

Windsor

Put most plainly, it is an automobile parked for the benefit of the camera in front of a barn. But the car is blue, the barn is red, and the grass, up close, is green. The primary colors of light. More particularly the car is a 1948 Chrysler Windsor. A ghost, a dream, from the greatest year in the history of human civilization. I know that in 1948 I never got inside such an automobile. I know that I went all over town with my Baby Brownie and took pictures of all the new cars, but unless I were to go and look at my old grey album I could not say whether I took a snap of a Chrysler Windsor. And why Windsor, I wonder now? To give the American car a sense of royalty? This beautiful blue car is mainly chromium grill, as we see it from the photographer's viewpoint—the photographer is lying on the grass in this farmyard, looking up at the business end of that old gleaming machine. Has it been under wraps in the red barn for years? A bright sun glints off the silver, and the grass is mirrored in the bumper, green you didn't see at first as part of the blue car. John Weiners wrote a poem that ends with the operator driving a blue car through the universe. Why not start in that wonderful year? Did Humphrey Bogart ever sit in this Chrysler? If I had my choice between a Chrysler Windsor and 1948, I would give up the beautiful car and return to that sunny summer when I was twelve and John Weiners was thirteen, unknown.

George Bowering