

The





Unveiling





Of The





Maya

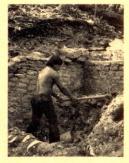
















In the following stories, Chriss Earnest and Cindy Clenney, UCF anthropology students, recount their experiences of traveling into the Belizean jungle last year as part of the archaeological team headed by UCF Professors Arlen and Diane Chase. Both students returned to the Maya dig last month and will continue to work alongside the Chases until late spring.

by Chriss N. Earnest

It was nearly 8:00 at night. I was struggling to stand erect in a stream of mud, my rucksack perched high on my shoulders. Fellow UCF Student John Morris, 25 Belizean workers, and I were the advance party for the Caracol Project, a Maya archaeological research program directed by UCF Professors Arlen and Diane Chase. We were to prepare the camp for the other members of the project, who would arrive later in February.

We had driven for nine hours on a road barely hacked out of the jungle and had covered only 12 of the 20 miles that lead to Caracol, an ancient Maya city located deep in the jungles of western Belize. Our two trucks were mired up to the doors, immobile, looking rather forlorn and out of place in the jungle. We packed up what supplies we could on our backs and began the long hike down the winding road, Within five minutes, we were up to our knees in mud, slipping and sliding with only our flashlights to guide us. Strung out along the road in the inky black ness of a moonless night, we must have appeared as prehistoric fireflies floating on the wind.

As my companion, Santiago, and I trudged along, we soon lost any sight of our companions in front and back of us as everyone hiked at their own pace. I asked Santiago, who had been at the site before, how far he thought we had to go.

"At least three hours more," he said, "if we don't miss the turnoff to Caracol in the dark."

"What happens if we miss it," I asked, rather innocently.

"Then we will find ourselves in Guatamala," he replied.

After slipping and stumbling for three hours, Santiago and I arrived at Caracol. Huge, dark mounds, the remains of ancient Maya temples and palaces, loomed hauntingly out of the gloom barely silhouetted by the dim camp lights. But by this time, I



was in no mood to appreciate the scene. My throat was parched; my legs ached; I was covered up to my waist in mud. All I wanted was something to drink and a dry place to spend the night.

Dawn came too early the next day, heralded by the screeching of wild parrots, the jungle's answer to the rooster. I was lying on the dirt floor of a small thatch hut that had been built the previous year, watching a black spider inch up the wall nearest my head. Lucky for the spider, I was too sore to do anything about him.

I crawled out of my sleeping bag and surveyed the scene. Our camp consisted of a large workers' hut, two small students' huts, two kitchens, one medium-sized laboratory, and two outhouses. It wasn't bad, considering we were 20 miles from our closest link with civilization. Surrounding us were the ancient remains of a once large and flourishing Maya city. All that stands now are huge earthen mounds, approximately 150 feet in height; beneath lie the stone structures built by the Maya over 1,500 years ago.

Our cooks prepared a breakfast of flour tortillas and beans, "The Breakfast of Champions" in Belize. I grabbed a couple of tortillas and my canteen as we started back to retrieve our supplies still tucked away under tarps in the trucks. As we plodded along, the Belizean workers pointed out the different sites and the wildlife: Howler monkeys, parrots, deer, snakes, and scorpions. About a mile out of camp, I saw the footprints of a very large cat. The Belizeans became nervous and excited. They identified the prints as

that of a very large jaguar which had been out the night before as we had walked in. We could see the prints, the size of my hand, along the road before they led off into the jungle. After that discovery, our pace quickened.

We found the trucks just as we had left them. After a ten minute rest, we gathered our gear. For me, this amounted to quite a load. I had a backpack loaded down with 60 pounds of equipment and a suitcase filled with 30 pounds of books. I was having enough problems just standing erect, yet I was determined to leave nothing behind.



The Maya archaeological dig headed by the Chases is located in Caracol, Belize, which borders the Mexican Yucatan and Guatemala.







Top left, The road winding through the jungle to Caracol is often muddy and difficult to travel. Top right, While finishing their early morning coffee, the Chases instruct the workers to clear off trees growing over the structures. Bottom, Belizean workers thatch the roof of a hut with palmetto-like branches found in the jungle.

For a few miles, I kept up with the rest of the group. As each person began to set their own pace, I found myself alone, the last of the men disappearing around the bend ahead of me. I began to wonder if my books were still as valuable to me as I had thought. I began to walk 50 yards at a time, then taking a break. I was panting for breath, sweating profusely, and wondering how I was ever going to make it. After I ate half of a candy bar I had tucked away in my bag, I felt much better. Another 50 yards, another break. Over and over again, I was making progress. My canteen was nearly empty, and two very large, very steep hills still lay ahead. As I rested and ate the rest of my candy bar, I thought about the possibility of becoming dinner for that jaguar. The sugar from the candy started to work (or was it adrenaline from my anxiety?). Up I went 50 steps at a time. Each set of 50 was harder than the last.

I drank the last of my water, then started up again. My heart was pounding in my ears; I was soaked with sweat and mud; I felt like hell. I began to wonder if this hill ever stopped climbing. Just when I could barely pick up my feet to take another step, the Belizeans yelled for me to keep going. They were waiting at the top of the hill. I plodded on drawing energy from their shouts. When I reached them, I threw myself on the ground while they cut water vines from the trees. I held the slashed ends of the vines to my mouth and drank the water running out of them. I knew I could make it then.

We spent the next few weeks building new huts, gathering all the building material from the surrounding jungle. We scoured the area for zapote (hardwood) trees for building the frames, then collected palmetto-like leaves to thatch the roofs. Very little modern material was used — only a handful of nails and bailing wire. The huts are sturdy and will probably last for several years. From the beams, we strung our hammocks, which we covered with mosquito netting to keep scorpions from falling on us as we slept. I didn't sleep well in my hammock

the first few nights, but I soon found it more comfortable than my bed back home.

The rest of the members in the project finally arrived in mid-February — some 13 American students and Arlen and Diane Chase. We began excavating soon after their arrival. I supervised the excavation of two ballcourts on which the Mava played a soccer-like game with a hard rubber ball. Each rectangular court is flanked by a mound on each side. The floor of the courts curve up at the sides becoming part of the walls of the mounds. On each side, a vertical ring had hung on the wall of each mound. The first team to knock the ball through the ring without using their hands won the game. The other team either lost all their possessions or were sacrificed. I thought perhaps we would find the mass burial of a sacrificed team.

We didn't uncover a mass burial; but before the first day was over, we had uncovered a circular carved stone - a marker that had been placed in the center of the court. The face of a man in an elaborate headdress and the image of a stylized deer were carved on its surface. We couldn't make out the rest of the carving: the years had partially

eroded it.

Sometimes while clearing away the jungle from the site, we would uncover small structures that had not been mapped before. One day we found a structure with a partially opened tomb. I went along with the Chases to investigate. Little did I know what was in store for me.

We found a low mound with a two-foot hole at the side. We could see a larger, stone chamber inside: approximately five or six feet long, three feet high, and two feet wide. No one had gone inside because the entrance was just too small. Being the smallest person there, and perhaps the most gullible, I volunteered to ease into the hole a little to see what was inside. That was the first dumb thing I did that day. With just my head and one arm (holding my flashlight) inside the hole I could see very little, just a lot of spider webs and leaves. Arlen decided I should try to see more. He picked up my feet and slid me further into the hole. Of course, everybody thought it was terribly funny. Even I





Top, During their stay in Caracol, students live in these buts, which were constructed mainly from materials found in the surrounding jungle. Bottom, Chriss carefully cleans alongside the wall of the corner wing of structure B5.

couldn't help but laugh at my predicament. I was lying inside an entrance to a 1,500-year-old tomb with nothing but my flashlight and my sense of humor. I could see everything: skull fragments in the corner, assorted bones, and debris. As I flashed the light across the top of the small chamber, I saw two tiny eyes staring at me from less than a foot away. It was a huge, hideous spider with the largest legs I had ever seen. Arlen knew something was wrong when he heard me yell. Grabbing my legs, he gave a vigorous pull, which jerked me out of the tomb like a cork exploding out of a bottle of cheap champagne. When I hit the ground, my face was white and I was gasping for air.

"What was it?" Arlen asked, visibly upset. "A snake, a scorpion? Are you

okay?" Now I made my second mistake.

"It was the biggest spider I have ever seen in my whole entire life," I said, still barely able to speak

"A spider? That's it?" Arlen asked, relieved.

"Don't tell me you're afraid of a little old spider," teased Diane, unable to control her laughter.

"That was no normal spider in there; that was a prehistoric spider that hasn't seen the light of day in over a thousand years," I retorted, to defend myself after this unexpected attack.

"Nonsense," they both said. Spiders don't get that big, not even in Belize." I knew it was useless to continue; everybody howled with laughter. Even I managed to laugh, now that I was safe outside.

After finishing with the ballcourt, we began excavating the wing of a palace structure. We could see a small line of stones, indicating a wall beneath the surface. We dug straight down following the wall until we hit a floor, approximately six feet below. We continued digging around the wall, turning corners, and running into other walls. We continued for some time, following the wall, finding the floor, encountering doorways and moving hills of earth over a month's time. Gradually a large room began to emerge. Three large doorways faced out onto the plaza; a fourth, off to the side; a fifth, out the back to an unexcavated section. A stone bench sat in the center of the room. We discovered a layer of soot on the floor with a broken pot in situ (as originally placed) along with numerous pottery sherds and bits of carbon, which we collected for C-14 dating. At one time, it had been a very beautiful structure.

On Sundays I would round up some of the Belizeans to go exploring some of the local caves. The Maya believed the caves were the entrance to the underworld, and some of the Belizeans would hesitate before going inside. I couldn't blame them for being nervous. Inside it was like being in another world; pitch black, damp, and cold. Often our lights would send the bats into flight, making it even more eerie. The entrances were often very small, but once inside they would open into large rooms with stalagtites, dripping water, and darkness so black that our flashlights seemed like faraway stars. Often we would find Maya pottery scattered across the floor, and we would know we were not the first to explore the

One day we explored a shaft cave that went straight down about 60 feet. We weren't too sure how to enter it. Reuben thought tying the rope around my ankle and lowering me down that way might be best. Theresa, a Belizean student, suggested lowering me down by my neck. I ignored these facetious ideas and suggested tying a stick onto the end of the rope and having the guys lower me down that way. This was met with a mixed response. A vote was taken, half were for lowering me down by my ankle, the other half decided that my neck would be the most appropriate. After a short stump speech reminding them of the person (me) who helped provide them with their rum, soap, and toothpaste, a recount was called for and a new vote was taken. I won with a close margin and down I went taking Nesario with me as a hostage, just in case they decided democracy was not for them once we got to the bottom. Once there, we began to explore the narrow room, which was filled with animal bones and small fragments of cut stone. I was disappointed that we didn't find any human bones.

After about 10 minutes, Nesario and I both began to feel dizzy and short of breath. Apparently we were running out of air. It was time for us to leave before we became permanent residents of this cave. The guys up top, however, had a different idea. They hauled up the rope out of reach and refused to lower it until they had been granted one concession: a bottle of rum. How could I refuse them? They had a convincing

In early May, my time at Caracol came to an end. When I packed my belongings, I couldn't help but think of all the events I had been a part of and the many things I had learned. My work in Belize made me realize that the modern-day Maya are just like us. Their past is connected in a way to our past, and they face many problems that we face as well. Reading about the ancient Maya civilization was one thing, but actually being able to uncover a bit of history was much more rewarding. To know that I was the first person to uncover an artifact since the Maya had originally placed it there, made the people come alive for me. I wasn't just reading about the Maya; I was actually getting a glimpse into their lives.

About the finds at Caracol . . .

Slowly and tediously, two UCF archaeologists are stripping away lay ers of earth and stone to uncover the ancient secrets of the Maya civilization. Arlen and Diane Chase, UCF professors, pursue the hidden mysteries with an abundance of energy, knowledge, and imaginative vision. Their efforts have revealed information that fills in what was previously a gap in Maya history. Through excavation and interpretation of the hieroglyphics at Caracol in Belize, they established the city's importance to the rest of the Maya area during the Classic Period (A.D. 250-900).

In the past, archaeologists pondered the causes of a temporary decline which occurred within the Maya civilization roughly between A.D. 550-658. Generally referred to as the "hiatus," this period was thought to have been universal in the Maya world. According to the Chases, the finds at Caracol indicate that the people of that city

engaged in successful warfare and erected elaborate structures during the hiatus. Both activities portray a city that was flourishing. The Chases feel this is critical to our view of what

the Maya were like

At Caracol, the most elaborate tomb the Chases found belonged to a woman, which opened up new questions. The Chases can't exactly match her title with any formerly known titles for important personages. "It is just a supposition on our part, but it is possible that Caracol possessed a slightly different political organiza-tion or had a slightly different way of doing things," Diane Chase said.
"Perhaps, that is why Caracol was successful during a period of time when it appears others were not." This year, the Chases expect to

expand and refine their map to show just how large and complex the site really is and to gain an overall per spective of Caracol.

by Cindy Clenney

It was mid-February when 1 arrived at Caracol in the jungles of Belize. Within two days I had gone from a Valentine's Day party in Orlando to Central America, and my adventure was just beginning.

After unpacking our gear, we toured the Maya ruin and were briefed by the Chases on our duties. Not until I had met the Chases in the fall of '85 did I ever imagine that I would find myself huddled in the bottom of a dimly lit, damp and musty tomb with only the smoky light of a kerosene lantern to see by. For the first few weeks, I sketched floor plans of the tombs, drawing the walls, stairs, and other architectural features. At first, I was nervous about my ability to draw accurately. Sometimes, it was tedious; I spent three weeks drawing just one tomb.

Later in the season, I worked at an approximately 150-foot high mound called "Caana," which means "skyplace." Every day for two-and-a-half months, two other students, several Belizean workers, and I would climb up and down the steep-sided mound. We never grew accustomed to the long climb: we were completely out of breath after every ascent.

After several weeks of constant digging, we uncovered a large tomb containing the remains of a woman. The size of the tomb and the elaborate artifacts found inside indicated she had been someone of importance. As I helped Diane with the sorting and bagging of each article, I feared making a mistake which would ruin their work. I worried I would step on some priceless find or drop something of value. After days of drawing and photographing the tomb and its contents, I helped Diane remove the bones from their resting place. At first I felt a little strange putting another woman's bones into plastic bags and labeling





Top, Workers remove the dry core fill from the foundation of Caana's present plaza down to the original plaza floor below. Bottom, Cindy supervises Belizean workers during the excavation of the stairway structure at Caana. The workers are sorting the stucco fragments and placing them on the stairway as they so

them as though they were mere artifacts. I felt as if I was invading someone's privacy when I thought about the human being these bones must have belonged to. But as I watched Diane's business-like manner, my archaeological instincts took over again.

Later in May, most of the workers and students left the site for home while only a handful of us stayed behind to close down camp and finish up some lab work. It was very tedious and exhausting. I worked the Caana mound alone, drawing the inside of the woman's tomb. Early one morning, half asleep and out of breath from the climb, I turned on the generator for light and uncovered the tomb entrance to go

inside. When I sat down to scoot myself into the small stairway, I discovered two extremely large spiders staring me in the face (Chriss' prehistoric spiders?). I sure didn't like the possibility of these spiders crawling down my back, but that's what an archaeologist has to expect. So I squelched my desire to scream. Instead, I inched my way inside the narrow corridor, then climbed down into the brightly lit chamber. I have to admit I spent the next few hours occasionally checking for any more creatures while I worked.

The rainy season began while we were completing the lab work. We thought the rains would never end. Every morning we would don our rain gear and slush across the muddy

paths from the kitchen to the lab. We worked to the constant sound of the downpour echoing off the tin roof. The Uo (pronounced wo) frogs (a rather large jello-like frog, that sort of waddles along) were singing. At times the sound was so loud we couldn't hear each other speak. One night after dinner, we sat in the kitchen listening to British radio and talking. The rain continued, and the singing of the frogs seemed to grow louder and louder. Suddenly, our Belizean cook, Jennifer, let out a squeal. Frogs were hopping and waddling into the kitchen through the doorways. Since there were no doors, we stacked tall water cans in the doorways to block the onslaught of frogs. We slipped plastic bags on our hands and caught the frogs that had wiggled past our barricade. We peered out the kitchen windows. It was as if we were watching a National Geographic nature special the Uo frogs were mating. Even after our reassurances, Jennifer remained frightened of the frogs and wouldn't return to her hut until I had thoroughly checked for stray ones. I didn't tell her, but by the time she finally fell asleep two frogs had waddled under her bed

We left camp on a Thursday in early June so that we could catch our flight from Belize to the U.S. on Friday. We said goodbye to the two caretakers, the noisy parrots, and our jungle home of Caracol until the next year. Loaded down with boxes. luggage, and six passengers, our old dilapidated truck jounced down the narrow muddy road with Arlen at the wheel. Most of us rode in the back, ducking every low-hanging vine and tree limb, and clutching onto the sides of the truck to avoid being bounced out. Only a few miles from camp, we drove into a hole that was a sea of mud. When we couldn't get out of it, we decided to hike to Augustine. Jennifer and our Canadian lab director, June, decided to stay with the truck. When we saw even deeper mudholes than the one we

were stuck in, we realized a truck couldn't help Jennifer and June, or haul out our belongings.

We hitched a ride from San Luis, a small logging village, to Augustine where we kept our other trucks, then drove to San Ignacio. As soon as we reached a phone, Diane and Arlen telephoned the British Army. The Chases convinced the British soldiers to fly in and pick up Jennifer and June and our belongings. We worried about the two women, imagining what they had gone through spending the night out in the jungle in just a truck. While we waited on the British to help, we drove on to Belmopan for hot showers and dinner with dessert.

Late Friday afternoon, Jennifer and June were "rescued" from the road.

They had walked several miles before the helicopter picked them The following afternoon the British returned to the jungle for our luggage.

I arrived at Miami International Airport on Monday and found that my "escape from Caracol" seemed mild to the culture shock of returning home after four months in the jungle. Everywhere I went, I felt hemmed in by all the people and noise. I found myself anxious to return as I showed my numerous photographs of Caracol to my friends and family. I saw the inconveniences and the lack of comfort as a minor. unimportant fact of life in the jungle; I became convinced that I would continue to be part of uncovering the past.



Chriss N. Earnest, currently an undergraduate student at UCF, plans to pursue a doctorate's in anthropology, then work in Central America either as an anthropologist or an archaeologist. He acts as copresident of UCF's Anthropological Association and has been on the Dean's List. He likes to travel, collect old books, and study the American Civil War.



Cindy Clenney plans to attend graduate school in the fall of '88 with the intention of earning a doctorate's in anthropology. A native Floridian, she graduated from Ft. Meade High School before attending UCF. She is a member of Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society, has been on the Dean's List, and serves as co-president of UCF's Anthropological Association.

Solar Energy Powers Journey Back To The Ancient Past

by Mary Freen

When Jim Dunlop took off last month for Belize, a small Central American country on the Gulf of Mexico, he wasn't toting his fishing pole and a good book for those lazy afternoons at the beach. He didn't have his SCUBA tanks, his party clothes, or even a luxury hotel reservation.

He was, however, loaded down with a sleeping bag, a couple of extra blankets, and some heavy duty insect repellent. Instead of making a beeline for the coast, as any sensible Floridian would do, he headed 1,500 feet up to Caracol, an archaeological dig in the mountainous, tropical region south of the Yucatan.

Dunlop, a research engineer at UCF's Florida Solar Energy Center (FSEC), spent two weeks installing a photovoltaic (PV) system designed to make life safer, more productive, and a whole lot easier for the 40-plus individuals at Caracol. PV cells (sometimes called solar cells) convert sunlight directly into electricity. And Caracol is an excellent site for PV because it gets lots of sunshine, yet sits deep in the jungle far from any trace of modern civilization.

Diane and Arlen Chase, two UCF archaeologists researching the dig, are excited about having a reliable, full-time source of electricity. Much of their equipment uses rechargeable batteries — a ham radio (their sole connection with the outside world), video camera, meters, walkie-talkies, portable lights — almost everything they use to document and study the ancient Maya community.

They began excavating Caracol in 1985, relying on a huge, gas-powered generator to recharge batteries, operate lights, and run the computer on which they record their findings. The generator was so noisy



Jim Dunlop of UCF's Florida Solar Energy Center works on the solar cells before they were shipped to the Maya archaeological dig in Caracol,

and expensive to operate (with gas about \$1.85/gallon) that they only ran it two or three hours a night. In those few hours, they had to enter data on the computer, perform lab work, or charge batteries for the following day. At times, they even recharged the ham radio with their truck battery, an only partially successful method. A weak radio meant they could communicate with one of their team on a road trip for only two or three minutes at a time. They learned to talk fast, but as Diane jokes, giving Arlen a sidelong glance, "The person on the radio was usually a long-winded kind of a guy.

To see inside the tombs, they descended cautiously, with kerosene lanterns in their hands and flashlights clenched between their teeth. They had only one alternative. Ever the resourceful scientists, they simply convinced a couple of their Belizean assistants to carry the mas-

sive generator, on poles, 40 feet uphill to the mouth of the tomb so they could hook up an electric light. Wonderful — but then no one at the main camp had power for the laboratory or the computer. In solving one problem they created another.

When Gerard Ventry, Deputy Director at FSEC, heard about the Caracol expedition, he realized photovoltaics could supply them with power. He described the problem to Jim Dunlop, who after studying the electricity requirements of Caracol, designed a system to meet their needs

In addition to the solar arrays and the battery bank, FSEC provided lights, voltage regulators, an inverter, and an assortment of wire, fuses, and circuit breakers. Infrared Industries of the Central Florida Research Park donated two infrared electronic distance meters which the archaeolo-

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several years ago. After completing his master's program, he plans to continue in the College of Business Administration to obtain a Ph.D. Pizam stated that Zheng will probably write his thesis on the subject of tourism.

New ideas and opportunities await the students each day. "We are still a developing country. We can learn much from you," Pan said. She expressed a wish that Americans could experience the vast differences between her own country and ours — the scenary, traditions, and cultures are a world apart. "Before I came here, I just read about the United States in books, but now it has come to life."

The UCF-China Connection

Exchanging students between two divergent countries takes a lot of effort. While the formalities may take months to complete, the effort pays off by giving students the opportunity to experience life in a country that's a world apart from their own.

The UCF-China connection began to take shape over two years ago when Dr. Nelson Ying, owner of the Chinese Pavilion at Disney World's EPCOT Center, wanted to establish an exchange program between China and UCF. Ying had already helped Orlando Mayor Bill Frederick set up a sister-city relationship with the city of Guilin in China in 1985. The Chinese, in turn, sent Guilin's mayor and other city officials to Orlando the following year.

Dr. Ying then established the Ying China Scholar Program for scholars to visit UCF. His first candidate was Liang Qing Hua, the wife of the mayor of Guilin, who taught English in a Chinese university. She studies teaching strategies and techniques under the direction of Patricia Manning, director of UCF's Educational Research Institute. Manning, who has led study groups to China since 1980, had voiced an interest in

having an exchange program for years.

For almost a year, Manning plowed through the paperwork to bring Liang to Orlando. Liang has since received a graduate assistantship from the College of Education and now works in the education office.

Meanwhile, Abraham Pizam, director of the hospitality management department, started an exchange program as well. With the help of Zheng Gu, a Chinese student already studying tourism at UCF, Pizam, President Colbourn, and Cliff Eubanks, dean of the College of Business Administration, visited several Chinese universities and set up an exchange program of their own.

Currently, UCF has over a dozen Chinese students on campus. In addition to the students in hospitality management, others are studying engineering, computer science, and math. Several more students from Guilin will arrive in the fall.

Although it took several years of hard work and determination from many people, the UCF-Chinese exchange allow students to gain knowledge from people on both sides of the world.

Solar Energy (continued from page 11)

gists use for surveying. The meters are a valuable addition to the archaeologists' equipment, but because they require eight hours of recharging, they would have been almost impossible to maintain without the PV system.

The system at Caracol uses three groups (or arrays) of solar panels — each array measuring approximately three by eight feet. The arrays are hooked up to a "bank" of 12 batteries. As the solar cells produce electricity, they charge the batteries, which can then be used to power the archaeologists' equipment. The entire system produces about 3.5 kilowatt-hours per day, enough to operate the lights, computer, walkietalkies, distance meters, and other equipment used at the excavation.

At last the Chases are no longer dependent on the generator or limited by the cost or availability of gasoline. Now the tombs can be studied with portable lights - no more wrestling the generator uphill or taking kerosene lanterns into the unventilated rooms where noxious fumes might reach dangerously high levels. And being able to keep the ham radio and walkie-talkies charged all of the time means reliable communications. The Chases no longer waste time and effort hiking across Caracol's several-mile circumference to supervise the excavation.

Photovoltaics is still a young industry, slowly gaining recognition as an important alternative source of energy. Though it has been used in many remote areas that lack conventional sources of electricity, a PV system in the midst of an ancient Maya village certainly presents a unique contrast between the old and new. In looking to the future, the Florida Solar Energy Center has sent photovoltaics reaching into the distant past. Somewhere deep in a tropical jungle of Belize, PV is helping the Chases unravel a history of the once great and powerful Maya.

Spring 1987