

Intro:

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In the Beginning There Was the Word and Then – Whoops! – The Crisis Came Along!

If it were up to us, we would gladly fall asleep in the middle of any crisis and wake up only once it had passed. We enjoy it that much: like a stressful exam, a dreaded dental appointment, a disagreeable event we wish were already over - preferably without us. *Without us* would be the key phrase in our experience of crisis.

Yet a crisis cannot unfold in our absence, just as it did not arise without us or beyond us. Whenever we hear the word crisis, something inside us recoils. We dislike its sound; we reject its presence. Again? - we ask ourselves repeatedly. The crisis may be in love with us, but we certainly are not in love with it, even though we carry it constantly, like a tree that grows its own rings or a flower that holds the fruit within its bud.

A crisis is, in fact, a kind of growth ring - emerging each time a system's previously harmonized elements fall into conflict. Then the madness begins: they collide and clash, disturbing dormant elements around them, stirring everything into motion like an anthill suddenly alarmed. Yes, crisis is the alarm bell of a closed system that once functioned perfectly - until it didn't. Commotion erupts, the order collapses, and chaos takes the stage. Entropy speaks.

Conflicts, clashes, disorder, upheaval - as if everything must be torn down and recreated from the rubble. And crises are difficult to endure. Everything feels overturned. Reality's carnival no longer elicits a healthy laugh from us, because we have identified far too deeply with our societal roles, forgetting how to laugh at ourselves, how to pause, how to let the world rest with us long enough to be rebuilt through the Word.

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Why? It's simply because we crave the comfort of predictability. Yet a crisis is precisely the opposite: the discomfort of the unpredictable, a suspended moment pulled out of linear time and thrust back into primordial chaos, from which a new order must be shaped. Although we know, deep down, that every crisis ends - either with a new cosmogony or with a mere change of scenery - we meet it with reluctance. Ultimately, history appears to be nothing more than a sequence of repeated crises: a long chronicle of upheavals that often changed only the scenery, not the substance.

Substantive change at the macro level becomes possible only after transformation at the individual level. We shed old burdens, redefine others, and eventually find ourselves stuck: our shoes too tight because our feet have grown. We want to run in a new direction but cannot find it. That is how progression truly works. Crisis, being the seed of any evolutionary process, marks the threshold state - the passage into a new paradigm.

But the crisis of modernity shook us to our core, and we have yet to recover. It required us to redefine the individual and their place in the world. A new world opened before us, one into which we have not yet settled. The anthropological crisis took shape in suspicious ideologies, in world wars that brought us to the brink of apocalypse. And it is still not over, for we have not yet redefined ourselves. Meanwhile, technology has overtaken us, carrying us into a new world for which we were unprepared.

The humanism of the ancients has dissolved into nihilism, post-humanism, trans-humanism - all the hyper-, super-, para- models we invent. The truth is: we do not really understand what is happening to us. We see only that nothing works anymore, that everything collapses, and that the values we tried to preserve are rotting before our eyes like tomatoes left in the sun. We look around like frightened children who have broken all their toys and have none left to play with - yet they are not grown enough to stop playing.

After the anxious crisis of modernity - with all its ideological "solutions" - today's turbulence may be the most spectacular yet, forcing us to abandon easy fixes, for they will detonate in our hands. What we face now is the crisis of crises, the mega-crisis of our remembered times - an accumulation of unresolved fractures surging into a tsunami.

And if we eagerly grab new toys, as we have so far - if we assume artificial intelligence will think for us - we risk evolving into a strange species: smaller heads, longer fingers, a spider-like humanity whose mind has atrophied through neglect.

But dystopias are unnecessary. Orwell's *1984* no longer applies: control no longer requires force; enthusiastic consent suffices. Ideologies are relics of a barbaric age. What good are they when we no longer believe in ideas? Now we want only short motivational commands.

Should we seek the meaning of life, as countless generations did? We have misplaced that meaning. How then should we enjoy ourselves? Consumerism worked for a while - we kept buying sweets to lick with childish enthusiasm - but beyond obesity and the drug of desire, it offered little lasting satisfaction. Before we could even renounce that beloved addiction, we were instructed to avoid waste and become minimalists. We enjoyed our packaged conveniences while they lasted; now we are told to sort our own trash - because disciplined children must do so.

And so we sort it enthusiastically. We have embraced climate neurosis, recycling hysteria, and the anxieties of post-consumerism - even though many of us were never true consumers to begin with. Like disciplined children, we rummage through our waste to "save, save, save"...

But once you take away a child's toys one by one - explaining that it is for their own good - what remains to play with afterward? Thus, in this dramatic crisis, where the system and the individual collapse together, we wonder whether joy is still possible. Does the carnival of crisis still have cathartic power? After exhausting all its roles, can we still laugh? Do we still know how to live, not through simulacra, compulsions, or roles, but simply - to live? To ride the flow? We are too unhappy for that. From crisis to crisis, we have forgotten our own humanity. We became superhuman, trans-human, post-human - but not yet human. We have not explored our humanity. Too few ever have.

So let it be said: the carnival of crisis continues - but this time without us, for we no longer know who we are in this vast kindergarten of a world, slowly emptied of toys. We have wandered for ages with a faint nostalgia for a world in which our thoughts, words, and being were

united with the Great Creation. We longed for the lost paradise, and thus our crises held not only tragic sorrow but also utopian hope. Have we lost that higher nostalgia? Do we still carry the model that allows for utopian thought?

Without it, crisis becomes nothing more than a pile of recyclable debris – just like our world.

If we lose the memory of that higher vision, we will again cling to facile solutions and remain trapped in carnival.

Do we still suffer? I do not know. Somewhere along the way we lost our tears and the taste for authentic suffering - the kind that shakes us and lifts us anew. We learned to evade real suffering through relentless action, until exhaustion and self-forgetfulness buried us. We no longer dare to pause amid the rush to save the planet, to recycle, to perform, to consume simulacra (TikTok, AI, Facebook). This self-annihilating vortex has lulled us into sleep, so deep that we no longer ask the fundamental question: *Who am I?*

In doing so, we risk losing our greatest treasure: the gift of thought. No one cares for it anymore. Thought - our Cinderella - sits unseen in a corner of a room full of broken toys. It is thought that made us human, that gives discernment, that awakens consciousness, that creates meaning. Without questions, there are no answers. Without answers, meaning dies. Without your own answers, others will provide theirs - and then your life will no longer be yours. Without thought, there is no freedom.

How do we escape endless crises? Only by reclaiming our individual truth through thought. And with it, by choosing our toys - or by choosing to grow up.

What we are living through now is fundamentally a crisis of thought. The world's deep crisis will never be solved from the outside by those who think for others. It will be solved only when individuals reclaim their humanity, beyond ideologies, barbarism, and nonsense.

Until then, crises will remain nothing but collective hysteria - reborn each time the general anaesthesia wears off.