THE ARTS

‘Kerouac’ examines The Road Warrior from a beat perspective

By Jill Kerouac

As I was watching The Road Warrior, I had to think of Dean Moriarty. As the machine whirled and clicked like a hooded gargoyle, my eyes swept to the left, and then to the right, just like Dean would have. My tired eyes set upon the long highways of New South Wales, reminding me of the purity of the road. Reminding me of my days with Dean, staring to Denver with the highway unrolling and hugging our tires as if glued to our groove.

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Only Max had it worse than me and Dean ever did. World War Three was a memory. The bombs had beat out of time, crashing, falling with a cacophonous clatter leaving the world looking like a stretch of Highway 99. World War Three was a memory. The bombs had beat out of time, crashing, falling with a cacophonous clatter leaving the world looking like a stretch of Highway 99. World War Three was a memory. The bombs had beat out of time, crashing, falling with a cacophonous clatter leaving the world looking like a stretch of Highway 99. World War Three was a memory. The bombs had beat out of time, crashing, falling with a cacophonous clatter leaving the world looking like a stretch of Highway 99.

The road, the soul of beatific. The Road Warrior, sequel to the 1978 cult classic Mean Max, is fantastically directed by Australian George Miller. His fast paced action scenes sing skat. Here’s a guy and everybody’s there. It’s up to him to put down what’s on everybody’s mind. He starts the first scene, then lines up his ideas, people, yeah, yeah, but get it, then he rises to his fate and has to blow equal to it. All of a sudden in the middle of the movie he gets it. I looked up and knew. Time stops. He’s filling empty space with the substance of our lives, confessions of his bellybottom strain, remembrance of ideas, relics of old visions. He takes us on a journey, across boundaries of mortality and mortality and back again so everybody knows it’s not the movie that counts but it.

The film opens with Max running flat out, bailing that jack away from some crazy cats not digging his thing. Max doesn’t give a damn about anything, except gasoline. He’s a sonofabitch just like the rest of them. Everything just is, and that’s the deal. When Max finds this bleeding cat on the side of the road, he agrees to carry him to safety. Max does not do this out of love for his fellow man; he does this for juice. Sometimes he helps people, and sometimes he burns people, but he always blows true. Max is BEAT - the root, the soul of beatific.

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