

In Beast, poetry will be made by all not by one.

In Beast we find words other than those already uttered, words never yet imagined, unique in each tongue, to name each and each alone.

In Beast rather than regressing to the simple authority of a religion or blindly submitting to the rule of money, capital and methods of production that are competitive and irresponsible, we can pursue an oeuvre of justice and civility by elaborating a real culture of persons, and of the subjective and objective relations between them.

In Beast to return to ourselves as living beings, engendered and not fabricated, is a vital and ethical need and of paramount importance. If we want to go on living and governing our creations, we must make sure we do this.

Beast believes happiness must be built by us here and now, on earth, where we live. A happiness, comprising a carnal, sensible and spiritual dimension, which cannot be subordinated to the acquisition or accumulation of property, or to hypothetical human, social or divine authority.

In Beast good business is the best art: Beast needs:
artists/accountants, bankers/bar-staff, collectors/curators,
dealers/designers, estate agents/escorts, fixers/ framers,
gallerists/grant givers, hangers on/hoteliars, intellectuals/insiders,
jewellers/journalists, lawyers/lackeys, models/media makers,
nightowls/newshounds, opportunists/oracles, patrons/PR agents,
psychotherapists/personal trainers, quacks/Queens, rehab
nurses/restauranters, stylists/studio assistants, trustfunders/art
tarts, the useful or useless, van drivers/vixens, yes men/
Zealots.

Beast will do unprofessional curating.

Beast will support negative capability, as a mode of activity, wherein one is capable of uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without irritable reaching after fact and reason.

Beast will beware of art schools, which are like crack dens rendering one helpless, dependent and fuzzy.

Beast rejects unnecessary luxury, be it economic or cultural. Proliferation of possessions and knowledge is gradually burying us in secondary realities: surrounded by objects we become incapable of distinguishing the most useful from the most alienating.

Beast will look beneath gestures of mastery and appropriation, attack indifference, allow fear and failure, avoid morals as excuses, love shame, earn integrity.

Beast's elemental passions, ugly outbursts and sorrowful remorse, make work, work.

In Beast, methods of seeing, hearing, speaking, living, all these wait to be made fecund by an innocent potency.