

The Packard Motor Car Factory, Detroit
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Before me is the abandoned broken wreckage of the Packard Automobile Plant in Detroit. Being here outside in broad daylight is dangerous enough, but I dare to venture in. With my rental car poised for a quick getaway, standing in a havoc of used drug needles and held by the bleak graffiti shattered walls, it is for me 1957, for I can imagine before me the roaring assembly line filled with shiny winged Packards, cathedrals in chrome, art on wheels, art for art sake. Then, far off, the dark crack of a gun, and I escape. Minutes later, and not far away, I venture into the City's oasis, the Detroit Institute of Art, and I awe at the assembly line of Van Goghs and Picassos. I could spend all day with the museum's centerpiece, Diego Rivera's massive fresco celebrating Detroit's yesterday, but my parking meter is talking to me, and my flight home impatient. We humans - We are still a fraction of our potential. And we come to know this, not when we see beauty next to beauty, but when we discover beauty alone with ugliness.

