United States through its treasure trove of relevant films. If the editor and her crew could also find a way to get these essays translated into English, the book's usefulness would of course be greatly enhanced for a potential European audience.

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Laurie Hovell McMillin. *Buried Indians: Digging Up the Past in a Midwestern Town*. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 2006. ISBN 978-0-299-21684-9. §24.95 paperback.

Trempealeau in western Wisconsin, on the banks of the Mississippi, is a town I had never heard of. Yet, it seems oddly familiar as Laurie Hovell McMillin begins to describe family gatherings, life on the farm, the Lions' fundraiser, the Duck Pond and the water tower, children's games, and high school antics. But this beguiling Midwestern charm began to unravel in the early 1990s as the past literally emerged out of the ground. At that point archaeologists from the Mississippi Valley Archaeology Center and local residents clashed over plans to reconstruct and preserve near millennium old Mississippian platform mounds found within the bounds of the town. McMillin uses the controversy over the mounds to tease apart different strands of historical claims on and to the land, and to uncover meanings buried deep in the prairie soil. On the one hand she introduces the powerbrokers of the town, who view outsiders and academics with great skepticism, and on the other she shares the suggestions of a Ho-Chunk historian that all of Wisconsin is a huge burial ground for Native bones. But the stories, connections, and rifts are far more complicated than that.

Trempealeau is a town settled primarily by northern or northwestern Europeans. It counts its origin back to French explorers in the 17th century. One or two token Indians also appear in the town's genealogy, but local history telling places them firmly in the past. The landscape tells a different story. Trempealeau Mountain, effigy mounds, burial grounds, platform mounds, arrowheads – Indians are everywhere, yet conspicuously absent in the life of the town. The high school mascot is an Indian, but real Indians are rendered invisible. "Our heads were full of Hollywood Indians, and our hearts were full of local pride" as McMillin explains it (135). The author finds it difficult to get to meet and interview local native people, and this illustrates just how wide the chasm is. Sometimes, however, interests converge for different reasons, as when the town fathers and Indian spokespersons both oppose the archaeological digs.

This book is both an intensely personal account of a specific place and all its connections, and a story that could have been set in any number of small towns in Middle America. McMillin consciously chooses the metaphor of archaeology for her account, as she seeks to uncover layer after layer of meaning and history connected to this land. The local and the general merge in a way that makes these stories attractive as well as thought-provoking reading. It is a book I would like to teach. *Buried Indians* is a postmodern history combining fact and fiction, feeling and analysis, subjectivity and debates over objective truth. Thus it is not a conventionally conceived historical study. Creatively, and somewhat eclectically, the author mines a variety of

sources from newspaper articles, high school yearbooks, interviews, and participant observations to scholarly literature without subjecting these sources to too much critical analysis. Illustrations work very well to enhance the text and are used both as illustration and comment.

Sometimes the stories are too myopic for my taste, they resemble a private journal, and I cannot get excited by all these Hovell relatives. I lose the thread and wonder where I am in these meanderings and memories. But mostly I am intrigued by how McMillin weaves together the many threads or layers – a truly archaeological venture – not to arrive at one truth, but at many. How complicated are the webs of relations in American soil, and how simplistically it is rendered when the bleached prairie grass layer of settlers is grafted onto its many other, and deeper, deposits! The stories are not new to students of Native American history. Others have documented and discussed how white America has appropriated Indian land, cultures, and identities, while removing actual Indian peoples. But McMillin refreshingly tells the story of her discovery of this past, and by uncovering, bit by bit, the many strata and diverging storylines she forces the reader to think differently about the landscape and the human impact upon it. It made me wonder what controversies, power struggles, and exclusions the rocky soil of Småland – where I live – hides. Yet, what also becomes apparent in McMillin's story is that Indians, Ho-Chunks mostly, are still there, not only buried in the soil but also invisible to the villagers in Trempealeau. The inability of the town's inhabitants to see their presence McMillin likens to a "benign face of violence." White settlers had been part of removing Indians, and refusing Ho-Chunks to return in the past, but it was "well-meaning people doing their jobs [who] had destroyed mound after mound in the area as they farmed, constructed the park, built roads, made homes, remaking the place in their own image." Friends and neighbors came together to fight the archaeological dig that they viewed "as intrusions of outsiders ... who had no history in the place, no connection at all to the story the residents had weaved together about the town, about family, about the way things are done" (223). However, McMillin's own account that gives such life to her family's past and sense of belonging fails to do the same for the Ho-Chunks, Dakotas, and Ioways, who also call this land home. Perhaps this is an inadvertent consequence of the difficulties of reconciling the contesting claims, the very real history of loss and anguish that enabled the success of settler communities such as Trempealeau. McMillin astutely acknowledges that "the memory of that violence, the sadness and meanness and regret that accompanies it, is something that shapes who we think we are, where we think we live" (205).

The benign face of violence, combined with a penchant for seeing oneself as "simple folk just trying to make a living" ensured that in Trempealeau, as in so many other towns all over America, the Indian past and present remains buried and hidden.

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Jan Nordby and Karl-Heinz Westarp, eds. *Flannery O'Connor's Radical Reality*. Columbia, S.C.: University of South Carolina Press, 2006. 196 pages. ISBN 1-57003-