

# STARMAN

FANS SAY GOODBYE TO DAVID BOWIE

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First printed in the United States of America  
First Printing, 2016  
ISBN 978-0-9967960-7-1

Weeva, Inc.  
701 Brazos Street  
16th floor  
Austin, TX  
[www.weeva.com](http://www.weeva.com)  
[Info@weeva.com](mailto:Info@weeva.com)

# STARMAN

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# DAVID BOWIE

## CHANGED EVERYTHING

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David Bowie changed everything – music, fashion, culture. Once “Space Oddity” hit turntables all over the world, it felt like nothing was the same.

After his passing in 2016, the outpouring of grief made it clear that he also changed the lives of many of his fans. With his unabashed theatricality, embrace of ambiguity and willingness to experiment, Bowie seemed to give us all permission to be different.

To honor this great artist, we asked fans to write thank you letters to Bowie and his family – Iman, Duncan and Alexandria – and to share personal stories of how he touched their own lives. In

this book, people remember the first time they heard his music, the excitement of his live shows, his kindness to his fans, and much more.

Inside you’ll find a unique portrait of the artist through the eyes of his fans. You’ll also find yourself remembering your stories about what Bowie has meant to you – a reminder of the life-changing power of music.



**Kim Gorsuch**  
*Weeva founder and CEO*

This book is a celebration of David Bowie and the transformative impact of his art on so many. It is dedicated to the countless people who will forever love him and miss his presence.

# THE POWER OF BOWIE

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In 2001 I was working at the very tip of downtown Manhattan, at One Battery Park Plaza. It was late summer, and David Bowie was slated to perform at a concert in the park there later in the evening. Around 3 pm I heard the unmistakable strains of “Let’s Dance” start and then fade out, start and then fade out. I quickly realized I was hearing a live rehearsal of Bowie, right outside my window.

I got up so fast that my chair went rolling behind me into the wall. It didn’t have far to go; my office was the size of a shoebox on the 35th floor. It was literally the width of the one window in my office, but I didn’t care: I had a window.

I cranked it open. Now I could hear him perfectly. I couldn’t believe my luck - David Bowie was right outside my goddamn window. My hands started to shake as I jammed the buttons

to call my mom, also a huge Bowie fan. I was speaking in such a blur that she asked excitedly, “David Bowie is outside my window?” as though he were serenading her, Romeo-style, under her second-floor bedroom window in Westfield, NJ. “MY WINDOW! BOWIE!” I barked several times, until she said, “Well, let me hear him!”

The window had a lever that I could pull down for maybe 4 inches of space, so I stood right up

against the glass and shoved my arm -holding my phone - through the opening, and waved it in the air, as close to the stage as possible. I danced this way to a few songs, sometimes bringing the phone back to my ear to exclaim how cool this was. During a moment when I had the phone out the window and was moving around in the only way one can in that position, I heard a noise and turned my head to see the CEO, CFO, and head of Human Resources standing in my door.

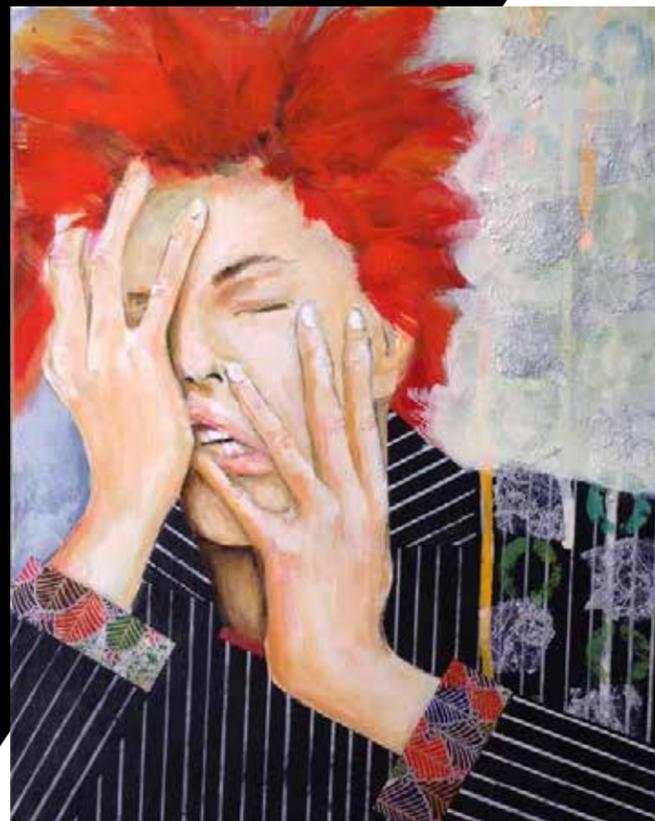
How long they had been watching me be a complete nerd is unbeknownst to me. They were murmuring to each other, possibly about what I was going with my time at work. “David Bowie... he’s outside,” I offered meekly. But they didn’t acknowledge me. Instead, they started dancing, still clutching their binders.

Such is the power of Bowie. ⚡

# MORE THAN A TEEN CRUSH

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As a teen from a small, conservative Texas town, I was always a square peg trying to fit into the round holes. A hippie left-wing artist. It was an epiphany when I first listened to *Ziggy Stardust*. Here was a beautiful, weird, talented artist who rocked me to my core. So creative, constantly reinventing his sound, look, and alter egos, he was to me a modern musical version of Picasso, always surprising, inspiring and delighting his fans. He gave me permission to not only be different, but to embrace the artist inside me. That schoolgirl crush evolved into an adult's admiration of a true Renaissance man. A lifelong love that I will hold forever. I didn't know him personally, but I feel in my bones (and from public interviews) that he was an exceptional man, husband, and father. The world mourns the artist, but my heart really goes out to his beautiful, loving family. God bless and keep you, dear hearts. (This image is a loose interpretation I did years ago). ⚡



LISA

**CHAMELEON,**

>>

Waking up on the 10th of January, 2016, and hearing that David had died, time suddenly stood still, and I was spiraled into a strange, dream-like space. My youth flashed before me; I needed to hear his music and replay albums and tracks [notably *Hunky Dory*, *Ziggy Stardust*, *Aladdin Sane*] that inspired me, and to trawl through pictures, interviews, and music clips of David so that I could keep hearing his voice over and over again. He was a one-off, a musical genius, a legend; he was chameleon, comedian, Corinthian and caricature - he may have left us in spirit, but his legacy is forever. My thoughts quickly moved to his family as I clicked through a mass of photographs of David and Iman, their wedding, shots at various events, etc. I thought to myself, "If I am struggling to deal with this death, a man I never met, never knew, how on earth are David's family coping?" I have the hugest admiration for the way that David and Iman conducted their private life, protecting their daughter and maintaining their privacy, keeping her away from the spotlight. But Iman knew what was going to happen; she nursed him through cancer, and now he is gone. Iman, my thoughts are of you, of Lexie, of Duncan. I hope with all my heart that you can find solace somewhere, somehow in all that David has left for you. My deepest sympathy, Lisa x ⚡

**COMEDIAN,**

**CORINTHIAN,**

**&  
CARICATURE**

# FOREVER & EVER

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I cry the death of Mister David Bowie. I heard numerous times, “You are going not to cry for him all the same! “ And yet yes, I cry because I feel a profound sadness. Why? Because I met David Bowie musically 9 years ago on “Ashes to Ashes,” and because it was love at first sight: his universe, its voice and its music. It was an obvious fact that did not need explanation. And then there was the madness of *Let's Dance*. I remember when, during my holidays, or with a friend, we returned to listening to the album again and again.

12 Thanks to a friend of my brother I was able to discover the previous albums - and you know what? I liked everything. What a creator! What an artist! I read all the biographies that I could, and I discovered the man: generous,

funny, intelligent and cultivated. I had the happiness of seeing him twice in concert, and each time was full of unforgettable moments. So kind to his fans. In my room, I listened to him whole evenings to imagine choreographies to his songs. I saw all the movies he played in, even the least good. For those who know my personal history, he took the place of my paternal figure when I was young and even later. It is necessary to admit also that, as an adolescent, I dreamed about marrying him! I continued to buy his albums. When he remained silent for 10 years, I waited, and yes, I admit it, in 2013, when finally there was an album, I cried as I listened to it the first time. The emotion at hearing his voice again, at noticing that his creativity was intact. His music accompanied me throughout my life. Whether it was in the difficult or joyful times, it was to his songs that I turned to console myself, to put out my anger. And he will continue to accompany me till the end.

In spite of the years, he always was my point of reference. I often hear that I am a strong person; it is doubtless his example which helped there. He left me certain teachings, also - that difference can be a strength, and that conforming to the laws of the majority is not necessarily the way. ⚡

## IF THE HOMEWORK BRINGS YOU DOWN

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My first memory of listening to Bowie is when I was about 11 or 12 and discovered my older siblings' LP called *Hunky Dory* which had a funky picture on the cover and a man - who looked like nothing I had seen before (early-mid 70's). I listened to it casually and, at first hearing, was hooked. Reading the lyrics carefully and avidly, I thought the lyrics were more like poems or stories than song lyrics. When I heard “Kooks,” I was elated. I felt like this guy was talking personally to me, or that he had read my mind... “If the homework brings you down, then we'll throw it on the fire and take the car downtown” - that line seemed anarchic, yet kind of sweet and vulnerable, as if this guy had days like that too... Then, “what to say to people when they

pick on you, 'cause if you stay with us, you're gonna be pretty kooky, too"... that line felt like permission to be odd, to be different, to be weird. I loved this guy - who was he? His words were so honest, true and vulnerable at the same time.

I can't say I followed him and his career like a fan.... but Scary Monsters, a few years later, popped into my consciousness when my life was at a very low ebb, and raucous, strong beats with crazy lyrics and meandering, wild images were just what I needed...I fell in love with Bowie again. His songs wove in and out of my life, peripheral; yet when they appeared, they seemed to drop right into my consciousness. Seemed to mirror my own thoughts.

When I read the news he had died, I felt like I had been kicked in the stomach... and have felt a kind of grieving process happening for the past 2 or 3 weeks, even crying... grieving a poet, a comforting, clear voice in my ear, an innovator, a soundtrack to my consciousness...

If things aren't what I want them to be, I bet he'd say to me: no worries, “we'll throw it on the fire and take the car downtown. Let's Dance!” ⚡

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# MEMORIES OF DAVID

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I remember the first time that I heard your music. I was 7 and my older, cool teenaged cousins were babysitting me. They were playing records when I heard the opening to “Heroes.” I just remember that I stopped playing and came and sat by the stereo speakers, and when it finished playing, I made them replay it. I was hooked! Since that day, I’ve loved you and your music. I even had your picture hanging in my locker while I was in high school, which in the mid 80’s was different from all the other girls and their pictures of teen idols. I finally saw you live when you toured with NIN. I started to cry the moment you came on stage due to pure happiness. When I learned of your passing, I cried again from sorrow and heartbreak. Thanks for the wonderful music and memories! You are forever in my heart! ⚡

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## THE MAINMAN

>>

*1971... my heart was stolen*

*all was golden*

*years*

*changed my life*

*forever a lass insane*

*forever and ever*

*thank you*

*from my heart and soul* ⚡



## ARMINEH HOVANESIAN

>>

Bowie will forever remain one of my main inspirations. He’s been with me starting in the 1970s up until now. He made me feel it was OK to be different and colorful. He was with me in Tehran, in Boston, in Lisbon and now in Los Angeles. He is with me until my dying breath.

Forever in my heart.

As a photographer, my tribute to this Immortal Soul are my images. He and I morphed in one, together forever.

Thank you, Mr. Jones, for making life bearable. ⚡

**ALWAYS AN  
INSPIRATION**

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# NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS

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“Were you a fan?” – asked the lady at the bookstore, as I purchased a magazine with David Bowie on the cover. “I AM a fan...” – I proudly replied with a bittersweet sigh, making sure to put the sentence in the present tense. That lady had no idea. Anyone who knows me at all knows that when it comes to music, there is absolutely nothing I love more. One of the few certainties I have in life is that David Bowie will always be my all-time favorite, no matter what happens.

On that Monday morning, the shocking news of his passing hit me like a train off the rails, and I suddenly found myself going through the day I didn't

think would come this soon. I could hardly breathe. I've been following his career and everything he does for many years now.

David Bowie had a huge impact on me as a child, and through most of my teenage years, I couldn't be bothered to listen to anything else. More than just part of my daily life, his music and work became part of my identity. Amongst singles, demos, outtakes and rare tracks, from “Liza Jane” to “I can't give everything away,” I can proudly say I know every song he's ever released, officially or not.

Until he surprised the whole world by dropping the single “Where Are We Now?” out of the blue on his birthday in 2013, I didn't really think he would release anything new ever again. Although I many times dreamed of a new album, I was perfectly happy with the music he had already given us. But waking up to the news that a brand new David Bowie song was out made me feel like a child on Christmas morning. I fondly remember jumping out of bed, listening to the track and, despite the horrible weather outside, heading out to live the rest of what was one of the happiest days of my life. Being from Brazil, I consider myself extremely lucky to have been living in New York on the glorious day that could have happened anywhere between 2004 and 2013.

The Next Day album came as whisper of hope for the fans, as we were suddenly reminded that you can expect anything from David Bowie. I was thrilled, to say the least. After ten long years of absence, he was back.

Blackstar didn't come as unexpectedly as its predecessor. But I could never have imagined it would now stand as his last gift to us... and a brilliant one. Though it's heartbreaking to think of what he must have gone through to

be able to present us with this album, David Bowie showed us one last time what it means to be brave. I don't think anyone else could have managed to pull this off with such courage.

It's hard to measure the impact Blackstar has been having and will continue to have not only on fans, but on the world. Being the work of art that it is, there's really nothing we can compare it to. It's truly unique and irreplaceable. Just like David Bowie.

And please remember, nothing can ever separate us from him, not even death. He will live forever in our hearts, through his music and through us. He is part of who we became. “We can be heroes.” ⚡

“We can be heroes.”

LK 2016

# PUTTING OUT FIRES WITH GASOLINE

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1983, just out of high school, this 4.0 AFROTC scholarship student and classically-trained pianist won a try-out for a keyboard player for one of the top cover bands in Central New York. (Come on now, Foreigner, Benny Mardones & Eddie Money were forged here.) “Putting Out Fires” was on the set list. I can remember asking the guys, “Who is David Bowie?”

Of course, I’m listening to this cut as I type this story. “Putting Out Fires” might be one of the sexiest, most elegantly orchestrated covers I’ve ever performed. The lead singer/guitar player was so talented and beautifully shy.

I crushed on him listening to the intro: “See these eyes so green...”

Doing the harmonies and backups (Been So Long ... So Long ... So Long) still gives me chills! Our drummer (The Rooster) started on the rims and then later kicked it on the drums. I bought my first synthesizer for the parts and had to figure out how to midi my keyboards together to get the layered synth/organ/string sound that is signature for “Putting Out Fires.”

Do you hear the guitar harmonies? Dr. Dan & Scott rocked this part. I can smell the funky warehouse where we rehearsed just listening to the track.

“Putting Out Fires” marked a rite of passage for me into adulthood, and as a musician. Thank you, David! ⚡



# JAZZ

# CLASS

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As a child, I took dance at the local dance studio in Lake Park, FL. Jazz was my favourite because I loved the music more than ballet. It moved my soul. One day, when I was 8 - this would have been 1978 - my teacher did a class routine to a new song. I loved it so much that I had to ask what it was. “Rebel Rebel,” she said. Excitedly, the minute I got in the car I looked at my mom and said, “I need to buy a song!” So my mom drove me to the local Peaches Records, and we asked the guy at the counter if he had a song called “Rebel Rebel.” “I have a song called that by David Bowie.” My mom, being an awesome mom, bought me that record. *ChangesoneBowie*. It was my first adult piece of music. And I loved it SO very much. “Rebel Rebel” was great, but “Fame” ended up being my favourite song. I wore a groove in that section of vinyl. I would dance around my bedroom pretending to be a rockstar. He has a way of doing that to people, I hear. To this day I’m proud to say that his music was a huge influence in my life: the life of a young, 8-year-old ballerina turned jazz dancer turned (now) swing dancer. Last night at a local swing dance, the DJ played a tribute song. “Fame.” I got to dance to him one more time. It was a beautiful closure to the sadness that I’ve been feeling since his death. It was as if Mr. Bowie whispered in my ear, “I’m still here. Keep dancing.” Thank you, David. You will forever and always live in my heart and in my soul. ⚡

# MY FIRST ROCK & ROLL CONCERT

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On October 16, 1974, just shy of my 15th birthday, I saw David at the Michigan Palace in Detroit, Michigan. It was my first rock and roll concert. I attended with my then girlfriend Cindy. We were in 10th grade in high school and had been dating since 6th grade. Neither of us had a driver's license yet, so my dad drove us there and her dad picked us up. Earlier in the year, my older sister had turned me on to David's *Diamond Dogs* album, and I fell in love with it and immersed myself in all things Bowie. So, by the time of the concert I was very excited. Well, of course we were expecting the full *Diamond Dogs* theatrical show which we heard so much about from David's shows at Detroit's Cobo Arena during the summer. Instead we got his

"*Philly Soul*" review, which was still mind-blowing and fortunately included generous helpings of *Diamond Dogs* material! Needless to say, I couldn't have had a better first rock concert experience. Two years later, I had the pleasure of seeing David's *Station to Station* stop at Detroit's Olympia Stadium, complete with the Salvador Dali film with the infamous eye-cutting scene. The last time I saw David was on his *Reality* tour, when he performed at The Palace of Auburn Hills in Michigan. Little did I know at the time that it would be his final tour. With David's passing, I feel like a part of my youth has passed too, but I'll always treasure my memories of attending his concerts. ⚡

MARTINE LODE

YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN

# THERE

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You have always been a part of my life, your music the background to my life. The passing of another bright star has never moved me so much emotionally, and I feel foolish for being so upset, but it has felt like the loss of someone close. An adoring fan I guess, who was amazed and captivated by your presence, and I will never forget the magnetism you projected on stage the many times I was lucky enough to see you live in concert, over the years. The stage persona giving way to the real man, who grew to become a gentle, loving and private person in real life. I felt you were invincible; how dare the beast take you from all who loved you, especially your family.

Iman, Lexie, Duncan...to you I say how awesome and amazing to have had David Jones as a loving husband and father, and how sorry I am for your loss, and how sad for someone who had so much more life and love to give, heartbreaking. I feel I have no right to cry, yet I did, I have.....I send you all love and light, and hope you manage to find some peace; he will always be missed, he was and is irreplaceable; there will never be another like him. Thank you for the joy you brought to my life, David. When I look to the stars and the night sky, I will see your face looking down on everyone who loved you and seeing how special you were to us all. Until we see you again on the other side. My love and regards. ⚡



## A TRUE LEGEND

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David Bowie was a unique and gifted man - a true legend. Everything he did was with his own style. It's hard to believe we will never see him again; he left us with music that will live on forever. We all feel like we've lost a friend, and feel privileged to have lived in the same era as Bowie. ⚡

ARTWORK BY RANI BEERI

# THE SUPER FAN

*“Oh No, Love,  
You’re Not Alone!”*

&gt;&gt;

My first impression of David Bowie was from the movie Labyrinth. I have always been boy-crazy, even as a five year old. So I spent much of my young life thinking the Goblin King was hot. (I know, I was a very shallow five year old.) It wasn't until I was in my teens, coping with a medical condition, that I really started to get into his music. There's always been something very dazzling and magical about David Bowie, and simultaneously very provocative. He had a way of expressing himself, and I couldn't help but become captivated.

My only regret is that this story will never meet his eyes. My consolation, my hope is that I can at least have the opportunity to express to his family how much this man I have never personally met, yet was not a stranger, how much my friend, David Bowie, meant to me.

## SUPER FAN

First, let me start with the personal stuff. (I'll try to make it quick, but it's relevant, so hang in there.) I was diagnosed with epilepsy when I was seven.

As a teenager, my treatment became very dangerous. The medicine I had been taking practically my entire life at that point, although controlling the seizures, was causing very deadly side effects to the rest of my body. I was showing the beginnings of kidney and liver failure; I was chronically depressed. The doctors said I would end up on dialysis and probably be placed on the donor list before the age of thirty. I likely wouldn't even make it to thirty. At seventeen I was faced with a choice. I could stay on the meds because they were controlling the seizures. We all knew they worked in that area. But they would eventually kill me. Or I could switch to a completely brand new medicine that hadn't even been on the market a year. It was a risk because we didn't know if it would even work, let alone what the side effects would be later down the line. It was such a complicated thing my body was going through at that time - in addition to being a teenager. My closest friends had a difficult time consoling me with this. I knew they tried but they never knew what to say. After each doctor's appointment, the news was always worse than the time before. They were just kids, too. I felt bad expecting so much from them when this was something they couldn't understand.

Their biggest concerns were about hair, makeup, boys, and other girls flirting with their prospective dates...

In a way I was envious. I wished for problems that people could relate to. On the other hand, I would never wish this on any of them. I was confused and frustrated. I felt alone. I felt like I was an outcast. I felt like I was from outer space every time I talked about what I was going through. Like I was speaking a completely different language from everyone else. Everytime I opened my mouth it was as though all anyone heard was, "Gleep glop. Beep boop. Yabba yabba." It went on like that for the better part of my junior year in high school.

One Saturday or Sunday, instead of writing an English paper, I went to the mall with a buddy of mine. My friend Josh and I used to go buy CDs together. That was sort of our thing. I wanted something different from all the mainstream music we were constantly hearing. I wanted something to get me out of my head. I thought to myself, "I wonder if I'll like David Bowie? He was great in Labyrinth..." There you have it. Seventeen-year-old logic.

I scrolled through the albums they had, and it was a choice between *Low*,

*Aladdin Sane*, some two-disc live albums that were over my price point, stuff I wasn't sure would be in English, and *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars*. While debating which album to start myself off with, not knowing that this would inevitably be the first life-changing decision I would make, it came down to this single thought: Spiders From Mars, eh? I gotta check this out! Logic.

I wish I could say that I put in the CD, pressed play and then, voila! Super fan!!! It didn't work out that way. It wasn't instant. I had it playing as background sound while I hastily wrote an English paper. I don't remember exactly what the paper was about or the exact moment, but at some point I heard him desperately crying out in a song. It got my attention.

"Oh No, Love, You're Not Alone!"

I had to stop what I was doing and immediately start that song over. Who was he singing to? What was this story about? I didn't know at the time that all the songs on the entire album played into each other. So I didn't quite understand, but I liked it. It was then that I understood, what my friends couldn't say to me,

## SUPER FAN

this guy just did. I'm not alone. Suddenly, I didn't feel like I was.

The best part, as I started to learn what this album was about - Ziggy was from outer space? It was perfect! I only wished there were about twenty more songs on that CD. Unfortunately, there weren't. I had to go out and buy more albums. That's how it began. Super fan. My CD case was filled to capacity. (I did eventually buy that double disc live album *Bowie at the Beeb*.)

Over time I started to realize that the world is such a big place. There's always someone out there who will understand what I might be going through. Or at least relate to it, somehow. I couldn't imagine what inspired David Bowie to create those albums, but I'm so grateful he did. I didn't realize that I was headed into a downward spiral until I had something else to get me out of it.

I know I'm running the risk of sounding cliché but I don't know how to say it without saying it. I wouldn't be here, if it weren't for him. I think I would have stayed on my old medicine. In a way it was the safest. I knew exactly what would happen, even if the outcome would be bad. I guess I was inspired to not be afraid of the unknown. My eyes were opened to a world of possibilities.

## SUPER FAN

David Bowie could wear a dress and makeup in the 70's and get up on stage and sing about it like a rock star. Ultimately putting himself out there time and time again, taking all kinds of risks, pushing boundaries and continuing to do so all the way into the 2000's. If he could be that way, I could take a risk and try something new, too. I would hope for the best and take the steps necessary to try to prolong my life. Even if I wasn't sure what would happen.

...And eventually I had a thirtieth birthday. Then, a 31st, followed by a 32nd... January, 2016, I turned 33. No dialysis, no transplant. All the symptoms went away as soon as the old medicine was completely out of my system. Miraculous.

My 33rd birthday was bittersweet, since it is also the day I received the sad news of David Bowie's passing. Many of my friends texted me their condolences, rather than birthday wishes. Which seemed fitting, and yet, so unfair. I prayed all day that it would turn out to be one of those hoaxes.

Perhaps if I prayed more often than that one time, things would have gone differently. But probably not.

I learned a lot about the person I am because of David Bowie. Like any and all good friends, they help you to become a better you. I feel that is the impact his music had on me. It helped me to feel less isolated, more inclined to celebrate my uniqueness, to love myself in spite of my mistakes or in spite of things that happen outside of my control.

I also learned that even if your closest circle can't wrap their heads around what you may be going through, that's okay. It doesn't mean they don't love you; try to resist being frustrated with them. In situations like that, look in places you normally wouldn't. Go outside of your comfort zone. You may feel strange and may seem a little crazy, but you might discover exactly what you need.

I am profoundly grateful for the works of David Bowie. He became more to me than a sexy Goblin King. He was an inspiration. He had the capacity to create with his heart and his mind.

I feel that his life ended too soon. But that's not my call. May he rest peacefully into eternity. May his music blast on earth for all time. ⚡

“*May his music blast  
on earth for all time.*”

# THE MAN WHO FELL TO MY HEART

>>

Ever since I was a child, you've had such a major influence on me, as well as on my life. There is no other artist in this world who could ever make me feel the way you've made me feel. From a very young age, you were always someone I've looked up to and admired very much.

For the man who fell to my heart, there you shall stay for all eternity, never to leave. My hero, my idol, I love you so, and I will never let you go. My heart will always hold a special place for you.

Although I didn't know you on a personal level, I still feel that I have such a strong connection with you. I can always count on you to make me feel better when I'm feeling down. For this connection I feel with you, I just know that you will always be with me.

For the man who fell to my heart, I love you so much. You're my hero, the one I will keep looking up to each day as my life goes on. You beautiful, sweet man, you are and will always be the light of my life.

There is only one artist who makes me feel like no other & that artist is you. Since I was a child, I could always count on you to make me feel better. Even in dark days such as these, I just know that you will always be in my heart to make me feel better.

For the man who fell to my heart, you may not be on this earth anymore, but you will certainly always be with me in my heart. Your presence shall never leave me. I love you so, and I will never, ever let you go.

## THE MAN WHO FELL TO MY HEART

You are the only artist who I feel such a strong connection with. Although I didn't know you personally, I still want to say thank you to you, for all that you have done to put a smile on my face and bring happiness to my heart. You will always be my main source of inspiration.

For the man who fell to my heart, you will always be a very special part of my life. For all these years you've brought happiness to my heart, and the smile you've put on my face means more to me than you will ever know. Thank you so much for all that you have done with your time on this earth.

The way you make me feel is like no other feeling I've ever felt before. You're my hero, my idol, someone that I will continue to look up to. I hope that you know how much you truly mean to me, because you certainly do mean a lot to me.

For the man who fell to my heart, I will never ever forget about you. My only real wish was to at least meet you in person, so I could tell you to your face how much you mean to me. But sadly, meeting you was just never meant to be. I'm just thankful to have shared this earth with you in the first place.

*Rest in peace,  
David Bowie.*

*Forever  
My Goblin  
King. ⚡*

CRAIG PURVES

# 9 YEARS

>>

Since the age of 7, I have loved David Bowie's music. I got into his music through my brother. As a young 7 year old, I shared a bedroom with my elder brother who is 9 years older than me. He was a massive fan - our bedroom was covered in his posters, and Bowie was always playing on the record player. So as a young boy, I grew to love his music also. All my life I have loved him, his music, and his acting. I have all his studio albums, his DVDs, etc. To cut a long story short, in 2006, my brother and I fell out and stopped talking until Monday, January 11, 2016.

That morning at about 6.00 am I had a text from my best mate. I thought, what the hell's that at this time of morning... I grabbed my phone, and the text said, "Have you seen the news?" I replied back "No, what?"

Then I got another text - "Bowie's dead." I jumped out of bed shouting, "No, no, no!" My wife said, "What's wrong?!" I just ran downstairs, put the news on, and I just could not believe it. Honest now, I just cried and cried like when my mother died 10 years ago.

I sat all day watching the news and sobbing. Later in the evening, I kept thinking about my brother - he was the one who got me into him. I went to text him, and something in my head said no, so I put the phone down and didn't bother. As I placed the phone on the table, I got a message from Facebook Messenger - it said, "What a sad day today - we have lost our hero." I looked to see who it was from - and it was my brother Martin, who I hadn't spoken to for 9 years. I couldn't believe it. We talked on Messenger, and we also met up, and he came round mine for dinner weeks after. We now sit together at weekends and remember him. He was the best, a lovely kind man. Witty and funny. I know it's hard, but one thing is true - time is a healer.

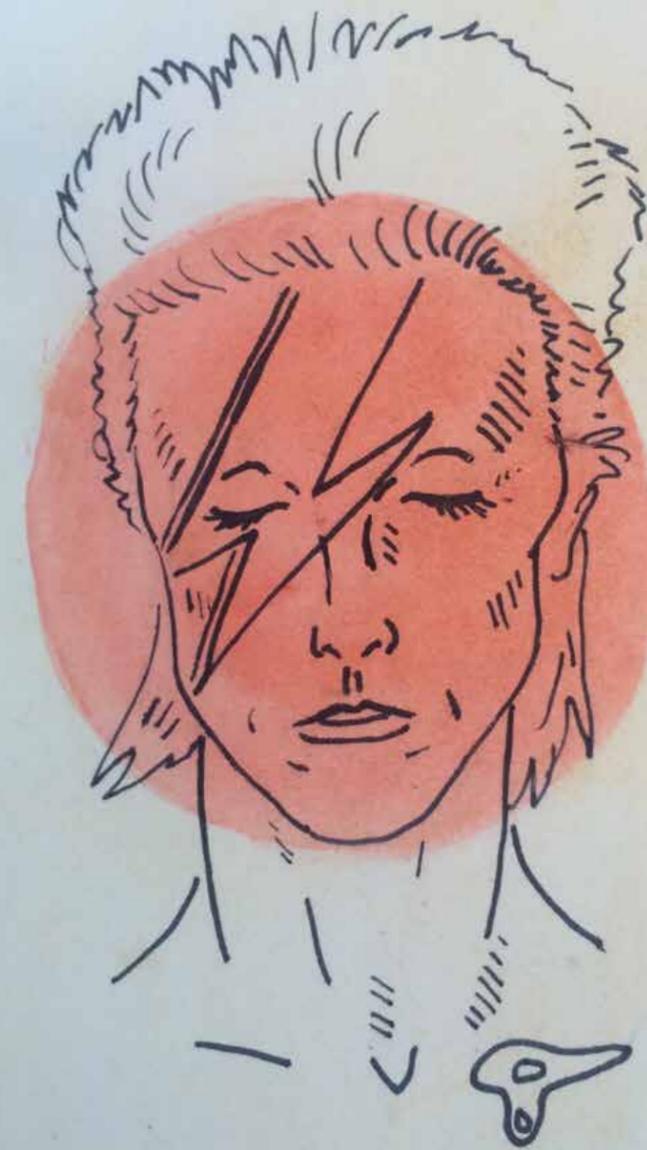
Thank you for such a great man. Please take care. Love to Lexi and Duncan and you, Iman. ⚡

LINDSAY LASER SMITH

# AN ORIGINAL

>>

Bowie was my first crush and my first hero. He kept strange, sexy and weird wondrous. Always in my heart, this painting is my tribute. ⚡



## THE MAN WHO FELL INTO MY WORLD

PIPPA

>>

Dearest David,

I've loved you from the first time I saw "The Man Who Fell To Earth;" it was 1980. My mum told me that you were also a singer, and I should take a listen. That was it; I was hooked. You have been a massive part of my life since then.

An amazing man.

A legend.

A rock and roll star.

Thank you.

All my love.



## EARTHLING

>>

From my perspective, David was a Light Being come to Earth to push boundaries and expand our consciousness. Thank you, David! ⚡

# A LITTLE GLITTER

>>

1972. I was a shy, pimply-faced, frizzy-haired 11 year old who heard “Space Oddity,” and it was like glitter was thrown into my lonely, boring world. When I went to buy the record and saw the picture sleeve (even though it was black and white), I thought this was the most beautiful “creature” I had ever seen. And so began a life-long obsession. When I finally saw a color photo of David, it was like looking at a living rainbow. My first concert was Bowie, my first Broadway play was The Elephant Man, my first plane ride was attending a Bowie convention in Chicago in 1980. My teen years especially were spent in

perpetual anticipation of each new Bowie album and persona. My dad always said, “You have Bowie on the brain.” I spent hours in my room putting together Bowie scrapbooks. My best friend, who I converted into a Bowie disciple, and I asked ourselves back then, “I wonder if we’ll still like Bowie when he’s 40?” It seemed so far away. We did; we did forever. We had so many Bowie adventures over 44 years, and a few days after David died, we placed flowers at the memorial outside of his apartment in NYC. It was surreal... unbelievable. The last Bowie concert I saw was at Mohegan Sun on the Reality Tour. I



had a feeling it might be the last time I saw David live. It was a very special show for me. He played “Five Years,” my favorite song, and “Fantastic Voyage,” another favorite. It was bittersweet. It was a Fantastic Voyage. He blew my mind, and I will always love him. ⚡

“

*I wonder if we’ll still like Bowie when he’s 40?” It seemed so far away. We did; we did forever.*

# THE BERLIN TRILOGY

>>

*Low...*

David Bowie died January 10, 2016. This was two days after he had turned 69, and two days after I had turned 31. It was a rather sad birthday, as I had attended a funeral that same day and was exhausted. I remember thinking that I hadn't watched any Elvis documentaries or listened to Bowie or watched Labyrinth to mark the occasion, as I usually do. They were my heroes, but there was no cause to celebrate anything on that particular January 8th. I fell exhausted into bed then and forgot all about it...until two days later.

**100** I cried all that day. And still occasionally cry. I often chastise myself, grieving so much when I could barely cry at my aunt's funeral the week before. It seems idiotic to grieve someone whom I had never met.

*Lodger...*

But this fine gentleman was the soundtrack to my life. He lived in my bedroom – in my TV, on my radio, on my CD player. He was a permanent resident.

In 2002, I first listened to “Space Oddity.” It spoke to me, as I felt a bit like an oddity myself.

After “Space Oddity,” I browsed his back catalogue, discovering the sexy bass lines from his funk and soul period, his kind of pop-sounding music, the electronica stuff he played with in the 90's and beyond. The sexual thrill of listening to “I'm Afraid Of Americans,” the collaboration with Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails, left me reeling.

Going back in time further, I recorded and re-watched the 1996 Brit Awards where he received his outstanding achievement award, stunned by his perfect performance and impressed by his presence from his vocals to the slick cut of his suit.

I laughed out loud at his contributions to Comic Relief. I respected him for his sincere gesture on stage at Freddie Mercury's tribute concert, kneeling down and reciting the Lord's Prayer.

That man seemed a far cry from the the Goblin King that I had frightful dreams about as a child, yet grew to love in adolescence.

He filled me with fear looking at the cover of his Diamond Dogs album. He was lycanthropic. He was disturbing. He was incredible.

*Heroes...*

For each stage of my lifetime, there was David Bowie. There was always a record, a film, a CD, a live performance. There was something there, not in my face, but forever lingering at the edges of my own world like an unseen alien.

The 30-year-old woman in 2015 watching the premiere of his video for Blackstar (and waiting, wishing for a world tour so I could FINALLY fulfill a

THE BERLIN TRILOGY

lifelong dream of seeing him) lost a piece of her own glittering stardust when his brilliant light was snuffed out in 2016.

He was the Starman, Ziggy Stardust, The Thin White Duke, Aladdin Sane, David Bowie. The man who sang “The Laughing Gnome,” on the cusp of success, on a journey of self-discovery that was, as he promised, never boring.

But before all the otherworldly appearances and the ethereal sounds, before his androgyny thrilled and aroused boys and girls of the 70's, long before he discovered his voice, before he laid a character down to music, before Bowie just was...he was David Jones.

A rare, talented human being tucked away in a little corner of Brixton.

And the music was still to come. ⚡

**101**

# OBSESSION

## A LIFELONG

>>

My father was a big soul fan, so my first exposure to Bowie in the eighties was his Soul Train appearances, which blew me away - and this led me to seek out other music of his, and I've never looked back.

Like many, David was a constant companion during the ups and downs of my life, and his music just spoke to me in ways no other artist ever has. He taught us that it's ok to be yourself and to push yourself to be the best you can be.

I have no doubt that people will still be listening to his music and discussing him long after everyone here is gone. Immortality beckons. ⚡

## PASSED DOWN FROM MY FATHER

>>

The first song I ever heard was "Space Oddity," when my late father used to listen to Bowie's music. I loved it, and the next songs were "Life on Mars" and "Ziggy Stardust;" and the songs kept coming and coming. My late father was a big fan of David Bowie, so I always heard his music, and I was always a casual fan of his. There were times when I would listen to different music, but I never stopped enjoying David's talent and his creativity. I know our pain as fans and my pain can't compare to that of your pain as his family, but know that it was a terrible loss to the world, and I'm just glad he had a beautiful wife and beautiful children to share his life with. His creativity, talent, and music are forever in this world now, and he will never be forgotten. ⚡

# MY FRIEND BOWIE

>>

I haven't a big story to tell. Only that, through his music and performances, and his grace and humour, I felt I had a wonderful friend. I never spoke directly to him, or him to me, but he accompanied me on my life's ups and downs. He never failed to lift me up when I was down, sing with me when I was happy.

Now my wonderful friend has passed on. But he left so much of himself that, while I wish he was still here, I am comforted that I can see and listen whenever I need him. I thank him from the bottom of my heart.

Farewell, David. Your legacy will live forever. ⚡



>>

I was captivated by David Bowie's voice in 1984, while driving past the concert in Milton Keynes. I soon became a fan collecting all things Bowie, and I grew with him, artistically and intellectually. Listening to his lyrics and music as a teenager, I learned the appreciation of individuality. He was my First Love. My dream was to meet him in person. Such a unique man, an inspiration. Forever love, David Bowie. Infinity. ⚡

# SERIOUS MOONLIGHT

DEBORAH

# BOWIE... INSPIRATIONAL

>>

On January 10th, the world changed; it really did, and not just for us Bowie fans - people from all walks of life, of every country, colour, religion and planet stopped in their tracks...

I was about 13 and just getting into my music, despite the bad haircut, freckles and buck teeth! My school friends were playing AC/DC, ABBA, Bay City Rollers, etc., but I was taken with Bolan Sweet - and then I spotted Bowie with "Space Oddity;" that was it, I was hooked. Going into catering college, my passion only grew, so much so that I saw him for the first time in concert - Serious Moonlight; it was amazing. I'm now 49, and all through my years David and his music have kept me transfixed. My family, at times, I think, thought it was funny, odd maybe, but they understood - or so they thought! You see, it's not just been his music, but him as a person; I've admired his spirit for trying different things without being afraid, his enthusiasm for

new technology, his passion for art, and as a businessman, too. He always looked into the future, while at the same time caring for others (so many lovely stories have come out); he was such a special man, loved by many.

With all the newspapers and magazines, etc., coming out to celebrate his life, my family have had a bigger opportunity to read about him without my input! Several have said that they now understand what I saw; they have a new admiration for David, and I'm not the only one playing his music! :)

So, David will continue to open people's eyes, inspire them as he has me, and bring them together, and I cannot think of anyone in my lifetime that so many around the world have paid homage to. What a man!

I just want to say thank you, because I have been so inspired by David that I was brave enough to change careers back in 2004, and pursued and now work as a full-time glass artist. In those years, I got to meet him, and they brought me close to some of his fans & community. Special times!

BOWIE... INSPIRATIONAL

Iman, you must miss him greatly, but remember him as he would want you to. You could clearly see he absolutely adored you.

Duncan... you remind me of your dad somewhat with your drive and passion and wicked sense of humour. :) Good luck with the baby; your dad will watch over you all.

Lexi... my nephew lost his dad not long ago, at the same age you lost yours, but remember - as long as you keep him in your heart, he WILL be with you forever.

My last part to this long story, and there are several I could choose from, is the day I spoke to David on the radio. It was with Chris Tarrant; my daughter was running round the room like a scalded cat in excitement....I worked as a chef back then, and when I told my boss I was late due to talking on the phone with David Bowie, he said it was the best excuse he had ever had - but believed me. :) It was true!



The stars look very different today, but they will continue to shine over us all, and if you see them twinkle, it may just be a starman reminding us he's there. ⚡

# ALL THE DAYS OF

>>

I was 13 when Let's Dance came out. The 80's were a crazy time to be a teenager; we were terribly overindulged by our baby boomer parents who came of age in the 60's. I knew little of the David Bowie of the 70's; he was a vague name from my parents' time. We loved that album in 1983, and we answered the call and danced with David. He was sexy and cool with his platinum hair and zoot suits with his provocative music videos. Then in 1986 came Labyrinth, and every day my best friend and I were saying the words, "I wish the goblins would come and take me away!" It was a flop, so it ended up being one of those

movies they would show weekday afternoons for \$1, and we went at least a dozen times. I fell in love. The weird thing about my Bowie obsession was that I kept it mostly private. Everyone knew me as a rocker chick with puffy hair and too much makeup, but in my room alone at night I was laying in the dark getting lost in a "Moonage Daydream." I reluctantly admit, in college I got away from Bowie for a while. Life was busy, and the local music scene took up much of my time when I wasn't in school. Oddly enough, my college station promoted the hell out of Tin Machine, but I barely noticed David was in it. So

for about a decade, while I would throw on Ziggy or maybe one of the many hits collections and study or whatever, he wasn't at the forefront of my music habits. Then my life changed. My dad got sick, and I had to help care for him. My dad was my best friend my whole life. Something called me back to David, and therein I found solace and comfort. Then my dad died, and the world fell down. But see, when I was 16, and sitting in that darkened theater, David promised he would be there, and he was. I crashed and burned, developed depression, anxiety, lost my job and barely functioned, and the only thing that kept me here

# MY LIFE

was David. Through the days and nights of pain and sadness, only his voice brought me peace. He saved my life and my sanity.

My wish for Iman, for Lexi, and for Duncan is that they are well and happy, and that they know how very precious David is and will always be to us fans. We will do our very best to keep his light shining brightly in the world, and keep his beautiful spirit alive, and keep being inspired by him. I will love him "all the days of my life" and honor him every day by living well with no regrets. ⚡

FOREVER

# STARMAN

>>

The goblin king lives forever. Through myself, and now my children, and theirs to come... "It's only forever... not long at all." ... Dance magic dance, in the party in the sky. ⚡

# NOW

*I don't  
know where  
I'm going from  
here, but I promise  
it won't be boring.*

114

>>

I could not have composed a more appropriate title to describe the impression that David Bowie has left upon my life. In some form or “fashion,” David has inspired both my imagination and creativity as a fellow musician and as a person. Though I am currently a college freshman, merely beginning to find my place and purpose in this world, I can truly say that most of my cherished memories as a child were greatly influenced by his work. I distinctly remember the day my father took me to the public library to rent the movie *Labyrinth*. He had been raving about this movie for weeks, and, being the ten year old I was at the time, I had no idea what to expect. That night that we watched it together was one of the best memories I've ever shared with my dad. From then on, it continued to influence my creative imagination as a child. I was hooked from that moment on, and still today, consider *Labyrinth* to be my all-time favorite movie. Though this may have seemed like the kindling of my admiration for Bowie, it began far earlier than I then realized. When I was much younger, my mother used to listen to him on records while working around the house. Even after I grew out of my adolescence into my teenage years, her fandom only grew over time. Unfortunately, I had not become familiar with his music until my later teenage years, and after she had passed away unexpectedly. With the many encounters I'd had throughout my childhood, I never went out of my

# & FOREVER

way to investigate and dive into his work. However, the story of how I came to know David Bowie and his inspiring, chameleonic spirit, occurred in the most unfortunate of ways. On January 10 around 10:50 a.m., I was walking to my next class across campus, when I decided I would spontaneously check the news reports on my smartphone (which I hardly ever pay any attention to). When I opened the home screen, the headlining article read “David Bowie dies at age 69.” At least 3-4 years had gone by since the last time I had watched *Labyrinth*, or even had the thought of David Bowie cross my mind. Even then, I hadn't considered myself a 'die-hard' fan. Yet, after reading the article headline, my heart sunk, and I felt petrified. It was hard to sit through my class, but

once it was through, I spent the entire day watching *Labyrinth*, with a box of tissues by my side. Since then, not a day has gone by where I haven't spent time on YouTube, watching interviews, movies, concerts, etc.. I am truly saddened by the fact that I have missed so many years of knowing about this amazing man while he was still on this earth. But it is so enlightening to see so many amazing people sharing their stories and memories, and giving support to his wonderful family. I may not have years of fangirling experiences to share, but I stand with all of those in memory of the artist, rock icon, actor, husband, father, brother, son, and friend we have all come to know. Rest in peace, David Robert Jones. For you will be greatly missed by many. ⚡

115

KATE

## SINGULAR VOICE + MUSICAL VISION = DAVID BOWIE

>>

Like so many other thousands of people, I can remember the first time I heard David Bowie.

That moment, like everyone else's, hit me like a lightning bolt. His voice, his music, his lyrics

and his vision blew me away, and have continued to do so throughout my life. I have done and

experienced many things as a direct result of David Bowie and his music; here are just a few:

> Saw that there were a lot more music/ideas/people in the world not in the mainstream.

> Not eating or drinking anything for 12 hours so I could keep my front row spot, once in Wembley Stadium.

> Queuing overnight in the middle of London for concert tickets.

> Taking my father (aged 45 years) to his first-ever concert.

> Driving my twin sister crazy with the music and posters in our shared bedroom as teenagers. (Obviously no taste at all.)

Thank you so much, Mr. Bowie, for all the enjoyment and inspiration you have given me and will continue to give me and everyone else. ⚡

116

DESIREE

## THANK YOU

>>

I have loved David Bowie since I was around 13. The "Young Americans" Bowie, the 80's Bowie. Through the years we grew apart; I, being so young when we "met," went on to other experiences. After experiencing motherhood, I brought The Labyrinth to both my daughters, 14 years apart, so they could appreciate his artistry. I awoke to the news of his passing and the video of "Lazarus" along with the rest of America. I will not ever be the same. It is deep, moving, brilliant, and it brought me back. I mourn with you, made raw by David's glimpse into the end of life. God bless you all. Thank you for sharing him. ⚡

SANDY

## A STAR IS SHINING

>>

Labyrinth, such a great movie; I still watch it to this day. Thanks for all your great music that will live on forever. God bless your family. ⚡

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# MY LIFE WITH DAVID BOWIE

## MICK BULL

>>

It is 1971; I am 15 years old!

In my hand I have a little transistor radio, and this noise/sound/music comes out of it!

I am intrigued, enthralled, stunned, but happy!

Who and what am I listening to?

It is announced that it is a young artist called David Bowie!

I am hooked!

So started my lifelong love of the enigma that is/was/will always be David (Robert Jones ) Bowie!

My father was a gentlemen's hairdresser, so I had always had fairly short hair!

I grew a bit of length to my hair and had the spike and dye done!

Yes, you all know what I mean!

Father was not amused! Friends were stunned! School was livid!

It lasted a few weeks, but, due to job hunting, it had to go!

Gutted!

So, after all these years, I have grown, served my country, married, had children and grandchildren, and Bowie has been my one constant!

I was 60 on January 12th this year (2016), and my children treated me to a long weekend in the Irish Republic with my wife of 40 years!

We attended the inaugural Dublin Bowie Weekend!

What a fantastic city and a brilliant weekend, made extra special by the tribute band, Rebel Rebel, based in Dublin, and the guest appearance of the great Gerry Leonard!

We rocked and reminisced until midnight on the 10th.

Went to the hotel and bed very, very contented!

8 am, Monday, January 11th, and the news headlines read, "The artist David Bowie has died after a long battle with cancer!"

Stunned!

The end of an era!

No, David may no longer be with us, but he will live on forever in his music, his art, his acting, his life!

Thank you, David, for being Bowie!

Hopefully Iman, Duncan and Lexi can take strength from

his legacy and the love that is felt for him worldwide!

Is there life on Mars?

There is now! ⚡

# BRILLIANT ADVENTURE

## INGE SALZ

>>

I had seen Bowie several times already on the Serious Moonlight tour in 1983 and 1987, the Glass Spider tour at Rock am Ring and in Hamburg. Since my girlfriend and I wanted to see our star again, we took the train to Vienna to see him at his next concert. We checked in a room at the Marriot hotel, because we had learned that it was the very hotel Bowie and his band had checked into.

The evening before the concert, we hung out at the hotel bar - and our sources had been right. We met some people from the band and some of the dancers. I especially remember Carlos Alomar, Melissa Hurley, Erdal Kizilkay, Carmine Rojas, Toni Basil, and Spazz Attack. They were all very nice and friendly, and we ended up having a conversation with Carlos for a while.

The next evening we experienced a magnificent concert at the Prater Stadium in Vienna. Afterwards, we went back to the hotel bar for a drink. Some people from the band were also back at the hotel bar. And then the incredible happened; it was unbelievable! David Bowie walked into the bar. He looked stunning! He wore jeans and a red shirt. He was cheerful, laughed and talked to his band members. I walked over to him and asked him for an autograph. He

## BRILLIANT ADVENTURE

even gave me two signatures! I was even able to talk to him for a little while about the last few concerts I had seen. He mentioned that he hadn't been feeling so well in Hamburg, but that he had performed regardless. At the end of the conversation, I summoned all of my courage and bravely asked him if I could kiss him once. He smiled and said, "Yes, of course." He kissed me on the cheek, and I was able to kiss his. He smelled wonderful, and it felt amazing. I thanked him and went back to my table and watched him for a while longer. That night, I could hardly sleep because I couldn't stop thinking about our wonderful encounter.

The next day, as we had breakfast on the first floor of the hotel, David walked past us with his people. Everyone smiled and greeted us and even waved for us one last time from the bus as they left.

It was the most wonderful experience in my life, and I am happy and grateful that I was able to experience that. I will never forget this day.

He will be my hero, forever and ever. ⚡

# THE BOUNDLESS MILE

>>

When I was in high school, I never seemed to fit in. I would always eat my lunch by myself in the stairwell, listening to David Bowie on my Walkman. His music made me feel like I belonged. His music continues to inspire me as an artist, filmmaker and human being. ⚡

# THANK YOU FOR ALL YOU GAVE

>>

Dear David Bowie,

I loved you so much. You died as you lived. Seemingly elegant, perfect, and always ahead of your time. Thank you for everything - your music, your sense of style, your way of life. What an exit. I can't remember being this sad since 1980. We are all here holding our stomachs. I can't believe you won't be back.

David Bowie's death affected me very deeply - just as his life and his art affected me. For some reason, in the days after he died, I was filled with a longing to paint. But here's the funny thing, I am not a painter. It was all a strange grief response. This is for you. ⚡

# LEGEND

>>

I first saw you on the Serious Moonlight tour when I was 16 at NEC Birmingham; I came from Crewe on the "Bowie" train. That's how special you were - you had your own train 32 years ago!!! You were amazing, so chilled, but your voice, dancing and interaction with the fans blew me away; I remember seeing you in between songs, standing in the sides fag on, smiling as we danced away to your music . I remember you saying we'd never hear "Ziggy" again after that tour, and I now feel so privileged that I saw you sing "Ziggy Stardust".

I've seen you live twice more since, and each time you were amazing, I listen to your music now with tears in my eyes, not believing that I won't see you doing one last track on some show. I love you, David Bowie; legend, hero, my world. ⚡

# SOUNDTRACK TO OUR LIFE

>>

It started for me when my elder brother took me to see David at Salisbury on June 14, 1973. I was totally hooked, and as a 14 year old felt a strong affinity to him; he showed us that you could be different and take risks to be whoever or whatever you wanted to be. I met my wife through our love of David Bowie in 1974, and he has been the soundtrack to our entire life together. We have traveled thousands of miles to see him every time he toured since then, with the final concert in

2004. We have made many friends along the way and are part of the wonderful Bowienettters group. We were in Berlin celebrating the release of Blackstar and David's birthday the weekend that we lost him, a mix of extreme high and extreme low.

He was always our guide and will be sadly missed, a huge part of our lives now gone, although the legacy he has left behind will never be surpassed. ⚡

# FAME

>>

You know you have them - little snippets of time from your past... Well, one of mine was being 14 years old and going into a notorious Black club in Salford. It was an extremely scary place and used to blare out reggae music. It was my first time into the unknown, being so young and breaking the law. Well, I'd had a few drinks, and I can remember them playing "Fame," and me being blown away by it, and getting on the dance floor by myself - this was the early 70's, can't remember the exact year. I ended up sleeping on the doorstep of the club in the pouring rain, because I couldn't go home so late at night. Well, this was my baptism. ⚡

# STRENGTH DURING MY ILLNESS

>>

I got into Bowie when I was around 11. My dad had a CD in the car, and I loved what I was hearing. It wasn't until I was 14 that I really fell in love with his work. I was diagnosed with kidney failure. I spent 6 weeks in hospital when first diagnosed. I listened to every Bowie album from start to finish. Those songs are what got me through one of the hardest times of my life. I fell into this world of amazement listening to his songs. I was in love with this enigma of a man. And I will be forever thankful for his art. RIP Starman, my love for you is eternal. ⚡

>>

Whenever I've needed to kick back and forget about my world, I've tuned into your music. And I want to thank you for how much that has helped me get through the trials and tribulations that I have endured the past few years. You assured me that it's okay to be different at a time in my life when I felt so outlandish as compared to my friends. It's always been difficult for me to relate to others, but I've always felt I could relate to your music. I've arrived at a pivotal point in

# THANK YOU, STARMAN

my life in which I will soon be leaving for college, and this idea of great change has seemed incredibly daunting to me. However, I am able to lose myself in your music. Thank you for giving me the courage to turn and face the strange changes. You are, and forever will be, my hero, Starman. Thank you.

Sincerely,

A self-proclaimed "juvenile success" ⚡

**44** *We watched  
Labyrinth more  
times than I could  
possibly count that  
summer...*

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MEG WRIGHT

# A NOTE

## ON MY GREATEST INSPIRER; AN ARTIST'S TRIBUTE

>>

My first experience with David Bowie began much like anyone else who was born out of the 80's and early 90's, when during a Twinkie- and orange soda-infused sleepover, a few hyperactive 8-year-olds watched a VHS simply titled *Labyrinth*. It was the usual Jim Henson Muppet brigade, filled with plenty of crude punchline 80's jokes, a handful of creepy goblin puppets, and incredibly questionable taste in wardrobe. However, the actor cast as the leading antagonist, (Jareth the Goblin King) caught my very young attention. No, I don't mean in the obviously overly exenterated pants department (lol), but in the way that I picked up on a vibe of a person who exuded that "something extra" factor. I promptly asked our motherly supervisor of the night who this man was. "Well, that's David Bowie, dear! We like him." Well, yes, of course.

Flash forward to Summer of '98, when once again, while beginning a slumber party with oversized pixie sticks and Ho-Hos, my BFF and I once again stumbled upon this gem at the video store (Yep, this was still a happening thing in the 90's). *Labyrinth* was revisited, only this time it was my friend's turn to become enamoured with this rock fashion icon. Bowie fever had hit at 13, and for all I could tell, was here to stay.

We watched *Labyrinth* more times than I could possibly count that summer, memorizing every line. It was so a part of our summer routine, that my dad searched for a copy, eventually buying out a weathered version from a local rental store. Original box; this was a serious score. However, eventually, we needed more. My friend, who had cable (jealous!), caught and recorded a rare documentary complete with current interviews on VH1. We watched it like a couple of giddy school girls, caught up in the mystery of this oddly charismatic and unique individual. Once again, we were hooked.

The following weekend I bought the first David Bowie CD I could find; a jazzy album from 1993. On the weekends that my friend would stay over during the school year, we would listen to that album on repeat (sorry,

A NOTE ON MY GREATEST INSPIRER; AN ARTIST'S TRIBUTE

Mom!), building forts out of my blankets and sheets. My friend, who I will call "H," would doodle ridiculous cartoons that would often feature David Bowie as one of the leading characters, ensuring many giggles, and solidifying his presence as a major memory in my adolescent childhood. I still have the comics, though I haven't read them in years...

While I enjoyed the prestige of holding interest in the great rock n' roll icon instead of the usual Backstreet Boys, Britney Spears, or NSYNC (insert any generic boy band here) of those days, uniqueness wasn't something to be proud of, and all I wanted as a 14-year-old girl in a new school was to blend. While other girls plastered their Tiger Beat posters of "heart throb" pop stars in their lockers, and on their clear-front 3-ring binders, I only allowed myself a small photo tucked into the inside pocket. I'd sneak a peek during a particularly boring class (good molly 8th grade history!). This was not done in vain, and little did I know then, but David Bowie's flare for "total you-ness" was shaping me into the artist I am today.

When I wasn't in school and could fly my freak flag proudly, I tried to find more clues about who this Bowie guy was. Occasional segments in a Rolling

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#### A NOTE ON MY GREATEST INSIRAR; AN ARTIST'S TRIBUTE

Stone magazine, and random interview transcripts online (the internet wasn't what it is today) gave me tiny tidbits. I was thrilled when he made an appearance at the 1999 MTV Music Awards; a rare sighting! At the time, it was incredibly frustrating how private he was in his personal life, and in his celebrity status, but now it's something I admire most.

What I did learn of him outside his music career and early theatre life was how curious, brilliant, and passionate he was in everything he did. He was an avid painter, and a frequent collector of art pieces himself. A leading innovator in fashion, always looking dapper as hell from look to look. His musical depth and lyrics, while sometimes hard to follow (what did he mean there?) displayed a mind always engaged in questions, theories, and new concepts, always one or two steps ahead of the curve. His musical genius changed the very way we as a culture looked at Rock N' Roll, Pop, and image acceptance, but he never seemed to let the fame go to his head, always using it to call attention to some other important issue in the world. This was my first lesson in the knowledge that with fame and status came great responsibility. Power could be used well or just as easily abused. I carry this lesson still today.

Long ago, there used to be a strange store in the Podunk town I grew up in, where you could buy records, CDs, incense, mood rings, and trinkets galore. As teenage small town residents, it was our duty to frequent this dark age shop that smelled of bad decisions and patchouli. On one particular occasion, I happened to glance behind the counter at a double CD feature which had caught my eye; David Bowie Live in Philadelphia, 1974. I worked in the family barn for weeks shovelling horse manure and milking dairy goats by hand to earn enough to take this goldmine home, hoping beyond hope in my teenage heart no one would snag it before me. When I finally had enough, I raced downtown, money in hand. Then, with that melancholy, faded CD cover safely tucked into my backpack, I walked what felt like ages before I made it home, promptly disappearing into my room for 100 minutes of musical bliss.

My greatest defining Bowie memory didn't come until 2002, when the Area 2 concert line up was announced. Busta Rhymes, Moby, and wait for it—DAVID BOWIE. I couldn't believe it! And while he wasn't coming to Portland, they were making a stop at the beautiful Gorge Amphitheatre in Washington State. My closest friends and I didn't waste any time getting tickets. Now all

we had to do was wait... for months. The anticipation was killing me, and was well earned. I would actually get to see my musical hero in person in my lifetime, which with him being 55 at the time left a possibility of never actually happening. I am so thankful to my mom who let me go, and to H's Pa for taking us; another Bowie fan himself.

You can guess the night before the concert, we were a bunch of giggling buffoons, way too excited to sleep. It was just like Christmas Eve, and I wanted morning to come so I could unwrap my present. We hit the road well before the first light, and endured hours in the mid-August heat at the open arena, waiting for the show to start. While David wasn't the headlining show finale (This honour went to Moby), it was clear after talking to various concert guests that the majority of the crowd was there to see Bowie. The excitement among everyone present was almost unbearable. I had never been around so many Bowie fans, and so many of close age to me, even! It had seemed we had finally found "our people." The concert is a blur to me really anymore, but I do remember it was AMAZING, and his stage presence and connection with the audience was as good as ever. Singing both a mix of new and old hits, I was so exhausted by the end of the night...I think I was asleep

#### A NOTE ON MY GREATEST INSIRAR; AN ARTIST'S TRIBUTE

before my head even hit the pillow! During his performance, we had made it up to the very front; if my hands reached out and his did too, we could have touched! At one point, a fan threw a dress out onto the stage, and being David Bowie, he put it on and danced around for a number, throwing it back out when he was done. And wouldn't you know I caught that dress! Well, only to have it ripped from my hands by the taller girl behind me. I am a lady of class, but if I could go back, I might have socked her a good one. Heck, I could be wearing that dress today! I do possess one souvenir from this day though; a photograph of him on stage from a Kodak disposable camera.

Side note: We made T-shirts with Bowie on them using that awesome picture iron transfer method. God, we were so cool.

Flash forward to 2016, and I realize a busy life in the real world has kept me from remembering the joy of my childhood. I placed these memories and my greatest artistic inspirer in the back of my mind, only looking back in various small spurts from then until now. Truthfully, I didn't buy the last album released in 2013, had only heard one song, and only paid homage on his birthday every year and whenever it seemed to somehow apply in some

#### A NOTE ON MY GREATEST INSIRAR; AN ARTIST'S TRIBUTE

little way. When I heard he was dropping a new album on his birthday, I paid little attention, thinking I would get a chance as the busyness of the New Year died down. I posted my usual birthday reference on Facebook, and a friend texted to pay respects as well. Two days later, he was gone.

On January 10, 2016, I was scrolling through Facebook before bed per usual, when the announcement flashed across the screen. Everyone thought it was a hoax at first, as he couldn't possibly be gone. He had just released this amazing epic album being hailed on all accounts, hadn't he? And hadn't he just written and overseen a new Broadway production? Somebody dying of an awful aggressive disease just didn't do these things... did they? I fell asleep on the couch, certain that it was indeed a cyber hoax. I was awakened an hour later by my husband, who confirmed it was being reported on CNN, and all the condolence texts started rolling in, as if I had personally known the man. I think I went through all the normal reactions of grief that night - shock, denial, sadness, overwhelming anxiety - but as I finally allowed my thoughts to taper off, I landed upon awe and amazement at the legacy he left behind for his family, friends, and fans. I think Elizabeth Gilbert expressed best what I was feeling.

"For the last 18 months (we learn only today), David Bowie has known that he was dying. He kept that information private, while spending his final months doing what he'd done his whole life - making outrageously original, beautiful, complicated art. He made a gorgeous album. He created a show, playing right now in New York. And then he released this, his final video, just a few days before he died - on his 69th birthday.

"Look up here," he sings, "I'm in heaven."

Can you imagine, to be making art like this (fearless art that both comforts and challenges) right up to the moment of your death? How do you do that? How do you BE that? To work with your death so imaginatively, in order to perfectly time out the last beats of your life? What a magnificent creature of creation, right to the end.

I am sad today, but mostly I am overwhelmed by awe. This is what it means to be a great artist. From the beginning, this was a man who showed us how to do life differently than anyone had ever done it before, and now look how he has done death.

#### A NOTE ON MY GREATEST INSIRAR; AN ARTIST'S TRIBUTE

Things I've learned from David Bowie:

- > Embrace the strange.
- > Stay curious.
- > Never waste any ideas.
- > Be approachable.
- > Life is a great thing - get involved.
- > Do YOU - you're the best at it.
- > Care about the world.
- > How to make the most of a manic artist's mind, i.e., managing and working creatively with ADD, fear, anxiety, depression, erratic sleep, procrastination, and a generally overstimulated mind.
- > How to face mortality with creativity, humbleness, and outstanding grace.
- > LOVE greatly. ⚡

“Do YOU -  
*you're the  
best at it.*”

THEREZA LOFTUS

# MY SAVIOUR

>>

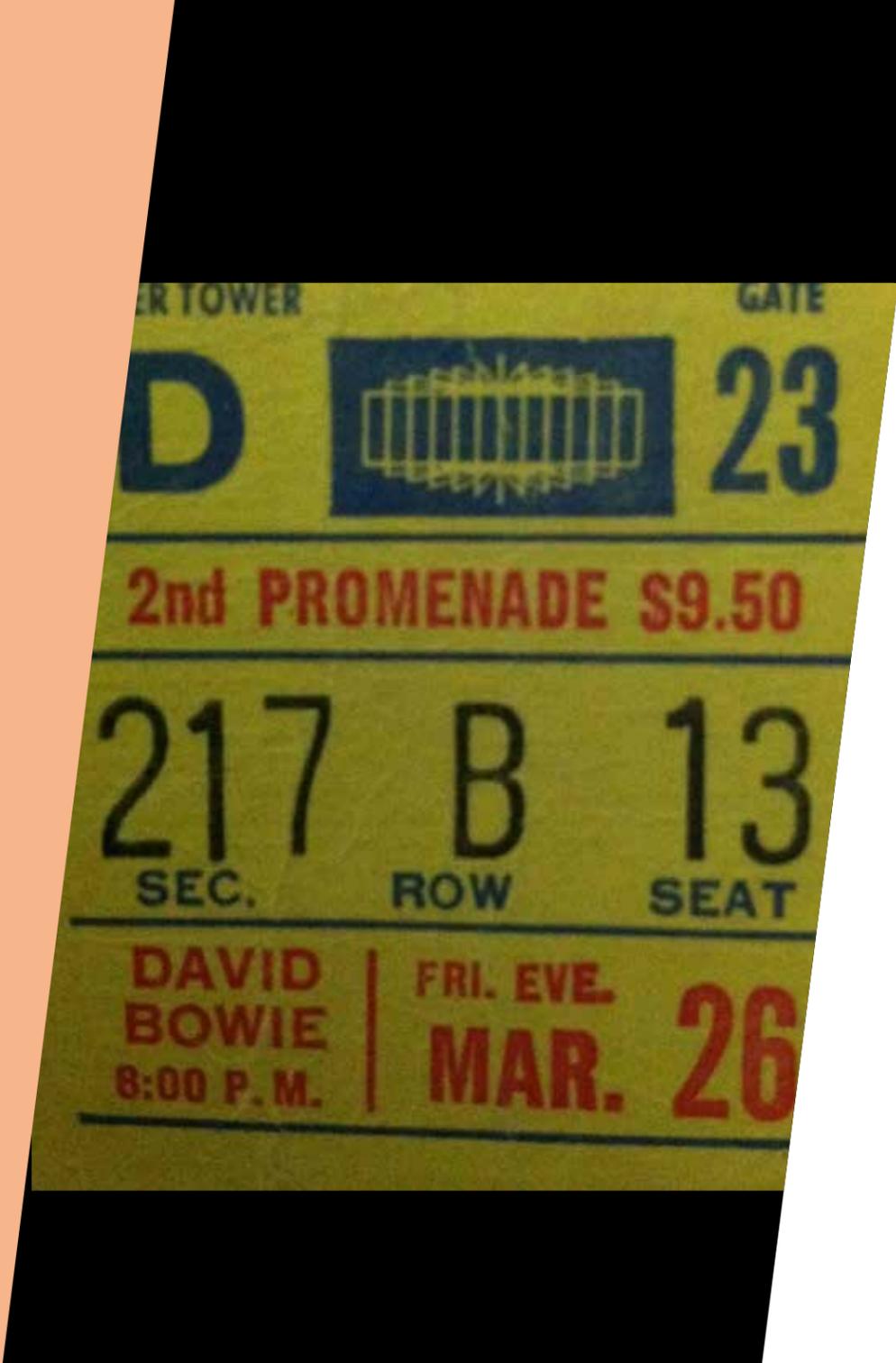
I first got into David Bowie when I was 13 years old. “Buddha of Suburbia” was the first video I saw, and I was hooked from then on. I then bought his singles collection and a few other albums shortly after, and listening to him after school really helped me as I was a daily punching bag because of my weight. The bullying got even worse when they all figured out I was gay - they made me feel like killing myself, and I nearly had a nervous breakdown. But it was only listening to David Bowie that kept me going, and it still does. When I woke up on the 11th of January and one of my Facebook friends posted, “R.I.P David Bowie,” I quickly looked at the trending news and saw that that it was true. I just burst into tears right then and there. I never knew he was ill till after. I was and still am in shock, and for two weeks after, I cried every few minutes. I still cry sometimes. I know I never knew him personally or met him, but I felt like I did and I grieved for him. He had such a huge

impact on my life, and even now I can't watch the “Lazarus” video without bursting into tears. When he passed away, it felt like a huge hole opened up in my heart. Because of the bullying at school and my abusive, alcoholic father, it was only David Bowie that took me away from all that for a while - it felt like I was in a better place, and so for that I will be eternally grateful to David and his wonderful music. I love him and miss him every day, and will continue to do so. I absolutely idolised him and always will. He is my saviour. I wish I could have told him how many times his music actually saved me. It is pretty much on a daily basis, so thank you, David, you will always be my idol and saviour. R.I.P. Starman. ⚡

# MEETING MR. BOWIE

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I met the incredible David Bowie after seeing his Glass Spider Tour in Atlanta, GA, in 1987. He had style, grace and was a really down-to-earth person. He chatted with me for a few moments, and gave me his autograph that I will cherish always! David was, is and always will be what true legends are made of. He was a true professional and inspiration to everyone, even in death. A true artist in every possible sense of the word. My heart will be forever broken at his loss. He was a remarkable man. To Iman and his children, I wish you peace and everlasting loving memories of your husband and father. I hope my words are of some consolation to you, as David is... was loved by millions. May he Rest in Peace! ⚡



**DENNIS ROSZKOWSKI**

**MY DAVID BOWIE**

# STORY

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My brother brought home the Ziggy Stardust LP in 1972. I was just about to turn 16. He then brought home Hunky Dory the next week, and I was mesmerized. We scored tickets in 1974 to see David on June 23 at Detroit's Cobo Arena as part of his Diamond Dogs Tour. It would be the 9th concert that I had ever attended. There were about 6 or 8 of us, and we had Tier B tickets. I was stoked. My mom gave me her Instamatic to take to the show, as she knew how much I loved Bowie. I had hardly taken a photograph in my life, only about 12 or so using my mother's Instamatic with rotating flash bulbs. This concert is what hooked me on photography!!!



**MY DAVID BOWIE STORY**

I started wandering around and walked onto the main floor, with no one asking me any questions at all. I walked right past the usher at the end of the 1st section and strolled right up to the front of the stage.

I was there for about two minutes looking around, and a guy to my left in the first row was tapping the empty seat next to him and said, "Do you want to sit here?" I sat and asked if the seat was taken, and he told me that the seats were comp from a connection, his friend couldn't make it, and the seat was mine. The lights suddenly went out - he tapped my shoulder, gave me a high-five and said, "Welcome to the front row, enjoy the show." What a way to see my rock hero!!! And I had my mom's Instamatic!

Fabulous show ... excellent seats, a wonderful memory!!!

I was fortunate to see David in concert over the years many times. I always think of this moment, as I became talented with a camera and have had much joy with photography in my life. Iman, may the memories of your days with David in your life give you comfort and happiness. Peace and Love to you!!! ⚡

*"Welcome to the front row, enjoy the show."*

VANESSA T.

# A LIFE-CHANGING EXPERIENCE



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About three years ago, a friend of mine that I've met on the internet introduced me to David Bowie by showing me some of his classics such as "Let's Dance" and "Fashion," and I'm endlessly thankful for that because that's when I started to study him and his music, and I became a major fanatic. Ever since then my life has completely changed. Without him I wouldn't have met so many great friends on social media who are also fans. They've become my best friends ever. Furthermore I've been bullied in school for 6 years because I was different than the others, and I'm thankful for David showing me that being different is okay, so I could accept myself. He himself was very different; he was unique, one of a kind, and that's what has turned him into a legend. David helps me to build self-confidence which I need to make my dream of becoming an actress come true one day. Last but not least, he taught me about real art and inspires me in so many ways. I'm forever grateful for him, and I will always love him with all my heart. ⚡

SIMONE

# DON'T BELIEVE FOR EVEN **ONE SECOND** I'M FORGETTING YOU



>>

When I read the tragic news on January 11th, it was the saddest day of my life. I've been scared of this for quite a while already and always dreaded the day, but hoped it would still at least take another 15-20 years. Never would I have imagined it would happen this soon. Even though today it's been 7 weeks since, not one day has passed without tears - at least a single one, usually more. All other problems pale in comparison and just can't bother me much anymore. It's been a little comfort, though, to see how the world reacted, and to read all the lovely tributes that people wrote afterwards. So I'd like to add a story as well.

I fell in love with David the first time I saw him live on June 7, 1997, at the Go Bang festival in Lubeck. He got onstage in his white clothes, looking like an angel, singing "Quicksand," and I was done. Got totally addicted then (even though I did like his music for a few years before, of course). I saw him two more times within a month, unfortunately also only at festivals.

But over the following years I managed to see him live about 100 times - in concert and TV shows - in Europe, America, and even made it to Australia and Japan, and was so lucky to also have several very memorable encounters with him off-stage.

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It was a month before my wedding and I was watching David Bowie while my 16-year-old brother was planning a surprise for me. He was giving me away, and on the morning of my wedding day, came down the stairs dressed in an almost identical pale blue suit, newly dyed and styled Bowie hair. Knowing how much David meant to me, this was as near as I could get to having Mr. Bowie on our day. He carried the look off really well. He too was a number one fan. As long as we can listen to his music, he is still around us. ⚡

## SO LONG,

## FRIEND

&gt;&gt;

Although we never met, I always considered you a close friend. I grew up with your music from an adolescent to adult, and still listen today. You are a true music legend and will be missed by so many. I am sure going to miss you, my friend. ⚡

## MARIA-MAGDALENA STOYANOVA

&gt;&gt;

On January the 10th, I woke up. I had the sense that something bad had happened. Then my mom broke the news to me - my dear David had died. I felt like a part of my heart had been broken into millions of pieces. Just as brightly as I remember his death, I remember the first day I started listening to that unique, mesmerizing and tremendously talented man called David Bowie. I am 14 years old, and I am looking at pictures of him - strange, wonderful, unknown, inspiring. He had just released his then-latest album - The Next Day. I am blasting Low on maximum volume that same day. "What is that music?!" I say, "It is nothing like I have heard before." For a year I searched for all the info I could on him and listened to almost every album.

To sum up, David made me look profoundly at things, but still not take things too seriously. I started acknowledging the fact that music is my friend, that David is my friend - I discovered new music, but with that, I opened to so much more. But what gave me the most hope was the fact that he was somewhere; we were walking the same earth, we were breathing the same air. He

was my precious hero, and he always will be. I will treasure all the good moments I had thanks to him, the great talks, etc. I will do things he would approve of. I will not let his legacy die. Dear Iman, Duncan and Lexi - I am sorry for your sorrow; I hope you can all wake up one day and feel better than this. I am thinking of you everyday, hoping for you to cope as much as you can.

Sending a big hug over the ocean. ⚡

# ACROSS THE UNIVERSE

# YOU MOVED THE STARS FOR ME

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I first discovered David Bowie when I saw *The Labyrinth* in elementary school. I was in love instantly; I was in love with the story, the characters, the world and, most of all, the music. I'd never heard anything like it, and I wanted more. I needed to get my hands on as much as I could find. It inspired me, and suddenly I felt the need to write, draw and channel those feelings into any medium I could think of.

In middle school, there was a girl in my group of friends that I kept clashing with, and I thought we would never get along. One day, we started talking about music, and David Bowie came up. What followed was a conversation that changed our entire perceptions of each other. We've been best friends now for nearly twenty years.

His passing devastated me and left a hole in my heart. I'll be eternally grateful to the man who not only helped me discover myself, but also my best friend and my passions. *The Man Who Sold the World* opened mine up and made me who I am today. ⚡

## AMY YOKIN

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Dearest Iman, Lexi & Duncan,

I'm one of those "feeling lost" souls & have been in a bit of a fog since our beloved David passed on. I haven't felt this way since my mother passed a few years ago. They were the two people in my life that I can look to as influencing who I am & who I am still to become.

When I was 17 (or it could have been 18, either 1977 or '78, I forget), I made a red-enameled soaring bird lapel pin with the Chinese symbol for happiness on its wing. I had recently heard that Duncan's mother had left him alone (in a closet, perhaps?) while she did stupid things, thus leading to their divorce (thank God!). So, I made it in my high school art class and wanted to somehow give it to David when his tour hit Detroit. I used to always leave school early, dress how I "thought" people would to "blend in" backstage, open the stage door at whatever venue my heroes performed in and quickly make my way into the seating area of that venue to catch sound check. Fortunately for me, it worked more often than it did not! I was grateful to hand my gift over to David backstage, but asked him not to open it in

KINDNESSES  
SUPREME

## KINDNESS SUPREME

front of me (I would be mortified in case it wasn't received graciously, SILLY ME!). In the small box, I included an equally small piece of paper that had the happiness symbol, as well as my note that read, "Happiness: all that I wish for you & your son..." I WISH I could include the photo I am about to mention here, but unfortunately it is in storage, as I am in-between moves and only have temporary shelter at present... Imagine how a teenage fan who **ADORED** him felt when he came on stage that night **WITH MY PIN ON HIS JACKET!!!!** I had nice seats, but rushed the stage to get a photo of him, leaning against a stack of speakers on stage right, wearing that pin over his heart! What a thrill!

Years later, as a freelance journalist, I interviewed him for the Tin Machine tour. I had to have my questions pre-screened by his staff, as they wanted **ONLY** questions regarding the band or their first release... no personal questions, only Tin Machine-related issues. When his staff sent back approval (with only one question deleted), they mentioned they would be on an extension and would cut me off if I went off those pre-approved questions.

The week before my interview, and after the questions had been approved, I

saw the ABC In Concert with Tin Machine on the tarmac @ LAX...and as the end credits rolled, I noticed Little Richard go up on stage to greet your father/husband... so at the end of what was the pre-approved interview, I thought I could "sneak in" another question (since it WAS Tin Machine related) and asked him how it was that Little Richard got up on stage. Well, his answer and the way he answered is yet another of my most cherished moments: he started **GUSHING** like a little kid that Little Richard had the same eye problem as he did and how thrilled he was that he had come to the show and came onstage. I was **SO** happy that I had the nerve to go past the approved questions! So I took it a step further and said, "Well, I've always said if I ever had the chance to, I would personally thank you for something you did when I was quite young..." and mentioned the red-enameled bird pin that I made and which he wore on stage in Detroit. His response was to thank me and to add (paraphrasing here), "Well, I am wearing very bright Thierry Mugler this tour, so if you want to make me anything else..."

By that point in my life I hadn't made anything too spectacular in quite some time, so I asked my friend who was making hand-painted watch faces (on working wristwatches) if I could purchase one for David, as well as the rest

## KINDNESS SUPREME

of the band. The night of the concert, when I was able to meet with him backstage, I showed him all four watches on my arm and asked him to pick the one he wanted. He chose the one with the largest face, which also had dancing pin lights where the numbers would have been, and he asked if it would be alright if he gave it to his son. So Duncan, I hope you remember it and enjoyed it for as long as the battery lasted.

As I mentioned previously, David Bowie meant the world to me! Those small gifts were the very least I could do for an artist/entertainer/human being that helped to mold my being as much as my mom and life's experiences. When I finally find my next home and unpack all my possessions & touchstones, I look forward to hearing my interview again (I saved it of course, on cassette) and seeing the photo of my hero with my pin over his heart.

God bless you, and God bless David Bowie, forever in my heart and soul.

P.S. It just so happens that I work in the theatre where he first performed in Detroit in 1973. That stage is precious ground to me! How was I to know that years later, my career would lead me here? ⚡

*Imagine how a teenage fan who **ADORED** him felt when he came on stage that night **WITH MY PIN ON HIS JACKET!!!!***

## HOW DO YOU TELL

# JUST ONE STORY...



How do you tell just one story about someone who has been woven into your life's fabric for the last 43 years? You can't. My story is a collage of many stories sewn together with one strand of thread called David Bowie.

I first heard Bowie in 1972. I was an 18-year-old mother and a wife of an abusive husband who hadn't come home that night. Alone, feeling frightened, angry and hurt, I put on "Ziggy Stardust." A friend had brought it over for me to give a listen to. When I heard "Rock-n-Roll Suicide," my savior had come. I wasn't alone; I had Bowie to help me with the pain. I finally left that marriage when Aladdin Sane was released, and the music pulled me through.

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When the love of my life was killed in a car accident on Christmas morning, and very shortly after, when I realized I was pregnant with his child, Station

to Station appeared in my life. The music and lyrics of "Word on a Wing" caressed my being with faith and hope, and the strength to go forward.

Around this time Bowie started to visit me in my dreams. Being an active dreamer since I was a small child, I kept dream journals and dutifully logged my nightly occurrences. Over the years, it was ridiculous how much I dreamt of him. I always said that if I was ever gifted with the opportunity to meet him, I would feel as though I already knew him.

However, my dad did receive this gift - he met David Bowie while he was working in Los Angeles as a security guard for the movie industry. Bowie was on the set of the film *Into the Night*. One degree of separation happened that night for me.

Bowie, with all his creative gifts, never left my side. After my fourth failed marriage, I chose to follow my soul and walked the Camino (Santiago de Compostella) in 2002. I brought Heathen on this long journey as I moved forward, once again, out of pain and into grace.

Unbeknownst to me, David was leaving this earthly plane as I stood in front of my Bowie poster filming my television script pitch for the Austin, Texas, Television Festival - I told the tale of how my main characters, Jim and Chris, had met backstage at a David Bowie concert. Chris caught Jim's eye as she was cleansing Ziggy Stardust's aura. One of the lines in my script was Chris telling Jim - "I can't imagine life without Bowie." I wrote that dialogue a year prior to 1/10/16.

Two nights after David's passing, I awoke from a dream - I was standing in my dining room and three women stood behind me. A door opened, and David Bowie walked up to me. I was so happy to see him. I touched his arm and said, "Good luck." He walked away and got into a big black limousine that drove away. ⚡

*Bowie started  
to visit me in my  
dreams.*

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# CAN YOU HEAR ME, MAJOR TOM?

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Three very different and very beautiful births of three individual, shining souls. Surviving domestic violence. Owning my first home. Loss of a parent. My first job as an environmental intercessor. The car accident. Fulfilled travel dreams. Finding out that I am diabetic and that I passed on the curse to my precious children via genetic mutation. Learning to love and respect myself. Being diagnosed with a chronic illness. Discovering metaphysical realms, meanings to life, and mysteries of the other side(s). These things and many more are experiences I would not have had without your influence in my life. This is the letter I never wrote to you.

I was intending suicide after graduating university. I felt I was a failure. I was useless. I was a waste of space and resources. I just wanted the never-ending pain to stop. I longed for nothingness. Your voice was the only thing that assuaged the relentless torment that was clinical depression. And then you saved my life.

Day/night, sunshine/darkness, awake/asleep - everything ceased to have significance or meaning. When I was awake my hopeless thoughts revolved around ending myself. Dreaming of you was not unusual. But one day you spoke to me outside of a dream. After I woke, I heard your familiar, soothing, British-accented voice speaking to me aloud. Your voice told me to think of what I CAN do instead of what was impossible. It was revolutionary to me at that moment in time. Because of you I did not kill myself as I had planned. Because of you my life continued to flow and I accumulated additional experiences. You have continued to guide me in dreams throughout my life.

But now you are gone; you have passed to the Other Side. I wish I had tried to write to you the letter always running in the back of my mind. Anyone who listened to your music or watched you in movies knew you were talented.

That much was obvious. But I always wondered who YOU were - behind the fame, glamor, and money - who was David Jones? What did you make of your life experiences? Only after you passed did I start to learn about you through videos and interviews.

My one regret is that I never wrote the letter/we never spoke together. You were a rock god and I am a mere mortal struggling to keep my job. Our paths were not destined to cross directly. But I see myself in you. I see you in me. I wish we could have spoken, at least once. In conversation you seemed able to skip from the mundane to the philosophical on the turn of a dime. Your mind was agile and curious. I feel you and I could have have excellent conversations and connected on some levels. You seemed, also, to be a trickster of sorts and I am not sure I could have kept up with you. But I feel you were gracious and kind and would not have let on if you thought I was hopelessly stupid :-). My chance is gone now.

After you left what seemed so abruptly, the world mourned your loss. I found comfort in the many fans who grieved you as deeply as I. I found that my odd little one-sided relationship with you and gratitude to you were not

## CAN YOU HEAR ME, MAJOR TOM?

unusual to me, but that thousands of people shared stories similar to mine. It was humbling to stand back and see the effect YOU had on the people, cultures, and attitudes in this world through a variety of media. You did it by being you. You followed your passion. You did not settle. Despite your shyness, unease, and fears, you forged on. You learned from your success and mistakes. In so doing, you changed the world. I am not a world-changing person. But I do forge on despite my fears on a daily basis. Now I am trying to figure out how to use your influence in my life to help others like you did, even though I do not feel brave.

At the end of the day, I am honored to have lived on this planet at the same time and space as you and to have been impacted by you. Changing the world may not have been your intention, certainly gaining the love of millions was not intended, but you achieved both and more. Thank you, sir. I hope to meet you in heaven when my time comes.

My condolences to your treasured family. Their loss is far greater. They knew you as David Jones - husband and father. ⚡



# DAVID'S GIFTS TO ME

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I had to get out of the house. My mother had caught me kissing another girl. She didn't kick me out, exactly, but I knew that if I stayed I would have to endure her contempt. So I got in my car and headed to my girlfriend's house, knowing her mother was out of town with some man or other, and we could have the place to ourselves. I was feeling like flinging myself off a bridge. I was 16 years old.

My girlfriend had made me a mix tape, so I popped it in. The first track was "Life On Mars." What a perfect song it was for my experience right at that moment.

I played it over and over again until I got to her place, learning the lyrics (as best I could; that bit about "from Ibiza to the Norfolk Broads" was all foreign to me, so I'd just mouth that bit). Being able to sing really loudly in the car kept me sane till I got there.

I'm now 48 years old. I've had a hell of a year, beginning with January 10, 2016. I've had friends die, I got laid off from my job, I lost my apartment,

DAVID'S GIFTS TO ME

and what-all else you can think of that has smashed my will to stay on the planet. Last Friday, I was at my job, taking tickets at a garage at a church, and feeling lost and defeated. All of a sudden, I started singing, "It's a god-awful small affair/to the girl with the mousy hair . . ." I realized that I had taught myself to sing, through all these years, and almost every song is David's. He often sang in a range that I could manage, and if I couldn't go low or high, I'd practice in the car till I could. Standing there in the garage, singing at the top of my lungs, I had folks come up to me, stand and hear me, and shout enthusiastic encouragement ("SING IT, GIRL!") and everything, for just a hot minute, was all right.

David taught me how to sing. David taught me how to hang on, when things are worse than you think you can handle. David's face – beautiful, fierce and gentle – makes me feel appreciated, even though I never met him. These things have been great gifts to me. They continue to sustain me.

He was so much more than a "rock star." He was a great man, a great human. And I am profoundly grateful I was blessed to be on the planet at the same time he was. ⚡

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# ABOUT WEEVA

## *MAKING BOOKS WITH LOVE IN AUSTIN, TEXAS*

We hope you have enjoyed reading this book as much as we have enjoyed putting it all together. We know there are so many more stories to tell, and this book is just the beginning!

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Thanks for reading. We hope to see you soon at [Weeva.com](http://Weeva.com).

The logo for Weeva, featuring the word "weeva" in a lowercase, rounded, multi-colored font.