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(rock slideshow)



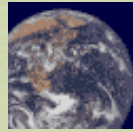
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www.baggSucks.com

bagg



THANKS,
BAGG!

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Elbo's Bar
200 Jefferson
Dayton OH
Oregon District

bagg

an actual knock-down
drag-out rock-&-roll
party in the street!

Presents...

IT'S A HEADSHOT HALLOWEEN WITH BAGG!

part of
Ohio's largest
Halloween
party!

Saturday, October 26

**@ Elbo's Bar performing outside, under cover
with Drexel (Soul Trash for the Masses)
and Reagan's Polyp (from Little Rock)**

3 bucks, 2 stages, and millions of costumed drunks

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check out my leg



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October 26 - Saturday - Halloween BLOWOUT

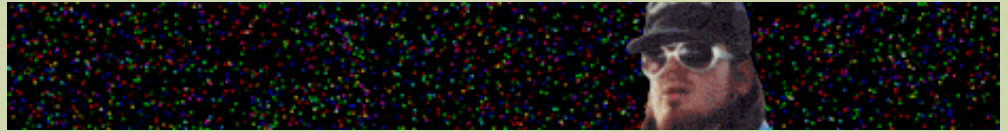
Elbo's Bar
Dayton, OH
Oregon
District

Join your beloved BAGG for more Halloween madness! mAdNeSs! MADNESS! This year in Dayton's historic and **filthy** Oregon District. They just party in the streets up there. Bagg's gonna help, and you should too. Fuck, it's Ohio's largest Halloween party.

Elbo's Bar, 200 Jefferson
Playing with [Drexel](#) (Soul Trash for the Masses) and [Reagan's Polyp](#) from Little Röck.



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Songs From Smokey's Kitchen
The Desecration of the Nineteenth Seal
July 2000

mp3:	download
(The Night) The Lights Came Down	2.5mb
Sweet, Sweet Grace	2.5mb
Through the Booze	3.7mb
Minnesota Brown	4.4mb

Get yur lyrics up get em:
[lyrics](#)

Not
for
the
timid



Return to Poop Corner is a collection of demos, live stuff, lost songs, and shit. The recordings are often shitty, the performances embarassing. Hmmm... well more shitty and embarrassing than usual.

[Take me to Poop Corner now!](#)

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Members

Autographed *Glamour Shot* pics of Titties, Rock, Bufae, Peef, and Hotbrown!

Press

Bagg in the news and shit!

Bio

No, not Dio... bio. And no, not a Dio bio... the Bagg bio: "A Brief History of Bagg... Butt Holes and Baby Crack Smokers."

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check out my leg



Gastrointestinal Alert

You have to let **1 one.**

Fuck Off

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[Sign up for Baggmil](#)

Wanna know about upcoming Bagg shows? Keep up with the band? Get emails from a skunk?

[Web Discussion Board](#)

Contemplate yourself. Know yourself. Contemplate Bagg. Then express yourself on the World Wide Internut so everyone can tell you what a douchebag you are! Thanks to [cincymusic.com](#) for this forum.

[Remove me from Baggmil](#)

Too... much.... Bagg.....

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when the moon hits your eye like a pizza pie thats amore



Gastrointestinal Alert

You have to let **1 one**.

Fuck Off

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High Art

Bagg showbills of yore, email flyers, and asundry miscellanea.



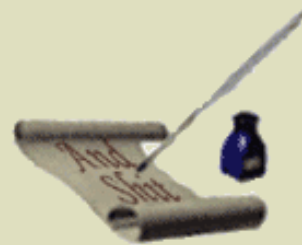
Say Cheesedicks

Paparazzi attack! Photos from Bagg rock shows and after-party sex orgies.



Wallpaper

For your goddamned computer.



And Shit Theatre

The classics, brought to you by baggsucks.com and shit.



Ask Mitch

Love stinks, so why not ask an expert?



Army Test

Pass the test, learn to kill.... If you've fuckin' got the fuckin' nuts!



Young Bufae

"Young Bufae" stars in "The Battle of Bike Hill".

Endorsements

Members of Bagg exclusively use these fine, fine products.

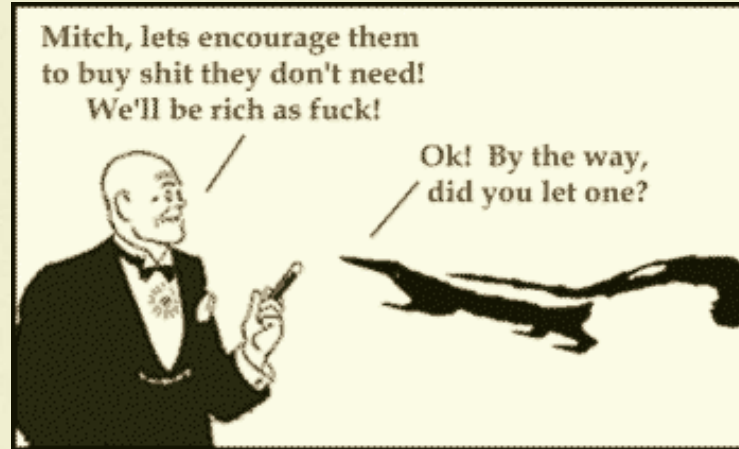


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If you wanna buy...

The multi-**fuckin'**-platinum cd from the international rock supergroup **Bagg**



Songs From Smokey's Kitchen
The Desecration of the Nineteenth Seal

then... order it online from [Northern Aggression records!](#)

If you wanna buy...



Fuckin' shirts



Fuckin' mugs



Fuckin' mousepads

then... go to the Bagg cafePress.com shop and go apeshit!

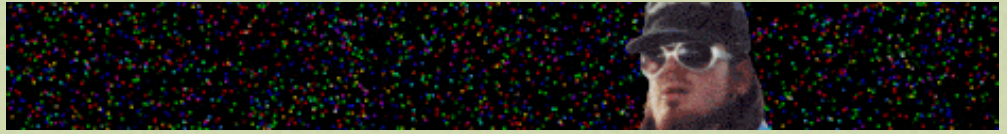
cafePress.com/bagg



Buyer Beware

Baggsucks products suck! This one dude got some Bagg shit and he said it was like totally shitty.

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About to make Bagg contact....

Web discussion board

Bagg keeps active on the [cincymusic.com](#) discussion boards. Join in here:

[cincymusic.com Bagg discussion board](#)

Booking

Want Bagg to stink up your bar or Bar Mitzvah? Email Mitch for Bagg booking:

mitch@baggsucks.com

Advertise

Perhaps you have an announcement that sucks, or a product that sucks, or maybe you suck! Email Mitch for banner ad space:

mitch@baggsucks.com

This website

For questions or concerns with this website, kindly speak to the man:

theman@baggsucks.com

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there's a little godzilla in all of us



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More Bagg!

Our mp3 site... mp3.com/bagg

Our page on cincymusic... cincymusic.com/artists/bagg

Our gay label! northern-aggression.com

Rock-n-roll power!

☛ --- In the hood -----

cincymusic.com is where Cincy & music dot com all night...
cincymusic.com

Readymaid is indie rock that'll make your mom barf...
readymaid.net

Dophesus is Greek for "We're queer!" dophesus.com

Man-e-Taboada Full on hate-core, power-punk, bisexuals. [FUCK](#)

Youngfellow sex, horns, rock-n-roll: youngfellow.com

☛ --- Other mothers -----

Waco Brothers Insurgent country... with an English accent?
bloodshotrecords.com

Mojo Nixon If yur browser ain't got Mojo Nixon... mojonixon.com

Wesley Willis Rock over London, rock on Chicago.
wesleywillis.com

Ween Poop ship destroyer, flies on my dick. ween.com

Yanni Fuckin' priceless. yanni.com

Confederate Fagg Pretty much like it says. joe.mama



Some super friends!

ubergoo.com a division of GooCon™ Massive Web Development... ubergoo.com

buringpants.com .records .design .animation .music .creative
burningpants.com

Missile anus

Landover Baptist Church Unsaved are NOT welcome!
landoverbaptist.com

Kentucky Hot Brown tastes good good.... [Come get yours.](#)

The Onion... America's finest news source. theonion.com

Dumbrella is clearly the dumbest website ever. Gots good links. dumbrella.com

Fat Chicks in Party Hats With your host, Miguel!
fatchicksinpartyhats.com

The Dialectizer can help waste lots of time! rinkworks.com/dialect

420 Girls Hot chicks posing with nugs - for medical reasons! 420girls.com

My Boot - My Boot - myboot.com

Naked News Uh, like it says. nakednews.com

Betty Bowers is a better Christian than you! bettybowers.com

Star Wars gangsta rap RULEZ -> theforce.net

Tick Tock Toys funny monkeys, dancing limes
theimaginaryworld.com

Do you want two CD's? doyouwant2cds.com

Chitlins! Now clean and online! moo-oink.com

This beeeeotch looks like a wasp. staylace.com

Ninjas! Totally awesome! realultimatepower.net



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when the moon hits your eye like a pizza pie thats amore



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High Art



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or directory in **/usr/rip.baggsucks.com/pix.php** on line **331**
could not open XML input: /usr/rip.baggsucks.com/pix.xml

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Wall
 paper



The Rock High Rock High Pattern

Perhaps our best seller from the Bagg "Rock High" collection. Psychedelic patterns prevent you from using your computer productively, whilst Rock High reminds you to always keep on rockin!

[800x600 bmp](#) (1,407k)

[800x600 jpg](#) (56k)

2001 A Rock Odyssey

Finally, a band is here to say what we all were thinking: Stanley Kubrick was a pussy, and this is the movie he should have made! And it stays crunchy in milk, too.

[800x600 bmp](#) (1407k)

[800x600 jpg](#) (29k)



Terminal Meltdown

You're at your COMPUTER TERMINAL surfing out some serious-ass shit (like on baggsucks.com) and suddenly, everything fuckin' goes apeshit! Should you scream? Run? Attack? Fuck yourself? The next move is yours!

[800x600 bmp](#) (1407k)

[800x600 jpg](#) (49k)

Smokey's Insides

A psychological thriller deep into the inner Smokey we all possess, and shit. Also the inside of the cover sleeve to the groundbreaking cd 'Songs From Smokey's Kitchen' by Bagg! You'll want to hang on to this motherfucker, motherfucker!

[1024x768 bmp](#) (2305k)

[1024x768 jpg](#) (136k)

[800x600 bmp](#) (1407k)

[800x600 jpg](#) (83k)





A-Bomb

P.U.! I think the admiral let one! The "disruption" originated from the U.S.S. Deeznutsandshit. Try this one at work! But watch out for whiplash whilst shooting up the corporate ladder! The suits know not to fuck with the likes of a-bombs, Bagg, and **you!**

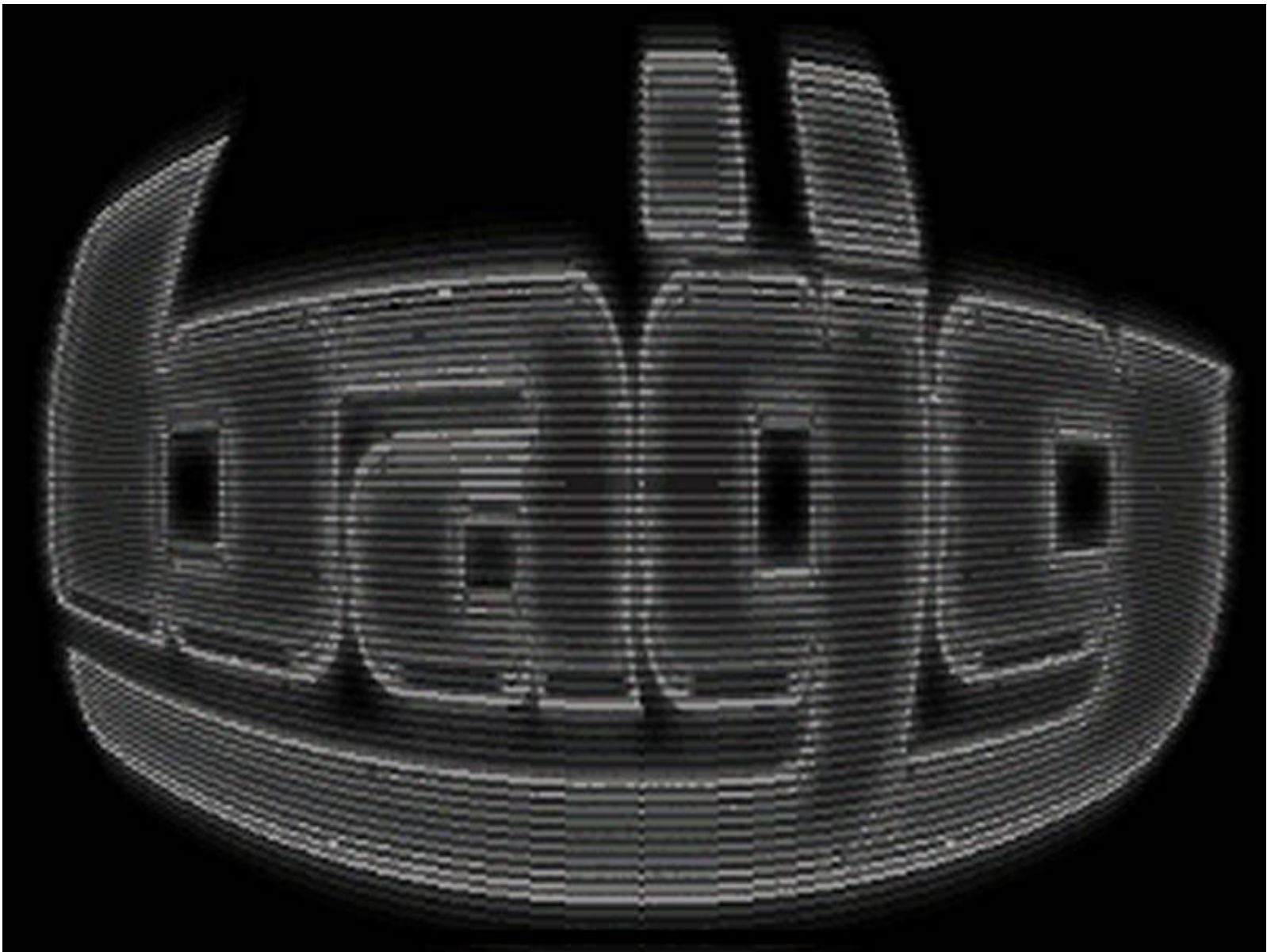
[800x600 bmp](#) (1407k)

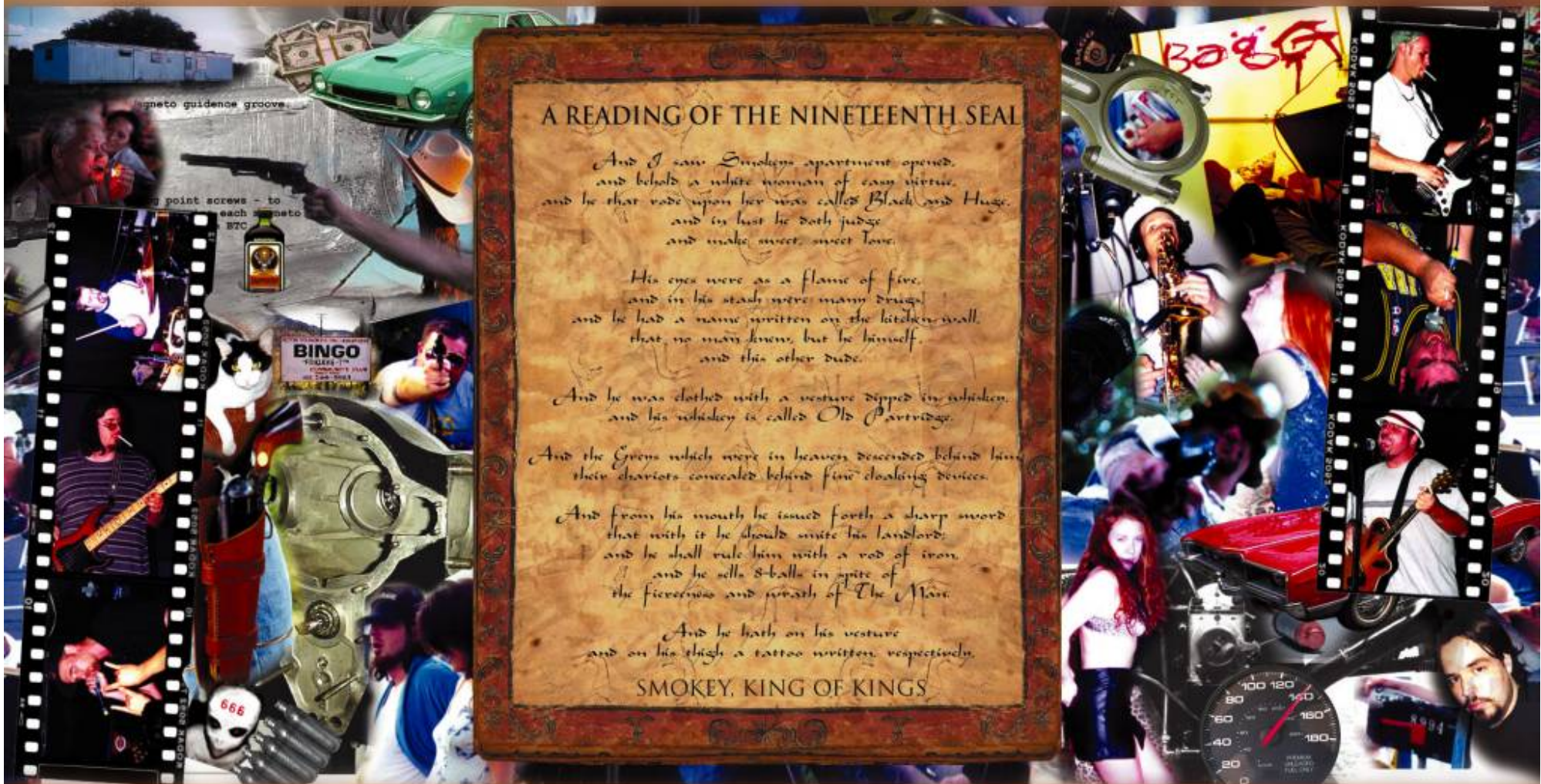
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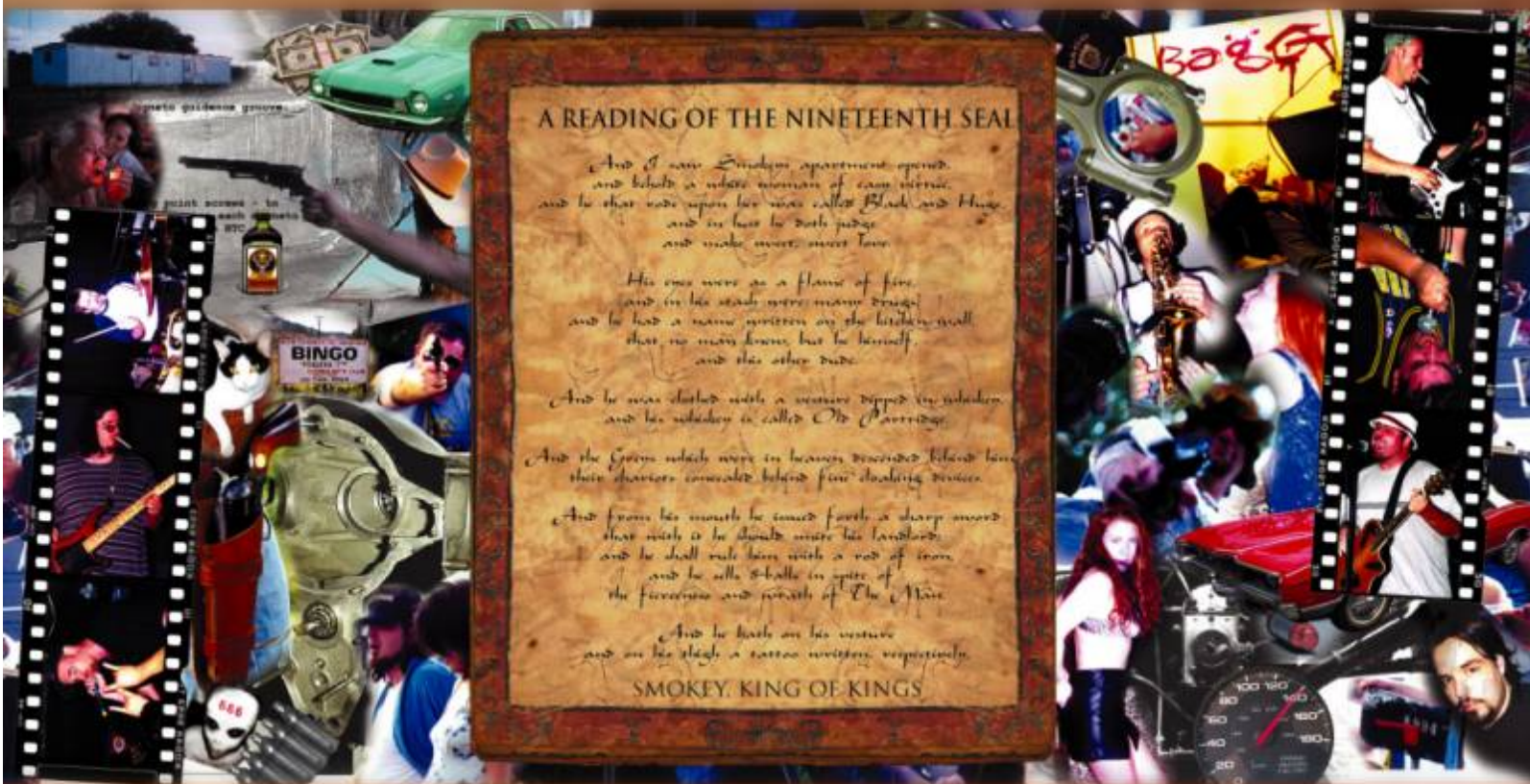
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there's a little godzilla in all of us















Hell, they can't even read !!!

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Mad Frog 05-2001
w/ Mojo Nixon



Mad Frog 12-2000



Halloween 2000



Smokey's CD Release
07-2000



Shoot for
Smokey's Kitchen

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Mad Frog w/ Mojo Nixon

May 19, 2001



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check out my leg

The real honest to goodness rock star

MOJO NIXON

WITH **baggy** AND Semi-Automatic

Bring your sex partner for a romantic evening of rock.



"If your show don't have Mojo Nixon, your show could use some fixin'"

The Mad Frog 1 East McMillan Street
Cincinnati, OH 45219
513-784-9119

May 19 - Saturday - 10:00pm
www.themadfrog.com

WWW.BAGGSUCKS.COM



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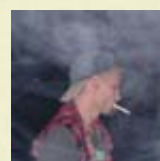
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May 19, 2001



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Watch us, Hotbrown!



4 of 29



5 of 29



Semi-Automatic



6 of 29



Mojo takes the stage



7 of 29



8 of 29



hmmm... Now what does that mean again?



9 of 29



This is why we do it.



10 of 29



2 / 3 of Man-e-Taboada



11 of 29



Initiate rock sequence...



12 of 29



13 of 29



14 of 29



Redneck rampage



15 of 29



16 of 29



17 of 29



18 of 29



19 of 29



20 of 29



Rock-n-roll victory!



21 of 29



22 of 29



23 of 29



Now my brain failed...



24 of 29



YES MASTER I UNDERSTAND



25 of 29



Push, Romeo, push!



26 of 29



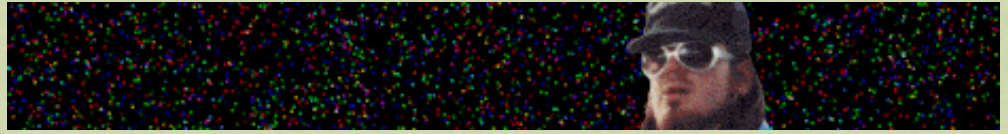
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Mad Frog Gig w/ Readymaid

December 2, 2000



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Mad Frog Gig w/ Readymaid

December 2, 2000



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3 of 24



"Yeah, man, prison was great!"



4 of 24



Mike at The Mad Frog





6 of 24



7 of 24



Check out this guy's nipples!



8 of 24



9 of 24



10 of 24



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13 of 24



Kinter! Play!



14 of 24



15 of 24



blah blah blah blah



16 of 24



17 of 24



18 of 24



Readymaid kickin it



19 of 24



Hotbrown hates this guy.



20 of 24



21 of 24



The downstairs all-ages rave... Everybody dance now!



22 of 24



23 of 24



What in the sam fuck?



24 of 24



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October 28, 2000



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6 of 19



Readymaid looking quite handsome





8 of 19



Bufae gets his sensitive ass beat!



9 of 19



Reach for it!



10 of 19





12 of 19



13 of 19



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14 of 19



Respect authority



15 of 19



Rockin' with Mach Snell



16 of 19



Someone let an achy, breaky fart



17 of 19



Bad fairy!



18 of 19



19 of 19



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Smokey's Kitchen CD Release Party @ Mad Frog

July 15, 2000



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*SATURDAY JULY 15, 2000 AD
AT THE MAD FROG*

BAGG

*HELP US CELEBRATE THE COMING
OF OUR FIRST SHIT-KICKER CD:*

*SONGS FROM SMOKEY'S KITCHEN
THE DESECRATION OF THE 19TH SEAL*

It all gets rolling at 9pm.

Bagg & Barefoot Pimp & YOU are live on WAIF 88.3 from midnight to 2am.

Also playing: Losing Artimus, The Stapletons, The Draugh.

*Check out our shitty radio spot on 97.3 all day this Friday,
and a BIG FAT write-up in City Beat this week....*

Then come witness the miracle as Bagg turns beer into rock.



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bagg ii: the wrath of kahn's wiener



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5 of 26



"The greatest trick the devil ever pulled was showing the world his
nuts."



6 of 26



7 of 26



8 of 26



9 of 26



10 of 26



Have sax with me



11 of 26



12 of 26



13 of 26



14 of 26



DD



15 of 26



16 of 26



17 of 26



18 of 26



19 of 26



20 of 26



Feelings, nothing more than feelings...



21 of 26



22 of 26



23 of 26



Barefoot Pimp



24 of 26



25 of 26



Help! Police!



26 of 26



Gastrointestinal Alert

You have to let **1** one.

Fuck Off

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Shootin' shit for Smokey's Kitchen

June 2000



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there's a little godzilla in all of us



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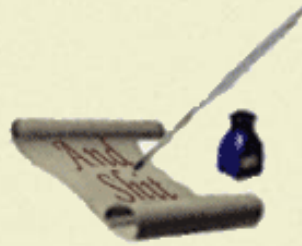
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**And
Shit**

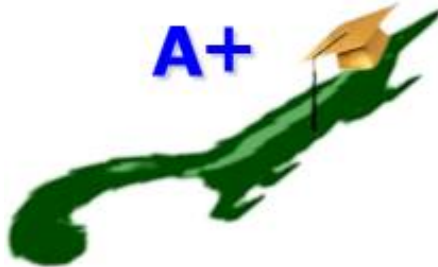


Welcome to the [vestibule](#) of *And Shit Theatre*.
We have many readings going on right now and
shit. Please join us.

[Hamlet's Soliloquy](#)
[The Gettysburgh Address](#)
[D E S I D E R A T A](#)
[I Have a Dream](#)
[High Flight](#)
[Lou Gehrig's Farewell Address](#)



A+



Hey! A Message from Mitch, the Bagg Skunk!

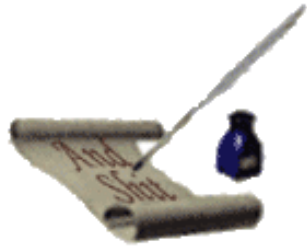
"Reading is fun and shit, so remember
kids:
Be cool like me, Mitch. Stay in school."

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enter the scrototron


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**And
Shit**

And Shit Theatre presents...

Hamlet's Soliloquy and Shit
 by Mennon

To be, or not to be, that, and shit, is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
 And by opposing end them and shit. To die: to sleep.
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shock;
 That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd and shit. To die: to sleep.
 To sleep? perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause and shit. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life;

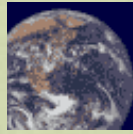
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns and shit
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat and shit under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death and shit,
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of and shit?

Thus conscious and shit does make cowards of us all and shit,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought and shit,
 And enterprises of great pitch and moment and shit
 With this regard their currents turn awry and shit,

And lose the name of action and shit.

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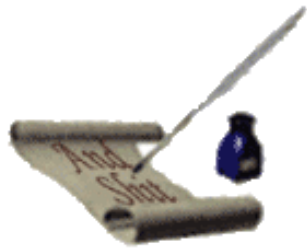


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And
Shit



And Shit Theatre presents...

The Gettysburgh Address and Shit
by Large Marge

Four score and seven years ago and shit, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war and shit, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper and shit that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground.

The brave men, living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced and shit.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us--that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion--that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God and shit shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

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when the moon hits your eye like a pizza pie thats amore



Gastrointestinal Alert

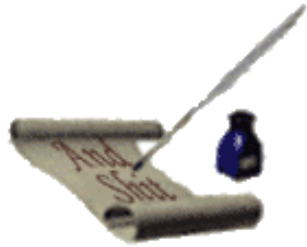
You have to let **1** one.

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And
Shit



And Shit Theatre presents...

D E S I D E R A T A A N D S H I T
 by Q-Tip

Go placidly amid the noise and haste,
 and remember what peace there may be in silence and shit.
 As far as possible without surrender
 be on good terms with all persons.
 Speak your truth quietly and clearly;
 and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant;
 they too have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons,
 they are vexations to the spirit and shit.
 If you compare yourself with others,
 you may become vain and bitter;
 for always there will be greater
 and lesser persons than yourself.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.
 Keep interested in your own career, however humble;
 it is a real possession in the changing future of time.
 Exercise caution in your business affairs;
 for the world is full of trickery and shit.

But let this not blind you to what virtue there is;
 many persons strive for high ideals;
 and everywhere life is full of heroism.
 Be yourself.
 Especially, do not feign affection.
 Neither be cynical about love;
 for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment
 it is perennial as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the years,
 gracefully surrendering the things of youth.
 Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune.
 But do not distress yourself with imaginings.
 Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.

Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the universe,
no less than the trees and the stars and shit;
you have a right to be here.
And whether or not it is clear to you,
no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore be at peace with God,
whatever you conceive Him to be,
and whatever your labours and aspirations,
in the noisy confusion of life,
keep peace in your soul.
With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams,
it is still a beautiful world.

Be cheerful.
Strive to be happy.
And shit.

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bagg ii: the wrath of kahn's wiener



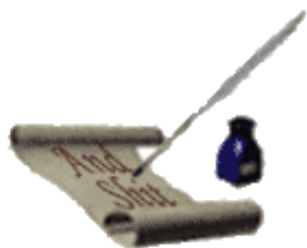
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And
Shit



And Shit Theatre presents...

I Have a Dream and Shit
by Jim

So let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire and shit. Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York and shit. Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania and shit! Let freedom ring from the snowcapped Rockies of Colorado and shit! Let freedom ring from the curvaceous peaks of California and shit! But not only that; let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia and shit! Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee and shit! Let freedom ring from every hill and every molehill of Mississippi and shit. From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

When we let freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet and shit, from every state and every city and shit, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men and shit, Jews and Gentiles and shit, Protestants and Catholics and shit, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, "Free at last! free at last! thank God Almighty, we are free at last and shit!"

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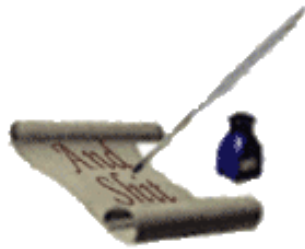
Hell, they can't even read !!!

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**And
Shit**



And Shit Theatre presents...

High Flight and Shit
by some high dude

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings and shit;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds and shit - and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung and shit
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air and shit.
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew -
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God and shit.

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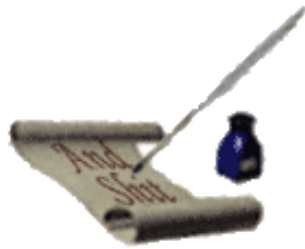
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**And
Shit**



And Shit Theatre presents...

Lou Gehrig's Farewell Speech and Shit
by Billy Blanks

"Fans, for the past two weeks you have been reading about a bad break I got. Yet today, I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth and shit. I have been in ballparks for seventeen years and I have never received anything but kindness and encouragement from you fans."

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Ask
Mitch



March 13, 2001

Dear Mitch,

I'm in a really stinky relationship right now. I love him, I'm just not *IN* love with him! What can I do?

Not in love
Cincinnati, OH

Dear Not in love:

Are you a boy? Cause you said some shit like "I love him" yada yada, but you never said if you're a girl, so you sound like you're holding something back. Like maybe you're a bone-smoker. Yeah maybe.



Mitch

March 21, 2001

Dear Mitch,

I'm a hot 16 year old guy with a 9 1/2" horsecock. I get laid so much, I almost never have time to beat off, and that really stinks! Oh, Mitch! What should I do?

Horsecocked
Cincinnati, OH

Dear Horsecocked:

Hey Chief, maybe you should take Boston's advice and "Cool the Engines" for a little bit! Maybe try hiding your horsecock somewhere, so that you're not reminded of it as often. You could, of course, hide it in your own ass.



Mitch

March 23, 2001

Dear Mitch,

My boyfriend has been acting really funny lately, like when he eats out my asshole, like he did the other night out in the cow pasture. Anyway, I think he's cheating on me. I can smell he's up to something, but how can I be sure?

Dumb bitch
Florence, KY

Dear Dumb bitch:

A great zen master once said some gay shit in Chinese. It was probably bullshit anyways. Did you clean your asshole?



Mitch



Hey lovers!

There's more "Ask Mitch" coming soon! Our first set of questions come from friends of Mitch from around his home town. We'll have a nice page for you to enter your own stinky love advice questions soon. Until then, fuck off! Or... use email:

ask Mitch: mitch@baggsucks.com

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Army Test 2001



ENTER

and be
tested.

or

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like a
bzitch.



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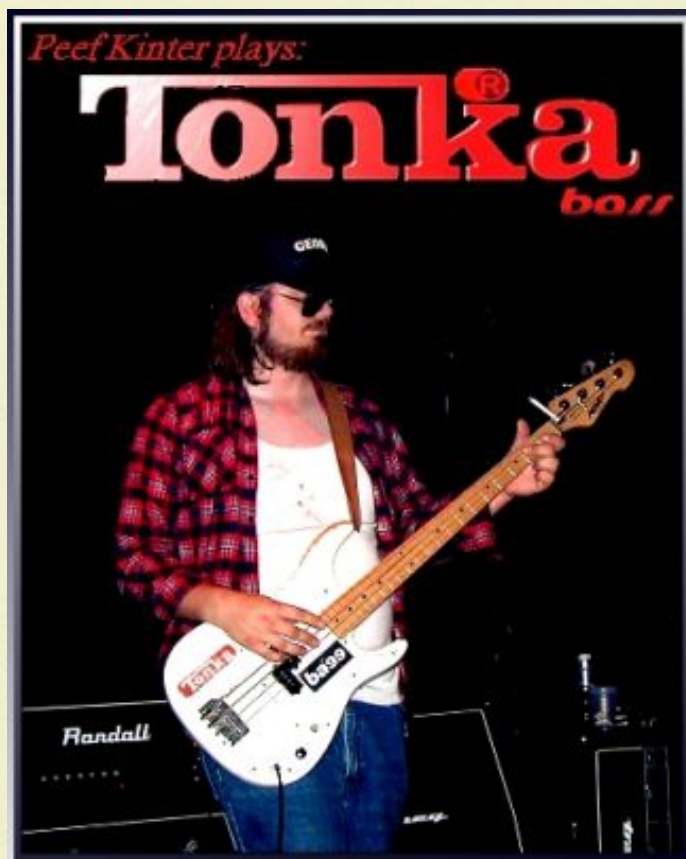
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**Endorse
ments**

PEEF KINTER PLAYS TONKA BASS



PEEF KINTER PLAYS TONKA BASS

HOTBROWN SMOKES BOOTS



HOTBROWN SMOKES BOOTS

TITTIES READS BOOKS

A book cover for "Clean Your Record and Own A Gun" by William Rinehart. The cover features a circular inset showing a person's face. The title "McCracker's Book of the Month Club" is prominently displayed. Below the title, there is a section titled "Clean Your Record and Own A Gun" with a small illustration of a scale of justice. The text on the cover reads: "This book comes in handy as a Motherfucker when ya got a record from shootin a motherfucker and ya need to clean your record so ya can get a gun and shoot another motherfucker." The author's name "William Rinehart" is at the bottom.

TITTIES READS BOOKS

(Yeah, sure he can read.)

ROCK HIGH FLYS BUTT AIR



ROCK HIGH FLYS BUTT AIR

BUFAE LOVED HIS GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION

The elusive (and sensitive) French percussionist Buafe is currently accepting no product endorsement offers, regardless of how lucrative.

However, Buafe collectors & completists may take interest in the following promotion from the September 1974 Playboy:

[Playboy, Sep 1974, p 49](#)

BUFAE LOVED HIS GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION

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check out my leg

money. Their unlikely love story has quite a few subtle flourishes of gay lib—Bridges blowing kisses to rile George Kennedy, a grumpy accomplice, or dolling up in drag to lure a Western Union clerk away from his burglar alarm. Writer-director Michael Cimino, a TV recruit making his feature-film debut, either wants to interrupt this action drama for a message or intends a sly send-up of the Eastwood–John Wayne brand of *machismo* movie. Probably the latter. Anyway, he gives you something to think about when the guns go off.

The performers in every other current gangster epic look like eight-by-ten glossies compared with the rogues' gallery collected by director John G. (Joe) Avildsen for *The Stoolie*, an offbeat but refreshing answer to all *The Godfather's* ambitious heirs. Starring comedian Jackie Mason as a sleazy Weehawken, New Jersey, hustler who cons a local detective (Dan Frazer) out of \$7500 and escapes to Miami Beach, the movie treats Mason's Roger Pittman with decent disrespect—as a flabby, slow-witted loser, with just enough crazy *chutzpah* to suggest that the vengeful cop he has bilked might help him pay off by cosigning a bank loan. The cop, the stoolie and an eager Long Island secretary (played neatly by Marcia Jean Kurtz) who is conducting her own Florida manhunt wind up together on a crook's tour of Miami Beach that Avildsen seems to have planned with mischievous malice aforethought. Trade gossip has it that Avildsen left before *The Stoolie* was finished, which may account for some dwindling of comic energy, yet his brand of crime-movie spoofery is visible throughout. Seeing itself portrayed as a junky dreamland full of rip-off artists, wedding-cake hotels, suntan lotion and trained cockatoos on roller skates, the sunny state of Florida may decide to sue.

RADIO

Topless radio was fun ("Hello, is this Morgan? Am I on the air? Morgan, I have a, you know, lover who's a, you know, butcher, I mean, like, *really* . . ."). but the FCC started fining stations, and that was the end of *that*. Oral sex apparently is still *verboten* on the airwaves. So what's a medium to do? Television snatches away all the really good radio ideas and gives them to Lucille Ball or James Arness and *they* play with them for 18 or 25 years . . . wait a minute, did somebody say medium? That's it! Enter the latest radio fad: psychic call-in shows. Who knows what Social Security numbers lurk in the hearts of callers? The radio psychic knows, bwooooo-hoo-hoo-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.

Glen Falkenstein is one of them. He sits there blindfolded Sunday afternoons

SKALLORNA.

The Soft Smoke.

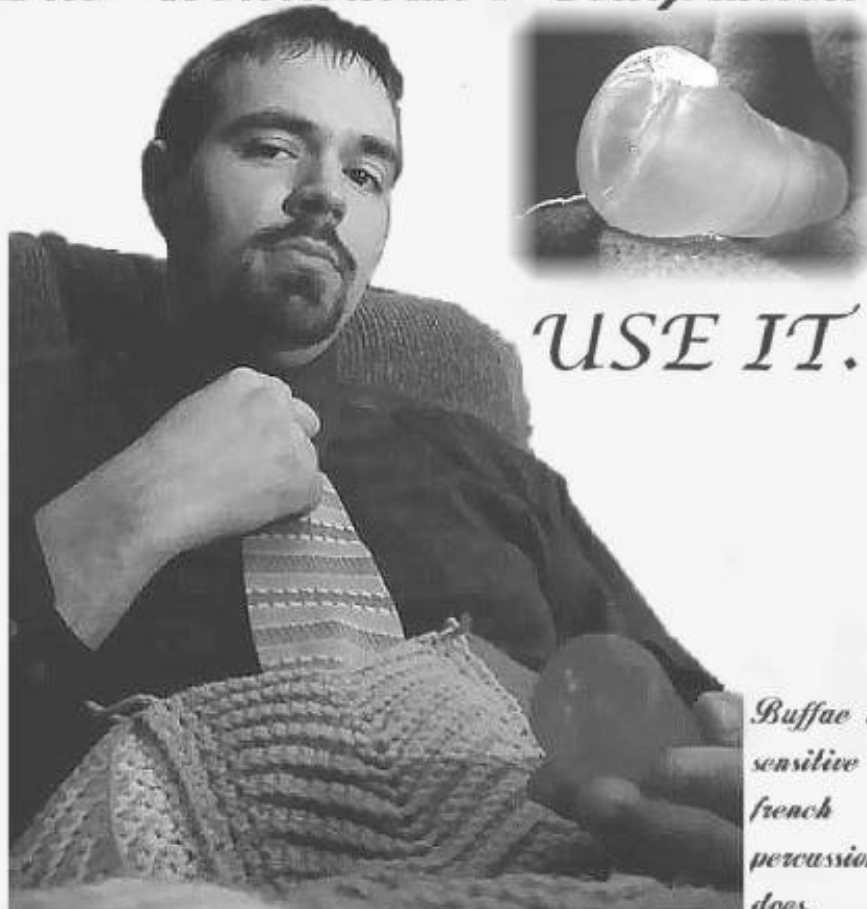
From generation to generation—for nearly a century—one family of Danish craftsmen have passed on their own unique process of triple-blending naturally ripened tobaccos.

Now smoke the result. Imported Skallorna: mellow, fragrant, bite-free, soft.



Delicious smoking memories from Denmark.

The Gentleman's Companion



USE IT.

*Buffae the
sensitive
french
percussionist
does*





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Young
Bufae

Young Bufae stars in "The Battle of Bike Hill"

starring Young Bufae









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Baggmail
Signup



Sign up for Baggmail!

What you get

- Upcoming show info
- Critical Bagg news
- Quit anytime
- Only \$40/month! (fuck off, its free)

On privacy

- Bagg values money over your privacy, so your email will be sold to all bidders.

How this works

1. Fill out this form and press 'I Wanna Rock!'
2. You'll get a confirmation email from Mitch
3. Just *reply* to it without changing anything
4. Wait for the fuckin' fun!

Bagg
2 Nuts Blvd
Cincinnati OH 45666



Your name

Your email

HTML
email? Yes No



Yes!

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**Baggmil
Remove**



Remove me from Baggmil

Why to do it

- Don't need no upcoming Bagg shows
- Don't need no critical Bagg news
- Free to soft rock like a puss
- You hate Mitch

How this works

1. Fill out this form and press 'Later'
2. You'll get a confirmation email from Mitch
3. Just *reply* to it without changing anything
4. Yur out! Later!

Your
email

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there's a little godzilla in all of us



Hell, they can't even read !!!

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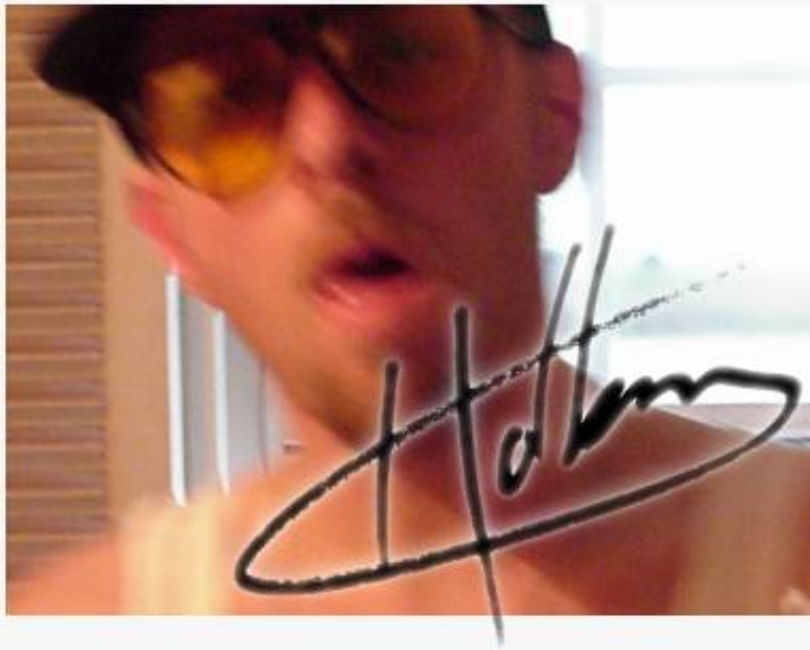
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Members

**Titties
McCracker**

vocals, acoustic
guitar



**Buddy "Hotbrown"
Arkansas**

keys, sax, vocals

Rock High

electric
guitar

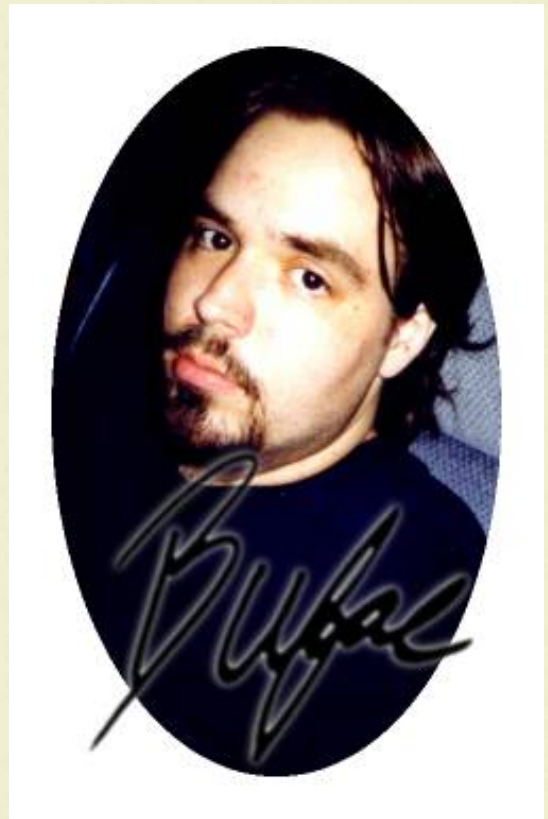


Peef Kinter

bass guitar

Bufae, The Sensitive French Percussionist

drums, vocals



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Press



Cincinnati Enquirer 2001 Cammy Award Nominee

The people have spoken! Bagg was chosen as a Hard Rock nominee for the 5th annual Cammy Awards!

online: cincinnati.com (toward the bottom)



CityBeat

volume 7, issue 6; December 21, 2000 - January 3, 2001

Cincinnati's Finest

A look back at our favorite local music CDs released in 2000
By Mike Breen

online: citybeat.com (about 1/3 way down)



CityBeat

2000 Cincinnati Entertainment Award Nominee
November 2000

Bagg had the curious honor of an Alternative/Indie nomination from CityBeat for the year 2000 CEAs.

online: citybeat.com (about 1/3 way down)



forcedexistence.com Smokey's Kitchen review
September 2000

Recently defunct, the former host to the *sickest shit on the web* posted a sick review of Smokey's Kitchen by Bagg. Miss you Tillman!

online: content originally from forcedexistence.com



CityBeat

volume 6, issue 34; July 13-19, 2000

Bagg's Groove

Local band brings a healthy dose of wild eccentricity to the Cincinnati music scene
Interview by Mike Breen

online: citybeat.com



cincymusic.com reviews

July 2000

Songs From Smokey's Kitchen : The Desecration of the Nineteenth Seal

by Michael DeWees

online: cincymusic.com



Bagg

"Songs From Smokey's Kitchen: The Desecration of the Nineteenth Seal"

by Ward Sutton/Nutty X

online: ubergoo.com

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09/05/00

BAGG Review

Sometimes in life, something is handed to you that you sit and stare at for hours, absorbing ever ounce of the magic so you can feel, touch, enjoy ever drop deep within your soul. Something so foreign, yet makes complete sense. Something you've explored with your mind everyday and may even believed to be a myth, until it unfolds right in front of you melting you into a creamy pile of contentiousness. We spend our entire life's searching for such things, whether it be spiritual, our relationships, or just to have peace of mind. The bottom line is we all want something to push us over the edge.... (Or maybe take us where we belong?) Something that is somehow part of our meaningless existence, yet is larger than anything we'll ever become. [Bagg's Debut CD, Songs From Smokey's Kitchen \(The Desecration Of The 19th Seal\)](#) is truly magical, and will feed this yearning inside you. Damn! did I say that?

Let me tell you a little about my musical taste.... I'm into heavy as hell, rip out your hair, moshin' your ass off metal, techno metal, death metal, etc. So for me, this whole [Bagg](#) experience has been a kick in the ass. Billing themselves as Rock meets Country, you can see why I'm confused! Country music makes me want to run out and buy a John Deer and see how many red necks I can bush-hog, but [Bagg](#) has a way of making their "country side" seem just like the way GWAR is able to pull off the "punk thing" while singing songs about eating children.

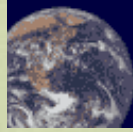
Being the hard-core metal bastard I am, I had to play some of [Bagg's songs](#) to my sick and twisted metal bud's to just see if I was going through some metamorphosis and 97% complete hard core death metal fans agree that "[BAGG FUCKING ROCKS!](#)" One of the best testimonials for [Bagg](#) would be the night I took a boot leg copy of a few of their songs (sorry guys) to a local rock club and got the head lining band agree to play the CD before they played, and about 6 hours later, while I was stumbling to my car and the band was packing up, the bass player for that band was loading shit into their van singing "When The Lights Came Down"!

I could go on and on about this band, like I said from the begining of this, [Bagg](#) bashes through layers of bullshit and hits home with 12 kick ass songs here. If you don't "get" the whole [Bagg thing](#), you're missing out on one of the most original bands to come along in years! I would love for the next CD to be all heavy as hell guitar riffs, screaming vocals, and somehow fitting the sax into more of the songs, but I would have to say that Songs From Smokey's Kitchen could not be more on

mark!

SOMEWHERE
BETWEEN LOVE AND
YOUR FIX EQUALS
BAGG!

Posted By [Tillman](#) Comments: [Click Here](#)



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Bio



Bagg

Bagg is a five-piece original rock band from Cincinnati, Ohio. The band is now into two years of evolution as a live act. Musically and lyrically, Bagg is a free-for-all of hard rock, old country, psycho-whiskey fun. Singer/songwriter styles merge with hard rock and Moog synthesizers. Raucous bar brawls mix with UFO encounters. The rock schtick gets thick with remorselessly cheeky themes of booze, women, fast cars, and - of course - yard sales gone wrong. Its your basic electro-heavy-metal/alterna-country formula.

Smokey's Kitchen

On July 15, 2000, Bagg independently released their debut CD, "Songs From Smokey's Kitchen - The Desecration of the Nineteenth Seal". In the second quarter of 2001, the CD will be re-released by Cincinnati-based indie label *Northern Aggression Records*. The disc features 10 original songs, a remix, and a bonus track. Gregg Church and Chris Schmidt, both members of the band, engineered the CD at *Shepherd's Pie Recording* in Cincinnati while Jeff Higgins of *Audioasis* provided mastering.

b2k

The year 2000 was very good for Bagg. They garnered a nomination from CityBeat Magazine's Cincinnati Entertainment Awards for Best Alternative/Indie band, received critical acclaim for their independently released CD and have developed a rabid fanbase which continues to grow with each live performance. 2001 looks to be even more exciting as Bagg pulled in a Cincinnati Enquirer Cammy Nomination, and prepares to release their latest CD which promises to further their status as one of the premiere bands in the region.

More input

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selections: [html](#)
In the press: www.baggsucks.com/press/

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[Minnesota Brown](#) [Horses in Texas](#) [Ten Ft. Tall & Bulletproof](#) [Fair Price](#) [Captain Ghetto](#)

(The Night) The Lights Came Down

Well I got some shit here in my armpit
And the doctor says it don't belong in it
Don't know what it is or where it's from
Said I better get it out before my arm goes numb
I said it done did, been like that for a week
Can't feel my arms, can't feel my feet
And I'm hearin' little voices from all around
Been hearin' them since the lights came down....

CHORUS

When the lights came down
Made an awesome sound
When the lights came down

Well, they took my pants and they took my shirt
Pokin' and proddin' around 'til it hurt
And they made me cry like a little girl
With their surgical procedures from another world
I said, "Goddamn, Mr. Alien Man, better get your finger out of my rear end,
You know it ain't right, couldn't be more wrong,
To stick your finger where it don't belong."

CHORUS

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[Minnesota Brown](#) [Horses in Texas](#) [Ten Ft. Tall & Bulletproof](#) [Fair Price](#) [Captain Ghetto](#)

Sweet, Sweet Grace

Well listen boys and girls gonna tell you a tale
About a girl who sold her soul at a garage sale
Her name was Grace and now she is without
If you listen at night you can hear her pout
About Ole Man Scratch wouldn't take the money back
No, Ole Man Scratch had plenty of that
And, oh, sweet Grace when it comes your turn
Sweet, sweet Grace you're gonna burn

Well it was a yard sale, a cordial event
Had some baked goods and lemonade under a tent
Thirteen families all took part
And they all said Grace had no heart
A bitter old woman who beat on her dog
And yelled at their kids when they ran through her yard
She wore her nightgown the whole day through
And blamed all her problems on the blacks and the jews

Well the limo pulled up just about high noon
And the man stepped out and said "Good afternoon."
He wore Italian suits and leather boots
And he must have been damn near seven foot
He approached our Grace with a wink and a smile
He said, "Dear Lady, I like your style
I gotta little deal I'd like to arrange
You could live a better life, have a little spare change."

Well Grace's eyes turned wide and bright
And the sky it turned from day to night
And she signed her name and took a stack of cash
And the old man laughed and said,
"That's your ass."

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Through The Booze

Ain't rained for six months and a day
My crops are withering away
My wife left me for a man with a tie
Don't know how I'm gonna get by
Well my daughter, she's pregnant and she's only thirteen
And the daddy, he's a man of twenty-three
And he swears up and down that he'll be a good pops
He knows if he ain't I'm gonna call the cops
Now and then my wife comes home
To see me sittin' all alone
With my hand down my pants in front of the TV
Just seein' what the tube's got to offer me

CHORUS

Well she calls me a name and she slaps my face
She calls me a disgrace to the human race
She told me I was helpless, I was born to lose
But I can't hear a word she says...
Through the booze
Through the booze
I can't hear a word she says
You know I think I like it that way

The telephone rings and I take the call
It's my grandma, she's callin' from the bingo hall
Calls to tell me I was the one that did her all wrong
By ignorin' that woman and carrying on
Says unless I want my daughter to burn
I'll have her in church on Sunday morn'
She said she didn't even know what her god would think
About a thirteen year old mama and her daddy's drink
Well I told her that we'd be there with bells on
Just pending that Saturday's hangover's gone
And I prayed that her god could quench the fire
That's burning from all that Jagermeister

CHORUS

Through the booze
Through the booze

I can't hear a word she says
You know I think I like it that way

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Four Wheels & Forty Ounces

I have a car
It is the fastest car that I know
It is red, and it will not lose a race
My tires squeal
And I drink beer behind the wheel
And your red lights, they do not apply to me

If you are a fool
You will agree to race
And it will be a futile attempt, at best
I drive so fast
I drive so fast that you will crash
And the police will smell the spirits on your breath

CHORUS (x2)

I go fast
And I will smoke your ass
You will come in last
And then you will crash

From your smoking car
I will pull your girl
And I will sit her square in my shotgun seat
I will give her beer
We will laugh and have good cheer
It's a shame that you lie dying in the street

I phone the hospital
To let them know
That you are dead and lying in the road
Three miles east
They said they'll be right out
But it's a busy night; the full moon is out
And since you are dead
You are not a priority

CHORUS

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Minnesota Brown

Lead Pipe Johnny lived in a shack
Just east of the west of town
Had a looker for a mama
Had a lot of boyfriends and she was never around
Well they lived in the shack with a piss-filled cat
By the name of Minnesota Brown
The cat was four-wheel drive and he had a couple nuts
Like some golf balls hangin' down

And his balls are hangin' down

Old Lead Pipe, that boy ain't right
His daddy used to beat him down
Smack him in his face and he'd blacken up his eye
If the boy even made a sound
Well like father, like son now old Lead Pipe took to beatin' on Minnesota Brown
Now the cat's half insane, he's only got half a brain
And the bad bitch is headed to town

And his balls are hangin' down

Minnesota Brown, he strode into town about three minutes past the dawn
And folks started stirrin' when Brown started purrin'
'Cuz they knew what was goin' down
Had a chip on his shoulder 'bout the size of a boulder
And the whole town knew the sound
Of a dog's last breath as he saw the face of death
At the hands of Minnesota Brown

And his balls are hangin' down

Three dogs dead and another lost its head
To the rage of Minnesota Brown
He lost his left eye, and an ear
To a rottweiler from the pound
Now that rott, he's layin' in a box
And he's six feet in the ground
And his owner scooped him up, put him in a pickup truck
And he cursed old Minnesota Brown

And his balls are hangin' down

To this day that town ain't the same
On account of Minnesota Brown
He met his death; he went right instead of left
And the eighteen-wheeler won that round
But when he was around he'd lay the ladies down
And he'd go in and out and round and round
And they all had litters and the babies were all bitter
Like their daddy, Minnesota Brown

And his balls are hangin' down

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Horses in Texas

I only been drunk once in my life
It started 12 years ago
I been tryin' to drink myself sober
Still got a good ways to go
There's a lot of things I ain't figured out
But I tell you this, my dear
All the horses in Texas
Can't drag me away from my beer

CHORUS

All the horses in Texas can't ride off with my dreams

All the horses in Texas, every last team
All the horses in Texas and all the cowboys too
Can't bring me right-back smack-dab nothin'-doing anywhere-near
To the likes of you

My grandmother's on Ritalin
Ain't nothing ever slow her down
She got a monster truck a good 20 foot high
My girl ain't messin' around
Granny always ruled the family
With the iron grip of fear
She's been chasin' them horses in Texas around
For dang near 80 years

CHORUS

I reckon there's a cowboy somewhere
That you ain't gave the time
You been the dime store whore for every last ranch hand
Ever since I done made you mine
That's just my luck, hell, maybe I deserve it
I guess I've always been the chump
I'd have you drawn and quartered by every horse in Texas
Ain't nothin' left but a stump!

CHORUS

All the horses in Texas under open sky
I won't be happy in Texas until you die
I'm seekin' revenge like a Samurai
I won't be happy in Texas until you die, die
Die bitch, die!

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Ten Ft. Tall & Bulletproof

CHORUS

Ten foot tall and bulletproof
That's how she makes me feel
She's the woman I want
She succumbed to the funk
Man, I love how she makes me feel

I got a woman who makes me feel
The way I feel after drinkin' all night
So men don't give me no fight
'Cuz they know I just might
Have to turn their world upside down
When she's holding my hand
I'm a superman, and all the world is peaceful and sound
Than I just about lose it
When she says she loves my music
And everything about James Brown

She's got me thinkin' that I'm

CHORUS

Go out for a night of drinkin'
And all the roughnecks are starin' her down

But when I step to the can
She lets 'em know I'm her man
And refuses to let them buy her a round
She don't like fast cars or movie stars
All she wants is what I got to give
She dedicated her life to tryin' to do me right
Like she's only got one reason to live

And that's to make me feel

CHORUS

She makes me feel like a bad man
When she tells me that I do it so good
I don't chew it or bite it
'Cuz I know just how she likes it
Going down like a good man should
She don't put up a fight
She love to do it all night
That's the kind of mother of a lover she is
And than I squeeze her and I hug her and I tell her that I love her
'Til the dawn chase away the night

She got me thinkin' that I'm

CHORUS (x2)

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Fair Price

I know I was wrong the other night
Please don't call the police
'Cuz they'll lock me up so tight
You see I got a plan
That'll make me a better man
And no, you don't want to hear about it
You'd probably just shout about it
It's been quietly taken care of....

It wasn't cheap
These services rarely are
It was made over a couple of beers
In the front seat of his car
I don't know his name
He said that he's not new to the game
And he said that you'd be number four
And he hasn't had a job since '94
And I can rest assured
It will be quietly taken care of....

Hi dear, it's me
I'm still at the office
And it looks like I'm gonna be late again
By the way I forgot my key
Could you leave the front door open for me?
No I won't be home 'til two or three
No I won't be home 'til two or three
She's been quietly taken care of....

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Captain Ghetto

At the corner of Republic and 13th
Amongst the lawn chairs, cat piss, and gold teeth
If you look to the sky, on a clear night
He's got something that everybody wants to buy
Screamin' through the night in his mint green pinto
Crack for all the kids
Captain Ghetto

Fat businessman comin', from the district
Drunk as hell and boy is he fuckin' lit
Talkin' to the chickies through his open car window
Gonna get laid tonight, thanks to Captain Ghetto

Cheaper than he thought and boy is he feelin' good
These young ladies, they're all misunderstood
Yeah the fat boy had the time of his life
Too bad he's gonna go home and give it to his wife

Ya gotta sell the black stuff
To get the white stuff (x40)

Get 'em some crack
And put 'em on the belt (x80)

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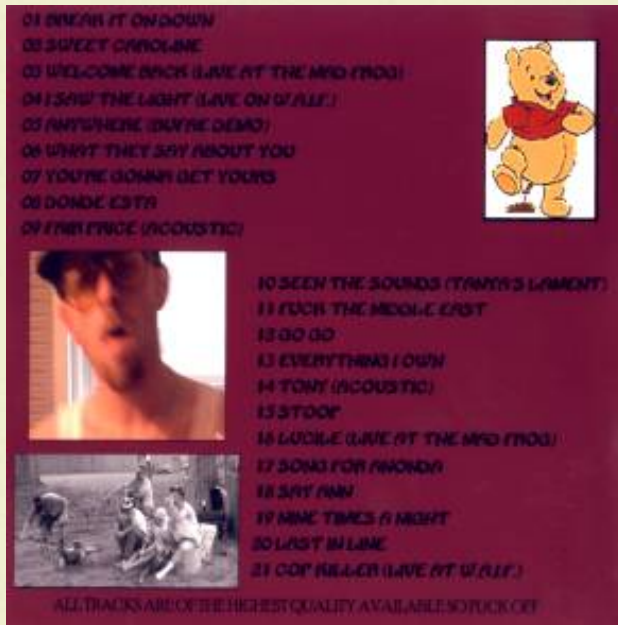
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Poop Corner



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This is a collection of demos, live stuff, lost songs, and shit. The quality might not always be "up to snuff", but fuck, its free.

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