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Radio

Monopoly of the air

Is it true that at 10.30 these winter nights half the nation is undone to find itself with nothing to look at and therefore with nothing to do or even think about? Are we experiencing on a massive scale the uncomfortable silence of the tube train stopped in a tunnel? Perhaps some of us are actually relieved, but both television operators have assumed that we will want to fill the gap till bed time by reminding us as they go off the air that we can now switch on our radios. It looks as if the viewers have responded, too, since radio's late night audience is said to have enlarged by a factor of three up to about 2½ million.

who abuse it. It would have crowned one of an excellent series if Mr Redhead had brought into the discussion someone equipped to comment on the growing evidence that music and sound in general can produce in the nervous system certain delicate effects which may or may not be beneficial, but that should not in any way diminish my recommendation of Radio 4 as a worthwhile Saturday choice for combatting post-TV depression. Sunday too is an attractive late evening: the next four bring the second series of Brian J. Ford's well-made and intelligent *Where Are You Taking Us?*

The assumption that art—like vitamins—is good for you