There are many persons to whom I owe thanks for kindnesses received over the years. First, to those who taught me the rudiments of Egyptology at the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago: John Wilson, George Hughes, Charles Nims, Klaus Baer, and Edward Wente. I have also regularly profited from contact with colleagues and friends at the Institute: Janet Johnson, Peter Dorman, Lanny Bell, Robert Ritner, Mark Lehner, Ray Johnson, Karen Wilson, Emily Teeter, John Larson, Anita Ghaemi, Ray Tindell, Jean Grant, Chuck Jones, John Sanders, and Tom Urban.

Thanks, too, to the Oriental Institute for permission to use its copy of MacScribe to compose the hieroglyphic passages in this volume.

I also want to thank the members of The American Research Center in Egypt (ARCE) and the Society for the Study of Egyptian Antiquities for listening to and commenting on the papers I have offered over the years at the annual meetings of these societies. I have received much helpful criticism.

Thanks also to John Dorman, who was director of ARCE when I first went to Egypt and aided me in numberless ways, and to Mark Easton, until recently Cairo Director of ARCE, for many kindnesses over the years.

I am grateful for fellowships given me by the National Endowment for the Humanities as well as those from Roosevelt University, and for a grant from the American Philosophical Society. These awards fundamentally aided me in pursuing my study of ancient Egyptian literature.

Thanks are also due to Jim Burr, Humanities Editor, Leslie Tingle, Assistant Managing Editor, and their colleagues at the University of Texas Press for their interest in my work and for seeing this volume through the process of publication.

I am indebted more than I can adequately express to my family, who have borne with me for four decades, usually with good humor, in my double career as Professor of English and translator-scholar of Egyptian literature — to Ann, Kristen, and Robert, my children (historians all) — and to Gloria, my patient and always supportive wife.

Finally, my thanks to the many friends in the field in this hemisphere, Europe, and Egypt—nameless here but vivid in the mind—for their help, cautions, and succor over the years.

THIS PAGE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK



Akhenaten's Hymn to the Sun, Stanza i

