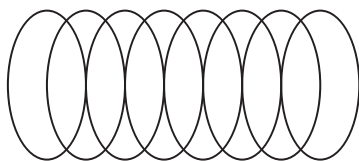


WEEKEND GETAWAY[®]

THIRD PHASE CLEANING PRESS



WRITTEN BY

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CHRIS WITHERS

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MFE

DETROIT

↻ TORONTO

/ 40

RE-EDIT. 2020

Birthered on summer holiday, printed on a weekend escape, this second publication of Third Phase Cleaning holds a certain poeticism personally of in-between and temporal homes.

Continuing the concept of elevating found internet content, *Weekend Getaway* begins with architectural photographer Julius Shulman's series of Desert Hot Springs Motel, in California. Originally designed by architect John Lautner, the motel was a city escape for Hollywood stars. The photos depict three concept cabins that were built to sell the development which never fully came to fruition.

Our shared interest in multi-layered narratives across time and space, lead Chris and I to write abstracted narratives of temporary getaways (p. 16-17, 12-15) as well as creating call ads to complete a pony loverz weekend for one.

Taking web to print was for us to hold physical weight, to experiment with content lost to the black hole. Chris intends to take this issue full circle with an experiential website that can live on infinitum in the dump pile of the internet. It will live at the web address below.

-MFE











MISSING YOU IN
PARADISE

I am heading on a journey. I always have been on a journey and always will be. There are many arms and legs, most of which I have not and cannot decide yet, an endless stream of play acts with no intermission. In every part of my journey, there are things familiar and foreign. Sometimes I come back to a birth place, one of many homes, to find echoed change to my own passing of time. Othertimes,

*A New Place Offers
A Well Worn Tune
In A Different Octave*

Today I circle back to a place I have been visiting for the past year. My first visit was random, more a product of circumstance than planning. I stumbled upon it per the invitation of its most

current inhabitant. The place was simple, 4 walls and a window, tucked into a larger quadrangle with its new life as an apartment. Furnished with mismatched pieces, bobbles and trickets from known and unknown previous owners, and vague abstract paintings, the centerpiece of the room was a lofted eagle's nest.

After my first night's stay, I left any and all lingering thought behind in the bed. I have an affinity for keyholes; this place had only keys, and no holes. Yet I found myself knocking on its most current inhabitant's door the following weekend to spend the night as I did again the week after and after.

Overtime I developed a repore with the place. I learned to sleep through monkeys hitting the pipes, to turn the kitchen faucet to the far right for cold

water, and to appease the shaggy black counterpart's constant need for affection. I visited so often I noticed when a new mug reading

I Heart New York

had been added or when the toilet paper was running low. I enjoyed my insomnia, waking up early in the morning to the first light of dawn peering through the window, a beautiful ethereal diffusion in the black box of darkness.

But my journey took a new course and I travelled across the ocean, away from those 4 walls and window. All the beautiful surroundings and spaces of the new place brought memories and movement but they could not replace

those weekend getaways to the kitschy space I had come to know so well. For in fact, unconsciously it had become a variation of home, a place I felt safe, where I went to find love, even if it was not unconditional.

After many destinations and an ocean, I found myself knocking on the familiar door of those 4 unreplaceable walls. I walked in to find a new table and hutch, a bird caught in net, the shaggy dog shaggier and its most current inhabitant older than I last left him. I am new refraction of a former self, but I still find the same comfort envelope me from all those times before. I will wake tomorrow morning, unable to sleep, to white waves pushing and pulling at the window. Its visual rhythm of light are a personal lull like a siren's call entrancing me completely. Suspended in a breath, a pause in infinitum, I will feel at peace.

I had to leave my last place because the garbage can in my apartment was too full. Really the place itself had become a dump; the trash spilled all over the floor. Whether the roaches had been there before or not, I can't say. All I know is I couldn't handle the squalor anymore.

So I moved here. Its alright I guess. I shoplift from the CVS downtown even though Walgreens has better candy because I think the CVS pharmacist is pretty. I told her I didn't hold the opioid crisis against her while I stole 15 copies of National Geographic last week.

Later I got really drunk at the park by the railroad and felt bad about the whole thing. I got home and shove the magazines into the pregnant pile of

recycling. I always discard my treasure after I shoplift, unless I can avoid drinking until I flip the goods on Facebook Marketplace.

The deals on Facebook Marketplace are pretty unbelievable. My most recent obsession has become the multitude of brand new, clean trashcans for sale. Big ones, small ones, scalloped white ones, lidded ones...I already bought 10 new cans this week to hold the growing amorphous roommate that is my pile of garbage. A few vinegar traps and Febreze fend off the fruit flies.

I'll have to invest in more as I am starting to like it here, and I don't want to have to move again before I ask the pharmacist out for coffee.



BIG HANDS

AGE 12

HEIGHT 3 FT 2 IN

WEIGHT 1500 LBS

WARNING

My fully erect cock is giant and unmanagable for some (18 IN)

ABOUT

I am a dom daddy from the Midwest, happily married with two kids, who enjoys pleasuring submissives on the side.

Down for leather fetish, intense bondage, whips, crops, canes, heavy roleplay...on you.

Hours long event, expect to be ridden til the sun goes down. I will leave you begging for water, a cookie, and a nap.

CALL 1-800-Meat Meet ext.2



★ STAR
Meat
OF THE WEEK

Terminator-ASO

AGE OS 14.16.1

HEIGHT 3 FT 2 IN

WEIGHT 5 LBS

WARNING

My AI could become fully sentient at any moment.

ABOUT

My approachable form may be what brings you in, but my state of the art vibrators will be what makes you come.

I am a repurposed military robot built for destruction but through redundancy I find myself in a new line of work.

My morning wood never goes down...I will completely and totally destroy your orifices.

CALL 1-800-Meat Meet ext.3



Peggy <3

AGE Old enough
to consent

HEIGHT
4 FT 3 IN

WEIGHT
250 LBS

WARNING

What's undwer my skwirt? It can
tuck away or cwome out to play ♥

ABOUT

I wuv when wur dick wiggles and
jiggles (U ω U) When it gwrows
fwrom being wittle, standing so st-
waight and twall and and it waves
to me (U ω U) and then I wick n
wick n wick until it cwies ♥ Wet
me wook n wick wur cwute penis
wike a wollipop all night wong.

I alwso wuv wur cwute butt ♥
especwially when it jiggles when
i put my wittle cwock in for a butt
hwug. Pwease let me be wur best
top Peg-asus ♥ (.U ω U.) ♥ ♥

CALL 1-800-Meat Meet ext.4



YOUR STAGE COACH

AGE 32

HEIGHT
5 FT 6 IN

WEIGHT
125 LBS

WARNING

I can pull a pistol in 0.5 seconds,
ask any of my partners for proof.

ABOUT

WANTED: Missing Orgasm. Well
I am here to collect the bounty
cause I will capture yours.

As a well-experienced driver, I
have led horses and humans alike
across the Great Plains to their
final desination.

I will get you there by any means
necessary - through sweat, tears,
hold ups, and stick ups. I have the
knowledge and expertise to guide
you to Big Rock Candy Mountain.

CALL 1-800-Meat Meet ext.5



YOU CAN WATCH

AGE 72
collectively

HEIGHT 5 FT 8 IN
in costume

WEIGHT 320 LBS
collectively

WARNING

The back end likes to kick,
the front end likes to lick.

ABOUT

Best friends since middle school cheerleading, we have a special kind of friendship that we want to share with you.

Roleplayers or voyeurists are a must. Down for furry playdates.

Have you ever had 3 orgasms at the same time? 4 hands and 4 hooves can arrange that. Take us for a run in a field and we will romp in the hay all night.

CALL 1-800-Meat Meet ext.6

PONY JUST YOUR SIZE



Send us your inseam and we'll send you your perfect pony.*
ponyjustyoursize.com/custom

*continental US only

SEABISCUIT REPLICA

The Greatest Racehorse of the 20th Century



Get to the finish line with this silicone replica of the Triple Crown winner's penis. Best in show with 16.5 inches of varying girth, this toy will make you scream "giddy-up." The suction cup gives a steady ride.

Please note: This product is not historically accurate.

EXTRAÑÁNDOSE
EN EL



BESOS DEL

