

the earth, and of how it felt to witness their reburial. At the same time, the process that leads up to the reburial can be traumatic. Any discussion of the Sand Creek massacre is difficult to read. Details such as the revelation that the bodies of the Hungate family, whose murder was the ostensible rationale for the massacre, were exhibited in a location that became Denver's city hall, reveal the care Colwell has taken in showing how past activities affect present day relationships.

Initially thought to be ushering in the end of archaeology and the emptying of museums, repatriation, Colwell shows, is a process of reconstructing relationships—between people and their sacred material, between ancestors and descendants, and between human beings and the individuals to whom they wish to show respect. Ultimately, Colwell argues that a new way of working together must be constructed. He briefly notes twelve years of collaborative work at On Your Knees Cave, where ancient remains were studied and the results published with full tribal consent. If this book had been drafted as a polemic on the benefits of repatriation, more such examples might have been given. But this isn't that sort of argumentative work. Instead, Colwell walks the reader through the difficult work of repatriation, showing its effects on the people involved. He leaves it to his sensitive descriptions of repatriations to make his point that reestablishing the connections brings healing to tribal communities. Written with self-deprecating warmth, the style of the narrative facilitates reading the sometimes devastating stories of what has happened to Native people over the centuries. For those wanting to understand just where repatriation came from and how it actually works, Colwell's book is highly recommended.

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Call My Name, Clemson: Documenting the Black Experience at an American University Community by Rhondda Robinson Thomas. Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 2020. xii + 297 pp.; notes, index; paperback, \$19.95; eBook, \$19.95.

As I sat reading Rhondda Robinson Thomas's new book, *Call My Name, Clemson: Documenting the Black Experience in an American University Community*, two men in orange shirts—like a tiger without its stripes—caught my attention through my corner-office window. The men carried large plastic trashcans and collected pinecones along the perimeter of the campus lake. A white van marked "state inmates" idled on the road behind them. An old university truck pulled up, and a Black man in an orange shirt got out to retrieve larger fallen branches. I wondered about their names, their stories, their role on this campus. In the past and in the present, as *Call My Name, Clemson* makes clear, the contrast between our country's ideals and the lived experiences of its people are perhaps never starker than at institutions of higher learning.

Call My Name, Clemson joins a handful of recent books on the legacies of slavery and racism at US college and universities. Part of what makes Clemson a unique

case study is its location on the forced-labor camp of John C. Calhoun, the infamous pro-slavery ideologue and politician whose public speeches proclaimed slavery as “positive good” for free and enslaved alike. Although Clemson University was founded after the Civil War, it was nonetheless built by forced labor. South Carolina’s convict-leasing vortex provided seven hundred human bodies to build the new state school in the late-nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Enslaved people constructed many institutions, including the University of South Carolina; free people reduced to involuntary servitude—slavery in euphemism—built Clemson long after the so-called end of slavery.

Thomas’s work goes beyond the traditional monograph or edited volume. Four interspersed chapters focus on Thomas’s experiences, from arriving at Clemson in 2007 to teach early African American literature and discovering it was on Calhoun’s Fort Hill plantation, to her success in researching the names and experiences of African Americans from slavery to the present. “I settled on Call My Name to evoke the call-and-response tradition associated with African American culture,” Thomas writes. “I am calling the names of African Americans in early Clemson history and inviting an array of people to assist me in making their stories publicly accessible” (126). Through names and stories—Susan Calhoun Clemson Richardson, a woman who survived slavery only to become a mammy caricature; Simon Davis, a twelve-year-old child sentenced to hard labor at Clemson; or Harvey B. Gantt, who desegregated Clemson—Thomas shows how she continues to “create a compete and complex community history” at her university (235).

Call My Name, Clemson combines place-based archival research with two-way community engagement that challenges university-commissioned histories and campus tours. The book’s organization, from the introduction to the coda, contains short calls and responses. In each dyad, Thomas writes either the call or the response. The other component comes from one of seven contributors, primarily alumni from the English department. As Thomas explains, “Call-and-response is a group nurturing and affirming experience, a ‘collaborative improvisatory’ tradition that enables communities to engage collective meaning-making that preserves the speakers’ voice while eliciting diverse responses from the audience” (2).

The call-and-response sections contain the clearest examples of public history products from the Call My Name initiative at Clemson. After Thomas narrates how Duke Ellington and local whites navigated segregation, Brendan McNeely responds with the racial politics of Clemson’s Central Dance Association and the language of Clemson’s student newspaper, the *Tiger*. McNeely concludes that the all-white Clemson student body “accepted African Americans as musical performers or wage workers on campus” on the condition that “they stayed in their place” (80). The episode reveals a local example of white appropriation that began long before the Ellington’s 1955 campus performance—and continues long after.

The challenges Thomas and *Call My Name* contributors came across will be familiar to public historians who work at complex, multi-layered historic sites such as Fort Hill plantation. Thomas’s call reimagines Old Sawney Calhoun Sr. as

a “trickster figure” whose public “loyalty to John C. Calhoun” masked the private rebelliousness that he passed on to his children, Sawney Jr. and Issey. In doing so, Thomas reinterprets the suspicions of Floride Calhoun (Calhoun’s wife), who accused both Sawney Jr. and Issey of attempted arson. In the response, Emily Boyter and Edith Maria Dunlap push this interpretation further, arguing that these were intentional, heroic acts against slavery that were invisible to whites blinded by pro-slavery delusions. “Old Sawney’s children’s actions beautifully disrupt that narrative,” Boyter and Dunlap conclude, “by shifting to the forefront the deliberate actions of two members of an enslaved family who were discontented with their lot as laborers on a plantation where they would never reap any substantial benefits” (186).

The core chapters, rather than documenting the array of Black experiences at Clemson University, focus on the experience of Thomas as the leader of this project. These chapters may be useful to public historians working on similar projects in their local contexts, but perhaps the chief benefit is a record of the ups-and-downs of the Call My Name initiative. The centrality of Thomas’s personal story makes this a unique testimony for public history in the early twenty-first century. In contrast, the constant score-settling—with Clemson’s former president, a department chair, docents, a former university historian, and the TEDx staff—takes valuable space away from the commemorative goals of the project.

One concerning question this book implicitly raises is the place of historians and historical literature in the renewed public dialogue about how we, as a society, remember our shared history. Other recent large-scale and well-funded commemorative projects, especially the 1776 Commission Report and, to a lesser extent, the 1619 Project, have little connection to traditional peer reviewed historical scholarship. *Call My Name, Clemson* references only a handful of monographs on the histories of race, slavery, segregation, universities, and convict leasing in the bibliography. Who will call the name of historians? And will historians, whether in academia or the public sphere, continue to respond? Their absence—this peculiar silence in *Call My Name*—raises the uncomfortable question of whether historians, in Thomas’s estimation, are relevant in unpacking the complicated histories at our institutions of higher education and beyond.

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East of East: The Making of Greater El Monte edited by Romeo Guzmán, Carribean Fragoza, Alex Sayf Cummings, and Ryan Reft. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 2020. x + 348 pp.; illustrations, notes, bibliography, index; clothbound, \$120.00, paperback, \$34.95.

Public history is generally understood to mean historical work that takes place outside the academic setting, involves an array of people directly working in communities, employs multi-disciplinary approaches, and seeks to reach a broad