I was perfect, but he's improved.

Close-up of how the artist—"Mr. Honey, you could paint better pictures with your hands tied behind your back."—is taking the art critic around to see the paintings.

"I shall have no more of this nonsense," the critic said, "no more of your fancy footwork or your fancy after-dinner stories."

"Now listen, I'm going to prove to you that art is a fact, not a fancy," the artist said. "You see this paintbrush, this is the only tool I use."

"And these colors, these are the tools of my trade."

"But most of all, you see, this is the key to everything."

And with that, he handed the critic a paintbrush and said, "Now go ahead and try your best."

The critic looked at the canvas and then at the artist, as if to say, "You think I can paint as well as you?"

"You can do it," the artist said, "if you just put your mind to it."