

*The Real Thing*  
Tom Stoppard

Henry

(An English playwright who lives in London. In his 40s.)

The trouble is I don't like the pop music which it's all right to like. You can have a bit of Pink Floyd shoved in between your symphonies and your Dame Janet Baker. . . but I like Wayne Fontana and the Minders. Yes, I'm not very up to date. I like Herman's Hermits, and the Hollies, and the Everly Brothers, and Brenda Lee, and the Supremes . . . I don't mean everything they did. I don't like *artists*. I like singles. . . It *moves* me, the way people are supposed to be moved by *real* music. I was taken once to Covent Garden to hear a woman called Callas in a sort of foreign musical with no dancing which people were donating kidneys to get tickets for. The idea was that I would be cured of my strange disability. . . My illness at the time took the form of believing that the Righteous Brothers' recording of 'You've Lost that Lovin' Feelin'' on the London label was possibly the most haunting, the most deeply moving noise ever produced by the human spirit, and this female vocalist person was going to set me right. That woman would have had a job getting into the top thirty if she were *hyped* . . . Do you think there's something wrong with me?