

The Painting

Two people in an art gallery discuss a piece of modern art.

A: You're frowning.

B: This is just my face.

A: It looks like you don't like it.

B: I've never understood modern art.

A: It can be an acquired taste.

B: My uncle was a pig farmer. He had this bucket—called it the Sloppy Bucket. It had blood and guts and rotten mustard and coffee grounds in it.

A: The painting reminds you of that?

B: Yes. And you know what he did with the stuff in the bucket?

A: I'm afraid to ask.

B: Fed it to the pigs.

A: So, you're saying that the painting should be used as pig food?

B: Maybe the artist wasn't finished.

A: You think it needs more work?

B: Maybe less, actually.

A: They do say that some artists don't know when to stop. They cross over this line into ruining their piece.

B: But it's hanging in this gallery. So, someone had to think it was pretty good.

A: Good enough to put a \$4,000 price on it.

B: Is that how much it is?

A: The other one, over there, just sold for \$5,500. It's by the same artist.

B: Maybe the colors go with their couch.

A: You think it's pretty bad, huh?

B: You know, the more that I stare at it, I'm beginning to see the appeal.

A: You know I'm the artist, right?