



B.D.S.M.

THE KINGS OF SHOCK 'N`ROLL

With BIG DICK SEX MACHINE there comes a massive show around the corner, for which Redneck Jack, Quentin Lestard, Boston De La Vega, and Joe Cockney have all come back from the afterlife to bring the world a piece of the nineties back - in all its crazy facets.

Not only with their debut album "Private Play Party" and the accompanying show, the four are stirring up a lot of dust, but also their story is almost unbelievable.

And this story began in December 1999 in southern Las Vegas, Nevada. "However at that time, we were still the backstage people," frontman Redneck Jack (Vocals and Guitar) begins to relate. "Joe (Joe C. Reptile - Drums) and I worked together on countless shows. Almost every night ended in Quentins (Quentin Lestard - Guitar) Bar 'the Stripclub'. One evening there were rumors of the mysterious mobster Boston De La Vega (later the bass player of B.D.S.M.) would be at the Stripclub. My little gambling problem led to the fact that I found myself at the table with Boston in a small game. I lost everything and suddenly found myself in debt with the wrong people. Who knows what would have happened if Joe hadn't suddenly come up with that crazy idea... The good guy was a notorious biker. He won every race up to that point. His idea: He drives the last race - and loses! Everyone would bet on his victory except for the insiders. They would cash in handsomely. For the four of us, it sounded like the perfect plan. The race took place in Death Valley. The end of the course was directly at the edge of a canyon. The first one to hit the brakes - loses. Everyone was there. And all placed plenty of bets. But Joe was simply not a loser! Instead, he raced full speed over the edge of the cliff and crashed into the depths of the canyon to mud. Still, on the spot, the angry mob put a bullet in Quentin's heart. They caught up with Boston the same night and ran him over with a truck weighing several tons. I had 24 hours to pay off all my debts. I sold everything I or any of my dead buddies owned, but all that only added up to half of it. As cruel and heartless as the Mafia may seem, it at least is consequent. Since I could only come up with half of the money, they only set half of me on fire. so here we were: burned, smashed, shot, and flattened. But at the beginning of the millennium, I came back to life again after burning to death, just like Joe, Quentin, and Boston."

Waking up in a body bag after being burned in an old warehouse is something Jack remembers all too well. "It's not the kind of thing that you forget quickly," Jack frowns. "I knew I wasn't going to get out of this alive when they actually set me

on fire. I burned in painful agony until I almost couldn't take it anymore and all I wanted was to die. It suddenly felt as if I was sucked into something, the pain immediately became duller and suddenly everything was dark around me. Shortly afterward I realized that I was lying in some kind of bag. I couldn't free myself from it, so I panicked. I was beaten and fell off the table on which I was lying. In the process, the bag opened, and I realized that I was in a morgue. When I then heard the New Year's Eve fireworks outside, I realized, that I must have been lying there for a while. On the way out I saw my disfigured face for the first time in the mirror. It was the most shocking moment I had ever experienced."

BACK FROM THE DEAD

You can't speak from alive with a half-burned body, maybe the term revenant could perhaps match quite well. The same applies to his three bandmates, who have also strangely found their way back into life. But Redneck Jack doesn't want people to think he is some kind of Freak. "I don't see myself that way. At least as far as the word is concerned. It sounds absurd to say you're a revenant, people think you're a total weirdo. It also doesn't feel like all those stories you hear about vampires or zombies etc. Unfortunately, we don't belong to any of them. We neither drink blood nor do we need human flesh or anything like that. We can also still go into the sun. It just took a while until we had accepted ourselves and the way we are and look now. There is not much we can do about it anyway. We are simply still here, or back again however you might want to say it"

The four men have not come to terms that they have all been transported out of life and came back into the same one. Understandably! "I think they all hated me so much that moment that they didn't even think about what was going on. At some point, the theory came up that we had died and came back to life. It was an absolute chaos of emotions, somewhere between relief to still be alive, and devastation that we died so young an so miserably.

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We haven't been able to process it until this very day, yet ever were able to understand."

Before they were able to come up with this realization, Joe, Quentin, Boston, and Jack had to run into each other again, which happened faster than expected. A few unsolved "disagreements" were certainly still in the room... "Joe crushed his skull while winning the race in the Black Mountains, Quentin was shot dead right at the venue, and Boston was hunted down, run over, and buried in a trunk on some junkyard. We all must have come back at about the same time. When I got out of the morgue the first thing I did was run to my apartment to hide. When I got there, Boston was already waiting for me. He attacked me from behind, and we both fell through the front door into my apartment. When I turned around and he saw my face, it shocked him so much, that he took a big jump back. He asked me, what the hell happened to me and how I was alive, to which I replied with the question of how he was still alive. We realized pretty quickly that if the two of us were still around, Joe and Quentin might still be alive as well. We decided to steal a car and drive out to Death Valley to look for the two of them. While we were in the car we discussed how all this could have happened, both of them suddenly came out of nowhere sitting in a pickup truck. Boston immediately hit the brakes, and the pickup truck with Quentin and Joe also came to a stop. We all rushed out of the cars, there was a short moment of silence followed by us throwing all kinds of things at each other.

After we had calmed down a bit, the two of them told us how they found each other. Joe probably was lying in a bed of rocks and blood. He broke every bone, except for his damn nose. Quentin improvised and tried to patch Joe and then they climbed up to Dante's View. Coincidentally a pickup truck driver stopped to take a piss and then gave them a ride toward Vegas."

MORE TROUBLE

The next trouble was already in sight since Redneck Jack hadn't told Quentin that he'd sold his strip club, to offer some dough to the Mafia.

"I hadn't told Quentin about it, or he probably wouldn't have suggested that we all should hide in his bar. A while after we arrived at the Stripclub a couple came through the door, and they were shocked to see us. They claimed that they had won the club in a poker game last night and wanted to inspect it. They proudly presented the title deed, on which my signature was visible. The pawnbroker where I had pawned the club, has used it as a stake at a table on New Year's Eve. Quentin, of course, was freaked out and pissed off. I tried to explain myself, after all, Quentin was dead, and I was just trying to save my skin. It took a long time until he forgave me for that. Fortunately, the new owners turned out to be very nice, as they allowed us to stay in the club for one more night."





The guys from the mafia, who had supposedly killed the four of them, soon realized that, contrary to all logic, they were still among the living.

Jack remembers: "The driver who picked up Quentin and Joe was a courier for the Mafia. And, of course, he told everyone what kind of guys he'd run into on his tour, which quickly made the rounds. This in turn led the gangsters to arm up to the roof and stand in front of Quentin's club, um, his former club, of course. When they kicked in the door and the first shots were fired, we tried to escape through the back door. Quentin and Boston got away. Joe and I were torn to the ground.

The guys don't understand much fun so they tortured us in order to find out, how it can be that we are still alive. But suddenly, like in a movie, a huge garbage truck shot through the wall and knocked out everyone in the room. Boston had stolen a garbage truck with Quentin and chased it through the wall at full speed to free us. Later, Boston told us that his main purpose in doing this was to find out if we were mortal or not."

ESCAPE FROM LAS VEGAS

It's an obvious thought to consider oneself immortal after all that has happened to the boys.

"We don't know yet whether we are immortal directly or have merely been given a second chance. We were able to survive all this, even if not unscathed, but we can't say with

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certainty that we will never die. At least we know that we don't age. We're still the same dudes as we were in 1999, so to speak, just a little more battered." That's one way to put it; other voices would speak of the most horrific disfigurements, which are hard to be around people without being subjected to questions. "It was a very difficult time, in the beginning, to have to live with that. Quentin and Boston were able to cover up their scars fairly quickly, and Joe was able to hide most of his injuries under his clothes. For me, unfortunately, it was more difficult. Since we were neither friends nor bandmates, in the beginning, we parted ways. The others began to start their projects, I, on the other hand, became bogged down in the net world, because I didn't dare to step outside the door anymore. Of course, the time also had something positive. During this time I learned all the necessary skills to put on a show like ours. At some point, however, I got fed up.

I was tired of rotting in my armchair, even though I was given a real second chance at life. I realized that I didn't give a shit how others thought about me, and just let it come to me. So I pulled myself out of social isolation, got everyone back together, and we started our mission!" Before that mission could take off, we turn the film back to the point when the future B.D.S.M. had to face the fact that their escape from Las Vegas was without alternative. "We all realized that we had to leave Vegas as soon as possible, but Boston insisted on leaving the entire United States. He got another vehicle, and we headed for the airport. With the help of a buddy who flew for Army bases in Germany, Boston was able to call in a favor and have us fly out of the country. So we ended up in Germany and were shipped to cute Freiburg." Freiburg im Breisgau, of all places, is probably the epitome of a parallel universe when you come from Las Vegas.

"That was quite an adjustment. We were all used to noise and the smell of exhaust fumes, and here in Freiburg, it's so quiet and clean. Everyone rides bikes here, too, and it's idyllic; Vegas is different. But the U.S. and Germany are not all that different. There are many parallels between the countries. But when it comes to entertainment, the U.S. has a lot more to offer. Freiburg is a bit boring because there's only something going on now and then. As a guest, that's pretty tough if you can't rely on a good offer. In Vegas, there is not a day without a show, whether a lot is going on or not. That's why you know as a guest, it doesn't matter when you go to Vegas, the offer is just there all the time. Something like that is generally missing here in Germany, I would say."

A NEW LIFE

At first, it seemed pretty stuffy and pseudo-ecological here," says Redneck Jack, summing up his first impressions of his new home. "I couldn't get anything out of the city. But over the years, with a few projects, I've found that the people of Freiburg are quite cool and open after all. Being a college town, there are a lot of people here who are up for partying. But since the possibilities are limited, I have always tried to keep the mood up with various projects. With B.D.S.M. I have now taken it to a new level. It must not become boring!", laughs the born entertainer.

A few years after Jack, Quentin, Joe, and Boston made it to Germany, their paths crossed again - and something had to be done. "We had all started our own second lives but were always accompanied by a sense that we were missing something fundamental. Like a natural instinct or the thirst for blood in vampires. So when we decided to form a band, it took some experimentation before we could create something interesting. We moved between all kinds of styles. From extreme technical death metal to minimalistic stoner rock we tried everything. Then the bright idea came to us when we traveled back to Vegas and visited Quentin's former club." The return to Las Vegas had less to do with homesickness and more to do with finding an inspirational, creative source for what would later become B.D.S.M. "We just had to go back, back to our roots. Times have changed in the city of sin. A lot of arrests were made, and finally, the right people were locked up, so we could at least assess the risk of going there. Of course, as a precaution, we contacted some confidants and let them know that we still existed. There were some shocking moments there. But the trip was not without consequences for us. We came to the attention of some of the wrong people, which got us into more trouble afterward." Quentin's strip club became a BDSM nightclub in the meantime - and that was equally the birth of the current band. "The first thing Quentin wanted to do when we got back to Vegas was, of course, visit his former place and see what it had become. When we got there, the club was guarded by huge security, and hanging over the narrow entrance were big, fat, glowing letters: BDSM. What happened after that I can't tell you in PG terms, but that night was the turning point for us as a band. That night we sort of reinvented ourselves."

B.D.S.M. WAS BORN

Not only was the band named B.D.S.M., but the lyrical concept, the themes of their songs deal primarily with that scene. Insights into the milieu Redneck Jack had plenty to talk about topics such as peeing on and other fetishes. "I was fascinated by the openness and warmth of that scene. Everything I had read or heard about it before always sounded like inhumane carousals where you are downright tortured or even kept as a slave. This is absolute nonsense, these are all harmless and serene role-playing games. There are simply many people who can't live out their fantasies anywhere because this is not socially accepted. It is not clear to

the general public how much is going on in this scene. This is not and has never been a trend, it has always existed to this extent, just very guarded. It saddens me that so many people have to hide in the underground to be allowed to feel free for a short moment. There is so much overlap with what I felt after I died. People told me they feel like strangers in the world every day, and then only at these parties can they be who they are. Nobody wants to be judged, so it all happens in secret. Yet just about everyone has a certain fetish or certain preferences.

If people like to integrate urine into their sex life, why be ashamed of it? And if other people are disgusted by it, there's nothing wrong with that. I find olives disgusting, for example, but I don't judge anyone who eats them with relish."

The term "BDSM" classically stands for "Bondage & Discipline, Dominance & Submission," in the case of Las Vegas boys, BIG DICK SEX MACHINE. "Well, even though we make our lyrics extremely sexual, we stand for solid and classic entertainment. And in doing so, we want to cover as much as possible. The best way to translate Big Dick Sex Machine is as the 'eierlegende Wollmilchsau'. Bigger than life, the best for the ego has sexy curves, and works like a machine. But it is also meant to be somewhat critical. You just have to call a spade a spade when you talk about entertainment. This is not about the seriousness or a moral mission. It's more about the possibility of being able to forget the world, around you, for a short time."

THERE IS NO BUSINESS ...

musically, B.D.S.M. feels most at home in the nineties. In an interview, Jack talked about them being somewhere between Pantera and Michael Jackson, but there was a little misunderstanding. "I was a little interested in creating a simple crossover between Michael Jackson and Pantera. Rather, I was imagining what a band would sound like that was formed by Michael Jackson, Dime, and Vinnie. A band where they jammed together since their teenage years and developed their style. What music would have come out of that, I asked myself. And that's what I'm trying to do with the music of B.D.S.M."

B.D.S.M. have answered this question for themselves and have now successfully arrived in show business. Even a first show in their new home Freiburg has already happened.

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Witnesses of that event spoke of "metal with vaudeville character," an apt description of what to expect when B.D.S.M. invites you to their show. "As a band, we don't just rattle off our songs and go off a little bit to go with it. That was too little for us from the start and would not have done justice to our ideas of an awesome show. Rather, we have tuned in from the outset to a bombastic show, where everything is planned through and set horny. The fans should feel part of the band, part of an interactive and live performed music video, so to speak. That's why we rarely perform together with other bands. Our headliner on tour is the aftershow party, so to speak. After the gig we just mosh and party to cool metal from the late 90s. But we are constantly expanding our show lineup. We're working on an augmented reality environment for our events, where fans can experience the respective area in a whole new way with their smartphones. We also want to film our story and bring it to the cinema. Everything should just be fun and never boring. Especially in the current times, we think entertainment is very important."

LIKE SHOW BUSINESS

For their show, B.D.S.M. spared no expense or effort in bringing it to the stage as pompously and brilliantly as it could be. "It would definitely go beyond the scope here to do a complete rigdown, but to roughly sum it up, for our show we synchronize all the lights and visuals with two coordinated independent computer systems. We even have custom plugins and software in place for this to prevent hang-ups."

Since it is currently difficult to bring the show to stages due to known circumstances, the band has come up with something very special, a live movie that will be available to stream on Amazon Prime, bringing B.D.S.M. into people's living rooms.

As for what's in store, Jack talks about it with a twinkle in his eye. "Our debut concert will be released as a movie later this year on Amazon Prime. We had to cancel our big debut in Nevada due to the pandemic and instead decided to bring our show to our viewers' living rooms. This is actually our very first show, which we filmed with probably the most awesome camera crew in the world. In addition, we decided to publish the film on Amazon Prime, because there you also have a better quality than, for example, on YouTube. And as a Prime member you can even stream the film for free, and in 5.1 surround. But we still have a lot up our sleeve, because the gig was also filmed in VR. In the first half of 2021, for example, we'll be releasing a kit that will revolutionize the live experience at home. Right now, the hunger for performance is great, and the numerous live streams unfortunately don't manage to convey a live feeling at all. That's why the VR video release comes with the B.D.S.M. virtual reality headset and a bass shaker system for your own couch or armchair. So you have the ultimate 4D live experience at home." Since the turn of the year is soon upon us, and with it a symbolic new beginning, we are left to conclude with the question of what Redneck Jack wishes for this world? "I wish for 2021 to be a restart for good and awesome. We've had enough fighting, hatred, stress now - how about joy, sex and lifestyle? As they say, have a motherfucking great day, and don't forget to shock'n'roll!"

