

Rune Graulund

Cormac McCarthys Vejen som økologisk fabel

Den engelske journalist og miljøforkæmper George Monbiot har i The Guardian udtalt følgende om Vejen: "It could be the most important environmental book ever. It is a thought experiment that imagines a world without a biosphere, and shows that everything we value depends on the ecosystem." Foredraget vil tage sit udgangspunkt i Monbiots påstand og afdække problematikkerne i McCarthys dystre roman. Foredraget vil desuden komme omkring økokritik (ecocriticism) i mere generelle træk, samt kort opridse McCarthys karriere såvel som hans fremtid, nu hvor han med Coen brødrenes filmatisering af Ikke et land for gamle mænd og den netop afsluttede filmatisering af Vejen er gået hen og er blevet allemandseje.

Perhaps in the world's destruction it would be possible at last to see how it was made. Oceans, mountains. The ponderous counterspectacle of things ceasing to be. The sweeping waste, hydroptic and coldly secular. The silence. (R 293)

But there's not any more states?

No.

What happened to them?

I don't know exactly. That's a good question.

But the roads are still there.

Yes. For a while.

How long a while?

I don't know. Maybe quite a while. There's nothing to uproot them so they should be okay for a while. (R 43-44, emphasis added)

Blood Meridian is a book, then, not of heights and depths, not of origins and endings, but of restless, incessant horizontal movements: nomadic wanderings, topographical displacements, variations of weather, skirmishes in the desert. There is only war, there is only the dance. Exile is not deprivation or loss, but our primeval and positive condition. (RBM 147)

So be it. Evoke the forms. Where you've nothing else construct ceremonies out of the air and breathe upon them. (R 77-78)

The world shrinking down about a raw core of parsible entities. The names of things slowly following those things into oblivion. Colors. The names of birds. Things to eat. Finally the names of things one believed to be true. More fragile than he would have thought. How much was gone already? The sacred idiom shorn of its referents and so its reality. Drawing down like something trying to preserve heat. In time to wink out forever. (R 93)

Works Cited

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Further reading

<http://www.cormacmccarthy.com/Resources.htm#Bibliographies>