

## Some Words About a Speculative Anthropological Essay by Sigmund Freud

In Freud's essay 'Totem and Tabu', 1913, a boldly speculative anthropological hypothesis is construed through the weaving of his then-recently created psychoanalytical concepts.

A primeval horde, like those seen among high primates, e.g., gorillas, and chimpanzees, is dominated by a top male who excludes other males from sharing his females. Until someday younger males unite and collectively defeat and kill their leader (and father of most) to build a new familial and social order. From then on, no more patriarchs like that should exist, thus avoiding that kind of heinous murder, followed by cannibalism, to displace old top males.

On the other hand, that primeval parricide stays in the collective unconscious and gives structure to the typical Oedipus Complex of contemporary human families. Needless to stress its nuclear importance in the constitution of the contemporary human mind, from a Freudian perspective.

In this paper, we present an alternative way to guess on the deepest origins of our Psychic apparatus through the following tale with a mythical-like structure.

## ALEPH



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He was born near a great river crossing a never-ending desert, underneath the shade of a massive baobab tree, not far from the sea. Labor pains were strong, but joy and brightness soon came to the eyes of the female who brought him to life. As a little boy, he used to play through the meadows along that same wide river, running and jumping across the woods, climbing trees, catching and eating all sorts of fruit. He grew a strong, muscular man, and soon all females who met him quickly got hot and horny, and to their desires, Aleph easily

gave himself naive, soft, hot, stalwart, tender.

Soon, they formed a wandering horde: As the only male, he was surrounded by countless females and so many delights.

At first, they walked along those flowing river waters, till a chilly morning on which they arrived at a huge, salted sea of high waves. Scattering so many children, boys and girls, all along the seashore, his group kept wandering towards that distant land from which the rising sun was born. As nomads, they attracted people from all along the way.

On a summer morning, suddenly feeling that aging females no more aroused his desire, Aleph abandoned them. These, however, went on following his footprints on the sand. While doing so, they could look at him, even if only from a distance. They still dreamed incessantly of his eyes.

Thirsty for life, eager for all kinds of ecstasies and wonders, Aleph kept on searching for new lands so much as for hot, desirous bodies. The vagrant horde was growing in number, be it for those at his side, who could still offer themselves to his endless lust, as for the rejected horde, whose daydreamer people continued to follow him.

Aleph was then exchanging, at an increasing rate, aged lovers for youngsters begotten among his same folks. Male and female teens were rapidly seduced to become hot, gentle, vigorous partners of his.

He had no name at all, as neither anyone nor anything there. Their only language was orgies' moaning and screaming.

Thence it came to sunset at which they reached a strange sea, extremely salted. Only stones and rocks did not float on its waters, which seemed to harbor no fish. Little animals were hunted in the rocky surroundings during their stay there along that shore. Until dawn on which they arrived at a river's mouth that carried fresh water into the salty lake. From then on, having easy access to food, Aleph's folks could stop wandering, thus staying there for a long time. In those surroundings, he achieved the highest male strength and beauty.

He used to fall in love with young teen girls as soon as he saw in their eyes the hot and ripe desire, also gently embracing lads when their pretty shoulders were large enough, their chests haired and their thighs brawny. These human beings, generated within horde's females, loved him enraptured.

Several autumns before, the group's most beautiful female had given birth to a boy who soon looked increasingly like Aleph: in his face, in his hair, in his eyes, in his thirst for power. As soon as this boy's first and ardent desire came up, he fucked an enchanting female who could perhaps be the one who had given birth to himself. Facing that same sudden horny, seeing that brawny male so like him, Aleph too became aroused by such a horny teen body.

On that right riverside, close to the too-salted water, amid rocks, took place that

numinous meeting: the boy, the first woman wished by him, and Aleph. All three naked, together touching and kissing one another wildly, experienced the most intense, rocky erections ever. They embraced and entangled their bodies, howling throughout that hot midsummer night.

They would have been able, as two identical males, to keep on living side by side, sharing all those gorgeous lovers. Who could distinguish between them? And for what? This would have been their fate as strong stalwart men, lovers in perpetual orgies: Aleph, a mature male, and that hot, pretty teenager. Despite being two, these would be capable of performing as only one such delightful life, forever wandering towards that mysterious land from which the sun came every morning. Something, however, quite unexpected took place. The possibility of such a strange event arose on one of those orgy nights, right at the end moments of a threesome. Perhaps because of having begotten the youngster within her own body, her desire for him suddenly became more intense. She was then able, for the first time, to differentiate between them. Thereafter, she threw against Aleph all her powerful witchery and gave him a name: "Father".

Because of getting a name, Father, wouldn't anymore be taken for the youngster. The entanglement of their identities, which had gifted them so many ecstatic moments, no longer existed. They still tried, amid the same rocks of that first encounter, to perform a hot threesome as before, trying to repeat by memory the same caresses, kisses,

hugs, hand touches along with all the sexual stuff. Sure, there was fun and joy, but it was quite impossible to achieve the simultaneous rhythm that once had driven them to cry and yell together in unison. Perplexed, they could watch another spell of hers: she named the pleasure climax enjoyed right before with Aleph, "the Past". The other strong orgasm just had with the teen boy, she named "the Future". To that feeling of disturbing boredom and frustration in which the three were a little before sunrise, she named "the Present". Individualized beings from then on, having names and notions concerning a unidirectional time flow, "Son" and "Father", hated each other. Therefore, Aleph expelled Son violently to join the rejected people. She followed him. "Son and Mother", two names just created by her, repelled and unhappy, could still conceive another dimension of time: that of a life that would have been possible if the lovers' trio had not broken up if their threesome love could still be feasible. To this fancied time dimension, absent and unreachable, despite impossible to stop thinking about it, Son and Mother called "Eternity". The explosive, simultaneous orgasm of that trio, impossible to put in words, they named "God". Among the rejected, who could survive only for dreaming and fancying Aleph's eyes, Son was soon effusively admired and wished by everybody. Mother decided to teach all her new group the witchcraft of names and times. Since the enjoyment with Father was "the Past", their condition of rejected, "the Present", the orgasm with Son, "the Future",

and the happiness which could have been—but never did—was “the Eternity”; the rejected group felt enabled to get away from Aleph’s eyes shine. So, they did decide one autumn afternoon when Son spoke to them about “God”, a joy, an indescribable orgasmic climax, impossible even to put in words its richest nuances, in its so sublime and harmonious threesome rhythm. Therefore, it ought to be useless trying to say anything about God’s intensity or even about the veracity of His existence. Nonetheless, while trying to do so for his folks, Son created an exquisite magical set of sounds and rhythms, for everybody’s wonder. Right then, Son was inventing music.

The rejected, a group in which even more names were appearing—bound to all things and sensations—took the route towards the setting sun, carrying from Aleph those lustful days memories, so much as the pains of never seeing his eyes again. Never, not even through the countless generations after, those love meets in threesomes have been forgotten, nor the words Mother gave them to their feelings and sensations: Infinity, Beauty, Past, Eternity, God.