

Priced at 100\$ a piece, now Andy's soup cans are 20 million. When I saw the soup can, a woman at the exhibit says, I started to cry, they were my life, coming home for lunch, my mother opening the chicken, the tomato

JIM DINE: 1

my grandparents moved from Georgia to Cincinnati a northern city but it had a southern feel. I was born near the river. The light always moving, the river a thousand blues

JIM DINE: 2

I paint inside worlds. I remember my crib, the heat in summer. White enamel paint, tools, hammers and pipes. I loved how pipes went downstairs, liked the sound, the cold wood floor. I was so close to the floor, I

watched the colored glass, how it made patterns on my skin, how my legs stuck to the floor. In old photos, I look so intense. How could anyone question I wouldn't remember every detail of my life

JIM DINE: 3

The hardware store was a main part of my childhood. Pipes, 60 years of nails, metal. You could hide in corners with the rats. Yellow light fixtures, pipe threading machine — the beauty of it like sculpture

JIM DINE: 4

I was afraid of dogs. My mother warned me of hydrophobia, rabies. I was afraid of polio, flies, all insects, of crossing the road. The first born, I got the brunt of my mother's fear, never a minute alone. She sat with me at the piano, sang, "Can't we be friends,"

all day. I couldn't  
get away from  
her. She was  
my muse, she  
revved me up  
every day. It was  
too much

JIM DINE: 5

my mother sent me  
to the art museum.  
Afterward, I  
sat down on the  
trolley tracks  
with paints.  
I just sat down  
and did it.  
It was a gift,  
a magic thing  
to make leaves  
that look like  
leaves, branches  
black and shiny  
through them

JIM DINE: 6

I wanted a father  
in a uniform.  
When they closed  
the store in  
Kentucky, he  
was supposed  
to be in a  
specialist corps  
but they dissolved  
it. I'd wanted  
him to be a  
soldier, wanted  
him out of the  
house so I'd  
have my mother  
all to myself  
but he just got  
into an air raid  
patrol

JIM DINE: 7

all these objects  
in the hardware  
store: gloves,  
hammers, all  
linked together.  
They had their  
own space but  
worked together.  
I lived among  
hammers. Even  
the pliers  
look alive

JIM DINE: 8

when tv came,  
we were scared  
my grandpa warned  
if you sit too close  
the set could blow  
up in your face  
so we had to sit  
to the side,  
saw everything  
at a different angle

JOSEPH CORNELL: 1

his boxes, like  
daydreams you  
lose yourself in,  
the shifting  
colors of  
a broken wine  
glass sand  
falls thru. He  
was obsessed  
with Europe,  
with women in  
films, in  
advertisements,  
hardly left his  
house, wrapped  
in fantasy, redid  
old films to amuse  
his bed-ridden