lected aspects of interrogation without reference to the nature of the case or to the identity of Lopatinskii. Even though it is the points raised during interrogation that constitute the issue which is of main concern to the conclusion being proposed, nevertheless a brief introduction to the case would have lent a helpful perspective. As with Lopatinskii, the Church as a whole is given rather attenuated treatment throughout the work. Inevitably, one can find discrepancies between sources. The individual who appears in Solov'ev as police officer Shcheglovatii and is posted as a watchman in Elizabeth's house to spy on her, becomes (p. 17) Sergeant Shcheglovatov who is "delegated surveillance [from the outside?] of Elizabeth's house." The foregoing are relatively minor quibbles about a well-written book and a well-rendered translation.

Though not fixedly ideological, the book does proceed from a point of view. It is one that the translator calls "liberal democratic and populist," flavored with some residual Marxism and a dash of revisionism. Searching to find signs for the future, Anisimov settles, as have generations of Russian historians, on the rebellions of Razin, Bulavin, and Pugachev, with reference to whom he concludes his book. In a sense, this is a regression in the vision of social movement. For rebellion never proved successful and was long ago expelled from the arena of revolution by professional revolutionaries. Today, given the tangible failure of both, it might perhaps be proposed that, while they may have seen their time, neither rebellion nor revolution was the real answer for Russia. And someday, perhaps, Russian political thought and historical consciousness may move in the direction of contemplating a different kind of progress and a different kind of destiny for Russia.

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This book will serve the reader in many ways: as a primer, a critique of many discursive practices, an encyclopedia, a prophecy and—always—as a companion. Many readers will want this book, with its astonishing interlacing of texts, near at hand. The motif of time—open and closed—is never lost, and Morson's insistent premise is always with us: "Above all, [the book] is concerned with the human dimension of time" (p. 4).

As primer, it provides an elucidation of Bakhtin's writing, particularly the writing on Dostoevskii, and a guideline for adapting Bakhtin's procedures of interpretation to literary texts, cultural artifacts and sites (including popular culture), and historical and scientific writing. Perhaps most important, it proposes modes of interpretation for our existence in the world. Morson gracefully covers the emphasis on the polyphonies of discourse, its dialogical character, and its plurality. Gracefully, I believe, because he highlights these important elements of Bakhtin's work, acknowledging that much has already been said, indeed become part of contemporary critical parlance, while advancing our perception of what Bakhtin's project was. What Morson has accomplished is the fluent use of the vocabulary to enhance our reading of texts, and our reading of the power structures, the dogmas, of political and social orders.

Morson offers a guide for concentrating on the composition of time in narratives. The terms "foreshadowing," "sidesshadowing" and "backshadowing" struck me at first as possibly simplistic. We are haunted, perhaps, by various attempts to explain the narrative of
Garcia Marquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. But Morson makes it clear that his reading of words is synonymous with reading of the world. "Sideshadowing" is his preferred modality, and it is not simplistic: "Within the plurality of temporalities, I advocate a particular conception of open time that I call sideshadowing. I do not want to deny that closed temporalities frequently have value, but I suspect they are often adopted by default, without a deep appreciation of more open alternatives. What those alternatives might be and how they have been represented are key concerns of the present work. It seems to me that people frequently commit themselves to forms of argument, social concepts, or moral doctrines without realizing the consequences entailed and without making a choice among a range of possibilities. That, at least, is what Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, and Bakhtin believed" (p. 5).

An example of Morson's critique of discursive practices is his treatment of historical writing. Here are strong reminders that the Past is always read from a Present that is inevitably accepted as stable, valid, even true, as in the current spate of "national identity" and revised "revisionist" texts. We neglect to discern that "every moment in the past had a specific field of possibilities different from our own" (p. 111). The temptation, of course, is to see the course of history moving always in OUR direction, but this "temptation to treat the past as if our own time were already somehow present in it" (p. 111) must be resisted. Morson here is talking about the historical novel, but the implication for historiography at large is clear. He delivers some telling comments on this problem in his challenging chapter 5, "Paralude: Presentness and Its Diseases." He says, in his commentary on Tolstoi and historical writing, "Memory and historical documentation tend to preserve dramatic moments that make a good story, whereas history and our own lives are made by the complex interaction of countless ordinary moments; therefore the very historical sources on which we rely mislead us" (p. 185). (Some reference to Foucault, or to Nietzsche's *Uses and Abuses of History*, might have been expected here, but, for the most part, the French—and Nietzsche—are not present in this book, except as sideshadows.)

One supposes, and hopes, that Morson's critique of discursive practices will generate debates in the corridors of academic power where the language of the market place now prevails as the virtually sacred. From the sacred texts themselves, the discourses—indeed the dogma—of the world's great religions, Morson keeps a prudent distance. But, as with Bakhtin, the implications are clear enough.

The book considered as companion—as in *Oxford Companion*—confirms its place in the dialogical multiverse that Bakhtin so eloquently proposed. Its encyclopedic texture is woven with information, connections, surprises, obscure paths that clear at the right moments, and an *élan*, a playfulness, and an unremitting pleasure in the seriousness of this writing. But I would be presumptuous if I began even a brief listing of the human textuality that Morson has, in a most affirmative way, made his own in this book.

Finally, this books offers some advice, indeed some prophecy. Perhaps, enunciation is the better word. To the bothersome question "What is to be done?" (he traces the genealogy of the query), Morson invokes, not unexpectedly, Isaiah Berlin. Berlin the fox, we can safely assume, is Morson's mentor. What to do? "Nothing final, absolute, or perfect, for that will only lead to terrible suffering" (p. 273): "solutions can be only partial and temporary, cultivate the imagination of alternatives. Or, in the language I have been using, value opinions and project sideshadows" (p. 273). The book concludes with an evocation of the shadows of the Enlightenment: toleration of the Other, a just imagination, the plurality of all interpretation. There are others who will demand a harder reading of Bakhtin—