

MAX PARADOX THE ELECTRIC CAR IS THE FUTURE

AND OTHER INCONVENIENT TRUTHS
WE'RE LEARNING THE HARD WAY



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INTRO

The electric car arrived quietly.

Which is ironic, because everything around it has been very loud ever since.

The promises were loud.

The marketing was loud.

The people explaining it to you at dinner were extremely loud.

But the car itself?

Silent.

Gliding past like a morally superior shopping cart.

Electric cars were never just cars.

They were statements.

Beliefs.

Rolling opinions.

You don't drive an electric car.

You announce it.

Not verbally.

You don't have to.

The silence does the talking.

It says:

- I care.
- I know things.
- I am slightly ahead of you.
- I forgive you for still using fuel.

Electric cars were sold as the future.

Not *a* future.

The future.

A clean one.

A responsible one.

A future where traffic jams still exist, but at least you feel better about them.

And we believed it immediately.

Because nothing convinces humans faster than:

- A glowing dashboard.
- An app.
- And the idea that buying something expensive is an act of virtue.

The electric car promised to fix everything.

The climate.

The air.

Our conscience.

Possibly our personality.

It was not introduced as transportation.

It was introduced as redemption.

You weren't buying a vehicle.

You were buying forgiveness.

For all those years:

- Driving too fast.
- Taking short trips.
- Turning on the air conditioning without thinking about polar bears.

Now, finally, you could accelerate instantly and still feel holy.

The electric car made speed ethical.

Which is impressive.

Historically, speed has never been associated with responsibility.

But now:

- 0 to 100 in three seconds.
- Zero emissions (somewhere else).
- Zero guilt (for now).

A miracle on wheels.

Of course, no one explained the details too carefully.

Details tend to ruin things.

Like:

- Where the electricity comes from.
- What happens to the batteries.
- Why your “eco car” weighs more than a small apartment.

But that’s later.

For now, let’s enjoy the idea.

The electric car feels modern in the way only technology can.

It has:

- A screen instead of buttons.
- Software updates instead of repairs.
- Problems you solve by restarting it.

Sometimes the car doesn’t start.

Not because it's broken.

Because it's thinking.

Electric cars are not machines.

They are devices.

They behave like phones.

They age like phones.

They confuse older people like phones.

They stop working when it's cold like phones.

And just like phones, you are never quite sure:

- Who owns whom.
- What data is being collected.
- Or why an update changed something that worked perfectly yesterday.

But again - future.

Electric cars also changed conversations.

You can't just say:

"I bought a car."

Now you have to specify.

Because there are types of people now:

- People with electric cars.
- People without electric cars.
- People who explain electric cars.
- People who are tired of hearing about electric cars.

Every electric car owner becomes a part-time ambassador.

They will casually mention:

- Charging times.
- Range anxiety (but in a confident way).
- How they “never go to gas stations anymore,” like that was a traumatic experience.

They don’t say it to brag.

They say it to educate.

Which is worse.

The electric car turned driving into a moral discussion.

You’re no longer late because of traffic.

You’re late because:

- The charger was occupied.
- The charger was broken.
- The charger required three different apps and a short ritual.

But you’re late ethically.

And that counts for something.

The electric future also came with numbers.

Lots of numbers.

- Kilowatt-hours.
- Charging curves.
- Percentage left.
- Percentage lost.
- Percentage you swear used to be higher yesterday.

You stop thinking in kilometers.

You start thinking in survival.

"Can I make it?"

"Should I turn off the heating?"

"Is downhill enough to regenerate my dignity?"

This is not range anxiety.

This is existential minimalism.

The electric car teaches you restraint.

Not by choice.

By design.

And yet, we love it.