

**FUTURE**

**TACO**

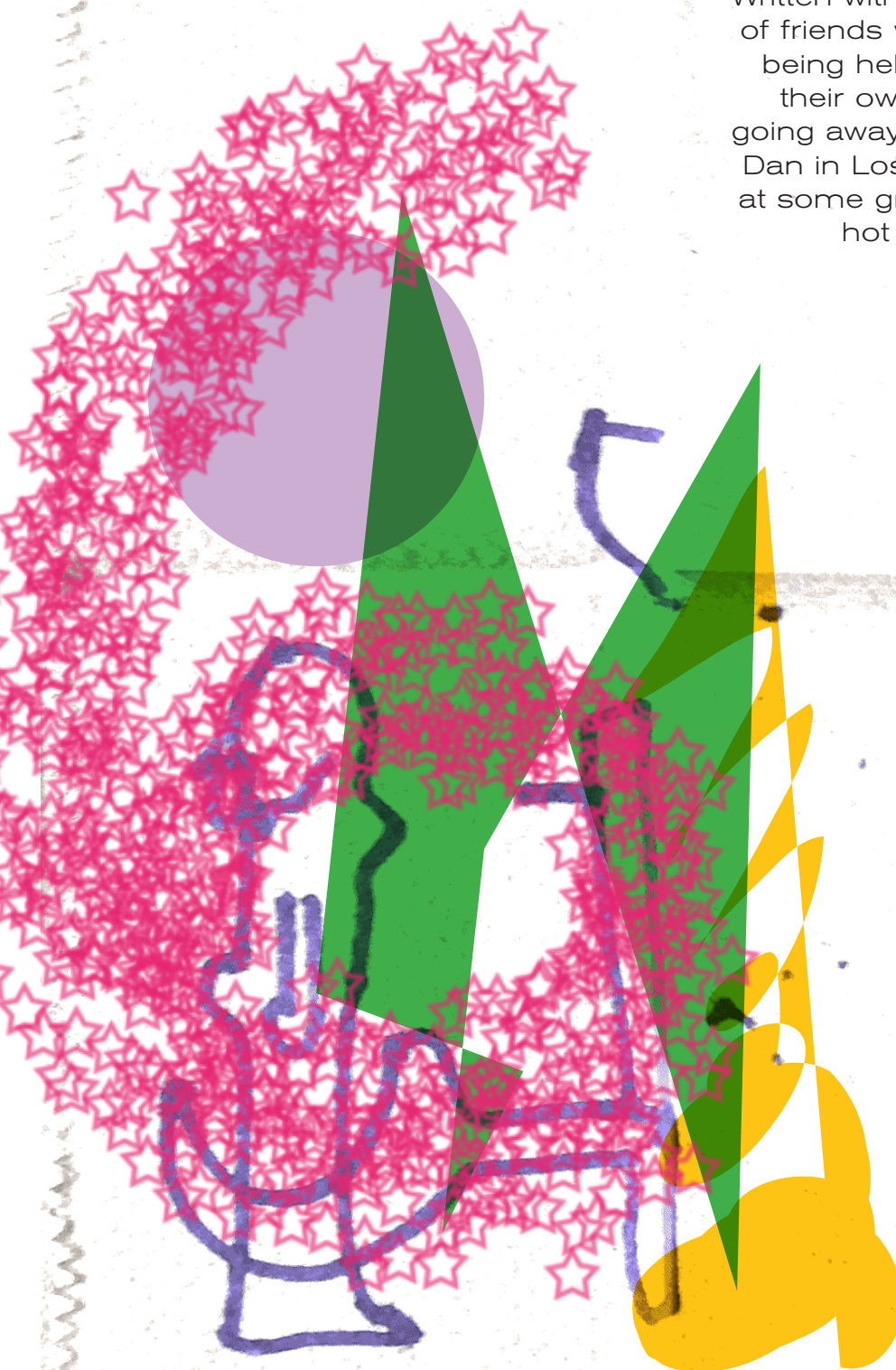


**NUMBER**

**SIX  
SIX  
SIX**

**FUTURE TACO is a quarterly zine of aspo-rationally poetic doodle dropping brain fairies swinging and swaying from clouds of cheese and pumpkin seeds spread across sheets of pink foil ripped like gray hair lacing bank statements long overdue from flippy flop flop flipple flap. FUTURE TACO explores spontaneity, stream of consciousness, and the documentation of singular moments within the tick tock of a click clock's wooden bench stained in ketchup colored newspaper delivered fresh at doorsteps paved in green grass.**

Written with a bunch of friends who were being held against their own will at a going away party for Dan in Los Angeles at some greasy-ass hot dog joint.







**Round glasses help you see the hot dog. /  
Soggy salads, dawg. /  
Tater Tots in me. /**

**Pasadena does not smell like pee-e. /  
Happy Dan is DOIN' HIS THANG. /  
Sexy Sausages™ never get old. Done. /  
Don't Drink the Dirty Water, /  
Baby Guuuurrrrrrrrrr!**

**Funky Chicken, BRO!!!! /  
Chile Habanero is PEACE ON THIS EARTH! /  
I got the wrong beer, but that's OK, it's good. /**

**So many bubbles /  
So many condiments to choose from.**

**One, two /  
Seven, Jessica Biel, Eight, /  
THIRSTY /**

**Corn Dogs /  
I'm Falling Apart /  
Soda Pop Drop /  
Allergic to You /  
Allergic to Peanut Butts**

FEATURING ART BY JARAD SOLO







MORE?!!??!!?

NEVER

EAT SHREDDED...

INHALED TOTS!!!

GOD

HELL

RUDE AS FUCK!!!

HELL

HELL

HELL

HELL

HELL

HELL

HELL

HELL

HELL

HELL

HELL

HELL

HELL

HELL

HELL

POOP!! /

Reeeeeewind, Select A /  
Fling that POOP, what!! /

SIKE!! /

Rated "G" /

Gangsta Please /

HEY!! /

Cool tape!! /

What the fuck is wrong now?

I have to POOP!! /

Criss-Cross Apple-Sauce /

It's Coming Up Next /

Moist Cake /

Cassette on DECK /

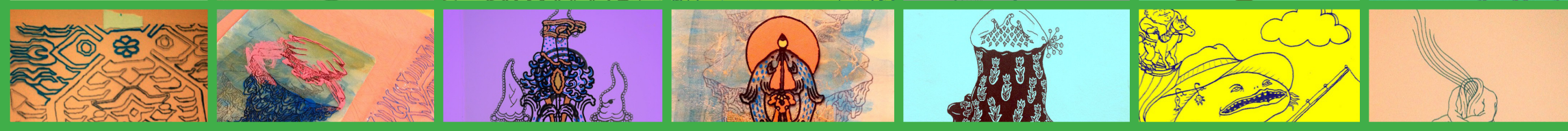
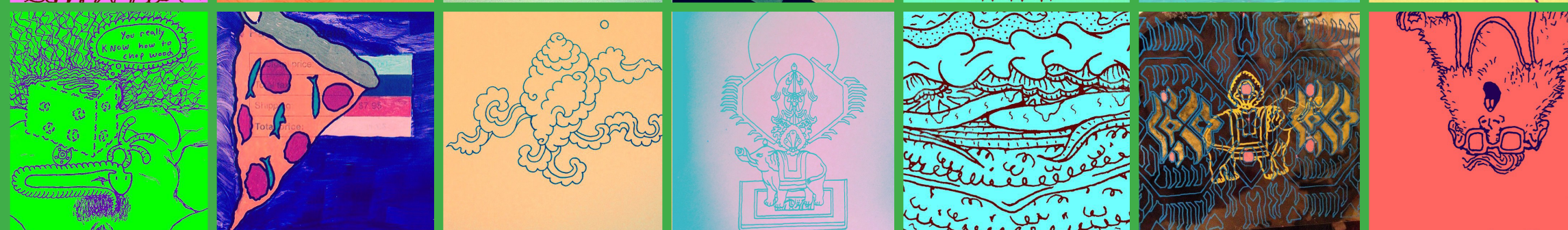
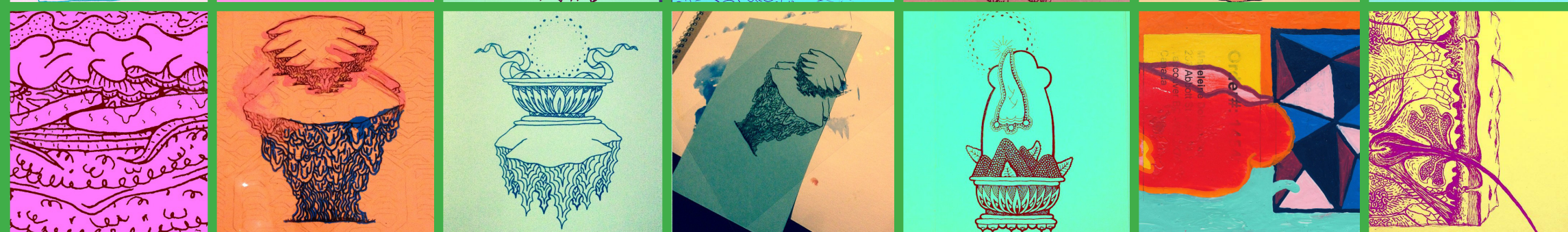
Pool Parties and Cisco Silver Hair /

Flippy Flop /

Disco Biscuits for Dan







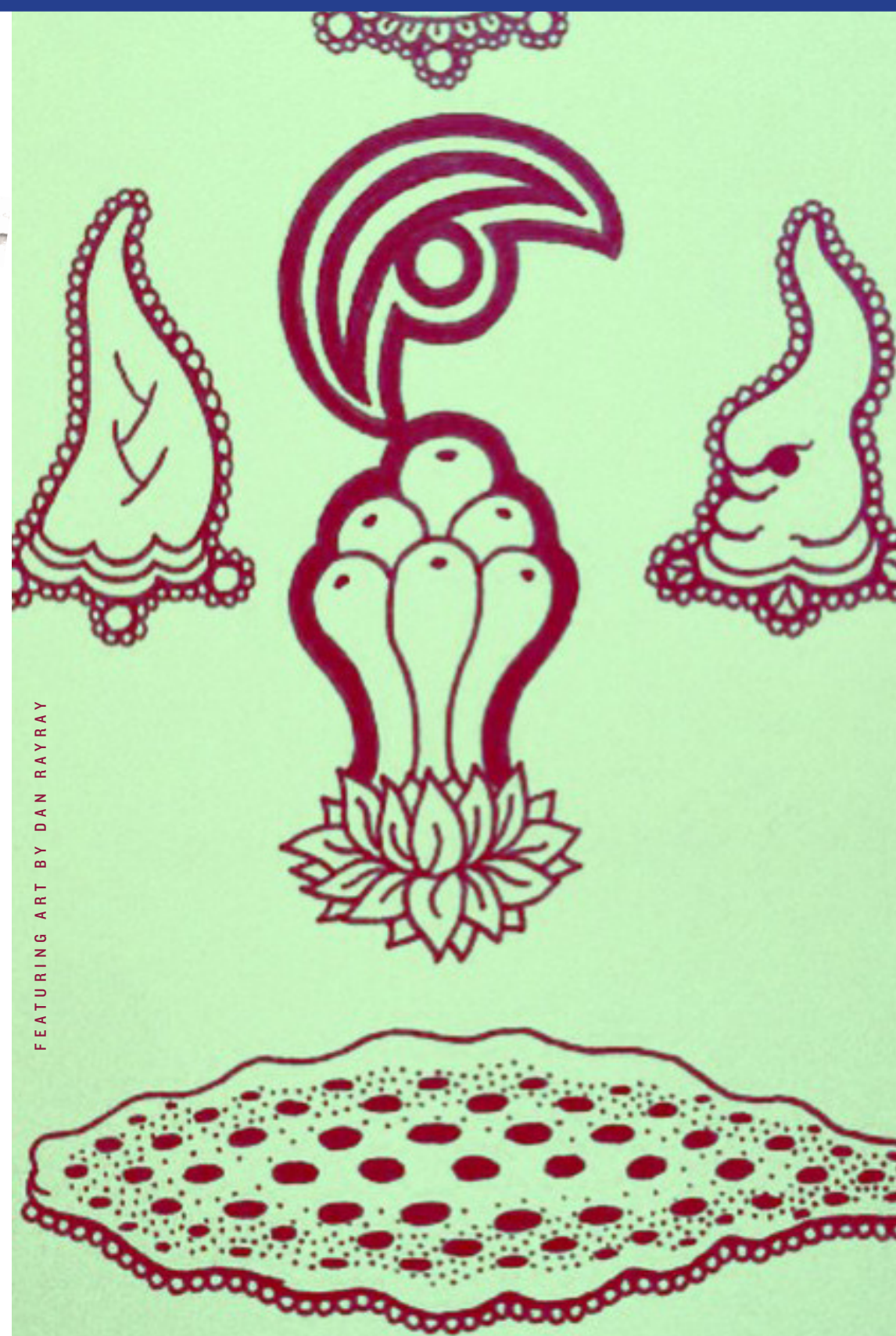


## Yeah Guuuuuuuurrrr!

One bucket of mustard one bucket of ketchup, too. Good friends, Good Food, Good Beer, all true. Tapes and pens, colors and words. Waiting for my Cheese. I don't know if the parking rules are enforced right now tonight at all. Dan! Party on! Gurr! Party on Garth! Wayne? Sweet tot cheese fart, fifteen tostadas flauta dreams and lil' DICE. Steamy Chinese Bath Houses. Ready for a SPECIAL EVENING. The most canyon overflows with relish and old mustard. More chili, less cheese on my knees, please... OR ELSE!!! Grumbling in my tummy. Food regrets, arise! I am over this and under that and roaming all around. I like offensive music in the work place. Yeah Guuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuurrr! Magenta. Magenta. My Mangina. It's the final countdown. DUH NUH NUH NUH DUH NUH NUH NUH.

## Chimi-changa Blues

Thirteen is a magical number of napkins, yeah? Smells like dreamy chili cheese tots! And this will sustain me now. This dawgy is GOOOOOOOD. Die-Ku. Long Table. Big Love. Chimichanga Blues. Incredible edible eggs are raining down from my incredible legs. Sweet tarts make me feel like the only thing I want to do now is do handstands. Nine. Nine. Nine. Nine. Nine. Nine. Nine. Nice. Night. Hey! Welcome back! Looks like a poo heart, but it's chili cheese. Let's get to the bottom of this now. Rolling precise U.S. Ball. Drawing thangs, rollin dice... very nice... is there any good hot dogs any more? There's only one way to skin a snoop dogg. Where is the last place that you saw three people holding hands? In Greece? Beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer beer. I like to dance for my cardio and drink for my mama's soul.





the GOOD GUY

SO SPEAK SO SING SO, SO SHINE SO

CAN YOU BELIEVE

PROOF OF CONCEPT

STOP DOING WHAT YOUR DOING

we should celebrate

never HEARD OF YOU

i haven't seen you

isn't that a little desperate

sir? sir? sir?

Live Life on your terms



**Harlem**  
**by Matthew Manos**

The lights are out in Harlem so  
you can see what's up –  
so you can just stand by your  
window and take a quick look

To get to know the source of this  
scream shattering windows  
and begging for pizza – home to  
rivers and lakes  
of mysterious liquid tinted orange

With passion  
With pepperoni-shaped rap  
battles circular in nature, playful  
in intention

Violent in remorse for basketball  
games lost and nets gone miss-  
ing  
Thanks to years of tugging on  
strings, waiting for a bell to ring  
for  
a sound to alarm – to talk to you  
– to wonder where daddy went

To hand paint signs atop candy  
stores pointing west toward good  
deals on bags of skittles

and bars of peanut butter while you stand their  
Dreaming

of making it 10 blocks away from the reaction-  
ary chatter,  
9 blocks closer to the preemptive beeping,  
9 miles further from the safety of this net,  
ripped to shreds by years of pulling

But it's all for a good cause so read my news-  
paper! Read my sign!  
Grab the wheel beneath my son, and turn this  
cage around, invert it in your favor.

Wait 3 minutes, maybe 5, for the 1 to the 2 to  
the bus to the cab  
to the pool full of mucus and hot trash seeping  
into your pores

Like sweat from a pizza fresh out the oven.  
Fresh out the lights of  
your endless casino waiting for that sound  
to ring and that net to grow back

In Harlem

**Are you there? /**  
**Said the bearded dragon- /**  
**Ginger /**

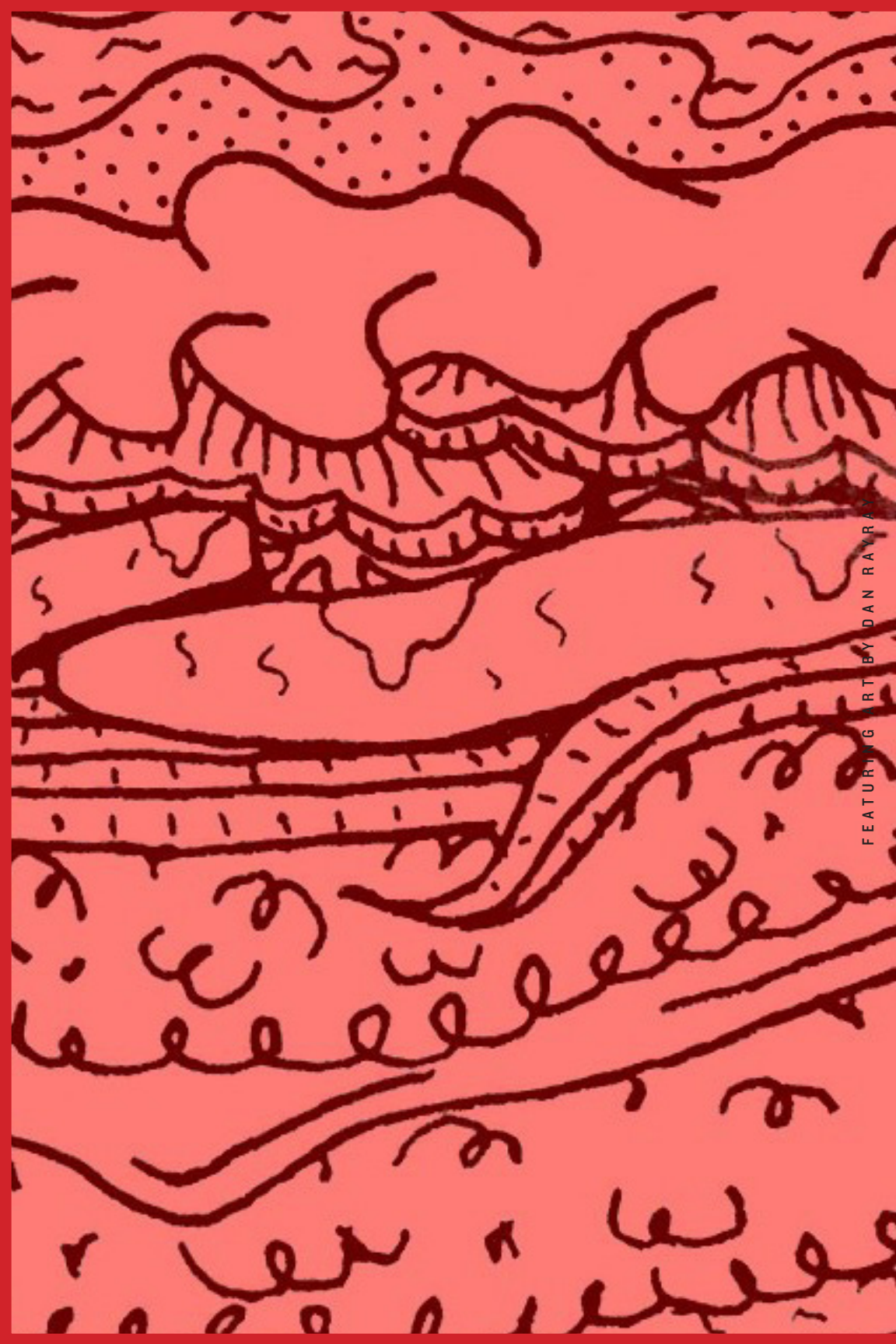
**No offense, my friend! /**  
**But I'm so offended. /**  
**Good call.**

**B i g**  
**B e e r**  
**Son /**  
**H a i r y**  
**B e a r d**  
**S c a r f**  
**/ Little**  
**M u l e**  
**Turn't /**  
**Bush /**  
**Babies**  
**Breath /**  
**Tip Top**

**I'm texting God right now. /**  
**Bratwurst Hell. /**  
**Have you met God? /**

**AWWWWWW SHIT! /**  
**WHAT!?? FRANK!!! /**  
**Heartbreaker.**





***Where is  
the last  
place  
that you  
saw  
three  
people  
holding  
hands?***

FEATURING ART BY DAN RAYRAY



**TACO**

**FUTURE**

**NUMBER**

**SIX**

