

The following are the questions that were transmitted telepathically, and the answers that appeared on the website.

8:00 What is my task?

Was ist meine aufgabe?

Name: Craig Quintero, Taiwan

ANSWER TO THE QUESTION ASKED AT 8:00 PM, AUGUST 31

Question; Where is your heart?

Answer: In preparing for this moment of ether communication, I shut my eyes, leaned into the computer, and tried to mentally clear my mind. It was hard to limit my thoughts, to not imagine questions you would ask. To not try to think of a smart answer that would delight or impress.

And at 2:00 AM I waited for the first question that came and stayed. How is the weather in taipei? What are you doing awake at this hour? How is your room? These questions came and went... "Where is your heart " stayed.

So to finally answer... my heart is with me, with my family on this the day of my brother's wedding, and with you.

And if this not the question you asked in words, i hope it at least answers a question in one of your hearts.

thank you for including me in this communion. good night.

8:10 How did I feel today?

Wie habe ich mich heute gefuht?

Name: John Gianvito, USA

Answer to question asked at 8:10

...Well, all that I seem to be getting is images of hands, hands clutching and receding and caressing. Perhaps the sense of asking for some one's hand in marriage? If so, the answer is YES. A ring under water.

While I may be way off on all this I can say that I did have a very strong sense of vibration upon my closed eyes. Greetings from a warm and sunny Boston!

**8:20 What did the zero say to the eight?
Was sagt die null zur acht?**

Name: Cly Boehs, USA

ANSWER TO QUESTION ASKED AT 8:20PM:

Alas! no question came to mind and since the answer lies in the question, I cannot send an answer to your question sent by mental telepathy. But I'm nervous as a cat and my dog started barking a 8:19 (your time) so who know if that disrupted the ether? I can tell you how I prepared for this event and what the process meant to me. From 10am, August 31st (my time; 4pm your time) I gave up transmissions via speech and techno-devices. I did speak briefly to a neighbor when I took my dog for a walk but I kept daily practicalities to a minimum. I knew Marilyn was working in the gallery today, preparing us for this event, making the etherways as clear as possible for artful communication between us. My job, it seemed, was to prepare myself in every way I could think of for my reception of the question. I spent the four hours and 20 minutes in meditation, in reflective thought and writing and in silence. I ate moderately and wholesomely. And I waited. An hour before my time in the event, I bathed and put on fresh clothing. I believe we humans (perhaps the animals have this already) have the ability to communicate more immediately, in this way, we have just not developed it (or have forgotten it) along the way. To attempt to develop or retrieve it again, with the artist as guide, is promising but because we don't rely on this kind of communication, we are not prepared very well for either the sending or receiving of such messages. So unless we are one of the very gifted (and I am not) we have to work hard to make it work; therefore I made even everyday events part of the larger one we were attempting. I had a great desire to go down the path with you all and meet you in the ether. Although the question was not recognizable, it does not mean something wasn't transmitted. I am willing to continue reception attempts, trying to get the transmission complete, in a language we all can understand, if you are (what better way than art?) How long can you all stay? Ah, these hard choices about art and everyday life! I did learn that I spend more energy doing than preparing, more energy fluttering and chattering than really communicating and more energy in emptiness than in the fullness of living because I kept falling all day into the habits of thought and action that carry me along and through so much of time. Another way-up call about living and ethering and how that trance-like state hinders communication with others. Thank you for inviting me to participate in this quest(ioning)-search for a common language, this attempt to find a pathway for asking and receiving, for meeting each other halfway, for seeking a place where we can dream and play and perhaps look at the moon together, as Teresa Vasconcellos suggested during the test in the guestbook, regardless of where we are.

8:30 How do we contribute to force peace?

Wie können wir dazu beitragen, Frieden zu erzwingen?

Name: Teresa Vasconcelos, Portugal

[This answer arrived early; she was actually scheduled for 8:40. Which question did she hear?]

Although we are in an incommensurable distance I can feel your heart beating! Don't be afraid...you are not alone in this experiment. Please close your eyes, join one's hands and think on the greatness of the entire world. Then kiss Marilyn and bless her for her generosity on sharing this work with you. Somehow I can feel that we are very close. And this is an extremely peaceful sensation! Enjoy it with me.

Name: Paul Couillard, Canada

ANSWER TO THE QUESTION ASKED AT 8:30 PM (your time):

It is now 2:30 local Toronto time, and I am sitting at my computer eating an apple and attempting to open my senses to a psychic transmission. My body is quite anxious, almost trembling, especially in the chest area (and a kind of tingling at the back of my head, as when hairs stand on end). I do not hear any specific words or question in my head -- only the sounds of children playing outside, the passing traffic (especially streetcars, or trolleys as you might think of them there), and planes flying over head (there must be an airshow on in conjunction with our local Exhibition). The answer that comes to me unbidden to a question that I cannot hear is "red" (or is it "read", the past tense of the verb "to read")?

Perhaps this answer is not the one we are seeking -- but even if this is true, do not be so quick to judge the experiment a failure -- because if nothing else, I am intrigued by the body sensations I feel, which are quite dramatic. The sensation of excitement is quite pleasant.

My warmest regards -- I hope you are all having fun!

Paul Couillard
Toronto, Canada

**8:40 Is life vertical? Does life progress vertically or horizontally?
Verläuft das Leben vertikal? Oder geht der Prozess des Lebens vertikal
oder horizontal?**

**8:50 With two left feet, can you be on the right way?
Kann man auch mit zwei linken Füßen auf dem rechten Weg rein ?**

Name: Walter Georg Brand, USA

So far the impression I am receiving is that of a person being shouted at by a great roomful of people seen from above, as in dreams.

Other impressions:

"Are you sitting down?" --who knows about that one. Yes, I am, as it turns out.

It's now 1453 hrs our time, and there is nothing but the great roar of the universe in the seashells of our brains, but for that man in back, the answer to his question is yes, her heart *is* a bell, you're a better poet than I, sir.

Thank you, and a *guten abend* to you all.

WGB

**9:00 Do you really feel it? Out there?
Kannst du es wirklich fühlen...Da draussen?**

Name: Nancy Osborn, USA

ANSWER TO QUESTION ASKED AT 3:00 PM(US TIME) AUGUST 31

I'm surrounded by electronic equipment-4 phones, 6 computers, 1 copy machine, two printers. And I'm in the inner office of a larger office inside a stone building that looks like a fortress. And a thunderstorm is brewing over the valley. How can anything get through to me here? And I'm surrounded by the babble of students, faculty and staff members.

So many people are trying to reach me right now. How will I separate out the seekers from Germany? Those with the truly meaningful questions? Those that will attend to my answers, who will incorporate them into their lives in a way that not a soul around me in this academic world will.

To increase the likelihood of hearing your voices I left my office and went to a little room just off a tree-shaded inner courtyard; and faced east. The window was open; I could hear the clock chiming 3:00 p.m. I pictured my sister's face. I pictured her reaching out to me; encouraging you to reach out to me. And I listened. . . . something about the sea? Am I a sea person or a land person? Or is it a question about water versus air? Which one is my nature?

Is this just what popped into my head because I, without being aware of it, was picturing the vast Atlantic that lies between us and this became the question? Maybe it was my own question, wondering if such physical distances make a whit of difference in the realm where we are trying to reach each other. And of course it doesn't.

In which case I'll consider it a questions about my nature. I am not a water person. Water has its own agenda and though it can support you and will let you move in it freely, it also has places to go, which may not be where you want to go.

I am definitely an air person. I consider myself unbound by many of the conventional attitudes of society, free to make of my life what I will. A person who thrives on the feeling of weightlessness and flying that comes when you let your mind float, let your imagination roam, and let ideas and images flow in and out; a person who wants no earthly impediments to flights of fancy.