

## INWARD & UPWARD WITH THE ANACHRONISMS

by

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We live in an age which styles itself one of liberation. We should, we are told, free ourselves from sexual taboos, from confining sex roles, from the irrational and outmoded in general. We should do what we want to do, be what we want to be. We should come out of our closets. But there is one closet we may not come out of - the water closet. While it is perfectly acceptable at many tables to discuss the glorious fuck one had the night before, at far fewer may one feel as free to discuss the glorious shit one had that morning. As Freud said to Furtzli, "*Es ist eine lange Fahrt aus den Eingeweiden.*"

The Anachronisms are ready for just such a Fahrt. The core of their work is an unflinching eagerness to confront the dark secrets hidden from us not only by the mysterious inconveniences of our anatomy but also by the inscrutable terrorism we call socialization.

They are ready to peer into the pungent recesses where lurk the truths we would not face. One is reminded in this connection (and in this connection of what might one be more aptly reminded?) of the ancient graffito which invites the seated occupant of a toilet stall to follow a series of arrows which terminate, when he has twisted his head back through a half-circle, in the message "You are now shitting in your right shoe." That is, no matter how much one twists and turns, he cannot face his own anus. This is true metaphorically as well as anatomically.

Now, while the human being is powerless against the limitations of his anatomy, the Anachronisms have realized that he or she is not the slave of metaphor, and they have seized upon this truth to fashion profound insights into the fundament (sic) of our being. By manipulating metaphor, man may master a problem impervious to empirical examination, and the work of the Anachronisms is just such a manipulation of metaphor.

We cannot examine the sun with the naked eye without risking damage to the retina, so we look at the sun through a filter. We cannot examine the cloacal mysteries directly, for fear of upsetting the delicate neurotic equilibrium that is the modern Western European psyche, so we examine them through the metaphorical filter provided by the Anachronisms. With their disarming and entirely illusory air of coarseness and vulgar triviality, , the Anachronisms help us forget that what they are singing about is something which would terrify us into paralysis if we had not been lulled by them into a state where the ego may operate without the intervention of the superego. In other words, the Anachronisms shovel aside the metaphorical shit so that the unfettered ego may roll up its sleeves and dig into the real shit.

So, the choice is yours. It's your ego. And, although the Anachronisms make no promise that it's good shit, it's your shit.