plane for about forty minutes to an hour, which became very tiresome

³ *Encyclopédie Photographique de l'Art III, Musée du Caire, Photographies inédites d'André Vigneau; préface et notices par Etienne Drioton* (Paris: Editions TEL, 1949).

after a while, especially at night. After the take-off from Geneva, the crossing of the Alpes-Maritimes was very bumpy, but when we reached the Mediterranean, near Marseilles, the sky was clear and ground observation excellent and very attractive. The whole Côte d'Azur had a string of lights. The Rome airport was terrible; the field gave a makeshift impression with its war time steel-link matting. The building was dirty, badly heated and too small. We had to wait for an hour and a half, but by then I did not mind, as it meant that the sun would be rising before we reached Egypt.

January 4

On the flight to Athens, the view of the gulf of Naples was especially remarkable; also the landing at Athens where, before putting down, we circled the city and seaport. The passenger group which had already dwindled at Rome was once more reduced, but a Greek and a few Egyptians came on board. After the take-off we flew over many islands before reaching the open sea. Then the sky in the east began to lighten, and by the time we crossed the western tip of Crete the sun was up. Slept a little, but woke up just as we flew over the Egyptian Delta. The small parcels of land, mud huts and roads, canals and railroads made a fascinating sight. We reached the airport northeast of Heliopolis across the fertile land; then abruptly the desert. On the ground a driving wind, lots of dust, and a delegation to meet an arriving TWA official.

I had a hard time getting through customs and onto the bus, which cost me £E 1½ for all sorts of fees. A long bus ride into Cairo—a variety of strange and foreign sights; lots of brand new apartment buildings, donkeys, children, and crowds of street hawkers and pushcart vendors. To the TWA building, then by taxi to the Hotel Victoria. Finally a bath. First walk through the streets, changed some money at the American Express Co. and ate lunch at the Hotel Metropolitan, where I espied the Mallons (*père, mère, et fils*)⁴ in the far corner, but as they did not take any notice of my presence, I didn't notice them either.

⁴ Paul and Margot Mallon and her son Milton Girod were for years, before and after World War II, the foremost dealers in ancient, primarily Egyptian, works of art, from whom the museums in Kansas City, Cleveland, Brooklyn, and the Textile Department in Boston benefited greatly. Paul Mallon died at the age of 91 in 1975; his wife passed away in 1977. They spent the summer in their château near Orléans, came in the fall or early winter for a brief visit to the United States, and spent part of the winter at the Hotel Hassler in Rome. They sold only in America, never anything in France.

In about a ten-minute walk I reached the Cairo Museum. Simply overwhelming! But now, finally, the lack of sleep was catching up with me and I had to quit. I walked home, the entire length of the Sharia Champollion and through the shopping district to the hotel. There I called Louis Keimer (Fig. 3),⁵ made an appointment with him, and finally went to bed for an hour.

Keimer came by at 8:30 and took me to his place where some time later I also met his secretary, a young Christian, Monsieur Jean Ellul, who was also librarian at the *Institut d'Égypte*. Much talk, admired Keimer's magnificent library, got lots of advice and saw a few interesting objects. Keimer somehow gave me a tortured, uneasy impression. At 10:00 he took me to a nearby square where he found me a taxi to the hotel. Just before going up to my room I stepped outside and there, on the far side of the little square, was a sort of big open tent where people sat on benches to listen to a singer whose voice was amplified by a loud-speaker: all in all, the Orient as it has been represented over and over again; and yet on meeting it face to face it holds a great attraction, not "cheap" at all—very similar to the first impression I had of Venice many years ago.

January 5

This morning I went first to the *Service des Antiquités* but did not see Drioton,⁶ who was busy. However, I got my permit for the antiquities sites and met Jean-Philippe Lauer⁷ in the anteroom. Then I called on Abbas Bayoumi Effendi,⁸ the

⁵ I had met Professor Keimer (1893–1957) in Berlin once before the War. He was of Westphalian origin, had been a disciple of the great Georg Schweinfurth, worked with Victor Loret in Lyon, held Czechoslovak citizenship and eventually acquired Egyptian nationality. He had been interned in the building of the German Institute during the War for a while, where Bryan Emery, who was with British Intelligence in Egypt, rescued him. He preferred to speak French.

Shortly before Keimer died, his library was purchased for the newly reopened German Institute in Zamalek by its then Director, Dr. Hanns Stock: see W. Kaiser, *75 Jahre Deutsches Archäologisches Institut Kairo, 1907–1982* (Mainz, 1982), p. 12 n. 52.

⁶ The Abbé Etienne Drioton (1889–1961) was at that time Director General of the Antiquities Department, known as the *Service*. It was located behind the Museum in a stately villa that has since been torn down. His directorship was terminated while he was on leave in France during the summer of 1952, in the wake of Nasser's revolution. Drioton was very accessible; he had a genuine interest in the condition of rarely visited sites and himself undertook frequent unannounced inspection trips through the provinces.

⁷ Jean-Philippe Lauer worked at the Zoser Pyramid Complex and elsewhere at Saqqara from 1926. It is he who restored and rebuilt the outside walls, the inside columns and, except for the Pyramid itself, most of the Zoser Complex.

MY FIRST VISIT

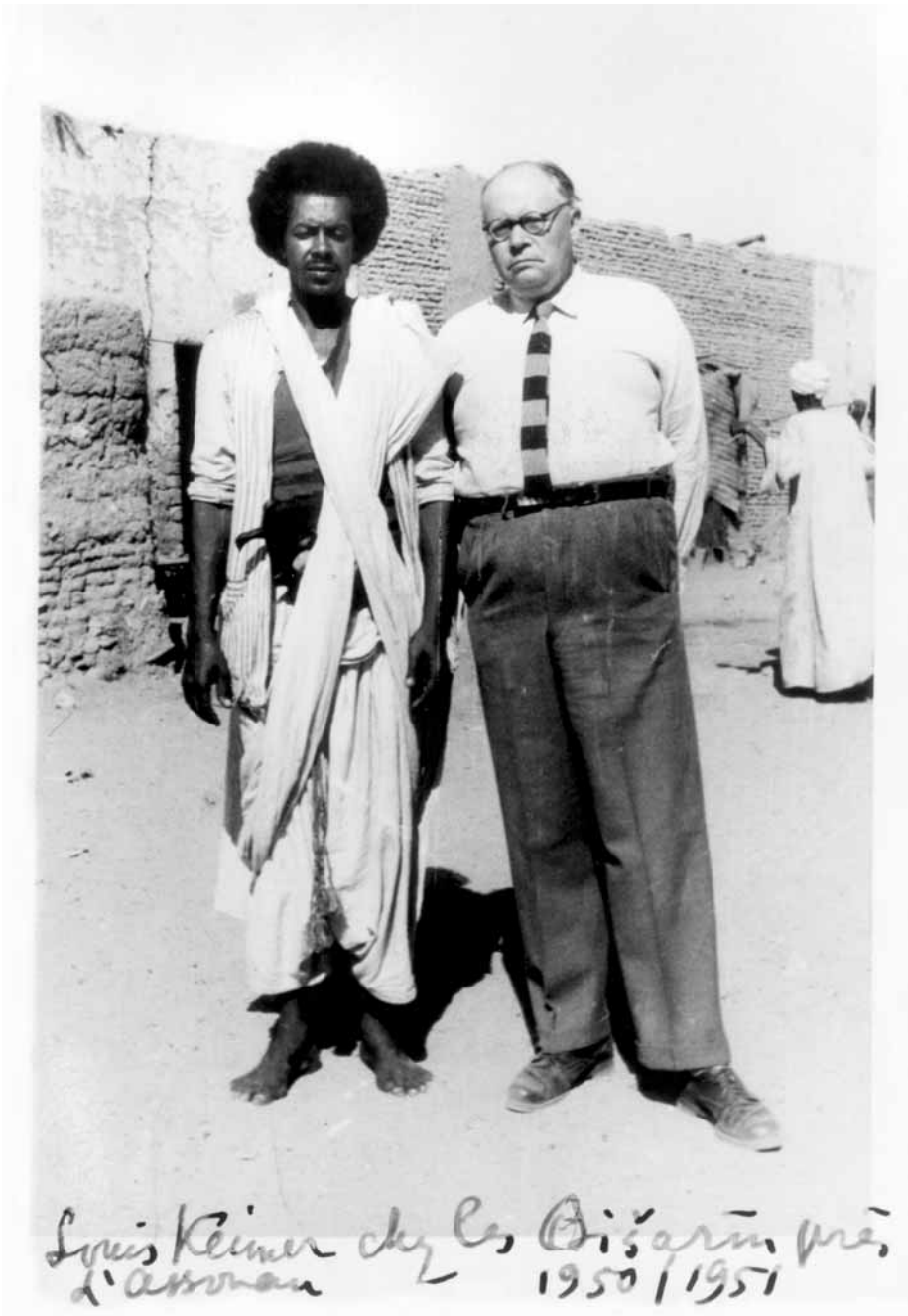


Fig. 3. Louis Keimer (1893–1957). Courtesy, The Brooklyn Museum of Art

Director General of the Museum, who assured me that M. Maurice Raphael, the Curator, would help me with everything. I was to meet him on Saturday. Thence to see Mr. Robert Martindale at the U.S.I.S. Library, who passed me on to Mr. Robert S. Black, the Cultural Attaché at the American Embassy. The next man I met was Mr. Thomas Stauffer, the Labor Attaché, young and enthusiastic, who was interested in antiquities and who had my picture taken by the Embassy photographer for publicity. Then I spent fifteen minutes with the Ambassador, Mr. Jefferson Caffery,⁹ who seemed very interested in what I was supposed to be doing and wanted me to report to him again in March. Afterwards, with Mr. Stauffer and Mr. Black, lunch at the American Luncheon Club in the Semiramis Hotel where I met a great many people. The president of the Club introduced me ahead of the speaker, a man from the Rockefeller Foundation, who reported on their work in public health among the *fellahin*.¹⁰ Back to the Embassy, then to UNESCO, 8, Sharia el-Salamlik, where I met the Norwegian in charge and learned that it was a purely scientific set-up, but he passed me on to his Egyptian assistant, an astronomer. He gave me an introduction to his brother, Dr. Ibrahim Helmi Abdelrahman, the assistant D.A. of Sohag. He also advised me to get a letter of introduction from Drioton to all local police chiefs. Then I walked through Garden City to the Semiramis to make a phone

⁸ Abbas Bayoumi, later known as Abbas Bey, was a tall, lanky, reticent Egyptologist of the old school, French trained, of exquisite courtesy. On my second visit he took me into his office, closed the usually open door and spoke with some enthusiasm of his plans for a “new”—or greatly improved—Cairo Museum, plans which to this day have not materialized. I was careful not to note such conversations in my *Diary*, heeding the warnings mentioned in the preface.

Abbas Bey was removed soon after Nasser’s revolution because he advocated too forcefully the construction of a museum directly north of the Nile Hilton, on the Corniche, at a site that was to be occupied by the building of the Arab Socialist Union, adjoining the garden off the present Cairo Museum.

⁹ Jefferson Caffery (1896–1974) was U.S. Ambassador to Egypt from 1949–1955. He was a gentleman in the great tradition of diplomacy, impeccable, unruffled, of immense dignity. He gained a certain fame when, during the revolution of 1952, he fearlessly accompanied King Farouk from the portals of Ras el-Tin Palace in Alexandria down the long pier to the yacht that would take the King, who had formally abdicated only minutes before, into exile. Being a devout Catholic, he went to mass early every morning with full ambassadorial retinue, as if for a state visit, motorcycles fore and aft, the flag flying, security vehicles on both sides, sirens blaring and stopping traffic all along the way. The Cairenes loved it and claimed that they could set their watches by his matinal progress.

¹⁰ I remember the lunch well, because part of the menu consisted of fresh lettuce and strawberries, and I had been warned in Boston never to touch this kind of produce while I was in Egypt when it was served raw. But seeing all those Americans around me eating everything with gusto, I followed suit, and have been doing so in Egypt ever since—to no ill effect (touch wood!).

call to Dr. Keimer who said that he had arranged everything with Stoppelaere¹¹ to put me up on the West Side at Thebes. At 6:00 I met the Emerys¹² at 11, Sharia Ahmed Pacha. Charming people, simply wonderful. They advised me to get a *Qufti* for the Middle Egypt stretch, to help me and to interpret. Much interesting talk. Later they took me in their car to my hotel. Planned to see them again on Sunday night.

January 6

In the morning, first to American Express to fetch my first mail. Then to the French Institute, 37, rue Munira, a magnificent building left over from the great period, the mid-nineteenth century.¹³ Messrs. C. Kuentz and O. Guéraud,¹⁴ both very charming and kind, discussed book exchange and a bit of Fulbright (the latter very tentatively). Then to the Embassy where I met Judge and Mrs. Brinton.¹⁵ Later, at Tom Stauffer's office to have my letter to the Ambassador typed up. I delivered it to his office. At 2:00 to lunch with Miss Georgia

¹¹ Alexandre Stoppelaere, a Frenchman, was for some years engaged in rescuing and restoring the Theban tombs that had suffered badly in the course of the War. I think he worked under UNESCO auspices rather than under the French Government.

¹² Walter Bryan Emery (1903–1971) was, to the newcomer, not only the legendary archaeologist, but also the Englishman with the longest presence in Egypt. He knew his chosen field, the country and its people probably better than anyone alive at that time among the Western residents. When I returned to Egypt in 1954–1956 on a Fulbright fellowship, he asked me to take colored slides of his excavation and finds at North Saqqara for us on his forthcoming tour of local societies of the Archaeological Institute of America, as he had been awarded the Norton Lectureship for 1956–57.

¹³ For the pre-French history of the building, see J. Vercoutter, *L'Ecole du Caire* (Cairo, 1980), pp. 10–11.

¹⁴ At the time Charles Kuentz (1895–1979) was Director of the French Institute; Octave Guéraud (1901–1987), a fine Greek scholar, was Deputy Director, with the title *Secrétaire-Bibliothécaire*.

¹⁵ Jasar Yeates Brinton (1878–1973) was the grand old American who had been a resident of Egypt since 1921, when he was appointed American Representative to the Court of Appeals of the Mixed Courts of Egypt. He was its President from 1943 to 1948. He came from a prominent Philadelphia family and, as a man of profound learning, took a lifelong interest in the remains of Greece and Rome in Egypt, was thus for many years active in the Royal Archaeological Society in Alexandria. He had a beautiful house in the Western Desert at Bourg el-Arab [Burg el-Arab in the article], and in Cairo lived first on the north side of the Gezira Sporting Club and later on in the Sharia Willcox. His book-lined study made an unforgettable impression on me, and his and Mrs. Brinton's kindness was well known to all visitors to Cairo.

"The Judge," as everyone called him, drove an open roadster at considerable speed around Cairo, disregarding traffic lights as well as traffic police who, on sensing his arrival, promptly

Martinou, her fiancé Ahmed Monasterli,¹⁶ and another girl at the Embassy, Betty Lou. We met at the Gezira Sporting Club. Wonderful place. Later we watched the polo players. Light breeze, sun, palms, a well-dressed crowd. After saying my good-byes, I went to the *pension*, “Morland House,” 16, Sharia Sheikh el-Barakat,¹⁷ to make arrangements to stay there in March. Walked back to the hotel through the whole town. Bought the steel measuring tape I had been looking for. Lots of bookstores. At the hotel, dressed for the cocktail party at Ambassador and Mrs. Caffery’s. Only a few people there, mostly young men from the Embassy: the Ambassador’s aide, Mr. Robert Simpson, Tom Stauffer, as well as some people from the Embassy in Rome. Young man named White drove me back to the Victoria Hotel in his car.

January 7

First to American Express, then to the post office to mail some letters. They charged too much for postage at the hotel. Walked through the crisp morning air to the Museum where, at the *Service* I called on the Abbé Drioton. Very nice, polite, friendly. I gave him my list of Upper Egyptian sites, and he thought that Zakaria Goneim¹⁸ would arrange everything for me at Luxor, alert the local inspectors, and have them put me up at the *’omde’s*. Drioton would also give me an introduction to all the local police authorities. I would have to return on Monday. Next I visited Hagg Mohammed, who had been Reisner’s *reis*, at the Misr Engineering & Construction Company.¹⁹ I discussed with him the possibility of having a *Qufti* come with me on my trip through Middle Egypt. Then

cleared the road for him. When he retired from the Mixed Courts he was appointed to the Foreign Service Reserve as attorney to the American Embassy. Before his death in 1973, the Judge and Mrs. Brinton bade farewell to Egypt and went to London, where he died at the age of ninety-five; Mrs. Brinton died shortly after.

¹⁶ Ahmed Monasterli was the son of the war-time Egyptian ambassador to Turkey, where Bill Smith had met him when the latter served there in the U.S. Naval Attaché’s office. Ahmed and Georgia got married shortly after I met them; they and their two daughters moved in Western-oriented circles in Cairo for many years.

¹⁷ Morland House, run by Mrs. Scarzella, was then located behind the old Semiramis Hotel. The name was changed to the Garden City House when it moved across the street. It was still owned by Mrs. Scarzella.

¹⁸ At that time Chief Inspector of Antiquities for Upper Egypt.

¹⁹ Hagg Mohammed, Reisner’s *reis* for many years, remained as the head of Harvard Camp until 1947, when it was closed by Dows Dunham and Bill Smith. He came from a distinguished family in el-Qella, adjoining Qift [Quft in the text], where I was going to visit on February 8.

I called on Mrs. Harry Burton²⁰ at the Continental-Savoy, opposite the Ezbekiya Gardens. She was by then almost completely crippled with arthritis. There was much talk about the old days. For lunch at the Robert S. Blacks in Garden City, who had also invited Dr. Batrawi²¹ and his wife. He was an old friend of Abdessalam's,²² and had worked with Emery on the Nubian Survey, and was then with Dr. Derry. After lunch I walked back to the hotel, wrote a long letter to Bill Smith, and after supper, went to see Dr. Keimer. On leaving I almost got into the cab of a hashish-doped driver, but was warned off and took another one.

January 8

Judge Brinton called while I was still in bed to invite me for lunch. I went first to the post office, then took a long walk to Garden City where I finally located the Sharia Youssef el-Guindi, listed as Sharia el-Huwayati on my map. Demonstrations in favor of Nahas. The Judge was waiting for me at his office and drove me in his car to Giza. We stopped at the house of Kamal el-Mallakh,²³ formerly the house of Emile Baraize. He was in charge of Government works at the Pyramids. As he was not in, we walked for a while around Cemetery 2000; the

He spoke no English, but his younger brother, Mahmud Sayed Diraz, having been schooled under Reisner's supervision, spoke and wrote English very well. As a young man he became Reisner's Egyptian secretary and served him to the end. The two brothers are warmly remembered in Bill Smith's brief article on Harvard Camp (*Archaeology* 2, 4 [1949], p. 195), where they are illustrated playing chess on the terrace of Harvard Camp behind the Great Pyramid. After Harvard Camp was closed, they both found jobs with Misr Engineering and Construction Company in Cairo.

²⁰ Mrs. Burton was the widow of the Englishman Harry Burton who had been photographer for the Egyptian Expedition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He was loaned to Howard Carter when the latter discovered the burial place of Tutankhamen, and thus all objects from the tomb were first photographed by Harry Burton.

²¹ He is best known to Egyptologists for his "Anatomical Reports;" see *ASAE* 47 (1947), pp. 87-111.

²² At the Department of Antiquities, Abd el-Salam Mohammed Hussein developed a major project for the study of the Memphite Pyramids and thus paved the way for much of Ahmed Fakhry's work at Dahshur and elsewhere.

²³ Kamal el-Mallakh became famous as a journalist and, in later years, as the editor of the cultural page of *Al Ahram*. He also became famous as the "discoverer" of the Cheops boat grave in 1954. In March of 1950, when I returned from Upper Egypt, he lent me his quarters in the house of the Antiquities Service at Giza [see below, March 18].



Fig. 4. Walter Bryan Emery (1903–1971). Courtesy, The Egyptian Exploration Society, London

guard opened for us some of the tombs Junker had excavated.²⁴ Later we walked across the Cheops Funerary Temple for a look over the Sphinx and the valley beyond, where the Pyramids of Abusir, Saqqara and Dahshur were visible to the south. The Judge drove us back to his apartment on Gezira. Mrs. Brinton had a guest, Sir Edward Cook, who left soon. Lunch with just the Brintons. At 2:15 I took my leave and walked to the Metropolitan Hotel, but Young²⁵ had not yet arrived. I walked back to my hotel and took a nap. These long days have made

²⁴ The great Western Cemetery at Giza, called West Field in Porter–Moss, had originally been divided into three sectors: one was assigned to the American George Andrew Reisner, another to the Italian Ernesto Schiaparelli of Turin, and a third to Georg Steindorff of the University of Leipzig. When the Italians gave up their concession, Reisner and Herrmann Junker, who had by that time succeeded Steindorff, divided Schiaparelli's sector between them.

²⁵ William J. Young ("Bill") was head of the research laboratory at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. He became well known over the years as a teacher in matters of conservation and the

me frightfully tired. At 7:30 to the Emerys for dinner; with them was a house guest and Miss Dorothy Ginger.²⁶ Since Emery (Fig. 4) and I were talking together after dinner, I hardly saw anything of the other guests. Home by taxi.

January 9

First to the post office; then to Amexco to arrange for the trip to Aswan. Met Tano at the office. Thence to the Antiquities Department to pick up all the permits which were waiting for me. Drioton received me once more and told me of the Old Kingdom hieratic tablets, dated to the reign of Cheops, which had just been found at Saqqara. Bernard Grdseloff was then working on them; also on the Borchardt papyri. Drioton mentioned the Gebelein papyri at Turin which he wanted to get back and promised to have them photographed. Next I made a social call on Rustum Bey. Then I walked over to the Embassy to call on Bill's friend, Mr. Charles Konya. They had met in Turkey. I registered with the Consulate and met Mr. Morris. After that I called on the First Secretary, Mr. Philip W. Ireland, who told me of his car trip up to Quft, through the Wadi Hammamat to Qoseir. He wished to get some books and asked me to dictate a letter to Dows Dunham, whom he had met, to have us send him the Reisner library list.²⁷ He had known Reisner and was a Harvard graduate himself. Then I saw Stauffer whose secretary, Georgia Martinou, gave me a great deal of onion-skin paper and also my picture, which the Embassy photographer had taken. I said good-bye to Bob Martindale after a long talk about the planned Research Center and the Fulbright business.

treatment of antiquities. As I learned later, he was in Egypt to treat a brilliantly colored wooden statue of Methethy, a companion to Boston MFA 47.1455; it was eventually acquired by another American museum.

²⁶ Miss Dorothy Ginger was a friend of Miss Evelyn Perkins and had lived at Harvard Camp until Miss Perkins left for Chicago House in Luxor. Miss Ginger was then hired as a teacher in the secondary school system of Egypt. In 1952, after Nasser's revolution since she was a British subject, she was dismissed from her job and became a tutor in English to the Begum Aga Khan. Miss Ginger remained with the Begum for many years until she, Miss Ginger, got married.

²⁷ Reisner's library at the Harvard Camp had been shipped back to Boston with his records in the spring of 1947, and it had taken some time to establish which books were duplicates, if I remember correctly, in the library of the Art Department at the Museum of Fine Arts.

I had to make up the list of the rest that were to be disposed of, but it took quite a while, because often Reisner's copies were full of notes that made it preferable to retain his copy and to dispose of the MFA duplicate. We would circulate this list among the major Egyptological libraries in the United States, beginning with the Wilbour Library in Brooklyn and ending with the library of the Oriental Institute at the University of Chicago.

Tom Stauffer took me to lunch at his flat. He asked me to write to Mr. Tomita²⁸ about the library and manuscripts of Professor Fritz Rumpf in Berlin. I left by taxi for the Metropolitan Hotel, but the Youngs, who had just arrived by plane, were still in bed. Back to my hotel and a nap; then on foot to the Sharia el-Bustan where Mahmud and Hagg Mohammed were waiting for me in their office. We talked over the plans once more for my Middle Egypt trip. Finally my future guide and companion arrived: Abdallah Ahmed Gebel, a magnificent old man who had worked with Reisner since 1903.²⁹ He was to meet me in Luxor on February 8th for a two-week trip. Mahmud told me that Reisner's workmen were now in charge everywhere: at Elkab, at Tuna el-Gebel, in Syria, Palestine and Iraq, and even in Iran, at important excavations. I gave the old man £E 1.50 for his ticket to Luxor. On the way back to the hotel I ran into the Youngs who were out for an evening stroll. Keimer was already waiting for me at the hotel. He took me to an Arabic meal; thence on foot to his place for a talk. His secretary M. Jean came in and I paid our book bill of £E 14.90. Keimer was doing an enormous amount of work sending these books all over the world.

January 10

Got up late and after breakfast made several phone calls, one to Dr. John A. Thompson of the American Mission, who invited me for tea on Wednesday, and one to Sami Gabra who was not in, but his wife told me that they would be glad to see me at Tuna el-Gebel. Then I did some errands, bought medical supplies, a flashlight with batteries, and film. On the way back to the hotel I lost my way in the narrow streets which were still muddy from the rain. But the sights were fascinating. Back at the hotel I wrote some letters and then went off to the Blacks who gave me a very good lunch and then drove me to Saqqara, first on the Giza road, then along a canal and finally up to the plateau where we found that Prince Ibrahim Hilmy was not in. At the Zoser Complex we met M. Jean-Philippe Lauer who, in the beginning, was a bit cool but became quite charming and took us around the whole enclosure. He had to leave presently and then his

²⁸ Kojiro Tomita was at the time the highly respected curator of Far Eastern Art at the MFA in Boston.

²⁹ Abdallah Ahmed Gebel was a great help with the work I was doing and became a very good friend.

guards took over, showing us several fine mastabas, especially around and partly under the Causeway of Unas. Its foundations actually consisted of relief blocks stacked up, with the sculptured side face down. We walked around to Abdesalam's house with a wonderful view over the valley—really remarkable. The sun was setting behind the Step Pyramid. When we drove back along the canal, the various herds were coming home; people greeted us on either side of the road. It was dark when we reached Cairo and the Blacks dropped me off at the hotel. En route we discussed the possibilities of getting Alexander Badawy and Sami Gabra to the United States, both of whom would have loved to come for a visit. About an hour later Bill and Mrs. Young arrived and we went to Shephard's for a drink and afterwards walked to a restaurant called the Ermitage, near the Egyptian Bank, where we had an excellent dinner. Young told me that he had fallen easy prey to the same "student" of the American University who took me for one *piastre* the first day. Young, however, had to pay five to get rid of him. We took a short walk before I returned to the hotel.

January 11

In the morning I went to Amexco to pick up my mail and to change some more money; then to the post office; then to Mahmud's with Ahmed Fakhry who gave me a letter of introduction to the Antiquities Inspector at Aswan and his assistant, so that I would be well taken care of there. He also assured me that he could get me accommodations out at Giza and at Saqqara, for a week at each place, if my connections failed. We talked about the possibility of my staying at Tuna el-Gebel for several days and of sending Abdallah home when his two weeks were up. From there I walked to the *Service* to meet Lauer who gave me his study of the Cheops relief which Bill Smith drew for him some months ago.

Thence to the Museum to meet M. Maurice Raphael, the Vice Director, who hurriedly shook hands with me in the corridor. After that I spent two delightful hours in the galleries, just looking and wandering around. On the second floor I discovered many well-known pieces. I also found the Amarna painting of the king's feet, of which Bill wanted a photograph, and I sent a note to M. Raphael so that the picture could be taken by the end of February, before I got back to Cairo.

Then I lunched at the hotel, packed, and at 4:00 I called on Dr. John A. Thompson in the American Mission, opposite Shephard's, who had invited

me for tea and to whom I had a letter of introduction from Ambrose Lansing.³⁰ He gave me the names of the Mission people³¹ at Assiut and Luxor. He also mentioned that Henri Wild was working at Saqqara. Back to the hotel to write letters.

At 7:00 I left for the station and lo and behold: everybody was there, holding out both hands. Two men helped me to get my suitcase into the taxi. I had still not learned how to manage more economically. The same at the station. One porter for the baggage would have been enough, but there was also a man in charge of the porter and another man somehow connected with the RR company who seemed to have the sole right to put my baggage into the rack. Nice old-fashioned sleeper; inside all mahogany and brass, outside creamy white.

Strange people were on board, including high-ranking Sudanese officers. Before we took off, a local train pulled in on another platform. The car opposite ours did not seem to have any doors, but even before the train stopped an incredible scene took place: people climbed out of the windows, forcing themselves through, without considering that others were trying to perform the same stunt. They shouted and yelled, fought with each other, passed children, bundles, women out of the windows, and in no time the train was empty. It was amazing to see how agile the people were, in spite of their long, loose clothing. By western standards such acrobatics would have been bothersome, not to say impossible. Dinner on the train was poor. Some English people traveling to the Sudan were at the next table. It was getting colder. The train stopped a few times at dark stations. One saw dimly lit alleys and every so often a bright light in an open shop where men sat together. I went to bed early. The train creaked and shook, but sleep came soon.

January 12 [to Aswan]

I actually did not wake up until around six, when it got so cold that even two pairs of wool socks, four blankets and my overcoat did not keep me warm. It must have been close to freezing. I got up at eight and breakfasted (poorly)

³⁰ Ambrose Lansing (1891–1959) was then Curator of Egyptian Art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

³¹ By this designation I did not mean missionaries, but rather the staff of the American Missions in Assiut and Luxor.

MY FIRST VISIT

when we had passed Luxor. From there to Aswan I followed the route with map and Baedeker on my lap, but it was still terribly cold and a thick layer of dust settled on the windowsill. At Elkab I saw an elderly gentleman on a donkey, followed by two camels with leather suitcases on the pack saddles, riding in the direction of the old wall. I wondered who he was.

At Aswan a taxi took me to the Grand Hotel, down a nice avenue along the river. Louis Keimer's friend, M. Kyriak, "Le Grec," had made the arrangements, and I was promised that I would not have to pay more than 130 *piastres*, everything included. I took a bath and put on a clean shirt. From the window there was a lovely view across the river (Fig. 5). I took a long walk, first to the post office, which was closed, then east and south through the entire bazaar where I saw the little Ptolemaic Temple. But the view east and south was far better, and I went south until I reached the black-top road to the Dam. After a few hundred yards I turned west and climbed up to Fort Tâgûg, from which one could see the whole cataract district. I tried to light a cigarette with a magnifying

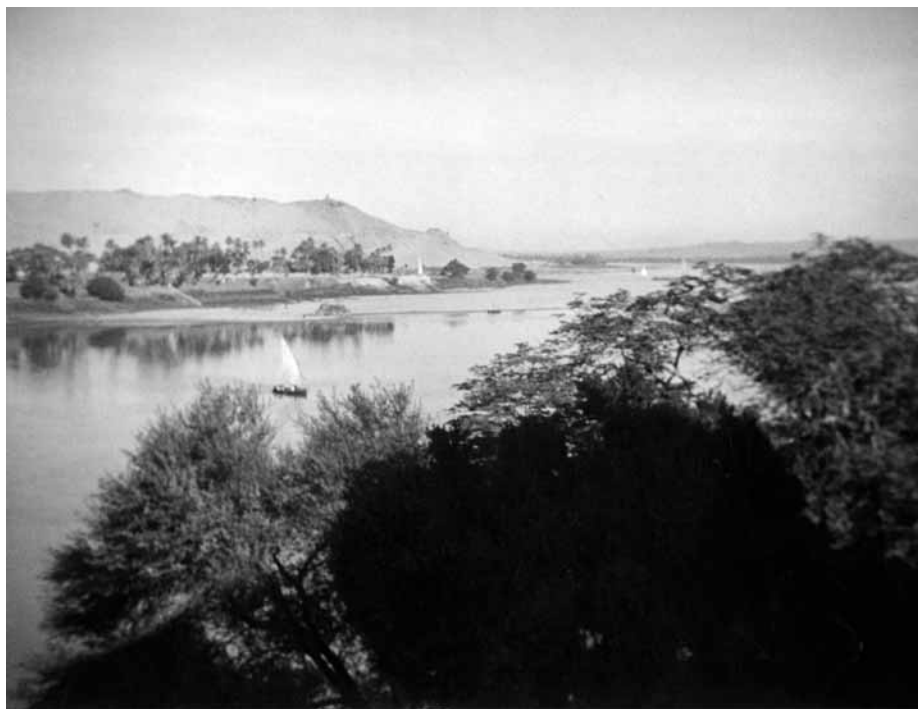


Fig. 5. Aswan: view across the river

glass. It worked. Down to the Cataract Hotel—quite pretty, but rather deserted. The view from it was fine, also true for Baedeker's little *Ruinenhügel*, north of the Cataract Hotel, which had been made into a small park with what appeared to be Roman stone chairs. On the way back to my hotel I dropped in on "Le Grec," who had a fine store in the arcades. Dinner was quite good. Afterwards I went on a long walk to the station and back. There was a mosquito bar over the bed and the room had been sprayed.

January 13

It must have been the mineral water that upset my stomach, so that I had to get up rather early. Perhaps I should have stuck to the tap water after all. As today was Friday, the post office and Antiquities Office were closed. Most of the bazaar, however, was open for business. There were good Nile fish for sale, and miserable pieces of what looked like sheep innards hanging in the sun and covered with flies. Plenty of fresh vegetables, herbs, and little cakes were neatly displayed on the ground. Walking east I went through poorer and poorer sections, people sleeping in the dust, the blind, the children..., as well as *Bisharín* [a tribe of bedouin] and tethered camels. My appearance startled some of the people, but when I greeted them most of them replied "*sa'ida*" [hello].

Finally I reached the open desert, and following a southeasterly direction and then turning west, I reached Hill 171. From there I crossed north to Fort Harûn, a magnificent medieval fortification, still well preserved, with a guarded entrance and big slots in the masonry for the doors. Inside were vaulted store-rooms and several staircases leading to the crenellations. A deep hole on the short path from the fortress to the sheikh's tomb led down to bed rock. It looked like a recent excavation. Trying to find the quarry with the unfinished obelisk I ran all over the rocky hills, until a workman who was cutting stone pointed in the right direction for it (Fig. 6). A party of Egyptians in big American cars was just leaving as I approached, and then I was at the mercy of two grimy salesmen who tried to make a living there by selling beads and woven wares. By climbing up beyond the hill, I outdistanced them easily, and they did not follow me far as they preferred to stay by their precious obelisk. The place was a real quarry. Chips and chunks of granite lay everywhere, many with worked surfaces, and pottery fragments were spread all over.



Fig. 6. Aswan: quarry, unfinished obelisk

The most interesting examples of stone working were those rectangular holes driven into the granite to a depth of several inches and frequently perfectly square at the bottom. In other words, the right angle was sharp, and where one wall was broken a thin undercut was visible. How did they do it? A good many black flakes were left around, which must have served as tools. They were of a stone harder than granite. Some of them showed signs of having been used. I kept one for Bill Young, who would know what kind of stone it was. Incidentally, it was only near the obelisk that the granite was *red*. Farther on it was brown, and intermixed with or imbedded in large-grained sandstone or quartzite.

Another sightseeing party drove up in a Chevrolet station wagon like an ambulance. It contained five adults and seven children. One of the adults was an Italian nun in the dress of her order; the two men were Egyptian doctors of an anti-tuberculosis enterprise, subsidized by Denmark. The nun spoke excellent French and Arabic; she asked me if I was armed and warned me against going outside the town alone at night.

I returned to the Ptolemaic Temple, but the *bawwab* [doorman] was not on the job; children were yelling for *baksheesh* [a gift]. Although a good many people were lunching at the hotel, I was served very promptly, and at 2:00. I left for the six km. hike to the Dam. It was very hot, but such a walk was good conditioning for the weeks ahead. The new black-top road ran past the beautifully kept British cemetery which appears on the Baedeker map. Not very far was the *Gamaliya* [tribe], just off the highway, but only their beautiful camels were visible. The soldiers were probably in town. There was quite a lot of traffic; trucks went back and forth, donkey riders, donkey carts, and black-clad bedouin women carrying loads on their heads. They wore a gold or silver ornament in the right nostril. The last mile was quite a strain, as three and later five children clung to me and begged for *baksheesh*. I tried to outwalk them, but for quite a way they were able to keep up. Sometimes they tugged at my jacket. It was amazing how they kept on saying "*baksheesh*." Some boys threw rocks at me from a safe distance. It was very hot. Finally the lush gardens and handsome villas of the Dam administration came in sight, and the children finally left. The gardens, the palm groves, the irrigation creeks looked very pretty, but I followed the road to the end of the Dam.

A soldier saluted and stopped me; a non-com came running—and asked for the paper to visit the Dam. My Antiquities permit and Drioton's recommendation to the police impressed him sufficiently to let me pass, while keeping my

shoulder bag because of the camera. I walked along the Dam, not quite to the middle. South was the huge lake with boats on it, north the rushing waters and the cloud of spray, granite rocks and houses beyond. When I got back the non-com was still guarding my bag. He returned it to me, accepted a cigarette, and we exchanged some polite phrases.

As it was already past 3:00, I tried to cross the hills to Shellal, but somehow I had underestimated the distance and a new road, not shown on the map, threw me off. The terrain was very rough, full of boulders and sharp rocks. It was good that I was wearing heavy shoes. Several times I took roads which led down to the water (probably leading to a road along the bank which was inundated when the Dam was built) and the Shellal railroad was nowhere to be seen. I went up and down and up again to a sort of high plateau with many car tracks, deep sand, then a rocky path through a gorge, where I met two friendly natives who, on my asking the way to Shellal, pointed in the direction they had come from. Whatever else they said was unintelligible. They watched me for a while, then they too continued on their way.

The landscape was like that of the moon, with rocky hills all around, criss-crossed paths, and still, though my compass told me I was going in the right direction, no Shellal. The sun was gradually setting, and although I was not yet frantic, I felt a bit uneasy. Finally I saw smoke in the distance, but I had to climb three more hills before I reached the Shellal valley. What a sight! The whole valley was under water; the railroad coming from the desert crossed the inundation on a bridge far inland and, as I could see from my hill, the station was beyond the water. The sun had nearly set. Darn the Baedeker, which showed all this as dry land. I had to climb along the side of the hills to get further inland, and my bad luck led me to several huge modern granite quarries with cranes, enormous stone blocks and small-gauge car tracks, all of which had to be scaled. Then across a flat desert stretch to the railroad bridge, where a man knelt for his evening prayer. I saw the Wadi Halfa boat in the distance, but the idea of the trip to Philae was no longer appealing. I could see the tip of the Temple from the Dam anyway, so the rest of it must also have been under water. After crossing the bridge, a car came towards me and stopped when I waved. The driver was going to Aswan and I felt that this was my chance.

Two black-clad women sat in the back, one of them with a sleepy baby. The new road led along the railroad tracks, past huge flats where the British

Army had camped. It was they who had built the new road, the man told me. He was deep black with decorative scars next to the right eye.

After twenty minutes we were in Aswan and the good man almost refused the 10 *piastres* I offered him, until I said, “*alashan bintak*” [for your daughter]. The sunset left a strip of deep orange and blood red on the western hills. Tea at the hotel tasted very good; after the three-hour walk, my lips and throat were parched. Much writing in the evening.

January 14

A good deal of the morning was lost through student demonstrations which first prevented me from getting to the post office and then to the Antiquities Office. At the post office, the old man was still sitting outside, writing letters for the illiterate. He also filled in postal and other Government forms; he had four inkwells, all apparently filled with the same ink. Surprisingly many soldiers engaged his services. I went back to the south end of the street where the Eastern Tel. & Tel. offices were to call up the Antiquities Inspector, but I only reached his secretary. Then on foot again to the north end of the main street where the Antiquities Office lay, near the railroad station. The secretary, Abdelrahman Abdelhalim, told me that the Inspector would not be in until late in the afternoon. He arranged for the Antiquities boatman to call for me after 1:00 to take me to Elephantine Island. Across the street was an embankment where I sat for a while to look at Qubbet el-Hawa, at the Island, the river, the boats. Then down to the main street, back to the little Isis Temple, where I tried in vain to identify one of the Marburg photographs. Back to the hotel where I lunched in a hurry, because the Antiquities boatman came earlier than I had expected. He rowed me across to Elephantine, where I showed my *Service* pass to be admitted to the Museum to take notes. The garden was lovely and well kept (Fig. 7). Afterwards, when I expressed a desire to see the other sites, a goofy sort of individual was delegated to show me around and actually prevented me from taking one step on my own: the Nilometer, the granite gate, the Late reliefs, the view—no more. I told the *ghafir* that I wanted to stay on the Island for two more hours and then take off through the village in a northerly direction.

My plan was to go to the northern tip of the Island, but when I reached the second village a very noisy crowd of children gathered around me. I got a good look at Kitchener's Island with its well-kept flower beds and wondered who

MY FIRST VISIT

lived there now. The big hotel on Elephantine, which appears on all the old photographs and which was closed down before the First World War when the good seasons stopped, was completely dismantled during the Second World War. Still trying to reach the northern tip, I continued on my way through the second village with the noisy children in my dusty wake, until I ran up against an old man who energetically told me in French that I should stop here, that everything was "*fermé*" further on, and since he was quite firm I had to turn back. The children gathered more and more companions, and then some nasty looking boys of 15 or 16 appeared who became quite arrogant with their smattering of English expressions. They followed me half way to the first village and,



Fig. 7. Aswan: Elephantine Island, museum garden with sandstone block of Tuthmosis III

just when the situation was beginning to get out of hand and had reached the rock-throwing stage, a tall *fellah* appeared who in his turn threw rocks at the crowd which immediately dispersed. I gave him a cigarette and he accompanied me back to the Museum. There I sat down to take some notes. My boatman appeared, but I asked him to wait until 5:00. When I finally moved around to the front of the building, the Inspector, Abdelhafiz Abdel Aal, arrived. He took me around to Labib Habachi's excavations behind the Museum and later on brought me back to Aswan in his boat.

There were very few people in the hotel. On the balcony of my room, watching the sunset, I got to talking with my neighbor, an Englishman of the waxed-mustache type, who told me of his trip by car from Canada to New Mexico. After supper, I talked for a while with the Egyptian officers who were playing pool in the bar annex.

January 15

Up at seven, breakfast at 7:20, received lunch in a paper bag, and at 8:00 I arrived at the Antiquities Office where the Inspector and his secretary introduced me to the *ghafir* Ahmed Mattar. He led me down the embankment to where his sailboat was moored. The morning was cold and *very* windy, but the *ghafir* was a good sailor and in no time, with wind filling the huge sail, we passed the northern tip of Elephantine Island and landed directly below the tombs. I let him know that I would be back by 4:00 and then followed the guard, Abubakr Hassan Mohammed Amer, up the steep side of the hill. Beginning with tomb no. 25, I worked my way north. The wind was blowing hard and, except for deep inside the tombs, there was hardly a place where one was protected from the sand. I was never really warm. Abubakr gradually relaxed. When I stayed for a long time in a tomb, he sat outside reading a (probably religious) book, sometimes out loud. After a few hours we reached an agreement that he could return to his reading when I said "*anta kitâb*" [you are a book]—at least he understood me, often shoveling the sand away with his bare hands. At noon he went down to the river to say his prayers, after first washing his hands. He guided me well, having been instructed to show me *all* the tombs. At mealtime, when I gave him some of the food the hotel had prepared for me, he came back from where he was sitting to ask what sort of meat I had given him. I had to look up the word for "chicken" to relieve his suspicions. Later I

noticed that he also observed the 'asr [prayer] three hours past high noon. Since he was facing Mecca, he had the magnificent view of Aswan and the islands directly below him, which can certainly make a man happy and grateful to his maker. When he crouched, all wrapped up in his *galabiya* and long scarf, he always looked for a sunny spot, though it might be more windy than the place in the shade where I wrote my notes. Gradually it developed that, if my notes took too long, he was worried that I might not see *all* the tombs. It was nice to see how happy he was when he learned that I would be back the next morning. Because of the sun, it was impossible to take a snapshot of one of the two stelae outside no. 25. I would have to wait until later in the day, and even my sketchy Arabic conveyed the idea to him; he was as happy as I was when he returned



Fig. 8. Aswan: tomb no. 25, Mehu, offering scene in raised relief

around noon and found the sun striking the stela directly (Fig. 8). Around 3:00, when I was working at no. 36, he indicated that he wanted to go to his "house" for a moment. He ran down to the north of the hill where there was a settlement between the cultivation and the river; he left his stick, slippers, bag and book behind. When I finished my notes I wandered around a bit, and then Abubakr returned with a little girl trailing behind, and he was carrying a complete tea set which he served very ceremoniously. He had brought two cups, but it took a while before he would sit down with me on the broken architrave in the cold and windy court of no. 36. He took a cigarette, but stood up and greeted me before accepting it. We had a sketchy conversation: population figures of Egypt and the U.S.; he had been to Alexandria once; everything American was good—and so on. The tea contained some strange-tasting herbs, but was not bad. With the second cup I asked for less sugar and less milk, which hurt Abubakr a little. Shortly before four, when we went down to the felucca, I saw his little daughter again; she had been sitting quietly out of sight before the court entrance. She was bashful; no word of *baksheesh*. Abubakr walked into the water to push the boat off; happy exclamations of the *ghafir* to have me back, or so it seemed. Long palaver about "tomorrow morning 8:00, same place." The wind was still very strong, but as we landed below the Antiquities Office the light was marvelous. I rang the bell, but nobody answered: *malesh!* [never mind!] Back through the bazaar to get some sweets for Abubakr's children. The secretary had, after all, told me I should not give any money to the *ghafir* or to the guard. The bazaar was quite a sight: the spices, the seeds in baskets, the tailors with their Singer machines propped up on stones and pieces of wood in the street; the fly swatters, slippers, whips, sticks—an endless variety of goods in a small space.

At the post office they told me this time that a picture postcard to the States was 14 *millièmes* (on other days it was 22 or 18: I had my choice). Then I went to see M. Kyriak and his son, to buy some cigarettes. Long talk about books, business, the excavations, and papyri. The son seemed to know someone who still had papyri. Back to the hotel. Small talk after supper with the wax-mustached Englishman and his lady. He was an R.A.F. officer stationed at Ismailiya. That explained the waxed mustache, the military bearing, and his strange custom of charging up and down the hotel corridor outside my room at 6:15 in the morning, shouting for his fellow officers in other parts of the hotel. He had the cheerfulness of a soldier between wars, with nothing to worry about. Nice chap, though.

MY FIRST VISIT

January 16

Up at seven, breakfast at 7:30, lunch “basket” (a paper bag), then to the Antiquities Office where the officials had not yet arrived, but my boatman was waiting and the strong wind drove the felucca quickly across the river to the west bank. Wonderful picture: the white sails, the hills, the pale sands of the northern tip of Elephantine Island. Abubakr was already at the landing. We went first to tomb no. 36, when the morning light was hitting it (Fig. 9). Then I began on the no. 35 complex. Abubakr excused himself and after fifteen minutes reappeared, this time with coffee, although it probably did not contain a

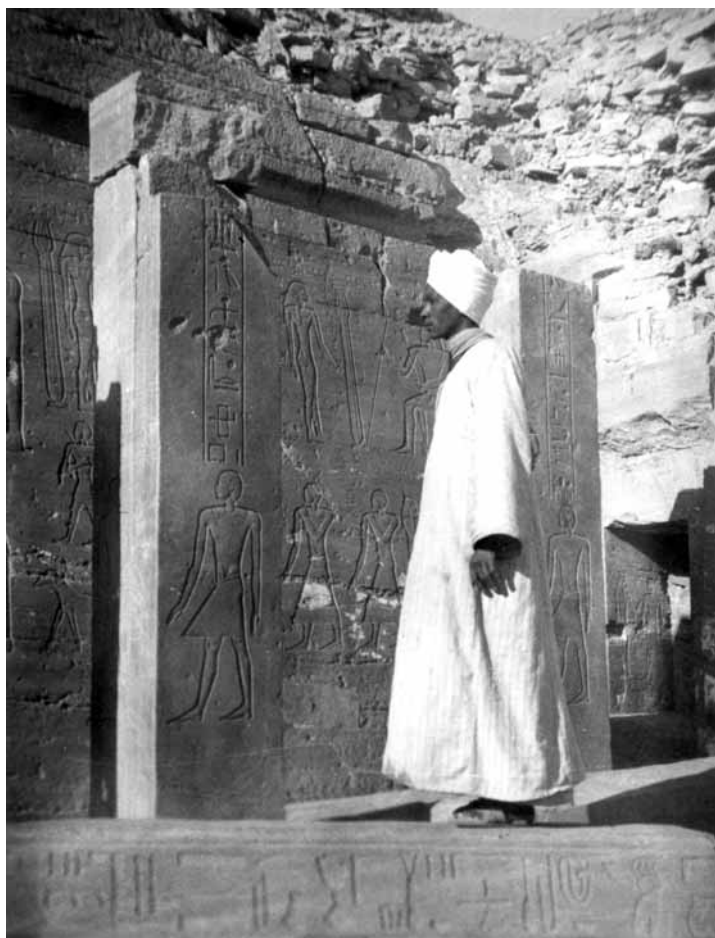


Fig. 9. Aswan: tomb no. 36, Sirenput, court and entrance with Abubakr

single coffee bean. But it was touching how he wanted to be nice and hospitable. Later the real *ghafir*, Ahmed Mattar, turned up and was properly introduced. Thus the boatman could not have been the *ghafir*, as I had thought. No. 35 took a long time, since I was trying to record as much as possible of the newly discovered tombs (Figs. 10–13). My first experience with hundreds of bats hanging close together on the ceiling in many of the deep tunnels with which the hill of the no. 35 complex was studded.

After the *ghafir* left, Abubakr went back to his book which he sang aloud, with the wonderful wailing voice which seemed to betray the deep feeling given to the words. It must have been the *Qur'an* he was reading, because the text was vocalized. I continued with my work, interrupted only once when Abubakr insisted on showing me a “moth-eaten” black mummy, apparently untouched, in one of the small chambers of the tomb of Sabny in the no. 35 complex. At noon, after Abubakr's prayers, we went on to do some small tombs. Then he showed me Lady Cecil's tomb, and after that he declared that I had seen them all. It was about 1:00; we returned to no. 36, where the *ghafir* was sitting, and I explained to them that I wished to go up to the ruin below the sheikh's tomb. The wind was blowing more strongly, and I had some trouble finding a sunny spot with a view where I could eat my lunch without being blown away. All of a sudden Abubakr reappeared, bringing me a little basket woven of multicolored straw, with a leather bottom, which he forced me to accept, despite my protest, by indicating that perhaps I did not think it was beautiful. This was really touching, especially since he had given me his photograph and address earlier in the day. I did not know what to say. One was really stumped in such a situation. While I continued my meal with frozen fingers (the bright sun and this terrific wind really did not go together), Abubakr withdrew around a corner. I could only see his sandals from where I stood. After half an hour he returned and asked to be excused.

I took the opportunity to climb the hill to the sheikh's tomb, a building which consisted merely of four corners and a cupola. The wind was so strong that I could hardly stand up, but the view of Aswan, the islands, and the Cataract was indescribable. Elephantine was prettier than ever since the big hotel no longer existed. After a while I walked along the ridge to a slightly higher point to the south, where an enormous pile of stones had been raised. It was really the *ne plus ultra*: to the southwest a vast desert valley was visible and in it, like a gloomy castle of the moon, the Monastery of St. Simeon, still well preserved

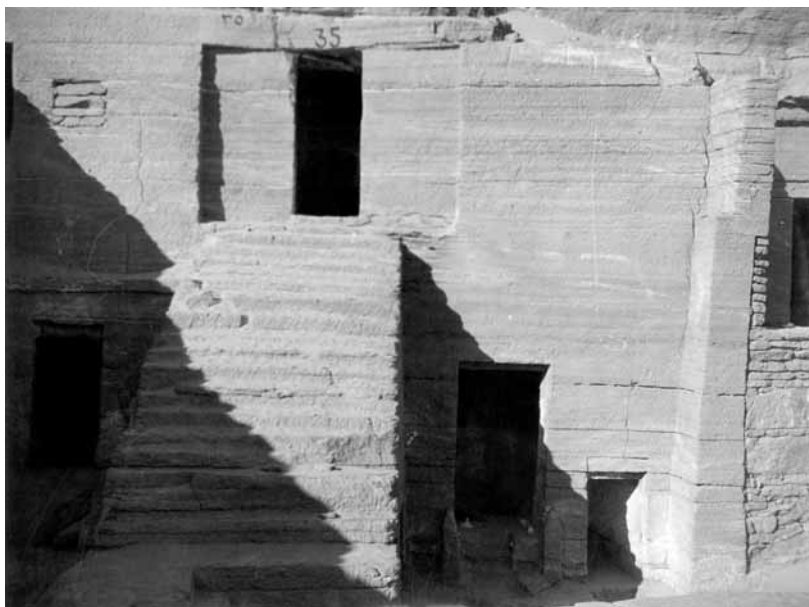


Fig. 10. Aswan: tomb no. 35, Heka-ib, staircase



Fig. 11. Aswan: tomb no. 35, Heka-ib, entrance



Fig. 12. Aswan: tomb no. 35, Heka-ib, left thickness of entrance, lower part



Fig. 13. Aswan: tomb no. 35, Heka-ib, hunting scene, right wall

and sprawling with all its walls and roofs, barely a twenty minute walk away. Since the sun stood in the direction of the Monastery, my side of the buildings was dark with shadows, which added to their forbidding appearance. On the other side, to the east, I looked down directly on the north end of Kitchener's Island, and there stood what I might call the "dream house," a white one-story building with big windows, a large lawn in front, looking unbelievably green from the hill where I stood, with palm trees and flowers all around—so unreal and so enchanting; the bare rocks and the desert sand in which I stood made it like a sort of *fata morgana*, an optical illusion of the longing mind.

Back to the sheikh's tomb over huge piles of broken rock (clearly an ancient quarry) and gaining again a view of the landing. I saw Abubakr not far from the river bank, ceremoniously observing his 'asr. It was shortly after 3:00 when I descended the ruin, and then I could see the *felucca*. Nobody was in sight as I approached the shore, but at the last moment the *ghafir* appeared, and then I saw Abubakr, minus his 'imma [turban], washing his face in the river. A short good-bye. He really seemed moved when he saw the box of candy which I gave him, "*alashan bintak*," he actually had not expected anything. What a wonderful person he was! The *ghafir* saluted and *salaamed*, and the boat took off. Nobody at the Antiquities Office, but half an hour later, when I had drunk my coffee at Kyriak's shop, the boatman reappeared with a letter from the Antiquities Inspector, asking me to pay the crew 50 *piastres* for two days of sailing! So it was not a Government boat after all. Some talk with Kyriak's son about photographs of local scenery and people. Back at the hotel, where it was so dreadfully cold I did not know what to do. Had not been so cold since my days in the Army.

January 17 [to Luxor]

After breakfast to the station. As it turned out, the wax-mustached Englishman and his lady were also going to Luxor, and the conversation with them distracted a little from the incredible filth of the First Class carriage. The train stopped at every station, and having left Aswan at nine, we arrived in Luxor at 2:00. The English couple went to the Savoy. I had found out that they were only casual acquaintances from Ismailiya where she too was in the R.A.F. I got a horse and buggy, both near collapse. The driver whipped the worn-out horse mercilessly, all the way to Chicago House where Miss Perkins happened to be near the gate when I arrived. She greeted me like a long-lost son. Argument

with the coachman which Miss Perkins quickly settled. She took me to meet Dr. Hughes,³² the Director, thence to my room on the second floor, overlooking the inner court of the residential building, separated from the library and office building by a pergola. Small entrance hall, nice room, bathroom of my own; screen doors, screens on the windows. Lovely grounds, separated from the river only by the road leading to Karnak. Met Drs. Nelson and Nims,³³ long talk with Evelyn Perkins in her bookbinding shop. She approved of the choice of Abdallah for my trip to Middle Egypt. At tea time, 5:00, I met the others: Mrs. Nims, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Nelson, Professor and Mrs. Clark of Duke University (he was Director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem), and five young men. Dinner at 7:00. Later the Clarks took off for Cairo and Mt. Sinai.

January 18

Early in the morning I walked into town. Wonderful light; the west side of the Nile in a haze. To the post office, then to the Luxor Hotel to leave a note for Alexandre Varille [a French Egyptologist from Lyons]. To the Temple of Luxor. The area north of the Temple was being excavated and the avenue of rams cleaned up to the houses on either side. East of the Temple the township was going to plant flowers and sow grass, so that it could be excavated later on. Nobody else was in the Temple except for Miss Lamy, who was measuring the stones high up on the wall, near the Sanctuary. I walked back to Chicago House, ardently pursued by a man trying to sell me fake antiquities. Worked in the Oriental Institute library. Talked with Dr. Ricardo Caminos, Miss Perkins and Mme. Clément Robichon. Lunched, then to Karnak where I was again absolutely alone (Figs. 14–17). It was really warm. Then called on M. Robichon who was directing the excavations of the French Institute in the Monthu Complex. He showed me the plans, and pointed out the Ziggurat, as well as the plans of Medamud. Beautiful draughtsmanship, mostly in color. He mentioned the symbolism of figures which apparently really existed there. Then he explained his classification system of the “fiches” and finally took up the new

³² George R. Hughes, Professor at and then Director of the Oriental Institute, Chicago.

³³ Harold Hayden Nelson, Field Director of the Oriental Institute's Epigraphic and Architectural Survey at Luxor. Charles Francis Nims, Research Associate at the Oriental Institute, notably in Demotic Studies.



Fig. 14. Karnak: temple relief; detail of loose granite block, north of Pylon X, from the doorway



Fig. 15. Karnak: temple relief, expanded offering scene; with cartouches of Horemhab



Fig. 16. Karnak: east of Festival Temple, granite fragment of Tuthmosis III obelisk



Fig. 17. Karnak: obelisk relief fragment lying north of aisle between Pylons III and IV, east face

book by Baron Schwaller de Lubicz and pointed out the obvious facts which had led to the Baron's conclusions. On leaving I met a pleasant young Frenchman who accompanied me and Robichon to Chevrier's house. Chevrier, however, was busy taking people around the temple, so I merely left my card. A bit late for tea at Chicago House; then visited Zakaria Goneim, chief inspector for Upper Egypt, who had a nice house with offices near the Oriental Institute. He told me what they were doing at Luxor and also discussed my trip with me. He was writing an article about the destruction caused in the tombs on the West Side; it will appear in the *Annales*. His men were excavating the tomb of Mentuemhat where, shortly before the War, a number of reliefs were hacked out. Back to Chicago House for dinner and work in the library.

January 19

Off to Karnak in the morning; gradually working through to the Festival Temple of Tuthmosis III, identifying a number of Marburg photographs, but mainly looking and admiring. Zakaria Goneim turned up with a party. Back to Chicago House for lunch, then again to Karnak: Dynasty XII Court and the Festival Temple, and the view from the top of Pylon I. Tried to find Chevrier, again, in vain. After supper worked in the library.

January 20

Up at six, breakfast at 6:30, and shortly after seven went with Fred Husson by car to the Luxor Hotel to meet Miss Natacha Rambova and M. Piankoff. On behalf of the Bollingen Foundation, they were preparing the publication of the tomb of Ramesses VI. Fred was the photographer, a nice young fellow, who was staying at Chicago House and doing his darkroom work there.

Miss Rambova had a little dog who came along for the boat trip to the West Side. The man rowing us had a hard time, since the river near the West Bank was very shallow, but he made it through. Then we got into Miss Rambova's station wagon that had been parked in its "garage," a van-like structure built from packing crates, near the river. We drove through the villages, past Carter's house to the Valley of the Kings (Fig. 18), picking up several Egyptians along the way. We arrived at about 8:30. Fred and the Egyptians took the photographic equipment inside; Piankoff explained to me some of the reliefs, then I



Fig. 18. Valley of the Kings (Biban el-Moluk)

took off on my own with one of Fred's gasoline lamps, since the electric current was not switched on until 9:00.

Visited one tomb after another, admiring, gazing, but taking no notes for lack of time. I was impressed most by the preservation of the colors, the cutting of some reliefs, and the enormous skill in carving out the subterranean chambers, with galleries, tunnels and pillars. Some of the deepest rooms were cathedral-like, with the ceiling thirty- to forty-feet high. In between tombs I met Mme. Robichon taking a party of ladies around and the French painter from Aswan, who told me that there was a letter for me at his hotel. I received it later that evening; it was from Keimer. Lunched with Fred in the open, outside of the rather disappointing tomb of King Tut.

After lunch the Valley was officially closed to visitors; the current went off. Therefore I persuaded one of the men to go with me and carry Fred's gasoline lamp. The last of the tombs, that of Tuthmosis III, was the most rewarding of the trip: first, up the steep mountain side, then down into a crevice over an iron ladder, down some rock-cut steps, and finally deep, deep down into the mountain side,

where lay halls and corridors of vast dimensions. It was incredible how all the cut-away rock debris could have been brought out of the earth from such a location.

When we emerged from the depths, the guard and I had a cigarette outside his hut which permitted him to watch one of the mountain accesses to the Valley. The hut was a primitive stone shelter with a straw mat to sit on—that was all he had. Then I took off on my own for a climb to the top of the mountain from which one looked directly over the Deir el-Bahri Temple. Wonderful view to the east and south. On the plateau were the remains of vast prehistoric stone tool workshops. Back to Biban el-Moluk; some chat with the soldier on guard and one of the Antiquities *ghafirs*. Presently the other members of our party emerged from their tomb and the equipment was taken back to the car. We drove to the river, embarking in a small boat, crossing the sand bank on foot, with more people carrying equipment (including a cute child) than there were pieces to be carried; embarked on another *felucca* which had to be poled upstream and rowed across because there was no wind. The sunset a dream of color and light; talk of many things—and Miss Rambova invited me for a trip to Edfu and Esna. Back to Chicago House by wagon with Fred. Tea—the John Wilsons. Long talk with Evelyn Perkins. Supper at seven. Today's mail: a letter from Janssen and a message from Stoppelaere about my stay on the West Side. *Tout va bien*.

January 21

Up not too early, breakfasted, to Karnak in the wonderful morning air. Visit to M. and Mme. Henri Chevrier. After a few minutes' talk in their house, he took me through the Temple in his jeep, thence into the restricted area. There I particularly admired the beautiful Middle Kingdom Sanctuary he had rebuilt from blocks extracted from the Third Pylon (Fig. 19). In the area around it lay hundreds and hundreds of other blocks found in that Pylon, and those of dark granite and quartzite had been placed very neatly on specially constructed brick walls about twenty inches off the ground, so that they were easier to study. He gave the guards strict orders to let me in at any time. Next he took me to Pylon II, which we climbed, and M. Chevrier explained the work he was doing there: very sensible and a fine piece of engineering. Caissons of concrete were being filled with sand which he sank below the bottom of the annual infiltration to support the Pylon. He also showed me the other magazine, where the small limestone blocks and the Amarna blocks were kept. Then, when I was on



Fig. 19. Karnak: Sesostris I sanctuary, rebuilt by Henri Chevrier (1897–1974)

my own and working near Pylon X, I met M. Alexandre Varille *à la tête déformée*, who was racing his car through the Temple. Back to Chicago House for lunch, and on returning to Karnak at 2:00 I saw two wild cats, or caracals,³⁴ playing in the upper parts of Pylon II. More work, palaver with the guard behind the Festival Temple, the Sacred Lake with ducks on it, then all by myself in the magazine with the limestone blocks. When I returned to Chicago House the BOAC Flying Boat Alexandria–Khartoum circled the Thebais gracefully and came down on the Nile, a wonderful sight against the setting sun.

In the evening I dined with A. Varille at the Luxor Hotel, later C. Robichon joined us. Had a hard time getting back into Chicago House at 11:40.

January 22

Up early and with Fred by car to the Luxor Hotel embankment where we met Miss Rambova and M. and Mme. Piankoff (Fig. 20). Crossed by boat to the

³⁴ The caracal is a kind of lynx, known to Egyptologists through an article by L. Keimer in *ASAE* 48 (1948), pp. 373–90, ill.

MY FIRST VISIT

West Side where we took Miss Rambova's car out of its "garage." Then the long drive to Esna, past the Pyramid of el-Kola on which the dust was overwhelming, but the sight of the villages and people and animals was certainly fascinating. We stopped at Esna and descended to the Temple, which lay much deeper than the surrounding houses of the town (Fig. 21). A huge crowd collected about us and there, right on the street, were a number of weavers making colored woolen shawls. The temple was well preserved, though the ceiling was deeply blackened. The variety of ornate capitals, for which the columns are so well known, was remarkable. Back to the car and on to Edfu along the narrow embankment between canal and fields of which, for the most part, the road consists. There were all sorts of hazards: human beings, donkeys heavily laden, camels, chickens, dogs, and lambs. As I noticed later on the way back, when I was driving, they were all unpredictable in their reactions to an approaching car.

The Temple at Edfu, on the edge of the town, was still surrounded on two sides by the remains of the ancient *kom*. A gate opened to the court in the back, through which we drove around to the front of the temple. It was an impressive



Fig. 20. Bernard V. Bothmer (1912–1993), Mr. Alexandre Piankoff (1897–1966), Mrs. Piankoff, Natacha Rambova (1897–1966). Photograph by Fred Husson

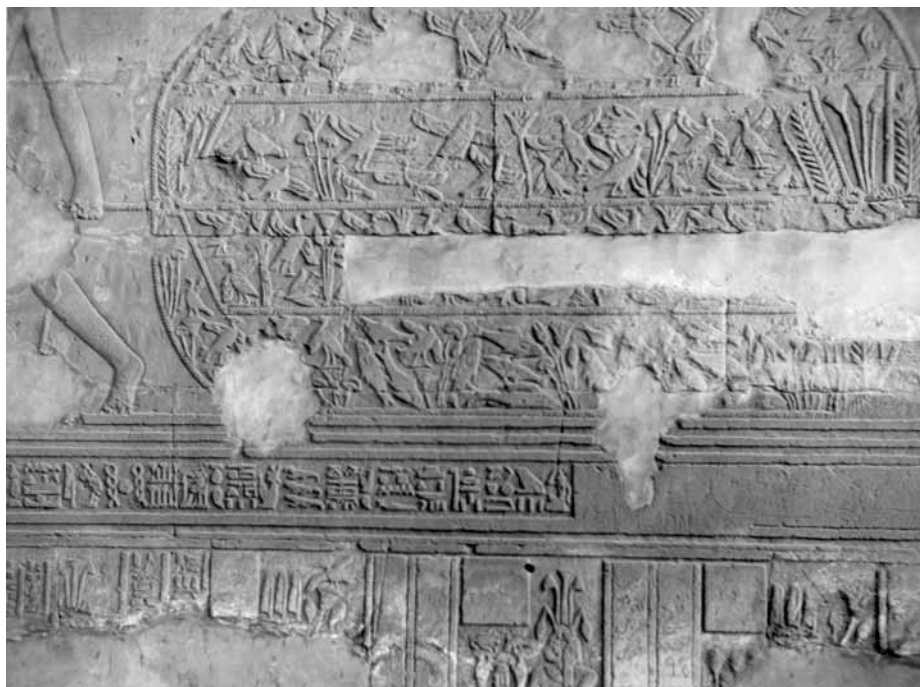


Fig. 21. Esna: Temple of Khnum, fowling scene in raised relief, north wall, center, lower register

building, wonderfully preserved. Thousands of wasps buzzed about in the forecourt, where the sun shone, as well as on the outer walls. We walked through the Temple (Fig. 22), climbed up to the roof, which was in part surrounded by a wall, and then had our lunch on top of the rooms on the east side, protected from the wind but still in the sun. Afterwards more gazing and wandering about, until we took off again, with me at the wheel. We first called on the local antiquities dealer, who had a great deal of rubbish, and on his grandson, an albino, one of many I noticed in Egypt. The visit took us almost an hour, but Sayed Molattam, the stately Arab whom Miss Rambova brought along for the trip, because he knew the way and was a dealer himself (outside the Luxor Hotel), did some business and bought a few appalling *shawabtis*.

While we waited to leave, Piankoff told me of Keimer's dealings (with Tano and others), and this, besides the stories about his visits to the *Bisharin*, which I had heard from Robichon and Naville, just about rounded out the picture of that talented and strangely involved personality. Because of the livestock coming home in the afternoon, we had a long drive back to the West Side at



Fig. 22. Edfu: Temple of Horus, central naos

Thebes. Then we again took the boat, walked across the sandbank, and after the sun had set were rowed back to Luxor. At Chicago House, Joseph Lindon Smith and Corinna came to tea. They had been given Emery's house at Saqqara, plus servants and transportation, after March 1st and invited me to stay there as their guest for as long as I liked.

Corinna had been active on behalf of the planned American Research Center in Egypt and had taken it very much into her own hands. She said it was already fixed that the Director's salary could be had from the Fulbright Fund (I wondered how), that they had wired Edward Forbes³⁵ to intervene in Washington (the Fulbright Fund preferred to channel all American cultural activities of that sort through the American University in Cairo), and that she had refused to put up Miss Elizabeth Thomas³⁶ at Saqqara, since their guestroom was "my" room. She also mentioned that she had heard "only good things" about me in Cairo. Oh my!

January 23

Went in the morning with Douglas Champion, the English draughtsman of Chicago House, and Fred Husson of Miss Rambova's team by boat to the West Side, guided by the silent and so efficient Mr. Healey, the engineer of Chicago House: then with the old Chicago station wagon to Medinet Habu. Doug started on his work while I wandered about the Temple. Some of the scenes were well preserved in all the details of the carving as well as of the polychromy. The gate and the buildings were very imposing and gave a good impression of their former grandeur. Ridiculous incident in the Nilometer, where I walked right into the well, deceived by a reflection where light entered further away through a hole in a roofing stone. Thence walked all around the north and west sides of the Temple and the high brick walls with built-in rooms.

Climbing across the west wall I struck out for the valley of Deir el-Medineh where the beautifully situated French House overlooked the neat arrangement of tombs and workmen's quarters (Fig. 23). The whole place was well tidied up; there was not a pebble on the paths. I called on M. Bernard Bruyère, the director

³⁵ Edward Forbes was President of the Board of Trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and an old friend of the J. L. Smiths and Dows Dunham.

³⁶ Elizabeth Thomas was the daughter of the head of the American Mission. She later became a good Egyptian scholar and died in Princeton, N.J., in 1986.



Fig. 23. Deir el-Medineh, facing west

of the French excavations at Deir el-Medineh, a very kind and civil elderly gentleman. Černý and Posener were not there, but in Luxor. So I said I would be back in two days, whereupon M. Bruyère invited me for lunch on my next visit. I saw the little temple at Deir el-Medineh and headed for the Ramesseum, passing an enormous pit. I could not see to the bottom, but heard that it was almost forty meters deep. It was being excavated by rows of boys and men bringing up the sand. Boys bringing water on donkeys passed, then I came to the Ramesseum, where right outside the gate the most appalling forgeries were being offered. I admired the fallen colossus, some reliefs, the building itself—otherwise there was very little of interest. Then past the few remains of the temples of Tuthmosis IV and Merenptah, and back to the Ramesseum where I studied it inside. Some talk with Doug at Medinet Habu who showed me the work he was doing. Later we went back to the river by car, where the launch met us and took us back to Chicago House. Lunch, then worked in the library on notes for the weeks to come.

January 24

Up at six and in the Karnak Temple by seven to photograph a block before the sun struck it, but in vain: the sun was not high enough at this time of year. Later I photographed the limestone fragments in front of Pylon VII (north side) and studied the hundreds of fragments lined up on the south side of the First Court and south and east of the Sesostris Shrine. At ten met Robichon and his assistant at the Monthu Precinct where Robichon showed me their work. Towards eleven, Varille arrived and took me on a tour, pointing out various things which fit his theories but nevertheless made one think. He drove me back to Chicago House in his car. Lunch and some writing, then into town to buy provisions for the Elkab trip. On the way back I passed the shop of Sayed Molattam who had gone with us to Edfu on the 22nd; his place was next to the entrance of the Luxor Hotel. Coffee and talk, and looked at his things, but he did not have anything important. The “good” pieces (sculpture) were all forgeries. Back to Chicago House by carriage; three officials were there for tea. Corinna Smith, being the center of attention, created some grumbling in other quarters. I met M. Daumas, who was working at Dendera—a very pleasant fellow whom I hope to see again at Quft, for the trip to Deir el-Ballas and Dendera. Had a drink with Fred before dinner and afterwards went to the station to meet Hassan Bey Fathy, who did not show up, but I ran into the French painter from Aswan again. His name was Abel Gerbaud, and I was to call him up when I went to Paris.

January 25

At 7:30 with the Hugheses, Nimses, John Wilsons, Dr. Ricardo Caminos³⁷ and two ladies from the American Mission by boat to the West Side; then by station wagon to the old Metropolitan Museum House where we met the *ghafirs* who would take us deep into the tomb of Petamenophis. It lay next to the tomb of Mentuemhat, where the two real accesses to the inner chambers were sealed. Then I walked by myself over to the French House at Deir el-Medineh where, nearby, Mme. Bruyère operated her dispensary. A lot of native (“Arab”) women, as distinguished from “Egyptian,” i.e. townspeople, were sitting about

³⁷ Ricardo Caminos (1915–1992), Argentine-American Egyptologist; specialized in hieratic palaeography and epigraphy. Hassan Bey Fathy was the architect of New Qurnah Village.

MY FIRST VISIT

and chattering loudly. The French and Egyptian flags hung side by side; the terrace had flowers and cactus plants. I met Messrs. Posener and Černý; long discussion of the Sheikh Farag pottery text of which I had brought photographs. (See Feb. 13.)

Then lunch with Posener and Černý, M. and Mme. Bernard Bruyère, and M. J. Haggar, the finance officer of the *Institut Français* in Cairo whom I had already met at Robichon's. Pleasant conversation, mutual photographing (Fig. 24). M. Haggar took me in his car to the New Qurnah Village, then under construction, where we met Hassan Bey Fathy, the architect of the project. Coffee and small talk, and when the question of my stay on the West Bank came up, he showed me a wonderful house. I could move in and merely pay for my meals. The lodging was free. It looked marvelous and I arranged to come over at the beginning of February. Back to the East Side by boat.

Tea and supper; work in the library. Fred had developed four of my films, for which I was very grateful.

P.S. The site which I took for the Temple of Merenptah the other day was actually no longer visible, but there were two standing colossi of Amenhotep III which must have been on the transverse axis, facing north, now toppled over



Fig. 24. Jaroslav Černý (1898–1970), M. J. Haggar, Bernard Bruyère (1879–1971), Georges Posener (1906–1988), and Bernard V. Bothmer (1912–1993). Photographer not known

and broken. The east colossus seemed well preserved, but most of the face had been covered by water. The place was a mudhole, partly in the cultivated land. It was excavated a year ago.

Shortly before supper Professor Allen of Robert College, Turkey, came to Chicago House with a note for me from Georgia Martinou. Allen was a friend of hers and Ahmed Monasterli. We talked for a few minutes; he admired Chicago House greatly—and he was right.

January 26

As always happened when I had to get up early, I could hardly sleep, and a mosquito helped to keep me awake. Up at 4:00. I took two of the blankets and rolled them up in a canvas cover which Miss Perkins had loaned me, packed the rest of my stuff for the trip to Elkab, and when I went into the garden there was *Reis* Ibrahim already waiting for me, and outside the gate stood a horse-drawn carriage which he had ordered. The night did not seem so very cold, but as we drove through the quiet streets to the station a wind came up and pretty soon I really felt it. Ibrahim decided that I should go in second class; he bought my ticket, brought me to the right platform and then revealed that the train would be one hour late. I sat there on the platform in the dark until an invasion of farmers with their bundles descended on my bench and forced me to withdraw. I walked up and down and watched them as they talked, sang, slept, relieved themselves, and finally at 6 a.m. said their prayers. Soon afterwards the train arrived. I had a compartment to myself and even managed to sleep for about an hour.

Finally, after eight, we arrived at el-Mahamid where the *reis* of the Belgian-Dutch Mission at Elkab (formerly with the Harvard University–Museum of Fine Arts Expedition, one of Reisner's men), met me with a donkey. My first experience of riding one. Not bad. I loaded my satchel and the bundle with the blankets on the saddlehorn in front of me, and off we went, towards the tombs. After about ten minutes the *ghafir* of Elkab appeared and stayed with us from then on. At the tombs the donkey's forefeet were tied together. I worked there for about an hour. It was still cold and my old U.S. Army overcoat was very useful. Then we set out across the desert plain for the Ptolemaic Temple and the Chapel of Thoth (Figs. 25–26), situated at the top of a promontory not far from where the wide *wady* opens into the valley from the east. The mouth of the



Fig. 25. Elkab: Ptolemaic temple



Fig. 26. Elkab: chapel of Thoth

wady was divided into two equal parts by a large rock, past which we rode, until on the right we sighted Messrs. Josef Janssen and Arpag Mekhitarian copying graffiti. A scene ensued rather like "Dr. Livingston, I presume." Both were very nice. Dr. Janssen took me to the small temple of Amenhotep III which lay five minutes farther up the *wady* (Fig. 27). The *ghafir* came with us since he had the keys. Relief and colors were very well preserved. I heard that Mekhitarian was planning to take color photographs. Janssen and Mekhitarian continued their work, copying and photographing the rock carvings and inscriptions, which they had already numbered with white chalk; they had recorded about three hundred.

Meanwhile, I returned to the high solitary rock at the mouth of the *wady*, one side of which was also covered with graffiti, and climbed to the top, the last part of the path consisting of rock-cut steps. A wonderful view from there! On my return the three of us sat down in the shade for lunch. Then the *reis* and the *ghafir* put my satchel, bedding and overcoat on the donkey to lead it to the house. Janssen and Mekhitarian continued with their work, while I climbed up the hill on the north side of which they were working. From the top I saw two men passing on donkeys. Later I learned that one of them was the chief *ghafir* from Edfu who was making his annual inspection of the region. As far as I could see, the rock inscriptions and graffiti date from pre-historic times to the end of the New Kingdom. There may have been about eight hundred of them.

Shortly before 3:00 we walked toward the ancient town wall, but by then a strong wind had developed into a small storm, and after nearly reaching the middle of the plain the dust became very hard to bear. We passed some wet spots where there were puddles of salty water. Further on was a new canal, still empty, which ran alongside the big wall of Elkab (west of the railroad tracks), which was propped up with masonry to prevent the brick work from collapsing when water was brought in. We climbed the wall and walked along it on the east and north sides. Mekhitarian pointed out the layout, the Old Kingdom cemetery which Quibell had worked at, and other features. Then we crossed over to the temple which Mekhitarian explained in detail (Fig. 25). Poor Dr. Janssen was always falling behind and struggling with the wind. On the whole, the temple site was poor, and because of its exposure to wind, sand, and the strong vegetation, was messy. The apparently fortified monastery built into the west part of the south section looked interesting.



Fig. 27. Elkab: Temple of Amenhotep III, lion relief

Mekhitarian was greeted by many children, always shaking hands. He spoke Arabic fluently and, although he had lived most of his life in Belgium, he had an Egyptian passport. A visit to the little magazine next to the *reis*' poor abode revealed the remaining big lion of Sety I(?), some Late sculpture, but nothing of real interest to me. Meanwhile, the chief *ghafir* from Edfu, the old local *ghafir* and the *ghafir* whom I had met in the morning had gathered, and we were invited for tea, which we took on a bench outside the *reis*'s house. We were still almost blinded by the dust storm, which in a minute covered the surface of the tea with floating matter. Finally we took our leave, and walking in a southerly

direction between temple site and river we reached the Ptolemaic *quai* which was still well preserved.

It took us almost an hour to reach Somers Clarke's house, then owned by the *Service*, which stood at a point where the desert rock met the river. It looked majestic, all built of local brickwork, sand-gray, and the view over the site of Elkab on one side and over the river on the other was quite extraordinary. The rooms, mostly bare, had very high ceilings.

I took a sort of standing bath in Mr. Clarke's tub. Later we had supper from the provisions I had brought along, and much talk. Both Mekhitarian and Janssen were extremely agreeable. The latter told me how he fell into the pit in Ay's tomb at Amarna three years before and broke both his legs. I slept *very* soundly on the bare mattress in my room, with two blankets from Chicago House and one which Janssen loaned me, plus my Army overcoat. Thank goodness I had brought it along.

January 27

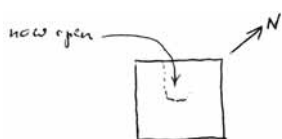
Up at six, and at seven Mekhitarian, Janssen, the *reis* and I crossed the river in a fresh breeze. Since the patchwork *felucca* could not quite reach the opposite bank, the boatman and his helper carried us ashore on their shoulders. They did not seem to mind the icy morning. The colors were wonderful: the sun, the various shades of green, the desert so close on both sides. The West Bank had a strip of fertile land about two hundred yards wide. Incidentally, the *reis*, Sharrid Mansoor, had worked first for Reisner, then for Junker, then for Drs. Nelson and Uvo Hölscher, and finally for Jean Capart. I understood that he had a fabulous memory and, although he could neither read nor write, never made a single mistake in the workers' payrolls or in the data about days and hours they had worked.

We crossed the cultivation about halfway until we hit the road and waited there for the 8:00 bus, which was about twenty minutes late. This was the same road on which we had driven to Edfu last Sunday. The bus was not too full; the three of us sat in first class, the *reis* in second class. At el-Kola we descended and studied the pyramid (Fig. 28) intensely for about two hours.³⁸ It certainly presented a puzzle. How Borchardt could have been so far off in his measurements was really incredible. Then we went for another bus to take us south again to Kom el-Ahmar (Hierakonpolis), which name, however, was not known locally. The nearby village was called el-Mo'isât. The "Protodynastic Fort" was most



Fig. 28. El-Kola pyramid

³⁸ Bothmer's Note of 1/27/50, el-Kola: Wilbour, in *Travels* (1936), p. 109, likens el-Kola to "a miniature Step Pyramid."



"Information from notes of Prof. Borchardt:"

Superstructure: rubble-layer mastaba

three steps

13.5 x 12m. wrong: 19 x 19m.

area 162 sq. m.

Substructure: unknown

Reisner thinks it may be of Dyn. II or III

– Wilbour and Maspero opened the N side of the pyr. in order to find the chamber or the pit, but without result. The pyr. is built on solid rock, and the blocks have been cut from rock layers around the pyr. Thieves cut a hole on the S side of the pyr. and had begun to dig a tunnel through the solid rock (very hard sandstone-limestone).



– See article in *Chronique d'Egypte* 49 (Jan. 1950)

Present height 10m.

Messrs. Capart and Mekhitarian have cleared the surrounding of the pyr. (1945) without photographing a trace of a chamber, passage or pit. They even cut away the upper layer of rock. About 80 m. to the W of the pyr. the desert looks as if there had been a cemetery, but it may be of any (perhaps Arabic) date—*no* potsherds. The stone blocks are not of regular shape, but are placed in even layers.

impressive (Figs. 29–30). There were still thousands and thousands of potsherds lying around. By the time we reached the site the local *ghafir* and the inspecting *ghafir* from Edfu had come up: introductions, handshakes, then they stayed with us for the rest of the day. Incidentally, we had to wait for more than an hour for the bus to el-Mo'isât. Had a long talk with the Abbé Janssen, who became quite heated about the Dutch colonies and the new Indonesian Republic.

After the Fort, we visited the small rock tombs of Kom el-Ahmar, which lay around a little court with brickwork on the east side. The colors were still surprisingly fresh. The hill was quite low; we walked around on the south side and then headed west for the New Kingdom tombs halfway up a much higher hill. There we ate our lunch, inspected the tombs, and climbed around the hill. There was evidence of some sort of settlement on the south side, many well-preserved potsherds. We walked back east to the road and continued south for almost an hour through the beautiful afternoon scenery. People on the roadside were matting broad strips of palmleaf fiber, about eight inches wide. They looked like straps for saddles perhaps.



Fig. 29. Kom el-Ahmar (Hierakonpolis): the fort, inside, "east" wall with entrance (right)



Fig. 30. Kom el-Ahmar (Hierakonpolis): the fort, from the west, with traces of white paint

When we got back to the Nile bank where we had started out in the morning, the *felucca* was nowhere in sight. It was by then almost 5:00, but after much shouting from the *reis*, it set out from the opposite bank. As there was no wind, the man had to row and it took nearly an hour for us to reach Somers Clarke's house. The cook, who had been to Luxor since yesterday morning, had returned and we had an excellent tea and later on, supper. Much talk until about midnight; Mekhitarian told us about the Fondation Egyptologique Reine Elisabeth in Brussels, which he seemed to run himself.

January 28 [Back to Luxor]

Up at seven, leisurely breakfast, then by donkey to the nearest railroad stop. It was south of the house and took us about three-quarters of an hour to get there, but it was nearer than el-Mahamid. The station master had run out of tickets, but I paid the conductor before we reached el-Mahamid, where the *reis* got off. Nice trip to Luxor; by carriage to Chicago House, where a lot of mail was waiting for me. Meanwhile, Miss Dorothy Ginger had arrived; later she would be going to India by plane—for just five days—to stay with the Aga Khan and his Begum. I also heard that Bill and Mrs. Young had asked for me, and after lunch they came to see Chicago House and went to Karnak with Dr. Nelson. Young had been ill in Cairo for a few days; he went to Aswan, and he was staying at Luxor for another night. Before tea I called on Zakaria Goneim, who mentioned that he might visit the Davies's house on the West Bank for a few days and wanted me to stay there, too. He also said that he had found a room in the tomb of Mentuemhat which was full "to the brim" with Late Period coffins "and other material." Too much to be handled now; so he had had the room sealed. It was the one I saw the other day; at least I saw the sealed door.

At teatime Professor Girgis Mattha [the Egyptian demotist] appeared with a lot of students. He even remembered that we had once met and had our pictures taken together, back in 1933 in Berlin. He looked well and seemed most lively. He stayed for dinner. During the meal I listened to Tim Healey's stories of the days when he was in the Desert Survey, of the Camel Corps and its famous trackers. After dinner Charles Nims showed his color slides.

MY FIRST VISIT

January 29

Breakfast at eight; then to the Luxor Hotel, where I met the Youngs before they left for the West Side. Alexandre Varille was still in bed, but I hoped he would be able to meet Young in the afternoon. Large purchase of photographs at Gaddis's (ex- Gaddis & Seif). Then to the Luxor Temple, where Joseph Lindon Smith was painting, and I had a long talk with Corinna, mostly about the planned American Research Center in Egypt. John Wilson, the Director *pro tem*, had not done anything to have it incorporated. Importance of getting Egyptians interested. While Dick Parker was Field Director in Luxor, for instance, no Egyptian was ever there to make use of the library of Chicago House. John D. Cooney's name came up as that of someone who would be very good as an organizing director in Cairo. While we were talking, a high-ranking official of the Ministry of Education came up and talked to the Smiths. Back to Chicago House with the Smiths by carriage.

After lunch, worked in the library until 4:00, then to the Luxor Hotel to meet the Youngs. At five they returned from the West Side and we had tea together with Varille, who wanted to have an analysis made of tools he had found in his excavation of the temple of Amenhotep son of Hapu, which had been used in the sculpting of Sakhmet statues. Varille said that those statues were unfinished; that there were lots of polishing stones, bits of granite, and quantities of granite powder, looking like ashes, imbedded in which he had found those tools. He also mentioned that there was plenty of evidence in Biban el-Moluk that the tools employed in dressing the tomb walls were strong and sharp enough to cut right through the flint pieces embedded in the softer limestone. At six we parted company; the Youngs were taking off the same evening for Cairo. Varille drove me in his car to Zakaria Goneim's office, where we looked at maps and had coffee. Then back to Chicago House; later worked in the library.

January 30

In the morning I worked in the library to bring my notes on the Theban tombs up to date. The Hugheses, Wilson, Caminos, and I went by car to the local bank, where we changed some money. This involved a visit to the manager's office, talk, coffee, and more talk. Afterwards did some shopping and returned

by car. More work in the library. In the afternoon I went to Karnak and worked until 4:30, mostly in Chevrier's magazines.

Back to Chicago House for tea, a bath, and then to the Luxor Hotel to see Varille. He showed me his amazing system of photo registration which was really extraordinarily well thought out. Then he took me to meet the Baron and Baroness R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz, and the daughter of the Baroness, Mlle. Lucie Lamy, who showed me her drawings of the sculpture and reliefs of the Luxor Temple, perhaps the most precise and detailed work of that kind I had ever seen. Everything had been measured and recorded for her to draw. Two visitors dropped by, and Varille took me back to Chicago House by car, where I found a sandwich in my room, since dinner was already over. Later worked in the library and wrote a few letters.

January 31

During the morning, sunny and cold as usual in these weeks at Luxor, I worked in the library to get my topography of the Theban necropolis straight for the days to come. In between was the problem of buying adequate blankets, and towards lunch time a man showed up whom Ibrahim had summoned; he had some nice blankets and I bought two that looked warm. After lunch worked some more; then went off to town to buy a number of things that I would need for the next few days on the West Side. In passing I saw that one of the dealers to the east of Luxor Hotel entrance had several Naga ed-Deir stelae with much of the color preserved. At the station I jotted down the train connections as far as Girga. Back to the house for tea, then letter writing, and in the evening more work in the library.

February 1

In the morning, with one suitcase full of stuff for the next few days, I took off for the West Side. Fred drove me and Doug in Miss Rambova's station wagon to the New Qurnah Village of Hassan Bey Fathy. He was still in Cairo, and when we got there his assistant was in the shower. I just left my stuff there and went on with Fred to Medinet Habu (Fig. 31) where he dropped Doug and me, while he drove on to Biban el-Moluk. It was still very cold, and the sun was hidden behind clouds. I finished the inspection of the temple and of the palace



Fig. 31. Medinet Habu: south side

on the south side, climbed up the south side part of the First Pylon, took notes on the alabaster bench (Fig. 32)³⁹ in the First Court, and then set out in a southerly direction.

The first site was the Palace of Amenhotep III, of which nothing but a few low brick walls remained. Farther south the temple of Amenhotep son of Hapu, much larger but in the same condition, except for some limestone column bases.⁴⁰ Here the mass of broken pottery was quite large, with a few samples of blue-painted ware typical of that period. The *ghafir* followed me at every step but got discouraged when I set out for the desert. On the low hills below el-Qorn were masses of silex pebbles, large and small; even a few worked pieces were easy to find.

Climbing down the hill I returned to Medinet Habu, and fifteen minutes later Tim Healey came to pick up Doug, but he also took me to the New

³⁹ The alabaster bench is now in the Luxor Museum (no. 49 in the Museum catalog).

⁴⁰ What was taken to be the funerary temple of Amenhotep son of Hapu to the north was actually part of the palace of Amenhotep III.



Fig. 32. Medinet Habu: alabaster bench, first court, south side of Second Pylon, front; now in Luxor Museum, no. 49



Fig. 33. Deir el-Bahri: Dynasty XI temple, two Middle Kingdom black granite statues of Sesostris III

Qurnah Village. There I found Mr. George Habib, who had quartered me in a small room in the main complex, next to the bathroom on a very nice courtyard. He asked me when I wanted to eat, get up, have my breakfast. As I unpacked some of my things, I found that the “bed” was a mattress on a low mud bench, the same type of masonry of which all these houses were built. A small window faced south, and a few more, very small windows were set in the cupola that formed the roof. At lunch (pigeon, rice, vegetable, salad, tangerine), I was at first alone, ceremoniously served in the small sitting–dining room with fireplace where Hassan Bey Fathy received me the other day. Then Youssef Fuad Khalil joined me, and just as I got through lunch, Gahlan Hassan, the donkey boy, arrived and took me to Deir el-Bahri, where I worked until 5:00, first on the XIth Dynasty temple (Fig. 33), then that of Hatshepsut. The visit to the tomb of Mentuhotep III was a really wonderful adventure.

At the Hatshepsut temple the half-finished work was quite a mess; blocks were lying around everywhere, and how M. Baraize could keep track of the small pieces was beyond me. Because of its topography, and the sun setting behind the mountain, the temple was already quite dark when I left. Gahlan had been waiting for me all that time. As we returned, the donkey went much faster. The evening scenery was still one of the loveliest things to be seen here; also at this time of the day the light was very good. When I got off the donkey and gave Gahlan his 20 *piastres* for half a day, he began a long argument, until I finally told him I would not take the donkey the next day if he was not satisfied. In the house I found M. and Mme. Jean Doresse who had come to see me, and we had tea with Youssef Fuad. They were living in the old Metropolitan Museum House; he was a Coptic scholar, working at that time on monasteries all over Egypt. She had been in charge of the Egyptian objects of the Musée Guimet in Paris and she, together with them, had been inherited by the Louvre.⁴¹ They invited me for lunch the next day. Supper with Youssef, who first played Egyptian records, then Mozart and Offenbach. Later he withdrew and left me to my notes and letters.

⁴¹ The Musée Guimet Egyptian objects were transferred to the Louvre, but not catalogued until recently.

February 2

Up at six, breakfast at 6:35; and at seven in the cold with Gahlan's donkey to Deir el-Bahri. The boy took off with instructions to return at five. First the XIth Dynasty temple to take some photographs, then did the same at the Hatshepsut temple (Figs. 34–38), though the sun was still very low and hidden behind morning clouds. Afterwards I explored a tomb to the south of the XIth Dynasty temple, which had a small court formed by a brick wall (Fig. 39). A mummified arm lay in the court, and more human remains were inside but no decoration on the walls.

Crossing the width of the valley of Deir el-Bahri a tomb became visible in a little depression to the north of the Hatshepsut wall of the lowest terrace. It was closed by a wooden door which, however, was not locked and opened on a long sloping passage filled with debris. Going down I had the funny feeling that nobody would know where I was if anything happened to me.

Then I climbed up to the XIth Dynasty nobles' tombs, which I followed from west to east up to the path to Biban el-Moluk. Most of the tombs were



Fig. 34. Deir el-Bahri: temple of Hatshepsut



Fig. 35. Deir el-Bahri: temple of Hatshepsut, southern hall, offerings, north wall, bottom register



Fig. 36. Deir el-Bahri: temple of Hatshepsut, left of granite door-jamb of sanctuary, upper court, west wall. The queen is wearing the vulture cap

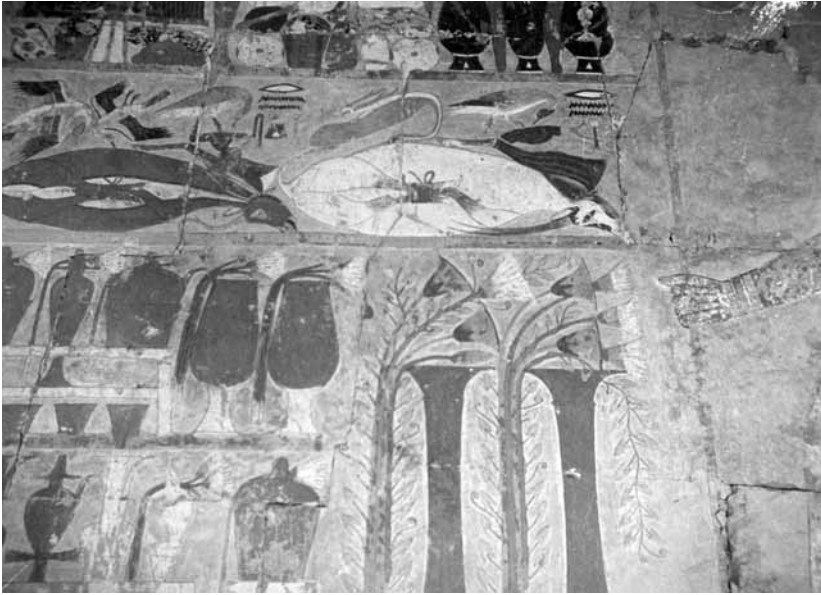


Fig. 37. Deir el-Bahri: temple of Hatshepsut, the blood-spurting relief, shrine of Anubis



Fig. 38. Deir el-Bahri: temple of Hatshepsut, Hathor capitals in the first hall



Fig. 39. Deir el-Bahri: Dynasty XI tombs, second and third west of the footpath to the Valley of the Kings (Biban el Moluk)

blocked by piled-up rocks, but almost all of them had been entered by removing the top layer of stones.

It was a little after 11:00 when I went down, past Cook's Rest House where an "antika" dealer pestered me, and I crossed over to the Asasif where a few men and boys seemed to be continuing the excavation of tomb no. 34 (Mentuemhat) (Figs. 40–43). As I saw later, they had been trying to clear the rubble out of room Y on my plan, but there were not enough of them, and the work seemed to be done haphazardly. When I tried to enter the tomb, the *reis* and various bystanders explained to me that it could only be done with special permission from Zakaria Bey Goneim, and when I asked them to open some other tombs for me, either they did not know where they were or claimed that a special permit was necessary.

Finally I heard that he was expected soon anyway, and just as I turned to go to el-Khokhah he arrived by car at the north gate of the no. 34 complex. He was with some Americans who were going to make a movie for the Government; one of them, in a wildly colored California beach shirt, asked for more



Fig. 40. Thebes: tomb no. 34, Mentuemhat, first court, facing east with entrance to room Y and niches 3 (right) and 4 (left)

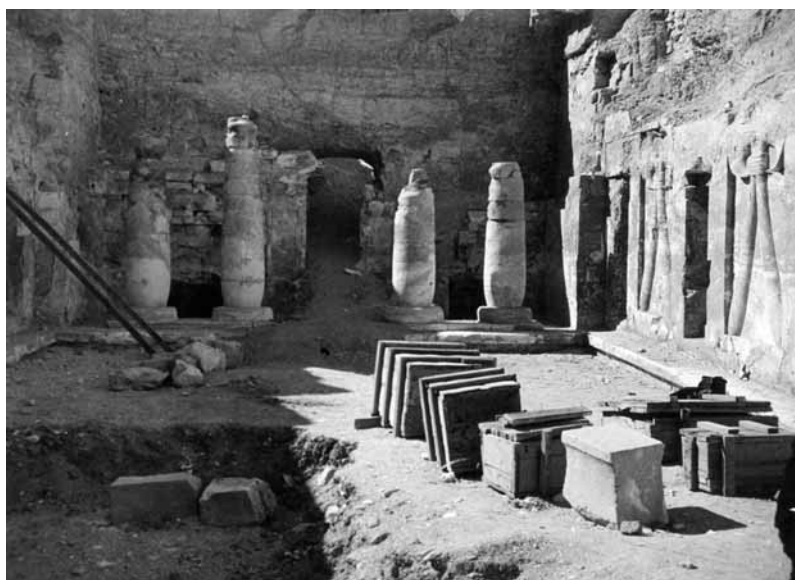


Fig. 41. Thebes: tomb of Mentuemhat, first (east) court facing west towards archway and second court

men to be used in the next few days when they were shooting pictures—he mentioned fifty—which was obviously too many for such a small place.

After they departed Zakaria showed me around and took me down to the tomb. Magically, coffee appeared from nowhere; he took my picture with his new Czech reflex camera and told me that he had just found a quantity of antiquities in Luxor, with many pieces cut out of the Theban tombs in the last decade or so. In pulling down houses north of the Luxor Temple, a building was evacuated; when the owner came to ask for back rent from a tenant, he found that the man had meanwhile been committed to an asylum and was no longer living there. The owner got a warrant to attach the man's property on the premises, and thus a room full of antiquities was discovered.

I lunched with the Doresse couple, who were living under primitive conditions in the old Metropolitan Museum House. He had made some excavations and was very hopeful for future enterprises of that kind, as he thought things could be arranged advantageously for a foreign backer. During the afternoon I worked in the Saite tombs of the Asasif; the *ghafir* had special orders from Zakaria to cooperate, which he grudgingly did. After five I returned to the New Qurnah by donkey. Friends of George Habib dropped in for tea: Mr. Maurice



Fig. 42. Thebes: tomb no. 34, Mentuemhat, east court, north side, left jamb of third chapel from east

Labib, an engineer with Socony-Vacuum in Cairo, and his wife, both very nice. They invited me to supper at the Savoy Hotel for the next day. Supper and long talk with George. He told me of projects to create a new Egyptian art; his father was a supervisor of art for the Cairo schools and an artist. I also heard a lot about the New Village and its construction; about four hundred people worked there every day.

February 3 [to Dra' Abu el-Naga']

Up at six, and after breakfast went with Gahlan to Carter's house to leave my card for M. Alexandre Stoppelaere who was expected back that day. Then to the



Fig. 43. Thebes: tomb of Mentuemhat, east court, south side, chapel VII

little *wady* off the north end of Dra' Abu el-Naga' where I sent Gahlan away. As I went up and down the *wady* over rocks I tried in vain to find Tomb "j" of Porter-Moss I (1927), p. 187, which Champollion described in his *Notices*.⁴²

As it was still cold, the climbing seemed less arduous. There were a good many undecorated tombs, most of which must have been painted on mud applied to the walls. At the upper end of the valley large fissures in the rock had formed caves, probably enlarged by human hands; one of them, with a twelve-foot ceiling, was quite a formidable cave, going deep into the hillside, where there were a number of small tombs. Then, following the mountainside, I finally found the *ghafir* with the keys, and for several hours I looked at the earlier tombs and took notes. By then it was about noon and I walked through the village of Dra' Abu el-Naga' where the dogs were at times quite menacing. They presented a strange picture, as they climbed like cats and appeared not only on roof tops, but also on the narrow walls of the stables. It was pretty hot by the time I finally reached Cook's Rest House, where I was the only customer. One bottle of "lemonade," to drink with the lunch I had brought along, cost 10 *piastres*! Although cars passed back and forth from the temple of Deir el-Bahri, not one of them stopped, and the manager complained bitterly about the lack of business; he had leased the Rest House from Cook's and was losing his shirt.

After lunch I walked over to the Mentuemhat complex, and since it was Friday the mean *ghafir* was not there; as a matter of fact the place was deserted, and the substitute *ghafir* let me work without interruption. At five I finished. Gahlan was already there with the donkey, and when I got back to the house, I had a shower and tea, and went with the lorry to the river. First crossing to the sandbank, then to Luxor, I went to the Savoy for another tea with George and the Labibs. At 9:30 George and I left; we crossed with his men in a strong wind under an almost full moon. Wonderful picture; the men were so joyful. Then back by lorry; some supper, and to bed.

February 4

Up at six, and at seven by donkey to the far end of the valley behind Sheikh Abdel Qurnah, where Winlock had excavated the platform for the tomb of Mentuhotep I. I climbed up to the tomb of Meket-re, where Winlock had

⁴² Tomb "J" is the tomb of Nakht or Pa-nakht. See PM I,1 (1970), p. 453, no. A. 20; first referred to in PM I (1927), p. 187.

found the beautiful models many years ago, and took the crossing behind the town to reach the south part of Deir el-Bahri. Then I continued to Qurnah where I sent Gahlan away. I began with Ramose; later studied the other tombs. But then the trouble started, since some of the tombs could not be found; others were locked, and M. Stoppelaere was said to have the keys. The north part of the upper enclosure came next; there I had a good man who knew where the tombs were, and when I was through with his region he left me while I sat down, way up on the hill, to eat my lunch, in the company of a mummified hand and a number of petrified human droppings. From up there was perhaps the best view of the West Side.

After half an hour the guard returned and indicated that the other tombs I wanted to see were on the south side of the hill. There the people had trouble locating the *ghafir*, but when he finally showed up he could open only about half of the tombs I wanted to see, and then most grudgingly; the keys for the other tombs were not available. This ended my program much sooner than expected; so I wandered around Qurnah for a while and thence to el-Khokhah where I sighted Gahlan with his donkey.

Riding to the old Metropolitan House I found that M. and Mme. Doresse were planning to leave for Cairo that evening. They were having some trouble with the local Antiquities Inspectorate, which they hoped to iron out in Cairo. Then I rode to Stoppelaere's house, where I met the Doresses again, but Stoppelaere himself was not in. The Doresses gave me a ride back to el-Khokhah in their car, and I took some pictures at the Asasif until Gahlan showed up with the donkey, and I rode back to the house, where I found the Labibs, who stayed for tea and supper.

February 5

As I had had very little sleep in the last few days and this was Sunday, I did not take off with Gahlan until 8:30, and when we reached Stoppelaere's house we found that he had already left and that he would be staying at the *Service* house near Medinet Habu. There indeed I found him, in conference with Ahmed Youssef, the man who put the Hetep-heres furniture together many years ago (Fig. 44). C.A. Stoppelaere, S.J., turned out to be the Frenchman whom I had seen in Drioton's anteroom many days ago, now nattily dressed in brown suede shoes, tan corduroy slacks, and a heavy white wool jacket. He was expecting a



Fig. 44. Queen Hetep-heres furniture, Dynasty IV, reproduction canopy, headrest, bed, Departmental Appropriation, May, 1938. Courtesy, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, acc. no. 28.1858, 38.873

Princess, King Farouk's sister, to visit the Valley of Queens, and therefore he was not free to take me around, but he had a donkey with him, and we went together to the Valley, where he showed me the tombs while we waited for the Princess. Thus we spent the forenoon; he sent a man to telephone the Winter Palace to find out if the royal *cortège* had already left. Meanwhile, I rode up a little *wady* which led to Deir el-Medineh, where there were some rock-cut stelae of the Meret Seger [serpent] cult. The view from up there was magnificent. On returning to Stoppelaere, who with his large beret reminded me strangely of Stefan George, we ate the lunch I had brought along from the New Qurnah Village. It would have been impossible to relate all the conversation we had that morning, but he was a most interesting person, devoted to his work of preserving the Theban necropolis and undoubtedly sincere in his efforts. Finally, as there was still no sign of the Princess, I took off with Gahlan, and Stoppelaere sent his man on his donkey to let me see two of the tombs to which he himself had the keys since he was working on them. Both were at Sheikh Abdel Qurnah, and in the tomb of Rekhmira his man lit a good lamp for me so that I

could see the paintings in excellent light. The preservation work was very well done, careful and considerate, and it will certainly save the tomb. Thence we proceeded to el-Khokhah, where Stoppelaere's man found the *ghafir* for me. Then he took off, and after having seen tomb no. 48 I returned to the New Qurnah Village to pick up my suitcase. George drove me to the river in the lorry. He, too, had been awaiting the princess, and on the bank, functionaries and police had also been waiting all day. George's man came with me, and we took first the ferry, then a sailboat, and crossed quickly, since there was a "good wind" from the north. George's man, who had brought the suitcase across the sandbank, got me an *'arabiya* [carriage] and I finally reached Chicago House at 5:00. But the tea table was small, since the Hugheses, Nimses, Wilsons, Caminos, and three of the younger people had gone to the Red Sea for the weekend. At supper Dorothy Hill showed up; she was staying here, too.⁴³ Unbearable chatter. Afterwards discussion of the American Research Center with Corinna Smith.

February 6

In the morning (sunny, windy, very cold) I went first to the barber shop near the Winter Palace for a haircut; then I bought some film and looked up Varille who took me down to Karnak to show me some interesting "animations" in the Temple of Khonsu. There was a little dig going on outside the brick wall of Pylon X to clear up the area and to collect all granite fragments from the colossi. Then he drove me back to town, where he left me off at Zois's so that I could get some more supplies.

Afterwards I called on Miss Martha Roy at the American Mission, who loaned me her bedroll for the Middle Egypt trip. I would eventually have to drop it off at Dr. Thompson's office in Cairo. Then back to Chicago House for lunch. Around 1:00 the others in three cars came back from the trip to Qoseir. Worked until four in the library, then tried to see Zakaria Bey Goneim, who was not in; back for tea, more work, supper and again to Zakaria's. That time I found him in, but as he had to go out he asked me to come back the next day. Back to Chicago House.

February 7

First to the *Service des Antiquités* to see Zakaria Bey Goneim who produced a map for me of the Girga District and gave me the permit for Abdallah. Thence to

⁴³ Dorothy K. Hill was Curator of Ancient Art at the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore.

the *markaz* [police station] to announce my departure to the police. Later I went again to Zois's to order butter and cheese, and to buy jam and corned beef. After that, back to Chicago House. Later a visitor dropped by, the Hagg Abul Waffa Dongol, a cousin of Mahmud's, who owned all the bus lines up and down the Nile Valley. He was with an officer and took off in a chauffeur-driven limousine. I was to see him the next day in Quft. In the afternoon I went with Dorothy Hill to Karnak; first we saw the Mut temple district, then Pylons X to VII, and then the main temple. Back to Chicago House to call the *Service* office, where I was told that Zakaria Bey Goneim was expecting me for tea at five. When I arrived another man was there, too, an architect apparently, who worked with Ahmed Bey Fakhry in the Libyan desert. Zakaria showed me his manuscript on the damage done to Theban tombs. He also told me again the story of the cache of antiquities recently confiscated by the *Service* at Luxor. He loaned me his carriage to get my flashlight from Chicago House. When I returned to his house he showed me the stuff, but most of it was pretty poor. On leaving I saw Mlle. Marcelle Baud [editor of the *Guide Bleu* on Egypt], who had just arrived at his office. Back to Chicago House and supper. Paperwork, letters and some research in the library.

February 8 [to el-Qella]

Up early so that I could say goodbye to those who were going to the other side, and after breakfast I met Abdallah Ahmed Gebel, who had arrived earlier in the morning (Fig. 45). Long talk with him and Miss Perkins, then goodbye to the others. The station wagon took Abdallah and me, first to Zois's, to pick up the cheese and butter, then to the station; en route we met *Reis* Ibrahim who had a letter for me.

Of course we were much too early for the train; it was three-quarters of an hour late. We took off at 12:30 and Abdallah showed his efficiency by countering the porter's furious argument with equal fury. I went in second class, he in third, and shortly before Quft, Abdallah came to the compartment to help with the baggage when we arrived. A number of people on the platform greeted us, took the baggage, and conducted us to the car, where the Hagg Abul Waffa was waiting. Affectionate greetings; then we all piled into the chauffeur-driven car, a battered pre-war four-door sedan, with truck tires and an engine like a tank. Off we went in a cloud of dust to Quft, which lay about eight hundred yards



Fig. 45. Naga ed Deir: Abdallah with pottery

east of the tracks; through the narrow streets of Quft, which was not much more than a large mudbrick village, to the neighboring village of el-Qella, through more narrow streets, and finally to the house of Mahmud, who met us in his “receiving room” on the ground floor. Affectionate welcoming. Mahmud had come up from Cairo especially for my visit, to greet me in his house. Then we climbed up three or four stories to the roof surrounded by a high wall. On two sides of the roof were rooms: one a large sitting room–bedroom combination containing a bed with mosquito bar behind a screen; and the other a sort of kitchen with a brick oven, as well as a third room with a couch, armoire and water basin. In the large room a round table had been set for six people, and in no time an opulent meal appeared from downstairs, which the Hagg served to those present: Mahmud, Abdallah, Mahmud’s cousin, Mahmud’s uncle and me. We had soup, an egg and vegetable salad, a quarter of a lamb with potatoes, then a whole turkey with a different kind of potatoes, a sort of sweet pudding, and fruit cocktail. I had to eat and eat and eat until I could barely move.

Meanwhile, a letter from François Daumas had arrived by messenger, saying that he would be unable to come to fetch me because of Princess Faiza’s visit to Dendera. We had coffee on the terrace, which was actually the roof. Then we

MY FIRST VISIT

went out for a walk, first through the narrow streets, then through the fields to the *sakiya* [water wheel] nearby, which was moved by a camel going around and around. It was difficult to work on the narrow dams which divided the fields, because the acreage itself was under water. We separated; the Hagg to inspect his fields, while Mahmud, one of his uncles, and I took his car to a place south of Quft, where we turned towards the desert and the new road to Qoseir. When the road was finished it would permit cars to cross the desert to the Red Sea in three hours. Then we drove to a place nearer Quft, also in the desert, where there were some ancient brick walls. Then we photographed each other (Fig. 46) and drove back to Quft to see the vast old temple site right in town. Some pillars of Tuthmosis III were still standing; they were of granite and also bore inscriptions of the Late Period; all the other ruins there were Ptolemaic or Roman. The *ghafir* appeared and took us around. He came with us later when we drove back to el-Qella to inspect a small well-preserved Ptolemaic temple near Mahmud's house. The material was limestone, but the reliefs were badly worn. We walked back to the house, where we found the Hagg reading the paper; he was rather sleepy. I washed up, then leaned back on the couch and



Fig. 46. Quft: Mahmud, Mohammed, and Abdel Hamid (left to right)

took it easy, like the others. After tea, with loads of delicious cakes and cookies, the Hagg took off to drive back to Qena, where he lived. At suppertime, Mahmud and I were the only ones to eat (the same menu as at noon, but followed by fruit), while the others looked on. Some small talk, then I washed and shaved, did some writing and climbed into the big bed which Mahmud himself had made up for me. Slept very well for nearly eight hours.

February 9

Up at six (I had shaved the evening before), and breakfast by 6:30, at which most of the uncles and cousins appeared. My suitcase was sent ahead to the station, and we followed by donkey. When we arrived, Abdallah was already there, and it appeared that Mahmud and the others were going to accompany me by train to Qena. Everybody seemed very happy; we all went by third class. When we arrived the Hagg's car was already waiting, also the market inspector of Qena, who came along with us to the bus station where the Hagg's office was. He had a fine desk, phone, and a battery of bells. He arrived soon with the air of the executive. Then some talk, a cup of tea for everybody, while he conducted business with my companions. He let me inspect his Chevrolet showroom and then drove me to his workshops at the edge of town. He showed me around with justifiable pride. He had every conceivable facility there, even for boring the cylinders of the motor block and for building wooden bodies for his buses. We took some pictures of each other and of the workmen (Figs. 47-48). Then he said goodbye to me and let his driver bring me, Mahmud, Abdallah and a boy to the river, where we embarked in a *felucca* to the other side—except for Mahmud, who gave me a parcel with bread and meat for the trip. As a gift from the Hagg I carried in my pocket four packs of Camel cigarettes which were marked "Sea Stores," probably from the boat taking phosphate at Qoseir where the desert route from Qena ended. The *felucca* was full of people, goats and lambs, but the wind was good, and we crossed in a few minutes.

Abdallah and the boy and I walked about three hundred yards to the bus stop, where we waited for half an hour for the bus to arrive. When we got aboard I discovered next to me a Frenchman and his wife who were with Daumas at Dendera, but made a trip to the Sudan from which they had just returned. Because of us, the bus went directly to the temple: the Hagg had miraculously arranged it, and there we found Daumas who was still a bit *distrain* after yesterday's



Fig. 47. Qena: with friends



Fig. 48. Qena: the Hagg's bus company

visit from the Princess and her entourage which had invaded the house, upset everything, left a lot of dirt, and even, with their departure, made some of his things disappear. Daumas took us to the house and served us tea. Then he conducted me to the Temple; we went around (Fig. 49) and climbed up to the roof. He also showed me the place where a plaster cast of the zodiac of Dendera replaced the original, now in the Louvre, but it would soon be returned. Then he pointed out how a stone wall which was never finished cut across the propylaion of the *Mammisi* of Nectanebo three hundred years later, thus rendering it unusable. Therefore, the second *Mammisi* was constructed, and between the two a Christian church was built.

After lunch (Mahmud's turkey which I had brought along) with Daumas and M. and Mme. Lamont, I took off on my own, first exploring the cemeteries



Fig. 49. Dendera: Birth House (*Mammisi*), left outside wall, one of five intracolumnar reliefs

all around the great wall and the gate to the east, and then to the Temple, the Sacred Lake, and the adjoining structures. Just when I leave, Abdallah appears and has himself shown around the temple by the *ghafir*. Tea, the time between tea and supper, and the time after supper are filled with much talk. The Lamonts told of their trip through the Sudan, and Daumas reported on the recent visit of Helmut von den Steinen who, on his way to Luxor, had dispatched Daumas's letter to me at Quft. He was the brother of the Sinologist in the United States and of the historian in Basle. He was professor of classical languages at the Fouad el-Auwal University [later Cairo University] in Cairo. While at Dendera with Daumas he quoted long passages of Dante in Italian and in Stefan George's German translation. It got very cold, but the door to Daumas's house had to stay open all the time. Later I took a cold "bath" and slept (badly) in Daumas's studio, under the blankets I had brought with me.

February 10

Up at quarter past five, but because of the cold there had been no thought of sleep since 3:15. After a hasty breakfast, Daumas, Abdallah and I walked north towards a little bridge near the canal. We had left our luggage at the house; a *fellah* would bring it later on to the bus stop; Abdallah just carried my satchel. We waited endlessly for the bus, which was quite full by the time it finally arrived, then traveled east and south, while Daumas told me the whole story of M. Kuentz of the IFAO. We got off at ed-Deir and walked to the village, which was about a hundred yards away, crossed the village and hit right upon what later turned out to be the North Palace, of which a number of brick-built rooms remained. We left Abdallah there, and while we were walking south the *ghafir* appeared. We climbed a hill and found on top the second brick structure, with traces of a staircase and a red-and-white flag above it (Fig. 50), which we were told an engineer had put there two days before. Daumas and I took some pictures, then walked back to the North Palace (Fig. 51) and, with Abdallah, hastened back to the bus stop since the bus had been sighted. It was crowded, and Abdallah and I got off near the river shortly before we reached Dendera, while Daumas continued on towards the Temple. The *fellah* with our baggage was already waiting for us; he climbed back on his donkey, my big suitcase in front of him, the bedding to one side, Abdallah's bag on the other side. Then we boarded the *felucca*, which was heavily laden, and it took the crew, almost up to their hips in the water, a long time to push it off the sand.



Fig. 50. Deir el Ballas: South Palace, staircase



Fig. 51. Deir el Ballas: North Palace, interior with François Daumas (1915–1984)

When we reached the other side, we had to be carried ashore. We took a carriage into town and stopped first at a grocer's to buy cheese, sardines, and candles; then we went to the station, where we arrived about 11:15. Abdallah disappeared (later I learned that he had had a bath and shave), while I ate my lunch on the platform. After twelve Abdallah returned and ate his lunch, and afterwards we had a coffee—that is to say, I had coffee, while Abdallah had tea and a water pipe. The train was only twenty minutes late, the trip to Balyana very dusty, and when we got off, the arguments, first with the porter and then with the taxi driver, began. The latter asked 150 *piastres* for the trip to Abydos, and finally came down to 130. We had no choice but to accept. While driving around for gasoline, Zakaria Goneim's man from Luxor hailed us and came along for the ride as well as for business. After crossing the fertile land the car climbed up through the village of Arabeh el-Madfūna, where it had trouble making the steep grade; then it stopped in front of the Antiquities Rest House between the two temples. Zakaria's man disappeared and came back after a few minutes with Mr. Mustafa Sobhy Mohammed, the engineer who was continuing Abdessalam Hussein's work at Abydos, and his assistant, Mr. Ahmed Sadik.

It appeared that Zakaria had not written to Abydos about my arrival, but the two received me in a very friendly way. Tea was brought, the engineer gave me his large room and then took me on a tour of the Sety Cenotaph, where a good new staircase, planks, and electric light facilitated the visit. They also showed me the caisson work in progress, the workshops, storeroom, toilet facilities and lighting plant. Then we returned to the house. I used the newly installed plumbing; later supper, some talk, some writing, and a very good warm night.

February 11

Up at seven; over to the Sety Temple, where I found Mustafa Sobhy Mohammed and the caisson work in action. Then back to the house for breakfast which started with *fīl* and hardboiled eggs. After breakfast the engineer took me over to the Ramesses II temple (Fig. 52) and showed me the work done first by Abdessalam and then by himself. He gave me one of his workmen as a companion, chiefly to protect me from the dogs. I set off towards Shunet es-Zebib, across the vast cemeteries which consisted mostly of pottery-covered sandhills, with here and there a low mud brick wall. Shunet es-Zebib was an imposing

structure, very like that at Hierakonpolis. I took some pictures of the “palace façade” and of the remains of the light-colored mud plaster which covered the brickwork (Figs. 53–54). Further north lay the Coptic “Deir,” now a dirty village. Then over to the west, to the ancient town site with its imposing walls and temple remains of lesser importance. Through a lovely palm grove and over the sandhills, back to the temple of Ramesses II, where I worked until noon. The



Fig. 52. Abydos: Ramesses II temple relief, first chamber, shrine-carrying scene

reis came and introduced himself. His name was Mahmud Krayim from Quft; he had worked with Mr. Dunham at Saqqara in 1924. The work at the temple was very well done, and some ugly deeds of an earlier restorer were gradually being eliminated. Then back to the house for an excellent lunch. Returned afterwards to the temple of Sety, where conservation work was well under way. The house in front of the first court was to be removed the following year, the ugly white plaster would be painted and the old glass roof replaced. On the whole, the relief work of the Temple did not impress me as much as that of Ramesses II. There were some fine paintings in delicate colors in the unfinished



Fig. 53. Abydos: Shunet es Zebib [storehouse of raisins]



Fig. 54. Abydos: Shunet es Zebib [storehouse of raisins], ancient wall covering of mud plaster

chambers. I climbed to the roof where I had a good view of the reliefs in some of the chapels, as well as of the surroundings of the Temple. Afterwards, I walked over to the Osireion, climbed down into the west chapel, walked along the sloping passage and sat for a while on the new staircase on the south side, gazing at the enormous granite blocks which formed the structure of pillars and architraves. Back to the house for tea and some writing; then with the lorry to Balyana to see off Mustafa Effendi Sobhy for Cairo. As the train was late, I walked up and down the platform with Ahmed Sadik until Mustafa took off.

Ahmed and I went with a Police Captain whom he knew (he was stationed at Arabeh el-Madfûna), who drove us to the town club, where we met the *ma'mur*, Major of Police Hassan Mohammed Meluk, and some others with whom we had coffee. The others were two teachers, a man from the Courts, and people from the *mudiriya* [province]. Long, involved conversation dominated by the *ma'mur*. Back to Abydos by lorry with the Captain and Ahmed. Late supper, an ice cold "shower" and to bed. Abdallah was invisible all day, visiting relatives in the neighborhood.

February 12 [to Girga for Naga ed-Deir]

Up at seven, breakfast shortly after 8:00; then Ahmed and I went to the police station to call on the Captain, but he was out. Then the lorry came with Abdallah and the baggage and a dying workman who was going to the hospital. Ahmed, incidentally, assured me that I did not owe him anything for food and the overnight stay at Abydos—very kind. At Balyana we stopped first at the hospital, which I was compelled to inspect throughout, from Ophthalmology to Bilharzia; when we got to the station the 9:24 train had not yet arrived. As a matter of fact, it was almost an hour late, but we met the *ma'mur* again who had to go north for a trial where he was to be the judge; so we had company until the time of departure. Though I had a second class ticket, the *ma'mur* took me into first class and told the conductor to mind his own business. Half an hour later we were in Girga.

Abdallah fought off the porters, and for 5 *piastres* we took a carriage to the nearby hotel, the *locanda gedida* [local inn], the Savoy, which Ahmed had called up for me when we were in Balyana the day before.

We just deposited our baggage in a modest room, then walked through the town to the *felucca*, which brought us to the East Bank. There we walked through the fields, and by 1:00 we had reached the top of Cemetery 100 of Naga ed-Deir, where the *ghafir* joined us. We ate our lunch of sardines, bread, cheese, and oranges; then I went off to work. The tombs were rock-cut, but badly broken up; part of the rock had fallen, but fortunately the numbers on some of the pits were still visible (Fig. 55), so I was able to fix my position on the photograph of a Reisner map I had with me. The work went quite well, and shortly after four, having climbed up to two tombs which were particularly hard to reach, I stopped. Meanwhile, Abdallah had organized two donkeys from the son of the *ghafir*, which waited for us at the bottom of the hill, and after crossing the canal we reached the river bank in half an hour. But there we had to wait for the *felucca* which came after five, and by 6:00 we were back at the hotel. Abdallah arranged for me to have a bed there for 15 *piastres* a night, and I was moved to a better room. Tea, then a cold shower, dinner downstairs under somewhat trying conditions; then writing and to bed. With the blankets provided and my own blankets, I was well off and warm.



Fig. 55. Naga ed-Deir: pit 41, wall relief with procession

February 13 [to the tomb of Sheikh Farag]

Up at six; breakfast with Abdallah at 6:30 on the balcony next to my room; down to the *felucca*, which took an endless time to get going, and on foot through the fields, where we first encountered a dead man carried on a bed, then the boy with the donkeys. Through the village of Naga ed-Deir, then along the borderline of desert and cultivation to the hill with the tomb of Sheikh Farag. There I tried to identify tomb no. 200, from which the inscribed pottery stand came. Finally the tomb was located, but the ceiling had come down, and it was impossible to dig for more fragments of the pottery stand. Then we rode over the hill and came down behind Cemetery 3500 and got off our mounts at the foot of Cemetery 100. There we climbed up, and I went on with the work begun the day before: recording, photographing and searching. In between, I climbed up the high ledge of Cemetery 100, where flint chips betrayed the presence of a prehistoric stone-tool factory. We had our lunch in tomb no. 57, for which the *ghafir* and his son appeared, with *durrah* bread and onions, and I tasted the latter. Then I continued the work, although it was somewhat disappointing to find that almost all of the tombs had lost their painted decorations. At 4:15 we returned to the Nile bank by donkey; the *felucca* soon appeared and by 5:30 Abdallah and I were sitting in a small coffee shop on the sidewalk at Girga, having our tea. Presently a Police Sergeant came by and invited us over to the *markaz*, and when we had finished our tea and went there, we found Lt. Salah Youssef, who had heard of me through the *ma'mur* of Girga. When I mentioned Beit Khallaf he told me that he had to go there tomorrow anyway. Then we walked through the town to find some red wine for my supper. Back at the hotel I washed and shaved with cold water, had the meal with the red wine in my room and wrote a long letter to the Museum of Fine Arts. Good night.

February 14

Up at seven; breakfast with Abdallah outside my room at 7:45; went with him to the police station at 8:30, but Lt. Salah Youssef (who, incidentally, lived at my hotel) had not yet appeared. So we went across to the café where we had met the day before. I had a coffee, and Abdallah had some tea. After nine the Lieutenant showed up and we transferred to his office for more coffee and talk-

ing. A “case” had developed the night before with a great deal of shooting; a rifle had been confiscated, and three people were arrested.

I also met a Captain; the Lieutenant dashed in and out, and it was after ten when we finally took off in the Land Rover police car, with Abdallah and two policemen in the back; the Lieutenant driving. We crossed the railroad tracks and headed west through heavy traffic; then on the highroad through the open fields. It was very dusty and the Lieutenant had tied his heavy brown scarf around his neck and over his cap. The new water-pumps and reservoirs were noticeable at all the places we passed. At Beit Khallaf we stopped to ask about the royal tomb, but no one had ever heard of it. However, we collected two people from the village and drove out into the desert which, on this side, formed a wide semicircle with the mountains pretty far in the background.

About fifteen hundred yards from the cultivation stood the big mastaba of Zoser [now thought to be earlier, late Dynasty II or early Dynasty III], still about fifty meters long and thirty meters wide; approximately eight to ten meters high from the present level of the desert (Figs. 56–57). The walls were thick and well constructed of sun-dried mudbricks, and the mud plaster covering the walls was still visible in some places. Without the car it would have been impossible to reach. We climbed all over the place, took some pictures, and then drove farther south to another village this side of el-Mahasna where there was a police station. The brother of the *’omde* took us to his house for tea and candy, and the Lieutenant told me the story of how he killed a brigadier in the British Army at Ismailiya and how he fell in love with an English girl in London, but could not marry her because his family was Turkish and would not give their consent.

On the way back to Girga we had a murderer in the car whom the police had caught the day before, near Beit Khallaf. The Lieutenant drove quite fast, and he brought us down to the river, but it was almost 2:00 and too late to go to the other side. So Abdallah and I had lunch on the embankment, and I did some writing. Then back to the hotel where I washed my stuff, while Abdallah bought bread and oranges for the next day.

At 6:00 the Lieutenant with the Captain came to fetch me, this time in mufti, and we drove to a movie; the enclosure consisted only of walls with a canvas roof. The people sat in a fenced-off section close to the screen, while we sat in boxes on the balcony. The fare was extensive; first a Western, in its ninth installment, in English, with French and Arabic subtitles, then a lengthy preview



Fig. 56. Beit Khallaf: mastaba, west side



Fig. 57. Beit Khallaf: mastaba, south side; Lieutenant Youssef with two policemen

of an Egyptian movie, and then a British film called "The Caravan," dubbed in Arabic. Meanwhile, the Lieutenant had to go on duty (he seemed to be in charge of the CID), and an ophthalmologist took his place, whose brother was in Washington, D.C., from the Education Department of the Egyptian Government. Afterwards, he and the Captain took me to the local club, where I was to wait for the Lieutenant. Various town notables turned up and joined in the conversation. One of them was a languid doctor with black skin all around his eyes who was incredibly fast with his fingers in playing tric-trac [a kind of backgammon]. He had studied medicine in Germany. There was another doctor, a sanguine little fellow; also a farm credit banker, an engineer from the local light and power company, the headmaster of a school, and various others. I grew very hungry and sleepy, and at eleven I left for the hotel. About half an hour later the Lieutenant came by, but I was firm and told him that I was tired and went to bed and slept very badly.

February 15

Up at six, breakfast at six-thirty, this time in Abdallah's room, and by 7:15 we were at the ferry. There was no wind to speak of, and the man had to row us almost all the way. Then we walked through the fields to the bus stop at the canal, where we were joined by the *ghafir* and his son. We waited for about twenty minutes near a *sak-ijya* [water wheel]; then the bus arrived and took us to Naga el-Meshaikh, Abdallah, myself and the son of the *ghafir*, who had joined us for reasons of his own. We crossed the bridge over the canal, walked through the village and looked around behind it.

Below the cliff were the early cemeteries: the rock-cut tombs in the steep cliff and, at the back of the village, facing the mouth of the *wady*, a brick structure, about 8 x 6 x 8 meters, not unlike the Zoser tomb at Beit Khallaf, opposite which it actually lies. There was not much time to look around; the rock tombs did not interest me, and the cemetery tombs were mere little holes in the sand. So we walked back to the bus stop where, meanwhile, a crowd had gathered. Also the *ghafir* of Naga ed-Deir had turned up.

The people were respectful and friendly, gave me the names of the two villages between Naga el-Meshaikh and Naga ed-Deir, and a nice man offered me fresh beans in the pod from the field. Then the bus arrived; the *ghafir's* son joined us again, and we drove back. This time we went past the bridge of Naga ed-Deir where, a little to the north, a sort of ferry brought us across the canal. It was pulled along

a rope and consisted of empty barrels with a wood-and-mud platform. The *ghafir's* son left us, and around lunch time I finished work on Cemetery 100. Then some pictures had to be taken from the opposite hill (Cemetery 2000), with Abdallah as a marker, next to tomb N 248 (Fig. 58), and afterwards we crossed the low hill of Cemetery 2000 to the north and found numbers in the 3000, 4000, and 5000 series.

It was still fairly early, about 2:00, but the work was done and so we crossed the canal again on the float, walked through the fields to the river, and soon the *felucca* took us across. A man was aboard, singing a long story while lightly tapping a tambourine. Abdallah was thirsty, and to my horror drank from the river. Then we walked back to the hotel, and later I went to the *markaz*, where I met the Captain and



Fig. 58. Naga ed-Deir: N 248, from below

a young man who had been at the club the night before. They took the message to be relayed to the *markaz* of Tima for my visit to el-Hamamieh the next day. Later the Lieutenant showed up, and I invited him to supper. He met me at the hotel about an hour later and took me to his club, where I met some of the people I had seen there before. Long talk about finance, customs, medicine; then the Lieutenant and I went back to the hotel and had supper in his room. He told me at length about the sad life of a police officer, of local crime, of the difficulties he encountered with the people of small towns. Finally, at 11:30, I got to bed.

February 16 [to el-Hamamieh, to Assiut]

At 5:30 Abdallah knocked on my door, and we had breakfast in his room. Then to the station, but the train was one hour late; I used the time to write some letters. Comfortable though slow trip to Tima, where we arrived around eleven and deposited all the baggage in the station-master's office, taking along only the green lunch bag. A carriage took us through the narrow streets to the *markaz*, where I met Police Major William Bey Misaha, a very nice and jovial man; he introduced me to the *ma'mur*, a civilian, who happened to be standing in the door. Then, in his office, we had coffee and exchanged pleasantries. He told me that he had just received the message from Girga and had already telephoned to [the town of] Badari to mobilize the *ghafirs* of el-Hamamieh and Qaw el-Kebir. Then he gave me a policeman with rifle and loaded cartridge belt as a sort of guard of honor, and we took off in the rickety *'arabiya* [carriage] towards the river.

The road was long and pretty bad, and when we reached the river it took some time and a good deal of shouting for a *felucca* to be found. Meanwhile, the local sheikh showed up with several retainers and an armed guard. It was only after a long discussion with Abdallah that the sheikh and his group left the *felucca* and stayed behind. However, the guard and a young man who went with us for the rest of the trip came along. When we reached the other shore there were four donkeys and four more people, one of them also a guard, probably from Qaw el-Kebir. It took a long time to get to the village of el-Hamamieh, and gradually the others doubled up, two to a donkey; only I had a mount all to myself. The road was non-existent for most of the way. First we passed along the river; then through fields on narrow dams and through dry gulleys; then along a canal, over another bridge, back and forth as it seemed, and through some pretty groves. Finally we reached the village of el-Hamamieh, which lay directly under a steep cliff. The most startling thing was one of those sugarcane corrals in which people lived in summer with a battery-operated radio blaring from within.

We got off the donkeys; more people joined us, and while Abdallah and some of the others rested under a tree, I climbed up with about a dozen people to inspect the tombs, which did not take long. Then we were persuaded to have tea at the *'omde's* house, and I learned to my great regret that it would take three hours to reach Qaw el-Kebir by donkey. The Baedeker said thirty minutes, but that referred to a carriage or car, and it seemed that the new canal, too, had

complicated matters. So we trotted back in the general direction of the river, now reduced to just two donkeys, Abdallah, one man, a boy, and the man from the east side, who was the son of the *'omde* of heaven knew where. When we passed the groves, I espied a pleasant place under the trees to eat (Fig. 59). When we dismounted from the donkeys, their forelegs were tied together, and we lay down under the trees. The five of us shared what was in the lunch bag: sardines, bread, cheese, oranges, and chocolate. Then we continued to the river. I was pretty tired by then and lay down, but caught enough of the conversation to make me sit up again. The two men were plying Abdallah with questions about my financial situation, which he countered very well. Long discussion about the evils of whisky and rum. Then the *felucca* arrived, and during the crossing the *'omde's* son drank from the river, calling it the Coca Cola of the *fellahin*. The river was definitely muddy today.

On the east bank the carriage had not yet arrived; so we sat down on some cotton bales and talked to a tough, strong guy from Alexandria who supervised the loading and unloading of the motor barges. He wore a gold ring with a Greco-Roman stone showing a seated baboon in relief. Abdallah, the man from Alexandria, and the son of the *'omde* drank from a pot filled with Nile water fetched from the shore. Then the man from Alexandria invited Abdallah and me to ride in a heavy truck taking cement bags to Tima. It was infernally hot in the slow-moving vehicle. En route we met the carriage with the armed soldiers and told them to follow us. Back at the *markaz* the Major was not there. However, a man



Fig. 59. Assiut: tomb hill, north part

turned up who introduced himself as Assad Shokry, movie producer. Long painful conversation, first in the office of Major William Bey Misaha, then outside, on a sort of bandstand with a roof over it. Noticing a sign for Coca Cola, the ubiquitous, I mentioned the name and instantly a bottle was served. The bottles here were of colorless glass and the contents tasted definitely different from what I was used to. Various people joined in the conversation; all this in front of people walking by in the dust.

After six I finally set off with Abdallah in the rickety carriage and returned to the station. Abdallah had a fierce argument with the driver and managed to beat down the price from 135 to 75 *piastres*. The train was over an hour late; so I used the time to do some writing in the stationmaster's office. Abdallah bought a lot of oranges, picking out the best and getting the price down. In the office, incidentally, prisoners were being shackled every half hour. A wire was tied around the wrist and fastened with a leaden seal clamped with special pliers. In the train compartment, which was pretty much broken down (no window, no doors), I found a Copt from Assiut who was a salesman for McCormick tractors. He told me of hashish addicts, and Abdallah joined us because "men with sticks" were blocking the door to the third class cars. I had heard about those people who rode free on the trains because the conductor was afraid of them. They lived on nothing but strong sweet tea.

In Assiut we took a carriage to the Palace Hotel, not far from the station, where I found a decent room while Abdallah repaired to a nearby *locanda* [inn]. Later I went out and had a good meal at the Restaurant el-Nil. Eight hours sleep, *el hamdulillah* [Thank God].

February 17

Abdallah came at 8:30, and we breakfasted in my room, together of course. He was very good at clearing things up, washing my knife carefully, and generally taking care of me. At the station I waited while he made inquiries from the drivers as to the price of a carriage to the tombs of Assiut. Then we took off, and at the slaughter house described by Baedeker we found a *ghafir* who took us up to the tombs. He and Abdallah had many friends in common and got along famously. At the first tomb, that of Hapzefai, the *ghafir* served perfumed tea, then I continued working, and when I was through, Abdallah and I climbed to

the top of the cliff, where there was a magnificent view over the canal, the Nile (far away), Assiut, and the Mohammedan cemetery (Fig. 60). I wandered around the top of the hill which ran out to the Western Desert, and found the hill with the quartz blocks.⁴⁴

At 1:00 Abdallah and I had our meal, then descended to the slaughter house, behind which lay another tomb. The *ghafir* served tea once more; then we



Fig. 60. Assiut: Abdallah

⁴⁴ Bothmer's Note of 2/17/50. Assiut:

On top of the cliff, directly above the rock tombs, is a small plateau overlooking Assiut. To the W the hill rises somewhat, and there is another rock-cut tomb facing E. From the first plateau, at 250 degrees, a higher hill is visible above the Mohammedan cemetery. This hill is covered entirely with round, dark brown boulders which seem to have been embedded in the softer rock, now mostly worn away by wind and sand. Some of these boulders were cut and split, apparently by human hand; there is some pottery around, both wheel-made and hand-made; there are also pieces of flint and crude flint tools, as well as small bits of rock crystal. The big boulders, most of them about 100–150 cm. in diameter, seem to consist of pure quartz, and one of them split in two still has a flat stone tool sticking in the cleft, a few centimeters below the surface of the boulder. With stone dowels and hammers I succeeded after about half an hour in widening the cleft the fraction of a millimeter and in extracting the tool which I broke, and it too consists apparently of pure quartz. Took a sample of this flat tool, of the rock crystal, and of another stone for analysis.

walked back to the town with him, through parts of incredible filth and poverty. Finally we came to a house, three stories high, where we met a sleepy-looking gent who spoke English. I asked him if there was a local *Service des Antiquités* office, and he said there was none. He added that they had found inscribed antiquities on the site where the house was built, but the *Service* was not interested, and so they erected the building. I got the impression that this man had something to do with dealing in antiquities (he had asked me so intensely why I had come to his house) and that the *ghafir* knew about it and had brought me there because I had asked him several times for the local office of Antiquities. Then we walked back to the hotel, where the *ghafir* with his rifle left us. Later on Abdallah and I looked for the American Mission to whose President, Dr. Skellie, I had an introduction from Dr. Thompson of the American Mission in Cairo. First we went to the girls' school near the hotel, where a frigid American lady told us where to find Dr. Skellie; she seemed horrified that we did not have a car and intended to walk. It took us about half an hour, and when we reached the American College, Dr. Skellie was just leaving for the station to see some friends off and he coolly told me to return the next morning at 10:00.

So Abdallah and I left the beautiful grounds of Assiut College and walked to the Dam where we sat on the steps of the bridgeway for a while and looked over the river and philosophized. This was his last day with me, and we both felt it. Later we piled into a sort of community taxi with some strangers and drove back to the station where we looked at the train schedules and had tea in the square. In the evening I took Abdallah to the Restaurant el-Nil for a good meal. While we were eating, a friend of his dropped by, and after the meal Abdallah left with him. Later he came back to the hotel; we settled the last day's accounts; I gave him his present and money for food and for a ticket to Cairo, and we were both moved when we finally said goodbye. He would leave for Cairo on the early train next morning. He was a wonderful old chap and had been an excellent companion.

February 18

First to the post office to inquire about letters, but since there was no *Service* office in town my mail had been forwarded to Mellawy. Next stopped at the grocer's to buy supplies for the trip to Meir in the morning, and then I walked to the Assiut College to call on the President, Dr. Skellie. A big brass plate on

the wall of the anteroom read: "Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Brittain of Erie, Pa., furnished this room; 1937." The brass plate must have cost more than the furniture. Then the President received me: I told him my story, and he said that he and his wife had received the letter from Dr. Thompson and would have been happy for me to have stayed with them in their house. He was considerably more friendly than the afternoon before. Then the call for morning chapel sounded and we went over to another building where there was a big assembly hall filled in a few minutes with five hundred boys, aged 14 to 18, a very few of them with tarbush, some Egyptian teachers with tarbush, several girls on two separate benches, and two American teachers.

The service was held in Arabic; everything had the semi-cheerful chilling atmosphere which is apparently typical of missions and missionaries in Egypt and everywhere else. It reminded me somewhat of Chicago House. After chapel, Dr. Skellie asked a young secretary, Latif eff., to take me to the *markaz* and introduce me to the officers. He drove in one of the Mission's cars, and at the *markaz* we met a bright young Captain to whom I explained my business; Drioton's letter recommending me to all police officials certainly did the trick. The whole place was buzzing with activity; as in Girga, a telephone message was written down to be relayed to the *ma'mur* of el-Kosiya; the office filled up with all sorts of people who gave good advice, tea, small talk, and I was finally introduced to Youssef Hadik Chenouda Pacha, brother of the Lord Mayor of Assiut, who took me off in his jeep. He told me that those American jeeps could be bought from the Government for from £E 30 to 60. The movie producer in Tima gave me the same price. Even £E 60 was not much for a well-running second-hand jeep. Chenouda Pacha took me to the street near the post office where we met Khachaba Pacha, to whose family the little private museum belonged.⁴⁵ Chenouda Pacha translated my comments into Arabic for the benefit of the owner; then he drove me to his family's magnificent house

⁴⁵ Bothmer's Note of 2/18/50 Assiut :

Museum of Sayeed Khachaba Pacha, in the little street between post office and the railroad.

On the whole like the description in Baedeker, but the statue of Inni is no longer there (has been sold). Remarkable number of MK coffins (coffin texts?). Large coffin board of the MK with columns in Hieratic on one side. A number of blocks with sunk relief of the Amarna Period, like the block in the tomb behind the slaughter house.

cf. Borchardt, *ÄZ*

Over life-size statue of wood, MK, rather badly preserved.

Pottery hippopotami like those in Turin from Schiaparelli's Assiut excavations.



Fig. 61. Assiut: Chenouda Pacha's house

(Fig. 61). It had a fine garden, well kept, with beautiful flowers in it. The house was well appointed, with *objets d'art* of Chinese, Japanese, Italian and French origin. We had coffee, small talk; he showed me the dining room where the table was set for eight people, and flowers, flowers everywhere. He showed me a large Plymouth and a fine big British car in the garage and told me that they had three more jeeps. Then he drove me back to the hotel and we arranged to meet at 4:00. He came back on time and drove me out to the Dam and over it to the east side where there was a large orphanage, founded and run by an American, Miss Lillian Trasher. Outside I met two Americans, a girl and a man, who were friends of Nathan N., the Egyptian sculptor who is now at the MFA School in Boston. We went in to call on Miss Trasher, a big, kind-hearted woman who received us in her office and then asked an older boy to take us around. They had over seven hundred orphans there, mostly children, who would have died for lack of care; and they were all being brought up as Christians. It was a beehive of activity, and we saw everything, including the new swimming pool, classrooms, and dormitories. Some of the children showed definite signs of having been badly treated before they came here. In one room a swarm of four-year old girls crowded around me, clung to my coat and shouted "Sa'ida, sa'ida" [hello], over and over; the cutest little things! There were a lot of blind children,

others with their heads shorn so that the sores could heal; all of the older girls were knitting. From there we drove to the Government Club, where the Shell Co. had just got through showing a film which the Coptic engineer had told me about on the train from Tima the other day. Chenouda Pacha placed me at a large tea table amidst feasting officials; later we repaired to the billiard room, where I met the *omde* and his brother. Afterwards, strolling through the fine garden, we met two judges of the Special Military Court, and through them the *mudir* of Assiut Province, his deputy, a sleepy major general, and several other notables. His Excellency, the *mudir*, Hussein Raafat Bey, asked me about my impressions of the antiquities of Assiut and wanted a report on the stone factory above the cliff over the Assiut tombs. He also discussed the project of creating a municipal museum in Assiut in which the antiquities of the Khachaba Pacha family could be placed. Then Chenouda Pacha drove me back to the hotel. Later I attempted to phone the Antiquities Service in Mellawy—hopeless. Supper at the Restaurant el-Nil and some letters.

February 19 [to Meir]

Up at six; hot boiled water and sugar for my Nescafé at 6:30; a porter took my things to the station at seven, where I met the sub-*mudir* on the platform. He was going to Deirout. The train came around 7:45, and at nine I arrived in Nazali Ganub, well provided with an introduction to the *ma'mur* from the sub-*mudir*. A CID officer, a detective in plain clothes, was waiting for me at the station with a car and took me to the *ma'mur* of el-Kosiya, who received me in his office; coffee, chat, while he signed an enormous number of files, wrote personal letters, and conducted his business. The object of my visit was not mentioned, until finally the *ma'mur* told me that he was going to Meir by car and would take me along.

We were joined by two municipal engineers and drove in a big Chevrolet through the fertile plain to Meir, where a session of the municipal council had been called and at which the *mudir* presided. The question of tax rates was being discussed and decided by the *mudir*; then, walking over to the police station, I noticed several surprisingly modern houses. The police officer, First Lieutenant Ali Reda Abdessalam, received us, and about an hour later the *Ma'mur* took off and left me in his care. It had been decided, for no reason I could understand, that I had to visit the Deir el-Maharrak because there was no car to take me to

Professor Blackman's camp, and the local doctor took the Lieutenant and me over, together with a young man in a loud sports coat who went to the American University in Cairo, talked slang, and whose father owned 3,500 *feddan* of land.

The Deir offered a magnificent sight, surrounded by a high wall like a fortress. We drove into an inner court and were shown to a reception room where we met two bearded priests wearing their funny round basketwork hats. The doctor and the young man drove off again, while we, the Lieutenant, an *omde*, the two monks and I had coffee and exchanged pleasantries. The Lieutenant acted as my interpreter. Then we went through a lovely garden to a palatial mansion, where we sat in a large room adorned with photographs of former priests. I got a long lecture from the Lieutenant on the Deir, its history, past and present, its enormous wealth, and we smoked cigarettes and drank more coffee.

Then I was taken to see the old church where Mary and Jesus were said to have rested for six months, and afterwards to the old tower which served as a fortress in times of Arab attack; the drawbridge was still preserved. We also saw the new church, had a glimpse of the houses where each monk occupies an individual bedroom and study, and later we returned to the mansion for tea and more cigarettes. Half an hour later lunch was served in a large dining room; servants pouring water over our hands at big ornate basins in the corners. The meal was excellent but, because of the fast, entirely vegetarian. The best were the apricots served as a *compôte* afterwards. Then we waited endlessly but I urged them to get me to Professor Blackman's camp somehow, and the Lieutenant finally yielded and went to arrange something by phone. When we returned to the first building, the young man in the sports jacket and a young man from the British Council in Assiut arrived. There was more talk, we drank more tea, and finally, around 3:00, two government guards with rifles and three donkeys arrived, and at last I was on my way. The Deir with its large cemetery lay right at the edge of the desert, which was here quite flat, while the cliffs formed a large semi-circle in the background.

As the crow flies we rode about eight kms. to the foot of the cliff, and after 4:00 began the steep climb to the camp, which was situated halfway up. There were a few tents for the Sudanese soldiers who guarded the camp (Fig. 62), but Professor Aylward Blackman (Fig. 63), his British assistant, and Mr. Michael Apted (who was with my brother Dietrich at Wadham College in 1938), and two Egyptian artists of the *Service*—one of them, Ismail Sadik, was the brother of the young man I met at Abydos—were all living quite comfortably in rock



Fig. 62. Meir: Aylward Blackman's camp

tombs. Water had to be brought by donkey from eight kms. away every day. When I arrived the Professor had just returned from a tomb higher up the ledge. We had tea and a long talk and then a very good supper with more talking. I slept on a collapsible army cot in the Professor's tomb. A very good night; not cold.

February 20

Breakfast at 8:30; then I started on my work in the tombs. Professor Blackman was going to publish the Old Kingdom tombs and one very unusual Middle Kingdom tomb, and the others helped him. A break of one hour for lunch, then work again until 5:30. The view was magnificent; with the sun in the west one could see the desert to the east, the Deir, the village of Meir, and the mountains on the east side of the valley. Meanwhile, a man on a donkey had arrived; he was the chief *ghafir* from Mellawy whom Edward Bey Ghazuli had sent to assist me in getting to Mellawy. His name was Mohammed Moussy Abu Sid. Long talk after supper with Aylward Blackman, who told me of the situation in British Egyptology, the tyranny of Gardiner, and so forth.

February 21

The second night without fleas, a blessing; and hot tea in bed in the English manner. While we had breakfast, two parties of two donkeys each arrived, and a



Fig. 63. Meir: Professor Aylward Blackman (1883–1956)

long discussion ensued with which of the two parties I was to go. One of them was sent by the Lieutenant in Meir, the other from Mansoor Bey, a rich landowner and friend of Blackman's. The guards were armed with rifles; the chief *ghafir* too had a rifle. When we took off, there were four donkeys and seven men, one of them a Sudanese soldier from Blackman's detachment. Wonderful trip across the desert to the village of el-Ansar, where the 'omde greeted me in his house. He is the same one who came with us to the Deir the other day. His brother spoke a little English; his name was Kamal Wahman. Chocolate, small talk; later one of the priests from the Deir whom I had met two days ago arrived. Coffee, more talk, and finally the Lieutenant from Meir came, and a few minutes later the jeepster station wagon of the Deir, which took me to el-Kosiya in the

company of the *'omde*, the Lieutenant, two priests, the chief *ghafir*, and several other unidentified persons. At the *markaz* of el-Kosiya the Lieutenant, the *ghafir*, and I got off and visited the *ma'mur* whom I had already met. Coffee, small talk, while he conducted his business. When the time came for my departure, I said goodbye to the Lieutenant and to the *ma'mur*, who asked me to write a short report (filled with compliments as to his helpfulness) into a big ledger he handed me.

Then the car of the *markaz* brought the chief *ghafir* and me to the station where we had an hour to wait for the train—the usual delay. At about 3:00 we arrived in Mellawy, took a carriage to the Antiquities office (where I found a lot of mail), then another one to the New Hotel, which provided me with a clean-looking room. The chief *ghafir* left, and I went into town to find a grocer, but within ten minutes the chief *ghafir* reappeared with the secretary of the local *Service* office, and together we got my groceries. Another *ghafir* turned up; I gathered that he would take me to Deir el-Bersheh in the morning, and we all returned to my hotel. The secretary asked me to write a release for the chief *ghafir* to the *ma'mur* of el-Kosiya, and I was finally left alone. *El hamdulillah*

February 22 [to Bersheh]

Up at 6:15 when the servant came with a teapot full of boiled water, a cup, and sugar for the Nescafé. Inspecting the clean-looking bed by the light of the lamp, I saw crawling about what had bit me during the night. At seven on the dot the giant chief *ghafir* came to fetch me; his name was Ali Abderrahman. We walked towards the station, and at a point about half way to the railroad we took an old taxi which drove us upstream to the Nile. There we waited for almost forty-five minutes for a *felucca* to come from the other bank. Then it was dragged upstream for almost two miles by two men with a rope before we crossed and were met by several men with three donkeys. They were the *ghafirs* of the east bank, and we set out in a northerly direction. My donkey was excellent; it had a real bridle and was the best mount I had ridden in Egypt thus far. I saw several rock-cut tombs with badly damaged reliefs which I took to be those of Sheikh Said,⁴⁶ though they lay considerably north of the sheikh's tomb, and the *ghafirs* called the neighborhood Abifam. Two or three of the tombs were closed by iron doors. We continued to the north until we reached the village of Bersheh, where we had tea at the new school with a great many hosts and guests. The *ghafir* from the tombs of Deir el-Bersheh gave me the

ninety-nine names of Allah, and I quoted for the hundredth time the first and last *surah* of the *Qur'an*. Then we continued, but not for long; at the north end of the village we stopped outside the house of Ali Abderrahman's brother, where I met the whole family.


Then I got a little restless; it was already 11:45, and I was still not at the Bersheh tombs. Finally, after several glasses of tea, I was permitted to take off. Only two *ghafirs* and two boys came with me. We walked straight across the sandy plain and stopped at a broken-down house at the foot of the hill which contained the Middle Kingdom tombs. Then the two *ghafirs* and I climbed up,

⁴⁶ Bothmer's Note of 2/22/50:

Abifām Sheikh Said? near Bersheh

Tomb no. (*)

Relief on S wall: Deceased seated, before offerings, name and inscr. almost destroyed.

Name: 

Relief on N wall: Netting, fowling, etc.

Relief on W wall, N of entrance: Deceased only, rest destroyed

Relief on W wall, S of entrance: Agricultural scenes. Left: Deceased standing under sort of baldachin

Tomb no. (**) (N of previous one)


First Room, W wall, S of entrance

Deceased & wife, seated, before them offerings presented by: 

Relief, badly damaged



Second Room, E wall, rock-cut statues of deceased & wife in niche

Tomb no. (***) (N of previous one) 

Three rooms, decoration partly preserved only in first room and on thickness between first and second, where there is a standing person on either side,

left: facing left




Same on right thickness



Tomb no. (****) (N of previous one)

Badly destroyed, Name:  or wjw

Tomb no. (*****) (N of previous one)

Badly destroyed, Name: 

and I began my work. At 2:00 we had lunch in tomb no. 2, for which the boys turned up with a jug of water. Then I continued until 4:30, by which time there was already a considerable group gathered at the broken-down house. I counted five donkeys and eight men, but after leaving, the others soon branched off for Bersheh, while the chief *ghafir* and I and the two donkey-boys continued to the river, through the lush fields belonging to an Englishman who lived in Alexandria.

After crossing several dry branches of the Nile, we took the ferry to the west bank; the taxi had been waiting there since 3:00! Back to the hotel where I did the accounts with the *ghafir*; then I ordered supper which was brought—half cold—from the “restaurant” where I went the night before. Later the secretary of the *Service* called up, and I did some errands in the town which was quite lively at night. I bought some Cyprus Chianti (“British Empire Product” said the label), not bad.

February 23

The chief *ghafir* appeared at eight, after my breakfast, and I felt fine, since I had sprayed the bed generously with DDT the night before. We walked to the railroad station, where the secretary of the *Service des Antiquités* office, Mohei el-Din Abdelrahim, arrived a few minutes later to see me off. The chief *ghafir* and I took the 8:40 train to Deir Mawâs, where two *ghafirs* were waiting for us with donkeys. This time I got a mount with stirrups but no bridle; an excellent donkey, however, and we rode quickly through the market-day crowd, through a palm grove, through another village down to the river, where we embarked on a big *felucca*, donkeys and all.

Then, on the east side, we rode through an at-present dry branch of the Nile, through a palm grove, gardens, and the village of Hagg Kandil, and finally through the open desert to the south group of the Tell el-Amarna tombs. More *ghafirs* joined us, and I began my work at no. 25 (Fig. 64), continuing north to no. 10 (Fig. 65), where we all had our lunch in the tomb. The men were very pleasant and afterwards offered me tea. I continued through nos. 9, 8, and 7, which finished the southern group. The tombs on which I had not taken notes were mostly undecorated, sanded-in or inaccessible. The landscape offered a magnificent view. After 3:00 we took off; some of the guards stayed behind, and we were now only six men on four donkeys. We rode a little to the north of



Fig. 64. Tell el Amarna: tomb no. 25, Ay, adoration scene



Fig. 65. Tell el Amarna: tomb no. 10, Ipy, left entrance thickness, adoration scene

Hagg Kandil, where Borchardt's house was still standing, to see the buildings of the town of Tell el-Amarna, e.g., the mansion of the Vizier Nakht with its well-preserved low walls and limestone column bases.

We passed again through Hagg Kandil, where some of the *ghafirs* left us, and returned to the bank of the Nile. We took the two donkeys on board; three *ghafirs* helped the boatmen pull the *felucca* upstream; then we crossed over to the west bank and rode back to the railroad station. It was about 4:30, and I invited the chief *ghafir* and the two other *ghafirs* who would take the donkeys back to have a glass of tea before the chief *ghafir* and I took the bus to Mellawy. After washing up I brought my suntan slacks to a nearby tailor to have him mend the cuffs; then I went over to the *markaz*, where I met the Major of Police, El Sayed Abu Zukry. He took me to the nearby club where later on I had a long discussion on Islam with an inspector of the Ministry of Education and with a doctor. I also met a man who had invited the mayor to dinner for the next night, and he invited me, too. Later to the casino for dinner and back through the buzzing bazaar to the hotel.

February 24 [to Mellawy]

Utter confusion; the waiter woke me up at 6:15 instead of at 7:15, and all he gave as an excuse was a sheepish smile. The chief *ghafir* came at eight, and we took a carriage to the river. Before we were out of town the horse refused to continue; the driver had to get off and push carriage and horse. He and his little boy coaxed and beat the poor beast, alternately, until it made up its mind. There was another stop in front of a sinister-looking building where the chief *ghafir* bought *afjun*, an opiate, in a semi-furtive way. We took the ferry which crossed the Nile on a steel cable pulled by two men with their bare hands. Great fun to see the nice dwarfish ferryman again. On the east bank were the two boys with two donkeys, but this time I had a miserable mount which proceeded only when urged to the limit. At the foot of the cliff I had to keep my legs in constant motion and was already worn out after the first fifteen minutes, when we had to stop at a house for coffee. There was a sleepy-looking "bey," and I gathered that he had something to do with the administration of the large English-owned estate which lay between the river and the desert. Then we proceeded, and when we reached the desert the chief *ghafir* turned to the right to go to his village, while the two boys, the tired donkey and I crossed the desert

to the guard house at the foot of the cliff where the two *ghafirs* were waiting. We climbed up to the tombs, and I worked until 3:15, a bit hampered by the clouds which made it almost impossible to photograph. Then the two *ghafirs* and I rode towards the village of Deir el-Bersheh, but we were stopped halfway by a shot and two men asked me to visit the “Englishman” whose modern-looking pumphouse lay directly on the edge of the desert. It took considerable argument to explain that I could not come to tea then, because I was expected in the village. When we got there, there was a large crowd outside the house of the chief *ghafir's* brother (Fig. 66).

They served tea and another beverage with sesame seeds floating on top. A young man who was introduced as a scholar of the *Qur'an* and of the *Hadith* chanted (recited) for us several of the last *surahs* in the traditional manner. Respectful silence; clapping of hands when he finished. Then the chief *ghafir* and I rode off, and when we crossed the Englishman's estate a fine carriage met us in which the *Yehudi Ingiz*, his wife and another lady sat. I introduced myself and explained why I could not have come for tea. His name was Edwin Gohard; he spoke with a strong accent, and after a few minutes we both decided that it would be easier to understand each other in French. Later that evening I learned from a police officer that he was Syrian by birth, which explained a good deal. The chief *ghafir* and I continued to the river, crossed on the cable ferry, and since the carriage had not yet arrived, we walked towards the town through the village. When we met the carriage we had to go through the same procedure as



Fig. 66. Bersheh:
Sheikh Ali and his
brother

in the morning—the horse simply did not want to go. But a nice man who crossed with us on the ferry put the driver's little boy on his donkey, while he joined us in the carriage, and the little boy on the donkey really got the horse going. Back at the *locanda* I shaved and washed and proceeded to the club where I was called on the telephone by the Major who said he could not get there until 8:00. Painful conversation with the local English teacher in a large group of people I did not know.

The Major arrived; we found our host for the evening, and he drove us and some other men from the club in his huge American limousine. His name was Abdelghani Bey Ali Afffi, and he was the local sugar king. His home was a compound within a high wall, which must have contained several buildings. We were led to a house on the right with a large porch, an entrance hall as in a hotel, and a number of drawing rooms, well appointed, with good modern French furniture, curtains, and mirrors. The place filled up more and more until about thirty-two people were there, of course men only: about half-a-dozen police officers in uniform and in mufti; those in mufti were heavily armed under their well-cut jackets. There were also the *'omde* of Mellawy, the *ma'mur* of er-Roda, doctors, lawyers, and others. The host's brother spoke French well and talked to me for a while; later I had to see a collection of signet rings; whisky was served, and at 9:00 we sat down at a large table in the adjoining dining room, where a fantastic meal was already set on the table: large platters with meat, vegetables, pasta—everything one could think of, and the guests helped themselves freely, ripping turkeys and sheep apart, heaping my plate beyond the capacity of my wildest appetite, and made merry. Afterwards there were sweets and jell-o and layer cake and fruit. Everybody got up when it pleased him and retired to the drawing rooms. Long talk with the nice doctor I had met the night before. He had studied in Montpellier and in Paris after World War I. I also talked with the local public health official, who was also a doctor. Around ten everybody left. I drove home with the nice doctor who pointed out the new First Aid Building. Very tired.

February 25

I took the 7:15 train to Abu Qerkaz and waited at the Grand Hotel there, with coffee and Coca Cola, until the chief *ghafir* turned up. Then we took a Model-A Ford to the river, but, halfway, there was an inundation and the car could not go

any further, though we could get through on foot. Then the road improved, and as we walked along we caught up with some camels being led down to the river to be loaded. We hitched a ride on them, my first experience on a camel, which was infinitely more comfortable than a donkey.

At the river bank we met the *ghafir* from the Speos Artemidos, and the *felucca* which brought us across and somewhat downstream to the foot of the hill with the Middle Kingdom tombs of Beni Hassan. The chief *ghafir* did not come up with me, since the Sheikh el-Ghafra from Minya, who turned up a little later, was in charge. I was already at work when he brought me a letter from Mahmud, addressed to me care of Edward Bey Ghazuli in Minya.

The light was not very good; the sun would not strike the tombs until sunset; so I stopped work at 3:00 and rode over to the Speos Artemidos, which lay about a half donkey-hour to the south and east of the new village of Beni Hassan. The old village, near the tombs, must have been destroyed more than a hundred years ago. We passed huge quarries where the rock face had been cut away; then I looked at the Speos, at the Alexander Chapel to the west, and farther west at what looked to me like another Middle Kingdom tomb.

Then the chief *ghafir* from Minya and three other *ghafirs* rode through the village of Beni Hassan to the river, while a little boy was sent to fetch Sheikh Ali. He arrived at 5:00; the *felucca* was already waiting (a *felucca* nearby was being repaired and I observed the precision-sawing in the vertical manner), but there ensued a frightful scene about *baksheesh* in which the chief *ghafir* from Minya, Khalil Mohammed, was very uncooperative. After crossing we found our taxi waiting—the man had found a way to the river by a different route. We had tea and Coca Cola at the Grand Hotel in Abu Qerkaz, and at six I rode back to Mellawy on the bus from Minya, and got off at the casino for supper. Later I discovered the local version of Boston's S.S. Pierce, a fabulous grocery, very well stocked, in a narrow street of the bazaar.

February 26 [to Minya]

Sheikh Ali appeared shortly after eight and we proceeded to the taxi station, where a fearful argument ensued about the price of a car to Umm Kummus. We even left one taxi and sat down for a Coca Cola before the price of another taxi became acceptable. At our destination we ferried across the canal, then went to the house of the *'omde* of Dirwa, a well-appointed building where we had tea

with an elegantly dressed, heavily scented gentleman. Afterwards we went by donkey through cultivation and desert, past the new pumphouse of Sami Gabra, the Egyptian archaeologist, to the site generally called Tuna el-Gebel (though the village of that name lay farther north) and straight to the tomb of Petosiris, where we met several people, among them Mme. Sami Gabra (he himself was in Luxor), the chief assistant, Labib Bey Ghali, and an artist.

The chief assistant gave me "Conducted Tour no. 1," so that there was no time to take notes. They were putting a roof on Petosiris's tomb; so very little light came into the inner room. Some of the best reliefs were covered up, and the modern plaster filling the cracks and lacunae was not recessed. Behind it were more chapels and tombs of the Greek Period, all oriented S-N. A few were of good limestone, but most were brick and plaster, and painted, partly in Greek, partly in Egyptian style. There was also a temple with a deep well and a *sakiya* [water wheel] where one could have expected the sanctuary. The site was by no means exhausted. *Kom* after *kom* were still to be excavated. I heard later that a tomb similar to that of Petosiris was somewhere in the neighborhood of Sohag, as yet unpublished. Next I was shown the subterranean ibis-and-monkey cemeteries, galleries of vast dimensions, fairly well lighted here and there with electric bulbs. A small museum had been installed there containing, among other objects found at Tuna, a marriage scarab of Amenhotep III.

I met the *Reis* Youssef Hamid, one of the HU-MFA *Quftis*, who was very happy to see someone from Boston. We repaired to the nearby house of Sami Gabra, charmingly situated in a small but lush garden, where Mme. Sami Gabra served coffee. Meanwhile, Sheikh Ali telephoned Minya and arranged for my departure from Mellawy. After coffee I was shown a second museum, visited the artist's studio, had my lunch in a small garden, and then we took off in Professor Sami Gabra's station wagon, together with several of his people, among them another *Qufti* of the HU-MFA expedition Ahmed Mohammed Ahmed.

The car went north through the flat desert, past a large herd of camels which had appeared from the desert about an hour before, and along a "road" marked with bits of limestone. We passed outside the village of Tuna el-Gebel where some of the men got off, then continued through the cultivation, crossed a canal by putting the car on a ferry, and proceeded to the vast site of Ashmunin (Hermopolis), where an inspector of the *Service* took me around. The infiltration of water was alarming and ruining everything. We climbed all over a basilica with tall granite columns, saw traces of a temple of Amenhotep III,

where the fragments of two colossal seated baboons had recently been found. There were bits of Amarna relief on the typically small sandstone blocks of that period, also several Late temples, but the whole place was a hopeless mess, and from the point of view of excavation and conservation offered insurmountable problems. There were many ancient brick walls around, probably of the Greco-Roman and Christian town, much overgrown with palm trees.

The Inspector took me to the former German house for tea; some *Quftis* came up, since word of my arrival had spread within a few minutes, and some of them seemed to know of my trip with Abdallah. Finally Sheikh Ali and I took off and walked along a canal, since our unexpected trip to Ashmunein had confused the previously made arrangements. We stopped outside of an *'omde's* house when a small British car with a doctor passed by and gave us a lift to the *locanda* in Mellawy.

There I packed my stuff, sent out a call for my laundry, and had an argument about the price of the second bed in my room, for which, all of a sudden, I was to be charged. It was settled half an hour later by Sheikh Ali who came by with a carriage to take me with all my baggage to the bus stop at the casino. I had my shoes shined and drank yet another Coca Cola. The nice Greek waiter, who had served my supper every night, and everybody in the town stood around, gaping, and finally the autobus arrived to take us north.

It got quite dark, and a fight arose between a customer in first class who slapped the face of one in second class. We passed Er-Roda and Abu Qerkaz, and around 7:30 we arrived in a village, without electricity, named Mansâfis, where Sheikh Ali lived. I was taken to his house to meet his wife (whom he called "Madame," and I gathered that it was her house), his two nice little children, and some unnamed old women. They served tea and coffee, and since the train was late I had to entertain everyone for about half an hour, which in the end became quite strenuous. It appeared that they had never seen anyone do shadow plays on the wall with the hand, by the light of a gasoline lamp borrowed from a neighbor. Eventually the train was signaled.

We crawled through the broken fence on the near platform, climbed over the rails, and up to the other platform. On the train everybody greeted Sheikh Ali, who was well known between Minya and Assiut. Nice talk with a friendly Greek who was somehow connected with the Greek Consulate in Minya. On our arrival we were met by the Sheikh el-Ghafra of Minya, Khalil Mohammed, and by a young man, elegantly dressed in American college clothes, Mohab

Mustafa, the draughtsman of the local office of the *Service*. They took me across the street to the Savoy Hotel where I got a good room and later had my supper downstairs, which was less good.

February 27

Shortly before eight Sheikh Khalil appeared and explained firmly that he was in charge and not Sheikh Ali; the two had apparently had it out. We crossed the rail-road tracks and waited for a bus which took us north, but after a few kilometers it had to make a detour because of a new road being built south, all the way from Cairo. We walked north along the canal with a hatless young man in a white lab coat; then crossed the canal to the east, went through a village along the embankment where the young man left us. Then we followed the bank of the Nile farther north; it was warm and since I walked fast, the Sheikh in his heavy clothes was pretty well exhausted. The whole walk after we left the bus was about six or seven kilometers. We finally met the *ghafir* from the east bank who had been waiting for us; the *felucca* was already there, and several people aboard were going along for the ride. The *reis* was a boy not more than ten years old, and since there was no wind and rowing in the current was hopeless, after carefully removing his underpants he climbed into the ice-cold water and pulled the boat on a rope. Two other men helped him, while a boy of six took the rudder. Then the *reis* climbed back on the boat, steered, and gave orders to the men who dragged the *felucca* along the *gezira* [island]. There a girl got on board, climbing into the boat without removing the heavy load from her head. She and another girl ate bits of sugar cane they had just fished out of the river. At the east shore, which we reached after about an hour, donkeys were waiting with another *ghafir*. My mount was a strong beast, full of pep, which went at a trot all the time—the best donkey I had ridden thus far. We crossed the cultivation to Tuna el-Gebel, then rode on the roof tops of the ancient *kom* up to the Ptolemaic rock temple where I began to take notes. After lunch we rode south along the cliff to the Old Kingdom rock tombs, and when I finished working there we continued south until we were just opposite Minya. Then we crossed the cultivation to the Nile. The two *ghafirs* took their leave, and the Sheikh and I crossed in a small *felucca* that happened to be there.

From the other bank it was only about ten minutes' walk to the Antiquities office where I finally met Edward Bey Ghazuli, Chief Inspector for Middle Egypt, a sleepy-looking heavy-set man with blood-shot eyes, and his cheerful mouse-like

wife. They had five children who were making an unearthly noise; the window was open, and our conversation in English was slightly halting. They served a magnificent tea with candied fruit, and later coffee, and invited me for supper. Some picture of the family life of an Egyptian official! Sheikh Khalil and the draughtsman accompanied me back to the hotel where I washed and dressed, rather exhausted from the day's enterprise. Later, at eight, I tried to find my way back to the *Service* house, got completely lost, and observed a wonderful scene in the middle of the main street when I asked a soldier, who asked a police corporal, who in turn asked a passerby, who went and asked a "friend," and meanwhile a curious crowd gathered and the "friend," who spoke a little English, waved a bottle in all directions. The corporal finally asked a little boy who took us both to the *Service* building which also happened to house a school (which was how he knew it). This time I met the old father-in-law of Edward Bey as well. He was having trouble with his teeth which he alternately washed and dried in a towel and put on and took off again. The Ghazulis were Christians and hailed from Meir. The dinner was very good; I saw a bit more of the children. Edward Bey told me of the difficulties he had in getting around to the various sites, of the trouble with Ramaddan Abu el-Aziz, who forgot to send me the *ghafir* and who went off to Cairo on his own, and he also mentioned that the Old Kingdom tombs at Beni Hassan were found by chance, and that Rashid Bey had excavated some more Old Kingdom sites at Zawiet el-Meitin. At about ten I took my leave and returned to the hotel, past the fantastic amusement park with Ferris wheel which looked so incongruous in that town.

February 28 [to Cairo]

Up at 7:30 when the man who knocked at my door actually brought two teapots full of hot water and sugar for my Nescafé. To the *Service* office by nine. Edward Bey went on conducting his business while I drank coffee, and after a suitable twenty-five minutes he mentioned that the Sheikh el-Ghafra, Khalil Mohammed, would now accompany me to the Minya Museum. We walked through the morning town; the municipal museum was pretty far out in a nice building; they served me coffee, and I could work quietly for about one and a half hours. Then we walked back to the hotel. I paid my bill, went to the station and took the 11:28 train to Cairo, second class. The dust was terrible! At lunch, in the diner, I met a young Swede who was coming back from Addis Ababa. At three the train arrived in Cairo. I took a taxi, first to American Express to pick

up the heap of mail which awaited me there, then to Morland House, 16, Sharia Sheikh el-Barakat, where Mahmud had reserved a room for me. Later to Miss Ginger's apartment to pick up my good suit and the other things I had forwarded from Luxor, then back to the *pension*, and at 7:30 back to Miss Ginger's, where I met her. She had been to Pakistan for two weeks. Back to the *pension* for a good supper.

March 1

By taxi downtown, first to TWA, then to some of the other airlines. It seemed hopeless to try to get home via Athens. American Express for the mail, Sharia Fouad I to buy one of those surplus British Navy coats; sun glasses, negative material; *au bouquiniste* Feldman, and finally I brought my films to Mlle. Diradour, 3, Sharia Baehler, whom Mekhitarian had recommended for developing. Then back to the *pension* for a moment, and over to the Embassy to call on Mr. Black, the Cultural Attaché, and Thomas Stauffer, who invited me for lunch at his apartment. Later we took a taxi to near the *Opéra*, and from there a carriage to the bazaar where we walked on foot through the crowded narrow alleys; the gold stores and the spice merchants seemed especially remarkable. Then we looked at the antique dealers' stock. Albert Eid had a big place, but nothing much to show, while Khawwab had some forgeries and an excellent little ivory statue of Akhenaton similar to the Berlin figure.⁴⁷ Crowds of American tourists were descending on the Muski. We took a taxi back, and I got off in the Sharia el-Bustan where Abdallah happened to be in Mahmud's office. Great joy on both sides. Later Mahmud took me to the nearby office of the Hagg Abul Waffa, who greeted me like a long-lost brother and gave me his car to go back to the *pension*. At supper I met Miss Miller, Judge Brinton's secretary. Afterwards to Keimer's, who was a bit ill-humored but as always full of interesting news.

March 2

Up early, and finally got all my papers in order. Before 9:00 to Drioton's office, where he received me as soon as he came in and gave me a generous amount of his time to hear about my trip. Then I went over to the Museum to do some

⁴⁷ The ivory statuette was eventually bought by Brooklyn, and later on turned out to be a forgery.

work and ran into Bertha Segall who was on a Bollingen fellowship.⁴⁸ Later I called on M. Maurice Raphael, the chief curator, to get some information and some photographs, but the office was completely taken up with work for Misses Segall and Hill, and the chances seemed to be slim of getting everything done on time. Then I went over to the library of the Museum, where I met the librarian, Mohsen el-Khachab, also Michaelides, the collector; and a French lady who had graduated with a study on hippopotami and who was going to write an article for the *Annales* proving that the Boston pottery hippopotamus (Fig. 67) was of the Middle Kingdom.⁴⁹ She became quite excited about it. After this brief encounter I walked over to Feldman's shop to place my order for books and had coffee with him. Back to the *pension*, to the Embassy for mail, and to Miss Ginger's, where I met the Joseph Lindon Smiths; and while the hostess went to see off the Aga Khan, I had lunch with the Smiths and Mrs. Phillips, wife of the head of the Naval Research Institute in Abbasiya. Later Mrs. Phillips and some American doctors took the Smiths to Saqqara, and still later A.M. Akef, an architect from the *Service*, came from Saqqara with a car to pick up the Smiths' baggage and bring it out. When everything had been loaded, I went to the *pension* to do some writing. At 8:30 dinner at the Blacks', the other guests being Lady Barclay (Ralph Lowell's sister from Boston), the Judge and Mrs. Brinton, and a lady who was Bob Black's cousin, breezing



Fig. 67. Pottery hippopotamus, "early Predynastic;" now thought to be Middle Kingdom. Courtesy, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston acc. no. 48.252

⁴⁸ Bertha Segall was a well-known archaeologist, especially knowledgeable in ancient jewelry.

⁴⁹ The pottery hippopotamus is MFA 48.252; see *BMFA* 46 (1948), pp. 64–69, with 8 ills.; also Peter Lacovara, "A New Date for an Old Hippopotamus," *Journal of the Museum of Fine Arts* 4 (1992), pp. 17–26.

through Egypt on an organized cruise. The dinner was excellent, the people were pleasant, and we had some good talk. Back to the *pension* by midnight.

March 3

At 9:00 to the Museum where I got a good deal of work done, although it was often hard to appreciate the objects, most of which were dirty, out of sight, badly displayed, wrongly labeled and unnumbered. Then over to Bob Black's office; he introduced me to Miss Anderson, the Geographical Attaché, and we talked over the business of getting maps for the Museum of Fine Arts. Then to the *Institut Français* to visit Messrs. J. Haggar and O. Guéraud and to inspect the magnificent library, which was so well installed in the palatial mansion. While I was looking up a few things I ran into M. Piankoff who was back from Luxor. Back to the *pension* for lunch, which was far more ample than dinner; then back to the Museum for more work. The attendants were troubled by my leather shoulder bag, and I finally had to obtain a photographer's card so as to keep it with me in the building.

When the Museum closed I walked downtown, first to American Express to discuss the matter of shipping the books, then to the Surplus Store to buy some sheets for Saqqara; to Lehnert & Landrock Succ., 44, Sharia Madabegh, where I picked out several hundred photographs to be printed, and finally to the photo store of Mlle. Diradour, where all my films had already been developed. On the way back to the *pension* I lost my way completely until a friendly Greek, who worked for a Swiss concern, helped me and walked with me for a few hundred yards.

March 4

To the Museum at nine; this time I was given a special permit to take the leather bag in with me and hoped to have no more trouble in the future. Later I went to the library, where I was wanted on the phone and was called to the office of Drioton's secretary. There Mahmud was waiting for me with a message from the Hagg Abul Waffa, who invited me for lunch. In the office I also met Sami Gabra, and as Mahmud and I were leaving we ran into Ahmed Sadik, the young architect from Abydos who had been so agreeable to me there. Then I went to the photographers in the Sharia

Baehler to go over the negatives they had developed. Then to the British bookstore around the corner, to find out if they would send books to the United States, but they told me that there was too much red tape and no return; so that was out.

Back to the *pension*, and at 1:30 I went to Mahmud's office at 19, Sharia el-Bustan where we soon met the Hagg Abul Waffa. He drove me in his custom-built desert Chevrolet to the St. James Restaurant; the Hagg introduced me to everyone in sight; he even took me to a café across the street to introduce me to all his cronies there, including a brigadier general. Back at the St. James a cotton merchant invited me for a drink; then I met Ali Bey, a senator from near Nag Hammadi, and soon afterwards Mr. E.W. Triulzi arrived with his Egyptian assistant. Triulzi was General Manager of Chevrolet in Egypt; he lived in Alexandria, spoke English like a Brooklyn Dodger fan, but hailed from Mount Vernon, N.Y. His ancestry was Swiss, from the Ticino. He was the guest of honor at lunch; the other guests were his assistant, Mahmud, Ali Bey, and the Hagg. The food was good; as a special feature we had lamb prepared in a paper bag, well spiced. After lunch the Hagg drove us, without Triulzi, to Cook's riverside workshop in Bulaq, where his recently repaired amphibian "duck" (Army surplus, now gaily painted) was being tested. Then back to the *pension*; later to the Embassy to invite Miss Martinou and her fiancé for lunch on Monday. Tom Stauffer was there, looking rather sour. Later to the *Institut d'Egypte* where Drioton presided very ably at a session during which Keimer and Vikentiev spoke; both of them were hard to understand and the acoustics were terrible. Among others, Kuentz, Černý, Lauer and Michaelides were also present. Deadly atmosphere. Then at 7:30 to Bryan Emery's for dinner. His wife was in England; we were alone. Very pleasant evening. He gave me a large photograph of one of his Dynasty II primitive niche stones for Bill. Home at midnight.

March 5

At nine to the *Service*, where I found Ahmed Sadik and Mustafa Bey Sobhy who were so helpful at Abydos. On the way to the Museum I met Černý and, after working for several hours, I ran into Posener, who had settled in the laboratory to work on his hieratic pots and ostraka. I neglected to mention that earlier in the morning I met Dr. Abou el-Naga Abdallah at the *Service*. He seemed to be in charge of all the restoration and preservation work, so that people such as

Mustafa Bey Sobhy and Ahmed Sadik were actually under him. Shortly before lunch at the Museum of Modern Art I visited the exhibition of excellent large photographs of Hassan Bey Fathy's New Qurnah Village. The photographer's name was Dimitri Papadimou; there were also some pictures taken by Mme. Desroches-Noblecourt. After lunch I returned to the Museum and worked until closing time; then a short visit to Feldman's, and tea and pastry with Ahmed Sadik who had been my host at Abydos. Later I dropped in at Miss Ginger's to make the arrangements for Wednesday. She had some people in for a drink, among them Miss Carter, the Regional Librarian of the Embassy, who jotted down the titles of Reisner's *History of the Giza Necropolis* and Bill's *History of Egyptian Sculpture and Painting in the Old Kingdom*, to be ordered through the State Department for the U.S.I.S. Library here. It's about time! Caught up on some correspondence at night.

March 6

As the Museum was closed, I took care of some of the other business that had accumulated. First I went to TWA to get my reservation for the end of the month; then to Lehnert & Landrock to have Zakaria Goneim's map packed and sent to Luxor; then to American Express for the mail and some money, and after that to the Censorship Office to call on William Bey Doss in the post office Annex. It was a fantastic place, and to see how they were doing their censoring was even more fascinating. Then to the sweets shop to send some presents to the people who had been so helpful on my recent trip. To the *bouquiniste* for a moment; to the *pension*; and then to the Embassy where I found Ahmed Bey Monasterli already waiting in his jeep. When I had collected Miss Ginger, Miss Martinou arrived. We drove to the Ermitage for lunch—very expensive and very good, which was as it should be for such a place. The young couple took off after lunch; Miss Ginger and I walked towards the *Opéra*; then I continued on my own, through the bazaar to the el-Azhar, behind which a new seat of learning was being built, right in front of some miserable shacks and hills of medieval debris. Then I groped my way through dark alleys until I came to the magnificent Mosques of Sultan Hassan and er-Rifâ'i and past them to the foot of the Citadel. After walking around there for a while, I saw a Coca Cola sign in a side street and sat down on the only chair in the dirty little shop. I was quite surprised to see how carefully they washed bottle and bottle opener in

MY FIRST VISIT

running water before taking off the cap. There was a wonderful machine there to squeeze the sap out of long stalks of sugar cane—which then ran through cheesecloth into a container. Long talk with three friendly people who only spoke Arabic. Later I drifted down to the Ibn Tulun Mosque, of which there was not much to see on the outside, and from there I walked across the city, in a northeasterly direction, until I came to Garden City and rode a few hundred yards on a street car, for free! Back to the *pension*—quite tired after all that walking.

March 7

To the Museum as usual and took notes until shortly before 11:00 when a man walked up and introduced himself as Helmut von den Steinen; he had visited Dumas at Dendera and had brought his letter for me to Quft. At 11:00 I called on M. Maurice Raphael and at least got to the *Journal d'Entrée* and to the location file to look up the Bersheh fragments and the provenance of a good many other pieces I was interested in. At 1:00 back to the *pension* for lunch, and from two to four again at the *Journal d'Entrée*. Then another half hour in the Museum; to the watchmaker (who broke the spring of my alarm while winding it, so that it will have to be done again), to Mahmud's office (he was not in), to Keimer. He was nervous and upset because he had to go and see Miss Segall, but he showed me his manuscript of the publication of the tomb of Mehu at Saqqara.⁵⁰ Finally I went to Feldman's shop to call the Joseph Lindon Smiths at Saqqara. It took some time for the call to come through, and all I had to tell them was that everything was all right and that I would be coming out the next day. Then back to Morland House for supper, and at nine to Keimer's who was in a better humor since he foresaw a long and fruitful collaboration with Miss Segall. We had a good talk, and he showed me some very rare books before I left, around 11:00. Later I packed my things.

March 8 [to Saqqara]

At nine to TWA to make the final reservations for the trip to Paris, then to American Express for some mail, and after that to the Museum, where I ran into one snag after another. This time Maurice Raphael had to see the press and

⁵⁰ For the tomb of Mehu, see PM III, 2 (1981), pp. 619–22, and H. Altenmüller, *Die Wanddarstellungen im Grab des Mehu* (Mainz, 1998).

had no time for me, was entirely noncommittal about the possibility of my looking at any of the objects not on exhibition—even later on, if I came over from Saqqara, and he actually claimed that it was impossible to get the photographs done which I should like to have had, although Abbas Bayoumi, the Director, had signed the list without paying much attention to his curator's objections. Raphael told me to come back at twelve. So I left for the Library and ran into Posener and Lauer outside; later inside, Michaelides, and finally Fernand Debono, the prehistorian, who was then working for the *Service des Antiquités*. I also ran into Dikarios, the Cypriot archaeologist, who remembered my brother Dietrich from Paris and London. When I got back to the office of the Museum, Maurice Raphael had not returned, but I used the remainder of the morning to work on the *Journal d'Entrée*; then lunched at Miss Ginger's with an English girl who was working at a Cairo hospital, and went by taxi, first to the *pension* to pick up my luggage and then to Saqqara. There was a lot of stuff the Joseph Lindon Smiths needed at their house, which had to be brought out. We arrived shortly before 3:30 on the desert plateau, north of the *Service* house, where the Smiths were living in Emery's old excavation house. Their nice servant, Isa, from Quft of course, received me, and soon afterwards the Smiths came in for tea. After that I took a walk to the north, across Emery and Firth's proto-dynastic cemeteries, and on the way back called on Mr. Hilmy Pacha, the local Inspector, but he was in pajamas and slippers, and after a quick handshake I took my leave. Back at the house were some priests who soon left. A quiet evening and a quiet supper.

March 9

Up at seven, and when I came to breakfast the Smiths had already finished theirs and soon left on donkeys for the Unas Complex, while I followed them half an hour later on foot. At the gate of the Zoser Complex a *ghafir* hailed me and took me to the Smiths. Uncle Joe was working in a half-wrecked chapel north of the top part of the Unas Causeway. This chapel, as well as those adjoining to the east, seemed all to be unrecorded, and I began by copying and photographing, and taking a break every once in a while to walk around the complex. I had a vague feeling that the Dynasty VI mastaba of Methethy⁵¹ must have been there somewhere, and certain features, such as men's costumes and the style of inscriptions,

⁵¹ For the mastaba of Methethy, see PM III, 2 (1981), pp. 646–48.

reminded me of the Mallons' relief (Fig. 68).⁵² The Smiths left shortly after eleven and I followed them an hour later.

For lunch two young people appeared in a big hired car with chauffeur and dragoman, Mr. and Mrs. William Myer. He had just graduated from Yale and was going into the oil business in Texas. They were friends of friends of the Smiths. After lunch the Smiths and Mrs. Myer took a nap, while I talked with the young man. Later he, his wife and I drove in his big car to the Zoser Complex, the Serapeum, the mastaba of Ptah-hotep, and finally rejoined the Smiths at the tomb of Mereruka, where Uncle Joe worked in the afternoon. Together



Fig. 68. Mallons' relief of Metjetjy (Methethy in the text) and his son, Dynasty V. Courtesy, Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, acc. no. 953.116.1

⁵² For the relief, see PM III, 2 (1981), p. 646.

we then looked at Kagemni's tomb and returned to the house for tea, and a long talk before the young man left. Myer's brother, incidentally, was then at Harvard.

At seven the Smiths and I went over to the house next door where we were invited for dinner by Hilmy Pacha, the resident Inspector of Saqqara. The other guests were his wife, who did not speak English, and a painter, Abbas, a pupil of Uncle Joe's. The conversation was rather painful, since our host did not know much about ancient archaeology or art: he believed that there was no relief work in Dynasty IV, that the Meidum Pyramid was finished and was a true Pyramid, like that of Cheops, and that Lauer's architectural drawings of the Step Pyramid were "completely wrong." I also learned that the good Weserkaf and Unas reliefs were locked away and that the magazines had been sealed; that a new pit had been found near Ptah-hotep's mastaba, which Drioton would look at tomorrow, and that Akef, whom I had met the other day when he picked up the Smiths' belongings at Miss Ginger's, was now "in charge" of the Unas Causeway, which was in a frightful mess, as I had just seen (Fig. 69). Blocks of reliefs were lying around, here and there, in incredible disorder, exposed to wind and rain, and I could hardly see how anyone could possibly save them and put them back in place. Fortunately, we returned from dinner before nine, and I had some time for writing.

March 10

Up at seven, and I reached the Unas Complex before eight, even before the Smiths arrived. Uncle Joe continued painting, and before noon had finished the seated figure on the north wall, west end, of the chapel of Khenu (Figs. 70–73),⁵³ while I continued with my work in and around Khenu (Figs. 74–75). Before noon we took a break to go down to the lower part of the Causeway, south side, to a chapel entrance, half cut off by the lower layers of the Causeway.⁵⁴ It had lovely decoration, half finished, and partly executed in paint. On the way back I had a look at a block on the south face of the Unas Pyramid which, on the underside, was decorated in fine low relief showing a vulture with spread wings and part of the name Djedkare-Isesy. Later in the afternoon Lauer told me that he had found many more pieces of evidence that Unas had

⁵³ For the seated figure of Khenu, see PM III, 2 (1981), pp. 625–26.

⁵⁴ The chapel entrance off the Unas Causeway is mentioned in PM III, 2 (1981), pp. 637–38; Neferherentah.



Fig. 69. Saqqara: Unas Causeway, looking west, towards bend



Fig. 70. Saqqara: north of Unas Causeway, chapel of Khenu, Dynasty V, west wall, center left, Khenu seated



Fig. 71. Saqqara: Khenu chapel, Dynasty V, west wall, left (south) part, Khenu striding

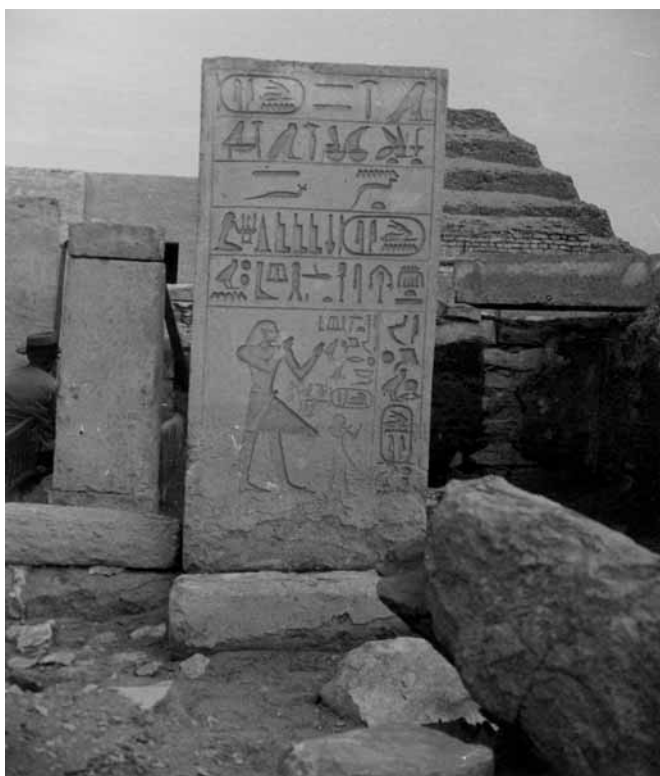


Fig. 72. Saqqara: Khenu chapel, Dynasty V, south face of south pillar



Fig. 73. Saqqara: Khenu chapel, Dynasty V, top of south face of south pillar; inscription mentions Unas

destroyed a monument of Isehy and used the blocks for his pyramid and the Causeway. It started to rain, but when I finally got home for lunch the sun came out again.

After lunch I walked to the pyramids of Abusir, and about halfway there noted an excavation which contained the lower part of an ancient brick building with some deep pits. At Abusir I skirted the pyramids to the west and continued towards the sun sanctuary of Abu Ghurab, always against a strong wind. Though strewn with millions and millions of pebbles the desert was also covered with little cactus-like plants which were full of water. Before reaching the Ra sanctuary there was another hill covered with pottery and broken stones, not of local origin.

At the sanctuary I found the *ghafir* of Abu Ghurab and his little boy asleep on one side of the vast court; only their donkey noticed me. The enormous alabaster altar was well preserved and most impressive (Fig. 76). Following the now uncovered passage inside the lower part of the sun obelisk, I reached the top; on the way up, a big white owl flew out from a crevice in the masonry—a



Fig. 74. Saqqara: "bird" tomb, south of Unas Causeway; west wall, upper register, from center to the right



Fig. 75. Saqqara: "bird" tomb, south of Unas Causeway; west wall, upper register, from left end towards center



Fig. 76. Abu Ghurab:
Funerary Temple of Sahure,
early Dynasty V, from top of
sanctuary overlooking court
with alabaster altar



Fig. 77. Abu Ghurab: granite block with green-painted name of
sanctuary, between altar and base of sanctuary



Fig. 78. Abusir: south side entrance to Pyramid Temple of Sahure, early Dynasty V

beautiful sight. There was a fine view from the top. While I was sitting there peacefully, the *ghafir* woke up and soon joined me with his little son (the old man was deaf), and from then on they followed me everywhere. One block with a bit of fine low relief had been left standing on the north side of the court, but there were numerous fragments of large granite blocks with some inscriptions painted green, and I photographed one of them which happened to have the name on it of the Sanctuary with the characteristic determinative (Fig. 77). Then I walked back to the pyramids of Abusir where the Pyramid Temple of Sahure interested me most (Fig. 78). There were black blocks of basalt, red blocks of granite and white ones of limestone making a very attractive color combination, though the place must have looked very different in ancient times. Next I visited the mastaba of Ptah-shepses.⁵⁵ The *ghafir's* wife opened it and left me alone so that I had time to look around. The colors were well preserved, especially in the scene with the cranes on the south wall. Actually,

⁵⁵ See PM III, 1 (1974), pp. 340–42, and the more recent volumes by M. Verner et al., *Abusir I–IV* (Prague, 1977–).

the part now roofed over and locked was not the whole chapel. I found the scene of one of the Marburg photographs on the outside and then realized that the protected section was merely the northern part of the whole chapel, as indeed the Baedeker said.

At five I was back at the house for tea, pretty tired from the long walk. Before supper I went to call on Lauer at his house; he told me that he was expecting Professor Montet the following day and that I could join them to see the subterranean passages of the Zoser Complex. Lauer had drawn the plan of the pyramid temple of Weserkaf and was going to publish it with Drioton, who was dealing with the reliefs. Lauer was much less reserved than at previous meetings. Home for supper and some writing.

March 11

As I did the day before, I worked all morning at the Unas Complex (Figs. 79–81). Lauer passed by twice with his party. After lunch I went to his house to find out about arrangements for the afternoon; he asked me to tell the Inspector that

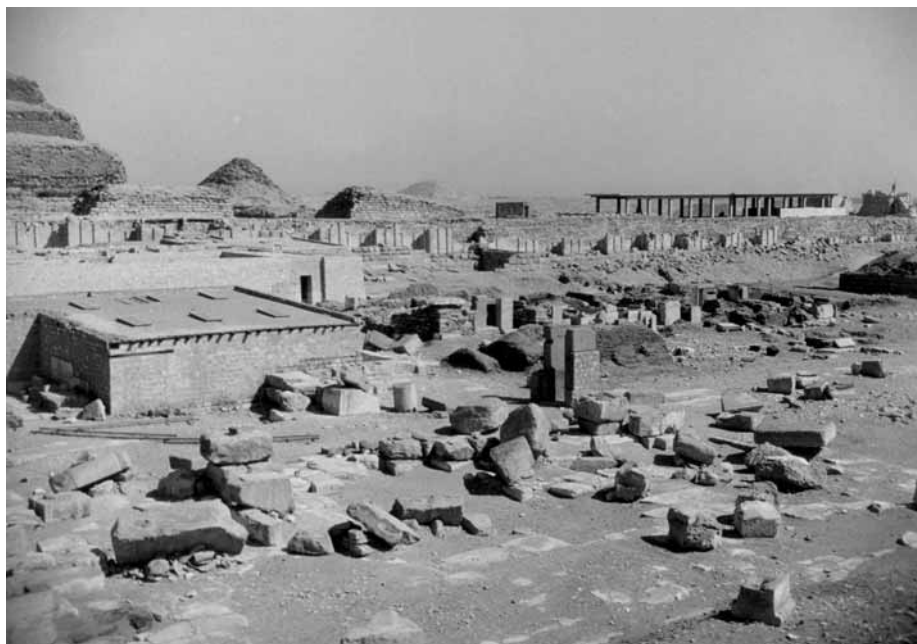


Fig. 79. Saqqara: Unas Complex with Zoser Complex beyond



Fig. 80. Saqqara: granite gate of Unas, Dynasty V



Fig. 81. Saqqara: Unas Complex, chapel of Queen Khenut, Dynasty V

he would be up there after 2:00. The Inspector, named Abdelqader, turned out to be quite a nice fellow but no friend of Hilmy's, as I soon found out. He was studying Egyptology at Fouad I University, and we had a long talk about the *Service* while he gave me some tea.

Later Lauer appeared with his party: Professor Montet, the excavator of Tanis, with three gentlemen from the Suez Canal Company and the wives of two of them, plus a little girl, and another Frenchman who, I thought, was a newspaperman. Lauer showed us the stone vessels from the Step Pyramid, about eight thousand of them, but forty thousand were recovered and, judging from the fragments, a hundred thousand must have been deposited in the underground galleries. Then we drove in two cars over to the Colonnade (Figs. 82–84), and Lauer led us down into the South Tomb where we spent more than an hour. The layout of access, corridors, and galleries was most impressive; the beautiful white limestone lining the walls, the dressed panels, the famous blue tiles. After the visit we parted; I continued my work at the Unas Complex and got home for a late tea. Supper was at seven as usual, and afterwards the Smiths played cards until shortly before nine, while I continued with my notes and letters.

March 12

Up as usual, and at the Unas Complex before eight; worked until after 11:30, then home for lunch at twelve. The Smiths were then at Mereruka in the morning, and at Khenu (north of the Unas Causeway) in the afternoon.⁵⁶ I was back there at 1:00, and they arrived by donkey a little later. I worked until 4:30, then home to tea, where Dorothy Ginger and a British couple from Khartoum joined us. After driving all the way down from Shellal in their baby Ford, they were staying with Miss Ginger. They returned with her to Cairo after tea, while I went around the north side of the Teti Pyramid Complex. Some of the lesser-known tombs were there, though protected by locked doors and also blocked by piled-up rocks, which certainly made them impossible to see. It was surprising to come across the two fragmentary block statues lying around, half-buried in the sand.⁵⁷ Even more surprising were the large mudbrick structures to the

⁵⁶ For the tomb of Khenu, see PM III, 2 (1981), pp. 625–26.

⁵⁷ For the fragmentary block statues, see PM III, 2 (1981), p. 551.



Fig. 82. Saqqara: Zoser precinct, colonnade.
Kindness of Jean-Philippe Lauer



Fig. 83. Saqqara: Zoser precinct, colonnade.
Kindness of Jean-Philippe Lauer



Fig. 84. Saqqara: Zoser precinct, entrance

north and west of Mereruka, all of which must once have been painted. In a few cases some of the color was still left; nothing of this was shown in Firth's publication. On the way back to the house I called on the Inspector, Abdelqader, who promised to meet me at the Zoser entrance (Figs. 84–85) the next day at 9:30. Supper and writing afterwards, as usual.



Fig. 85. Saqqara: Zoser precinct, entrance (as reconstructed)

March 13

Up early, and before eight to the Unas Complex. The sun was just right, and I could take the remainder of the Causeway reliefs which I had not yet photographed. At 9:30 I met the Inspector Abdelqader at the Zoser entrance, and he took me into the mastaba of Ka-irer which had, among other scenes, the extraordinary representations of a nude girl in front view, holding a pair of scales and of the egg-laying crocodile.⁵⁸ Not a chance to take notes or pictures. Then the Inspector showed me the mastaba of Nebkauhor,⁵⁹ near the Unas Causeway, which served as a storeroom for some of the smaller pieces of the excavations of Selim Hassan, Zaki Saad, and Abdessalam Hussein. While we were there Lauer arrived and took me into

⁵⁸ For the mastaba of Ka-irer, see PM III, 2 (1981), p. 631.

⁵⁹ For the mastaba of Nebkauhor, see PM III, 2 (1981), p. 627.

his magazines at the northeast corner of the Unas pyramid temple, which contained the blocks of relief he found in the temple and some other pieces from nearby. The rest of the morning I worked near the Causeway and in the Mehu mastaba, but the light was not good; and I could have seen more of Mehu earlier in the day.

After lunch Uncle Joe did not feel too well; his stomach was upset, and he stayed in bed. I went first to the north side of the Teti pyramid and worked in the chapels south of Kagemni, where the so-called block statues of Ihy and other reliefs of the Middle Kingdom were; then I had another look at the fabulous Mereruka complex. Next on the program was Ti which, however, came as no surprise when one knew the publication.⁶⁰ A good many of the scenes were too high on the wall to be properly appreciated without a ladder, mirrors and lights, the lack of which had proved so embarrassing at Beni Hassan.

From there I walked to the mastaba complex of Ptah-hotep, where I met a number of Quftis, among them Hilmy's *reis*, Dauwi Mahmud Diraz, who had worked with Reisner for many years and wrote much of the Arabic diary of the HU-MFA Expedition. He showed me the three pits discovered on the south side of the mastaba, one of which had already been excavated, although the entrance from the bottom of the pit to the burial chamber had not yet been opened. The man took his shoes off, and it was amazing to see how he climbed down into the deep pit, placing his feet into grooves in the wall. Then he measured the depth and made a sketch to scale.

Afterwards I walked along the west wall of the Zoser enclosure to the Unas Complex and went on with my work there, recording the inscribed and decorated chapels and the fragments lying about unprotected, which would soon be gone. When I came home for a late tea, Uncle Joe was still in bed and remained there for the rest of the evening. *Reis* Dauwi called at 6:30, and at seven M. Lauer came for supper. He had been at Saqqara for twenty-four years, since 1926. His wife and three children lived in France.

March 14

Up a bit earlier, breakfast at seven, and at 7:20 the man with the donkey arrived and took me down the sandy slope, through the village of Abusir, along a canal,

⁶⁰ For the tomb of Ti, see G. Steindorff, *Das Grab des Ti* (Leipzig, 1913).

over a bridge, and across the fields on a good road to the main highway running from the Fayoum to Giza. I expected to have to wait for a long time for the bus, but after about two minutes a little Austin stopped; in it were Hilmy Pacha and his brother-in-law going to Cairo and they took me along. Hilmy proudly showed me the photographs of the Ramesside niche statue which he had just found, upside down, at the foot of the Unas Causeway, the owner was a *Repat haty-a Pahem-neter*.

Thus I arrived at the grocer's by 8:15, where I left the Smiths' order; then over to the watchmaker to pick up my alarm clock, to the cobbler to leave my shoes to be resoled, and at nine I was at the office of the *Service*. In Drioton's anteroom I met Pahor Kladios Labib, who had studied with me in Berlin from 1932. He was now Chief Inspector of Provincial Museums, and he told me that he had already heard reverberations of my visit to Middle Egypt from the *mudir* of Assiut and from Edward Ghazuli in Minya. Drioton received me as soon as he came in and agreed to the exchange of future *Annales* issues for the *Bulletin of the Museum of Fine Arts*, and he readily drafted a paper which I could present to the censor when the books, maps, and photographs that I had acquired for the MFA were to be shipped. As to the two primitive niche stones from Emery's excavations, he thought that they might be in a Saqqara magazine, but he did not seem to remember them very well. He was remarkably unhurried, despite the fact that the telephone rang constantly, that Abbas came with files, that people sent in their cards, that he had to take some visiting royalty around the Museum at ten, and that he was leaving for Luxor the next day. He would not return to Cairo until April 1, when I hoped to see him to say goodbye.

In Kassab's office next door I ran into Abdelqader; then to the Embassy to call on Judge Brinton who would make arrangements for my stay at the Giza Pyramids. I met Konya, the Vice Consul (Bill Smith's friend) in the hall, who took me to his office and invited me for lunch on the 28th; then I saw the Vice Consul, Mr. Atkinson, who advised me on the invoice business. Next I visited Mahmud at his office where three different people were shouting into three different telephones. Over to the *bouquiniste*. They had almost all of the publications I needed for Boston and Brooklyn, and promised to complete the order soon. After that I went to American Express to pick up my mail; there was a registered letter at the post office which I would get in the afternoon. Thence I went to Lehnert & Landrock where all my photographs were ready. The boss,

Mr. Kurt Lambelet, told me that he could send all the books and have special photographs taken in the Cairo Museum. I bought a few supplies and took a taxi to Dorothy Ginger's, where I arrived just as the Smiths' supplies were delivered.

Dorothy Ginger served a very good lunch, and at 2:15 I took off and went to the *Institut d'Égypte* to call on M. Jean Ellul, who was also working for Keimer. He showed me the wonderful library they have, and he proposed an exchange *BIE-BMFA*. I called up the Brintons and then returned to American Express for that registered letter which turned out to be from Turin, of all places! Then a haircut, another call to Mahmud who had not yet left for Upper Egypt; and finally back to Dorothy Ginger's, and then back to Saqqara by taxi with all the supplies.

Uncle Joe was up and had been painting in the afternoon. Just when I had washed up and done my laundry some visitors stopped by: Mr. and Mrs. Henry and another couple, all four representing American oil interests. I got a lot of work done in the evening, also darned my heavy woolen socks with a piece of string, which would hold up better than wool, I hoped.

March 15

Up at seven and after breakfast to the Unas Complex, where I worked until shortly before noon. A little desert fox ran around between the mastabas and took off when he saw me. Later Dr. Keimer appeared with some of his students from the University and that obnoxious French lady who was writing on hippopotami.⁶¹ Back for lunch at twelve, and while we were eating, Commander Phillips, of the U.S. Navy Medical Reserve Unit, and his wife, whom I had seen at Miss Ginger's, dropped by, but left after a few minutes to picnic in the desert. At a quarter to one I took off again, first to the pyramid of Weserkaf which had, strangely enough, the mortuary temple on the south side. There were big Late Period(?) tombs right in the court, enormous pits with the gigantic sarcophagi still at the bottom.⁶² Then back to the Unas Complex, where a few minutes later, the Smiths arrived and after them the Phillips, whom Aunt Corinna took around while Uncle Joe painted. They all left for an early tea, as Commander Phillips had to go back to town for a meeting of the Fulbright Board.

⁶¹ Her article was published later that year in *ASAE* 50 (1950), pp. 47–63.

⁶² For these tombs, see *PM* III, 2 (1981), p. 587; also Z. Saad in *ASAE* 41 (1942), pp. 391–93, *ills.*, and G. Soukiassian, in *L'Égyptologie en 1979* II (Paris, 1982), pp. 55–61.



Fig. 86. Saqqara: Zoser precinct, cobra wall. Kindness of Jean-Philippe Lauer

I worked my way gradually to the lower part of the Causeway where, two days before, Hilmy had discovered a late New Kingdom statue in a niche. On the way back to the house, I had a pleasant conversation with some old-timers who remembered Borchardt, Steindorff, and Prentice Duell. Supper with some talk about the past British administrations in Egypt.

March 16

A busy day. First I called Mrs. Brinton from the *Service* office. She told me that everything had been arranged for me to go to the Giza Pyramids on Saturday for a week. Then steady work until 12:30, and when I reached home I met Mrs. Elgood with Mr. Engert and his daughter, whom the Smiths had invited for

lunch. Mrs. Elgood was the widow of the late Colonel Elgood.⁶³ She was an intelligent woman who had lived in Egypt for many years. Mr. Engert had been First Secretary of the American Embassy and, since his retirement, was working for the World Bank.

After lunch I worked, and then we drove down to the Zoser entrance, where we looked at some tombs together, until the Inspector Abdelqader came and opened Ka-irer's mastaba for us.

They all went back to the house for tea, while I worked until 4:30, when I met Lauer, who showed me in his storeroom the stela of Ishethy he had found near the north end of the west wall of Zoser,⁶⁴ and then with two *ghafirs* he took me down below the Step Pyramid, a fabulous site: the great pit, the robbers' tunnels, the blue-tiled chambers (Fig. 87), the reliefs on the door panels, the alabaster sarcophagi, the great galleries—all very interesting.

The stela-slabs of Zoser in the chamber under the Step Pyramid must have been sculpted elsewhere and cemented into position; some of the slabs had slipped, so that the lines of the relief did not quite match, while the black lines of the Saite copyists ran absolutely straight and were done *after* the slabs were set up.

When we emerged he showed me the Dynasty VI tomb group where he had found the stela of Ishethy. There was a mudbrick mastaba with painted walls and a lovely limestone stela,⁶⁵ painted to imitate granite, for a man named Thethy. He was a functionary at the pyramid of Pepy I and also lived under Pepy II. Back to the house shortly before supper and a long talk afterwards about the Fulbright grants and the American Research Center.

March 17

All morning long at the Unas Complex; then back for lunch, and after that attempted to reach Bob Black at the Embassy over the phone. The attempt took an hour, during which I had a chat with the Inspector Mohammed Abdelqader Mohammed, who wanted some books from America. As I did not get my call

⁶³ P. G. Elgood wrote a book on modern Egypt, published in 1935, and another on the Ptolemies, published in 1938.

⁶⁴ For the stela of Ishethy, see Drioton and Lauer, in *ASAE* 55 (1958), pp. 212–14, p. VI(a). This is the stela!

⁶⁵ For limestone stela, called "false door," see *PM* III, 2 (1981), p. 609.



Fig. 87. Saqqara: Zoser pyramid, blue faience tiles. Kindness of Jean-Philippe Lauer

through, I continued to work at the Unas Complex until shortly before five. Then tea at Lauer's house; he showed me his photographs of the find of the mastabas of Thethy and Ishethy, where the wooden statues came from.⁶⁶ Then we went over Firth's pencil notes (apparently the only "record" of his excavations in and around the Step Pyramid) where Lauer had marked a number of words he could not read. It was indeed difficult, and when supper time came I took the notes home to transcribe them for Lauer. We had, however, a long and involved discussion after supper. A letter and a telegram to Bill Smith in Boston had to be drafted and it was quite late before Firth's notes were transcribed. Why people tend to write the most important things with a pencil is beyond me. Ink was invented a long time ago!

March 18

Shortly after eight I tried to call the Embassy, but in vain; the operator claimed that there was no answer. Then I worked near the lower part of the Causeway

⁶⁶ For wooden statues from mastabas of Thethy and Ishethy, see PM III, 2 (1981), pp. 609–10.

until 11:30, and back to the house for an early lunch by myself and packing. Meanwhile, the Gordon Louds arrived with their children and had lunch with the Smiths.

At 2:00 Lauer came with his little car which had a rear-end engine and, with the weight in the back, it was ideally suited for desert travel. He drove me first to Zawiet el-Aryan; we passed near the Step Pyramid, crossed the canal and drove up to the desert plateau to look at the enormous cavity of the unfinished archaic tomb, an extraordinary sight.⁶⁷ The bottom was again filled with sand; it was a long time since Barsanti had excavated the place [around 1904], and one could no longer see the granite slabs at the bottom, but Lauer had seen them twenty years before.

While we were inspecting and discussing the site, we noticed a pilgrim hawk in a natural cavity near the upper edge of the south side of the tomb, probably the nest, safe from foxes which could reach it neither from above nor from below. The falcon, the real falcon of Horus, eyed us with suspicion for quite a while, then rose into the air and disappeared. After a minute or so he or his mate reappeared and headed straight for us, making a swift diving attack, so that we had to crouch down not to be hit. The bird returned for a second pass and swished by with incredible speed, probably intending to frighten us away from their nesting ground. We followed the advice; Lauer was pressed for time, since he had to take some measurements at the Giza Cemetery for Junker, who was preparing the eleventh volume of his *Giza* publication.

When we arrived at the Pyramids we found the Judge and Mrs. Brinton sitting outside the house of Kamal el-Mallakh, having a picnic on the bed I was to sleep on and which was being aired in the sun. Lauer left us; the servant Abdu took my stuff into the house which was beautifully situated on the northern edge of the plateau, overlooking the border of the desert to the north, Mena House to the northeast and the cultivation. Then I went to see Abdallah, whose little house was between Kamal's house and the northeast corner of the Great Pyramid. What a pleasure to see him again!

Meanwhile, Kamal el-Mallakh arrived with a Swedish journalist named Elisabeth Nystrom who knew of mutual acquaintances in Europe and the United States. Incidentally, the Boston *Bulletin* [48, no. 271, Feb. 1950] must have arrived, for Mrs. Brinton was reading my article on the Mycerinus triad.

⁶⁷ For the tomb, see PM III, 1 (1974), p. 312.

We had tea together, while the Judge took a nap somewhere in the “dunes;” afterwards the others took off for Cairo, while Abdallah guided me to the house of Dr. Ahmed Fakhry, formerly Junker’s house, to which another wing had just been added on the west side for a large study. We had a good talk; he was a lively person and had done a great deal of work in Egyptian archaeology. He told me of his inspectorate of Upper and Middle Egypt, and of his years of study. It must have been in 1932 that we had met in Berlin.

Then Abdallah took me to see the Harvard Camp; only Bill Smith’s first house seemed to have been taken down. The camp itself, the buildings around the court, which I knew from photographs, were still standing. An old-timer took me around and showed me the office, Dr. Reisner’s study, his bedroom, his wife’s and daughter’s rooms, and the other wings, but it was a sad sight. Then we went to Abubakr’s house, but he was not in, and I left my card. Then I returned to the house; it was already dark, and the servant had left a kerosene lamp for me in the hall, whose light was poor. Fortunately I still had a dozen candles. Also, I was glad that I had brought along sheets and blankets, because without them one really cannot travel in Egypt.

About an hour later Abdallah came and took me down the hill and across the street to a restaurant a little east of Mena House, where I had my supper while he took some tea. But it was expensive, and it would really have been better to eat at the house and have a servant cook for me. On the way back to the house Abdallah gave me the names of the stars he knew, but he did not know the Big Dipper which, in these latitudes, appears upside down. Later I wrote for a few hours; there was nobody else in the house. The cook and the watchman had their own little shelters.

March 19

In the morning Abdallah appeared and Abdu served us an excellent breakfast with eggs. Abdallah had brought me some home-made bread, the kind they have in the Sa’id, “with four ears,” called *shams* because they put the dough in the sun before baking it. Then Abdallah and I set out and, after some initial confusion, he produced the keys to the locked chapels in Cemetery 7000. Several old-timers came to shake hands with me.

While I was working in the chapel of Meresankh, Abdel Moneim Abubakr arrived on a donkey. He was very cordial—we had not seen each other for

twelve years. He had become, in addition to his professorship in Alexandria, Chief Inspector of the Giza Cemeteries and had done some excavations. He took me to his house for a long talk, then showed me his storeroom, where he kept some of the objects from his excavations: about ten statuettes of the Old Kingdom, half of them fine pieces.⁶⁸ They were: a grain-grinding girl, a man on a seat covered with a pattern imitating basketwork, rather like the pattern around the little “windows” on both sides of the top of the Zoser stela at Saqqara. Then there was a standing lady before a slab (in the style of the seated statuette in the collection of Louis Stern in New York); also, the statuette of a standing man, the colors as fresh as they must have been the day the figure was painted; he had an almost Libyan or Syrian face; and then there was a seated man wearing a fine, long Ra-nofer wig with definite waves. There was also a statuette of a standing goofy-looking lady, well painted, in a long white dress upon which was painted the pubic triangle, dots for pubic hair, and some red traces of the labia—quite unusual. Abubakr had also found several dozen of the little gray clay tablets with hieratic names of persons and localities, and a badly damaged square tablet of the same type. The former had roughly the shape of “prisoners.” Posener, who saw them, identified some of the names and places; they did not represent any real texts, and from a palaeographic point of view they were not very interesting.⁶⁹

There was also some Late material from Abubakr’s excavations south of Selim Hassan’s dig, and the fine limestone reserve head which Selim Hassan had excavated many years ago. Abubakr’s Old Kingdom material came mostly from the area between G 2000 and G 1233, and from the region north of G 1235. He was living then in Selim Hassan’s old house where I also met his wife who was almost blond. Hoyningen-Huene had been to see him some days before; he had also visited Keimer and others, as he was preparing a film and another “Egypt” book with text by Steindorff.⁷⁰

Around 1:00 the Abubakrs and I drove up to Ahmed Fakhry’s house where we met his German wife and Posener and Černý, who had also been invited for lunch. The meal was excellent and the atmosphere very pleasant. Around 2:30 I took off, collected Abdallah, and we went first to Junker’s mastabas south of the Great

⁶⁸ For the Old Kingdom statuettes, see PM III, 1 (1974), p. 63.

⁶⁹ The gray clay tablets were similar to those published by G. Posener, in *BdE* 101 (1987), just before he died.

⁷⁰ This was perhaps a third edition of their joint book, *Egypt*, which came out in a second edition.

Pyramid, then down to the Sphinx, the Chephren temple, the sanctuary of Amenhotep II; then I continued work in Cemetery 7000.

On the way back to the house we stopped for a while to watch a sort of horse show on the north side of the Great Pyramid. There were Arab stallions, splendidly bedecked with brocade and silver, which were put through their various paces, accompanied by a three-man band (two flutes and a drum). The horses did what could best be described as a dance in place; they galloped on the spot, moved their legs to the rhythm of the music, and sometimes wiggled on three legs—it was all very colorful. Quite a crowd was standing around; big American limousines, foolish-looking tourists on camels, and some “Nordic”-looking girls on horseback, who ought to have known better than to ride around in shorts with bare legs. They probably did not understand the bystanders’ comments.

Back to the house just as the sun was setting, painting everything in rosy colors. Tea, and some writing. Then, at 7:30, I went over to Abubakr’s house, well-conducted by the armed policeman from the southwest corner of the Cheops Pyramid. Abubakr, his assistant, his wife and aunt (who did not say one word all evening), and I were there for dinner; before and after there was much talk about the *Service* and Egyptology in general. Abubakr at least saw things pretty clearly and had some visions about the future. At 11:30 his *ghafir* took me back to my house.

March 20

A hectic day: Up at seven when Abdallah got Abdu going “à haute voix,” and after breakfast I went down to Mena House for the streetcar to Giza and then by taxi to Bob Black’s office at the Embassy. We went over the whole Fulbright–American Research Center problem in the light of Uncle Joe’s new recommendations; then I dropped in at Morland House to reserve my room for next Sunday. Back to the Embassy to see Mr. Atkinson about the invoice business and to see the Military Air Attaché, Colonel James Frederick Setchell, concerning the availability of air photographs of ancient sites. Both men were charming and very helpful. They both promised action, and I had every reason to believe that they would follow it up. Then I returned to Bob Black’s office; he had meanwhile got in touch with Miss Anderson, the Geographical Attaché, about purchasing maps for the Museum of Fine Arts, and with Bob Martindale about Bill Smith’s Fulbright fellowship and related problems. Then Bob Black took me in his car to

Giza to the Survey Department where we met Messrs. Murray and Hewitt, the only Englishmen who were still in the Egyptian *Service*. There I purchased a set of twelve maps 1:50,000 from which we could make a good large map for gallery talks at the Boston Museum. There were some complications before I finally got the maps, but then Bob drove me back to town and left me off at the American Express office, where I found my mail and left the large maps.

After that dozens of errands: candles had to be bought and soap and other stuff for the house; photographs had to be picked up, and the book purchase at the *bouquiniste* checked (he had got all the books I wanted). In between I had some lunch in an Arabic restaurant, did some more errands and finally, at five, got a taxi to go to Giza with all my things. From there I took the streetcar to Mena House, and when I reached the house I had some tea.

At eight I had dinner, commandeered and ordered by Abdallah, who had taken everything in hand. It was quite good, and it was certainly easier to eat up at the house than down at a restaurant. Incidentally, today in Cairo I ran into the same R.A.F. couple I had shared a compartment with on the train from Aswan to Luxor two months before. He was still as cheerful as ever and she had become even more mousey.

March 21

Today got some work done. Abdu had been walking up and down outside my window since six in the morning, and when Abdallah joined him before seven I had to get up to quiet down their conversation. When I wanted to shave there was no water, and it dawned on me that "running" water was fed into the pipes from a tank on the roof and that the tank was empty. Much discussion, great promises, but when I saw the man later with two leaky tins suspended from a yoke, I understood why it took so long to fill up the tank. Shortly after eight, Abdallah and I started at Cemetery 7000, and by noon I had finished all but one tomb which was closed with piled-up rocks and would be cleared by the next day. Abdallah showed me the rock-cut tomb where Dr. Reisner and Miss Perkins had lived for some time during the War.⁷¹ Back to the house (no water yet!), and then down to Mena House to call Sabry Bey at the *Service*, who told me that the censorship paper was ready and could be picked up at any time.⁷²

⁷¹ Harvard Camp, their normal residence, was considered unsafe because of the then German menace.

There was a good lunch at the house at 1:00. Abdallah had secured the food himself and gave the orders to Abdu, the cook. Abdallah and I started out again at two; his house, incidentally, was built on top of tomb G 2371. First I explored Cemetery G 2100 superficially, then climbed to the top of G 2000 to get oriented. Abubakr's excavations ran south from the northeast corner at G 1233 to a point about halfway between G 1233 and G 2000 and were crossed by another strip running north from G 1117. Abubakr also had a small dig to the north of Cemetery 3000, close to the rock-cut tombs under the cliff.

Then I worked my way through Cemeteries 1200 and 6000, and, when Abdallah left me at 4:00, I went through Cemetery 4000 systematically, covering the ground thoroughly south of the line G 4160–G 4760. Then home for tea. I was very tired from climbing around all day. After supper some writing, but it did not amount to much. I did my laundry. The water was running again, *el hamdulillah*.

March 22

In the morning everything was quiet outside until I called for tea. Abdallah had to go and see the doctor on behalf of his daughter. I took off alone and covered everything in Cemeteries 4000 and 5000 which I had not seen yet, leaving out the tombs with locked doors. I forgot to mention that right after breakfast I first went to the post office opposite Mena House, where a sleepy postmaster reluctantly weighed my airmail letters on the palm of his hand, declaring them to be of the basic weight. He was not too happy when I insisted that at least one of them was overweight and ought to have more stamps.

Then I went to G 7810 which, meanwhile, had been made accessible, and only after finishing my work there did I begin at Cemeteries 4000–5000. After twelve I went back to the house; Abdallah, who was to buy provisions for me, had not yet returned, and I promptly fell asleep. He arrived after 1:00 with sardines and cheese and oranges and *shams* bread, and I had a lunch like those on the trip through Middle Egypt. Afterwards I worked my way west, through the northern third of the Western Cemetery, from Cemetery 2100 to Cemetery 1200, leaving out the new Abubakr excavations. When I was through, Abdallah

⁷² Since my arrival I had been warned over and over again that all my notes and letters would have to be submitted to censorship before I could take them with me on the plane, and a paper from the Antiquities Department was thought to be helpful, as indeed it was.

appeared with all the keys and a can of gasoline with which he treated the rusty locks and padlocks quite successfully, so that I was able to see some of the tombs with good decorations. But there was no longer enough light and we soon stopped and returned to the house for tea. Afterwards I did some writing and after supper started to number the enlargements of my snapshots.

March 23

Right after breakfast to the post office, and then Abdallah and I continued to visit all the tombs in the Western Cemetery which were locked, and this wonderful man managed to open every single one. Some of the doors had not been opened for ten years, and with a few of them Abdallah had a hard time. However, he succeeded in every case. While I worked in one tomb, he worked on the door of the next one, and since he had treated a good many of them with gasoline the day before, the rust in the locks had dissolved. Shortly before noon I was through. Abdu had told me the night before that my host would be coming out here for lunch with twelve to fourteen guests. Therefore I ate at noon, but when nobody appeared I did some writing before I went out. This time I covered the northeast corner of the Western Cemetery, from G 2180 on east and north, the whole area near the house where I was living and near Abdallah's house. The Senedjem-ib complex (and "complex" is the right word) was the most interesting and rewarding part of the area. Some restoration work was going on in the pillared hall of G 2370; the roofing slabs were decaying and several of them had to be reinforced. It was only 2:30 when I was through, and there was a cool breeze.

I left Abdallah in his house and climbed the Great Pyramid from the southwest corner. Some workmen were "busy" on the west side of the pyramid, near the top, and others were bringing up pink bricks and cement to support some of the loose blocks. I ran into two of them who tried very hard to keep up with me despite their heavy loads. The one who carried the cement in a leaky basket had to put it down every time he heaved himself up, and every time a cloud of cement dust blew in my face. My attempt to outclimb them only increased their competitive instincts, until I finally gave up and pretended not to be interested in getting to the top and let them go ahead. Later I followed slowly. The *Rundblick*, as Baedeker called it, from above was indeed magnificent. It took quite a while to absorb everything that could be seen. The workmen were not very busy,

and I had quite a conversation with them; also with two French machinists from the Comédie Française on their day off. Later I lay down in the sun, put my bag under my head and slept until 5:00. When I woke up the workmen had gone; it must have been their quitting time, as they had taken all their accoutrements with them and were already way down near the base of the Pyramid. The descent was harder than the ascent, and my knees felt wobbly when I got home for tea. I was told that Kamal el-Mallakh and his twelve guests never arrived.

I did some writing until it was time to go to Abubakr's house for dinner. Besides him and his wife there were a Dr. and Mrs. Hamada from Alexandria; he was an orthopedist. Abubakr told me how they had acquired the library of the German Institute for the University of Alexandria. Later his watchman took me back to the house.

March 24

In the morning a strong wind was blowing; strangely enough, it blew from the southwest. I went over to the Second Pyramid and had a good look at the north and west sides, as well as at the tombs and inscriptions around it; then to the Mycerinus Pyramid Temple, the pyramid itself, the queens' pyramids, and I inspected with great interest the north and west sides of the granite casing of the pyramid. The wind had grown stronger, and the wind-blown sand was a great nuisance. For a while I studied the casing blocks around the entrance to the pyramid, some of which had never been dressed down on the face. A *ghafir* attached himself to me and switched to Arabic when I answered his first two questions in Arabic. He told me a long story of which I understood only that he received very little money from the Government. Then I had a look at the south and east sides of the Second Pyramid and studied the mortuary temple of Chephren, which contained the largest single blocks of stone I had ever seen put in place by human hands. Meanwhile, the wind had risen to a veritable sand-and-dust storm, and I returned to the house, passing to the south, east, and north sides of the Great Pyramid. I was glad to have gone up there the day before when the wind was not so strong.

Soon some people arrived at the house in two limousines, with children, servants, and their own food. They were friends of my host and had come here for a picnic; I decided to have lunch in my room and did not meet them. Then Abdallah, who swore that the wind would die down soon, and I took off for

Abu Roash, he on a donkey, I on a camel. The owner had made a special price for Abdallah; the owner's brother had been Dr. Reisner's donkey man. He gave us his barefooted grown-up son as a companion. We followed the new autostrada to Alexandria which lay along the edge of the desert. The wind was terrible and blew the sand across the road, and clouds of sand dust enveloped us. Once I had made it clear to the camel driver that the silly stirrup arrangement was wasted on me and that I preferred to hook one foot behind the calf of the other leg, the saddle was quite comfortable. The camel's pace was certainly less tiring than the donkey's quick steps. We followed the road for about five kilometers; the traffic was heavy, and from time to time a little rain was mingled with the windblown sand. Then the road veered out into the desert; as a matter of fact it skirted the high cliff on which the monument of Radedef was situated, as we saw later when we went on to the north where the village of Abu Roash lay on the border between desert and cultivation. Riding along the mouths of the little *wadys*, we met some women and children and tried to inquire about the road, but they were awfully vague. So I took the first *wady* to the left and cut across several ridges in a northwesterly direction, hoping to find the causeway to the destroyed pyramid in this manner. The wind had risen to a real tempest and for minutes at a time turned into a driving rainstorm. For a few moments I felt that we should give up. The causeway was not in sight, and I did not know where it was, and Abdallah and the camel man had never been there before, either. The sandstorm did not permit us to make out the features of the terrain in the distance, but I kept well ahead of the other two to avoid an argument as to whether or not we should continue. All of a sudden I realized that we were crossing the wide *wady* described in the Baedeker and that we had miraculously reached the foot of the causeway (Figs. 88–89). Thus there was only one direction to follow, but the camel was not so good when it came to walking up hill, and soon Abdallah passed me on his little donkey.

The causeway, which was said to be two thousand yards long, rose steeply from the plain of the *wady* to the cliff, where it reached a considerable height. It must have been the biggest structure of that kind in Egypt. Unless it was based on a natural ridge, an enormous amount of material would have had to be used to construct it. When we had climbed about two-thirds of the way I got off the camel and let the driver wait there and followed Abdallah on foot, which went much faster, despite the wind. Up on the cliff was the big excavation of Radedef's tomb, reminding me of Zawiet el-Aryan, but less gigantic; heaps and

MY FIRST VISIT



Fig. 88. Abu Roash: causeway to destroyed pyramid of Radedef on a calm day; with thanks to James F. Romano for finding a photograph in The Brooklyn Museum of Art which Mr. Bothmer took on November 11, 1963



Fig. 89. Abu Roash: causeway to destroyed pyramid of Radedef on a calm day with thanks to James F. Romano for finding a photograph in The Brooklyn Museum of Art which Mr. Bothmer took on November 11, 1963

heaps of small Aswan granite fragments lay around the badly destroyed temple. The view from the cliff to the south was magnificent. Unfortunately, it was impossible to take any pictures, but the site was very photogenic and I felt it should be photographed. What had been published did not give any idea of the imposing grandeur of the place, which in some ways resembled a medieval castle on top of a hill, especially since it was situated on a small peak, the sides of which fell off steeply in all directions. When we got back to the camel and I had resumed my seat, the wind increased again, and at the foot of the causeway for several minutes we were completely blinded by the sand, and then came another cloudburst.

When we reached the village the driver had had enough and disappeared, while Abdallah and I crossed the Bahr el-Libeini and took the road which followed the canal all the way to a point east of Mena House. There was very little traffic on this road, and palm groves on both sides protected us from the wind. The camel fell into a slow trot—in short, we had a very nice ride back to Mena House, where the man who owned our mounts met us and conducted us back to the house. The whole trip took a little over four hours. We were both happy and tired, and I invited Abdallah for hot tea. Before our trip through Middle Egypt he had not been on a donkey in over twenty years, and he felt it. I did some writing before supper. While I was eating, a messenger came from Abubakr, inviting me to join him at a party with a lot of his friends, but I declined because I was too tired. More writing after supper and to bed early.

March 25

After breakfast I sat for a while in the sun in front of the house and waited for Abubakr, who arrived in his car with Professor Rosenstock (the zodiacal light enthusiast), a Miss Kelly (from Chicago, an anthropologist), and Dr. Iskander [Alexander] Badawy, and after a cup of coffee we walked to Abubakr's excavations northwest of G 2000. There was no time to take any notes, but as far as I could remember, he found some re-used rock-cut tombs north of G 1117 whose entrance lay on the north side. While I was writing this late in the afternoon both Abdallah and Abdu sat there and looked at me.

One of the tombs had small rock-cut statues and on the roughly prepared eastern entrance wall, the red drawing of two figures in front view, probably for statues to be carved from the rock. Then there was a long narrow chapel,

north–south, made of mudbrick, painted white inside, with two undecorated crude false doors on the west wall. The roof was vaulted and the top of the east wall was decorated with deep ribs formed by two bricks each. One of the rock-cut chapels belonged to Ankhu.⁷³ There were many small chapels of the brick or brick-and-limestone type around; many small pits—all of late Dynasty VI type. One of them had, as the only decoration, an unfinished relief: a standing man kissing a standing woman (or the other way around). Farther to the north-west, Abubakr had excavated two large brick mastabas, corridor-type, with superb relief decoration in the south niche: the colors were well-preserved and very well applied; the relief work in snow-white limestone was of the first quality. Abubakr had also found a mastaba with a large chapel, the roof of which was supported by two inscribed pillars. He told me that his excavations would be published by the Farouk I University of Alexandria; Alexander Badawy was drawing the plans and writing the architectural report. He also told me that he had excavated the pit in which all the useless remnants of the Harvard Camp magazine had been dumped in 1947, so as to recover the inscribed fragments of a pillar of which he had found the other half *in situ* in one of his tombs, and that he had discovered in this dump many broken inscribed architectural parts which could belong to the tombs he had excavated. He then took us over to his house, where we met an Englishman, a Mr. Engert, I believe, who was staying at Mena House with his American-born(?) wife. He remembered Mr. Dunham and Jack Cooney from the winter 1946–47. There were also Dr. Abdel Hadi Hamada and his wife and Mrs. Abubakr. After a while we went to Abubakr's storeroom to look once more at his statuettes. Two of them had actually been discovered near his house, at the west end of Selim Hassan's dig, in a place covered by an earlier dump. The others came from the Western Cemetery, especially the rock-cut chapels, where one or two *serdabs* were found untouched. Later we walked over to his southern excavation, and on the way he showed me a cliff which ran from northeast to southwest, at the extreme west end of Selim Hassan's excavation. Those parts of the cliff which had been cleared housed large rock-cut tombs, and more could be found if one followed the cliff (which must actually have been part of the old HU–MFA Mycerinus concession), but the amount of sand which would have had to be cleared away was just fabulous. After a walk of about twenty minutes we reached Abubakr's present dig; the

⁷³ For the chapels of Ankhu, see PM III, 1 (1974), p. 62.

first tomb was that of Thery,⁷⁴ which Petrie had discovered; the other tombs, all Saite or later, followed to the southwest along the low hillside. The entrance in most cases lay on the south side. They had large rooms; the front part of the tomb was vaulted with well-fitted limestone slabs. The excavation was going on right then, and I climbed into a pit cleared just two days before, at the bottom of which lay the anthropoid hard-stone sarcophagus of Gemenef-horbak. One descended by a rope ladder held at the bottom by the *reis* (from el-Qella!). It was a depth of about twenty meters. All these pits lay in the axis of the entrance in the second last and the last chambers. The lid was broken, but Abubakr would have liked to lift the sarcophagus and bring it up. He said it did not seem to be resting on solid ground but on a fill which might hide an untouched burial underneath (he hoped). None of these tombs were inscribed or otherwise decorated; the rock was quite poor, and it showed a lot of plaster which might have been covered with decorated limestone slabs, removed because Petrie had dug in the neighborhood. The objects found thus far were all poor, bits of broken *shawabtis*, fragments of pottery, and a lot of small Late amulets. Professor Rosenstock, too, came down into the pit and when we had climbed back to the surface we returned to the house.

Miss Kelly brought me an invitation from Mrs. James Macmillan, secretary of the local Fulbright board, to have supper at her house the following evening. Miss Kelly, a trained anthropologist who worked at the Field Museum in Chicago, wanted to become an Egyptologist. I tried to interest her in our anthropological material from Reisner's excavations, which was then still in Dr. D. E. Derry's hands in Cairo and should be gone over. At Abubakr's home we had an excellent lunch, minus Miss Kelly and the Professor who had gone back to Cairo by taxi. After the coffee and a suitable interval I took my leave and walked with Alexander Badawy, who told me of his troubles in trying to understand the many types and Reisner's *History of the Giza Necropolis I*.⁷⁵

Back at the house I collected Abdallah, and we explored the interior of the Great Pyramid, which was quite impressive, but no more so than expected; the corridors and the two large chambers were big and the walls were dirty and the air bad. When I got back I did some writing, while Abdu served the tea; then down to the post office to mail some letters, and had a stuffed pigeon for

⁷⁴ For the tomb of Thery, see PM III, 1 (1974), p. 296.

⁷⁵ Harvard University Press, 1942.

supper. Afterwards my two retainers hung around and were finally joined by the watchman who in daytime was a dragoman at the Great Pyramid.

March 26

After breakfast I packed my suitcase and bedroll and gave Abdu and Abdallah all the things I did not need any more: fork and spoon, DDT, the cheap sunglasses, the marmalade, as well as their presents. Then over to Selim Hassan's excavation where I met Abubakr's *ghafir* and worked my way through the cemetery from west to east. There were some initial difficulties about the keys; another *ghafir* had to be found, but finally things began to work out and we got through the cemetery with the assistance of the various key-bearing *ghafirs* who, so close to the Sphinx and tourists, were a type very different from those in the less-visited East and West cemeteries. At a quarter to one I quit and went to Abubakr's house where gradually the other guests appeared: Professor Fleur of Manchester, the prehistorian, now retired, who spent some time in Egypt working with Professor Huzayyin, Posener, and Černý, Dr. and Mrs. Fakhry, and the house guests, Dr. Hamada and his wife. The lunch was excellent—incidentally, the shy Dr. Alexander Badawy was also present. Afterwards we all went down to see Abubakr's excavations and, en route, Posener, Černý and a *ghafir* entered one of Selim Hassan's rock-cut tombs where I had been in the morning. After a few minutes they emerged in great haste—simply covered with fleas. I had never seen such a thing. The *ghafir's* white *galabiya* was dotted with little black points which he hastily shook off.

Then we walked over to the Saite tombs and this time employed the chair which had been constructed like Reisner's pit chair to descend into the pit of Gemenef-horbak. Posener and Fakhry, too, went down, and we found that the father's name had been destroyed when the thieves broke the lid. Then we looked at the other tombs again and went down the pit of a burial place with a large cave at the bottom, full of crudely cut limestone sarcophagi, some of them with demotic inscriptions at the foot end. Next we went to the tomb of Try⁷⁶

⁷⁶ Bothmer's Note of 3/26/50: Giza

Chapel of Try



Dyn. 26

Situated in the dunes far to the south of Selim Hassan's excavation; published by Petrie, *Gizeh and Rifeh* (London, 1907), but very inadequately. Petrie had a row with Maspero at that time

and back to the house, where I got a ride with Professor Fleur and Dr. Badawy in a pacha's huge car to Mena House. There I picked up a taxi, went back to my house to fetch the baggage and say goodbye to Abdallah and Abdu. Then to Abubakr's house to pick up Posener and Černý, who were to ride back with me to Cairo.

My room at Morland House was ready for me; later I went to Miss Ginger's where I had left my jacket, but nobody was there, and at 8:30 I was at 15, sh. Ahmed Hichmat Pacha, Zamalek, where Mr. and Mrs. James Macmillan had invited me for dinner. Miss Madge Kelly, the anthropologist, was their house guest. Mrs. Macmillan was the secretary of the Cairo-Fulbright Board; Mr. Macmillan, much older than his wife, had his own business, it seemed. Fabulous place, and more fabulous "entertainment;" a lot of people, Commander Phillips and his wife, another U.S. Navy Commander and his wife, another couple, rather drunk, and the Norwegian Mr. Borsch of UNESCO; dinner at small tables. Commander Phillips questioned me rather closely about the future of American Egyptology in Egypt. I heard that Hoyningen-Huene had got free Embassy transportation to Memphis and Saqqara. How did he do it? By midnight everybody was rather tight; the other Commander and his wife gave me a lift back to the *pension*.

March 27

Right after breakfast to the *Service*; Kamal el-Mallakh was not there, but I found Kassab and Sabry Bey and got the paper for the censorship which Drioton had signed. Then to the cobbler, American Express, the *bouquiniste* and Diradour for the enlargements, and once more to the *Service*: no Kamal! Then back to the *pension*, where I started numbering my photos. At 1:00 to Miss Ginger's; she was at home. I picked up my jacket and returned to the *pension* for lunch. Afterwards I continued with numbering the enlargements until 5:00. Then more errands in town; to Diradour to pick up the last batch of enlargements. I waited for over an hour to meet Debono, the prehistorian, who had sent me a message that he

and buried the chapel again. Later robbers came and stole part of relief decoration of the open entrance court. Then Abubakr excavated it, restored the roof and replaced the upper parts of the walls. The decorations are very fine sunk relief throughout, very well painted, like the sunk relief in the chapels of Mentuemhat at Thebes, no. 34. The entrance is from the south. The preserved parts of the roof consist of a well-fitted vault made of large limestone slabs.

wanted to see me; but when he did not turn up I returned to the *pension* for more work and supper and work, and later for an hour I went to see “Lieber Ludwig,”⁷⁷ who had a lot to tell, including about the pair statuette in the Metropolitan Museum (Fig. 90). Finally, I finished numbering the enlargements and, rather tired by then, went to bed.

March 28

First to the *Service* to see Kamal el-Mallakh; then to the library to look up several items. Mohsen el-Khachab was as always very nice and very helpful. Next I went to the Museum, where I got a lot of work done, and afterwards went over



Fig. 90. Pair statuette of Memi and Sabu, Dynasty V, from Giza. Courtesy, Metropolitan Museum of Art Rogers Fund, 1948, acc. no. 48.111

⁷⁷ A nickname, then current among the Cairo Egyptologists, for Dr. Louis Keimer.

to Maurice Raphael's office to inquire about the photographs. He was very amiable and, after some discussion with the photographer, I was told to return the next day when they would give me the price. Then back to the *pension* to pick up some papers, and over to the Embassy. Bob Black was in Luxor, but I ran into Mr. Martindale, whom I had not seen since the beginning of January. He invited me for lunch on Saturday. Then Tom Stauffer, then Judge Brinton, who showed me the justification he wrote to Washington for the American Research Center; then Mr. Charles Konya, the Vice Consul, whom Bill Smith knew from Ankara. He drove me for lunch to his house on the northern end of Zamalek. I met his wife, who seemed to have been born in Turkey. Good meal, pleasant talk, beautiful apartment which, as they said, was very cool, even in summer.

Then Mr. Konya drove me back to town. I forgot to mention that in the morning I also went to Emery's office in the sh. el-Tulumbat and saw him for a few minutes. He gave me three copies of his book which I took down to American Express, picking up all the other books from the *bouquiniste* en route. After that I went to see Meguid Samed, the dealer, who told me a good many interesting stories. The Metropolitan Museum of Art voucher for the Old Kingdom couple⁷⁸ hung on the wall, beautifully framed. Later to the Embassy. In the afternoon I counted, packed and labeled the photographs, and filled in the last details on the invoices. Then back to the *bouquiniste* to pick up two more publications and to Mahmud's office where he told me about his trip through Upper Egypt, which began in Aswan with a stay at the Cataract Hotel.

To the *pension* for supper; afterwards, from nine to midnight, with Dr. von den Steinen in a Greek café. It was he who had quoted Dante at Dendera, a few days before I visited Daumas. His fantastic peregrinations as a refugee; the years in Greece; evacuation by the British; three and a half years of camp life all the way to East Africa; teaching Greek and Latin at the Middle East College in the Canal Zone; at the now Fouad I University—no end and no beginning.

March 29

After breakfast to the *Institut d'Egypte*, but M. Jean was not in. Then to the good confectionery shop to send some little presents to all the people in Upper Egypt who had helped me so much on my trip. Some work in the Library and

⁷⁸ Metropolitan Museum acc. no. 48.111; PM III, 1 (1974), p. 298.

in the Museum; finally I called on Maurice Raphael, but he was not there at the appointed hour, and after looking all over the place with the photographer, he left me at the *Journal d'Entrée*. Later the photographer returned and explained to me, via Hamada, that I had to go and get the glass negatives and the paper for him to work with. So I rushed downtown and brought back the required materials. Then he and Maurice Raphael took me around the collection to make sure that they knew all the objects on my list. When I got back to the *Institut d'Égypte*, M. Jean was there, but he had bad news: no negatives of the Mehu photographs could be found, no *BIFAO* either. After lunch, while I was writing in my room, Abdallah appeared, and later we brought the rest of the photographs and books to American Express. I wouldn't have to be there when the censor came! It was time for a Coca Cola anyway and a shoeshine. Later I called on Dr. Thompson at the American Mission to bring them the bedroll that Miss Roy in Luxor had loaned me, and after that I saw Sameda who took me to his place and showed me some exquisite pieces of relief; he gave me much useful information.

At 7:00 I met Posener in the bar of the old Groppi; nice place, never been there before. We had dinner in a very elegant Arabic place near TWA, and later a drink and a long talk in the "foyer" of Shepherd's, where young Mansoor discovered me and became quite insistent: lunch, dinner, anything. Posener was a very fine and exceptionally intelligent person with a great sense of humor and an intellectual range far beyond Egyptology. Back to the *pension* by taxi, letting him off at the IFAO.

March 30

Things were beginning to get hectic: in the morning I went first to American Express; all the books, photographs, maps and other papers had passed the censorship. They were now sealed and ready to ship. I had to fill in endless papers; then went over to Mansoor's to see him, as promised. Fortunately he was not in; only the younger brother. We chatted for a few minutes, and he told me that his New York brother was coming to Egypt for the summer, with his wife, after having exhibited his collections in the museums of San Diego, Dallas, Denver, and elsewhere. I wondered if anyone had bought anything from him, and what? From there I went to the IFAO to say goodbye to M. Guéraud and to talk to M. Haggar about their *Bulletin*. I also ran into M. Kuentz. Walking back to the *pension* I met "Lieber Ludwig" in his Sunday best who had been

to see the American Ambassador. Afterwards I called on Bob Black at the Embassy (he was back from Luxor), and said goodbye to Mr. Gray, who mentioned the Loukianoff family. At one, at the Ermitage restaurant, I had invited Kamal el-Mallakh, Miss Nystrom, and Tom Stauffer for lunch. The latter was the life of the party, despite the double martinis he had had; they did not seem to affect him at all. After lunch to Mahmud's office; he was not in, but I reached him at his house. Then back to the *pension* to write a few letters. Shortly before 6:00 to Tom Stauffer's flat in the sh. Comboni no. 18 (Zamalek) where soon afterwards Mr. Simpson put in an appearance. He was the Ambassador's aide, and when he spoke of the Ambassador he said, "We..." Then, in his car, to the luxurious flat of a Mrs. Wheaton who was somehow connected with the Embassy, and after another drink we all drove to Simpson's place, which consisted of the upper half of what appeared to be a villa in a garden. There we found the A. P. man, whom I knew by sight from the Ambassador's party in January. The flat was very attractive and spacious. They certainly knew how to build nice apartments in this country. After another drink ("eight-year-old Scotch," said Simpson modestly), Tom and I left; he got off at his place and I went on to Mahmud's office where he was waiting for me.

After a few minutes the company doctor arrived by car, and we drove out to Giza where Mahmud and his brother, the Hagg Mohammed, had an apartment in an old house. None of the family appeared, not even any of the numerous children. Besides Mahmud and the Hagg and the doctor, others had been invited: a labor expert and a taxation director of the Ministry of Finance, who had made the Hagg with Mahmud's brother. The meal was very opulent; china and silverware, probably from Harvard Camp. Large photographs of the MFA, Dr. Reisner and Mr. Edgell, also of Joseph Lindon Smith, decorated the rooms. A good bust of Dr. Reisner was there that had been made by the Copt Nathan Abisharoun. Afterwards the doctor drove me back to the *pension*. Dead tired.

March 31

In the morning while I was shaving, Mlle. Loukianoff appeared. She was the daughter of the late Professor Gregory Loukianoff, a Russian Egyptologist, who had come to Egypt in 1920 and worked there as a dealer. She wanted me to come and look over what remained of her father's collection. After she left I went to American Express to make the final arrangements for the shipment and

then to her flat at no. 8, sh. el-Geneina. The place was filled with Russian souvenirs, paintings and nick-nacks. The Egyptian collection consisted of many small pieces and a great deal of Greco-Roman rubbish. There were also bits of papyrus and some ostraka. I thumbed through some photographs which her father had collected, but Mlle L. doubted that her mother would want to sell them. Thence to the *bouquiniste* and to the IFAO to settle my account for the *Bulletin*. To Miss Ginger's for a moment and to Black's office to pick up a letter, and a bite to eat and a coffee in the milk bar of the Embassy. At the house I wrote a number of letters, threw away a good many papers that I had lugged over half the globe in the hope of doing something about them, and then went into town for a few more errands. From six to seven-thirty I waited at Diradour's for Debono, the prehistorian, then to Dorothy Ginger's for a quiet supper, and afterwards for half an hour to L. Keimer's to say goodbye to him and M. Jean, his secretary. Back to the *pension* and endless packing.

April 1

Up very early, finished the packing; went to the post office and then to the *Service*, where I waited for almost an hour to say good-bye to the Abbé Drioton. He had returned, just that morning, from Luxor, and I heard that he would not be in until late. I went over to the Museum with my few specimens of flint, wood, metal, and the like, and submitted them to Abbas Bayoumi who released them and told me to come back at noon, when they would be sealed by him and the Customs. Back to the *pension* to fetch my seven big envelopes with all the papers and off to the Ministry of the Interior with the card for Mrs. Hamdi, the young Swedish woman who had married an Egyptian cavalry officer and then worked in censorship. She shared her office with two other girls, two little men and a third one who was the boss; it turned out that she had come on my behalf this very morning. She was not supposed to be on duty, but Miss Nystrom had told her about my problems, and she came to help. She shuffled through the seven envelopes rather quickly, but another girl did the eighth one and found the photographs of the maps, and the boss had to be called. I produced my wonderful paper from Drioton, which had quite an effect; the stuff was declared O.K. and sent to another office to be sealed. It took an endless time, and then they gave me a paper and the envelopes, but the guard at the gate stopped me because I did not have a pass, and I had to go back upstairs. The

boss bawled out one of the two little men, and I got the pass and left. It was all very confused and inefficient and quite charming. I deposited the sealed matter at the *pension*, made a final visit to Mahmud's office to get his measurements for the nylon shirts and returned to Drioton's office, but the *mudir* was not in yet, and when it got on towards noon I went over to the Museum, where Abbas Bey and the customs man were busy putting seals on the parcels lying around. Then I saw the sign which proclaimed that this sort of business was conducted on Tuesday and Saturday mornings only—what luck that this was Saturday! Back to Drioton's office once more, where I finally made the acquaintance of Labib Habachi, the Inspector of Aswan, whom I had failed to meet wherever I went in these three months. He had either just left or was about to arrive after my departure. He was a nice chap and made a very intelligent impression. He had even read every issue of the *BMFA*. He told me that I had failed to see, in Aswan, about ten complete and twenty-five incomplete statues of the Heqa-ib family which ran all the way through Dynasty XII, down to Amenemhat IV. They were kept in the storeroom behind the museum on Elephantine Island, and of course that underling never dared tell me about them or let me see them.

As it was getting late I finally left my card for Drioton with a P.P.C. [*pour prendre congé*], in good French fashion, and sent the last presents. Then to the *bouquiniste*; no news yet from Selim Hassan for how much he wanted to sell his volumes of the *BIFAO*. Then back to the *pension* for final packing, during the course of which Abdallah arrived to say goodbye once more. Together we walked to the Embassy where I met Bob Martindale at the appointed hour. He drove me out to his house on Zamalek: large, expensive, but rather impersonally decorated. I met his blond wife, Russian-German to judge by the accent. A British girl was there, too; from the conversation she seemed to have been living there for over a year. Another house guest, a Baroness von Hellingrath, had just left for Luxor. After a few minutes the Blacks arrived: Bob and Barbara. I was glad to see them again. The University of California Expedition business came up. The Ambassador intended to go with that outfit to Siwa and Bahria, which would have offended the Egyptians very much. While we were having lunch Mrs. Brinton dropped by—in great form. She said that Mrs. Finney, of Alexandria, would be on the plane, the owner of four non-Arabic newspapers who had “five Rolls-Royces.” Afterwards the Blacks drove me back to the *pension*, let me fetch my luggage and brought me to TWA. Then, as I had several hours left, I walked around in the Muski and finally found a nice *sibha* (string of prayer

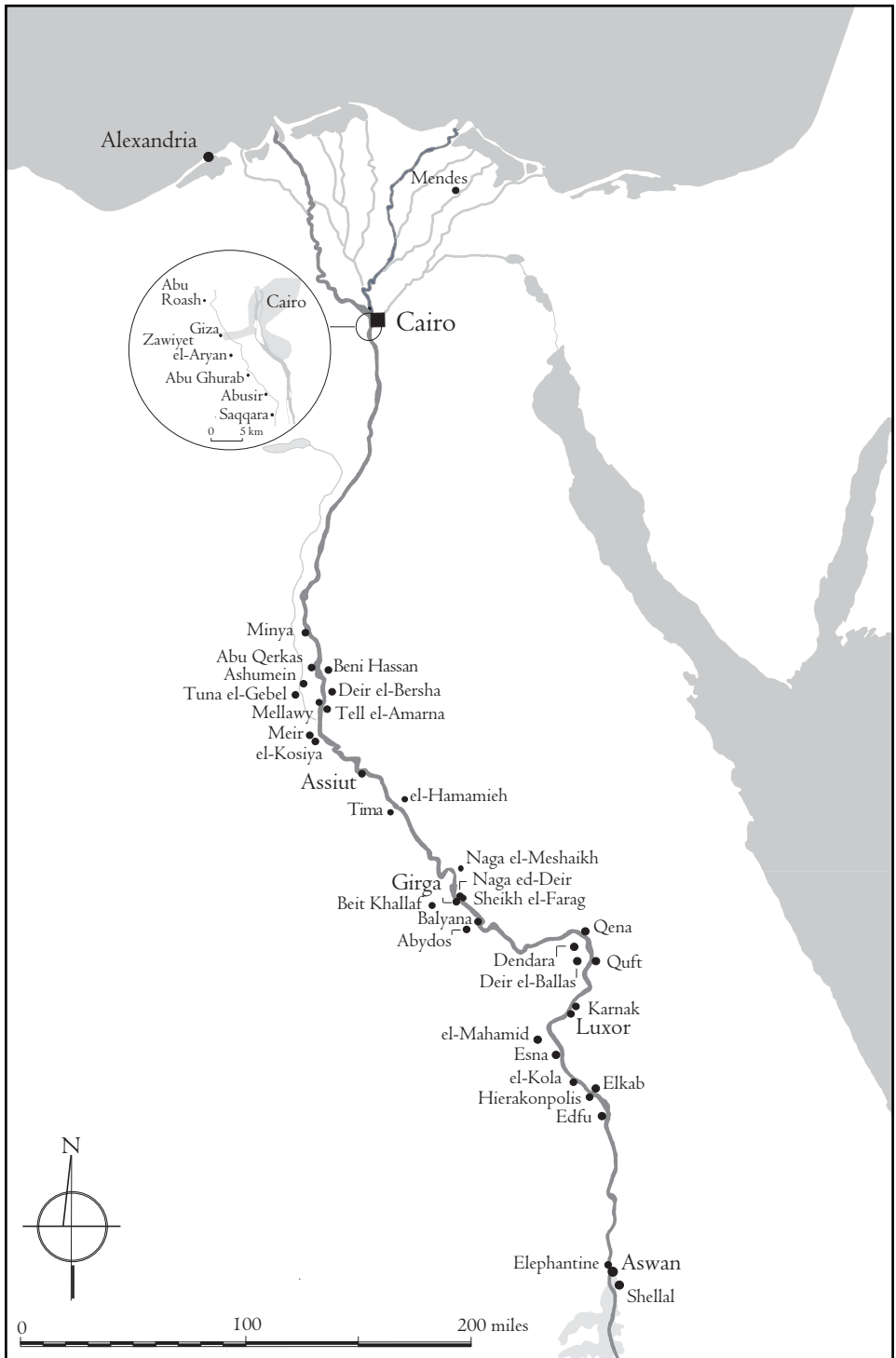
beads). When, after six, it got dark, I called on Mrs. Burton, who sat in the lobby of the Continental-Savoy, smoking one cigarette after another in a long holder. She seemed better than when I saw her in January and invited me for a cup of tea. While I told her of my trip, Robert Hichens, the writer, came to call on her, immaculately dressed, with silver-topped Spanish cane and fly whisk. In Ascona, in 1940–41, he was openly pro-Nazi; but even then he was so old that he did not know what he was for or against or after. And now he was eighty-five! I left him and Mrs. Burton—two old English people, sitting in the lobby of the Continental-Savoy in Cairo, talking at the top of their lungs about how dreadful nowadays everything was.

By then it was about 7:00, and I had a mixed grill and a glass of wine nearby, and afterwards a coffee and a shoeshine. At eight, at TWA, I met Feldman, Jr., who gave me some papers for his father and took my last seven £E to be applied to the bill I had run up for book purchases. At 8:15 a full bus left for the airport; there the processing took place in a different building from the one which served the arrivals. This place was spacious and well appointed, and one had to pay 25 *piastres* several times while going through the line. There was much fuss about my parcel sealed by the museum and about the envelopes sealed by the censorship, but I got by with everything: the Nescafé, the tea, the Scotch, the camera (which I had never registered on arrival and which the Customs man, fortunately, did not find), and the money declaration which I did not have; and in the end they told me to go back into the lobby and wait there (where one would have the chance to stuff one's bag with everything). It was this wonderful combination of bureaucracy and total oversight which made Egypt such an exasperating place. Shortly after ten they took us to the plane; nobody checked to see if the hand baggage had been checked by the Customs man. The plane was filled to the last seat: forty-seven passengers in all.

April 2

At 1:00 a.m. we were in Athens, at 4:30 in Rome, at 8:15 in Paris. It was Sunday, and it was raining.

Map of Egypt
with the major sites mentioned in the Diary



Map of Egypt with the major sites mentioned in the Diary

INDEX

MY FIRST VISIT

- Aal, Abdelhafiz Abdel 22
Abbas (associate of Drioton) 131
Abbas (painter, pupil of "Uncle Joe's") 118
Abbas Bey, Abbas Bayoumi Effendi (see Bayoumi, Abbas)
Abdallah (see Gebel, Abdallah Ahmed)
Abdallah, Abou el-Naga 113
Abdelhalim, Abdelrahman 20
Abdelqader, Inspector (see Mohammed, Mohammed Abdel-Qader)
Abdelrahim, Mohei el Din 100
Abdelrahman, Ibrahim Helmi 6
Abdel Salam, Abdes-salam (see Hussein, Abdes-salam Mohammed)
Abderrahman, Ali 98, 99
Abdessalam, Ali Reda ("The Lieutenant") 94, 95, 97, 98
Abdu (member of Kamal el-Mallakh's household staff) 136, 137, 139, 140, 141, 142, 146, 148, 149, 150
Abisharoun, Nathan N. 93, 154
Abu Sid, Mohammed Moussy 96
Abubakr, Abdel Moneim 137, 138, 139, 141, 143, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150
& Mrs. Abubakr 138, 139, 143
Affifi, Abdelghani Bey Ali 104
Aga Khan 111
& the Begum Aga Khan 52
Aga Khan, the Begum 11
Ahmed, Mohammed Ahmed 106
Akef, A.M. 111, 118
Alighieri, Dante 75, 152
Ali Bey (Senator from near Nag Hammadi) 113
Allen, Prof. (of Robert College, Turkey) 44
Amer, Abubakr Hassan Mohammed 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 29
American Research Center in Egypt 11, 40, 53, 68, 134, 139, 152
Anderson, Miss (Geographical Attaché, American Embassy) 112, 139
A. P. (Associated Press) man 154
Apted, Michael 95
Atkinson, Mr. (Vice Consul, American Embassy) 131, 139
el-Aziz, Ramaddan Abu 109
Badawy, Alexander ("Iskander"), 13, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150
Baedeker (guide to Egypt) 15, 16, 18, 19, 87, 89, 92, 125, 142, 144
Baraize, Émile 9, 57
Barclay, Lady (sister of Ralph Lowell) 111
Barsanti, Alexandre 136
el-Batravi, Ahmed Mahmud 9
& Mrs. el-Batravi 9
Baud, Marcelle 69
Bayoumi, Abbas ("Abbas Bey," "Abbas Bayoumi Effendi") 4, 6, 116, 155, 156
Betty Lou (from the American Embassy) 8
Bisharin (Bedouin tribe) 5, 16, 38
Black, Robert S. 6, 9, 12, 13, 110, 111, 112, 134, 139, 140, 152, 154, 155, 156
& Mrs. Black (Barbara) 9, 12, 13, 111, 156
Blackman, Aylward x, 95, 96, 97
bouquiniste (see Feldman)
Borchardt, Ludwig 11, 48, 49, 102, 133
Borsch, Mr. (Norwegian member of UNESCO) 150
von Bothmer, Dietrich 95, 116
Brinton, Jasper Yeates 7, 9, 10, 110, 111, 131, 132, 136, 137, 152
& Mrs. Brinton 7, 10, 111, 132, 136
Brinton, Mrs. 133, 156

EGYPT 1950

- Brittain, Mr. & Mrs. J.F. (donors to the American Mission at Assiut) 92
- Bruyère, Bernard viii, 40, 41, 43
& Mme. Bruyère 43
- Bruyère, Mme. 42
- Burton, Harry 9
- Burton, Mrs. (widow of Harry Burton) 9, 157
- Caffery, Ambassador Jefferson 6, 8
- Caminos, Ricardo A. 30, 42, 53, 68
- Capart, Jean 48
- Carter, Howard 9, 33, 64
- Carter, Miss (Regional Librarian of the American Embassy) 114
- Cecil, Lady William 26
- Černý, Jaroslav viii, 41, 43, 113, 138, 149, 150
- Champion, Douglas 40, 41, 54, 55
- Champollion, Jean François 65
- Chenouda Pacha, Youssef Hadik x, 92, 93, 94
- Chevrier, Henri 33, 35, 36, 54
& Mme. Chevrier 35
- Clark, Professor and Mrs. (Director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem) 30
- Clarke, Somers 48, 52
- Cook, Edward 10
- Cooney, John D. 53, 147
- Dante (see Alighieri, Dante)
- Daumas, François ix, 42, 70, 72, 74, 75, 76, 115, 152
- Debono, Fernand 116, 150, 155
- Derry, D.E. 9, 148
- Desroches-Noblecourt, Christiane 114
- Dikarios (Cypriot archaeologist) 116
- Diradour, Mlle. (owner of Cairo photo store) 110, 112, 150, 155
- Diraz, Dauwi Mahmud 130
- Diraz, Mahmud Sayed ix, 9, 12, 13, 70, 71, 72, 74, 105, 110, 112, 113, 115, 131, 132, 154, 156
- Dongol, Abul Waffa ("the Hagg") ix, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 110, 112, 113
- Doresse, Jean & Mme. Doresse 57, 63, 66
- Doss, William Bey 114
- Drioton, Étienne 4, 6, 8, 11, 18, 66, 92, 110, 112, 113, 118, 125, 131, 150, 155, 156
- Duell, Prentice 133
- Dunham, Dows xv, xvi, 8, 11, 40, 78, 147
- Edgell, George Harold 154
- Eid, Albert 110
- Elgood, Percival George 134
- Elgood, Mrs. (widow of Percival George Elgood) 133, 134
- Ellul, Jean ("Monsieur Jean") 4, 12, 132, 152, 153, 155
- Emery, Walter Bryan vii, 4, 7, 9, 10, 11, 40, 113, 116, 131, 152
& Mrs. Emery 7, 11, 40, 113
- Engert, Mr. (former First Secretary of the American Embassy) 133, 134
- Engert, Mr. (Englishman visting Cairo) 147
- Faiza (Princess, King Farouk's sister) 66, 67, 68, 70, 74
- Fakhry, Ahmed 9, 13, 69, 137, 138, 149
& Mrs. Fakhry 138, 149
- Farouk (King of Egypt) 6
- Fathy, Hassan Bey 42, 43, 54, 57, 114
- Feldman ("the bouquiniste," second-hand book-seller in Cairo) 110, 111, 114, 115, 131, 140, 150, 152, 155, 156
- Feldman, Jr. (Feldman's son) 157
- Finney, Mrs. (newspaper owner) 156
- Firth, C.M. 116, 129, 135
- Fleur, Prof. (Manchester prehistorian) 149, 150

MY FIRST VISIT

- Forbes, Edward 40
- Fulbright (The Fulbright Program of the Fulbright Association) xvi, 7, 11, 40, 132, 134, 139, 148, 150
- Gabra, Sami 13, 112
& Mrs. Gabra 12, 106
- Gaddis (ex-Gaddis & Seif; Luxor store) 53
- Gamaliya (Bedouin tribe) 18
- Gardiner, A.H. 96
- Gebel, Abdallah Ahmed ix, x, 12, 13, 30, 68, 69, 70, 72, 75, 77, 80, 81, 82, 83, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 107, 110, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 146, 148, 149, 150, 153, 156
- George, Stefan 67, 75
- Gerbaud, Abel 42
- Ghali, Labib 106
- Ghazuli, Edward 96, 105, 108, 131
- Ghazuli family (of Meir) 109
- Ginger, Dorothy 11, 52, 110, 111, 114, 116, 118, 127, 132, 150, 155
- Girod, Milton 3
- Gohard, Edwin 103
- Goneim, Zakaria 8, 33, 52, 53, 61, 63, 68, 69, 77, 114
- Gray, P.H.K. 154
- Grdseloff, Bernard 11
- Guéraud, Octave 7, 112, 153
- Habachi, Labib xvi, 22, 156
- Habib, George 57, 63, 64, 65, 68
- Hagg Abul Waffa Dongol ("the Hagg") (see Dongol)
- Hagg Kandil (name of village) 100, 102
- Hagg Mohammed (Reisner's reis) ix, 8, 12, 154
- Haggar, M. J. viii, 43, 112, 153
- Hamada, Abdel Hadi 143, 147, 149, 153
& Mrs. Hamada 143, 147, 149
- Hamdi, Mrs. (staff member of the Ministry of Interior) 155
- Hamid, Abdel 71
- Hamid, Youssef 106
- Hassan, Gahlan 57, 58, 64, 65, 66, 67
- Hassan, Selim 129, 138, 147, 149, 156
- Healey, Tim 40, 52, 55
- Hearst, Phoebe xv
- von Hellingrath, Baroness (guest of the Martin- dales) 156
- Henry, Mr. & Mrs. (representatives for an American oil company) 132
- Hewitt, Mr. (member of the Egyptian Service) 140
- Hichens, Robert 157
- Hill, Dorothy K. 68, 69, 111
- Hilmy Pacha (Saqqara Inspector) 116, 118, 127, 130, 131, 133,
- Hilmy, Ibrahim (Prince) 12
- Hölscher, Uvo 48
- Hoyningen-Huene, George 138, 150
- Hughes, George R. & Mrs. Hughes 30, 42, 53, 68
- Hussein, Abdel Salam Mohammed Abdessalam 9, 13, 77, 129
- Husson, Fred 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 40, 42, 43, 54
- Huzayyin, Soliman Ahmed 149
- Ireland, Philip W. 11
- Isa (member of the Joseph Lindon Smiths' house staff) 116
- Janssen, Josef 35, 46, 48, 50
- Junker, Herrmann 10, 48, 136, 137, 138
- Kassab (member of the Egyptian Service) 131, 150
- Keimer, Louis, ("Lieber Ludwig") vii, xvi, 4, 5, 7, 9, 12, 15, 34, 38, 110, 113, 115, 132, 138, 151, 153, 155

EGYPT 1950

- Kelly, Madge 146, 148, 150
el Khachab, Mohsen 111, 151
Khachaba Pacha, Sayeed 92, 94
Khalil, Youssef Fuad 57
Khassab (member of the Egyptian service) 131
Khawwab (antiquities dealer in Cairo) 110
King Farouk (see Farouk)
Konya, Charles 11, 131, 152
Krayim, Mahmud 78
Kuentz, Charles 7, 75, 113, 153
Kyriak, M., ("Le Grec;" store owner, Aswan) 15, 16, 24, 29
Labib, Maurice 63, 64, 65, 66
 & Mrs. Labib 64, 65, 66
Labib, Pahor Kladios 131
Lambelet, Kurt 131
Lamont, M. & Mme. (French visitors to Dendara) 72, 74, 75
Lamy, Lucie 30, 54
Latif, Effendi (secretary of the Assiut Mission) 92
Lansing, Ambrose 14
Lauer, Jean-Philippe 4, 12, 13, 113, 116, 118, 125, 127, 128, 129, 130, 133, 134, 135, 136
Loret, Victor 4
Loud, Mr. & Mrs. Gordon 136
Loukianoff, Gregory 154
Loukianoff, Mlle. (daughter of Gregory Loukianoff) 154, 155
Lowell, Ralph 111
Macmillan, James & Mrs. Macmillan 150
Macmillan, Mrs. James 148
el Mallakh, Kamal 9, 136, 143, 150, 151, 154
Mallon, Paul & Margot x, 3, 117
Mansoor Bey (friend of Aylward Blackman's) 97
Mansoor ("young Mansoor;" relative of the antiquities dealer Mansoor A. Mansoor) 54
Mansoor, Sharrid 48
Martindale, Robert 6, 11, 139, 152, 156
Martinou, Georgia 7, 8, 44, 114
Maspero, Gaston 49, 149
Mattha, Girgis 52
Matthar, Ahmed 22, 26
Mekhitarian, Arpag 46, 47, 48, 49, 52, 110
Meluk, Hassan Mohammed 80
Michaelides, B.A. 111, 113, 116
Miller, Miss (Judge Brinton's secretary) 110
Misaha, William ("The Major") 87, 88, 89
Mohammed, Khalil ("Sheikh el-Gafra") 105, 107, 108, 109
Mohammed, Mohammed Abdel-Qader 125 127, 129, 131, 134
Mohammed, Mustafa Sobhy 77, 80, 113, 114
Molattam, Sayed 38, 42
Monasterli, Ahmed 8, 44, 114
Montet, Pierre 125, 127
Morris, Mr. (staff member of the American Consulate) 11
Murray, Mr. (member of the Egyptian Service) 140
Mustafa, Mohab 107, 108
Mustafa Bey Sobhy; Mustafa Effendi Mohammed (see Mohammed, Mustafa Sobhy)
Myer, William 117, 118
 & Mrs. Myer 117
Nahas, Mustafa 9
Nasser, Gamal Abdel 4, 6, 11
Naville, Edouard 38
Nelson, Harold Hayden 30, 48, 52
 & Mrs. Nelson 30
Nims, Charles Francis 30, 42, 52, 68

MY FIRST VISIT

- & Mrs. Nims 30, 42, 68
Nystrom, Elisabeth 136, 154, 155
Papadimou, Dimitri 114
Parker, Richard A. ("Dick") 53
Perkins, Evelyn 11, 29, 30, 35, 44, 69, 140
Petrie, W.M. Flinders 148
Phillips, Commander (head of the Naval Research Institute in Abbasiya) & Mrs. Phillips 132, 150
Phillips, Mrs. (wife of Commander Phillips) 111
Piankoff, Alexandre viii, 33, 36, 37, 38, 112
& Mme. Piankoff viii, 36, 37
Posener, Georges 41, 43, 113, 116, 138, 149, 150, 153
Prince Ibrahim Hilmy, (see Hilmy, Ibrahim)
Princess Faiza (see Faiza)
President Nasser (see Nasser, Gamal Abdel)
Quibell, James Edward 46
Raafat, Hussein 94
Rambova, Natacha viii, 33, 35, 36, 37, 38, 40, 54
Raphael, Maurice 6, 13, 111, 115, 116, 152, 153
Rashid Bey (excavator of Old Kingdom sites at Zawiet el-Meitin) 109
Reis Ibrahim (reis in Luxor) 44, 54, 69
Reisner, George A. vii, xv, xvi, 2, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 44, 48, 49, 81, 114, 130, 137, 140, 144, 148, 149, 154
Robichon, Clement 30, 33, 36, 38, 42, 43
Robichon, Mme. (wife of Clement Robichon) 30, 34
Rosenstock, Professor (zodiacal light enthusiast) 146, 148
Roy, Martha 68, 153
Rumpf, Fritz 12
Rustum, Osman R. ("Rustum Bey") 11
Sabry Bey (member of the Egyptian service) 140, 150
Sadik, Ahmed 77, 80, 112, 113, 114
Sadik, Ismail 95
Sameda, Meguid 152, 153
Scarzella, Mrs. (proprietor of Morland House, later Garden City House) 8
Schiaparelli, Ernesto 10, 92
Schweinfurth, Georg 4
Schwaller de Lubicz, Baron R.A. 33
Schwaller de Lubicz, Baroness (wife of R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz) 54
Segall, Bertha 111, 115
Setchell, James Frederick 139
Sheikh Abdel Qurnah (name of site) 65, 67
Sheikh Ali (local Sheikh in Middle Egypt) x, 103, 105, 106, 107, 108
& family 107
Sheikh Farag (name of site, the northern part of the cemetery of Naga ed-Deir) 43, 82
Sheikh el-Gafra (see Mohammed, Khalil)
Sheikh Said (name of site near Tell el Amarna) 98, 99
Shokry, Assad 89
Simpson, Robert 8, 154
Skellie, Dr. (President of the American Mission in Assiut) 91, 92
Smith, Joseph Lindon (Uncle Joe) xv, 40, 53, 111, 115, 116, 117, 118, 127, 130, 131, 132, 133, 136, 139, 154, 130, 139, 154
& Corinna Smith (Aunt Corinna) 40, 53, 111, 115, 116, 117, 118, 127, 131, 133, 136
Smith, Corinna 42, 68
Smith, William Stevenson ("Bill") xvi, 8, 9, 11, 13, 113, 114, 131, 135, 137, 139, 152
Stauffer, Thomas 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 110, 113, 152, 154

EGYPT 1950

- Steindorff, Georg 10, 92, 132, 133, 138
von den Steinen, Helmut 75, 115, 152
Stern, Louis 138
Stock, Hans 4
Stoppelaere, Aléxandre 7, 35, 64, 66, 67, 68
Tano, Nicolas 11, 38
Thomas, Elizabeth 40
Thompson, John A. 12, 13, 68, 91, 92, 153
Tomita, Kajiro 12
Trasher, Lillian 93
Triulzi, E.W. 113
Varille, Alexandre 30, 36, 42, 53, 54, 68
Vikentiev, V.M. 113
Wahman, Kamal 97
Wheaton, Mrs. (connected to the American Embassy) 154
White (young man connected to the American Embassy) 8
Wilbour, Charles Edwin 49
Wilbour Library (Wilbour Library of Egyptology, The Brooklyn Museum, now Brooklyn Museum of Art) xiv, 11.
Wild, Henri 14
Wilson, John A. 35, 42, 53, 68
& Mrs Wilson 35, 42, 68
Winlock, Herbert E. 65
Young, William (Bill) 10, 12, 13, 18, 52, 53
& Mrs. Young, 12, 13, 52, 53
Youssef, Ahmed 66
Youssef, Salah ("The Lieutenant") x, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86
Zois (Luxor grocer) 68, 69
Zukry, El Sayed Abu 102
- Bey is a Turkish title of rank; Effendi is a Turkish title of respect. After a man's name, both have an honorific meaning, perhaps similar to Mr.
Hagg in a man's name means that he has made the pilgrimage to Mecca.
Pacha in a man's name is a Turkish title of respect, formerly borne by high-ranking officers, commanders, or governors.

