

Children and the Great Blur

By [Guido Mina di Sospiro](#) (May 2019)



Children Playing, Oskar Kokoschka, 1909

In the late 1990s I wrote De Anima Mundi, a collection of essays, contemplations and dream interpretations intended for my eyes only. Recently rereading it, I came across Children and the Great Blur, which I found intriguing, and so, hopefully, will you.

To varying degrees, all children suffer when they are born. This is no pessimistic life-is-an-illness-with-a-terrible-diagnosis-because-its-outcome-cannot-be-but-fatal rigmarole.

Far from it; however, only occasionally childbirth is an entirely smooth process, and psychologists of all schools cannot stop telling parents how important it is to reassure the newborn immediately, to establish the “bond” with the mother, etc., etc. It must be owned that there is a sharp contrast between the liquid womb environment and the outer, dry world of sharp lights and loud sounds. Childbirth can indeed be seen as, or actually be a trauma.

At any rate, after a successful delivery—the labor has been brief and the pregnancy as devoid as the delivery of any complications—the infant is in a state which could be defined, if someone cared to be frank about it, catatonic. It will take months for the infant to start crawling. Later on, the upright posture will be a hard-won conquest. The first vaguely articulated words will send the elated parents into ecstasy, especially when it is their first child who utters his/her first words. But the fact is, it takes an infant about three years, give or take, depending on how “precocious” (s)he might be, to start to come out of the “blur”.

This “blur” designation^[1] not only sounds remarkably unscientific *and* unpoetic, but patronizing, which happens to be the opposite of what I mean.

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At the end of teenage-hood, the child-adolescent “comes of age.” Thanks to the completed assimilation of the collective consciousness, (s)he becomes a rational idiot, for his/her painstakingly acquired ratiocination is but full-fledged

asininity. The more idiotic the adolescent proves to have become, the more delighted his teachers are, displaying all the *misérable vanité des (idiots) savants*.

But children, our God-given little people, children, aren't they pretty . . . gnomes? "Gnome" from the Greek *gnómê*: judgment, opinion, purpose. Their early utterances—the "alien" ones, the ones we deem nonsensical—might be recognized as a gnomology, an anthology of aphorisms emanating directly from the Great Blur. Their sweet, miniature physio-*gnomy* does tell us something, just like the *gnomon*, the pin of a sundial, tells us quite straightforwardly the hour of day—provided the sundial be aligned correctly, of course.

Shouldn't we revere the *gnosis* of our adorable little people? I do not invoke the renunciation of the body and things terrestrial, far from it. I am simply at variance with this frenetic deletion of everything apparently irrational and "other" that our society forces upon our offspring. Let them indeed learn geometry and grammar and what have you. But let's keep the door, or Portal, open. Let it be clear that Euclidean geometry is wonderfully practical for architects and engineers, *not* for anything profound; that grammar tackles language, *not* the Logos; that religion is (at very best) the butter, *not* the milk it originally came from.[\[6\]](#)

Doctrine will impoverish and eventually falsify any sort of gnosis, no matter how transcendently truthful. There probably is no predetermined path leading back to inner knowledge. What should be stressed, though, is that *Sapientia*, *Sophia*, the Logos, *are*, and we all knew them when we were part of the Great Blur. Why forget all that, and then even repudiate something that we do not even vaguely remember any

longer?

[1] I wonder how Piaget, to name but one illustrious child psychologist, would jump at it?

[2] Even the child's chronic state of wonderment at everything new she/he comes to know may be interpreted in a rather unusual way: It is really her/his "blurred" unconscious that is appalled by the pedantries and cheap thrills it is going to have to put up with during this brief interlude of terrestrial captivity.

[3] It is no surprise that the newborn child sleeps 16 to 18 hours, at least half of which is D-sleep. Conversely, the young adult human spends 16 to 17 hours awake and 7 to 8 hours asleep, of which perhaps 6 hours are spent in S-sleep and 1.5 hours in D-sleep. Both S- and D-sleep, on the average, decrease slightly with increasing age.

[4] Incidentally, this dialogue is awful! It sounds like a TV commercial! Also, I don't like either fish or meat!

[5] Is there a connection between the whirling dervishes' incantatory dance and the children's delight in merry-go-rounds? There is indeed. While adult mystics engage in such a circular dance so as to enter an altered state and "remember," children can ride on a merry-go-round for hours without any dizziness. From personal experience, I know that, at my age, I cannot endure much more than a few minutes of merry-go-round without feeling the symptoms of motion sickness.

[6] Naughty me—I am so tempted to write, rather than "butter", "rancid, mouse-eaten cheese"!

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Guido Mina di Sospiro was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, into an ancient Italian family. He was raised in Milan, Italy and was educated at the University of Pavia as well as the USC School of Cinema-Television, now known as USC School of Cinematic Arts. He has been living in the United States since the 1980s, currently near Washington, D.C. He is the author of several books including, [The Story of Yew](#), [The Forbidden Book](#), and [The Metaphysics of Ping Pong](#).

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