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Soliloquy

- Christopher R. Moore, Editor

I have enjoyed museums for a number of years now. When I lived in a town with the greatest density and quality of museums in the United States, New York City, I feel I was too young to appreciate and truly enjoy what resources, stimulations, and fulfillments I had at my nearest grasp. What can one expect from a five- or six-year old, with millions of people, alive, bustling about, buildings of diamond and silver shooting like rockets out of the ground, brushing blue onto their topmost edges, yellow taxicabs honking and squealing and squelching, suggestive of a chorus of mechanical sea-lions, their respective drivers yelling foreign verbiage at one another. In such a circumstance, at such an age and attention level, what are flat, static, plexiglass-enclosed pictures and artifacts in large, stuffy monuments to classical architecture? We can see things *moving, speaking, playing, living*. I might see a picture by some Piet Mondrian, or another of his contemporaries; I could think: lines! blocks of color! geometry! looks like what we did in class last thursday! Was it not appreciation, but rather a different appreciation? It matters little, as it did not interest me, to a great degree, as did other things in the fresh air.

Those days are passed. Of course, I do not now have the key to the true wonder of all displayed pieces in all museums, but they certainly do hold a greater fascination factor than they did before. I now flourish within a quality museum. Certainly there are high and low quality museums, just like anything else. We live in a world of value (relative or not, a question for another inquiry), and as with everything else, museums that I've been to fall onto varying regions of the quality spectrum. I am not sure what factors are involved in a crummy gallery of exhibits in comparison to those in a spectacular one; the comparison seems subconscious. Regardless of the quality involved, or perhaps in spite of it, great buildings filled to the brim with artifacts honoring the imagination,

handiwork, and determination of *human beings* instill me with a sense of awe and wonder.

Fundamentally, these show-cases are *interesting* to look at. In an entirely enclosed space, physically small, the entrance easy walking distance from the exit, hundreds upon thousands of creations display themselves for view. Right at my finger-tips reside the tangible culmination of somebody's total life efforts. Each piece has a different background, a different purpose, a different meaning. To see such a plethora, such a melange of *things*, each jam-packed, saturated with significance, is quite the enriching experience. A neat experience it is. Ah, the aesthetic beauty of a French impressionist painting. The force and majesty of marble sculpture. The reminiscence of an history exhibit, in the far wing of the second floor, laden with old manuscripts, peculiar inventions, yellowing photographs. The richness of our creations! Museums allow us to survey them; as we relive an adventure in a story book, we relive our past heritage and culture in our buildings – museums – protectors of the annals of our history.

Whereas aquariums and zoos and natural science exhibits sample the entirety of the ecological Earth (which I also enjoy, though not as much as either an anthropologically-centered site or a self-guided stroll in the wilderness), museums sample the aggregate world of human imagination. Besides becoming or living with an artist, what greater way is there to achieve appreciation of the arts, than to behold a treasury of them?

A particularly interesting genera of museums I've found interest in more recently are the so-called "Museums of Modern Art". In La Jolla, near where I presently live, there is a fine one, a modern (architecturally, and otherwise) building by the sea. It is filled with photographs, paintings, sculptures, and other crafts intended to cross boundaries between all previous attempts at formulating boxes into which to place the various mediums. I find contemplating chalk-boards with eraser marks and water fountains adorning the face, or large photographs of bright green walls, or three-hundred twenty-seven paintings of the same half-full glass of water immensely satisfying. It is a very curious situation: the art's

intention, largely, is to defy traditional conceptions of art, while at the same time, or because of it, remaining and even exemplifying art. In many situations the implied definitions of a type of thing are too rigid; that Nature does not hold things in little compartments, meant to be sorted and categorized. It is exciting (and somewhat absurd) to gather up into one building all the things that yearn to be outside of such buildings. Much fun.

This past March, I received through the post some literature regarding the Museum of Man down in San Diego. The pamphlets were, unfortunately, very vague, consisting solely of directions to Balboa Park, the place in which it resides, and ticket information. Nothing to evince the true content of this treasury of “Man”. I have not yet been down for a visit, and have on occasion considered the implications of such a museum as this one I am told of via first-class mail.

I envision walking up to a large portico, replete with Ionic columns and large flights of stairs to an entrance of three double-doors. Inside, shiny white walls meander in and out of big and little rooms, coming to angles or curves. Track-lighting on the ceiling would throw pools of yellowish-white brightness onto the floor and along parts of the wall. In strategic locations throughout the rooms would be small rectangular plastic plaques with neat black print upon them. Several young men in black suits and several gentle-looking elderly ladies in pastels would stand silently in a corner, preventing any problems, becoming instant docents, pointing out the restrooms.

The proper study of man is man. Therefore, at this said “museum of man”, the exhibits would properly be “human beings”. Certainly mannequins or actors would not do; that would be like displaying prints of Picasso’s works at a Picasso studio. The observers would watch not static, inert elements, but *other observers*. On one of the higher plaques, one would read “View of People Craning Heads Upwards” or something similarly succinct. Near the exit, once people are tired of silence, the exhibit might be named “Sounds and Languages of Various Peoples”. Stairs might provide “Study of Locomotion: Going, Slowing, and

Stopped”. Some rooms might be tiny, for an up-close look; others, motionless, for a still life; a particular one allowing only one individual at a time, to inspire introspection. Varying social attitudes may be noted in varying social climates: in a cafeteria, in dim light, next to a radio. Critically placed artifacts might naturally segregate groups by age, or ethnicity, or gender, or hearing-ability, conducive to study of parts. The *tour-de-force*, the “Mona Lisa” of the Museum, might be a great ballroom of immense size, allowing huge numbers of people in at one time. This room, the spectacle, the genius of the curator, this room would impart a perspective, would show the immensity and diversity and similarity of the constituents of our human race. Oh, it would be vast: vast in size, in width, in depth, in breadth, in poignancy and impulse and all that other good stuff. A truly amazing room for a truly amazing Museum.

Museums. Neat places. They are a worthwhile recipient of your time and three dollars. It gives the ease of use, with some measure of interactivity, which is all-important, as well as nice air-conditioning. Summers are hot. Refresh yourself.

Luscious Purple Rain

- Eric Mayhew

Music Whispering like rain
Soar Beneath the cool blue sea
take me under and show me the way
I need to ask why my road is so smooth
never leave me so
who felt as though
the brain was tried with passion
no day would be as dark
as a rose as pink as my love
dreaming together of the sweet
sweet visions we have of life
thousands of bitter moments
wanting only to think of the beauty we have lived
those times always shining light
through the black shadows
staring at the delicate sky
picturing the most gorgeous place
away from all ugliness you and I see here
letting go of our aches you and I see here
watching the sun fall from above
with a true eternity of love nearby
we watch the whispering words of God
letting us know the sorrows of bliss

Dizzy-Spin

- Peter Bonino

I'm falling
Maybe I'm dying
I've found that perfect light
And I can hear it calling me
Yet dragging my soul
Deeper into it so there is nothing else
Just it and me

I flip and spin in directions unclear
Like haze upon an unlit cobblestone road
Thinking that I'm nowhere
Yet moving the whole time
In a direction, pre-destined
Since the beginning of my life
My hopeless and senseless life
Who would take the time to choose my fate?

Am I lost?
Is losing myself merely my perception?
Maybe I think I'm running in circles
Like wandering through a forest
Have I been here before?
Did I break this branch?
Have I rested upon this tree?
Have I sipped from this creek?

But maybe I'm not repeating
Could it be that it only looks familiar?
And with this familiarity, I can progress
I know not to eat from this bush
I know this path leads me back here
I know not to drink from this stream

I'm not falling
I will survive this
It is merely an innocuous attack
A struggle without battle
A corruption, contained before progression
A lull in the heart of a storm

Do you feel?

- Gary C. Campbell

The brutality of this world severs the body.

Ripping open the flesh for a bacterial torture.

Slowly the burning seeps in through the red numbness where a heart once was.

The pain easily overlooked as your eyes focus on a soft light in the distance.

As the life flows from you onto the ground below for others to lazily pace upon, you realize.

Death is not coming.

Prayers will not interject and end your suffering by taking what life you have left.

You must live with the infected wounds open for passers by to spit upon.

You must live with a constant river of life streaming from the open chest cavity.

You must live with the pain.

And life goes on.

Dream

- Brian Scaccia

I lay down to bed and close my eyes,
the darkness envelops me;
not good nor evil, unfeeling, a shade of gray perhaps.
But not.
It is surely black; no light, no color, no form, no emotion.
But alas I cannot dream as I sleep.
I do not drift into unconsciousness, it hits me,
hard and sudden.
I do not foresee its coming and it overtakes me.
Swimming, it envelops me.
I float in Limbo, the blackness coating me,
filling my eyes, my nose, my ears,
It permeates my being.
But alas I cannot dream as I sleep.
Straining to see through the inky blackness, an image, an idea; anything
but
the dark.
My mind goes empty, no thought, no fear, only the emptiness;
for it is my friend and can never leave me.
The mind numbing repetition of the previous day saps me of my
creativity, my
thought,
my imagination dissolves.
A zombie, the waking dead;
I lay paralyzed until the dawn creeps through my window.
For this I cannot dream as I sleep.

Magnet Poems #1 & #2

- Jamie Spadini

1.

trudge from here, please
you manipulated me these gone days
With your void stare
 smooth coolness
 languid whisper
take my picture, for
I have shot through
I am leaving
I will alight from your black sky
 and sing my own soaring symphony

2.

a thousand delicate winds
play music in the sky
and I, like some drunk girl.
am delirious on, in, over, about
 you in my arms.
together, with your luscious whisper
I dream of chocolate gardens
a soaring picture of eternity
and I, swimming in love, in
 spring, winter, summer and fall
sleep easy, a part of you

For what is deemed eternity
I have dwelt in the common sacred sins
 to which one might aspire
in acquiring those longings that banish sleep
With wakeful, intermittent dreams
that disturbingly reside in morosely conscious hours
 where one fervently wishes
for the deafening silence of final conclusions
Whether to dream or to live
for one who must always be more illusory than the dream
 or touch beguiling hands
and search for the sweet reassuring familiarity
of adoring gazes which grace all
 save I and my shadows' regrets
Holds prison mournful souls for licentious aches
when nothing prescribed should piteously give release
Surrounded by the ethereal butterflies
that light hope in the corners of unconsciousness
 till my lonely, quivering hand
endeavors a caress
and flinches away with violent care
While retching sobs surge tremulously
through the numb aching body
 of which I abide with lamentous grief

A Wand'rer's Dream

- Scott Collins Pickett

In the Dawning of my years
When life was but a waking dream
I often pondered in my heart
Who am I? What do I mean?

Do I walk with purpose here?
What are my footsteps measured by?
Where will my journey take me
When Day is past and Night belies?

I cried—

O Morning, ransom me from gloom!
O Sun, shine forth thy rays of truth!
I'm lost, a wand'rer in the dark
Send forth they light and aid my view!

Alas! Before my eyes did beam
Effulgent rays of light Divine
And poured across the open plain
Spreading o'er the fields of time

I found myself upon a path
Extending back beyond my sight
Before me trav'ling well past Ev'n
Following course beyond the Night

And there I saw in distant view
Upon a noble mountain's dome
A wond'rous City pure and white
With access by the path alone

True and constant, straight and narrow
Running through thick clouds of shadow
Over hills and 'cross deep valleys
Led the path to yonder Morrows
 I wake—
So as I face the coming Day
My feet set fast upon the Path
I take a hope and courage bright
That I might stay the course through Night

And win my soul a place to lie
Within the City 'top the hill
For a moment my feet to rest
And then take on my Journey still

The Leaders of Life

- Ryan W. Foster

Life can deceive you
It swallows and eats you
The things that you always believed to be true
Are things that they said before laughing at you
You try and you try to understand
But people insist on holding your hand
This is real life- they say through their teeth
While their really preparing a funeral wreath
They kill the great leaders
The guides
The believers

You still remember what the great ones said
But their spirit is gone with the good things they did
Yet still you hear-Oh, they were wrong
The papers
The President
All sing the same song
That life was a disgrace to society-
How can you hold him on high like a deity?

But you understood that fallen guide
The things that he said were all on your side
The love that he gave to your family, your friends
Was destroyed on the path that with him begins
But through all of the myths and the lies
You see his path--
So enormous in size
And down it you'll walk till you get to the end

It's there you will find your fallen, lost friend
You will look at him on his high mighty throne
And hear his voice so soft in it's tone

He speaks of a time when all things were good
He tells you of love and about how you should
Remember the times that you had in your life
And still try to live through all the strife
He says to live with an open mind
For love is the greatest part of life that you find
Then he is gone through a mist and haze
And you are sent back to this tortuous maze

The twisting roads of our life combine
And form to him a giant, mortal shrine

No rhyme, no lie: still shit

- Christopher Fraser

Implicit fatalism
 in a lighted birthday candle.
Insistent nag to end all days
 in ethereal smoke.

Implied: deny all wisdom;
 accept all pleas to pay no mind.
No one cares, bad fortune's scarce;
 the hype's got your mind noose-tied.

Who's this fooling; I give in.
 I've hid behind my third's false corpse.
I want to hide from man and mind,
 but tramps are they who have no homes.

Aphorisms

W. James Steck II

Beauty unfolds to those who don't mind holding the stare.
A life of laughter is endowed to those who forget to care.

Extra treasure falls in the laps of child-spirits,
just as random people feel a need to pay with coins and candy children
simply for their unquenchable cuteness.

To inadvertently step on snails is inevitable, however tragic

The thick seemingly unpenetrable gravy dark of midnight
Is no match whatsoever for even the tiniest crack of daylight.

The universe smiles upon the smiling.

Staggered Logs

- W. James Steck II

/The Push

We eat too fast. Always struggling to make the dots connect, the places, faces, spaces fit comfortably into our day-to-day. We are lulled by the warmth of morning sheets, we are seduced by the thought of a loved one (real or imaginary), we are teased by visions of ourselves living our dream atop a mountain side, adrift at sea, afoot in foreign lands, ahead financially as our own boss, aligning changes in the order of the world, aloof in a marvelous new way or living. We metaphysically drool over the things that we'd love to do and the places we'd love to be and yet, we cease to be there. We might stop to consider – “Why?” Why do we postpone the pleasures of the moment, when by doing so, we shake the hands of tomorrow's promise for the same tiring rituals of self-denial? Why are we stopping to consider? Where are we headed to from where to be stopping? Why aren't we happy?

/The Scene

You've driven this road a thousand times before. Sitting as circumstance will commonly find you, at the familiar cross-street traffic light, you absently stare off into the bumper of the car in front of you, waiting, waiting for the okay to go. *Waiting for the okay to go.* Snapping our of it – just what is taking so long? You're going to be late! And then... well, you still have to go to get ... and oh, *you forgot to get the...* which *reminds* you that you really wish you hadn't said that before you left... you know she took that the wrong way.. because ... well, how *couldn't* she, considering... hmmm... well, if you can just do this, *then...* but, **great!**... with this delay you're probably not going to be able to do *any...* AHGH!!TRAFFIC!!

The meat of the day is done. You now find yourself driving again (it seems like you never stop) in automatic zone-out pilot mode, retreatfully zoned out. You diecdie to turn on the radio to break the silence. Yeah! The radio! You love the radio! Oop, a commerical, mmm... well, I wonder what's on...app, another commerical... okay, then how 'out this other stat... ahh! ... another comm... ahh, to hell with the radio! We got cassettes! Oh, yeah! C'mon, that's it! You release an inner chuckle at the revelation. There it is! Turn it up *real* loud. *Real!* Heh..heh!! To have control over something!! Never mind how small. Ahhh.....

– snapping out of it – you recall the things you *still* have to do. The bliss fades and the events to come climb on you like a twenty pound halo, but .. oh well, at least now you have a little space...space, that is, if you leave out the six lanes of inter-weaving traffic. Oh, great move buddy! ... cutting right across just like that! ... ugh, they outta ... wait! ... is that a cop?! ... oh, no! You're going 72 in a 65 ... is that bad enough to get pulled ov ... oh ... it's not a cop .. just looks like one. Whew.

The television is on but nobody is watching it. You collapse down onto the couch and immediately fall into the induced trance of the set just to hear the telephone ring (sigh). Now what?... It's the Honda shop. Looks like the car is going to need a whole new alignment. Yeah, well so do you. A roller-coaster of commercial mini-dramas blankets your conversation, feeding you the idea that a woman's opinion will transcend directly to the style of your pants and that that soap detergent is alive (so buy me). A family member walks in and starts opening cupboards as they sing to themselves. This guy is still talking in your ear through this piece of plastic about the cost of the repairs. The buzz of oncoming traffic and lights is still ringing in your mind. The radio is turned on. Following a preview of an upcoming talk show where KKK members confront the gay coalition of America, the news flashes on the screen. The oven buzzer goes off. The singing family member looks at you curiously. The doorbell rings. The... the frustration boils in your gut... the feeling that

you're becoming schizophrenic... the... the... overwhelming plea to just make it all go away ... swallows you.

/A Look

We live in a brief, constant state of unrest. Seventy years to walk through a days/daze, constantly teetering between an infinite range of projects unfinished, books unread, cereal left uneaten, people whose calls we've failed to return, dogs left un-walked, disagreements unresolved, dreams un-chased, relationships ended uneasily. There is a parade of conflicting inner voices in your head of issues from the past, ambitions for the future, needs to be met today. Caught between them all, you feel insane. And so you go flying.

As you fly over your world, surveying the scene, you see all of these things; the swamp of emotional muck in which a person would have drowned, the stones regrettably left unturned and the ones that you would rather have left lay untouched. Hurt feelings and unfulfilled expectations are littered carelessly all over the plains. A little girl sits by a dried up river wishing, her shoes off, for some moisture to bathe her thirsty toes in. And then there's the hill. Oh man, *the hill!* Ahh... if only you could have the time to see what was on the other side! But the time is just never there, and so the other side of the hill remains a mystery. Puddles have gathered in lowlands from the rain, and the grass below begs for the air. The puddles collected from floods of the past, when they were unable to drain, due to the backed up sewer system that you hadn't had time to fix because of all the other things you needed to tend to. Oh, if only the time was there! And then all the things to do today!! You feel something strange and look behind you to see a huge wall of flooding liquidized concerns pouring onto the landscape, rushfully spilling over the scene, countless reminders screaming at you all at once in the waves, together all resolving into a massive, incomprehensible roar. The puddles are violently engulfed by this thundering mass of oceanic chaos that is too much for the landscape to absorb; needless to say, the little girl is

overwhelmed. The waters rush by underneath you as you do your best to navigate them. As you hurry, to direct the current, you see small glimmering images in the deep. These images tease you with images of possible futures, beautiful scenes of your world working in perfect balance and ease. Sweet, flavorful visions of the other side of the hill are whispered to you by unseen lips, of a grander view of an entire universe, complete and pure, beyond the preoccupation of your personal garden. Oh cruel waters! Who has time with all of this to juggle, to consider the future?!

The day is over in a blink. Exhausted, you measure up the damage. Night is falling, and you fall asleep while still making note of the new, updated debt of things you have to worry about tomorrow to add to the normal routine. The list is just layers upon layers. Sleep entombs you. You welcome the unconscious slumber. In the moonlight, baby puddles from today's flood mingle with ancient puddles dating back to the times when the land was young. Together they sing softly with the wind, weeping gently for their sick, precious host, cradling secretly all of life in their beautiful sorrow.

Snails

- W. James Steck II

Look in their living, breathing eyes and feel their vibration.

Notice their pure thought, the impulse of their perspective.

Put your belly to the ground and look into their eyes and see them for what they are.

They are huge sand beasts in their own world where they are God.

See things through their eyes.

Then on the next morning, in a mindless rush, hurry out your door and crush the monster like a leaf beneath your cumbersome feet. You can mourn all you like, try your voodoo, wish you had those healing powers you've talked so much about, wish you were Jesus, curse the sky, do whatever, it makes no difference.

You are the drive that comes into and goes out of everything and the power that separates the two.

Ryder

- Christopher R. Moore

Restriction. Sometimes I feel that in my life. There are seemingly so many can't-do-this's and oughtn't-do-that's pasted onto daily life. I can't just one day go and rescind my past, my friends, my family, and try a totally new lifestyle, then wipe the slate clean again and have another go-round, and another, etc. We get the ol' *Tabula Rasa* once, for sure, but then, ça y est. There's just not enough flexibility and *time* to do everything I would possibly want to do in my lifetime. Grrr... *lifetime*. Fictional characters, on the other hand, get all the good stuff. They're lucky. They can do whatever they want – try a dozen different careers, jump off burning buildings, establish and destroy relationships at whim; generally, they have nearly absolute freedom (save for pre-established rules of plausibility in fiction writing, but, really, rules schmules...). But, eh, we human beings, those of us cemented to the tarmac of “reality”, at least have imaginations.

My eyes glaze over and rest upon the pages of the book I'm reading; not the words, just the slightly eggie-colored pages, the scratchy parchment. No longer do words or meaning flow into my head; the mental gears are no longer oiled on “literature” and “book” – they've long since slipped over to careless, free-form imagination. I've been reading “Dharma Bums.” Jack Kerouac. Nice stuff – great dialogue, character development, down-to-earth. I've been thinking about my life, as I often do, while I've been reading about the narrator and his friend, Japhy Ryder. Japhy Ryder – fun name. I've been thinking – What am I doing here? Just reading books and sitting in my bedroom, with excitement being a move to the living room. I'm concerned with achieving a “high standard of living,” with nurturing my current friendships, with exploring our fantastic world in all possible ways. Yet, how is sitting in a room with a book going to solve, answer, even address any of these issues. Now this

Japhy guy – yah, he’s got his stuff together. Now, to be him, that’d be super – true, he’s not making seven figures a year; true, he’s not mentioned in People or Money magazine; true, he’s not earning postdoctoral degrees at ivy-league academic institutions. However, he’s H-A-P-P-Y! He does exactly – not more, not less – but exactly what he wants to do. He’s always exploring, geographically, academically, metaphysically, and theologically. His life is fulfilling the definition of life.

Ryder, simply, is a Dharma Bum – one whose purpose in life is to be a “bum.” One who travels to and fro on the slightest impulses, one who supports himself frugally, or not at all. Job? Sure, whenever. Mate? Sure, whoever. Goal? To Be, Now. He has realized the true essence of life, to do what seems (is?) right. He does not concern himself with extraneous issues – no, he doesn’t put up a brick wall between himself and Society, no, he is not naïve or ignorant, but he expends his energy on *personally important* issues and aspects.

I have been trying to find more space on my finite slate. I have been trying to find another color of chalk to join my accustomed stubs. I would still like to be well-respected in my community, learn as much as I can learn, have money to do and see what I’d like, and form friendships that last throughout my days. Perhaps there are just other ways of achieving such goals. For if 20th century life is a car, don’t get pulled along. Be a ryder.

The Sexual State of Human Nature

- Andrew L. Casad

According to Jean Jacques Rousseau's *Social Contract*, which was used as a theoretical basis for the formation of the government of the United States, as well as the French Republic, people willingly abandoned the "state of nature" in order to form the society in which they now live. This thesis for the formation of states, as well as all human society, holds that people voluntarily surrendered certain rights to the state and that, in turn, the state needs to protect these rights and those individuals who surrendered their rights. It is upon this premise that the government of the United States, as well as many other democratic states, was founded. It can be shown, however, that people did not abandon any sort of "state of nature" in order to form society. On the contrary, the social organization of humans is largely a result of our "state of nature," which can be modeled by and compared with non-human primate group behavior, itself largely a result of non-human primate sexual strategies.

In non-human primates, particularly the higher primates, one finds myriad sexual strategies. It is important that one understand these various strategies, which can be grouped into several main types, in order to classify the group behavior that is exhibited in the "state of nature" by each of the non-human primates and, in turn, humans.

As far as sexual strategies are concerned, there are five main types that are found in primates. The first of these is the monogamous pair. The monogamous pair is the least common "state of nature" found in non-human primates and is found, to some degree, in gibbons, indris, titis, sakis, owl monkeys and pottos. The monogamous pair consists of the mating male and female and dependent young. There is ample evidence that young that are dependants of a monogamous pair need not always be progeny of the pair. Some dependent young have been found to be "young males from the neighborhood who left their relatives in favor of a reconstituted family" It is also often the case that mating is not for life,

nor entirely exclusive, in species that demonstrate monogamous pair bonding. A study completed by a University of California at Davis psychologist, William Mason, revealed that the monogamous titi monkeys do not remain together for life, nor are they always faithful to their current mate. Some species of gibbon, however, display what could be termed as long term fidelity and life-long pair bonding within their monogamous pair bonds. All non-human primates that form monogamous pairs live in arboreal settings, such as the familiar gibbon. Most tend to display, therefore, adaptations to life in the trees, such as brachiation. The monogamous pairs tend to be territorial, defending their arboreal settings from and not tolerating other adults of the same species in their territory, since they can not free-range as other primates do. Compared to other breeding structures in primates, monogamous pairs demonstrate minimal sexual dimorphism, meaning that the two sexes are nearly identical in morphology, particularly in body size.

The second type of sexual strategy that is found in primates is a structure composed of several adult males, several adult females, and all dependent young. Macaques, such as the familiar Rhesus monkey, mangabeys, savanna baboons, vervets, chimpanzees, some lemurs, and some spider monkeys make use of this sexual strategy as their “state of nature.” In all species that have multiple adult males and females, tension between males, caused by competition by the males for the females, results. In response to this tension a dominance hierarchy arises to form a social structure. Within this system, also as a result of multiple males competing for multiple females, a process known as dispersal takes place, in which one of the sexes leaves the group. The members of the sex that remain in their natal group, called the philopatric sex, enjoy certain advantages, such as establishing long-term bonds that aid in protection, collection of resources and elevation of status within the social structure. Although there are some exceptions within each species, the multi-male and multi-female groups are mostly composed of groups with females as the philopatric sex, while only chimpanzees display a consistent trend of males as the philopatric sex. The dispersal of the non-philopatric sex, combined with the aforementioned dominance hierarchies, form the basis

of the social structure in this multi-male, multi-female sexual strategy. The main morphological trait that species of this sexual strategy display is swelling of the genital tissue of females during estrus. Found in many species, such as chimpanzees and baboons, these swellings serve as a visual cue to a female's readiness to mate. With this type of sexual strategy, group size would seem to be difficult to control. As is found in savanna baboons and Hanuman langurs, both of which display this type of sexual strategy, however, two competing forces regulate group size. There is competition within the group for sexual partners and food, which results in the dominance hierarchies and tends to reduce the group size. There is also competition with other species, mostly predators, which conversely encourages a large group size to aid in the protection of the group. These two forces balance at different points in different species and even at different places within species, depending upon environmental factors.

The third type of sexual strategy found in primates, and the strategy that is by far the most prevalent "state of nature," is composed of one actively mating adult male, multiple adult females and all dependent young. This type of polygyny is found in gorillas, guenons, patas, some spider monkeys and some pottos. Two striking similarities are found among species that practice polygyny. The first is a marked sexual dimorphism. Males are, on the average, considerably larger than females. Males of the *Gorilla gorilla* species generally weigh 400 pounds, while females generally weigh approximately 200 pounds. Orangutans also display this strong sexual dimorphism of males being roughly twice the size of females. This is an evolutionary development to allow the males to defend their harem of females. The second similarity is that in a polygynous social structure, males, once they reach adulthood must leave the group, much like the dispersion found in the organization with multiple adult males and females. Because only one actively mating adult male is allowed per female group, usually called a troop, there is an excess of males. These males often form a bachelor group of their own that loses and gains members as the members take over or are ejected from various female troops in the area. Note that the troop is, indeed, a female

grouping in polygynous structures. Even though the adult male may display dominance over the females, the females form the stable part of the society, remaining in a nearly permanent association with their relatives. The females also have the ability to accept or reject any new male, by acting as a “gate-keeper” for the male’s sexual desires.

The fourth type of sexual strategies displayed by primates is polyandry. Among non-human primates polyandry is the dominant natural state only in some New World Monkeys, such as marmosets and tamarins. Polyandry, in these species, consists of one female and two adult males and any dependent young. Both of these species, referred to collectively as the callitrichidae family, are considered the most primitive of all monkeys, retaining claws, rather than nails, that ancestral primates are known to have had. The callitrichids also give birth to twins, rather than a single child, as is the normal for all other primates. Because of the presence of two males, the callitrichids are the only known non-human primate species, other than some cases in orangutans, whose males take an active role in child rearing.

The fifth, and final, type of sexual strategy displayed by primates is living a solitary life and coming together only for mating. This is the “state of nature” exhibited by the vast majority of non-primate mammals. This type of solitary lifestyle is used only by nocturnal prosimians, such as aye-ayes, galagos, and lorises, the most primitive of all primates. Since these primates forage for food at night, it is their best interest to keep their group number as small as possible, in order to reduce the threat of detection by predators. There is, however, evidence that some of these prosimians live in groups of two females and their respective offspring, when their offspring are not yet mature. These animals display a retention of the primitive mammalian predilection to olfaction and the production of chemicals that can be detected by members of the opposite sex, to encourage mating.

While it is important to know the sexual patterns of all primates for their own value, their use as models of the human “state of nature” is particularly important. Much research has been done on humans and our ancestors that one can compare with results of similar research on non-

human primates to gain an understanding of human sexual strategies. Many aspects of human sexuality both place humans within the context of the non-human primate sexual strategies, as outlined above. Other traits of humans contrast with non-human primate sexual strategies and are pretty much unique to *Homo sapiens*. One of the most important distinctions, as far as sexual strategies are concerned, is “the evolutionary trend of increasing sexuality from apes to humans.”

There are many biological indicators of the increasing importance of sexuality in humans, when compared to other primates. Some of these indicators are easily measured characteristics, such as the size of testes and penis, in relation to other primates. It is well known that human males have larger testes than all other primates do, although in comparison to chimpanzees, human testes account for a smaller percentage of total body weight. The human penis is also longer and thicker, in relation to overall body size, than that of any other primate. Other factors, while easily observed are not as quantitative. The loss of visible signs of estrus in human females, as a result of bipedalism, serves to increase the sexuality of humans, by requiring that human females be receptive to mating at all times and requiring human males to mate continually, since they do not know precisely when their mating is effective. Humans have also evolved an incredible tactile sensitivity, especially in the hands and the face, where the majority of our sensory nerves are located. This increase in the sensitivity heightens the pleasure associated with sexual activity, thereby intensifying sexuality in humans.

Human sexuality has not only been affected by biological evolution; the natural state of human behavior has also evolved, in this case to encourage sexuality. It has been asserted that “just as evolution favored human beings who were able to stand upright, it favored human beings who felt love.” In this sense, love is a chemical attraction to other members of the same species. Humans are among the most promiscuous of all animals, as are our close relatives, the bonobo. Bonobos are known to copulate “at every turn” and for various reasons: to relieve stress, to create group solidarity, to release excitement, for pleasure and, of course, to reproduce. The fact that humans copulate for reasons other than

reproduction is clearly evident in certain biological traits. As mentioned, human females do not have any outward displays of estrus, nor are they aware (in most cases) of their ovulation, so they are required, in their natural state, to be receptive to sex at any time. Humans also have a very low fertility compared to other primates. The sperm of human males are low in quantity per ejaculate, compared to non-human mammals, and are also about forty percent defective, much higher than any other primate. Human males must deposit this low quantity of defective sperm in the female's vagina, rather than direct into the uterus, which is behind a wall that is only receptive to sperm during ovulation. These factors combine to make fertility in humans very low, as compared to that of other mammals and primates in particular.

The low fertility found in humans is also found in both monogamous and polygynous primates, since the sperm need not compete with that of other males. This would indicate that humans are an evolutionary product of either monogamy or polygyny. Humans display marked sexual dimorphism, with females being approximately 80 percent of the size of males, although this polymorphism seems to have been steadily decreasing over the ages. This sexual dimorphism is similar to that observed in non-human primate species that live in a mildly polygynous society. Male and female members of one early human ancestor, *Australopithecus afarensis*, were once thought to be different species, because of their dramatic sexual dimorphism – females were a mere 64 percent of the size of males. Another difference found between the sexes in humans is the rate of maturation and the life cycle. Males tend to mature later than females, die at a younger age, and be more likely to die, both before and after maturation, than females. All of this evidence suggests the natural state of humans as a “mildly polygynous species that has evolved from a highly polygynous species.”

There is, however, evidence that human nature tends towards monogamy, although monogamy in a different sense than that which society tends to apply. There are several reasons why humans might tend to be monogamous. The first and most overriding reason why humans might tend to be monogamous involves the rearing of highly dependent

young. Human children require a greater parental investment from both parents than any other species' offspring. In non-human primates and in many non-industrialized human societies, the average time that a child is breast-fed and thus entirely dependent upon its mother is four to five years. Non-human primates have a thick coat of hair, to which their young cling while the mother is moving. This thick coat of hair is lost in humans, thus requiring human mothers to be more attentive to carrying their children, lessening the mother's ability to move about and gather food. This natural increase of dependency on males for support has been suggested as another reinforcement of monogamy in humans. Monogamy has also been suggested for a means of ensuring reproductive success in a species that lacks an outward sign of estrus. In this way, humans copulate at all times, in order to ensure that copulation results in a successful conception. This can be increased through mating with only one partner. Mating with one partner in a species that displays no outward signs of estrus also serves to reduce that competition among males, who would be competing at all times for females, thus destroying any group solidarity. Monogamy has therefore been suggested as the trend towards which human sexuality in a "state of nature" is and has been moving.

The monogamy practiced by humans is, however, more of a serial monogamy than a life-long pair bond between two members. In a survey done of societies across the world, both industrialized and aboriginal, only 16 percent claimed to be monogamous, while 84 percent claimed to be polygynous, although only about 10 percent of men in the self-proclaimed polygynous societies have more than one wife. Even within studies of self-proclaimed monogamous cultures, 73 percent of both men and women have admitted to extramarital affairs. Despite this overwhelming evidence that humans are not naturally monogamous, society continues to impose monogamy on its members, in order to reduce tensions within the society.

Because of the serial monogamy practiced by humans and the naturally mildly polygynous "state of nature" of humans, it has been suggested that "our [most recent] ancestors, perhaps as early as 2 million years ago, lived in small groups or unrelated females and several males who might have been related." There is reason to believe that our

ancestors may have practiced polygyny, or a form of serial monogamy, as is found in some primates, such as chimpanzees. In this system males and females form consort bonds for the duration of raising a child, and remain with one another, although not necessarily exclusively, throughout the duration. This fits well with the “four-year itch” psychological phenomena, as the four years of consort would be the approximate time that male and female humans would tend to remain together in a “state of nature.” In this explanation for monogamy, a pair is monogamous only for the sake of child rearing and then is free to move onto the next mate.

Thus, it can be concluded that the “state of nature” once thought to have belonged to humans, that of Jean Jacques Rousseau’s Noble Savage, is clearly one that needs revision, as humans gain more insight into their true “state of nature.” Primate models have served very well to provide this insight, as humans have learned that social organization is, indeed a compromise between individuals, as they compete for resources, of which sex is paramount. Since so much is founded on the human “state of nature” assumed by the philosophers of the past, however, we must careful how much we allow to be affected by our greater knowledge of our past. If humanity were to restructure its entire society based on our knowledge of our past, we would merely be removing the most important element of the past million years of our evolution – culture. We must accept this knowledge of the true state of human nature as explaining certain aspects of human behavior, but not allow this knowledge to shake the very foundations of what has allowed us to reach this state – a state where humans are able to recognize where we came from and how they got there.

[ed. – references available upon request]