

Roger Minder raised me from the start; I'm the little bro he always had. We were both babies from big families. We both went to St Joseph's Roman Catholic Church in Issaquah, and he was bestest of friends with my brother David. I've never known the world without Roger until now.

Roger probably helped pick my name, not after King James, but James and the Giant Peach; what my brother David was reading at the time. I'm not sure if it's true, but I'm guessing Roger was involved one way or another.

Roger's witty, biting humor and observations are not to be matched. It's something you can't even try. Nothing he said fell flat. It usually punched someone in the gut and made everyone laugh with them.

Laughter was frequent in any conversation with Roger; we laughed at ourselves a lot, but mostly at other people, politicians, and dumb movies; though, laughing at people public rarely happened outside Roger's circle, because of our Catholic-guilt upbringing.

We kept those burns to a whisper in public as self-preservation: we're lovers, not fighters. We were taught to give everyone a chance; to see the silver lining and/or humorous side... even the assholes... we love (to rank on) our enemy. We also don't like public displays of affection NOR aggression. If the subject of our humiliation, known or not, gets really bad, we always had the classic Seattle Freeze tactic: elaborate Passive Aggression.

Roger was having trouble once with a guy stealing cookies off of his Espresso Cart outside of the Zebra Club on First & Stewart in downtown Seattle; a pre-starbucks-american-latte-craze, street side, mobile latte cart, akin to a modern-day street-meat cart, but with an Espresso Machine. Roger was always cutting edge.

Every morning, like clockwork, this dude would snag one of Roger's cookies, say something dumb, and not pay for it. Roger asked him to stop politely, but he would not. So one morning, Roger put a used Espresso shot ground-cake, that looked identical to a fudge brownie cookie on the cookie tray. The cookie-thief dude grabbed one, took a bite, spat out all over the sidewalk, in front of all Seattle rush hour foot traffic to see, a humiliated fool. Dude never stole Roger's cookies again. Rule #1 in life: Don't fuck with Roger.

My favorite pastime with Roger, was shouting sarcastically at television shows of the 20th century. No one is safe on TV. Too soon? Probably. Too harsh? Probably. If you don't like it, stay off TV.

Roger is a huge influence on my taste in all Arts today. Without Roger, I would not have an appreciation for realism, sculpture, visiting Greece & Italy, Morrissey, David Lynch, John Waters, and so on; corollary this is a huge influence in a chief philosophy of mine: that anything can be art in the right frame, and that's our purpose:

creative passion and what we prolifically can manifest from it.... Anything can be art, even the most trivial: the style of how can you open and shut a door (quickly and without sound), how you shake hands, how you hold babies, and how you've engineered a more graceful solution.

Ultimately, Roger was my greatest confidante; and I bet several several folks in his circle can say the same. Roger always knew the talk of the town. The gossiping folks having their hair crafted by the best in the industry. In case you weren't aware, Roger was featured in Allure Magazine for hair dying technique, and noted by many others along his career as a professional Hairdresser.

Morrissey's - Hairdresser on Fire <https://youtube.com/watch?v=OZ0TIRhmW10>

One time my hair was black with a small blonde patch in the bangs, and spiked nicely. Someone professional took a bunch of photos for some other magazine, and I felt like a rock star. Roger made everyone in his circle feel like a rock star, meanwhile making sure they kept their ear to the ground.

Behind his scissors you felt safe speaking your mind; vocalizing anything that bothered you, excited you ("It's a Happy Day!"), put a fire in your heart or your belly, gave you butterflies, made you cringe or cry, made you laugh or want to die.

Always attentive as you spoke; simultaneously crafting the haircut you didn't know you needed. Information was digested and assessed quickly without missing a beat; he knew the whole scenario before you finished speaking. And he'd always have some advice or "advice." Roger's wisdom mostly came in the form of reverse psychological cynicism & sarcasm. "Yeah, do that."

With me, he knew my history growing up. This gave him an easy way to steer me in the right direction of happiness throughout life. Many life lessons I learned from Roger, as he dyed my hair from black to orange to platinum blonde to lime green, and replied to most my complaints with "it'll be good for you."

What Roger has taught me, is that anything in life is good for you because it's an experience. Throughout school and professional life I learn the best through experience. And I constantly strive to gain experience. There's a silver lining in every experience, good or bad, but at the very least, an example to learn from and share with others.

The best relationships I have in life are with those who remind me of Roger. If you've read all of this, you probably are one, so thank you for helping my friend live on. He's touched my world so deeply that it's reflected on everyone around me.

I love him and will miss him dearly.

Rest in Peace Roger Minder

PS

Roger already sent a playlist from the heavens. I tried jotting down the list, but it mysteriously disappeared. Anyway, I was listening to an album on Spotify that Roger and I dug a lot. The English Beat - Special Beat Service. Being from the 80s, and still collecting vinyl, I listen to the entirety of an album a time, even on Spotify... Especially that one. ... It reminds me of being a teenager, riding around top-down in Roger's Saab on a warm summer day.. Not worried about shit because nothing else mattered but hanging out and having a good time....

BUT when "Save it for later" <https://youtube.com/watch?v=0bM0wVjU2-k> ended...

...the fourth song on the album which hadn't ended, and was dead seriously Roger's favorite song on Special Beat Service. I remember this because it was my least favorite (my favorites were Jeanette, Pato & Roger Ago Talk, and Rotating Heads)

... I was INEXPLICABLY taken to "English Beat Radio" on Spotify, and a song by the Damned came on: Alone Again Or <https://youtube.com/watch?v=nYVDN27CrOo>

I would never guess so many people into the English Beat would be into the Damned. I remember being a little disappointed when I bought the Damned's album, Anything, but that

one song I loved and played all the time; it made my purchase worth it. At the time Roger lived in the room next to mine (in SpEdmonds), so he heard that song a bunch too, and knew I liked it a lot.

I haven't heard that song in over 35 years. The next several tunes were spot on Roger's 80s playlist: like a B Side from Thomas Dolby's Golden Age of Wireless. Are you kidding me; how could that not be the winds of Rogé?

Rest in peace Roger MinEder; although, I have a hard time believing you're resting in heaven all around. You're raging and paving the way for your circle on the other side. I want a full report of The Talk of the Town when I arrive (with all the fresh Roger McDonald burns I came up with in the meantime).

Love,
Dickie Jimmy

Morrissey - Sing Your Life <https://youtube.com/watch?v=nWszQj2ACw8>