the Brains Trust offered hors d'oeuvres rather than a meal, but the hors d'oeuvres were consumed by the million and appetites were whetted. Of course, we said some silly things, and it was humiliating to be reminded in an Oxford common room of some sickly little half-truth which the spur of the moment had pricked out of one. But then we had no straw with which to drop our bricks, and it was never clear to me anyway, what Oxford dons were doing with radio sets at 8.15 on a Tuesday night. The encouraging thing was that out of the hundreds of letters that I received, a fairly steady percentage were from those who asked, "What books can I read?" "What classes can I attend?" "How can I study for a degree?" Huxley, no doubt, can say the same. The beginnings, then, of a new technique of popular education for those who, wanting to study, to read, to think, had nevertheless remained aloof from the institutions which exist to cater for their need.

Thirdly, the Brains Trust broke through, if only for a time, the glaze of B.B.C. gentility. The B.B.C. is part of the Civil Service at least in this: that its dominating objective is to avoid a row as symbolized by a question in Parliament. There may be good reasons for this attitude in a Government Department, but it seems to me to be disastrous in an institution one of whose objects should be the promotion and stimulation of thought. Thought is formed and guided by the vigorous advocacy of different points of view, irrespective of their truth or falsehood; yet we look to the radio in vain for the vigorous expressions of strongly held opinions. Where the canvas of controversy should be painted—overpainted, if you will—in blacks and whites, the B.B.C. gives us only a monochrome of grey. The world is as full as ever of fools and scoundrels, but whatever is said must not offend the scoundrels or provoke the fools. The expression of strongly held opinion always offends somebody. Therefore, it is concluded, there must be no strong expression of vigorously held opinion. The B.B.C., in fact, proceeds upon the assumption that nothing must be said over the microphone which could produce a ripple of disagreement in the still waters of the minds of Tory maiden aunts, born two-thirds of a century ago and living on—for such do not die—into a different age in the closes of cathedral towns. When Quintin Hogg once attacked me on a Brains Trust with heat and feeling, calling me an old man whose views had helped to bring on this war in the past, and, if persisted in, would bring on another war in the future, there was the devil of a fuss. The B.B.C. was deluged with protests, and I received a couple of hundred letters from soft-hearted persons anxious to express their sympathy with the victim of Mr. Hogg's unprovoked attack. For my part, I was unable to see what the fuss was about. Why shouldn't a man say what he thinks, and say it as forcibly as he thinks it? It was only because the B.B.C. had for so long soothed our ears with radio syrup, administered to us by decorous voices, inculcating platitudes with Oxford accents, that people were shocked.

"Can't we have more questions on philosophy?" C. E. M. Joad is probably asking B.B.C. producer Howard Thomas, while Julian Huxley looks inquiringly at the cameraman.