

UNFRIENDLY TAKEOVER

Adrian Williams: “Man made me”

Lecture Performance in Unicorn Costume,

AtelierFrankfurt, 17. 2. 2005

Ladies and gentlemen, good evening.

I am a unicorn. And when I say „a“ I mean one of many unicorns in existence. Your religious faith, your traditions your education have all convinced you of my inexistence.

And if all that you believe is true...

Then how is it that I stand here before you tonight, if there is any truth in this moment, two facts are starring us all in the face...

One- that I am a unicorn standing before you, and

Two- you are witnessing a unicorn standing before you in attempts to declare my existence.

This all may come as a shock to many of you. But as you are about to see that I am not only here now, but, I have always been here.

I was around, before men were able to keep records. The first records man ? has of me began here. At that time I just tried to keep my distance, I had seen man hunt greater beasts than myself, and feared of course what could have been my fate. Humans seemed to be quite aggressive.

Man painted me on their walls back then, but now, they look back and deny that I was ever there. Art historians tried to tell you that I was a rhinoceros, or a buffalo, or a goat. Here we are, over and over and over again.

And I don't think any of you can deny, that this is a heard of unicorns.

Our species at one time reached all corners of the earth, and tales of our existence are strongly present in both eastern and western societies.

For example, In China;

The royal ch'i-lin/unicorn is recorded as having been responsible for, in 2900 B.C. bringing Fu Hsi the first tools of writing. Fu Hsi was a peaceful man, and had already mastered the ways of animal domestication and the breeding silkworms when at the shores of a calm lake, Fu Hsi was approached by a Ch'i-lin/unicorn. This unicorn gave Fu Hsi the initial forms for the Chinese characters, which are still in existence. This was perhaps ch'i-lins way of trying to help man become a more peaceful being. Fu Hsi recorded his encounter with the unicorn, this being one of the first things he wrote. This meaning that it was one of the first things man in general ever wrote, which he is pretty damn important in the great scheme of truths, for one of the worlds first scholars, Fu Hsi to acknowledge the source of his invent as being given to him by a unicorn. Where I ask, can the myth of unicorns exist when as far back as man can reach, Unicorns have been responsible for so much?

I would now like to read the last poem of Confucius. It is said that he never wrote another word after completing this.

“In the age of Tan and Yu

the unicorn and the phoenix walked abroad,

Now when it is not their time,

They come and what do they seek?

The unicorn, the unicorn,

My heart is sad.”

I can understand these sentiments, and I agree with Confucius completely.

I have gotten into heated debates before with people disclaiming the validity of old literature and cave paintings. They claim these old unicorn portraits had mythic intent, or that the unicorn was some kind of symbolic stand-in for something greater. These people say that art is not a true reflection of life, that reality as we know it should have been in the past, exactly as it is today. But 20,000 years ago there were hippopotamuses swimming in the Rhine river. And just because they are not there today does not mean they never were. Dr. Frank Sirocco a paleoclimatologist doing ancient climate research in that region told me personally that he and his crew had discovered this 20,000 year old hippopotamus bone. A few hundred years ago, you all would have reacted to the existence of dinosaurs with perhaps just as many doubts and questions as you might have of me.

Who is it that decides if art is a representation of reality or not? Who makes that call, certainly not the unicorns.

This Art is not only a reflection of life, it is proof of my existence, it is the only evidence man made of me. Art is the entryway to history. Like a cave of time, or time machine might transport us to distant amazing and mind boggling points in history. Art can both create and destroy mans understanding of the world.

Sshsshshshshshsh...

This symbol of silence is an old, old symbol. You all use this method of silencing, even today. And you can clearly see why the hand is fisted for all but one finger. Because you are making the ancient symbol for unicorn. This symbol is shared by all men to signal the coming of the unicorns. You quiet your children to keep them from frightening us away. The ancient symbol for unicorn was not forgotten by the instincts of man throughout the ages, and though you have forgotten why you do this. You should ask yourself why you don't use another symbol to quiet one-another. Why don't you fist the hand completely, or cover your mouth with an open palm, or even use three fingers. Why do you use only one finger to quiet a room of people, or a child? Why? Because all across the globe the only thing worthy of complete attention is the rare, and skittish one horned beast. The Unicorn.

As man looks at more recent representations of me, and examines there analysis, it is clear that the unicorn had done such a good job of making itself scarce, that humans no longer believed in our existence. They made me into a martyr. In the Unicorn tapestries located at the Cloisters in New York City, art historians claimed that I am a representation of Jesus. That my mythical existence should somehow follow his reality. Now I never met the man, but as it should be quite apparent to all of you. I the unicorn was around a long time before Mary and Joseph hit Bethlehem. You can see in these tapestries how my horn was used to cleanse the waters of a poisoned fountain, how in the attempt to capture my horn to attain their own immortality men hunted me down with dogs. I was defenseless, a victim. Those of us, who survived mans vicious hunts were smart enough to know not to stick around and wait for our turn to come up. Those of us who survived have kept to ourselves.

I am here to support the re-evaluation of ancient art-works. To bring to light the truth that myth, may very well be. And as we unicorns wait in our katabatic refuge, we, hope for the anabatic mercy, of the warm winds of day to bring us back to life.

The world is probably not ready for our return to an un-mythical existence, now is not the time for us to wander the streets and expect to be welcomed. We have lost that chance. I have come to late. I am not here today to awaken in you some kind of guilt, or to protest our place. I am just here to let you know, that inside your myths and paintings, there lies a hidden truth. A truth which I could spend the whole night trying to prove to you. But a truth which you really just have to discover for yourselves. Thank you. Good night.