

**Ange:** *Long-time friend of Marcie and Yvonne. 40s-50s. A dermatologist. Sees herself as sophisticated, worldly, forward-thinking. A bit snobby.*

*Her friend Marcie has just seen the \$200 000 white modernist painting Ange has bought, and has called it shit.*

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My friend Marcie is an intelligent enough woman. I've always valued our relationship, she has a good job, she's an aeronautical engineer, but she's one of those new-style intellectuals, who are not only enemies of modernism, but seem to take some sort of incomprehensible pride in running it down...

In recent years these nostalgia-merchants have become quite breathtakingly arrogant.

\*

She doesn't like the painting.

Fine...

But there was no warmth in the way she reacted.

No attempt.

No warmth when she dismissed it without a thought.

Just that vile pretentious laugh.

A real know it all laugh.

I hated that laugh.

\*

*[After Yvonne has given the painting a slightly better reception.]*

As far as I'm concerned, it's not white.

When I say as far as I'm concerned, I mean objectively. Objectively speaking, it's not white.

It has a white background, with a whole range of greys ... There's even some red in it.

You could say it's very pale.

I wouldn't like it if it was white. Marcie thinks it's white... that's her limit...

Marcie thinks it's white because she's gotten hung up on the idea that it's white.

Unlike Yvonne. Yvonne can see it isn't white.

Marcie can think what she likes, what do I care?