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The concept of UFOs gained traction in the late 40s and early 50s (a period which coincided with a multinational interest in space travel) and persists still today, even giving rise to volunteer run organisations like the National UFO Reporting Centre (NUFORC), and the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON) dedicated to archiving and judging the verity of sightings submitted by people throughout the world. Instead of the legacy shrinking, like a quaint artefact of a bygone era's naïveté, sightings have spiked in recent years: in 2017, couple Cheryl Costa and Linda Miller Costa, charted the contemporary increase in sightings, consolidated from data gleaned from the aforementioned organisational platforms, in their book *UFO Sightings Desk Reference: United States of America 2001-2015*.

UFO observation of the telepathically summoned variety is but one branch in the tree of UFO belief. Telepathic summoner Zdenko Mucibabic, Crawford's muse in this project, refers in his book *Telepathic UFO Summoning* to Robert Bingham as "the most famous of telepathic summoner [sic] in the world" yet his Youtube account - where his revelations are broadcast - follower count numbers just 9,302 people - for scope, the small, unremarkable outer Melbourne suburb in which I grew up, Dingley Village, numbers 10,320 inhabitants. Regardless, MUFON acknowledges a 'running history' of telepathy among UFO observers, "Eleven of the 241 [sic] cases logged into the recently-released book, *UFO Cases of Interest*, from the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON), include testimony the witness communicated or somehow interacted with the object."

When psychoanalyst Carl Jung decided to broach the emergence of UFO testimonies in *Flying Saucers (1959)* towards the latter part of his life, he roused controversy and skepticism; he even seems preemptively aware of this reaction in the introduction, tiptoeing in with "... to those who are patient enough to hear me". He opens with a twofold question "if they are real, exactly what are they? If they are fantasy, why should such a rumour exist?" Deftly proposing an answer to both questions, he positions their reality as being psychological projections and the existence of their widely rumoured status as the result of a global psychic distress.

"One can hardly suppose that anything of such worldwide incidence as the UFO legend is purely fortuitous and of no importance whatever. The many thousands of individual testimonies must have an equally extensive causal basis. When an assertion of this kind is corroborated practically everywhere, we are driven to assume that a corresponding motive must be present everywhere too. Though visionary rumours may be caused or accompanied by all manner of outward circumstances, they are based essentially on an omnipresent emotional foundation, in this case a psychological situation common to all mankind."

Jung identified the emergence of the UFO phenomenon in the 50s as an attitude or response — projection — accompanying a particular societal condition — global psychic distress. It is therefore only natural to consider how societal conditions inform our attitudes towards belief and supernatural observances in our present time and place. How do we react to these observances and beliefs? What is *our* societal condition?

A lecture I attended recently with my parents at a gallery's closing event unintentionally made me reflect on our societal condition. The trip was spontaneous so I did not know what I was bringing my parents into. I may have broken a sweat when we entered and I realised that this contemporary art show had decided to focus on Christian faith; the very thing that occupies my parent's whole life, heart and soul. When you have a long sustained lived experience of something you're sensitive to the nature of its representation and after years of familiarity with both the world of faith and the world of art I was all too familiar with the former being handled speculatively by the latter — sanctimoniously clinical, a condition of cool detachment. An implication of *knowing* rather than *being*. I was relieved when my parents delighted in seeing bible verses used in the work, worrying they would feel mocked instead. I felt tense — the way you do when you're in a room (or a nightmare) with both your family and your friends — each time the lecturer said something about 'these believers' and 'what *they* believe' (*us* and *them*), presupposing such believers would never be found in the same lecture room.

A common linguistic strategy in contemporary art discourse is *nominalisation*; a noun phrase generated from another word class, usually verbs, therefore adapting the contents to become abstracted and formalised. For example, the verb *to believe in something* can become, *The Belief In Something*, thereby *the act* of believing becomes *the object* of believing. Here we can objectify something to engage with it from a distance, rather than embodying or empathising to understand it. As Jung observes, if something is a notably common phenomena there is probably a ubiquitous psychic basis for it. Could the psychic basis for a culture of detachment in contemporary art stem from a societal numbness? Are we numb because we feel the global-socio-political maelstrom keeps accelerating despite many efforts to assuage it? Nonetheless, this detached speculation *is* a societal viewing condition. Rather than presupposing art as a neutral observational lens of *other* views, we need to consider the lens that informs *our* views. This is Jung's 'projection' at work: "Projection can be observed at work everywhere ... in so-called normal people who see the mote in their brother's eye without seeing the beam in their own..." Often belief depicted in the gallery setting runs the risk of *seeing the mote and missing the beam*, but the success of Crawford's work is in recognising this. Rather than speculating it engages, rather than distancing, it becomes.

My parents purport countless brushes with the miraculous to substantiate their devotion to their faith. One monsoon season back in their then-home, Chennai, it was flooding for days on end, and the whole community went to church to pray for it to stop and, so they say, the statue of the Virgin Mary turned its head and the flood ceased. Mum also purports that shortly after they'd moved to Melbourne, when Dad would walk home with her after work, there was a period when he was hospital-bound for several days, and in that period, there was a dog that would walk home from the station with her every day. She described it as 'faithfully accompanying her' (I'd always think "like that *footsteps in the sand* thing, right?") Other more regular testaments include Mum seeing the rainbow driving home from work as a demonstration of a benevolent creator. It's the highlight of her day, talking about it breathes poetry into her voice. The rainbow is intrinsically miraculous; it gives her the feeling that things have aligned superfluously to provide her with a benign, redemptive moment of beauty. Jung reflects that such instances are "a golden opportunity to see how ... in a difficult and dark time for humanity a miraculous tale grows up of an attempted intervention by extra-terrestrial 'heavenly' powers". The rainbow and the UFOs are celestially alike.

I can see many of these spiritual experiences as coincidences (apart from the animated Virgin Mary statue; why would they lie? But how could this be?) under a culturally and generationally entrenched lens, but with a practical purpose. Connecting the dots between coincidences plays a commonplace

psychological function; to give the chaos of both micro and macro worldly occurrences — from unpredictable events in our own surroundings to the tectonic shifts of the global, environmental, political echelon— a tangential, assuring, karmic purpose - something undoubtedly desirable. So desirable, in fact, that we find people everywhere throughout all of time creating beliefs, lifestyles, and systems that afford them this, in myriad shapes and forms, with varying degrees of social bias. In *Human, All Too Human* (1878), Nietzsche compares art and faith, in their ability to *erroneously* interpret life and imbue it with purpose.

"Error has made man so deep, delicate, inventive as to bring forth such blossoms as religions and arts. Pure knowledge would have been incapable of it. Whoever revealed to us the essence of the world would disappoint us all most unpleasantly. It is not the world as a thing in itself, but the world as idea (as error) that is so rich in meaning, deep, wonderful, pregnant with happiness and unhappiness."

Instead of imitating faith via art, Crawford's captures engage that shared function of both faith and art; approaching the world as idea. Interestingly, Crawford reflects that although the captures depict things that different groups of people could confer onto which different interpretations, the images themselves are indifferent; they become a testament to their own reality.

There is a belief system called *Theosophy*, with the ambition to draw out that 'divine absolute' which is significant and common to all belief systems. An encyclopaedia called *The Secret Teachings of All Ages* was brought together in its service, and after consulting with around 600 specialists to honour the spiritual traditions throughout the book, the author Manly P Hall formed some conclusions of his own:

"In this commercial age science is concerned solely with the classification of physical knowledge and investigation of the temporal and illusionary parts of Nature. Its so-called practical discoveries bind man but more tightly with the bonds of physical limitation ... A few are beginning to realize ... that coldness, heartlessness, commercialism, and material efficiency are impractical, and only that which offers opportunity for the expression of love and ideality is truly worth while."

There is an echo of this ideal in a comment Mucibabic makes in his book while describing the process he follows to summon: "*It's a euphoric feeling to know that they don't let you down*". The real miracle, I believe, is the propensity to seek and thread together purpose, narrative, and joy in minutiae like a speck in the sky, not necessarily *because* of but *in spite* of a backdrop of global havoc and dismay.

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