

# MONA

X +  
MUSEUM OF OLD  
AND NEW ART

## EXHIBITION OVERVIEW

### Fabien Giraud and Raphaël Siboni

The Unmanned: Part Two (The Everted Capital and The Form of Not)

4 November 2018 - 4 February 2019 at Mona

We will soon wrap up the first part of Fabien Giraud and Raphaël Siboni's epic project at Mona. The first part is comprised of eight films that depict a history of computation in reverse: beginning in 2045, with 'the singularity event' (a kind of immortality brought about by technology), and ending in 1542, with the death of gods and arrival of colonial conquistadors in the land of the Ohlone people, the site of the future Silicon Valley.

And now to the far-flung future. In the coming weeks, Mona will host a twenty-four-hour performance, which will be filmed and become the genesis of the project's second part, a history of capital in reverse. It takes place in the year 7231 and introduces us to a community of immortals living on a 'Dyson sphere'—a mega structure that harnesses the power of the sun as it approaches extinction. Another catastrophe faces these immortal beings: the return of death, a throw-back to our past human evolution. As the performance unfolds, a character dies every hour and the story reboots and repeats. Until, in the end, only a newborn baby remains, left to play in the empty museum for eternity. The story is inspired by 'New Australia', a communist utopia founded in Paraguay in the nineteenth century.

Following this gruelling performance, a series of sculptures—crafted from rope and wax, resin and clay, fungus and strips of vinyl, geological core samples and sandstone—will be shown, alongside the twenty-four-hour film of the performance. Artefacts from Mona's collection will be recast and turned inside out, and filled with the slow creep of salt crystals.

These will be exhibited alongside sculptures based on the collection of Augustus Pitt Rivers (a British archaeologist), made using purpose-built AI technology that predicts the past life of pre-historical blades. This strange landscape of objects seems to grow from a colossal plinth running the length of the gallery and slicing through a sandstone boulder.

This peculiar scene isn't meant to be easy. It's more poetry than prose—an archaeology of our future devastation, told before it happens. We've nothing more to add, for now, but this from Shelley:

'Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.'

*Written by Elizabeth Pearce, Senior Writer and Research Curator, Mona*