

The Return of Daze Strange

Written by Daze Strange



I must explain my 8 months absence as Crackpot Press's roving reporter.

I was lucky, it was supposed to be a 10-12 month absence. Let's just say there were some visa problems in Mexico and I couldn't leave for quite some time. So I had a NON-PAID extended vacation to the Ojos Negros resort/prison outside of Ensenada, Mexico. I used this time to hone my skills in the chalk arts and reconnect with my love of working with the earth. It's really quite satisfying to watch the earth grow and feed those around me. It's also a powerful bargaining chip; especially when you can grow the best mota in the pueblo.

My secret ingredient is spinach.

Have you ever done that? Create something with your hands and watch it grow? It's so easy to tear something down whether it be someone's work, girlfriend, administration or team now battling for the Wild Card . But to build something- that's an accomplishment. It doesn't matter if it is a painting, a half thought out- business or some chronic to keep you from being ass-raped on Movie Night.

My last night in the joint it was "Ice Castles " always a fave with the "hold me, impale me crowds." It think it's the heart-robbing Marvin Hamlisch score. Everyone was pretty riled up.

Because of my excellent stranglehold on the English Language, I was transferred to "La Wolla Grande "(or something) just north of the Arizona Border to supervise construction.



"La Wolla Grande" is becoming a sight to behold as it expands across the Rio Grand. It's a

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beautiful monument of chicken wire, paper mache and Clark Bar wrappers like this world has rarely seen. It's really quite inspiring to see an international effort like this.

I reviewed the ragtag mob of scruffy losers, Mexican Chain Gangers , Freed Guantanamo Suspects, Three Strikers, ASU Muslim Studies Master's students and Filipino Sex Trade Workers. They labored, sweating, loving so hard on this TOGETHER, while us American's, or "Mericons" as they call us, supervised.

Filthy men bond easily.

It brought back the grand tradition of all world cultures working together for a common goal. I now know the stiff necked pride ALL must have felt after the transcontinental railroad was completed.

If this ever gets completed, they will know that pride when we install that final Golden Padlock, then hide the key in a lucky worker's anus. Then back to prison with him.

Sure, it's a little "Willy Wonka" but what value can you place on the silky smooth taste of freedom.

After 36 hours on the job I realized that I was in Arizona USA!, I snuck away during the "Last Chance Summer Dance" sponsored by 103.4 K-ARZ and Rockstar! Energy Drink-- Both proud sponsors of La Wolla Grande. Talk about comers!

As a man with only a pen and two ounces of my special spinach weed, I traveled the only way I could:

By vans owned by the Local Band Underground.

Special Thanks to:

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RAZORBLADE PUSSY
THUNDHERSTRUCK
DRUNKEN RANCHANDS
LONGHAIRD JESUS
ELVIRA AND THE AMP CRAMPS
THE DAVE HOWARD TRIO (all the guys are named DAVE HOWARD.. fucking amazing)

And ABC.

Before I knew it I was back at the Crackpot Press Offices, just a 2 day walk from the Whiskey A-Go-Go (Amateur Night.. EVERY NIGHT!), depending on how many stops you make for cocktails, burritos, black eyes, sex toys and panhandling. I made a lot of stops.

Despite my pugen-tenacity, I was welcomed back with open arms, a special “K-Mart” (a Manhattan Maker’s Mart. Made by Karen. get it.?), a bar of Coast and a garden hose hooked up in the back.

A garden hose never felt so good.

Crackpot himself even sprung for some Old Spice, a warm towel and a real straight blade shave.

I'M SO BACK!!!

-Daze