

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE

МАЯ ГІФЕ ОНДАН СЛУШ ПІЛІ

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



By LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

Shame

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE

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A story about finding yourself after accidentally discovering your life started with a lie.

Not every day do you meet someone who watched both of his parents die from The Big C and laid them to rest, only to discover sixteen years later that they weren't his parents after all!

It's like being reborn as a whole different person.

ABOUT A BOY



A boy is born in a secret place. A dark place. A sad place.

His Mother is his Sister. Making her his Sister + his Mother.

His Father is his Grandfather.

His Grandmother is just his Grandmother.

His Brothers used to be just Brothers. But then it is discovered they might be Uncles as well.

That turned them into Brunkles.

His Sisters used to be just Sisters. But then it is discovered they might be Aunts as well.

That turned them into Sisaunts.

The boy is never meant to know the truth because his birth brings with it, shame.

How could any of them be, okay?

Especially, the boy and his Grandmother?

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Rebekah & Nicholas did not want another child, *especially* at their ages, forty-six + fifty-six. After all, they already had six, three girls + three boys.

Before I continue with the story of Day 1, let me introduce the family.

Spoiler Alert: My family.

This section will bounce in timeframes, but in the end, it will return to the beginning, to this first day, of what is undoubtedly to be life rich with possibilities. If you haven't guessed by now, I am the boy in this tale—I have yet to be given a name.

As for my family:

BERNICE – FIRST BORN – BORN: 1 JANUARY 1938

Bernice was born during the Great Depression in a prairie town on January 1, the firstborn, first day, a great start.

Troubled and resistant is the best way to describe Bernice. Nicholas wanted a son to carry forth the family name. To brag about amongst his peers down at the garage, Rebekah cursed him with a daughter. Nicholas's disdain for his daughter manifested in her fighting his every word.

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Bernice would grow into a beautiful young lady with flowing dark brown hair. An emptiness filled her troubled eyes as she longed for her father's love. *It never came.* At least, he could not show it—this crushed Bernice's spirit. To rebel, she dragged with her any guy she could attract with her sultry vivaciousness, from the parking lot of the Five-and-Dime to more secluded spots in the woods by the Pitcher Butte reservoir. Bernice's dance card never lacked company—filling with meaningless trysts. She did so to punish her father. What she didn't realize, she was punishing herself as well. Bernice's reputation grew, overflowing with toxicity, she became '*one of those girls*' — never to be brought home to a suitor's family. She became a rich source of gossip for the purer girls her age.

Rebekah desperately tried to coddle her. "*Honey, your father isn't a bad man. It's not your fault; you were the firstborn. Men want men – it is as simple as that. Darling, the day's men, are hardened, cold, emotionally limited. It's not his fault he doesn't know how to comfort you. He is a product of the times.*"

'*A product of the times*' – empty words the newborn boy would certainly hear later in life when he'd inevitably be forced to make sense of this day. *The fucking times. The fucking times.*

Rebekah's words rang hollow. Bernice continued her persecution: Roger. Ben. Chuck. Tyler. Elmer.

Bernice was a famous, beautiful, creative, angry young woman who desperately needed to break free from home. To escape. Bernice urgently needed to find love. Bernice also

needed to find a way to hurt her father, her venom ran deep within her soul. There was no salve to cure her needs.

Bernice shouted out opinions in a time when opinions were only to come from the mouths of men.

With her being the first and the new baby being the seventh, one might think a sister/brother bond would instantly grow, with the eldest protecting the youngest from his older brothers. But it didn't. For the most part, she was absent from the new boy's life. Instead, she escaped the family by moving with Sadie to Alberta to work for the telephone company as an operator. Bernice + Sadie would only roll back to the family home for the holidays, and the family would only visit them during the family's summer vacations.

She wanted to stay in the boy's life. Still, for some unbeknownst reason, when she did, she delivered an unrelenting running commentary telling the young boy he'd never amount to anything or be as good as his older brothers.

Her words were scorching with hatred. Not. Love. Her words stung. The only way to describe how she was going to treat the youngest: BITCH.

Like her father, she became a chain-smoker, more on him later.

Bernice + Sadie: attractive in a flight-attendant sort of way. When they weren't teasing the men around town, they traipsed around the world, searching for adventure and healing.

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SADIE - SECOND BORN - 24 NOVEMBER 1938

SADIE - SECOND BORN - 24 NOVEMBER 1938

Sadie has lived her entire life with Bernice and still does.

In the future, when Bernice tossed venomous judgement-filled words toward the youngest, Sadie frantically tried to cull Bernice's visceral assaults. Sadie chose to live her life in Bernice's shadows. She witnessed Nicholas's scorn for Bernice and slipped into the personality of a church mouse instead of becoming a vociferous protester.

Her calm nature helped to balance out Bernice's cruelty toward the newborn.

Eventually, Bernice + Sadie landed in Calgary, moving into an apartment on the twenty-second floor of a twenty-nine-storey apartment building in the city's heart. THE. BIG. CITY.

The family visited once per year.

During the visits, Bernice's acerbic chants rang down. *Lindsay, you'll never - Lindsay, you'll never - Lindsay, you'll never -*

In 1972, one visit springs to mind, just after the boy (me) turned twelve — the family had no reservations in allowing me to roam the streets of Calgary alone. IN. THE. BIG. CITY. ALONE.

Sadie seemed broken, defeated, meek, and Bernice will live up to becoming a bitch.

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BEVERLY - THIRD BORN - 1944

BEVERLY - THIRD BORN - 1944

Beverley never summoned the strength to demand what she needed. She retreated into solitude. She felt like an outsider in the family with no place of belonging. With all her might, Rebekah tried to provide comfort – but Nicholas's derision worsened every day when he returned from work to be surrounded by women, women he could not shower with affection. Nicholas began to feel like a failure. The girls paid a heavy price.

Bev eventually met Garth, who tugged Beverly toward eternal salvation by promising her never-ending happiness within the grasp of Jehovah. Garth poured her heaping helpings of Kool-Aid, and Bev drank it in, hoping to be coddled.

The church demanded clean living and 10% of practitioners' incomes.

Garth failed to let the church know he loved booze, nicotine, and the utterance of profanities. As well, Garth had a penchant for chasing skirts. And Garth always went to great lengths to avoid the collection plate.

Garth is blind in one eye. Later in this story, the family will find the new baby shares partial blindness with Garth. Garth's blind eye was glass. Garth liked frequenting smoke-filled dive bars. He'd belly up to the bar, sit beside a trashy vixen, buy her a drink. Before she could take her first sip, Garth would slip his glass eye into her tumbler.

Garth whisked Bev away from the family home before today.

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Later in the story, the boy is given a name, + a series of childhood memories will be shared. The boy's first childhood memory could very well have been being the ringbearer at Bev & Garth's wedding. I looked adorable; I was told.

Bev & Garth eventually relocated to Calgary and have two daughters: Shannon + Aimee.

JAMES - FOURTH BORN - FIRST-BORN SON - 1948

James revered James, who became a star athlete until he suffered a career-ending leg injury.

James grew up during the Civil Rights Movement and the beginning of Free Love + experimentation, like Bernice + Sadie + Beverly; James was gone from home shortly after this day.

James was a poster boy for the times. He rode a motorcycle, had friends named Grog; his youngest brother would eventually think he was cool. James would rarely be home during the boy's early years – when he was; he'd provide caring. James looked out for his baby brother. He cheered for him. And he picked him up when the boy's other siblings knocked him down.

When James eventually left the family nest, he secured a long well-respected career with the Alberta Government.

He is married to Charlotte, moved to Edmonton, and has two daughters: Robyn + Allison.

DONALD - FIFTH BORN - 1952

Donald became a star athlete. When Don's athletic accomplishments started filling the local rags' sports pages, Nicholas gushed with pride. Don became the top high school quarterback in Saskatoon, delivering him a steady stream of coeds. He donned white cleats ala Broadway Joe Namath of the New York Jets. He'd play hard, partied hard, and he basked in the glow of the celebrity status of a small-town hero.

With Bernice + Sadie + Beverly, + James gone from home, Donald was showered with fatherly love. He could do no wrong. If he ran afoul of society's rules, Nicholas would retrieve him before bad decisions, often alcohol-fueled escalated.

Don eventually evolved, with his life pursuits switching from athletic to intellectual. Luckily, Don had been blessed with a keen ability for critical thought. His intellect served him well in obtaining a master's degree from Queen's University. In turn, he'd take his educational acumen and parlay it into a lengthy (still) career with the Government of Saskatchewan, rising to the rank of Deputy Minister.

He resides in Regina with his wife Naomi and their son Matthew.

One day, the boy will want to be just like Don.

BRIAN - SIX BORN - 1956

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We almost come full circle.

Bernice, loud, rebellious, opinionated – at times, a bitch.

Sadie, timid, shy, quiet, protective of Bernice, suffering from father-broken esteem, craving love.

Beverly, frightened, left out, pliable – slipping into a religious world where the fitting in she so desperately craves – only exists in an ephemeral sham. There are no meadows or selected few.

James, a firstborn boy, was to be held on a pedestal.

Donald was a shining star.

And now Brian, saddled with the unenviable role of following the revered first two sons. With the rest of his siblings moving out into their lives, Brian would be left with his younger brother to witness the bombardment of dragged-out, tear-inducing fights about money Nicholas and Rebekah would engage in nightly.

Nicholas would rarely be kind to him. Instead, he often became the target of his wrath. He fought for mum, deflecting Nicholas's rancorous attacks at her.

Nicholas was a dick to him. Nicholas looked down on him. Brian wasn't a star athlete, nor was he outspoken. Nicholas's degradation toward Brian dropped him into the world of timidity.

Brian is a wonderful man who would act as Rebekah's somewhat fragile rock.

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AS FOR NICHOLAS & REBEKAH

NICHOLAS struggled with showing love and support and resisted vulnerability.

Nicholas's advancing age would erase his ability to teach his seventh-born to throw a ball or ride a bike.

He was a hard-living, scotch-swilling, chain-smoking man.

On this day, Nicholas's age would lessen the grip of a father-son bond. The strength weakened by 'the times' breaking men, turning many of them into proud, strong, brooding men who were stubborn to a fault. Nicholas found the debilitating powers of community + religious shame consuming his direction, making him another pawn draped in the bullshit of worrying about others' limiting minds and opinions.

Like many men, he failed his family by caring far too much about what other people think.

Nicholas had an angry streak. At times, he'd repeatedly slam his fists into his head, drawing blood, causing Rebekah to recoil in a corner, shaking, crying, pleading for the insanity to end, only to have it end when she cried herself to sleep. Brian was often in the position of yelling at Nicholas until he was tired of his anger.

Nicholas would become a deteriorating older man, forced to spend his golden years struggling to support his family. The newborn, a seventh child, was a curse to him.

Nicholas would wear the curse openly.

He would grow to blame his new son for the family's increasing financial strains.

REBEKAH was the rock and the family foundation.

Most of the new boys, friends' parents were at least twenty years younger than his.

Rebekah's walk-through life was to be a challenging one. She would have to deal with her husband's short fuse daily, taking the brunt of his temper.

Rebekah's struggles could never entirely break this proud, loving, and fantastic caregiver. Rebekah was the family's permanent glue. She showered her children in love through her actions. Rebekah worked herself to exhaustion, sacrificing happiness to ensure the family never went hungry.

Her new son needed her warmth.

Rebekah's new son glommed onto her. A few years later, he'd maximize their time together, alone. Every Saturday, when the baby turns into a boy after Rebekah finished her sixth day of the workweek, she will take the boy grocery shopping. The boy will have one request; they must go down every aisle. She loved her lovely seventh child. She would keep him warm.

Rebekah was nurturing.

Nicholas, a rough hard man.

Their union seemed odd to those sitting in the shameful bleachers of judgement.

Nicholas's family was hard-living and cold. Rarely present.

Rebekah's family was tight-knit and highly religious, with their proclivities residing in Protestantism.

Rebekah's father was a pastor in the Wild West. He'd spent time with Wild Bill Hickok and Buffalo Bill Cody.

Nicholas's + Rebekah's families were opposites. That never stopped Nicholas from sweeping Rebekah off her feet. He promised her much.

Rebekah became a black sheep by accepting Nicholas's advances when her family failed to force a wedge between their sprouting love.

If Rebekah's family succeeded in driving the wedge between them, the yet-to-be-named boy, me, born on this day, wouldn't be telling you this story.

BEULAH HOUSE

BEULAH HOUSE

A group of cottages + the main house run by mortals interpreting the words of God. Beulah House sat in seclusion on a plot of land, a few miles north of Edmonton's city center – hidden from the prying eyes and the often-disparaging minds of Christianity. Its sole purpose was to fix young girls and women deemed unfortunate, fallen, needy, erring, wandering, women who had stepped aside from society's norms or women who allowed themselves to be raped.

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Young women who continued to fall, becoming repeat visitors, were often sent to the sterilization room for further treatment. Men and women acting on behalf of God dubbed these women as feeble-minded, unable to control carnal urges.

The home's prime directive was to scrub the shattered women's minds of sinful ways, erasing flawed morals, and finally, preparing the floundering women to be cleansed and available for marriage. Beulah House's counsellors provided these women Interdenominational Christian Guidance to help them recover to a healthy, moral, and spiritual life.



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As for the babies, in this case, the bouncing baby boy was labelled Saturday. Saturday was to be a temporary name until the family decided on the outcome of this unwanted child. The newborns were often ripped out of their mother's arms a few moments after birth so the healing process could begin for the straying woman.

The church decided it was for the best. They were, of course, acting on behalf of their interpretations of God's will.

As for the babies, they were nothing more than painful reminders of failing.

In simpler terms: who the fuck cares.

Christianity was too busy patting itself on its back, believing these harsh steps and reality were for the betterment of the broken families and their wayward girls who had fallen from grace. Christianity thought the world would be a better place if the demon seeds were removed from their origins – to be spoken of no more.

The Beulah Home staff and donors advertised aggressively for adoption, including advertisements in the Edmonton Journal. An ad was immediately placed, highlighting a trio of children for adoption or purchase.

- Saturday was listed as Baby #3 – A pensive, Canadian-born child with sparkling brown eyes from a family of dairy farmers. Of strong stock.

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Saturday, wasn't even a day old, and his destiny in the eyes of the lord dripped in deception + if he could be swept under the carpet – it would be for the best.

Saturday (me) had been ripped from my mother's arms and immediately placed in a glass crib in a dimly lit room, equipped with nothing more than the crib and a rocking chair.

Bernice and Sadie were present for the birth. They sat, weeping in the waiting room, waiting for Rebekah and Nicholas to decide on my next breaths' destined location.

God's instructions had been issued.

What about the baby?

Nothing at Beulah House was about the babies. But, like a Day Labour Agencies worker, a frustrating necessity for continued profit – the babies were nothing more than an inconvenience and a source of income for the home.

Nick's eyes boiled with fury, he spat out his words in a torrent of rage, "*I will decide what to do with the child. We will never speak a goddam word of this day to anyone. Today is bringing us insurmountable shame.*"

Rebekah whimpered, as tears poured from her eyes.

Nick continued ranting, "*I wanted a son who'd carry on the family legacy. But no, daughter, daughter, fucking daughter. You've failed me. The price is heavy. We will be shunned.*"

Rebekah swept away her tears from her face with her left hand; her voice cracked. "Stop it. Stop it, you horrible man. I have no control over a boy or girl. It is in God's hands. Look what you've done to the girls. They have never felt loved."

"You're insane. I love our daughters. You have no idea what it is like to be a man. A man whose seed only produces girls is looked down upon. I show my love. I provide a roof. Food. A future. Now, this."

"I gave you three boys. You treated James and Donald like Gods. At what expense to the girls? Don't you think they suffered every time you spoke glowingly about the boys? You treated them poorly. And – "

"And I, fucking, what?" Nicholas slammed his fists forcefully into his face. "I fucking gave them a home. Bernice, our dear Bernice, runs around town, dragging our name through the mud. I should – "

"You should have what? You despicable bastard. Maybe if you weren't so Goddam concerned about what others thought and showed the girls love. Maybe, just maybe, Bernice wouldn't have had to rebel to gain your attention. You did this to her. You did this to all of them. You are not a man. You are a coward."

Nick's fury was reaching a breaking point. "Shut up. Shut up. Shut up. This is your fault; you failed at directing the girls. You let, Bernice, stray. Your inaction and lack of motherly guidance are what sent the girls down broken paths. Paths leading to this. This horrific event. A rape. This baby is cursed. The sooner we rid the family of this toxic reminder – the better."

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Rebekah collapsed to the ground, rolled onto her back, pulling herself up onto a chair. Her voice quaked. "We need to give Saturday a fighting chance. Not only did you break the spirit of the girls, but you broke Brian's as well. I will not let you destroy Saturday. He may be the product of rape. We will never truly know for sure. Everything from the night of the alleged rape is draped in a dense fog – the act itself a blur. What I do know for certain, God is wrong. Nobody deserves to be raped, and for Christ's sake, tearing the child away from his birth family is blasphemy."

Nicholas slammed his fists once more into his face, stumbling toward a window. "This baby is the shame of the family. If we acknowledge its existence, we will be the town's laughingstock. We will never breathe a word. I alone will decide what to do. The baby must go. You gave me three girls, four including yourself, and look at what the evils of women produce. A demon child. A product of sickness. The baby must go."

A car pulls up to the cabin. Out hopped Jim and Rosemary, Rebekah's sister, and her husband. In-laws who reside on Rebekah's father's, a pastor, dairy farm. "I will decide. And, my decision, in the meantime until he's adopted or sold. I will not allow him to be in our sight."

With the decision made and Rebekah teetering on the edge of destruction, Jim and Rosemary scooped Saturday into their arms, delicately placing me in their car. Jim rolled down the driver's window. Nicholas looked in and calmly stated, "Let me know when he is finally gone. Do not contact us for anything else."

Nicholas watched as they drove away. He sighed deeply when the car disappeared over the horizon. Moments later, three of the women in his life piled with him into the family Cadillac. Rebekah, Bernice, and Sadie were drowning in tears – Nicholas pulled away, knowing what he just put into motion would likely destroy his family's core. For what?

Just so Jack the grocer, or Stanley the gas jockey, or Susan the chef at the local diner, would never speak poorly of them? What a load of bullshit.

As for me, for the time being, Saturday, I would undoubtedly become **Lucky Number Seven.**

A pensive, Canadian-born child, with sparkling brown eyes, from a family of dairy farmers. Of strong stock.

I may have started as the shame of...everything. But, in hindsight, if there is one blessing to be taken from this day, Saturday, I would most certainly live a life showered in individuality, hopefully, something that would serve me well later in life.

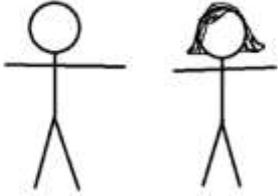
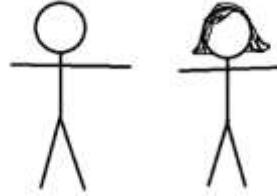
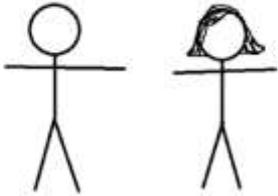
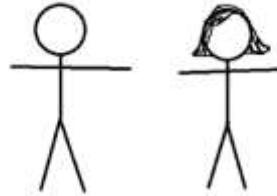
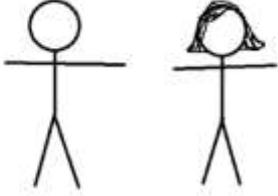
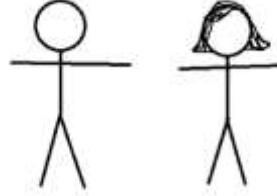
For now, however long that may, be, I belonged to Jim + Rosemary and the sermons of a pastor.

From this brilliant July day forward, everyone in the family agreed to participate in a lifelong lie. They were to divorce themselves from reality. Ultimately the lie was going to impact only one person, the baby boy,

Those participating in the lie chose to give up their souls that day.

AS FOR THE BABY—

SHAME + BEULAH HOUSE

 <p>I will decide what we do with the child. We will not say a goddam thing about this day. Today is bringing us insurmountable shame. I wanted a son to carry on my legacy.</p>	 <p>But no, daughter, daughter, fucking daughter. <i>Stop it. Stop it, you are a horrible man.</i> It's in God's hands. Look what you've done to the girls.</p>
 <p>They never felt loved. You have no idea what it's like to be a man. I provide a roof. Food. A future. I show love. <i>I gave you three boys.</i></p>	 <p>You treated the girls poorly. I gave them a fucking home. And what does Bernice do—she runs around— —dragging my name through the mud.</p>
 <p>Maybe if you weren't so concerned about— —what those who don't matter think and showed— Shut up. This is your fault. You let Bernice, stray. And now this.</p>	 <p>This baby is a curse. As soon as we get rid of the toxic reminder— <i> Sobbing </i> —we will get rid of the baby and never say another word.</p>

BEULAH HOUSE FOR UNFORTUNATE WOMEN + GIRLS

 <p>What is this place? Cottages + a Main House. Sanctioned by religion. A product of the times. Christianity.</p>	 <p>A place to fix young girls + women. Those deemed unfortunate, fallen, needy... ...erring, wandering, women who had stepped... ...away from societies norms or women who...</p>
 <p>...allowed themselves to be raped. Christianity + A product of the times. Stray twice: Get sent to the sterilization room. God dubbed these women: feeble-minded...</p>	 <p>...unable to control carnal urges. What about the babies? Unwanted demon seeds to be removed so— —the broken women could be fixed—</p>
 <p>—and become marriageable again. Off to farm families or— —sold to rich American families. Christianity. A product of the times.</p>	 <p>Ripped from their mother's arms at birth. Never to be spoken of again. Gone and soon to be forgotten. What about the babies? Who cares?</p>

To qualify for an adoption prospective parents needed only to hold some sort of a paying job.

Shame

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—shielding 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:

- 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.