

# Criteria Estertor

## Death on the Road

I don't have a car. At "this" rate I don't plan on having one. It's not that I drive badly or can't have one, that it's not feasible to have one. It is out of survival instinct, existential selfishness, if you will. Manuel João Ramos could say it better than me, for he lost a loved one on the road, was once my teacher, and courageously continued to teach. I too have lost family members on the road, both in France and here, in fact I think that the blame does not die alone, that is, it is not only the youngsters' fault when the adults have had this "road culture" for some time now. Some, when they go to the coffee shop to brag and drink a lot, don't even walk, "look at that one walking" (when in Lisbon almost everything walks...). It should be public policy to get the cars out of Lisbon, yes, out of the greater Lisbon area, I used to drive in Lisbon and I knew the stress and bad mood of some drivers, who like to challenge others, maybe because of a certain sick personality. Noam Chomsky would say it best, people are losing their critical sense and it seems that everything is disorderly logical in the Realm of Artificial Intelligence...

I have come to the conclusion that road culture, not only among us, is something Freudian, transgressive, even in the deepest anthropological sense, that is, there is a provocatively exhibitionist side to the way some people drive, just to solve their little life, I was like that once too, now I am less so, I prefer not to have a car, in which both they and they are guilty, not to mention the others, there are always the others?

When we have a negative habit, it is of the most elementary psychology, and even sociology, we must break what makes us have and do that habit, all the more so because the effect turns out to be harmful to health, if not moral...is it a disease? Of course it is, and many excuse themselves with it to justify the

his behavior, or lack of it, is a real shot in the foot, what José Gil said was "non-enrollment", bizarre as it may seem?

At another time in my existence as a writer, I wrote a short article in the regional press under the title "Don't Dance with Death," about, as I recall, roadkill. The *totalitarian violence of the road*, I might call it Mafesolli, is like a war, of course comparable to that which is brazenly manifested, declared, like that in the Ukraine. At issue are the various types of violence, of war, of manifestation of human aggressiveness (Konrad Lorenz would say in his behavioral ethology...), that is, man has so much time that he has no time at all, in an oscillating temptation between the interesting, the awe of the world, and the possibilities of fulfillment that life today, in these hyper-real times, Lipovetski would say, offers him. Only Joseph Conrad would say it better, but so would Orwell.

Yes, it takes a shout out, even with bird flu, I would say, "Stop Killing each other!", it works that way on the road as well as in social life in general, including hospitals, schools, TV, anything and everything. So I went to funerals again, to think a little about life, and I am against castrating or discrediting philosophy, i.e. judging the philosopher as an asexual being who debunks words and more words. I grabbed that on this quasi-summer day the deification and castration of the philosopher as an employee of humanity....