



RES CLASSICAE

THE UMBC ANCIENT STUDIES DEPARTMENT NEWSLETTER

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Editor: Melissa Bailey

Executive Editor: David Rosenbloom

FROM THE CHAIR

David Rosenbloom

It is my great pleasure to welcome Dr. Robert Webber to the ANCS department. Robert received his Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins University in 2015. His area of interest is ancient invective, particularly Roman forensic invective. Robert is teaching 4 classes for us this semester: Classical Mythology, The Ancient Greeks, Intermediate Latin, and Death, Desire, and the Hero in Ancient Greece.

The ANCS department is humming along. This semester we have 930 students enrolled in our classes. Classical Mythology has 237 students in two sections; our 2 100-level Archaeology classes have 200 students between them. The Ancient Greeks has 90 students in two sections; Latin 101 has 56 students enrolled in two sections. I wish I could say the same about ancient Greek; enrollments are anemic. The introductory class has an enrollment of 7; the intermediate class has 6 students. The situation with ancient Greek is not unique to UMBC. According to the Modern Language Association, enrollment in Ancient Greek nationwide has plunged 35% since the onset of the great recession in 2009.

American Universities have always felt a tension between vocational training and education as a good *per se*; there is nothing new about this. The great recession exacerbated this tension to a perilous degree. More than ever, college students and their parents are anxious about career prospects—they want a major that will lead to a high-paying job. That the federal government has begun to publish data on the earnings of graduates of American colleges and universities 15 years from matriculation is symptomatic of this anxiety. The unprecedented commercialization of higher education today presents challenges to Ancient Studies; but I am confident that we can meet these challenges.

Data published in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* show that 15 years from graduation, Ancient Studies majors enjoy higher salaries than all humanities majors and are even better paid than accounting majors. Why is this? Part of the reason involves the success of Ancient Majors on standardized tests for post-graduate education such as the GRE and LSAT—they score better than any other major on these tests. This enables them to be educated at good graduate and law schools and to get degrees from prestigious institutions. A better reason is the major's demand for intellectual competence. Learning Greek and Latin trains the mind in language and logic—it necessitates a kind of close and persistent reasoning that is difficult to parallel in other disciplines. Beyond a mastery of the languages that served as *linguae francae* for centuries, the evidence we interpret is rare and problematic; and we are trained to study it carefully and to differentiate what we know from what we infer and conjecture. Ancient Studies cannot be completely objective; but it still values objectivity, accuracy, and fairness in assessing information. In this regard, the discipline trains students to be knowers; and this training is a priceless asset that opens doors to many rewarding careers. I advise students at every turn to get an education first and a career afterwards. The latter is meaningless without the former. Finally, multiple studies have shown that one of the key predictors of success in higher education is the time students spend with their professors. Our program prides itself on our student focus.

This issue of *Res Classicae* nicely exemplifies many of the values of Ancient Studies as a discipline. Dr. Molly Jones-Lewis analyzes the *raison d'être* of often misunderstood metal instruments she found tucked away in the Museum of Anatolian Civilizations in Ankara, Turkey. Before there were antibiotics and means of antisepsis, there were copper and silver medical instruments hostile to the growth of germs, and the swift hand of a surgeon wielding a razor-sharp, red-hot steel blade. Dr. Melissa Bailey meditates on two weeks she spent in Syria as a graduate student in 2010, and how the ravages of civil war and virulent religious fundamentalism threaten the joyful diversity of this ancient culture at the crossroads of civilizations, but can never obliterate it. Prof. Tim Phin explores the many masks of Martial, the Spanish-born poet of sometimes snarky, sometimes serious epigrams. University Research Award winner and ANCS major Abigail Worgul tells of her experiences in Rome this summer—how she was distracted from her study of the temple of Vesta in the Roman Forum by her brother's mugging, yet used her knowledge of Latin to bring some stability

to the chaos that ensued. Humanities Scholar and ANCS major Flora Kirk describes her experience as an intern in Bath, England, which afforded her a fine apprenticeship in designing exhibits of artifacts for a public hungry to see and to handle the treasures of the past. ANCS major Riley Auer tells us about her work as an intern in Maryland's Lost Towns project this summer. She was part of team that began excavating at "Peluche," a site in the Jug Bay Wetlands Sanctuary in Lothian, Maryland which offers testimony to 8,000 years of human habitation.

This year's Ancient Studies Week will take place Oct. 12-15. Monday Oct. 12 from 12:00-1:00 Matt Amt of Legio XX will give a display of hoplite arms and tactics in PAHB 132. On Tuesday Oct. 13 we will hold our Homerathon at the "Forum" in front of PAHB—this year we are reading the *Odyssey*. Wednesday Oct. 14 Janet Stephens, Baltimore hairdresser and experimental archaeologist, will lecture on the principles of Roman hairdressing based on her extensive research into the tools and styles of hair fashion among elite Roman women. On Thursday Oct. 14 from 12:00-2:00, the Council of Majors will display artifacts from the Spiro Collection on Main Street in the Commons. That evening, from 7:00-9:00 in PAHB 132, members of the department will do a concert reading Plautus' *Miles Gloriosus*. You are all warmly invited to all these events. Please see the flier below for full details.

I conclude with a hearty "thanks" to those of you who donated to the ANCS department in 2015. We could not do what we do without you. Giving to the department is easy and no donation is too small. You can give online at <https://securelb.imodules.com/s/1325/UMBC-template.aspx?sid=1325&gid=1&pgid=564&cid=1258>.

**You Are Invited to Join Us For
Ancient Studies Week, Oct. 12-15, 2015**

M. Oct. 12, 12:00-1:00 PM, Performing Arts and Humanities, 132. Display of hoplite arms and techniques by Matt Amt of Legio XX.

T. Oct. 13, 9:00 AM to c. 6:00 PM, The Forum in front of Performing Arts and Humanities: HOMERATHON, a continuous reading of Homer's *Odyssey*. Interested in reading? Contact Dr. Melissa Bailey (mabailey@umbc.edu).

W. Oct. 14, 4:00-5:00 PM, ANCS Keynote Lecture, Janet Stephens, Experimental Archaeologist and Baltimore Hairdresser: "*In comis veritas: The Principles of Ancient Roman Hairdressing,*" Kuhn Library Gallery. Reception to follow. Co-sponsored by the Dresher Center and the Office of Summer and Winter Programs.

Th. Oct. 15, 12:00 - 2:00 PM, The Commons. Council of Majors' Antiquities Table Featuring Artifacts from the Spiro Collection.

Th. Oct. 15, 7:00-9:00 PM, PAHB, 132. Reading of Plautus' *Miles Gloriosus*. Interested in reading? Contact Prof. Phin (tphin@umbc.edu)

SURGERY AT THE MUSEUM: NOTES FROM TURKEY

Molly Jones-Lewis



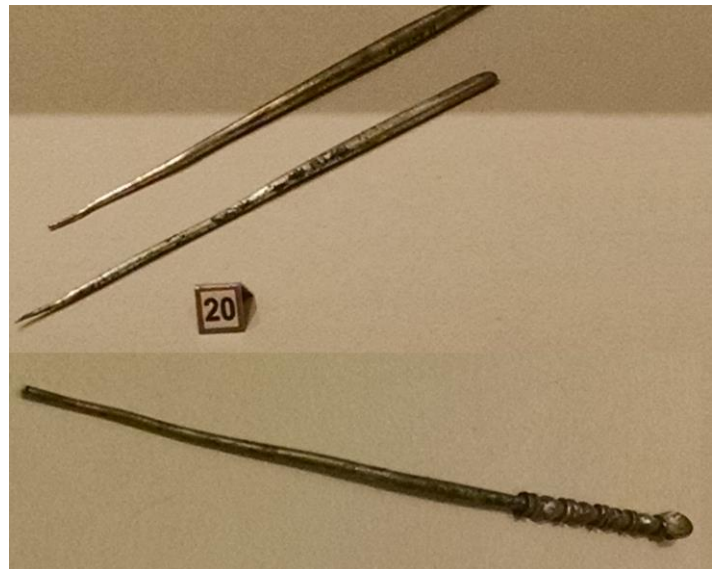
Dr. Jones-Lewis poses at the base of a statue of Alexandros, son of Alexandros, a physician of Roman Ephesos.

Tucked away in the basement of the Museum of Anatolian Civilizations, at the very end of a hallway in a “blink and you miss it” display, was a rare and exciting collection of items. Excavations at the tombs of Juliopolis, a city in Galatia (located in the central regions of modern-day Turkey), had turned up coins bearing images of the healing gods Asklepios and Hygieia and a number of medical instruments. This suggested to the archaeologists that the city itself, now buried under a lake, had an Asklepieion—a shrine where the sick could come to seek divine healing and physicians would pray for the healing god Asklepios’ favor. Excavations have been ongoing since 2009, making this set of instruments quite new to us!

The slender silver “needle” above the “20” marker (see image below) looks unassuming enough, but it is the most exciting find of the lot to my eyes. Silver medical instruments are relatively rare finds from antiquity; most were made of less expensive bronze. Both copper and silver were known to have antiseptic properties long before germ theory was imagined; both metals are recommended by Dioskourides of Anazarbos, himself a native of Anatolia, for treating wounds and clearing infections. Copper is once again coming into vogue for hospital door-plates and table surfaces, since it, unlike plastic and steel, is a hostile environment for bacteria, viruses, and fungal spores. Silver in alloys is less effective than copper, but in purer forms (especially when combined with moisture) silver’s effectiveness is greatly increased.

This brings us to the two objects described as “needles” in the museum. They are about the size of a Bic pen, but with a sharp, slender point suitable for lancing infections or—and I think this is the most likely use—couching cataracts. This procedure inserts a needle carefully into the eye and displaces the clouded lens, allowing the eye to perceive light and dark again. Such surgery was commonplace in the first century CE, and a silver needle would have greatly reduced the risk of infection to the delicate tissue of the eye.

Below the marker on the same image you can see the third silver instrument in the collection, a long-handled scoop with a tiny bowl at the end. This implement would have been used as a measuring scoop for the tiny amounts of expensive ingredients used to compound and dose medications. But, like many medical instruments, there were multiple uses for this tool. A physician could use the blunt-ended handle to probe orifices for blockage, then gently remove those blockages with the scoop. Ear wax, for instance, can accumulate along with pockets of infected material, causing deafness and inflammation. This tool’s blunt scoop, carefully used, would be less likely to puncture the ear-drum while clearing out a dirty ear, and the silver would disinfect as it scooped. No new infection would be introduced, and the ear could heal and function again. It was this sort of simple procedure that could perform medical miracles; it’s likely that this small, unassuming tool once changed a patient’s life.



Two silver needle-probes, one with a broken tip, and a silver scoop-probe.

Steel had its place in ancient surgery, though. The high-quality iron coming out of the Alpine province of Noricum was prized for its ability to hold an edge, and a persistent sharp edge makes all the difference when speed is called for. Ancient surgery had to be quick—but not, perhaps, for the reasons you might think. A variety of drugs, including opium products, were available to tranquilize the patient and ease surgical pain. Many of them were still used in anesthesia in the early 20th century, including derivatives of mandrake root and thorn apple. Opium, of course, is still used to produce drugs like morphine, Vicodin, and codeine. However, blood transfusions were impossible in antiquity, as was any sort of IV fluid support. Blood loss could not be replaced by anything but time and oral fluids, so a surgeon had to be extremely careful to keep as much blood as possible in the body. To that end, sharp steel was often heated when cutting, creating a cauterized cut. Both ends of these scalpels are functional and made of bronze (you can see where the steel begins by the rusting damage to the corroded blades in the image to the left). The surgeon could flip the blade to use the slightly pointed bronze ends to make punctures or apply styptic medications. This bellied blade shape would have been used for precision work, and is similar to a modern #20 scalpel.

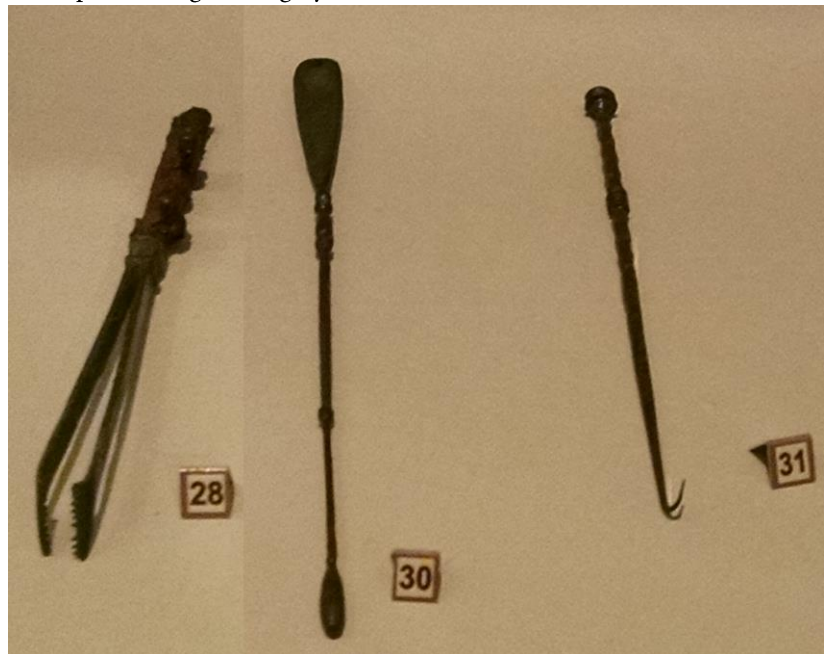


Two steel bellied scalpel blades with bronze handles.

Our final stop on this tour of medical instruments from Juliopolis is a classic trio, all bronze, including a rasp-toothed forceps (28), a spatula probe, and a surgical hook. Forceps are common in ancient collections since they were used in a variety of contexts, both cosmetic and surgical. This set, though, with its alarmingly toothy ends, is specifically surgical, designed to grab firmly and pull. A string could have been used to lock the jaws closed, or perhaps a (now missing) bronze ring like those found on similar forceps at other sites. This locking forceps could be used to grasp growths or diseased body parts (such as hemorrhoids or large skin tags); the crushing pressure would cut off the blood supply to reduce bleeding, then the teeth would hold the flesh in place while a scalpel (likely heated to cauterize as well) cut the growth away. Such procedures are described in medical texts going back to the Hippocratic Corpus, dating to roughly the 5th and 4th centuries BCE.

The spatula probe (30) is another common find; this multi-tool was used to mix and apply both medicines and cosmetics, keeping the amount of hand-to-wound contact to a minimum. However, if you asked an ancient person why she was using this probe rather than her hands, she would point out how much less messy and wasteful it was to use the flat ends to apply ointments to the skin, and how much better the rigid bronze packed medication into wounds, then smoothed off the salve into an even coating. It saved money on medical ingredients and kept your hands from getting smeared with nasty smelling goop—a win for everyone involved.

Finally we come to the wire-fine hook (31), which is another multi-functional tool. We find such hooks in larger, blunt-tipped forms for use in pulling vessels and tendons to the surface of a cut or keeping wound margins open. A thin hook like this



Locking(?) forceps, spatula probe, sharp hook, all bronze.

could also be used to prop wounds open, but the sharp tip also allowed the surgeon to grab small bits of tissue with a deft flick of the wrist.

This small collection was, for me, one of many highlights on our tour of Turkey, and other such instruments are likely to be found in the museums of Italy this spring. If you would like to know more about ancient medical instruments, John Stewart Milne's venerable *Surgical Instruments in Greek and Roman Times* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1907) is available free online on Project Gutenberg (<http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/40424>). This year Lawrence Bliquez published a long overdue update, *The Tools of Asclepius: Surgical Instruments in Greek and Roman Times* (Leiden: Brill, 2015). It's rather pricey, but your library may have a copy, or be willing to find you one.

SYRIA AND THE STORIES WE TELL

Melissa Bailey

In 2010, when I was a grad student, I decided almost on a whim ("almost" because you did need to get a visa well in advance) to go to Syria. I would be in Jordan over the summer excavating, but there was time for a trip before the season started. My friends Dan and Colleen, also archaeologists, were interested in going with me. Even in 2010, before there was any whisper of unrest, going to Syria felt a bit adventurous. We were pleased with ourselves.

And it *was* adventurous. We rented a car, drove to remote places as well as to more famous sites. We got lost in the desert trying to find the isolated Byzantine site of Rasafa. We almost ran out of gasoline. When we finally found people and gas, no one could tell us how to get anywhere (but they all asked for a ride to Damascus). We explored every corner of the crusader castle Krak des Chevaliers, and climbed its highest towers (see image right.) A woman in Hama made me taste a bite of her ice cream cone. We happened upon a candlelit Syrian Christian procession in Damascus—everyone singing, somehow joyful and mournful at once. We laughed at the pictures of Bashar al-Assad plastered across every surface. We thought he looked like Ned Flanders. We took a risk and ate salad one day, and all got punishingly sick. We were sick when we went to Palmyra, and it was well over 100 degrees, but we still walked the colonnade, sat in the theater, ran our hands along the Temple of Bel. We spent two weeks in Syria, and I wish it had been two months.



Krak des Chevaliers: standing on the ramparts looking out over the valley

The Aleppo souk is now burned. I snapped a photo of men balancing a large bundle of wool there (see image below), because I thought it was interesting. They were laughing. I wonder sometimes if they're still alive. Krak des Chevaliers has been used as a fortress by various factions in the war, and is also damaged—but war is, of course, what it was built for, and so it's held up better than some places. The Dead Cities, prosperous stone villages from the late Roman and Byzantine periods, are inhabited by refugees (because lots of refugees don't even make it out of Syria). And Palmyra, of course, has become the poster child for the Islamic State's (I prefer the Arabic acronym, Daesh) destruction of heritage, both stones (the Temple of Bel; the Temple of Baalshamin) and people (the decades-long director of the site, Khaled al-Asaad, beheaded and hung from a column).



Men (and a boy) balancing a load of wool in the Aleppo souk

Looking back, I'm annoyed with how casual an attitude I had in Syria. I'm ashamed I laughed at Assad. I could afford to. I could leave. I'm angry that I didn't make it to more sites—that I didn't see Apamea, which is now a cratered landscape of looters' pits; that I didn't

push on through the desert to Dura Europos, which now looks just like Apamea. I wish I had talked to more people. I wish I had taken more pictures. Thousands more pictures.

I've thought a lot about what the war in Syria has taken away, both as an archaeologist and as someone who just went to Syria as a simple tourist, but loved it as intensely as you can love a place you only see for two weeks. The different kinds of sadness are all mixed up. I want to mourn the Temple of Bel, but I also want to tell people that the looters' pits are much worse than the dynamited temples, because as impressive as it is to look at an ancient building, it's the looters' pits that destroy our ability to find out more about the past, to tell the complete stories of these sites and the people who lived in them. Even if the artifacts are recovered, their context cannot be.

But I also want to tell people the more ephemeral things that seemed so special about Syria. How the coast was green and the air soft and all along the coastal highway there were espresso stands—so simple they were just open booths, but with espresso machines as shiny and elaborate as anything you'd see in Italy. How people talked and laughed with us. How the women in Damascus wore heavy eye makeup and flashing silver jewelry and silver-embroidered hijabs. How the food was complex and subtle. How the intermingling of cultures was everywhere you looked—Armenian and Syrian Christian, Druze, Muslim, and of course the traces of other cultures, Roman, Byzantine, Palmyrene, French.



Some of my favorite reliefs in the Temple of Bel at Palmyra

I think it is impossible to untangle these sadnesses because the beautiful things about Syria—the complexities of the people and the layers of history—are all intertwined. Many archaeologists have pointed out that Palmyra, an ancient crossroads of cultures and home to cosmopolitan desert traders, was the antithesis of everything Daesh stands for. What I hope everyone realizes is that *so was modern Syria*. The Salafist Islam preached by Daesh came out of Saudi Arabia, not Syria. Some Syrians have responded to it, of course, but millions have voted with their feet, by leaving. And that delicate balance of thousands of years of layered history and cultural tradition is going with them.

It would be naïve not to realize that some of the diversity of modern Syria came from histories of violence and colonialism. And it would be naïve to ignore how brutal a dictator Assad was

even before all this, and how brutal his father, who massacred 10,000-20,000 people in Hama in 1982, was before him. Yet despite all that, Syria had somehow managed to preserve hundreds of strands of history, and a bewildering range of religions and cultures and traditions, for thousands of years—and *that*, now, is what is disappearing. Stones are being destroyed, and so is the living history in the traditions of people, and the sense of ownership people have over their own heritage. Daesh, and the Syrian war in a larger sense (because people are fleeing Assad no less than Daesh, and Assad has in fact killed far more people), are accomplishing ethnic cleansing on many fronts. They are reducing the multiplicity of stories from both the past and the present to just one story. And the rest of the world, seeing nothing but extremism and death in the Middle East, is starting to believe them.

But trust me. There were many stories in Syria.

As an archaeologist, I want to say: we won't stop telling those stories. Smash what you will; telling stories from fragments is what we *do*. As a person, I want to say: listen to the refugees. Listen to everything they can tell you. And try to give them a home to go back to.

THE MANY FACES OF MARTIAL

Timothy Phin

Roman poets are a slippery lot. Shifting voices, faces, and attitudes are their stock in trade. Beautiful poems of love and loss rest comfortably in the same collections with scatological humor, misogynistic bluster, and cruel invective. Roman education demanded that its adherents read widely, write widely, and have the capacity to take on the roles of others. Quintilian, a teacher and rhetorician, tells us that role-play prepared Roman lawyers to speak for their clients. Poets had the same training,

and often chose to mask themselves with well crafted personae. Some poets selected a single persona to inhabit, but others wandered, preferring to slide between masks, doffing and donning them to suit their needs. One such poet is Marcus Valerius Martialis, better known now as Martial.

Martial was born in Spain, in the city of Augusta Bilbilis, about seventy miles south of the Pyrenees Mountains. He was part of a significant set of Spanish-born Roman citizens who would come to dominate the literary landscape of Rome in the latter half of the first century CE. His surviving work comes down to us in the form of several books of epigrams. Epigrams, from the Greek ἐπίγραμμα (*epigramma*) “inscription,” were poems inscribed on votive offerings or funerary monuments. Eventually poets began to compile and publish them. Martial’s collection spans the last decades of his life, first appearing at some point in the mid-80s CE and concluding just before his death in the first years of the second century CE.

Martial’s poetry is often brief and cheeky, taking great pleasure in the play of words.

*You pursue, I fly; you fly, I pursue. This is the way I am.
I don't want you to want me, Dindymus, I want you not to want me. (5.83)*

*He lies, Zoilus, who says you are vicious.
You are not a vicious man, Zoilus, you're vice. (11.92)*



Colosseum, Rome (Photo: Alex Segre)

But Martial also wrote pieces of praise and wonder, like this one concerning Rome’s Colosseum:

*Where the starry colossus sees the constellations at close range
and lofty scaffolding rises in the middle of the road,
once gleamed the odious halls of a cruel monarch,
and in all Rome there stood a single house.
Where rises before our eyes the august pile of the Amphitheater,
was once Nero’s lake. Where we admire the warm baths, a speedy gift,
a haughty tract of land had robbed the poor of their dwellings.
Where the Claudian colonnade unfolds its wide-spread shade,
was the outermost part of the palace’s end.
Rome has been restored to herself, and under your rule, Caesar,
the delights that belonged to a master now belong to the people. (de Spectaculis 2)*

Polyvalence is Martial’s signature, and any reading of his work is a dizzying enterprise. Most difficult of all, perhaps, is the search for any sort of “true” Martial. Was he more “real” when he praised the emperor Domitian or when, after the collapse of the Flavian regime, he scorned him? It seems that the Romans themselves were not sure, and that was dangerous for Martial. Toward the end of our extant versions of his work, we find Martial’s eyes turned toward Spain, toward his childhood home, and a sort of self-imposed exile.

*Does it surprise you, Avitus, that I, who have grown old in
Latium’s city, often speak of very far-off peoples, that I
thirst for gold-bearing Tagus and my native Salo, that I
am going back to the rough fields of a well-stocked cottage?
Give me a land where a small competence makes me
wealthy and narrow means are luxury. Here the soil is supported,
there it supports. Here the hearth warms with a grudging fire,
there it is bright with a huge blaze. Here hunger is costly
and the market makes men bankrupt, there the board is spread
with the riches of its own countryside. Here four or more gowns
wear out in a summer, there one covers me through four autumns.
Go now, pay court to patrons, Avitus, when a place can provide you
with all that a friend does not provide. (10.96)*

For a moment, we think we understand. We think we see beneath the poetic masks. The gathered personae marbled together seem to fade into the weariness of a man whose time in Rome has become more burden than pleasure. And then Martial opens his twelfth and final book of epigrams with a short letter to his friend, Priscus.

...The first and most important point is that I miss the ears of the community to which I had grown accustomed. It is like pleading a case in a strange court. For if there is anything to please in my little books, the audience dictated it. The subtlety of judgments, the inspiration of the themes, the libraries, the theaters, the gatherings where pleasure is a student without realizing it, to sum it all up, all those things which in my fastidiousness I forsook, I now regret as though they had deserted me. Add to this the tartar of municipal teeth, envy in place of judgment, and one or two malign individuals—in a tiny place a large number. To keep a good temper every day in face of this is not easy...I hope that you will not find it too much trouble to appraise with care and examine these productions, which only in your hands are in no danger, and, what is very difficult for you, to judge my trifles without favorable bias, lest I send to Rome (if you so decree) a book that is not only from Spain but Spanish.

The weariness remains, but now it is for the countryside, and the longing is for the company of Rome, for the learning and literary skill of its denizens. One mask goes down, and another mask rises. There is no knowing the real Martial, and from his poetry we can pen no biography. His art depended on his ability to be unpredictable, witty, angry, morose, vulgar, and sanctimonious. There is something for everyone in Martial's poetry, and that was the point. Whoever opened his little books, whoever took the time to read, would find a poem or two or more to enjoy.

MY TIME AT AQUAE SULIS (BATH)

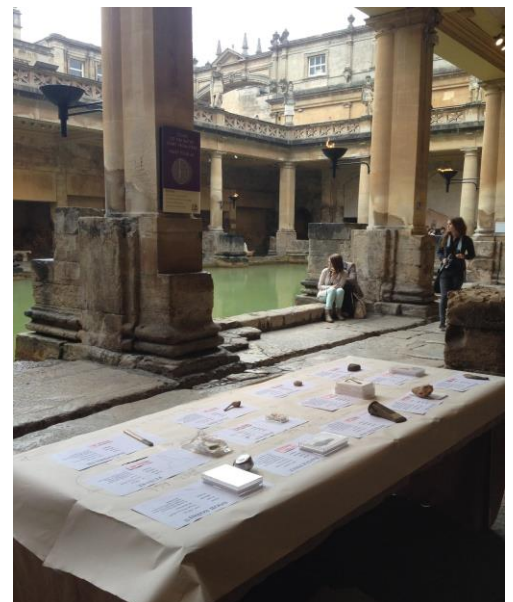
Flora Kirk



My display of coins in the Radstock Museum

In late November of last year, I sent an email to the Roman Baths collections team, inquiring about student placements. Nearly eleven months later, here I find myself writing my reflection, and I can't believe how fast time has passed. Though my placement was a relatively short five weeks, it is an experience I can honestly say I will never forget.

During the first week, I began helping process coins from the Beau Street Hoard, an incredibly large collection of Roman coins discovered recently in Beau Street, Bath (490 feet away from the Baths themselves). The Collections team had been processing the finds for the past year or so, and they were still knee-deep in the project when I arrived. A year is an understandable amount of time, given the process: 17,000 coins were being sent to the British Museum to be cleaned, and still had to be photographed and properly accounted for upon their return. Jumping into such a large project meant I had to do a lot of preparation too: I have not read much about, nor taken any classes, concerning the late Roman Empire, so I had to do a lot of



My "Timetable" of weapons and tools

research on the historical context and the particular emperors of the period.

A couple of weeks later, I was given the opportunity to design a display of a few choice coins that would be exhibited at the nearby Radstock Museum for a month. I have always been interested in the arts, and so putting this exhibit together enabled me to combine two loves: design and ancient history. Researching my display was eye-opening. Through hands-on experience with the coins, I learned about the emperors who issued the radiates (bronze coins with a silver wash, which changed value rapidly in the late empire), their rationale for choices of iconography, and thus how the coins reflected the circumstances of the period. I also learned some important curatorial skills regarding the public. I had to consider what would catch people's interest and show them that this collection was not just "a bunch of old coins," but something fascinating and historically important. In doing this, I learned to write labels that would be accessible to everyone, keeping in mind that many visitors' first language would not be English.



The Great Bath drained for cleaning

I was later able to apply these newly-acquired skills to my next and last project: my Tuesday Timetable. "Tuesday Timetables" is the alliterative name for the Bath's weekly tables where visitors can handle artifacts. Each table has its own theme, depending on the person running it. For my table, I chose "Tools and Weapons," since I thought this category would catch the attention of children and adults alike. My hypothesis proved correct, as during the Timetable families crowded around and examined all the different artifacts (especially the hand-ax—with its size and weight, it was a very fun object to pick up).

In all, my time at the Baths is an experience I won't forget. Although this sounds clichéd, there is no other way to describe it without sounding pretentious. This was my first opportunity to work in a museum and gain actual experience with artifacts, and I will always look back on these five weeks, no matter where my career takes me. Who knows where I will be in five years?

And finally, here's a cool shot of the Great Bath after it's been drained for cleaning (note the lead flooring)!

LIVING HISTORY

Abigail Worgul

I've heard stories of the ancient world, especially of Rome, all my life. I read about the Roman Forum in books; I was taught about the seven hills of Rome in school; and I translated stories about Romans in my college classes. After I was privileged to



The Temple of Vesta in the Roman Forum

win an Undergraduate Research Award in the spring, I used the funding this summer to go to Italy and study temples of Vesta. I expected that the places I would visit would merely provide me with background for the things I had already learned. However, in addition to collecting important information for my project, I discovered that even I, a lowly student, could add history to famous places.

One day, I was having trouble figuring out where the original boundary line of the city was located (this was information that would help me with my URA project). As I could find no tour guide, I decided I would stalk one and ask him my question after his tour. Since I realized that my brother might be getting a little tired of following me around, I told him to go off on his own and explore the city.

As the tour guide was nearing what I thought was the end of his tour, all of a sudden my brother ran up to me and said, "Abigail! I've just been attacked!!!" As nothing like this had ever happened to either of us before, I was shocked. He continued to tell me what had happened: an Italian had come up to him, shown signs of wanting his watch, touched his neck, and punched him in the chest. As we shared our sense of relief that he was unharmed, he reached up to his neck and realized that

his golden chain—a family heirloom worth \$2000—was gone. Needless to say, we were devastated.

The next day he decided to report the incident to the police. Because we could not understand the Italian cops, however, we could not find the police station. Nevertheless, while the policeman attempted to explain directions, I recognized the words “*Campo Marzio*,” an area I knew from my Roman Civilization class. Therefore, when I saw the sign for the “*Campo Marzio*,” I was able to lead us to the police station.

The next day, my brother showed me the police report, which he couldn’t read because it was in Italian. However,



My brother and I standing in the Pantheon

because of my knowledge of Latin, I was more or less able to read it. The line where my brother described the punch especially jumped out at me, because in my *Plautus* class last semester I translated the word for “fist,” *pugnus*, many times when reading about the poor slave Sosia who was relentlessly attacked. I realized that for the first time I was applying my studies to real life situations!

After this, while walking around Rome, I couldn’t help but imagine all the turmoil that had taken place there thousands of years before. How many senators during the fall of the Republic had walked up and down the streets and paths in fear of their lives? The scanty ruins where we wandered were all that was left of those times, making it seem like the story had ended thousands of years ago. However, although our problem was obviously less life-threatening, here we were, adding a new chapter to the ancient site.

This is but one experience that I had while in Rome wherein I added my personal history to History with a capital “H.” All those experiences have helped me to realize that we can’t just leave history in the past. Just because a person writes a history book or a play and puts it on the library shelf doesn’t mean that the story is over. As long as there are people to do things and places in which to do them, history will continue to evolve—and the past may connect to the present in all sorts of unexpected ways.

THE LOST TOWN OF PELUCHE

Riley Auer

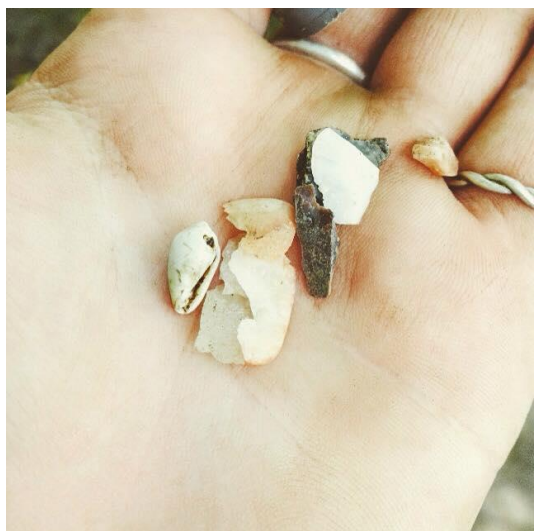
Over the summer break, I had the opportunity to discover portions of the prehistoric Chesapeake region with the Lost Towns Project, a local non-profit organization partnered with Anne Arundel County’s cultural resource management department. Under the supervision of Stephanie Sperling, a team of volunteers, employees, and interns excavated a property within the Jug Bay Wetlands Sanctuary located in Lothian, Maryland. This site, known as 18AN881 or “Peluche,” was documented with the Maryland State Register of Historic Places several years previously by the now-retired state archaeologist, Al Luckenbach.

Stephanie began the excavation with a series of Shovel Test Pits (STPs) along the north-south lines of a grid map of the site. STP after STP revealed high concentrations of artifacts stretching along the entire landform. Preliminary evaluations of these artifacts provided a rudimentary timeline for the site encompassing roughly 8,000 years of habitation. It appeared to have been used as a prehistoric domestic space, as well as a historic and modern farm. The majority of the artifacts within our focus area, located at the south end of the landform, were of prehistoric origin.

These artifacts ranged widely in type and date of manufacture but predominantly consisted of jasper, chert, and quartz flakes and points; Accokeek, Pope’s Creek, and Marcey Creek ceramics; and shell fragments. Using



Potomac Creek incised rim sherd



Marginella shell bead with quartz and chert flakes

the information from the STPs, Stephanie devised a plan to excavate 2.5 by 5 ft. units every 100 ft. along the E500 grid line. She placed the first unit, the only full 5 by 5 ft. unit, directly on top of what she believed to be a prehistoric shell midden. Surrounding STPs indicated that the midden might spread more than 50 feet in all directions, making it of comparable size to those of a neighboring site located a few miles north along the Patuxent River called “Pig Point.” The midden offered several unique and distinctive artifacts, including a bone tool and a marginella shell bead. The bone tool was a rare find for the area. Due to high concentrations of acid in local soils, many objects similar to it often degrade before excavation if they haven’t been disturbed or destroyed by other factors first. The marginella shell bead was a commonplace decoration during the Woodland Period (1250_{BCE} - 1600_{CE}); these beads demonstrate the presence of large trade networks.

The two rare objects signaled a promising start to what will undoubtedly be another multi-year excavation. Its sister site, Pig Point, believed to be a ritual feasting site as well as an Adena Burial Mound, was excavated over a period of 6 years. Due to the proximity and overlapping material culture, Ms. Sperling believes that her site may have been the domestic counterpart to the Pig Point ritual complex. Having the opportunity to “open” this rare-find site on the beautiful shores of the Patuxent River was an eye-opening introduction to the world of archaeology in the Chesapeake region. I am eagerly awaiting the next digging season with trowel in hand.

ANCIENT STUDIES COUNCIL FALL UPDATE

Cara McGaughran

The Ancient Studies Council has quite a few events planned for the rest of the semester. We have our Lecture/Movie Nights, where we learn about *real* ancient history before watching movies, such as *Pompeii* and *Gladiator*, that tend to be pretty inaccurate (but entertaining). And we provide free food for those who attend! Additionally, Ancient Studies Week takes place October 12th-15th. On Monday, October 12th we are showing *Hercules* for our movie night (the recent movie that stars



Last year's Ancient Studies Council, in a photo that tied for first prize in the UMBC Student Organization Photo Contest. Back row, left to right: Flora Kirk, Sasha Slepushkina, Taylor Warthen, Caesar Augustus, Professor Timothy Phin, Erin Edwards. Front row, left to right: Brian McMullen, Dr. Molly Jones-Lewis, Abigail Worgul, Riley Auer, Amber Barnett.

Dwayne “The Rock” Johnson, of whom we also have a cardboard cutout...). Be sure to stop by our Artifacts Table in the Commons on Thursday, October 15th, from 12 to 2 pm. We will be displaying artifacts from the Marie Spiro collection. Learn about some artifacts and artifact handling! For more information about any of these events, follow Ancient Studies Council on my.umbc or Facebook. Everyone is welcome to attend Council meetings. They take place Mondays at 12:00 in PAHB 441.

WINTER AND SPRING 2016 ANCS CLASSES

<i>Winter Class</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Day/Time</i>	<i>Instructor</i>
ANCS 201	Classical Mythology	TTh 1:00-4:10	Phin
ANCS 301	Ancient Civilizations: Greek and Roman Italy		Bailey and Phin
ANCS 330	Ancient Science and Technology	MTWTh 6:00-9:10	Read
ANCS 350	Magic and Witchcraft in the Ancient World	WF 1:00-4:10	Jones-Lewis

<i>Spring Class</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Day/Time</i>	<i>Instructor</i>
GREK 102	Elementary Greek II	MTWTh 10:00-10:50	Rosenbloom
GREK 381	History of Greek Literature 1	TTh 1:00-2:15	Rosenbloom
LATN 102-01	Elementary Latin II	MTWTh 9:00-9:50	Phin
LATN 102-02	Elementary Latin II	MTWTh 11:00-11:50	Jones-Lewis
LATN 332	Vergil	MWF 11:00- 11:50	Bailey
ANCS 150	Word Roots from Greek and Latin (Hybrid)	TBD	Staff
ANCS 202	The Roman World	MW 2:30-3:45	Jones-Lewis
ANCS 220	Judaism in the Time of Jesus and Hillel	TTh 2:30-3:45	Guinn-Villareal
ANCS 320/GWST 330	Sex and Gender in the Ancient World (WI)	MW 1:00-2:15	Phin
ANCS 350-01	Topics in Ancient Studies: Ancient Medicine	TTh 1:00-2:15	Jones-Lewis
ANCS 350-02	Topics in Ancient Studies: The Fall of Rome?	MW 3:00-4:15	Bailey
ARCH 201	Roman Archaeology and Art	TTh 3:00-4:15	Bailey
ARCH 350-01	Topics in Archaeology: Environmental Archaeology	MWF 11:00-11:50	Lane
ARCH 350-02	Topics in Archaeology: Museum Studies	TTh 7:10-8:25	Read
HIST 455	Roman Republic	TTh 11:30-12:45	Phin

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