

FRONT • UP  
FRONT  
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DM  
WHERE'S YOUR PASS?  
By Danny Zerbib  
V.I.P

One truly awe-inspiring thrill of a Depeche Mode concert is the drive produced by the audience. The energy of thousands of fans singing in harmony with every song, word for word, like a chorus of echoes filling the hollow gorge of a stadium and returning to the band all the songs that have meant so much. Some fans watch intently and quietly as the show unfolds. Other fans dance or scream or hold each other tightly, enveloped by the energy radiating around them. To the women, those four men performing above are the ideal mates, sensitive and mysterious; vibrating sexuality with every movement. And to the men, they are a source of ego, a mirrored reflection of something they've always longed to be. "This is religion, there's no doubt".

But when the show is over, everyone leaves. They go home, reflect, and remember everything vividly; the lights bathing the stage from above, shooting laser patterns through billowing fog from below; stories unveiling themselves on the giant video screens

behind the stage, adding new meanings and perceptions to the well-known songs; Martin Gore standing alone on a dark stage, looking both blissful and vulnerable as he strums the strings of an acoustic guitar. To many, these memories must suffice. They are cherished memories that remain for years to come. This is an exception only for the select few that go backstage. To them, the night has just begun.

It is these few who sit anxiously or stand huddled in a reserved section of the floor and wait as thousands make the slow stampeding progression to their cars.



Mostly they remain in silence, unable to hear much aside from the insistent ringing in their ears. These ten or fifteen minutes are the humanistic equivalent to purgatory, life has somehow paused with an unbridled anticipation. At this point, the feelings of anxiousness

and disbelief are so powerful, some fans tremble uncontrollably as they ponder the thought, "I can't believe I'm going backstage"

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tion—which was later christened the “U.S.S. Auto-BONG”—and took it in for some repairs. A few days later, after finishing up the necessary arrangements, packing, and collecting funds, we were ready to go, two days early. We took advantage of our extra time and decided to see the show in Milwaukee first, since it was only 70 miles from Chicago. So, in the late afternoon of Friday, June 29, 1990, the first official Auto-BONG was loaded and on its way out of Denver

For seventeen hours we drove across Middle-America, the music keeping time. None of us could sleep in our wired excitement, so we remained awake in the cramped car, longing for those gas station/stretch/potty breaks every 300 miles. “Travel my way, take the highway, that’s the best” (Right.)

Finally, a toll booth reminded us that Denver was far behind, and we were now subject to Eastern Time-Zone highway jurisdictions. Forty cents in the basket and our Auto-BONG gained access onto Wisconsin-bound Tollway 51.

After reaching Milwaukee, finding a hotel, taking showers, changing clothes, and collecting ourselves for the events ahead, we drove off to find the Marcus Amphitheater. After driving back and forth twice on the ridiculously long Lake Freeway, we found our destination, in the middle of Wisconsin’s traditional “Summerfest” celebration. Finally, after walking around forever in our search for the entrance to the amphitheater, we discovered that a \$4.00 fee was required just to enter the grounds. We found this ironically stupid, because we weren’t even going to the fair. Despite the confusion, the show was, of course, incredible, especially for Mike and Danny who had yet to experience the World Violation Tour. “Get your kicks on Route 66.”

Chicago, “the windy city”, greeted us with a stiff, humid July heat that suggested air conditioners

and swimming pools. It took us about an hour and a half to drive from Milwaukee to the Sheridan O’Hare, which we later discovered was three hours from the place where the band was playing. Once we were situated, we took a train downtown and spent the rest of the hot Sunday afternoon sight-seeing in area record stores.

The first half of the next day followed with more sight-seeing, and a trip to the band’s hotel, where we gave them copies of our articles. Then it was on to the World Music Theater, where we handed out copies of BONG3 and several dozen colored sparklers we brought from Denver for a special dedication to the band during “Waiting for the Night.” Our Chicago readers might remember this.

Both shows in Chicago were sold out and as usual, fantastic. Backstage, Mike and Danny were introduced to Anton Corbijn. (If you recall, Anton was in Chicago, filming for the “World In My Eyes” video). Other interesting people backstage in Chicago included members of the Chicago-based industrial band, Die Warzau and New “Squids” on the Block. Our final conversations with the band concluded that they would keep our articles while in Texas so they could have more time to critique them before violating Denver.



Once back in Denver we were again stricken with anticipation

as we waited nervously for the band’s arrival. Planning ahead, Kevin made arrangements to meet with the band when they arrived to discuss, in further detail, the ever brightening future of BONG and the articles we had given them. During our wait, we pondered the thought of potentially reaching tens-of-thousands of fans with fliers in Southern California.

Depeche Mode arrived in Denver from 104° Dallas, Texas on Wednesday, July 11, after one of the most miserable hail storms we’ve ever seen. The storm



Since the band is currently on a two year break from their music, there is nothing new scheduled for release. We'll be sure to let you know if anything develops. The next magazine, tentatively scheduled for release in July, launches the beginning of our four part retrospective series. Beginning at the beginning, the up coming issue will cover the events that transpired prior to 1983. The detailed history will include album and single reviews, past concerts, bibliographic info, and of course, descriptions of some rare collectors items. The history will also include information about some of the people who have helped Depeche Mode through out the course of their career, and much more.

At the present time, we are unsure as to what exactly the history will entail when it's finished, but you can rest assured that it will be nothing short of informative. If anyone has any old magazine or newspaper articles they think would help us with our search for historic information, please send us a photo copy. Until next time, stay cool.



Photo by Collean McLin

COMING • UP &  
COMING • UP &  
US BONG

*"Wan To Be, Once Removed"*

*By Sanguine Triste*

*Grown up*

*never*

*grew up*

*re*

*re re repressed child*

*Impulsively self-disciplined.*

*Feeling black, but still she grinned.*

*Views the World  
through the peephole  
of her soul.*

*Invites them in  
much to her chagrin*

*So*

*so so sorry so wry.*

*Does what she likes.*

*Likes what she doesn't do.*

*Have her cake and eat it blues.*

*Woe*

*woe woe wonder why she has to choose?*

*Magic, zeal,*

*charm and ideals.*

*Once upon her stained-glass dreams.*

*She*

*she the sheep can never hear her screams*

*Grown up*

*NEVER*

*grew up*

*re*

*re*

*re*

*repressed child*

*Soul inside*

*Up and died.*

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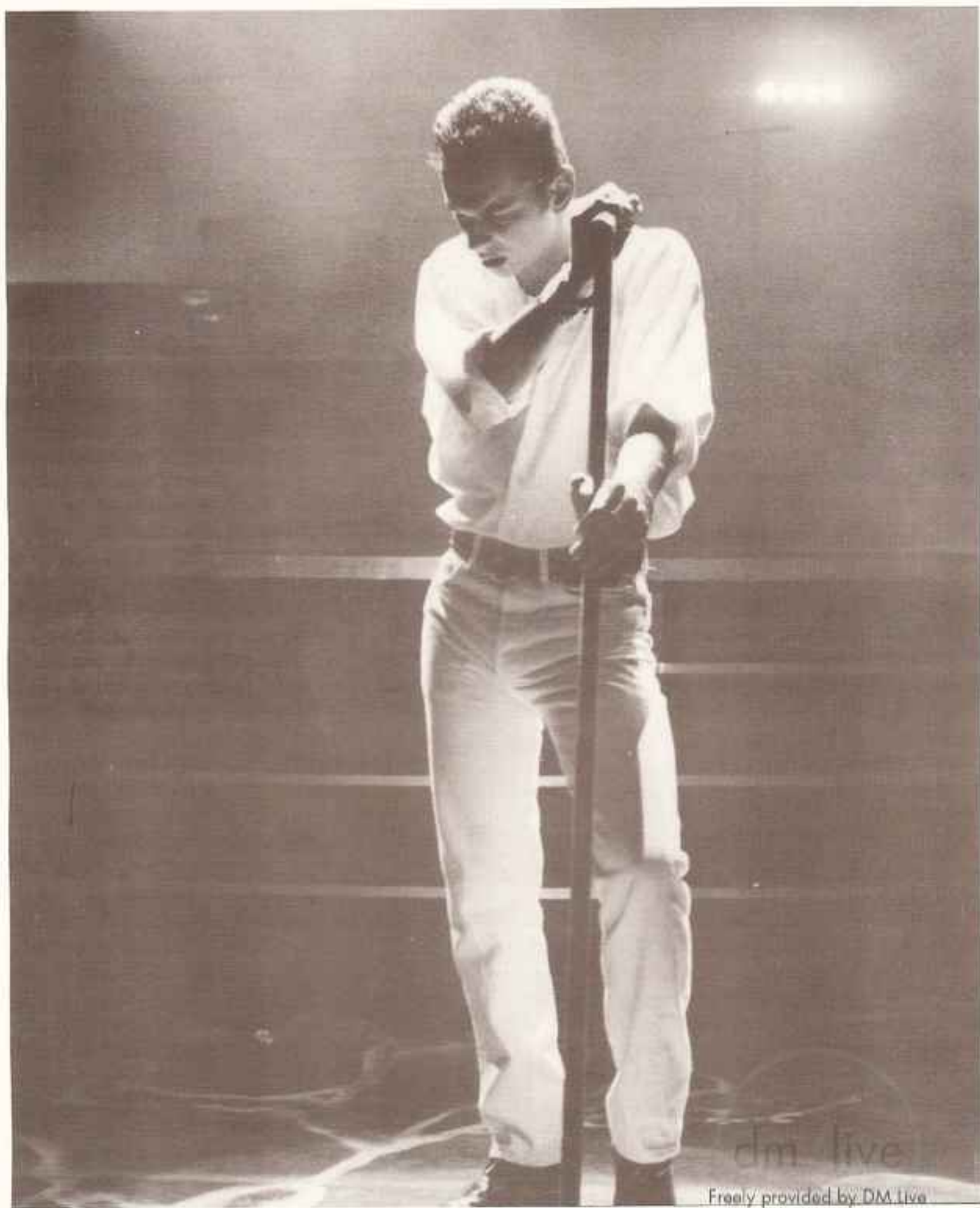


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"Clean", in our eyes, and perhaps many others, is that little imperfection. The video is a combination of some new stimulating imagery, and the incredible footage used during last summers concerts. The new video is not entirely undeserving of merit, but it's nothing like the the powerful concert footage. And although it is used in this new video, it's very hard to pin-point exactly what Depeche mode and/or Anton are trying to express. The initial implications of this video are sum what contradictory to the song. Were not sure how everyone feels, but from what we can gather, it's not being very well received. The reasoning behind this is probably do to the fact that it's very froward. The sexual approach to the video is nothing new, and for this song, is something we would expect from them. Only this time the approach goes beyond the expected and gets some what personal. For some, this type of approach is no big deal. But to a lot of Depeche mode fans, its not exactly what we would expect form them.

Despite *STRANGE TOO* 's minor pitfalls, it is a very enlightening, fresh look at Depeche Mode. If you haven't seen it yet, you should do so as soon as possible. The journey has many "strange highs and strange lows" that will no doubt provoke some very interesting food for thought.



Photo by Collean McLin

# STRANGERS

*The Photographs by Anton Corbijn*

*Strangers*, by far, is the most elaborately detailed, photographic depiction of Depeche Mode ever. In fact, it's the only photographic depiction ever release by the band. It has class, pizzazz, and over 140 exclusive photos taken by Anton "Mr. Mode" Corbijn.

The book begins with a fairly lengthy, mildly redundant essay written by Paul Morley in September, 1990. He's titled it, "Depeche Mode; The Beginning and the End", but he should actually have called it, "I Don't Know Where To Begin." Yet, aside from the tedious and challenging prose, Paul seems to capture DM—or rather "these 4 friends"—in their true light. Truly, no other essay would have sufficed.

*Strangers* is not only a black and white Mode, it's a full-color Mode. It's a real, strip down the barriers, shed the lime-light, and just be human Mode. This is Dave, Martin, Alan and Andy just being themselves, experiencing Eastern and Western cultures alike.

Though every picture is a story in itself, the most memorable collection of photographs are those of the band in Prague. Especially those of Martin and Andy paying a visit to the tomb of Dr. Franz Kafka. Other scenes include "these 4 friends" window shopping, eating, walking around, and sight seeing.

On the back of the book, Alan Wilder sums up the extravagant works within by interjecting his own epilogue or synopsis. Though quite brief, it's exciting to read something from Alan.

To make a long review short, it would be foolish for us to discuss every photo in every part of this book. After all, a picture is worth a thousand words, and we wouldn't want to turn this into a forty thousand page encyclopedia. *Strangers*, in one sentence, is a true gift from Depeche Mode to their fans.

*If anyone is still looking for STRANGERS, you may order it from U.S. BONG. Pease refer to the Classifieds for ordering information.*

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