

# **Working Title: Hints for Colin**

**Working Subtitle “Porno: For Adults Only”**

**Text compiled by  
Kimberly Zumpfe and Colin Lindsay**

## Foreword by Kimberly Zumpfe

The content(s) of this book refer to and are mostly an accurate duplication of the written contents of a text message exchange between Colin Lindsay and myself over a two year period. This hint based call and response system was started to give Colin “hints” about the intentions around my art activity – as a direct response to Colin occasionally, even often, remarking to me that he did not understand my work. He replied to each and every one. Mostly.

My portion of this text/texting encapsulates a relationship that I have with art production and is a reflection on personal exchanges that I have had around it. In the vein of my work and as a continuation, these hints are a meta-linguistic production and an intentional misdirection from (what? - EXPAND on misdirection (?), it's not clear what I mean and what I want to say about this – where do I go from here?). I have no clarity of how Colin views this work. We rarely spoke about it except to express gratitude and pleasure.

The making of this text (unwittingly?) acts as an extension of my explorations of indeterminacy (futility?) and interest in emotional and emotive responses. Through the methodology of this collaboration through text, there were alterations that I could not control and occasionally found irritating. My irritability clearly resulted from something undesirable – something difficult to pinpoint – and from a lack of division between myself and Colin with the intrusive conduit of a communication device. I should have expected this consequence, but did not. Most of this project I found extremely engaging and fulfilling, even when, and especially because sometimes I found myself thoroughly irritated. (be more clear about how I want to present my personal state of being in regard to project, I don't like how I have approached it here, don't know if it how I actually feel, don't know if it is how I want to mythicize my uncontrollable future)

-----“hints” are not meant to be definitive, according to my current understanding of the popular usage of the term-----

The original quantity of hints was approximately 300 (an arbitrary number with the quantity large, but reasonable). This was altered when Colin replied to hint 420 before I sent him hint 420. So, the length changed to 420 + 1. In the making of number 421, I clearly had to have the last word, even though every text resulted in a reply. Colin later sent a reply to 491, but I decided to not let

this second numerical extension lengthen the project further. I decided that one unintended quantitative lengthening was enough. So, the length was planned, changed, limited and intervention took control. I thought my final choice of numbering was a good compromise with chance (not Colin). (I despise this unavoidable problem of chance versus choice, even when the choice is to not make a choice, it makes any exploration of chance severely limited – the only way to explore chance in entirety would be to create impossible parameters that could be altered by anything in any way).

During production, this project occasionally broke out of the text exchange form and into our lives (my life I mean – I am not Colin) in unexpected ways that cannot be documented here, although I will try to give a brief overview of more overt moments. This work should be taken within the context that I rarely used text messaging before this project began, except with a few special individuals who have an unfortunate inability to communicate otherwise (you know who you are). I wrote in an earlier version of this foreword that I thought I would likely return to rarely using text messaging when the project would be completed, although I now know that I have been eternally altered. I have been intruded upon and the project was intrusive. For example, I forgot to turn off the sound on my device when in professional meetings (more than once) and had to scramble in embarrassment to turn off the sound from a string of Colin texts. I learned I was rude. I would sometimes leave my phone device somewhere with the ringer on and other people would endure through the many **bings** elicited (I know because I returned with many messages on the phone – nobody ever complained). I discovered a new form of thoughtlessness. I was woken many times in the morning (I couldn't turn off the sound because I needed the alarm to wake up), and was unable to fall back asleep resulting in many sleepy and coffee filled days. I found new ways to be stupid. Out of the pure pleasure, I got in the habit of dropping whatever I was doing anywhere and would run to check my phone to see what kind of messages I got from Colin – even when I didn't really have time to read or reflect. I was constantly and happily preoccupied. I have developed a culturally appropriate short attention span. I'm stuck with it.

A note on final form: I believe the final form is nothing close to the moments of the exchanges, but is another type of compilation of text.

Also write a paragraph about: since I was compiling the work on a document on the

computer at the same time the text exchanges were happening – how that started to effect or be intrusive on the work – how one things seeps into another because although originally intended to be a text message exchange, the inevitable documentation of the work also became part of the work and intruded on the original intent.

I established a small set rules for myself for the text exchange, revised them, refined them and in the end broke most of them at some point during the project. (do I want to say more about this, or just leave it vague as is? Seems like I don't know what I am doing if I leave it at that. Do I know what I'm doing?) I think I will leave it as is.

Colin and I discovered inconsistencies in the text technologies. There are hints and replies dangling in the nether. Texts were sent - and - not received. To make up for this, I resent (not the other resent) many many hints (this, I am sure was also sometimes due to Colin misplacing information, but I'll discuss that at some other time). Colin is of a different mind than mine, and is not dictated to by the need to keep things orderly and accurate, so lost hints really did become lost and new hints arrived in their place when called upon to replace a lost one – sometimes replies arriving without hints. Different methods require different techniques and I go on...

The presentation of a numerical labeled format is to create referential convenience, but does not necessarily reflect a linear documentation of text exchanges. Each hint and reply pair is attached to a specific number, but these were not sent in a linear pattern. Numbers were later disentangled to be presented in a consecutive appearance. However, there are occasionally numbered hints that are related consecutively and are sometimes and possibly, but not necessarily, distinguishable from the rest of the numerical labeling of hints. My phone format is already outdated. I can only send and receive a limited number of 160 characters on my phone and can only view it in a limited format. This is reflected in the presentation of the book.

I can't quite imagine what it was like receiving all this information on the Colin's side, but can only know what I intended through my own providing of words and lingual-symbolic representations. It appears to me that there was a lot of confusion between us because of lack of consistency, but that seems consistent with and reflective of normal interpersonal exchange. (can I avoid talking about power relations between subject, object, witness and participant in methods of communication? I refuse!) I have done my sincere best to represent Colin's side of the work and

hope that this book will come with a pair, my representation of the work in one printing, and Colin's representation of the work in another printing. I can guess but really have absolutely no idea how this other book will be formatted. I'm sure it will be much different than my seemingly linear representation. I look forward...

---

HINT 1

HINT 2

Have you seen it anywhere yet?

REPLY

Have you seen it anywhere yet?

HINT 3

way over again t sta u no again there

REPLY 1

anyway.

anyway.

anyway.

anyway.

asking as if f were apparent formerly decided upon. Two

anyway  
anyway

anyway

REPLY 2

Anyway

HINT 4

[file 50337BJ-TK2UI]

REPLY

don't  
get  
too  
comfortable

HINT 5

oh, no, not again

REPLY to hint 5

one two three four five six seven up to seventeen which is an addition of ten. You know this seventeen symbolics will one day tell us to SHUT UP EMIT. And that's a father who we will one day miss a soon arrival a lingering vibration of the idea we previously discussed and calling it at knife point would be the cruelest joke of all [crying into a blow Cotton swab]  
The rich ; get to live differently so I guess I get to die differently

HINT 6

Millie Mae got out of the way before the car could hit her  
she was fat and laughed like a cat, and knew the streets even better

But Millie Mae failed in eating her kale, and when  
the doctor came by  
He said Millie was even more silly, and should be  
put back in her sty

REPLY

stand on your car scream like a dinosaur & go  
wherever you wanna go \_\_\_\_\_ that's  
the deal. It's outrageous

HINT 7

there is some – when i turn

REPLY number 7

I waited a long time for you to have sent this  
special number. I am at the end a winter if you will  
or at least a or fall or if it is I smile on the edging  
of a draytonian poise poised devoid & aggrieved  
in specialness. Wanton depletion a welt

HINT 8

supererogatory is substratum

REPLY

against a background of individualism and  
spectacle we eat snacks and drink juice at the  
questioning world

HINT 9

When this little boy Jack, with a life of lack,  
wanted to run to play

Millie Mae found that stuck in the ground, he sadly  
had to sit and stay

So she leaped over her pen, ran through a street  
again, and a truck just barely missed

She squealed in fright, but Jack had delight, in the  
ground he giggled and pissed

REPLY 9-/:

to reply to the nine said the 9<sup>th</sup> uber spider to the  
9<sup>th</sup> uber fly, one must have the many uber  
multiples of nine that can be uber extracted every  
Time the reply is even loaded on the truck duck  
from said uber protuberance. Could I be thinking  
of something previously replied or be futurity  
replied upon. Durations do that to development of  
that essential word I'm going to use again  
essentially divisible by three infinitely multiplyable  
by its self with a resulting equaling of nine  
questions

HINT 10

already

REPLY

don't already me please.

HINT 11

with me please

Real reply to hint 11  
please me with...  
Original reply to hint 11  
well this is weird  
Suspect reply to hint 11  
oh well .....  
Imposition dedicated to the hunt for hint 11's reply  
yea yea it's not fair not fair  
Round about reply to hint 11  
you know I'm no good  
Again again again hint 11 reply  
again again again again

HINT 12  
wat chu knee  
REPLY  
Suzie wa choizie is gonna fly way- if you raise em  
hi you gon kno why

HINT 13  
When my volcanic chocolate bra explodes, kitten  
fluff arises to become velvety devil dust.  
REPLY  
too soupersticious to answer this one so I will  
cook instead. what am I hungry for? chocolate or?

HINT 14  
where over alter is the you in the con of the me  
REPLY  
way

HINT 15  
HmMMM, I thought so too.

HINT 15  
Hhmmmm, I thought so too.

HINT 15  
HmMMM, I thought so too.

HINT 15  
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HmMMM, I thought so too.

HINT 15  
HmMMM, I thought so too.

HINT 15

Hmmmm, I thought so too.

HINT 15

Hmmmm, I thought so too.

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HINT 15

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HINT 15

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HINT 15

Hmmmm, I thought so too.

HINT 15

Hmmmm, I thought so too.

HINT 15

Hmmmm, I thought so too.

REPLY

(love the low numbers. What's the las one I wonder)

hmmm. you did ? what ?

this is like so cool

for my empty head

"are we nearly there yet mum?"

I should have said that a lot earlier

HINT 16

(read loud enough to hear your own voice) and

and ... and..... and and and and and

... and and..... and and and and....

and... and ... and... and.....

and... and and and... and ...

and... and... and and and...

REPLY

of the lyrical flute like sounds of a new Porsche convertible gear know- I know I know

HINT 17

Desire, geological nether, fill my discontinuity with your spectral wand! Yet, die are cast; I, in a confined state, a quantity of misaligned conduct to my nature.

REPLY

possibly  
If you go out in the woods today  
You're sure of a big surprise.  
If you go out in the woods today  
you'de better go in disguise. For ever bear that  
ever there was  
will gather there for certain, because, Today's the  
day the teddy bears have their picnic

HINT 18

we gotta ease this baby in easy like, like an easy  
armchair, eeeeeeasy-eeeeeeasey, no?

REPLY

my lucky number comes in fortunes that are easy  
on the eyes, easy on the thighs, easy on the  
fantasies that leave you laying on your side  
staring as easy glides. you know easy is as easy  
does as easy wants as easy fuzz becuzz easy is  
as easy peazy leading the way to something more  
sleazy.

HINT 19

two cracks, two openings. I arrived

REPLY

shake that booty  
shake that crack  
shake yo knees  
shake yo back

HINT 20

yea and akin to the outboard motor on my  
mothers car, she always named her cars, but I  
don't know the name of this one, nor the reason  
there is this type of motor attached to propel it  
along, on the street, where children play their  
games in neighborhoods that don't have much  
traffic, where I once picked raspberries and  
blackberries, not knowing how precious they  
would become, and often came home with stained  
shoes from the fruit, and hid from that guy, you  
know, the one who asked about, there were really  
tall bushes that held the little color filled fruits,  
they are probably not as tall as I remember, and  
they are gone now since the road was replaced  
with cement and the bushes were removed,  
everything out in the open, they say

REPLY

Out in the open like jam lifted on the knife from  
the pot in mid journey toward a toasted

destination destined for devouring or devourment  
to put it properly and goodness.  
Out in the open like a bald spot newly revealed so  
left uncovered from the sun with a baseball cap or  
something else cottony down soft to be red sore  
burnt.  
Out in the open like a target. Out in the open like  
that guy with it written all over his face.

You know about it if you know about it.

#### HINT 21

I like the sumo bet before the surgery, but the tee  
we rearrange the channels every include the sky. But may show  
no because the den rearrange. I can never know because the  
i certain more than a bulge general. I have asked to and I  
wo.

#### REPLY

don't be vulgar please

#### PRE-REPLY 22

kumquat

K: Kumquat: a new type of genetically altered fruit  
– a hybrid of the Kim clan from Korea and the  
kumquat. A highly recommended new fruit.  
C: or it's a new hybrid language of the lazy linguist  
with a flair. "come for what" is said as if creole or  
pigeon English. Kumquat. You want me for what?

#### PRE-22 (?) statement

dawn cloud expressions 22: many a muckle  
makes a muckle

#### HINT 22

When hair spray was in corridors of abundance,  
rock stars had all the melanophoric fun. Now its  
just renewals and reissues, they say.

#### REPLY

they always do. They always will. we are them  
They are EVERYWHERE and it is not even  
considered considerably considerable by and by.

#### HINT 23

File Word Tools File Word Word Format Help  
View View Insert Help Format Help Font Font  
Tools Table Table Table Window Format Word  
Work Insert Word View Word Help Help Insert  
Format

can I make this random REPLY 23

Briefly .

Tell me definitely for sure because I trust you. I  
know you know the answers but are you giving  
secrets away?

Briefly Done

(This is one of the important one I mentioned  
earlier) but I know too much and have therefore

from this point forward have tainted the process  
possibly in an unworthy direct attention ( but I  
Can forgive myself)  
MONDAY:

Oops ... Forgot the pert vivacity

#### HINT 24

really, this whole thing is my exhibitionist narrative  
- really hope I don't spread any venereal diseases  
to my ventry – my ventral weakness, really  
previously unreplied to wetness and 237  
facing up to nature- resulting relations scrubbed  
ascorbate for killing. that feeling is inside to make  
fire the hunter archives the kill. if you want to put it  
this way. madly

#### HINT 25

ya frigin think i care, pil\_\_\_\_\_llgrim? ya cean  
thinkyer pretty little head again Western towards  
like, yea, my arse yer makin whooopdeedoo in my  
backyrd frigin stoop, off mee steps yee slite me  
seely, fuck!

REPLY to previously unreplied  
Large round behinds and pretty pilgrims don't go  
together. Do they?  
and while I'm at it.-  
seely fuck?

REPLY to REPLY  
seely (comma) fuck!

REPLY again again again  
me a pilgrim. Puts a whole new light on it all  
doesn't it?

#### HINT 26

still can't find it

#### REPLY

I should hope not too

#### HINT 27. collected these here

#### REPLY

Init keen windows leave pre organized and for me  
you know.

I'm w woman but poised at the prospect of a k  
kindly sunlight across my brow. W Worried h  
horrible days humble creeping humility dealt in  
daft questions about my glasses as if it were p  
possible the fault of deviant perception on a part  
of the father in me gripping " I Don't want "  
Five day s to vdo thi s in cre dib le th ing.

And i miss yoU

So

Zsory

My Poughkeepsie.up

HINT 28

,no-(.)ged-(.)'sun-(.)'(n),'se-, 'bich-e-(s)

REPLY

no?

HINT 29

As long as germinating products are used by fragmentary siblings, paralytic toe-sucking Eugenic supporters (nothing against em) will be slightly bloated.

REPLY

listen, (MIDTONE) a toe sucking is a toe sucking and one should never look a gift horse in the mouth even if it has a toe in it. you know. being an Amtrak princes is worth it. (QUIETLY) with my toes available as a gift or not as said gift (BASS).

+[-all mentioned on the side of the packet-]+

HINT 30

Sh\ mi0 g) ow

REPLY

A Sh should glow like it has somewhere to out to play tonight and a righteous designated driver to facilitate such. And not be caught up in conundrumous hands of fate. Now. In recognition of this as suchness. ... breath heaving release of exhaling to delivery. See you tomorrow sweetness of vocabulary

HINT 31

suck and sucking and sucking and sucking and sucking and sucking and sucking and suck suck suck sucking and sucking and sucking and sucking and sucking and sucking and suck suck sucking and sucking and suck suck suck

REPLY

suck for sure for more in this in that wiv big wiv a bat beside selling beside welling up forces called tear ducts

HINT 32

justfillingupblankspacehereenoughnoroomeherefor anythingelse, whereisclinteastwoodwithhisgunwhenineedhim?

REPLY

there are no such things as blank spaces needing filnning in in my mind this is a wander into around aboutness of

a sort of eagerness of spirited enthusiasm  
amalgamating beyond the thunderdome – think  
drops of rain thoughts mad a puddle could grow  
into a pendulous eventing. if you are a lucky  
ducky

REPLY 32 addendum

It's Bond. James Bond shaken not stirred that you  
need. not some cowboy with smoking dark eyes  
and an orangutan saddle

HINT 33

for the sake of

REPLY

\_\_\_\_\_ ---- \_\_\_\_\_

HINT 34

of structure and comprehension

REPLY

tell me about it Stanley

HINT 35

and then struck

REPLY

no that's "so then stuck" . right?

HINT 36

of then for of the truck

REPLY

fathomly forlorningly of that isness that is not.

HINT 37

of, or relating to, or associated with, or connected  
to, or required because of, or involving any of  
several possible unbranchings

REPLY

of lanus moments heralding a new direction to be  
but of all at. can it be? closer? calmly considered?  
are they there? 26?

HINT 38

branching of, and related to new directions. calm.  
close. caress. . . .

REPLY

38- ? again ? -83 ylper

HINT 39

Where is my spoon?

REPLY

I hear you sister would seem an appropriate  
response if I were on Oprah or Hello or some  
such 'doin' that'

HINT 40

There are too many spelling or grammatical errors in this document to continue displaying them. To check spelling and grammar of this document, choose spelling and grammar from the tools menu.

REPLY

FU-CKM-EIAMSO-BEAUTIFUL –TONIGHT

FUCKME-IAMSO BEAITFUL-TONIGHT

FUCK Me I am so beautiful TONIGHT

HINT 41

REPLY (in 15 texts)

.....

oooo wot fun

HINT 42

Ils vivent entre les murs. Ils sont chauves des jointures de la main et lisent des livres en utilisant des lampes a l'huile.

REPLY

(?): "in anticipation of hint #42": I said to myself what a wonderful world but then I remembered it's theirs and mine so why not eat and unify taste buds and all, Mmmm.

HINT 43

Be gentle with my progeny, please. They are sensitive little wackaminion prognosticators.

REPLY

I'll apologise later.

HINT 44

Where could it have gone?

REPLY

just gone

HINT 45

Elle se moque de tout.

REPLY

asayay voue mant-a-nont ( said wiv an english accent I know ) you ear me?

HINT 46

...and so i made paper airplanes for them, not those regular boring paper airplanes, but special ones, ones with more folds and tears and crevices...

REPLY

crevices tears and folds that surpass boredom are a worthy pursuit and mad. even you and I must agree and I see it coming or is it going and I missed it ?

HINT 47

the only reference book of its kind in paperback  
What letter in the previous sentence fragment completes the third triangle?

REPLY

the desert wants me the way the sea used to call  
and the rocks down below used to beckon

HINT 48

not even a single

REPLY

arrival imminent departure reanimate upon upon-  
as it should be. Leave a trace be it being its self  
only once. A trace

Avider  
Up  
Across

Preside

In the book which this happens to be

Of Textured Facility

And overhand to the mid summer

On arrival ground would be

Realize that singlecy of bloodsweaters and  
Brown grass lacking verb of precision and  
accuracy of embellished parochial flinching  
precision affixed with beside myself a little onion

HINT 49

\_\_\_\_\_ lie down  
little puppy, ad finitinitum

REPLY

curbing your dog is always appreciated on the  
posher streets with a sign. but I never saw you as  
a dog person

HINT 50

"This REALLY is the essential guide from those  
WHO know!"

REPLY 1

settle down. put the kettle on, make some tea.  
enjoy above otis spunkmeyer nufin.

And  
RUN  
(I should know you should know)

REPLY 2

ESSENTIALLY: really? who?

HINT 51

OOHH SHIT its happening again

REPLY

happening again OOHH shitness problems eh?  
what a life

REPLY 2

If its bad it ain't worth it its broken busted  
knackered wrong a pitfall an unhappiness a bum  
obsequious taken advantage of drawn down con  
temptible disgust not good ok unworthy unkempt

so not adequate a disagreeable poor standard of  
evil sinful in vulgar obscene naughty unfavorable  
rotten spoiled injurious detrimental intense invalid  
defective fault in error lost sick diseased in  
disfavor a fault.

PRE-HINT 52

Pre-emptive expectancy: the whole world is dying  
of panicky fright and my coffin is ready nails and  
everything red velvety opulence inside

HINT 52

For the starving children of America, I give my left  
testicle a squeeze.

REPLY 53

while I'm glad you are so organized. that's so not  
a hint. I have photographs to prove it  
Ooops that was

REPLY 52

while I'm glad you are so organized. that's so not  
a hint. I have photographs to prove it  
confirmation

REPLY 52

while I'm glad you are so organized. that's so not  
a hint. I have photographs to prove it

REPLY to REPLIES

click \* That's a big 10-4 buddy \* click (spoken  
through an out of date CB radio)  
in a very very big – looooOOOnnng Trailer Truck  
moving at a very VERY dangerously high speed

HINT 53

Yea

Well, all right

What, that other one?

Yea

Yea

Well, ok ...

Yea, of course ...

[laugh] What, well, I can't, you see?

Oh.

Mmmm--

Uh - huuh

Uh - huuh

Well, what about if you ...

Yea?

if you, well yea, I see what you're getting at

Mmmm.

Ok, right, that's not the place

Uh - huuh

Oh, come on. I do. I really do

Mmmm

Ohhh, that's why you don't, huh?

Yea

Yea

Mmmm

I can understand that

Yea

It certainly wasn't them

Mmmm

And, there was that other time, remember?

Yea

Yea

Or something like that, you know?

Yea

Well, it doesn't have to be deliberated, but ...

Oh, yea, maybe

Yea

Yea, but don't you see ...

Well, what about if you ...

Yea, maybe

Mmmm

Uh - huuh

REPLY

yea,

not while you live under  
my  
roof you don't

well

ok then

just this once

huh?

HINT 54

SEE CONCEPT

REPLY

concept seen as

HINT 55

it might be purely unintentional  
it might be considered purely unintentional  
it might be unintentional  
it may be unintentional  
it maybe considered unintentional  
it might be unintended  
it might be purely unintended  
it might be unintently considered  
it may be considered unintent  
it maybe unintentioned

REPLY

sometimes a cigar is a cigar is a cigar. it's a fine  
line know

HINT 56

har-har-har

REPLY

gimme that boom boom boom

HINT 57

Where did it go?

REPLY

Where did it go?

HINT ?

What d'yado with a drunken sailor  
What d'yado with a drunken sailor  
What d'yado with a drunken sailor  
So early in da moooornin?

REPLY ?

What happens in a sailor stays in a sailor

don't ask don't tell

HINT 58

I have to treasure every one now like it is the last  
anus. unus. singulus. only an. ente. ante.  
Simulacral moments of treasured last anuses ani  
et al etc pro quid quo rata.

REPLY

Simulacral moments of treasured last anuses ani  
et al etc pro quid quo rata.

HINT 59

(accidentally and later purposefully sent  
as a trilogy of messages)

msicinodras fo noitacifidin

msicinodras fo noitacifidin

msicinodras fo noitacifidin

REPLY

if not of not or not off then what

HINT 60

Well... (), i Never !!

REPLY

bet you did! I know I would if I was you betting it  
was me know you betting on.

HINT 61

Noch nie so gewesen

REPLY

I ask the provost of the great goddess . the great  
goddess of the blue sky in large numbers. your  
wings I cried loud enough to hear over the wind  
rushing past. but. the wind wasn't string enough to  
carry

my words to anywhere but out there unheard. so I  
sat and began to stare out openly hoping this was  
the beginning I was always looking for and  
wondering if it was just more hope and not the  
real thing you mention. just the same as always  
no more no lesser. no more right than wrong. no  
more wring than right. again in a moment of 91's.

HINT 62

you are in side of me now

REPLY 62 again

Ultra man daily multi vitamin time I think.

Set aside –

Be not forgotten –

More importantly the morning dictation adjusted  
news is just not listened to (because of cornering

boys) like light history (or being so in love offering  
of a self seen in envy not shared before) but –  
Not sleeping  
some how-  
in a bed-  
Some how I'm gonna get it right-  
BOOK me a SEAT ON THE MOON ORBITING  
SHUTLE HOLIDAY TRIP AFTER A VISIT TO  
THAT vegan BURGER BAR-  
Get it right-

REPLY 62 again addendum  
(each sent in different texts)

where is my mustache? Have you seen it? I left it  
with my bruised new boobies and shoes under the  
stairs by the kitchen cupboard

Here on kcrw

In my Tahoe

On tip toe

With tulips before dinner

HINT 63

Where do I go from here?

REPLY (each sent in different texts)

Is it

down

to the lake

I fear

HINT 64

One of the words in this sentence is the odd one  
out.

REPLY (post)

now everything is fallin into place

HINT 65

df=265 when 56.237% of red red wine is happy  
and gender free

REPLY

don't go

getting all pregene and rogaine on me

HINT 66

prattled

REPLY

I've waited for you so long to do just that.

HINT 67

and

REPLY

isn't it worth it. isn't it just

HINT 68

putrid

REPLY

wash the putrefaction away the SR way every day

HINT 69

Experience in sunglass trading has extended my durability for green winter flurries and maniacal fabric straight pins – a recourse to regressus.

REPLY

authority as a medium understands durability of the view from behind the sales techniques regressive or otherwise. such nagging questions prevailing presence are a complex morphology of evolving experiences. if the methodology is working for you embrace it like a smack on the bottom of a glass ketchup bottle.

HINT 70

Nope, I think this is the half way point

GROUP REPLY

for 70, 99, 154, 223, 275, 373, 198, 109, 204, 241, 308 (Like group hug with too many capitals because I had to revert to the computer to make replies cos its so confusing on a tiny phone) (AND. I thought I was so many replies behind. I counted 205 last) no its not there here or anywhere until you see the other side then you will know for sure I think Sylvie will back me up with that she has the finite brain on this one.

GROUP REPLY

70, 99, 154, 223, 275, 373, 198, 109, 204, 241, 308 continued: SHITFUCK?  
you make me giggle

HINT 71

To me Nottingham was always and maybe still is a fictional place, even if i lived on a street named Nottingham in Boulder

REPLY

Nottingham. I once lived on a farm outside that fictional place. Beeston. my youngest sister was living in Sandiacre. I had just finished reading some DH Lawrence book and his autobio. do I have a very fictional relationship with the place a reality of the fictional place is that it has two men for every woman or some such statistic that

means that the women are more in control of most everything and the men work harder for the one's that want them. I had a friend who convinced me to move there with his very exciting life as a junior foreign ministers local constituency liaison with his official position and a budget too so we had all these debauched elegant parties all over mostly northern EU office circles with no need for money so I ended with a farmhouse and working sheeps wool wool part of it so I suppose you could say I was a shepherd outside that fictional Forest. No long after I arrived at Hill Farm Court on common lane realizing sheep or farmer people were not for me I moved next door when The Curragh was vacant after the family that owned the place. the last one died . we were friendly and before he died he was very generous in taking care of me if I fulfilled some minor official and practical caretaking role toward the place as long as I lived it was mine held in trust by a foundation that also maintained the buildings with a very small staff. I had a field to the east and they wouldn't let me plant nut trees but I did get to grown thousands of yellow roses so I could smell them in the evening. I paticularly remember the crows returning in the evening singing too much too loud.the wood just north was on his land too and I spent hours out there with a fire in the evenings. like scudder.waiting the summers I remember as a dream. Clean air no planes in the sky no sense of time further than hunger or light and farm noises and crows and water and drinking and fucking sheep. all sounds something like an idyllic fictional country side wilderness and moorland but I was in my acreage fields and woods surrounded by the town and even a bloody gold course. Bloody because of the murders one summer when some crazy lady murdered her husband with his clubs and buried him in the car park.

I worked there weekends 'hosting' when they had big foreign parties. made a lot of contacts with exciting young free guys like myself who like to have fun and make a tin of money and learned a lot about the world from them. I wonder now as I remember this fiction at its reality. it can't be real. how could I leave all that ness? which fiction is which reality any more.

I know that this reality however fictional or real was good in it's time but once the meth amphetamine hit this small town outside of the fictional city as it was hitting my towns across Europe in the seventies my life seemed to implode.however quietly it hit I became a duck with prolific drawing abilities so I didn't need to go out so never left that gorgeous house. not even to in the woods. my junior friend proved his worth as a true love and got me out of there and back to London that far too real place.nit took only a

matter of about 16 weeks and it was so good for me but he couldn't know what would happen to me in that very real place. I can't blame him. I was lucky enough to have an exciting friend fictional and real