

A Letter From DAVID

EXCLUSIVE IN FaVE!

David reads each and every letter you send to this column, and he promises to answer as many of your questions as he can! If you want some info, write him c/o FaVE Magazine, 7060 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 800, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

The Things That Mean The Most To Me

I've known girls and guys who live their lives like human magnets. I mean, they collect everything there is: clothes, cars, furniture, jewelry and things, things, things. The saddest part about it all is that when you meet a girl or a guy who's a real clothes horse, you know, the kind of person who has to have a hundred outfits in a year, you'll find that these people just aren't very happy. In fact, most of the time they're completely miserable.

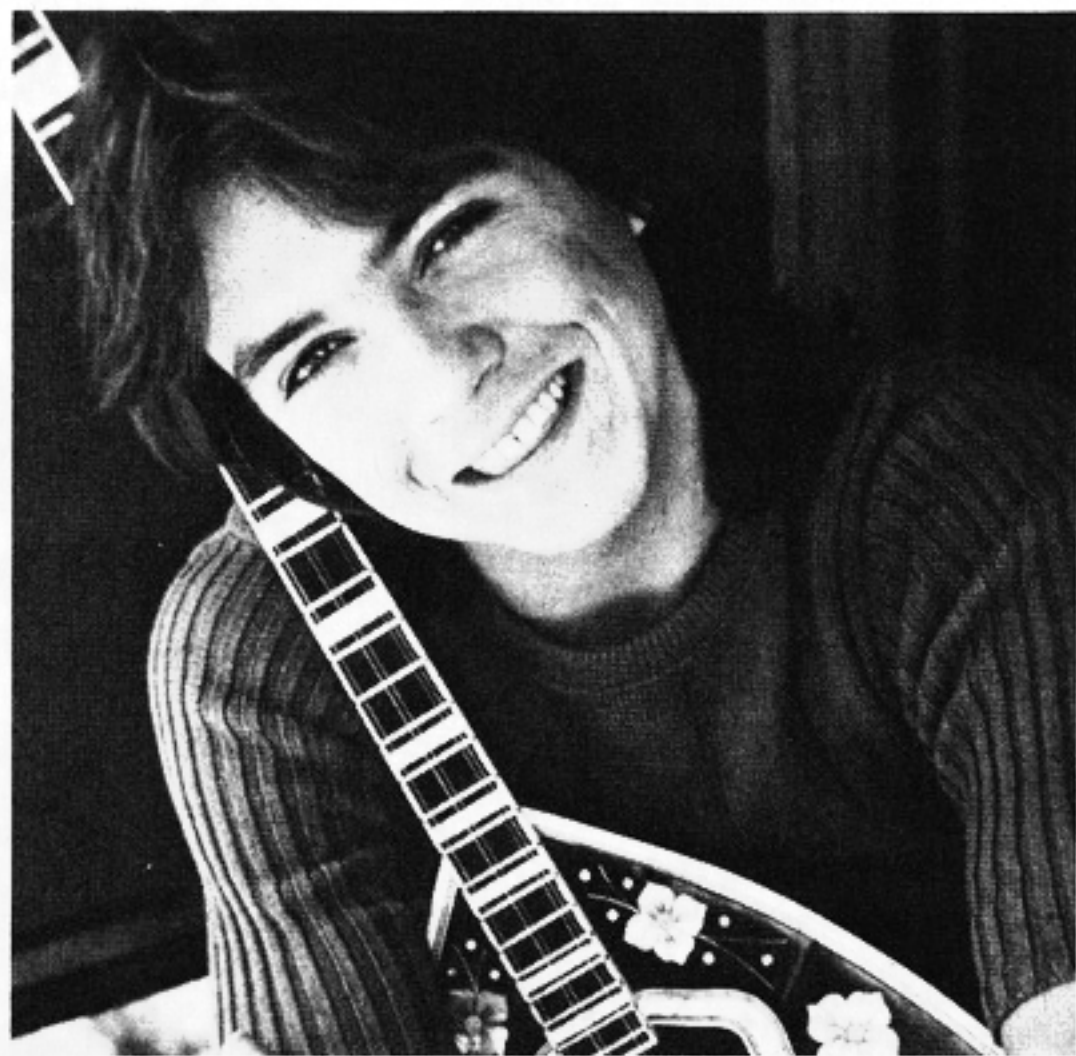
I think that living like that—just having to own everything—must really be some kind of a disease. After all, man is really a very simple creature. All he really needs is a roof over his head, a fire to keep him warm and food to keep him healthy. I'm not about to suggest that we all move to the countryside and live in caves (though I really know people who are doing that) but I do think we should sit ourselves down for a long chat about what we really do and don't need.

OWNS VERY LITTLE

I'm lucky. I've never been a freak for possessions. In fact, I used to be really anti-materialistic. I didn't want to own anything, and I almost didn't. In some ways, I think most young people are that way. I mean, you're young and you want to travel and move around and see the country and you can't do that if you have to rent a U-Haul truck to hold your belongings. Just a suitcase or two will do.

I've never been a clothes freak, which is great for me and probably very frustrating for others. I just don't see the need for a lot of fancy clothes. I'm most comfortable in jeans and a simple shirt. And I don't need a new pair of jeans for every day of the week. Two or three pairs could keep me clothed forever, and it doesn't bug me to have someone see me in the same outfit I was wearing just three days ago. If my clothes are clean and neat, that's all I care about.

Also, I've never gotten into being a car freak. I drove my old Mustang 'til it was falling apart. Finally, Screen Gems gave me a new Corvette for my birthday and I really dig climbing into that super machine, stretching out and easing into the road but you know what? I



would never have bought it for myself. I'd just have fixed up the old Mustang again!

TOO MANY MATERIAL THINGS

Things do mean a lot to me, however. I told you that I used to be anti-materialistic but I'm not now. I'm just anti-excess-material things. What I mean by that is I don't believe in owning more than I need.

One thing I love and I could never part with is my guitar. Sure, my guitar is a thing, but it's a thing that helps me make music. And I couldn't live without music. I guess if my house were burning, I'd save all the people and I'd also save my guitar. Sometimes I've actually fallen asleep with it, like I might wake up and play a fast song!

Things like a guitar are important. An artist has to have materials to paint with and a writer needs a pencil and paper, at least. Everyone needs the tools of their trade, and it's things like these that are important.

A car is important to me, too. I really dig my new Corvette but you know what? I'd feel the same way about a broken-down VW bus (as long as it started). I mean, a car is important to me because it gets me where I have to go. And in my case, that means a car carries me to the studio or a recording session where I can do a show or a record for you.

ALMOST NO FURNITURE!

Remember when I first got my new stage clothes and wore them for the first time? Well, you probably didn't know it then but those clothes were a real trauma for me. Until that time, I'd been living very simply. Me and Sam and Sam the dog lived up in Laurel Canyon in a very simple place. When reporters and photographers first came up there, they just couldn't believe it. We had a bare living room except for a mattress covered with an Indian bedspread. And that was it!

I hope you're not a collector. I hope you can learn to love a few things, and then only the ones you need. I think that life itself is so complex anyway that the more simple you can make it personally, the happier you'll be. I know that's a pretty heavy thought. What do you think?

Love,

A handwritten signature of David Byrne, written in a stylized, cursive script.