

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE  
ALL FILE ON THE SLUSH LIFE → GLUE



# GLUE GLUE



A story about a **man** trying to find himself after his parents come back to life.

And then, he witnesses a gay-bashing.

And then, he suffers a catastrophic stroke.

And then →

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press play  
press play



GAY BAR  
GAY BAR

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GAY BAR  
GAY BAR



Cooper escaped the fast-paced decadence of South Beach in Miami. He landed in Vancouver and strolled into the Fountainhead Pub located at the gateway to Vancouver's vibrant gay village. *He was hired on the spot.* Ever since, Cooper has *literally* been stirring the drink at the Fountainhead.

Cooper is of Sicilian descent. He left his own personal misery and heartache in the oppressive humidity of South Florida, a story much more significant than most, a tale he keeps close to his heart.

The Fountainhead is non-descript. Its décor, although welcoming, is dated, even after being remodelled several times. The patrons are a colourful mixture spanning every spectrum of sexuality.

*The Fountainhead welcomes everyone.*

The first time I entered the Fountainhead was in 2005. I pulled up stakes at the bar beside the server's station on a Friday night. The bar was abuzz. The first person I met was Cooper.

When Cooper found out I'm a writer, he dropped a stern warning on me.

*If you ever use my real name in your writing, my family will track you down and deliver you a world of pain.*

*Seriously, Cooper?*

*Seriously.*

Cooper is not Cooper's real name.

I started bellying up to the bar a couple times per week, after meeting Cooper. One night, Cooper doing what any excellent bartender does, turned me from casual to trapped regular.

*Lindsay, why don't you move down here. To the end of the bar. And meet some of the regulars.*

I reluctantly moved down into the confines of the general population.

GAY BAR  
GAY BAR

**BERT**  
BERT

Sat on his stool screaming at the television screen because he was distraught by Mark Messier being inducted into the Hockey Hall of Fame.

**HE'S A FUCKING BUM. HE DOESN'T DESERVE THIS HONOUR.**

*Wow, Bert, you need to calm down.*

*Fuck you, Lindsay. Do you want to step outside and settle this?*

General Population was going to be peculiar.

Over the years, I got to know Bert better. He worked as an assistant in a medical clinic. He drank daily. He often tried to drink for free. With every beer nearing the last sip, he'd grab the bartender's attention.

*Hey, my pint glass is chipped, I could've cut myself.*

He did this every drink.

Eventually, Bert was fired from his job.

He found a position selling \$3,000 enemas.

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He hated Olympic swimmers wearing swimsuits and hated women being in the Olympics.

*The new swimsuits the swimmers wear should be banned.*

*Swimmers are meant to be in the nude.*

*And women shouldn't be allowed to fucking participate.*

*The Olympics are not supposed to include females.*

*Calm down, Bert. Howie said.*

*Howie, be careful unless you want to fight.*

**HOWIE**  
HOWIE

Stands 6' 5."

He lived in a motorhome down by the ocean. Howie wasn't ashamed to tell people he likes things in his ass. Howie's straight.

**MORE BERT**  
MORE BERT

He asked a friend for a loan once because, allegedly, his cat attempted to fly. The story

goes, his furry friend jumped out of his twenty-seventh-floor apartment, breaking its demise by slamming into the building's glass awning. His kitty survived unscathed.

The alleged damage to the building was \$2,700.

The building manager demanded payment. So, Bert asked a friend for a loan.

Kitty supposedly lost a life without even acquiring a limp.

Bert was fired from the enema gig.

He attended an orphans Christmas at my home, and upon departure, he had a small request.

*Lindsay, do you mind if I take all the left-over booze with me?*

Bert was robbed on a near-weekly basis.

*I took a straight man home.*

*He punched me in the face.*

*He stole \$100 from me.*

*Fuck, my rent money was on my dresser. I think the landlord let himself in and took it. So, now I need to borrow money to pay him.*

## PREACHER BOY (GARY) PREACHER BOY (GARY)

*How y'all doing?*

Preacher boy's favourite word is cock.

Gary hails from Tennessee and sports several master's degrees.

Gary is delightfully odd.

*Should I go talk to the hot guy?*

A weird question. But okay.

He doesn't sit on life's sidelines. Instead, he tends to jump onto life's playing field with blinders on. Others often judge him from the sideline. I've, from time to time, unfairly bullied him.

Being lightyears away from Tennessee allows him the luxury of being himself.

## FULL STOP

When I first penned this chapter many years ago, I loved it. During this revision process, I realized the contents were compelling but the writing – yeah, not as lovable as I once thought it to be.

So, I revised...revised...revised.

Maybe this is the final version; perhaps it's not.

### MORE GARY: 17 JANUARY 2009

Ring. Ring. Ring.

*Lindsay, you made it onto Craigslist missed connections for a second time. Do you want to meet up for a drink?*

### LINDSAY FROM FOUNTAINHEAD ON DAVIE: M4M

On Tuesday night, 13-Jan, we had a friendly chat at the bar at Fountainhead. Just wanted to say that I enjoyed your company. Meant to wish you good luck in your meeting with the Sundance Festival director. If you are reading this...give a reply...and to be sure that you are the respondent, what did I misplace? (afterward, did find it at the bookstore)?

Best wishes, Brian

### I MEET WITH GARY

*Fuck, Gary, I need to avoid talking to people. Every time it turns into me being called exciting; I need to swipe a hand off my leg. Fan-fucking-tastic. He used my name.*

### BILL MURRAY + RVJ + ROD

Approximately three-hundred days per year, this crew performs dinner theatre *sans the dinner*.

Bill Murray isn't really Bill Murray. He just sort-of, looks like him. Not really.

RVJ is an ex-bike-courier who loves music + the alternative scene.

Rod is a short succubus who believes friendships are meant to be challenged.

**ACTION**  
ACTION

Drink. Drink. Drink.

*RVJ, you're a whore. A user. You're cock stinks.*

Mr. Murray paces in a circle and stirs the pot.

*RVJ you are –*

Fifteen minutes later, the performance ends, and they are asked to leave.

*Gary, that was the worst they've ever been. It's probably the last performance. If it wasn't so brilliant, it would be embarrassing.*

**THE NEXT DAY: ACTION**  
THE NEXT DAY: ACTION

**2G**  
2G

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**LIVING IN THE PAST MAN + THE PAPER BOY + MR. INHERITANCE +  
OLYMPIC ATHLETE MYSTERY INJURY MAN**

*You should have seen me twenty-years ago. I was hot!*

*I used to place-kick in the NFL.*

*My sister was a golfer on the LPGA tour.*

*I had to give up tennis because I couldn't find a left-handed racket.*

*Don't worry about your two-year-old godson having open heart surgery; my brother invented the surgery; it's minor.*

*I was drafted to play major league baseball.*

*You know, at the hospital, they diagnosed me with a rare condition only Olympic athletes are inflicted with (gout).*

*I used to date a Toronto Argonaut quarterback.*

*My brother was a supermodel.*

*You know what it is, Lindsay; my bathtub is much larger and extended than yours.*

*I used...My brother...I invented –*

**Fascinating.**  
FASCINATING

I started to despise him. Then one day a month after his mother died, he boasted about the inheritance. He was showing people his bank deposit. I didn't understand. But –

*Hey, 2G, are you okay?*

We hugged. I became fascinated by the creative license he was scripting into his life from that day forward.

*What if everything he's said is true?*

*What if?*

## LYN LYN

She ran the neighbourhood Business Association.

Her life had been challenging.

She clawed her way out of despair – only to become inflicted with a need to mother those who were falling.

Many of those she lifted viewed her as nothing more than a wallet.

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## HARRY HARRY

### Harry

Harry's more caricature than human. Harry is about 5' 8" with a hardened pot belly. However, Harry lives more significantly than life. Not that it matters, he's straight. His sister is a lesbian (?) Together they run a trucking company.

*Do you know what the perfect weekend is, Lindsay? I grab an 8-ball of cocaine. A couple of dozen peach coolers. I order a whack of porn. Do some blow. Then, whack off until Monday.*

*Hey, Billy Joel (a bartender named Joel), the drinks are flowing like mud around here, bringing me Three China Whites.*

*I've invented the Suckatron-9000. You attach it to your cock, and it sucks you until you explode. Once I get the patent approved, I will become a billionaire.*

## DARREN + JOANNE DARREN + JOANNE

They became the pub's resident straight couple after they stumbled into the pub and won a television.

We became good friends.

Darren is a friend to most.

Darren often brought in a collection of straight (?) friends who seemed fascinated to be in a gay-friendly environment.

*Hey, Meat, did I see you hanging around the Hudson Bay washrooms on the sixth floor?*

Joanne suffered major hip issues, which required major surgery.

Joanne worked nobly with autistic children.

Darren is a paint technician in the autobody industry.

## TOBY TOBY

A truck driving lesbian.

The first time I met her, I was drowning in misery. She talked to me for hours. She claims her family are Greek shipping tycoons. At the end of our one-way conversation, she left me with a little nugget of advice.

*If you ever tell anyone a word about what I just told you, I will kill you.*

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Fortunately, I wasn't listening.

## CASINO TIM (FORMERLY KNOWN AS CASINO TIM. NOW: TWO-STRIPES) CASINO TIM (FORMERLY KNOWN AS CASINO TIM. NOW: TWO-STRIPES)

He likes cocaine and has a proclivity for Asian men.

He likes to boast.

*The trip we're taking to Europe for three weeks, you know how much it's costing; \$75,000.*

*My brother is a billionaire.*

He's partnered but on the prowl.

He's had several heart attacks.

He likes cocaine.

## RITCHIE RITCHIE

A gregarious kind man who always sported a smile. He loved life. He loved people,

always offering encouragement to anyone in need. He once dropped a bottle of poppers onto the floor of the pub. It shattered. The fumes —

## CAMERON CAMERON

Fate forced him to navigate life with a pair of walking sticks and a motorized cart after being blasted through the air while being electrocuted in an industrial accident.

He is one of the kindest men I've met. He accepted destiny without a hint of bitterness.

He has nine-children.

## VALERIE VALERIE

She's French. Deaf. Annoying.

Valerie happens to be a writer trapped in the blocks of creation.

Valerie is hopelessly in love with a gay contractor named Tim.

She frequents the Fountainhead sporting a beret, a writing beret, which defines her.

She's aggressive.

99 *Lindsay, read this book.*

*I'm not interested.*

*Read it. You should. Why won't you? The writer's Canadian. Read it. Read it. Read it.*

*No.*

*He writes like you.*

*I don't care.*

*Read the fucking book.*

*No.*

*Read —*

Her voice happens to be broken.

## MORE GARY: 17 JANUARY 2009 MORE GARY: 17 JANUARY 2009

*I wish he hadn't used my name.*

GARY KNOWS ALMOST EVERYTHING ABOUT MY FAMILY

DAY MORPHED INTO NIGHT

*Lindsay, I think you need to find out who your real father is? It's important.*

*I know.*

*Could Sadie help? What about Brian?*

*I don't think so. They lived with the lie for a long time. They seem to have erased me from their lives.*

*Maybe Justin could provide you with the Picture Butte Hotel guest list. You should ask him?*

*I don't know if those records still exist. It's horrifying; I think I may have had a relationship with my sister Corrie for three-years without knowing she was my sister. If I did, I'd be okay. I'm not so sure Corrie or her husband Vern would be?*

Gary laughed.

*If that were the case, the movie industry would be banging down your door.*

*It's not likely to be the case. But who knows? I hope my father is wealthy beyond belief. What if my "dad" was really my dad?*

*Lindsay, what if Corrie's father was the same as yours?*

*Jesus, what if her mother and father were the same as mine?*

*Lindsay, I thought there might be a possibility of your 'father being your father.'*

*Maybe you could find something with his DNA on it.*

*I do have an old watch of his.*

The drink turns into a drunk.

*Gary, I think I need to visit my dying mother. I think I need to introduce myself as her son. I need to cry. I need to let her off the hook. I need to forgive her.*

PAUSE

*I'm just not sure how to do that.*

## WHO IS LINDSAY WINCHERAUK?

Lindsay Wincherauk is a fearless writer. He has published two books and has had more than eighteen OPEDs appear in major commuter newspapers. Lindsay wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father (who wasn't his father) worked as a mechanic. His mother (who wasn't his mother) worked as an excellent chef in a diner. In fact, his birth was in a secret place where | society deemed | unfit mothers were sent to give birth in isolation – shading families from shame. If the babies survived being born, usually, they were sold to wealthy Americans or adopted out to farm families.

*Lindsay's life began with a lie.*

Despite Lindsay's perilous beginnings, starting with deception, Lindsay knew no better and went through life excelling at things, usually in two-year stints. Be that athletics (hall of fame, record holding, one-eyed quarterback), scholastically, career-wise (generating more than \$70 million in revenue for one company), socially, + without question: creatively!

Lindsay's challenging beginning instilled in Lindsay heaping doses of compassion and empathy. Lindsay's life starting out as a lie gave him a keen sense to spot BS from miles away. It also provided him with a dry sense of humour and an understanding those born with silver spoons in their mouths will never be self-aware enough to understand (or admit) their good fortune.

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During Lindsay's work career, he was well-liked by all coworkers. Lindsay was also well respected by his diverse collection of clients, developing several fantastic friendships, primarily because Lindsay is known for his unflinching integrity and ability to hold conversations on most topics.

Lindsay's life mantra is:

*The most valuable part of life is the fabulous people we meet during our journeys. If you treat people with respect (leaving judgment at the door), and more importantly, by opening doors for those less fortunate or who can't speak up for themselves, you are living a good, compassionate life. Making money at all costs is not the only thing mattering. Life can be difficult + devastatingly unfair.*

*Lindsay believes sharing vulnerability is what makes us human. Lindsay will never shy away from being honest about his pain.*

*Lindsay also believes we must stand up for ourselves, + more importantly, for those who are too burdened by the injustices of life, they can't find the strength to stand up for themselves.*

SOME THINGS LINDSAY IS MOST PROUD OF ARE WHEN:  
SOME THINGS LINDSAY IS MOST PROUD OF ARE WHEN:

- A sixty-year-old employee of his, who had entered a point of life where life had become more struggle than joy (it happens to all of us as we age), said to Lindsay, “I must thank you. I’ve listened to how you treat people, + by listening, I’ve learned so much about compassion and patience. Thank you. I consider you a great friend.”
- Another employee who was struggling with addiction thanked Lindsay for his kindness, presenting Lindsay with a Christmas card from him and his girlfriend. Tucked inside the card: lottery tickets.

*LINDSAY WINCHERAUK, compassionate, empathetic, well-read, kind, blessed with unflinching integrity, humour in balance, loved by coworkers + friends alike.*

Lindsay will always stick up for the underdog. Lindsay understands there are countless older people suffering job loss because COVID gave some companies an opportunity to – Lindsay thinks it is essential to draw attention to this life-threatening issue by being the voice for those too broken to speak up for themselves.

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Lindsay is currently pitching four manuscripts to publishers and literary agencies. One of the manuscripts (he can’t talk about) will blow the roof off the predatory practices of – Lindsay is writing relentlessly and is also pitching OPEDs and short stories, fiction, + non to literary magazines around the globe.

Lindsay has appeared on Breakfast Television, radio programs in Montreal, + several others in the Vancouver area. Lindsay has also been a featured guest on CKNW + CBC, both on several occasions. And Lindsay was a vital witness of a Hate Crime. This led to the first Hate Crime conviction in Canadian legal history, resulting in him being a speaker at an Enough is Enough Rally (anti-violence rally) with dignitaries, politicians, law enforcement, and community leaders in front of a crowd of approximately five thousand.

Lindsay was the **#1 MIXED-TAPE DJ** at the **UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN** for most of the nineteen-eighties, a fact bringing him joy.

Lindsay resides in Vancouver.