

**ATM SEX**

# Alan Lord

ESSAY SERIES 59



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## ATM SEX

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~~No no no~~. It's not what you're thinking. I don't mean a couple doing it at an ATM machine. Or a spastic-fingering chick humping the machine screeching in ecstasy. Or some guy jerking off, then trying to jam his feverish dong into one of the slots, spluttering jism all over the teeny metal number-keys, groaning and then wiping his cock with a crumpled cash deposit envelope.

Nope, none of that disgusting stuff. I mean, *come on* — whadya think I am? Some kinda disgusting creep or what?

What I'm talking about here is the Real Dilio, dude, the real raw deal, the cold hard cash bills being ejaculated at me one after the other, coming and coming and coming, right into my trembling greedy cash-starved hands. Cash that's as good as or better than or infinitely more satisfying than some crapy old disease-and-guilt vanilla sex hand-me-down job with a complete stranger or some lonesome ready-known schlubb.

Yeah that's right, buddy. I'm talkin' about the real get-down-n'-dirty shit what makes Warren Buffett drool, that still manages to muss up The Donald's hair something freaky. The real McCoy that unfailingly inspires them guns-n'-ho's-bored rapper jive-asses to fling it up in the air in slo mo, as de purple limo rounds da corner, yo. I'm talkin' about "MO'-NAY", as Mistuh King Krabs so eloquently splurts it out eyes a-goggle when gesticulatin' in a sponge bubble frenzy.

'Cause I been standing here hungry as a junky for a whole fucking long-as-the-day-feels FOUR SECONDS, just waiting patiently in front of my HOLY MACHINE for some manna from Heavana. I been standing up stood-up by the Robo-Cash Altar of My Dreams, waiting for it to spill its heavenly greedy greeny contents at me.

And then it happens. Unh! ...

## Kennedy: The Fatal Headwound Years

**GOOD EVENING.** IT happened such a long time ago, yet the memory cannot be left alone to forget John Fitzgerald Kennedy's fateful date with destiny. We thought it would be interesting for you to see the Zapruder film in slow motion once again, so without further ado, let's roll it and wait for the fatal gun shot with expectant glee. For the faint of heart, we will replay the horrible spectacle in all its gruesome detail. Please watch carefully, because it will be at least another week before you get to see this again.

Here's the obligatory footage of the President descending the steps of Air Force One, accompanied by Jackie wearing her eternal cute Chanel suit with pillbox hat. We follow the Kennedys' limousine as it rounds the corner and passes in front of the Texas Book Depository, slowly advancing towards the camera. The President is smiling and waving at the excited crowd. KRAK! The first shot rings out across the grassy knoll .... OH NO LADIES GENTLEMEN ... THE PRESIDENT HAS BEEN HIT BY A LONE ASSASSIN'S BULLET! ... (choke) ... KRAK! NO, IT CAN'T BE ... OH DEAR A SECOND BULLET HAS HIT! ... THE BULLET LOPPED OFF THE TOP OF THE PRESIDENT'S HEAD IN A RED SPATTER LIKE A BUSINESS CRONY GOLFER RIPPING A CLUMP OF GRASS WITH A SWING OF HIS NO. 3 WOOD! THE PRESIDENT HAS SLUMPED ONTO THE FIRST LADY'S PINK DRESS AND SHE'S TRYING TO CLIMB THE HELL OUT OF THE FUCKING MESS AS THE LIMO SPEEDS THE WHOLE SHITLOAD OF RIPPED FLESH, SKULL BITS AND BRAIN JELLY TO THE HOSPITAL ... (choke) ... (sob) ...

That's it for tonight, folks. Next week be sure to tune in to The Violent History Channel for the next chapter in our series ... *Kennedy: the 1000-day countdown to tragedy*

## The Conspiracy Theory Of Everything

**HITLER'S BRAIN IS** still alive and living inside Walt Disney's frozen head that was delivered by Elvis touching down in a UFO in Roswell with his bride Lady Di on Y2K following the Byzantine Kabala inscriptions in the Protocols Of The Elders of Zion and Nostradamus' predictions that show Roosevelt knew about Pearl Harbor but had Jimmy Hoffa contact the Mafia to bump off Marilyn Monroe because Kennedy told her the Apollo moon landings were a scam being prepared in the underground Hollywood soundstage bunkers in Area 51 that normally house the fleet of black helicopters of the secret UN World Government that later flew Bigfoot to Dallas to shoot Kennedy under orders from the Communist Nazis in the CIA who turned around and sold the Contra rifles back to the Iranian ayatollahs who then re-sold them to Israel thereby financing their stockpile of thermonukes some of which they just handed over to Pakistan in return for Hillary Clinton laundering their Cali Cartel cocaine income through her Whitewater scam thereby pissing off New York's Jews who didn't show up for work in the World Trade Center on September 11 because they knew the Watergate cover-up was all about exposing the fact that AIDS is in fact a strand of DNA that was snipped by Dr. Mengele from the tip of the Loch Ness monster's tail they found at the bottom of John Kerry's Swift Boat right next to the USB key the Team 6 Navy Seals picked up in Bin Laden's Abbottabad hideout on which they discovered a pdf copy of Obama's Kenyan birth certificate.

## No Man's Heaven

---

AIN'T NOTHIN' UP here. Nope, zilch. You thought there'd be somethin', well I'm tellin' you there ain't *nothin'* up here. No pearly gates, no angels, no floatin' cotton candy clouds, no happy souls, no God, nothin'. It's just a real *No Man's Heaven* up here.

Disappointed? You bet. Me too. Why, I don't know exactly what the hell I was expectin'. Maybe some kinda fruity New Age misty light, or at least a horde of hollerin' bearded Islamists on horseback swingin' sabers over their heads, but I sure wasn't expectin' *nothin'*.

Hey, willya take a look around at this here joint? There's nothin' for miles upon miles! It's just empty — a great big indescribable blank! Not even a rock, a tin can, a rubber band, or the tiniest scrap of paper.

*Sheesh ...* I mean, I had to die for *this*?

## What's Your NEG-O-IQ?

---

YOU'VE ALWAYS SECRETLY yearned to know your IQ, but were afraid to actually go through with it, for fear of embarrassment in front of others. Hey, that's normal. Well, here is some good news for you: Now you can do it in the privacy and comfort of your own home, where life goes on even if you *do* turn out to be irremediably stupid. Thanks to a revolutionary method, which consists of inverting the counting process, you can now easily determine your own negative IQ, or "NEG-O-IQ". How does it work? It's simple.

You start off with a clean slate — a generous IQ of 250, because let's face it — you're a genius like everybody else. Then we take that score and whittle it down the following way for each category:

- 1) FINGER RINGS: Minus 25 points per ring on your fingers, apart from the one that's allowed (marriage or frat ring, etc.).
- 2) EARRINGS: Minus 30 points per earring over the nominal pair allowed (women only).
- 3) BRACELETS: Minus 5 points per bracelet for a woman wearing more than one, and minus 100 points per bracelet for a man. Minus 10 points per decibel of noise from jangling of bracelets.
- 4) NOSE RINGS: Minus 50 points per nose ring. Period. both sexes.
- 5) FEATHERS: Minus 35 points per feather (for non-natives).
- 6) TATTOOS: Minus 30 points per square inch of body covered (again, for non-natives).
- 7) SCARS: Minus 50 points per linear inch for "natural" scars gained through fighting, motorcycle wipe-outs or other stupid accidents, and 100 points for self-induced "Ritual" scars. (ditto).

- 8) OTHER: Minus 50 points per gold or silver tooth, and minus 100 points per jewel encrusted in a tooth, belly-button, or (yeesh) nostril.

How does this work out in practical terms? Here's an example: Let's determine the NEG-O-IQ for Icky Ackey, that high society dropout who's now a furiously anti-you-name-it Palestinian-American lesbo-feminist scatological S&M screeching body-maiming performance video artist living in Brooklyn Heights in a schizo-anarchist graffiti-weighted tent commune. Let's run through each category, then sum up the calculations:

- 1) FINGER RINGS: She's got two on each pinkie, one on each index finger, and one on her left thumb, for a total of seven finger rings. Minus the one allowed, that's  $6 \times -25 = -150$ . Not bad.
- 2) EARRINGS: She's got five rings on her left earlobe and eleven on the right one. Discounting the allowed pair, this gives an astounding ...  $14 \times -30 = -420$ . Wow!
- 3) BRACELETS: She's got one huge copper cylinder taking up five inches of her right wrist. Size doesn't matter here — it still counts for that one allowed bracelet. Fair enough. But on her other wrist we find a jangling cacophony of no less than 28 multicoloured bracelets, giving us  $28 \times -5$  plus  $-10 \times 35$  db =  $-490$ . Amazing, no?
- 4) NOSE RINGS: Not too many points to be gotten here. She only has two rings in one nostril and three in the other. Oh well. That still gives us a sizable ...  $-50 \times 5 = -250$  points.
- 5) FEATHERS: A purple-green feather through each earlobe:  $-70$ .
- 6) TATTOOS: Now here's where Icky Ackey has a big plus. Er, minus. She's got tiny spiders tattooed in the web space between her fingers. Subtotal: 2.53 square inches. There's also a snake tattooed along her leg slithering up to her crotch, and a huge bald eagle (with mohawk) on her left shoulder, also with a

tattoo on its shoulder, for a subtotal of 176.4 square inches. That gives us  $2.53 \times -5$  plus  $176.4 \times -5 = -895$ . The "tattoo within a tattoo" doesn't count. But that still means that even when completely naked, Icky Ackey's radiating enough negative particles to sustain half of her neighbourhood's fellow gothic necropunks' brooding for a year.

- 7) SCARS: There's that old three-inch knife-wound scar across her belly dating from the old Max's Kansas City backroom days when she refused to pass on a bong filled with angeldust-sprinkled Jamaican tops, and three half-inch "Gen-Yo-Wine Affican Shay-Man Magick Ceremoanial Scars" she had carved into her cheeks during Harlem's Honorary African American Week "Lez B. Frenz Black Gurl Meat White Gurl" block party ... Where was I? Oh yeah, that's  $1 \times 3 \times -50$  plus  $2 \times 3 \times 1 \times -100 = -750$ .
- 8) OTHER: Icky's hermaphrodite girlfriend is saving up to have an emerald encrusted in a front tooth for her birthday, but *we don't know that*, right? Ssssh! No points here yet.

Okay, now it's time to add up the tally.

To recap, that's: 250 Basic Genius Points, minus:

- 1) FINGER RINGS: . . . . . -150 Points.
- 2) EARRINGS: . . . . . -420 Points.
- 3) BRACELETS: . . . . . -490 Points.
- 4) NOSE RINGS: . . . . . -250 Points.
- 5) FEATHERS: . . . . . -70 Points.
- 6) TATTOOS: . . . . . -895 Points.
- 7) SCARS: . . . . . -750 Points.
- 8) OTHER: . . . . . 0 Points.

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Total: . . . . . -3025 Points.

Which means that Icky Ackey's Grand NEG-O-IQ Total is:  $250 - 3025 = -2775$  Points ... Man, what a real Neg-O-Genius!

## ATM Comfort

---

SEX ISN'T THE only thing, you know. There's also *companionship*. That's also important. When abroad, nothing reassures the weary — even sometimes *panicked* — traveller, more than the familiar sight of an ATM machine. Personally, when I'm in the countryside, or feel that I'm far from the nearest ATM, I get all antsy.

In Europe, there are ATM's everywhere, like back home. But in Latin America? Better theenk ahead, Señor Gringo!

"Donde está el cajero automático?" I anxiously ask a local campesino.

"Por allá caballero," he indicates with a skinny, trembling, sun-burnt finger, "allá esta el Banco Nacional!"

Phew. Well *that* was close. Better take out \$250, 'cause who knows when will be the next time I can slip it in.

Back home, there's an ATM at my corner convenience store. I can order a pizza by phone completely penniless, go get my money and be back in time for the old pizza delivery guy who should be at home living comfortably offa his retirement income, but ... well, *whatever*.

But an ATM at the corner of my street? Man, *that's* Civilization!

Just imagine — centuries from now, some anthropological robot will be hacking at vines with a machete, clearing away the tangled growth around what looks like some sort of ancient altar, wipe the crusty grime off the keypad, and sit there hovering, completely puzzled by the faded hieroglyphics ...



## Yank Out Your Earbuds, Baby

---

HEY ALL YOU people, hey all you people, I just wrote a fabulous brand-new song! It's called "Yank Out Your Earbuds, Baby", and it goes like this:

Yank Out Your Earbuds, Baby  
I'm talkin' to you  
Yank Out Your Earbuds, Baby  
Your cell phone's ringing  
Yank Out Your Earbuds, Baby  
Your money's sticking out  
Of the ATM

Yank Out Your Earbuds, Baby  
Your baby daughter's crying  
Yank Out Your Earbuds, Baby  
The laptop needs your attention  
Yank Out Your Earbuds, Baby  
Greet your new friend on MySpace

Yank Out Your Earbuds, Baby  
A truck's heading your way  
Yank Out Your Earbuds, Baby  
You fucking iPod zombie

Cool, huh? I think the hip sheepsters are gonna love it. I'll make millions! Or at least, they'll download millions of MP3's of it. As long as it's free. I'll set up a *Facebook* page and say, "Oh, I wanted it to be available for free anyway. Like air, music should be free. I'm just giving mine away. Enjoy."

## Exercises in Futility

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**NOTE TO READER:** The Author, being a totally useless Lazy Sod, requires you to read the following piece THREE TIMES, each time substituting the corresponding terms A, B and C as follows:

1. (A) Jazz drummer (B) Jazz (C) Buddy Rich
2. (A) Poet (B) Poetry (C) Allen Ginsberg
3. (A) Playwright (B) Theatre (C) Samuel Beckett

I keep awake at nights, pondering the fate of the (A). In our too-modern world, the (A) is a much-neglected practitioner of a much-neglected art. Sure, I know you're thinking, "Who the fuck gives a shit about (B) anymore?"

I hear you. I realize that the art form itself has been in a steady decline ever since (C) last established a peak in the art form. Yet we all personally know a (A) or two. So what, may I ask, do you tell these people? When they confront you with the discouragement they're up against on a daily basis, what advice do you have to give them? That they should maybe consider taking up plumbing instead? Or will you smile and kindly continue leading them on cruelly, assuring them that they're NOT wasting their time, all the while knowing full well that their stubborn exercise of the pointless profession they chose is an exercise in futility that can only bring them eternal misery?

You be the judge. After all, it's *your* conscience.

## The Arcade Farter

---

I LOVE FARTING in an arcade. In an arcade, no one can hear you. I love to let slip a silent killer, and move off to watch the reaction from afar. As my latest creation wafts across their nostrils, the kids frown and make sour "pew!" and "wtf!" faces at each other.

HA! I love that! Then they often start accusing each other unwittingly: "Ee-yew!! Jimmy farted!" ... "No, I swear, it was Dave ... AGAIN!!"

I often do a quick step across an arcade aisle, making sure I distribute my ghastly smell-o-phonical symphonies equitably to the pimply masses. I never stop to actually play any arcade games, and try not to be noticed by the Change attendant. That's the hard part, because I'm fairly older than the average arcade patron. I don't stick around too long either, or else I'd attract attention as some kinda chicken hawk or sumpin'.

I'm a serious fartist. In fact I'm a *great* fartist. I take my farting very seriously. The arcade thing is just a hobby. In reality, I'm a world-famous Concert Fartist. My farts have been described as "anthemic". Yes I admit, there is much emotion in my farts. People are often seen crying at my concerts. Because I fart *with passion*. You can see it in my face on stage, when I close my eyes to fart. Sometimes my facial muscles sqwunch up together in ecstatic mystical pain, like the Pietà. Some fart critics say I'm just an overrated pretentious twat. Well my adoring sheepster fans don't buy that!

I heard there's a band out there called "Arcade Fire". Well, I don't know anything about that. Apparently the singer is some sort of a church freak. So you got pews in that too. There's the connection, I guess. *If you're looking for one.*

I'm with you Armani! I'm with you Versace!  
 In cool shangri-las of blessed capitalist nirvana!  
 And praise the shopping hordes  
 Of deep naïve parental-pocketed  
 Tooth-braced, zit-festooned  
 Tween youths of yawning boredom  
 Lined up in shiny grateful rows  
 Bowing before the One True God  
 Etched on pyramid-eye'd leaves of green  
 Vomited forth in buckets out the narrow slits  
 Of those golden altars of immortal hallowed dough!

## about the author

---

Alan Lord is a bilingual writer, musician, songwriter, civil/structural engineer, and was also a cutting-edge arts curator throughout the 1980s. He has lived in Paris, Santiago (Chile), Ottawa, and Toronto. He is currently living in Montreal, managing a team of 18 engineers and technicians at a major civil engineering firm. His wife Caroline Schütze is a conference interpreter (English, French, German, Spanish) and has also translated books by *Jean Baudrillard* and *Heiner Müller*. They have a nine-year-old son, Nico Lord-Schütze.

**LITERATURE:** Alan was part of a trio that wrote for the satirical web site Big Fib, from which the book *Best of Big Fib 2005* was published. He also published the book of Pop Art poetry *Silver Amusements* (1983), and *États Limites* (1986), a book of poetry in French. Poems and articles appeared in several magazines such as *Rampike*, *The Montreal Mirror*, *Dreamworks*, *New York Cover* and *Artcom*. He performed several readings of his work, even once sharing the stage with *Allen Ginsberg*, among other luminaries.

**MUSIC:** A prominent figure of the Montreal punk/new wave scene from 1978 to 1980, he opened for *The Ramones* and the *B-52's* and is featured in the documentary film *MTL Punk* (2011). From 1986 to 1990 he was key member of Montreal's legendary agitrock band *Vent du Mont Schärr*, that influenced generations of Quebec rock bands. In 1996 his song *Bonyeu* became a number one hit for *Les Co-Locs*, was featured on countless CD's and DVD's, still gets regular airplay on radio and TV, and has in effect become part of Quebec's cultural heritage. He is currently fronting *Alan Lord & The Falling Men*, whose CD *Reality Burger* is available on-line; clips from live shows can be seen on YouTube.

**ART:** Throughout the 1980s he pioneered the use of computers in poetry and the arts, participated in Neoist happenings, and curated poetry and art shows in both New York and Montreal, notably the *Ultimatum* series of festivals, which showcased hundreds of cutting-edge poets, musicians and artists from across North America including *Kathy Acker*, *John Giorno*, *Herbert Huncke* and *Chris Kraus*. Lastly, in 1989 he helped curate a show of William Burroughs' *Shotgun Paintings* in Montreal, during which he held the *Hommage à Burroughs* event in his honour.

**ENGINEERING:** Major civil works include the *Montreal Biodôme* (for which he received an award from future mayor *Pierre Bourque*), as well as several bridges and buildings in the Montreal area, including the *Roche Bobois* building downtown.

---

*ATM SEX* is a furious collection of satirical sketches and fearless social commentary that manages to skewer everyone and everything under the sun, often employing the absurd lingo of advertising. It makes fun of the doomed dysfunctional interplay between the sexes, and kicks the ass of our crackpot lifestyles, hysterical consumerism, and overreliance on technogeekery and media-drooling, which are supposed to solve our pathetic lives dominated by tragic consumerism, arrogant gadget-diddling, and rampant narcissism. In Alan Lord, we have finally found an unapologetic un-Canadian over-the-topper, willing to throttle the myriad squawkboxes of our out-of-control dumbed-down zeitgeist.

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## about *ATM SEX*:

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Life is too short to miss Alan Lord's satiric *ATM SEX*! This writing is refreshingly offensive, painfully funny, and excruciatingly honest. These "too short stories" skewer present day absurdities involving sex, death, finance, politics, terrorism, fitness, labour, conspiracy theories, and erratic bodily functions, all in a no-holds-barred rant, exposing the painful truths of our warped world. Read it and take a clear-eyed gander at the pointless absurdities of existence. You'll laugh through your tears!

— Karl Jirgens (Editor, *Rampike* magazine)

I started reading Alan Lord's *ATM SEX* thinking: "I don't have time for this! I'm very important. I have various processed carcinogenic foods to microwave and various groundbreaking porn videos to watch. Who has time for *reading*? What is this, the 1800's?" Then I read the entire tome without even pausing for a warm plate of cheese-flavoured beef paste. It turns out that Alan Lord's too-short stories are just right in every way. They're too short, too funny, too manic, and too offensive ... which to my mind, means they're fucking brilliant. Ever had a psychotic, always-hysterical friend who stopped taking his meds? Read *ATM SEX* and you'll feel like you do! And what more can one ask from this book? Where else can one turn to learn how to blow up a bank *AND* where to find the best photos of tits and Nazis? Huh? Where? You tell me!

— Lee Camp (Comedian, *Huffington Post*)

I've been reading and re-reading *ATM SEX*, and it's so fucking brilliant! It's so fucking hard to put into words how deeply passionate I feel about the writing/satire and how great it is ...

— Lisa Blaushild (Author, *Up Is Up, But So Is Down*)

Other books by the author:

*The Big Fib Book of Bollocks* (2005)

*États Limites* (1986)

*Silver Amusements* (1983)