

mattered. Barros, too, much preferred the first flawed version, and could not believe that the Mounties had been honestly persuaded to change it by mere fact and reason. Perhaps they were outwitted by those over-educated Oxbridge "Old Boys" in External, or at least overawed by them. Perhaps Pearson had coerced them with superior political power. Perhaps the Mounties never wrote the report. Perhaps External (Before laughing, recall that it was a typewriter that trapped Alger Hiss!)

For all of Barros' evident anger at Norman and Pearson, his specific categorization of their roles was surprisingly mild. "There are agents of influence," he explained, "who consciously collaborate to advance the objectives of a foreign power but who are not formally recruited and controlled"! They can be held to be 'unwitting but manipulated' individuals; Norman would clearly fall into that category." (144) (my underlining) "Unwitting"? Did the awesomely cerebral Herbert Norman accomplish all that monstrous treachery without being aware of what he was doing? Are we to forgive him because he knew not what he did? While answering that, Barros might tell us how Pearson could be "an unconscious ideological sympathiser." (201) Failing to be conscious of one's sympathies seems a common frailty. But to be "unconscious[ly] ideological" fair boggles the mind, to borrow a favorite Barros' expression.

This review, although longer than the book deserves, has far from exhausted its deceits, flaws, follies and boners. Clearly it has made me chuckle as often as I have boiled. I was tempted to write that No Sense of Evil is an evil book. Its destructiveness is repugnant, its means often despicable. His passionate campaign to project his message, even by getting it first into the books of others, is unlike any I've ever encountered in academe.

My primary reaction, however, remains puzzlement. How can the author of several serious, scholarly works, a man holding an adequately paid position at Canada's premier English-speaking university, produce a book that is as incompetent in execution as it is unworthy in apparent purpose? Although Barros condemns Senator McCarthy (212) and even suggests that he be awarded the Lenin prize for his disservice to American democracy, this book reminds many of McCarthyism. The criticism is not entirely fair. McCarthy believed little of what he was saying, and did no research. Barros does believe - but what? - and has expended an enormous amount of effort, imagination and passion. Sad that it could not have been committed to a worthier purpose.