The Anthropology Club is committed to promoting civic engagement among its members. In the fall of 2004, the Anthropology Club participated in service Saturdays, and initiated a faculty lecture series that highlighted fieldwork in the Anthropology Department. The club sponsored a booth at the 2004 Student Organization Fair in which new members were recruited. The club supported a flint-knapping session with Coyote Short as well as a field trip to the Duck Valley Reservation. I have included a short personal essay regarding my experiences on this trip.
LECTURE SERIES

Friends of Anthropology Lecture Series March 1, 2005 in the Hatch A Ballroom in the SUB.
Dr. Lisa Brady of the Dept. Of History, will speak on "The Nature of War and Peace: An Environmental History"

Distinguished Faculty Lecture Series April 2005 (TBA)
Dr. Robert McCarl/ Troy Reeves (Tentative)

COMMUNITY SERVICE

Service Saturday’s (FREE BREAKFAST!)
Working in areas of Hunger & Homelessness, Youth and Education, Healthcare or Environmental Care, the club can choose from a variety of projects that are pre-arranged and follow a site leader to participate in service around the community. These community service events require a small commitment of time (4 hours), and many organizations need help.

Earth Day Awareness Week April 18-22 2005.
Various volunteer possibilities include cleaning the banks of the river, planting trees and participating in recycling programs. More information to come.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Southern Idaho Obsidian Source Field Camping Trip--Late April (TBA)
Idaho Archaeology & Historic Preservation Month--May 2005.

FUNDRAISING

Handmade Jewelry by Shelby Day will be sold for the club’s benefit in the Student Union Building from 9:45am-2:15pm the following dates: 1/21; 2/11; 3/17; 4/19.

Anthropology Club t-shirts are for sale.
The Longest Road Takes You Home  (Personal Essay)

On November 6th 2004, I drove three friends to the Duck Valley Indian Reservation on the Nevada state line. We went to sweat. I didn’t know what to expect when I got there, it was better to go blindly than not at all. Telling our stories on the way down, I answered the fifty questions of my life. I realized my past was influenced more by Kerouac’s generation than my own, living a legends lie, my life like a fiction, chasing this myth I made up along the way. Asking fifty questions, I learned about the Zen steer from the farmer’s son who called shotgun, remembering that in his youth he watched it wait for the wind to drop a branch within its reach. Stepping out of the car at Whitney’s, we were greeted with grace.

We met Dr. McCarl, and listened to the histories of human occupation, academic and otherwise. Whitney started the fire. In the afternoon when the rocks dropped, we prayed to the four directions, turned right and walked into the lodge. Inside we talked about making this trip, who we were and why we came, and before I came out of the lodge smoking like a pink ground squirrel in the steam of sweat that stole my breath, I knew that I had come looking for meaning. Outside shivering I stared at the ground and thought about what Joseph Campbell said, that the meaning of life is life. Well, Joe, I hope you’re right because I think I get it. I got it on the drive to Duck Valley. I got it inside my memories. I got it in the stories. I got it in the sweat, in the language of prayer and the fry bread. And I thank you.

Elisa Carlsen