

QUEST

Humans are by nature curious. If you leave a young child alone in a garden, you can bet he will start by investigating the sodded or gardened areas, where he will find organic life---caterpillars, beetles, spiders, ants, worms-- weaving their ways in and down, up and around, on individual purpose directed missions. Watching the intricate movements of these creatures he is sure to be wondering, in the distant-gaze wonder of a child, whence is going all this pullulation. Here on the surface, where mother and father, and the curious child himself live, outlines and profiles are clear, movements are sharply calibrated, and there is no tumultuous underbelly of motion.

Or is it that simple? The child has too much to learn for it to be that simple. The child we are profiling, a bolus of curiosities, is likely to live out in all directions from his initial curiosities. The analyst in question, the once very little boy on whom these remarks are based, will have no trouble retracing the classically human mind march of his own life, for which in its future any number of curiosities---the obscurities of plant genetics, the eye structure of the frog, oxygen absorption capacities of lichens---established a boldly human lifetime of intersecting curiosities. He has never stopped learning, never stopped wondering why and what he wants to learn.