The Bodily Expression of Human Growth and Welfare

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With all the social changes that have swept over us in the past and are scheduled to smite us in the future there are two intensely human traits so entrenched that nothing will ever dislodge them or even rock them in their setting.

The first is the passion for staring. Vision is preeminently a sense bound up with spacial dimensions and we can not see clearly unless our eyes are stationary. To say that a mother’s eyes rest upon her child or that a lover gazes fondly at his beloved is but simple truth. Staring is natural to the eyes and we indulge it long beyond the days of juvenile rebuke. Whether we actually see anything or not is quite another matter and even if we do see there may be considerable doubt as to the correctness of the interpretation. Scientists and laymen alike all crave a good look.

Full many a time and oft
Have ye climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea and chimneytops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day with patient expectation
To see Great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.

The second trait is the fascination of bones. The history of the whole world abounds in pilgrimages to bones. Whether they be the bones of those we have loved or the bones of those we have admired, their resting place is forever set apart, a hallowed spot, the Garden of the Unforgotten. Personality clings to the framework of our mortality. The vision of Ezekiel in
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