THE EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION 1922-1923

intensely interesting, and worth every minute of the time that was spent upon it. No trouble could be too great, for we have been given an opportunity such as archaeology has never known before, and in all probability will never see again. Now for the first time we have what every excavator has dreamt of, but never hoped to see, a royal tomb with all its furniture intact. The increase to our sum of archaeological knowledge should be enormous, and we, as a Museum, should count it as a privilege to have been able to take such a prominent part in the work.

Some idea of the extent of the discovery may be gleaned from the fact that the objects so far removed represent but a quarter of the contents of the tomb, and that, probably, the least valuable quarter. We have cleared the Antechamber. There remain the Sepulchral Chamber, the inner Store Chamber, and the Annex, and, to all appearance, each contains far finer objects than any we have handled yet. It is the first of these chambers that will occupy us in the opening months of the coming season. There, beneath the sepulchral shrines, three thousand years ago the king was laid to rest, and there, or ever these words appear in print, we hope to find him lying.

ARTHUR C. MACE.

THE MUSEUM’S EXCAVATIONS AT THEBES

THAT branch of the Museum’s Egyptian Expedition which excavates in the Theban Necropolis has finished its fourth consecutive season on the cemeteries of the XI dynasty. Each yearly report has repeated the same burden—that specialization in a selected field has added a continuity, almost a plot, to the story unfolded of Egyptian life, which has thoroughly justified limiting the field of activity. The models of Mehenkwetê, the tombs of Queen Aashait and Princess Mait, and the letters of Hekanakht have one after another given us some new picture of the Egyptian, not only interesting to the archaeologist—a person not so difficult to please—but also catching the imagination of the more exigent public. This year we planned to put all of our efforts into carrying on in the same way, and everything was in our favor so far as we could see, when we fell into a hole dug by Hatshepsut and were engulfed for half of the season along with our gang of 450 men and boys. Sometimes we almost thought of it as a pitfall maliciously set for us, and while we retrieved an ample return of antiquities from it, we felt impatient at being trapped and unable to get away to our XI dynasty goal.

We had, however, accomplished a good deal on the XI dynasty monuments before this happened. The reader who is familiar with the reports of the work done by the Expedition in the past years will recall somewhat of the lay of the cemetery of the courtiers of King Mentuhotep III (fig. 3). The King himself was buried in a temple built just under the overshadowing cliffs at the head of the little valley of the Assas-sif, up the center of which came the broad, high-walled avenue from the cultivation, in those days almost a mile away. On the hills looking down on the avenue the courtiers were buried, ranged in death in two long ranks on either side of their earthly lord. The valley, however, is not symmetrical. In the higher and more prominent hills on the north side the most influential courtiers obtained sites for their tombs, and there shoulder to shoulder stood most of the great dignitaries of the day.

This hillside we have now cleared from the neighborhood of Deir el-Bahri, where the tombs look directly down on the Great Court of the King’s Temple, to a point east of the tourist path to the Valley of the Kings, where the rock is of a character which discouraged the ancient quarrymen. Once more the hill takes on something of the aspect it had in the XI dynasty (fig. 1). Each tomb door stands open, black and square, and the slope up to it is once more graded so that the walls on either side of the ramps stand out dividing the front yards of each grandee, one from another. It has been difficult digging. In the rare
cases where attempts have been made to clear these tombs before, the diggers have been content to heap up the debris in mounds which completely altered the original plans. We have attempted to preserve these plans for future visitors to the Necropolis and at the same time dispose of the masses of rocks and rubbish fallen from the cliffs and inside the tombs. To do so we have spread our rubbish thinly over the surface, preserving the ancient out by the quarrymen who cut the court and the tomb above.

One of the most typical of the tombs in the row is one which was built by a man whom we had become acquainted with two years ago. It is really a remarkable case of the peculiarly intimate insight one gets into the life that passed away four thousand years ago. In the tomb of Aashait we had found linen marked with the names of the manufacturers. Among these last was the

slopes even where it has meant long and difficult carries with as many as eight basket-boys behind each man digging.

The hillside had been parceled out into building lots, all about the same width and all more or less parallel, running up and down the slope. Each proprietor fenced in his lot with brick or field-stone walls, leaving a gateway at the foot of the hill. Just within the gate he built a little square chapel to house a statue of himself, if he entirely completed his tomb, in order that on the feast days his descendants and his Ka-servants might perform there the necessary ceremonies for the repose and prosperity of his soul. It was a practical idea, for the climb up the slope to the tomb itself was a test of filial piety which would be enough to discourage any but the most conscientious and sound-winded. Behind the chapel rose the bare, smooth ramp, graded with the limestone chip thrown

Master-Spinner (mer wat) Khety (fig. 2). Last season we found cloth made by this same Khety in another woman's tomb

within the temple precincts, and also in re-examining in the Museum the mummy of Queen Henhenit, found by the Egypt Exploration Fund in the Temple years ago. Clearly Khety was one of the busiest manufacturers who supplied fine linen to the ladies of the King's harim, and one could
FIG. 3. VIEW FROM THE DEIR EL-BAHRI CLIFFS OVER THE SITE OF THE EXCAVATIONS. TEMPLES OF HATSHEPSUT AND MENTUHOTEP IN THE FOREGROUND, WITH THEIR AVENUES LEADING TO THE DISTANT FIELDS. XI DYNASTY TOMBS ON THE HILL TO THE LEFT.
assume that he must have been a prosperous person. The writer for one, however, would never have gone so far as to suppose that he was within the circle of the thirty or forty most affluent persons of the court at Thebes. Yet one of the biggest tombs on the hillside belonged to none other than this same Master-Spinner Khety.

The fact has all sorts of bearings on our knowledge of the society of the day. Most obvious of its implications is the fundamental simplicity of the court of an XI dynasty king. If his master spinner and weaver was one of his chief grandees, doubtless the others really held equally homely jobs and the court which ruled all Egypt was merely a glorified household with its stewards and butlers, its millers and bakers, its herdsmen, and its weavers. Such positions, however, were camouflaged under the most grandiloquent titles, and Khety himself, within his tomb, appears as a very lofty personage. He bears that exaggerated title “Only Companion of the King”—as all of his neighbors probably did—“Overseer of the King’s Seal” and “Chancellor of the King of the North”—evidently because linen was a staple com-

**FIG. 4. STAIRWAY AND ALTAR AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF KHETY, XI DYNASTY**

modity collected as taxes and Khety belonged to the King’s Linen Storehouse. Only on an altar in the vestibule outside the door, where it was visible at all times, was he “Master-Spinner,” the real calling by which he was known to his relatives and friends in this life (fig. 7).

To return to Khety’s tomb. The naturally steep cliff at the top of the hill was cut to an almost perpendicular face, and because the rock was badly fissured, a high brick façade, plastered and whitewashed,
was built against it. In the center was the tomb doorway with a flight of brick steps ascending through it (fig. 4). Halfway up this stairway still sits the red granite altar with prayers that the Master-Spinner Khety may receive a beautiful burial in the West from Anubis, god of the Sacred Land, and numerous provisions in part of it—still in place in a nearby tomb (fig. 5). Originally the caretaker of the tomb had kept it bolted and sealed—we found broken seals on the floor under it—but thieves had cut the bolt off and broken into the tomb ages ago. A fall of rock had caught the door as it stood ajar and half buried it, wedged in place. Wasps

his tomb in the Divine Land from Osiris, the Great God. Two basins cut in it were provided for the offering of any pious passerby who might find the tomb door locked, and in a third were carved a heap of joints, like the coins left in plain sight on the counter by a hotel cloak-room attendant, to decoy tips.

At the top of the steps behind the altar once stood the massive wooden door of the tomb, painted white and bearing Khety's name in a carved panel. By a lucky chance we found one such door—or the greater had honeycombed it for wood fiber to make their paper nests; ancient quarrymen had come and carted away the great stone door-jambs from before it; and later generations of Egyptians had been carried in their coffins over the top of it to be buried inside. The wasps, the quarrymen, and the later undertakers among them had destroyed the upper half, but we found the lower half still in place, and bracing it with a stick as we dug the fallen rock away, we were able to photograph it as it stood.
Pushing open the door of Khety's tomb one entered a very high and lofty corridor (fig. 6), paved and roofed with sandstone slabs and walled with fine white limestone, elaborately carved with those scenes from Khety's life which he desired to repeat in the next world. In ancient times it was a sight well worth the laborious climb even for a distinguished tourist. Seven hundred and fifty years after Khety's day there was neatly written on the wall "The Year 17 of the King of Upper and Lower Egypt Ramses II: The High Priest of Amon, Nebneteru, (pays a visit) to the father of his father Khety" (fig. 9). It is another little sidelight on the thought of the ancient Egyptian. In similar contexts he often used the phrase "the father of his father," or as this may be—there is a crack which makes it uncertain—"the father, of the father, of the father." Now and then a modern historian will take it literally as referring to the actual grandfather or great-grandfather of the writer of the inscription and will draw from it most interesting conclusions—but will any have the hardihood to make Nebneteru the actual grandson of Khety?

There came a tragic day in Thebes when there visited Khety's tomb those less respectful to their ancestors' memories than the High Priest Nebneteru. They were the makers of miserable limestone platters, who looked critically at the bas-reliefs, not for their elaborate pictures of Egyptian life but for the fine quality of the stone on which they were carved. This satisfied them, and they forthwith installed
FIG. 7. GRANITE ALTAR OF KHETY, XI DYNASTY

FIG. 8. TOP OF STELA OF KHETY, XI DYNASTY

FIG. 9. RECORD OF THE VISIT OF NEBNETERU TO THE TOMB OF KHETY, XIX DYNASTY

FIG. 10. UNFINISHED PLATTER MADE OF BAS-RELIEFS IN THE TOMB OF KHETY, LATE DYNASTIC
themselves in the corridor and opened a factory for stone dishes. Down came the walls and the floor was soon buried deep in chips as the wheels of industry busily turned and the cavern echoed with their chisels and their mallets. For us they left nothing but brilliantly colored flakes with square chapel of the tomb (fig. 11). In its center stood Khety's statue expectantly awaiting the offerings which he had provided should be brought on New Year's day and the other calendar holidays. Today nothing remains but the stone on which it stood, and around the walls only tantalizing bits of pictures of Khety's huntsman, his "Treasure of the Estate," his "Master-Ploughman," or the top of his stela, carved into the semblance of the intricate fanlight which topped the great door of his house, as it does the great door on Mehenkwetê's model (fig. 8). Two chips which we brought home show how a platter had split in the making before the dogs chasing gazelles across a rose-colored desert had been completely obliterated (fig. 10).

At the back of the corridor was the a few ragged paintings picturing his servants butchering, baking, and brewing and bringing to him all manner of meat and drink.

The ancient visitor could go no further into the tomb, and he could only guess that somewhere beyond in the rock Khety lay in his sarcophagus. Possibly the way to the chamber was a pit underfoot; possibly it was a sloping passage under the floor on either hand; or perhaps it was a further tunnel going straight into the hill. In any case, the floor gave no sign and the walls
were painted and plastered uniformly all around. Today the paintings and the plaster are gone and the mouth of a tunnel gapes directly behind the statue base. One walks along a few paces, and then down a slope to another square chamber which in its day appeared again to be the end of the series of crypts. But the persistent and persevering thieves recognized that this was only a blind and broke through the further wall; descended another corridor to a second blind; through the floor of that into still another passage which turned them back on their tracks; and sliding down that arrived at Khety's final resting-place. Even yet all of the futile ingenuity of the tomb planner was not exhausted. No sarcophagus was in sight but it was a fairly simple matter to detect that it was merely buried underfoot.

The sarcophagus chamber of Khety has been left in place, protected by a steel door. Damaged as it is, still it is the last in Thebes of all of the burial crypts of the nobles of the day sufficiently preserved to give an idea of what the others must have been (fig. 12). The native rock is a miserable medium for a decorator to work with and therefore with fine white limestone blocks the four walls were built up to give a surface almost as smooth as bristol board. On this were painted the equipment and the provender which Khety wanted—and there was nothing mean about his desires. Jewels, perfume pots, bows, arrows, and battle-axes were requisitioned by the hundreds and by the thousands in the inscriptions over pictures of samples of each. On either side of the room the tables groan with vegetables and fruits, loaves and joints, and above is the astounding menu of the meal of the dead running to one hundred dishes.

Needless to say, the tomb of Khety was completely plundered in ancient times, but we had better fortune with another of the tombs on the hillside. The thieves had been before us, it is true, but they had been somewhat less thorough than elsewhere.

It was a smaller tomb, near the eastern end of the line. Like several others in the cemetery, it had a secret statue chamber
cut in the cliff high above the tomb façade. There was no means of approach except by a scramble up the rocks and in ancient times the doorway was doubtless blocked up and invisible. When all else was destroyed in the tomb below, the statues hidden here above would still supply the dead man’s soul with a corporeal dwelling-place. That his hope was well founded is proved by the fact that these little statues

![Image of Neferhotep the Bowman, Gritstone, XII Dynasty](image)

still sat up there at his soul’s disposition four thousand years after his death—only his soul will now have to move to the Cairo Museum to inhabit them. One of the statues was of alabaster and the other of gritstone and both had carved across the knees of the shawl in which the little squatting figures were tightly wrapped, the name “Neferhotep the Bowman” (figs. 13–14). In the courtyard of the tomb below there was a little chicken-coop-shaped shrine of bricks with a limestone altar lying beside it, made for his mother, Nebetitief, and Merit, daughter of Hennu, presumably his wife. Thrown out from the tomb we found Neferhotep’s quiver full of arrows, sadly decayed and only vaguely showing traces of the pierced leatherwork with which it was once gaudily decorated. In the passages there was a fragment of a magnificent blue faience hippopotamus rearing up and roaring mightily—quarry for Neferhotep’s chase in the Elysian fields—and with it a little faience dancing girl, clad in a cowrie shell girdle and tattooing, to amuse him after the hunt (fig. 15).

Centuries after these XI dynasty tombs had fallen to ruin Egypt went through terrible vicissitudes. Assyrians, and even Libyan and Ethiopian barbarians, who had once been looked upon as the lowest of savages, overran the country, long since habituated to rebellion and civil war. Finally, in 663 B.C. under the dynasty of Sais, Egypt pulled itself together once more and for over a hundred years basked in the twilight of her independence. Men’s memories then naturally turned back to the great days of the past and numerous tombs in Thebes attest to the renaissance of archaic art in the Saite period. Their decorations are patterned on those of the Old Kingdom but their plans are peculiar to their time. That of Pabasa, discovered by the Museum’s Expedition in 1918, has already been described by Lansing in the Bulletin. This year we have found the tomb of a certain Nesisepek, Mayor of Thebes and Vizir, who not only adapted the decorations of his tomb from earlier models but, seeing the imposing ruins of the fifteen-hundred-year-old XI dynasty tombs on the hillside, he ordered his engineers to make the like for him.

He chose the broadest XI dynasty court and ramp in the row and appropriated the eastern half of it. The brick façade of the older tomb was cut away and a sort of pylon and porch was built in its stead, with an ornate sandstone doorway leading to a long and lofty vaulted chapel tunnelled in the rock. Behind this was a dark room flanked by little closets for funeral furniture, and a precipitous stairway down into the subterranean burial crypts below. The pylon was an elaboration of the austere simplicity of the
XI dynasty tombs, but something of their effect at a distant view was obtained by grading a ramp up the hillside on their model. The limestone chips thrown out from quarrying the inner chambers were heaped in a long pile down the center of the original ramp whose eastern side was now re-walled, and a narrow alley was thus created up to Nesisepek's tomb.

The decoration of the chapel walls was done in the characteristic taste of the day, from copies of tombs as old as the pyramids. Just such files of men and women laden with baskets of food, or butchers slaughtering beeves, carved almost two thousand years before Nesisepek's day, can be seen in the chapels of the mastabas of Perneb and Raemkai in the Metropolitan Museum. But here and there scenes far later than the pyramid age obtrude into their archaistic surroundings. A fragment of women wailing at a funeral with hands fluttering above their heads in an abandon of grief—paid for according to oriental custom, at so much per day—was a scene that no Old Kingdom artist would have known how to draw, but upon which Nesisepek's artists lavished all their ingenuity.

In fact, we found very amusing evidences that the artists took far more interest in trying to draw such subjects than in making the slavish copies they were hired to produce. In their off times they amused themselves sketching snatches of life on flakes of the paper-white limestone which littered the ground (fig. 16). One did in a few pen strokes an old blind singer crouched over his harp with his fingers plucking the strings or experimented with a calf, and another tried a leaping lion or showed how a horse could be drawn rubbing his muzzle against his outstretched foreleg. This last is surely a pure experiment, for probably no scene in the tomb contained any such figure. In fact, that it was merely a demonstration of skill in draughting is practically proved by a faint charcoal copy on the back by some heavy-fisted imitator who has produced a dubious quadruped that still raises some echo of the laugh which must have greeted it twenty-five hundred years ago. In more professional mood we have the master of the harper or of the horse working with straight edge and ruling pen, laying out the lines of the funeral barque in absolute symmetry, and elsewhere we can see how the sculptor followed these lines through every stage to the cameo finish of the completed reliefs (fig. 17).

The tomb of Nesisepek had long been used as a quarry and little of its decorations remained in place. For the Egyptian Government to rebuild the tomb on the spot would have been a serious undertaking with the cliff in a state where it might collapse at any time. Furthermore, even rebuilt, it was doubtful whether an adequate proportion of the scenes could be patched together out of the myriad fragments to justify such an expenditure. These fragments therefore fell to our share, and though even after long effort we may never succeed in reconstituting anything like the complete mastaba chambers we already possess, we know that we can adequately show in the Museum the archaistic sculpture of the Saite period and, even
more interesting, its technique from the first lay-out by the draughtsman, through each stage of its carving to the finished work.

The unexpected element in excavating kept us from doing any extensive work on the XI dynasty temple, but even a day spent now and then with the smallest of gangs in that remarkable monument will always produce something of interest.

Vestiges of the foundations were found all along the front and from them we discovered a most curious state of affairs. We had known that the very wide causeway with its central avenue between high stone walls and a broad alley on either side was not on the axis of the court. This year we

In the great court of the temple we located all of the unfinished tree holes of the central walk which we had not found last year, and discovered in front of them two headless statues of Mentuhotep, lying just under the surface, where they had been buried at some time when the temple was being cleaned up and put in order. Their chief interest lies in the fact that the statue of Mentuhotep buried in the cenotaph called the Bab el Hosan was a third from the same set—identical in all respects.

We shifted the tourist road to Deir el-Bahri and cleared away the Egypt Exploration Fund's dump which covered the line of the eastern wall of the great court. Vestiges of the foundations were found all along the front and from them we discovered a most curious state of affairs. We had known that the very wide causeway with its central avenue between high stone walls and a broad alley on either side was not on the axis of the court. This year we

found that the southern alley, for several hundred yards at its upper end at least, was paved with brick and that the gateway from it into the great court was in line with the two rows of trees which led up to the temple. It almost looks, at present, as if the architects had finally decided to make, of what had originally been intended for a postern gate, the principal entrance to the temple, and we begin to wonder whether we shall ever be able to unravel the tangle of alterations through which their plans passed as change after change was made in them.

While we were clearing the foundations
FIG. 16. SKETCHES ON FLAKES OF LIMESTONE FROM THE TOMB OF NESISEPEK
XXVI DYNASTY
of the eastern wall of the court we ran across a technical detail of ancient engineering. In re-cleaning the southern colonnade of the temple to plan it, a little square limestone block had been found, set flush with the ground level of the court, beside the colonnade curbstone. On it was scratched a cross mark. In clearing the eastern wall of the great court, against its inner curb a similar stone was found, almost in a direct line from the first (fig. 19). We then recalled that last year the men had turned up casually one or two other little flat stones marked with a cross, more or less midway in the court, but no longer lying in position. Evidently there had been a line of these markers at intervals from the temple to the front of the court. In this distance of a little over 200 meters the ground rises about 5 meters from the front to the back and these had been the surveyors' leveling marks for the grading. They had only to provide themselves with a set of three wooden instruments shaped like a T and all of the same length. With one held on the stone by the temple and another on that at the front of the court, the third T could be leveled by eye from the two ends of the line, the intermediate stones set, and the court graded from them.

Another relic of those building operations of four thousand years ago came up equally unexpectedly. Several times in the great bank of shale chip with which the causeway and the eastern part of the court was graded we found the carcasses of bullocks. One's first idea in Egypt is always to search for a religious significance for any such discovery and we did find one heifer, buried in a small grave near the northeast corner of the court, with its four feet tied together and a clot of earth by its throat solidified by concealed blood, which showed it was a sacrifice. This was not the case, however, with the bullocks, because in at least two cases the skin was intact and it was evident that their throats had not been cut. Nor were they properly buried; they lay just as they had been rolled over the bank of chips and had been simply covered over as the bank had been extended. In a couple of cases this had taken time and the jackals had eaten away half of the carcasses before they were completely hidden. Finally, the bones of these animals were those of great, massive, aged bullocks far different from the lightly built, immature animals butchered for meat in the grave of Aashait and in the different foundation deposits we have found, and evidently we had here the worn-out work oxen which had died dragging stone-sledges to the temple during the building. They add another stock to the early Egyptian cattle which we have discovered, and our admiration grows for those ancient breeders who could develop strains which varied in size from a dwarf animal of about the bigness of a sheep to a full-sized ox, either with horns three feet long or absolutely none at all, and of nearly every color of the rainbow.

Since the discovery of the Temple by Naville some score of years ago, wind and sun and the rare rainstorms have done their share toward disintegrating parts of it. Especially the platform, cut in the soft local shale and deprived of its limestone revetment even in ancient times, has shown signs of crumbling away, and this was pointed out to M. Lacau. To preserve the last vestiges of so important a monument, M. Baraize of the Service des Antiquités was sent to restore the ancient revetment around the platform, and the Expedition of this Museum undertook to collect stones and do the necessary grading and filling.

Our share of the task was especially welcome to us, for it gave us the opportunity to dispose of the quantities of rock piled in the small triangular court north of the temple platform by the Egypt Exploration Fund (fig. 18). The latter society had cleared this court down to bed-rock presumably both at the time that it worked on the Hatshepsut Temple and when it discovered the Mentuhotep Temple. Mr. Carter had told us that in the first of these campaigns there had been found one or two grave pits of the XI dynasty under the porch of the XVIII dynasty Hathor Chapel, and during the second campaign Doctor Hall had found two more grave pits in the triangular court, nearer the Mentuhotep Temple platform. We suspected
FIRST STATE—THE DRAWING IN RED

SECOND STATE—FIGURES BLOCKED OUT

THIRD STATE—CARVING FINISHED

FIG. 17. SCULPTURES FROM THE TOMB OF NESISEPEK, XXVI DYNASTY
that there were others still forming a row between those mentioned by Carter and one of those found by Hall, and we therefore took a chance and recleared the whole court.

Our guess was amply verified. We discovered ten more pits crowded into the confined space between those already known. One we arrived at under the Hatshepsut Temple by calculating its probable position roughly and driving a tomb of Neferhotep the Bowman (fig. 20). Fortunately at this time we had the assistance of Dr. Douglas E. Derry, the professor of anatomy at the Kasr el Aini Medical School. With his help we drew diagrams, measuring directly from the mummies the proportions of their frames and filling out the outlines of their shrunken limbs from the indications which he detected. On these outlines we could place the tattooing exactly as it must have appeared on the

gallery through the rock until we reached it—and although it had been plundered when the Hatshepsut Temple was built, nevertheless we got credit with our workmen for some supernatural power of smelling a pit even through the rock.

All of these pits had been plundered ages ago and the gruesome bundles of torn rags and bones which we brought up from them into the daylight promised very little of interest. But that only goes to show again how unexpected are the really interesting things in excavating. Besides some extremely important pathological specimens, two nearly complete mummies turned out to be those of dancing girls tattooed exactly like the little faience figure from the living bodies, and from other marks on the skin we could indicate with considerable accuracy the lost necklaces, bracelets, and girdles which had been placed upon the dancing girls when they were buried.

At the beginning of this report mention was made of what we felt was a pitfall prepared spitefully for us by Queen Hatshepsut. Looked at with less ill feeling after the excitement of the dig is over, it appears as one of the most interesting things we have ever found.

Mentuhotep III built his temple some two thousand years before Christ. Roughly five hundred years later Thutmose I was buried in the Valley of the Kings, and his heirs, of whom the most masterful was his
FIG. 19. SURVEYORS’ LEVEL MARKS BY THE TEMPLE COLONNADE AND THE COURTYARD WALL, XI DYNASTY
daughter Hatshepsut, planned a great fane
to the honor of the family in general and
of the overbearing Queen in particular,
beside the now ancient Mentuhotep Temple.
The avenue from the cultivated fields
to the new temple was laid out on a line
practically parallel to the avenue of the
older one, and to this day tourists on
what we wanted to use it for again—a
dumping place. We merely had to take
the precaution of assuring ourselves that
there was nothing of importance in it, and
therefore set our gang to clearing it out.
It was, in short, one of those routine jobs
which take time and promise nothing of
interest.

Picture two high railway banks with a
depression between them three or four
hundred yards long and twenty-five or
thirty yards wide. Standing in the bottom
and facing the temples, one would have on
top of the right-hand bank scattered blocks
and fragments of Hatshepsut’s avenue wall,
and on the left, chips from Mentuhotep’s,
both ruined but easily traced. In the
bottom of the hollow were broken pots,
drifted sand, and now and then signs of an
ancient workman’s hovel. We could recog-
nize the foot of the embankments on
either hand as we dug, especially the foot
of Mentuhotep’s, for it had been held up by
roughly laid walls of field stones. Both
banks seemed to be nothing but dirt and
rocks and the only antiquities that we were
finding lay between them.

As the men cleared along, drawing each
day nearer and nearer the temples, we
began to find broken ex-votos from the
Hathor Chapels up at Deir el-Bahri.
Among them there were innumerable scar-
abs, mostly of Thutmose III, but also bear-
ing nearly all of the other royal names of
the XVIII dynasty from its founder,
Ahmose I, and his wife, Ahmose-Nofretete,
down to Amenhotep III. More and more
of them were found on the left-hand side of
the dig. At first they seemed to lie against
the sides of the Mentuhotep bank, but
eventually pockets of dirt containing them
were found deeper and deeper in the bank
itself, until finally the foundation stones of
the XI dynasty wall actually hung sus-
pended in air straight above the men sift-
ning XVIII dynasty scarabs and beads out be-
low.

Now if there is one self-evident axiom
in digging, it is that things on top are later
than things underneath. Yet here was an
XI dynasty wall meters above scarabs of
the XVIII dynasty. Everything had
gone topsy-turvy. Were we to believe
FIG. 21. CLEARING OUT THE HOLE IN THE MENTUHOTEP AVENUE

FIG. 22. THE HOLE IN THE MENTUHOTEP AVENUE AT THE END OF THE SEASON, XVIII DYNASTY
that the XI dynasty followed the XVIII?—for there was no question about the scarabs belonging to Thutmose III and we had both ends of the wall and knew that they were both built by Mentuhotep.

Finally, the men had cleared westwards until they were within a few yards of the front of the great court of Mentuhotep, and one evening, just as they knocked off work, it could be seen that the appearance of the Mentuhotep embankment was entirely changed. For yards behind us there were these pockets of rubbish in which the scarabs were found going right into the heart of the bank. In front, the bank was composed of the clean shale chip of which we had always found the XI dynasty grades to be built. Walking across the top of the bank in the slanting rays of the setting sun, one could trace an indefinite line on the surface, starting at the point where the section changed and running in a wide arc across the top of the embankment to a point behind us. Outside of this line—so vague that it would never attract the attention except of one especially looking for it—was the clean shale chip. Inside there was broken pottery. Crossing it the traces of the Mentuhotep wall showed boldly.

The next day we set the men to work on this line on top of the embankment. There was no difficulty whatever in following it, for as we dug down we always found outside of the arc the shale perfectly clean and inside of it evidently mixed rubbish containing scarabs, ostraca, pottery and fragmentary statuary. As we dug this rubbish out we were going down into a great gaping hole in the Mentuhotep embankment filled entirely with XVIII dynasty rubbish upon which the Mentuhotep wall was built (fig. 21).

The explanation of the hole then became more or less evident. Hatshepsut’s engineers had first been faced with the task of making a roadway to the site of her temple before they could haul up the massive granite and the heavy sandstone they were to build with. To grade this road the little valley in front of the temple site had to be filled. The five-hundred-
year-old Mentuhotep embankment was temptingly near and easy to dig. Moreover, if we are right in our surmise, the northern alley of the Mentuhotep causeway was entirely useless and even the central avenue may have been abandoned if those who visited the temple used the southern, brick-paved alley. In any case there was no one to stop the engineers of Her Majesty and they dug holdingly into the old bank and built their own with the dirt and rock from it. The hole, then, dates from Hatshepsut’s reign. The refilling could have begun as soon as her roadway was finished and work on her temple had started. And the Mentuhotep wall—of which the upper and lower ends are unquestionably of the XI dynasty—was in this particular space really a restoration later than the XVIII.

Figure 22, taken from the northern hillside, shows the hole as it appeared at the end of the season. Across the foreground runs the road to the Hatshepsut Temple with the vestiges of her avenue walls on either side. Beyond it is the hole dug by her engineers, obliterating all trace of the northern wall of Mentuhotep’s avenue and even cutting into its central way. Beyond that again is the southern brick-paved alley leading to the great court of the Mentuhotep Temple at the extreme right, just beyond the newly laid tourist road to the Ramesseum.

King Mentuhotep was not the only ancient worthy whose monument suffered when Hatshepsut’s was built. The Mayor of Thebes, Yuy, who lived in the last years of the Middle Kingdom, had chosen for his grave a place beside the causeway to the Mentuhotep avenue. The prospect of buried wealth beneath their feet was too much for the workmen of Hatshepsut’s day and they dug down to Yuy’s burial chamber and fished out all that they found there. A magnificent life-sized statue was part of their plunder and they split it up for the hard wood of which it was carved. A smaller statue of the old dignitary in his curious robe of office was hauled up and thrown aside with one arm and the two feet of the larger statue (figs. 23 and 24). With them were found two little scent bottles, of black pottery with incised white decoration—one a goose and the other twin vases joined together—the sort of things that servant girls carried on their fingers at a banquet (fig. 25). In the tomb there was a jumble of boards from Yuy’s sarcophagi on which we could still read his name and rank, and fragments of a gilded wooden coffin covered with the feather pattern which became so fashionable shortly afterwards in the XVII dynasty.

The gaping hole in the Mentuhotep avenue and the hollow between the two embankments were out of sight as soon as the boundary walls of Hatshepsut’s avenue were built. The workmen employed at the new temple were therefore allowed to

![FIG. 25. SCENT BOTTLES FROM THE TOMB OF THE MAYOR YUY, XII-XIII DYNASTY](image-url)
wood was dark and shiny from much handling—there could be seen the traces of two straps coming out of the hole above, and it became perfectly clear that this was the heavy, club-like handle of a whip (fig. 26). The hieroglyphics read "The Sailor of Senmut, Nebiri." Now Senmut was Hatshepsut’s architect and immediately there arose the picture of his sailors toiling up the long straight road from the river to the temple, dragging the ponderous blocks of granite they had brought down from Assuan by boat, with Nebiri the boatswain walking along beside, cracking the broad, heavy, leather lashes across their sweating backs. The driving whip of the charioteer which we found a couple of years ago had little narrow thongs no wider than a pencil, but these lashes were as wide as a man’s leather belt. However, a maddened horse could kick a flimsy Egyptian chariot to pieces, while the patient fellâh learned to take his blows in silence in the days when he built the pyramids.

Hatshepsut’s temple was practically completed when she died, freeing her consort Thutmos III from the position of nonentity in which she had studiously kept him. So consistently had he been snubbed by his masterful spouse that he could scarcely wait to take the vengeance on her dead that he had not dared in her lifetime. Moreover, he had the backing of public sentiment, for Hatshepsut had attempted to rule in her own name, which custom forbade a woman, and she had admitted the irregularity of her position by having herself shown on the monuments in the garb of a man and wearing a king’s false beard. Willing hands were to be found throughout Egypt, therefore, to obliterate her portrait from all of the temples of the gods, and her name from the official chronicles of the land.

The tourist and the student are both familiar with the way the masons hacked every mention of Hatshepsut off the walls of Deir el-Bahri, but walking about the deserted colonnades of the temple one is likely to forget that when it was originally built it must have been a veritable forest of her statues. What had become of them we discovered when we came to clear out the hole in the Mentuhotep causeway. Thutmose’s masons had done away with them most efficiently by breaking them up and burying them in the hole her own engineers had dug.

Every day we found scraps of magnificent limestone statues. Some were fragments of colossal Osiride figures of the Queen and others were from a set of her statues about twice life-size, of delightful workmanship and brilliant coloring. Today they are only maddening relics of Thutmose’s spite, for limestone had been easily smashed into little bits. With hard stone it was somewhat more difficult for the iconoclasts. There had been a row of red granite figures of the Queen, probably between the columns of one of the colonnades, for there were certainly at least ten of them. All were alike, showing Hatshepsut kneeling and offering to some god a large, globular vase with a spout on the front shaped like an ankh-amulet (figs. 27 and 28). Each had been carved with an oblong base. The destruction gang first threw them all on their sides and then hammered them on their hips with a big maul until they snapped asunder at their weakest points, usually the waist and neck, and always along the top of their bases. We never discovered what became of the latter. Probably, being fairly regularly shaped oblong blocks, they made excellent corn grinders and were taken off to the city. The other bits were just a convenient size for one man to lift and were carried off to the great hole and dumped into it.

Five of these little statues were recovered practically entire. We can not
claim that they are masterpieces, for they were intended more as architectural decoration than as pure sculpture. They have, however, the breadth and dignity that Egyptian sculpture almost invariably has, and they are excellent specimens of one important technical point. The Egyptian

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FIG. 27. GRANITE STATUE OF HATSHEPSUT
XVIII DYNASTY

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—the eyes only are colored to give life to the stone, and since they were broken up and buried only a few years after they were made, this paint is preserved marvelously.

The great hole in the Mentuhotep causeway had already begun to be refilled in Hatshepsut’s time, for there was a con-

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siderable accumulation of rubbish under the granite statues. It looked like quarry chip from the grading of the Hatshepsut temple platform and waste from the stone cutters’ work during the building. The hole was a convenient place to dump all such rubbish out of sight and throughout the work it served that purpose. After Hatshepsut’s death the work went on at Deir el-Bahri, and beside it in the Mentu-
During dumping to Hathor, from which as well rubbish was dumped. Unfortunately, however, the dumping was not done in even layers. It came rather in pockets and in some places it was piled and shored up with rough stone walls that went aimlessly here and there through the mass. Therefore, we could never definitely say whether this level was thrown in before Hatshepsut’s death, or during Thutmose III’s reign, and unless an antiquity found in it has some intrinsic evidence of its date we can not date it more closely than to the reigns of these two sovereigns.

This is unfortunately the case with a whole mass of sketches on limestone flakes made during the two periods in the building of the Deir el-Bahri Temple. Some of them were idle sketches of the workmen—a bandy-legged dwarf or a dog scratching his chin with his hind foot—and others were more serious experiments like those from the tomb of Nesisepek. One of the most charming bits that have ever come out of Egypt is on aflake of whitest limestone about the bigness of the palm of a man’s hand. Some temple sculptor has been asked how he would draw a hippopotamus and, picking up this flake, he has portrayed a sedate beast of a purplish brown hue with pink eyes and belly and an enormous jowl indicated with a few swift strokes of black (fig. 29). The majority of these sketches, however, are more professional—actual trials of details in the temple. A little bird was a hieroglyphic letter; a brilliantly colored duck was a study for an offering scene; but the most instructive of all was a flake on which was worked up a commonly recurring phrase in the inscriptions. The sculptor has tried three signs, altering them to his liking, and then squared them off for transference on to the temple walls, where they can be found today in their finished state (fig. 32).

The mechanical dexterity with which the Egyptian reproduced and repeated such common motives was strikingly illustrated for us by some fragments of the limestone base of a statue of Hatshepsut, broken up and thrown into the hole at Thutmose’s command. We found these scraps scattered more or less widely through the rubbish and gathered them up carefully in hopes of completing the entire pedestal, but at the end of the season we still lacked the greater part, nor had we any prospect of finding the rest. There was just enough to show that both sides had been decorated with a representation of Hatshepsut as a sphinx couchant. One lot of fragments made up the body of the sphinx from the right side, and another lot the head of the sphinx and the cartouche from the left, both facing the front of the pedestal. Since the two designs were identical, the one was the reverse of the other and the fragments
could not be joined. Here, however, was a chance to test the accuracy with which such designs were transferred and repeated. We photographed the fragments which made up the head and cartouche, and then, without moving the camera, set up in the same place the fragments of the body of the sphinx. In taking this second photograph we used a film purposely put into the camera inside out, so that when a print was made from it in the normal way we had the picture reversed. The prints of the two were then joined and we found that the lines of the two designs so nearly coincided that only the slightest touching up was necessary to make a composite photograph (fig. 31). Considering that when these two sphinxes were carved on the opposite sides of the block they were not visible one from the other and that neither tracings nor stencils were used, this mechanical accuracy of reproduction denotes a remarkable manual dexterity on the part of the artisans.

Another intimate bit from the sculptor's life turned up among the ruins of some of the workmen's hovels. An unfinished piece of work that some sculptor engaged at the temple was doing in his off time with the idea of hawking it around the cemetery for sale.

The administrative side of building a temple was equally well represented in innumerable accounts and orders written on the ever handy flakes of limestone. Filing business correspondence on chunks of rock presented certain practical difficulties and the clerk of the works therefore consigned all of his old "papers" to the convenient rubbish hole. Dr. Alan Gardiner and Dr. Ludlow Bull kindly examined several of them and gave us preliminary translations.

One small bit was the memorandum of an "issue of sandals on the 13th of the 3d
Summer Month to the overseer Genamon—11 pairs; and to the overseer Tihespenu—11 pairs”—a very frequently recurring expense, evidently, for we found quantities of old papyrus sandals worn out by the workmen on the sharp stone chips. A second was a note of the loan of donkeys to officials making an aggregate of 178 men on the job that day.

The more interesting ostraca, however, date from the building of the shrine called Zeser-Akhet which Thutmose III erected to Hathor and Amon in the old Mentuhotep Temple. One is a “heading of a list of serfs engaged on the Queen’s temple on the 20th of the 2d Month of Winter. Reruru brought 76 men; Amenhotep brought 36 and with him Sennefer with 38, making in all 74 under Amenhotep; and to this total of 150 men Minmose added 28, of work bringing out stone under the Mayor and Vizir Rekhmire at the Temple of Amon in Zeser-Akhet,” and another a “list of stone which is at the command of the Mayor and Vizir,” itemizing several hundred blocks for the base of the building. Technical terms are very frequent and difficult to grasp at first and it will, therefore, take further study to make much sense of a third which begins “Year 45, 4th

![FIG. 30. GRAVE STELA MADE FOR SALE BY A TEMPLE SCULPTOR, XVIII DYNASTY](image-url)
FIG. 31. COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH OF FRAGMENTS OF THE BASE OF A STATUE OF HATSHEPSUT XVIII DYNASTY

FIG. 32. SCULPTOR’S SKETCH FOR A GROUP OF HIEROGLYPHS AND THE SAME GROUP AS ACTUALLY CARVED ON A PILLAR IN THE TEMPLE OF DEIR EL-BAHRI, XVIII DYNASTY
Month of Winter, day 15: List of the work consisting of the stone work which is under the direction of the Mayor and Vizir Rekhmire, in the temple of Amon in Zeser-Akhet. There was dragged out stone of [ . . . IIII] I and stone of ti-mes IIII, making IX completed upon the . . . of the southern wall. 4th Month of Winter, day 16: The work for the top of . . .” etc., etc.—a difficult snarl of unknown words and rubbed spots that will take painstaking research to unravel, but which will be quite well worth the effort, for the little shrine of

Zeser-Akhet is still more or less recognizable and last year we spent some time reassembling what remains of the great sandstone architraves which are surely mentioned in these work journals. Then, too, there is a certain importance in the information to be gained on the career of the great Rekhmire. He mentions the shrine of Zeser-Akhet in his tomb, and here in 1456 B.C. we find him in charge of the building, fully bearing out Davies’ ingenious reasoning in his recently published Puyemrê (vol. II, p. 81).

Lists of workmen and of blocks of stone did not take all the thought of the clerks of the works any more than the temple sculptures took up the entire time of the artists. Both had their moments off. One scribe sent to another a flint valentine on which he had written “For thy soul, receive food and drink before Amon every day in Zeser-Akhet, O Lieutenant Amenhotep, son of Amenhotep. Mayest thou

drink water at the foaming of the stream,” and then a crude little sketch of Amenhotep holding a cup to his lips.

Mixed in with all of this rubbish left by the temple builders there were thousands of ex-votos from this very shrine of Zeser-Akhet, from the Hathor shrine built just before it by Hatshepsut, and—if we are not mistaken—from a still earlier XVIII dynasty Hathor chapel which Hatshepsut’s must have superseded and from which the earliest scarabs came. The inscribed scarabs already mentioned were among them. Of the little, shapeless, uninscribed scarabs of brilliant blue faience which were strung up like beads and offered by myriads in the chapels, we got between three and four thousand. The ground was literally sown with such offerings which had been left for a while in the chapels, and then thrown out into the rubbish hole on the periodical cleaning days. Bits of broken blue faience platters in which food had been presented to the goddess were uncountable. Symbols of Hathor were everywhere. Sometimes she was the cow carved on plaques of limestone, copper, or faience (fig. 33); or again she was represented by the primitive symbol of a post with a woman’s head atop which gave the inspiration for the Hathor-head columns of her temples (fig. 34). She was a protectress, and tablets engraved with a pair of eyes or ears would assure her seeing and hearing a supplicant; and she was a goddess of joy to whom those who were disappointed in love had merely to make an appropriate gift to attain their hearts’ desires.

Such was the rubbish turned out of the hole dug by Hatshepsut and refilled by Thutmose—the one served by Senmut and the other by Rekhmire. In course of time it was full to the top and Mentuhotep’s embankment was once more at its original level. Then it was that the XI dynasty wall was rebuilt, but by whom it would be hard to say. There was one piece of a scarab of Amenhotep III in the rubbish which leads us to suppose that the restoration did not take place until after the XVIII dynasty, and this fits very well with the fact that Ramses II and his suc-
cessors did much to set the Mentuhotep Temple itself in order. In any case the rebuilding of the causeway wall was a work well done. The engineers realized that the rubbish with which the hole was refilled was an insecure foundation for a heavy weight, and so they dug a foundation trench two meters deep and filled it with sifted sand which they could depend upon to settle uniformly if there was to be any settling at all. On this bottom the wall was rebuilt and the Mentuhotep avenue took on its early appearance once more.

The actual excavations began on December 20 and ended on April 20. In that period the writer was continuously engaged in the work and with him Mr. Hauser, except for a time during which he was working on the plan of the tomb of Tutenkh-amon. Mr. Hauser’s was a trying task—surveying the XI dynasty necropolis at a scale of one to one thousand, up and down the rugged hills and precipitous cliffs over an area a mile long and half a mile wide. However, if a survey can have an imaginative quality, this one has. The purpose is to reconstruct the lay of the land as Mentuhotep’s architects and engineers knew it four thousand years ago, in what is today the most jumbled spot in Egypt. Since the XI dynasty, hills of thousands of tons of rock and spacious valleys have been made by man, and only here and there can the original surface be retrieved at the mouth of a pit or in the sunken court of some tomb. From these scattered points, located and leveled with the greatest accuracy, there is growing bit by bit the monument and the landscape of 2000 B.C.

Mr. Hall, whose main work was on the plan of the tomb of Tutenkhhamon, gave his assistance whenever possible on the survey of the Mentuhotep Temple, and Mr. Wilkinson has started copies of the wall decorations in the tomb of Khety. Finally, whenever he could, Mr. Burton snatched a chance to help us out on our photography, working early and late to keep things running smoothly for us in the midst of his arduous task of photographing for Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter.

HERBERT E. WINLOCK.