

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

brother, cut and
edited what
was to make it
as he wanted it

JOSEPH CORNELL: 2

he hunted objects,
collected clippings,
photographs from
junk shops,
cut out cats,
searched for old
marbles, fans,
feathers and
kept them in files
with notes he'd
update and slide
into boxes
deep in his
cellar to hold
memories to
let someone in
front of the
glass feel what
he was feeling

JOSEPH CORNELL: 3

he photographed
brides frozen in
windows, a wheel
of cheese with a
sun on it, liked
to juxtapose what
didn't go together,
birds and dice,
lace, leaves the
barrenness of
benches Coney
Island in snow

JOSEPH CORNELL: 4

he loved watching
children, wanted
to be like a child.

How can I, he asked,
express the inner
joy of stepping
into the backyard,
the light, the leaves.
The spires of Manhattan
seem beautiful
to me as Chartres,
the ceiling of
Grand Central
Station, heavenly

THE BLIND BASKET MAKER

pulling reeds
into what can
hold peat and

linen in a
cottage with
stone floors

the sea from
his window he
hasn't seen it

since he was 5
weaves willows
into baskets

knows the color
by the thickness
of the reeds

he says in the
wind they have
separate voices

that they sound
as different as
different women