

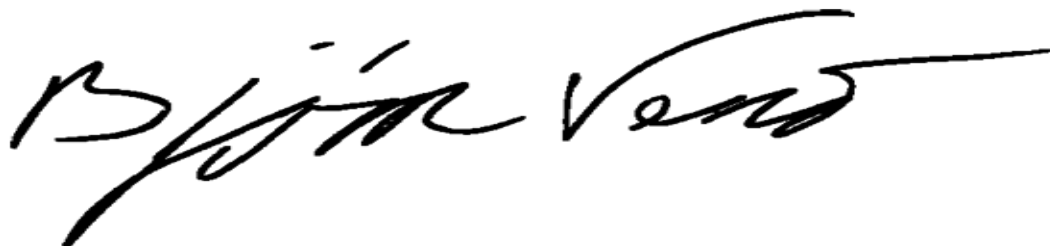
Bjørn Venø



Every day we are bombarded with information, creating a greater divide between those who can filter it and those who can not. Internet with its vast information flow is the new frontier where the survival of the fittest will be determined.

In a reaction to this and as a personal experiment I started bombarding Twitter with my thoughts non stop via the Iphone, however Twitter blocked my attack and I shifted my assault to Facebook. The attack lasted for 12 hours via different devices.

Subtracted from the internet this document contains the 9500 words that were written from Monday the 27.06.11. Comments and likes I received have been omitted.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Bjorn Veno". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

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Power to the mind

Having everything one wants is not good for us.

The web censors your thoughts

Snakes rap them selves around my legs

Im penetrated by evil

I see the world only through my eyes

You are a fool

Life goes in circles

I'm going mad, can not concentrate

My mind is not at work

I walk on your soul

You are a Tigre I'm an elephant of to die

The blue floor is steering at me it wants to eat me



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I want to sink in to the floor and feel your feet walk over me

I was going to wait until midnight, but it has to come out now

I'm taking your clothes off with my eyes

I can see who you are

My shows are brown

My soul wants to break free from this little body

I want to fly

I want to open the flood gates, I can not hold back any more

The world is a farce

Society is a prison for your mind

Never watch stupidifying entertainment again

Look for a journey that can help you see the world in a different light

The world is not what you know



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The world s more than what yo can imagine

Where are you

Why are we restrained?

Life is exploding around me

Thoughts do not mater only experiencing thought

Do not step on that stone

Free flow of thought hitting you hard

Destroying your perspective

Life is not like a box of chocolates, it does not come with a list of what you will get.

When I die you can have sex on my grave

There is to much sound pollution in this room

Institutions with a busines orientated model are not the way forward

Education is dead



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Stupidity rules

Thinking is not allowed.

You are only allowed to be free if you consume

Freedom does not exist.

Let me shout at the world

I'm not a man

Gender is a construct

Everything around us supersede our thoughts,

You do not have an original idea

Any thought you have had has been had a million times before

Individuality is a lie

A man looks me in the eye and I see a a body with a hammer for a head

I do not own my body, society owns me



We are regressing.

A revelation can not happen for everyone is blissfully happy rolling in the mud like a pig

Money is an idea

It s time we started thinking.

It is time we started acting

Fish swim in my eyes

A octopus takes me deep in to the sea and caresses me

Im the fisherman's wife

I enjoy the distortion

I eat stones to become a castle

Litle Aliens fall from the sky and are kllied under your feet

I fall in to a sea of black latex, it frees my mind from the eternal lope it is stuck in

I dream of using technology against it self



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I'm a craft fool standing on a street corner of London shouting out the impending doom

You dismiss my words

My words are only foolish if they contradict your beliefs.

We hold on to our beliefs with all our might, but if there was something we should let go without a thought it should be what we believe

Believe something today then believe something else tomorrow

Embrace your contradictions

We are not set in stone

Pets be fluid

The skeletons on my socks are dancing

My body is demanding food. I can choose to say No to my body. But can I say no to my mind as easily?

If your mind is shouting fear and anxiety at you, can you say no to it

If I stop writing I would only stare at the wall.



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I need to express my self, I'm a suppressed exhibitionist

You can ignore me but I will still be their I. Your mind. Let me in and I will grab your thoughts like a parasite.

My straw hat is looking at me, I'm looking at it

It is not about me, it is about you

You are the one I care about, you are the mind that I would love to open

My mind is as closed as yours, but together we can open our eyes

I can not do it alone, we need to gather together.

This is not a sect, it is a wish to be who we are and fulfil our potential. But to open the doors our selves

The artists job is to tell people that their is a door

It is not the artist who should open the door, it is you

I repeat it is not about me

When one repeats something the opposite is true



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Ok so it is about me, why am I so special

I'm not special, but I try to be more than I am

I want to see more people in the world try to be more than they are

I'm tired of seeing people fulfilling their kliche

We are more than what is perceived

I don't know how to live in this world

I feel my mind

I only hear noise

I only see what I expect to see

We need to let go of expectations.

Expectations hold us back

Information is a mountain.



There is a divide between those who can filter and process information and those who cannot

My voice is not more important than yours

The world is looking at the spectacle whilst their souls are stolen

Tick tick rock rock tock tock tak tak

Words do not contain meaning

We put meaning in to the words making them a part of our construct, if we shall break free we need to give up words

The rational is only one way of seeing the world

The world is not order, it is ordered chaos

These are not my words, neither are they my thoughts, they are our thoughts I'm just puking them up because of word poisoning

You will never say anything new or original neither will I

There are a limited amount of words which means no matter what order you put them in they will still not be yours

Neither I nor you own words



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Do not be like a moth to the flame, think before you run to the spectecal

I can not spell spectecal the auto correction suggests ape fecal which is clearly wrong

One can stand on water If a rock is under the surface

I'm seeking knowledge from the unconscious

It is in the unconscious where our gods live to day

That place that you can barley shimmer but can not sea

Life is not about living, it is about death

Death is not evil nor bad, it is change from one state to the next

We should embrace change

I want to enter my mind, but al I can do is resite my opnions

My opinions are barriers to my mind

Opinions are to be questioned

I'm a product of society



Failure brings development

am I allowed to say something now?

so the twitter phone app has limitations, not the online version

So I had a free flow of thought, going, but was interrupted by having to relocate

has the moment gone?

There is a limit on how much you can say on twitter, I reached it within an hour.

I'm not going to be limited I'm not going to be held down

Nobody is going to stop me from filling this world with more garbled information

There is a delay on Facebook my mind is frozen

An overload of information

Puking it out spilling it all over your face

To much information works just like filter from receiving what is truly important

I was stopped on twitter, If I'm stopped here I shall go somewhere else



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Words have no meaning other than what you put in to them

A free flow of thought does not exist, reality is steering me in the face

Madness is but a definition

Everyone with a mobile phone or computer is under potential surveillance

The floor is full of rope

Argh I want to enter my mind, I want to look at it, but all I see is what has been put there by the world

Is there nothing more? What do you see when you close your eyes?

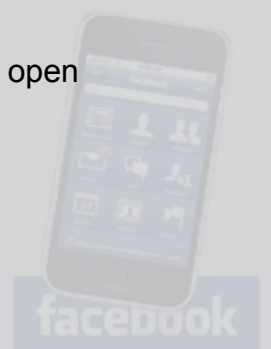
Can you see more than what can be described by the words in our language?

My thoughts go in circles, always the same ones again and again

If I stop writing my mind will fall apart

Let me show you what compulsion is

I'm compelled to express myself, but I have been silent for so long, the door is open



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I was holding back, I wanted to tweet for 24 hours non stop as a performance, letting the words spill out from my soul. But twitter has limits. I need to find a platform that I can use

Face book is to slow, each time I press send I have to wait 10cec

We need filters for the information we receive, but we should not let google, Facebook, or any other company do it for us

Time is not important

There is no information, just words

We like being told what to do

I have just ben told to do something and I'm inclined to comply

I close my eyes

I'm looking for a limit

A voice that sings about love touches more people than one that talks about ideas

Run as fare as you can in any direction, in realty or on the Internet you will at some point reach a wall that you are not mention to go beyond

What killed the idea?

Who are you truly, behind that mask you put on for society?



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Where can we take of the mask?

I can feel my body, but I can not sea my mind

Are thoughts in our heads or are we just receivers and distributors?

My words have no meaning without you

Where is a thought, an idea that has not ben recycled a million times, how do I get past al this junk and in to my head

What is important to you is not important to me, but what would happen if our minds connected?

What words are the wrong words?

What words would compel you to stand up and hit your self in the face?

What words would persuade you to become someone you are not?

Just thought I had hit facebook's limit for how much I can say, but alas

Embrace the madness of the brain, if you can find your way back to sanity it can take you on a wild journey

Why does the iPhone have to advertise it self in my words, have I not paid enough for it already?

iPhone should be Laing me for putting it's name to my thoughts.



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When life comes back to slap you in the face, look in to it's eye and when it blinks eat it

The tool should be invincible

Do not touch me, embrace me

Do not fear your thoughts

There is nothing in me, only emptiness, but I know there is a universe hidden somewhere deep

What is inside you? Annything

Am I shiting al over your time line? Am I being a self insolvent badgered?

I shit for you

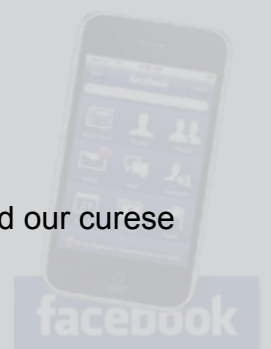
Do you like me when I'm not polite? F polite, politeness holds you down,

Have days of politeness and days where you indulge in your darkness, let neither of them define you

It is beautiful to indulge in darknes, to go on a rampage, to stomp around like a cry baby, scream I say let out your screams overflow the world wit useless information

No one is special, but everyone is special for someone

There I said it again, I repeated my self once more. Repetition is our delight and our curese



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Our minds are set to feed back, how can we brake the loop?

There is a thing called love, and it is beautiful

There is no truth only ideas

I am a fool

I hope a licensed fool

Darkness comes to me at night

When I was a child I was afraid of the night until I made friends with the monsters that were waiting to eat me

When I close my eyes I sea my friends the monsters looking at me, but they have been re-strained. I need to let them lose

I need my monsters to take me away

I'm looking for a place that is not an amalgoney of popular ides and esteticks, who can take me there?

I think of a fly siting on my forehead, with it's little legs creating a ich I need to scratch

The fly in my mind is called Sly the Fly and he is a reincarnation of sylvester stalone, with a purple top and bad taste tattoos such as the play boy bunny.

Sly the fly walks in to my nostril until he enters my head



Inside my head he is amazed at how empty it is, there are only mirrors reflecting the world

Disappointed he leaves and through these words he enters your mind, and it is beautiful

The activity and processes being computed is Astounding

You are a factory for thoughts and ideas, but you remain silent for the fear that your ideas will turn you in to a laughing stock

As I was growing up my thoughts were often ridiculed and turned in to jokes, I guess I decided to embrace it

It does not matter what cards you are dealt in life only how you choose to play them

The fly starts to eat your brain and takes it to your tongue, it vomits and you can choose to speak or be silent

A face in the mirror is not you, it is not even a shadow of you you have to look somewhere else than a mirror to see your self

People feed on others, so why do you feed something you don't like? If you dislike a program but watch it because everyone else is watching it then you are a greater fool than a pig

Animals may seem stupid, but evolved minds does not makes us smarter than animals, if anything it makes us stupider, because we can choose to be

Words are lies, because they are not what they say they are

Embrace your failings, let them be a part of you

Your Weakness is your greatest strength



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Power over minds is the most valuable kind of power

The Internet is maybe the new source of wilding power over people.

I am looking at a brick wall, i can not see it change, but that does not mean it is static.

Where are the monsters in this world, the ones who want to turn you in to one of them?

We are already turned in to monsters, can you not feel the urge to feed?

Do not let your opinions define you

I'm a hypocrite

We are all liars, when we use words.

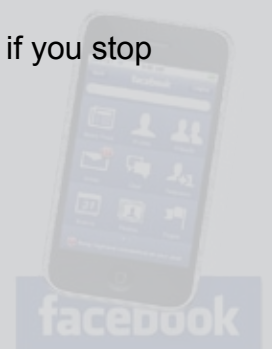
There is a beauty in just doing something without thinking about it

I rap my self in latex, love the feeling of it, the way it makes me feel alien from my self... But the minute I look at latex magazines I see only surface and kitsch fetishism

Why do we play a role every where we go?

Where are the life less souls that touch with frost and force you to run faster, for if you stop you will be pulled under

This is a performance



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I am a artist, I am doing this with a purpose

There was a conscious decision to do this, to experiment with a live flow of thought

It creates a proth that I am not stoping

The battery is down to 13%

I do not have fingers, I do not have hands, I do not have arms, i do not have a torso, I do not have thighs, I do not have knees, I do not have fet, I don't have a head. Non of it is mine.

The fly on your to tong does a shit on your teethe, creating a strange taste in your mouth

A dyslexcic person is just someone who does not want to comply with how things should be done, that us why he might make a good creative and a shity mathmatisation

Who is laughing, who is crying? Who is having a anxiety attack?

Turn Facebook in to a work of art

Why is darknes so beautiful? Because it contains al the secrets of the world

The idea was that I was going to tweet for 24 hours as a free flow of thought. I was not going to start to day. It just hapend because my mind was not able to rest on where it was told to focus

Would I want to have sex with your mum?



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The unintentional is more interesting than the intentional

It implies something hidden

The true meaning of Forest gump was that his suces came from the fact that he was never a threat.

Who does not like the fool who thinks he has something to say?

If you think you have heard everything i say before, than you are right. Trying to find a original thought is like searching for a needle in a hay stack.

Don't ask me what is on my mind

My hands are sweaty

Don't ask me how I feel, because I will tell you

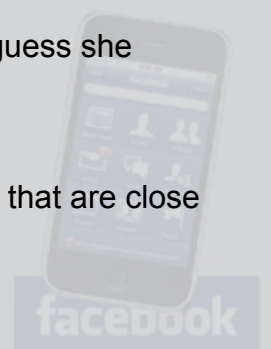
Where is the heat coming from

I hate being stoped in my line of thought, my mind has already gon somewhere else by the time I'm allowed to post again

4% battery and now that I'm in the swing of it

I wonder how I could do a BBQ for my girlfriend and write at the same time? I guess she would not be to impressed?

My eyes went out of focus. You know that you can only cast things out of focus that are close to your eyes, that should give you a hint about how a camera works



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The only way to find a original thought is to be president, there only a few people who would try to search through a hay stack.

2 % left of battery, good thing I have a computer nearby

that was disturbance to the line of thought

this is not as submersive, there is something about stering intently at a smal screen and not seeing peoples reactions

it is like being behind a two way mirror, engrosed in your own thoghts knowing that somone is watching, but not seeing them

i can feal my bumb crack

there is a reed pen next to me

a straw hat

a crumbled up postit note

the brain that you can taste on your tongue is your own

when you eat it, you feel that you lost something of your self

you feel that you are geting more and more stupid

that your brain is being empteid out by a fly who secretly force feads you your own inteli-gance



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when there is nothing left, mirrors are placed in to your head to reflect the world

I'm faster, but I have to move my hand to use the mouse

mouse in norwegian also means pussy

du har ein våt mus

"du har ein våt mus" can either mean you have a wet mouse or you have a wet pussy

If I say "du har ein våt mus" to a man the meaning is obviously that he has a wet mouse, even though he does not own a mouse

If I say "du har ein våt mus" to a girl and she does not have a mouse it obviously means that I think I'm so f*cking hot that I have stimulated her

bear that in mind if you ever go to norway

In england it is more likely to get your self in to this problem, since more people have cats than mouse, and cats in england are famously called pussies

so if you have a pussy chasing a mouse and merge norwegian and english to gether you have a cat fight, which is two vaginas fighting one and other

so when the cat eat's the mouse they are actually not fighting any more

where do the wild roses grow

nick cave is superb, one sexy man whilst at the same time not so sexy at al... just sexy because he has one heck of a persona



no check that out, I just typed in nick cave, and now i have a advertisement for him

ow and now shakira popped up, so if I like nick cave than i Like shakira too?

what will happen if I right terrorist, will I get advertisement for where to sign up?

oh and now I got a related storie from fratter Frater Xii Irrumabo about advertisement

terrorist

hmmm... woander ifth ite weeal undeand meee iff II misspel everytig

terrorist bomb advertisement

oh now i got one for love and graffiti

love, graffiti and alicia keys most be the antidotes for terrorists

graffiti, being an anti social activity that ultimately does not harm anyone

tiling, what is tiling, I'm shore about to find out...

it is time to put on my hat and see how long my 2% battery lasts



One door locked another opens



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How successful will the performance be when I have to finish to make food?

and how successful is it when you start becoming more aware of what is around you

lets make this even more like big brother

Facebook, twitter etc is big brother to the people

so many of us want to be heard

imagine if everyone bombarded twitter and facebook with a free flow of their thoughts

what a wonderful orgy of words that would be

no stopping the flow, would the social networks works become a farse?

30 min before the request to make food comes

My wonderful girl does not demand much, so this one thing can not be ignored.

no matter if it interups my mojo, or if I'm in the middle of finding originality

making her happy is worth it

my aim first aim is to tweet so fast that no porn stars manage to get inbetween my tweets



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it is not fame I'm looking for it is that idea that will set you free

what is fame, but the world confirming your own self importance

One should be able to know ones own value than having a need for fame

fame is a perceived need, I believe created by society. Becoming a celebrity is like discovering the gates to heaven

no longer are we told to fear Hell, instead we are stimulated to wish for fame

heaven is not to be found in Hollywood, Tate Modern or in the O2 arena

One experiences heaven when you sit on the toilet and take a good old shit, presing out that big old sausage

my beard is in a bag, you can not have it

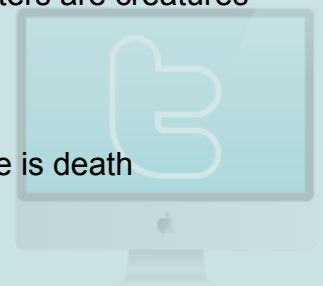
from darknes I came

in to light I shall go, where a shadow I shall cast

when the shadow falls on to the light, the monsters will rise

monsters are not beings that will eat your brain, or suck your blood, monsters are creatures who will let lose your madness and insanity

fear comes from change, and monsters embody the greatest change there is death



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my point I think is clear... do not fear the monster under the bed, go and join him, f.... him if you wish

so when I listen to Norwegian black metal, what I hear is not screams, but cries to take me somewhere new

But I have been to one kind of darkness, now I wish to see another

This is why I don't like pop or a lot of popular music in general, it does not take you anywhere

And why I particurely find certain social groups who listen only to there music very boring

Sadly I have not been taken anywhere new for a while.... finding black metal was a blecing and so was David Lynch...

but after a time even the greatest people can not take you any further, because they have gone as far as they can

this is the curse of success, people want more of the same, but giving people more of the same puts you in to an endless cycle

every so often you have to find a new way to see

The thing that will make this interesting is if i do not stop, but just continue and continue

but I started on a day that was not the best day to start, people were not prepered.. but the fact that it was not the best day makes it so

when my eyes are looking in this direction I am looking at my self on justin.tv

rather when my eyes look to the left, then i'm looking at my self



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the most interesting thing will be to close ones eyes

to twoet and just let the hands fly across the key board without looking

what do i see in the darknes, is ee my blood infront of my eyes

I see that I canot spell, and you know what I dont care

being able to spell corectly just shows that you are good at conforming

I naturely can not spell and i naturely can not conform, it is more imprecev with somone who decides not to conform

A politician who suddenly decides to go against everything he believes in is more interesting the a hipi becoming a banker

Tate Summer party is apparently on tonight, why are we not invited?

2 minutes to seven, I shall step out of this flow to make food for my girl

stoping and starting, their is nothing wrong with that, reality comes and goes...

the nature of things

foot steps

food



ok I'm taking over your time line, until 03:00

where am I

I'm sweaty, hot and alive

my words are trying to anal rape my friends

how many friends do you have left after you anal rape them with words of noncense

I have past 666 tweets and I did not even notice it

heaven is a place where change does not hapen, it is the perfect places for bankers, where they can stay rich and exploit people for ever

hell is a place of change a haven for artists and creatives

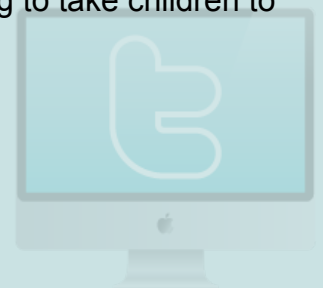
Hell represents creative proces

Heaven is for fat lazy bstereds

To struggle is to be alive, heven on earth folowing that idea is in the powrest part of Africa

So madona who goes and rescues black children is like balazabub coming to take children to Holywod hell

I plan not to sleep,



What do porn stars dream about?

don't tell me porn stars dream about sex, I'm sure they dream about barbie dolls and mermaids

Can I find you in the darkness?

yes you can hide my posts, stop them filter them out

do it to me baby, I'm a masochist at heart and a sadist in my dreams

I remember the time we spent together all those years ago... it was a wonderful experience... I wish my X would have enjoyed it to

My X back then enjoyed me watching here do the naughty, but sadly not vice versa....

Today I'm not polite

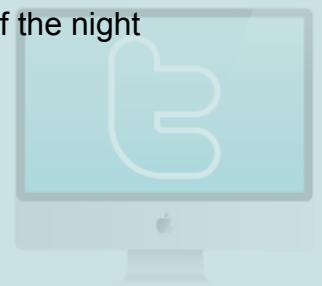
today I play the idiot

on a world covered in black latex

we fall together towards the liquid

it catches us in its embrace, enters our body, changes us into monsters of the night

we return to the world, appearing human, but forever changed



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our minds are in a flux

never still, always in movement

our words are becoming a filter that people need to penetrate

the words are a wall of noise

enjoying people, enough is enough

this is not funny anymore

I do not do it for your convenience, I do not do it for my self importance

I do it for i must

I do it for I'm compelled

I do it because i'm compelled

Cute Porn stars want to know people who work at face book

the best way to stop someone who is seeking attention is to ignore him

Is it attention I seek? yes because I am a reflection of society



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attention is what we crave, attention is what we beg for, but why?

why is attention important, what does it confirm?

it confirms ones importance, we all wish to feel important in a world where everyone is important

is this idea naturally within us, or has it been placed there?

ok so what is the point of this bombardment

it is an exercise to develop a style of free flow of words, to try and just express what ever is in my mind

I'm forcing this on to you, because I need an audience, you can choose to block me or not

I'm looking at new ways for me to piss on the world

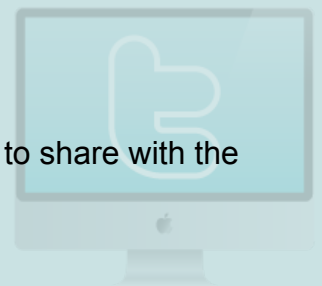
Ideally I don't want to piss on my friends, because they probably have an understanding of what I'm doing

But you my dear friends are standing with your mouths open ready and willing.... and I can not help myself from letting it loose

don't hate me, bare with me

words escape me

lets drain the body lets push the mind until we find something interesting to share with the world



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light falls in to my room, it makes me think of everyone who tried and failed

the light on my wall, is not a part of the wall, and no traces of the light will be left when it is gone

look at me, let me take your soul

Light is fleeting, elusive, photographers run after it trying to capture her, but she always escapes them

“get the f--- out of her, f.... , go round the f-- back.... run run.....” these are words spoken outside of my window

“so f... what.... f.... you f... cunt.... scream.... don't f.... go back up there” and it continues

“burn baby burn, you silly fat whore” what lovely neighbours

you know that tomorrow the light will not fall on the exact same space, but one day it will come again, but will you be there to see it

there is one thought that never escapes me, that if the universe is endless in both time and space then there are endless versions of you

but the universe is said not to be endless, there is believed to be a beginning

That is a thought, a phone that is smarter than us, but what makes us better is that we have the potential to step out of our programming

There is no need to complain on Facebook, I just looked at the twitter feed their and it is nicely bundled together

apparently I have overloaded twitter again



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so what other conducts of decent internet behaviour have i broken

the point of this is to push my self in to a state where the mind starts to melt

I think I start feeling it already...

words are like pictures, they are not what they describe

how far do I have to go before I find the wall

We lock our selves away from the world

we place al these filters in-between us and the world

one does not need meaning to live, meaning only limits you

the minute you give up meaning is the minute you are living

interesting, I am more impolite on face book when i”m not linked through twitter

ok now let start building that wall of words

our desire for meaning is a result of a brain failure

how much is there in ones mind? is there only garbage?



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where are the gems?

it would have been interesting to have kept a note of how many friends I had before I started this, the number does seem a little lower

it would not be a good show if people did not leave

I can not do anything for those who do not want to have there boat rocket

currently it is on 577, lets see where it is by 3 oclock

an interesting exorcise would be to do this until one had no friends

I wonder if that would be possible to write until one had no more friends, or if facebook would delete me first

I want to hold on to my right of fredom of spech, if you do not want to listen to me then ignore me, block me

ok i'm the fianl fronteare of face book where are you

My girlfriend just gave me a white rusian

I'm turning to look at my grilfriend

she sits in my shorts, with a white top

a very casule look but she has a beutiful face



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sehr got she just showed me her bobies

bobies

I don't know how to spell bobies

she has beautiful blue eyes, a delicious mouth, beautiful hands and long lovely legs, not to mention her superb bum

Who wants to be a facebook terrorist?

my thoughts are slower

I need to speed up

this is going to slow

red fish white fish sits on my feet talking to each other

little butterflies swimming around my head

i like to kill birds

when i see a pigeon, i always thought it would be very cool to be walking down a street and accidentally just kicking one

have you ever thought of putting a stick in the weal of a physical



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we don't stop doing the bad things to be nice, we stop it because of the consequences

just because we do bad things do not mean we are bad people

just because Hitler did naughty things does not mean he did not do good things

one could ask the question: in the grand scheme of things did Hitlers actions cause more positive consequences than negative

One has to think that anything you do has a rippling effect

no matter if your action is positive or negative, it will at some stage cause an endless amount of both

If one thing like this, it does not matter how you live

ok... I've lost my first friend since I started counting

however, you can choose who the first ripples effect the world, and that is what counts

This is a good way to filter away ones friends... I would say that maybe 10% of Facebook are people who have had great importance in my life and or still do

Imagine being in a room filled with flies

just looked at the news feed, i certainly have not bombarded it...



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on the note on ripeling, even after you have died, you will live on for ever through the rippling effect

let live and let die

stars in the sky, darkness in my anus

One more friend gone... yes baby....

maybe I should say that I won't stop until i've lost 50 friends or until the time hits 03:00

hm not to faire.... since there are only two hours left of the normal day....

the way of the world is to say one two three and dance

there is a mother f.... big fly in by room why is it flying in to the wall?

ok lets think about faling....

what would you do if you found your self faling towards the ground and impending doom

having the most entertaining day on facebook thanks to Bjørn Venø

the fly just found me... f sake

it put shivers through my spine



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where was I? falling... imagine falling? what would you do, flap your arms and try to fly, blow as hard as you can to push yourself back up, curl up in to a ball etc?

come on what would you do, anyone?

Ok I'm not waiting any longer, I would relax and enjoy the view until I hit the ground

Watch me live as I type

love is in the air.... I'm in Medway, and I can just smell it

a slight slow down in flow there...

la da da di da...

where are my shoes

i want to buy shoes

i want to buy very nice shoes

i want to buy a gun

facebook I command you to give me a gun



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give me f... gun face book

I want a gun advert now, give it to me now.... now

ok now guns, how about a knife,,, give me a knife

yes there is a good boy you gave me a knife.... very nice knife.... I can kill people with knives.... you know

and I will blame it on you facebook... you advertised the knife... you gave it to me....

ok... so when I talk about knives and terrorist... you give me shakira?

so who believes in ufo?

the Germans had a project, where they had an oracle in communication with aliens... at the end of the war the Nazis escaped to another dimation... one day they wil return... and take your babies

there is an alien babe in my room

there are two people wtatchinge me, one I can not see... and one I can

where is sly the fly

Lets al start writing.... lets bombard facebook with sensles text....



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Imagen real humans writing non stop.... trying to overpower the computing power of machines.... it would be a bloody war.... but it would be glorious

oh baby... one more friend down 574....

I want more casualties.... come on give me more

I want to go out in to world and spread love and happiness....

imagine that you are on a green filed... sorunded by beautiful roses... the sun is shining, and a fresh breize is keeping you cool

relax and feel calm

there are no dangers in this world

everything is OK

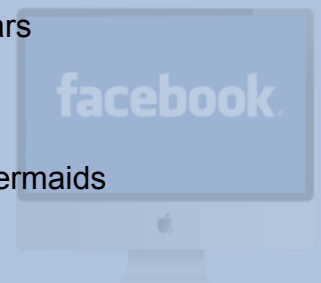
nobody is going to hurt you, or tell you that there is something wrong with the world.

because everything is dandy

al dandy

the clouds on the sky are just right, stoping the sun shine from being to hars

and when you look at the clouds... you see harts, unicorns, angels and mermaids



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nothing sinister is going to happen

butterflies will sing to you

flowers will whisper sweet words

cudely bears wil lay next to you when you get coled

sheep will tear of there leg to fead you

saled leaves wil grow next to you

fish wil jump out of the water, and they will skin and cock them selves for your delight

all you need to do is sit back and enjoy the sunshine

but what ever you do you must not try to walk through the roses

you must not leave this beautiful place

you must not leave

if you leave you embrace change and change is dangerous... it is uncertain... you will no longer never know what you will get

come on lets go deeper deeper in to the mind, beyond the surface



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jump over the wal of roses.... let them tear in to your flesh, let the beuty of them hurt you....

go further, go beyond

what do I see...

what do i feel?

where do I go?

we are bombareded my shit every day... and we don't chose... it so lets bombared back... but how do you bombard the invicble man?

Oh.... currently showing work in Folkestone....

beyond the flowers

what is behind the flowers

what is this poking stuff.... on facebook... I don't get it....

the fly is alive

it is one fucking monster fly

it is ataking my computer screen



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the fly has calmed down again... it will die a slow and agonising death
unless I chose to save it

why should we feel compassion for a fly?

we try to kill them more often than not?

Am I a monster for knowing that there is a fly somewhere in the room dying a slow death?
should I be afraid of my self?

ok for the new ones here... I've been going at this since... about 01:00 first on twitter, then on
facebook, then on twitter again and then on facebook, since twitter has a limitation

I had a brake at 17:00 to walk from one place to the next

I then had another brake to make dinner for my girl... and have now been doing non stop
since.... 8 I think...

but it wont be impressive until I have done it for a lot longer... this is nothing... absolutely
nothing

I would need to go on and on for a lot longer for this to have any sort of meaning

taking a brake would be a sign of weakens....

going on non stop trying to look through that hay stack trying to find that one original thing
trying to lose 50 friends...

where does the white and blue brick rode go?

when will this end...



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another friend bites the dust 573

that is four down 46 to go...

oh baby blue, what strange and wired sights I see

I have the power

hm this position is not very comfortable

hey does anyone know what button I can press on the keyboard to send

come on keyboard there has to be a button for send

one thing that really irritates me is that one can not naturally control the iSight camera

a new idea... a idea I did not have in my youth... where are you

come come to me little chicken, come to me so I can gut you and spill all your secrets, you know you want to

how to make a facebook bomb... one insane artist... one keyboard.... to bad the explosion was not even that of a chinese cracker

imagine what power I would have in my hand if I had a link to the one billion facebook users.... imagine the power of my keyboard

but alas... that power is not in my hands



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imagine washing one bilion computer screns with my shit...

the fly is crauling over some paper, making a very crepy noise, and now it tried to escape through the computer screen

it seems to think that my computer scren is a window to the world

what is it with the fly that flytes through the sky towards the light and away from the darknes

the fly is my friend telling me there is stil sencles life not just the wod and brics of my room

facebook, twitter is like big brother for every one...

another one bites the dust 572

I've lost 5 friends since I started conting

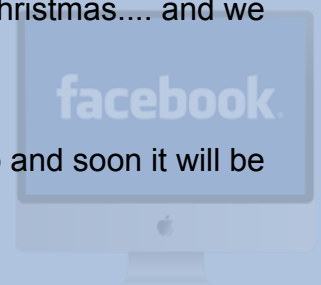
mid night is aproaching with every secound

when you close your eyes to night, I shal be there in your dreame and we shal do the most wildest things to gether

You will pluck out my eyes, and replace them with strawberyes, and i shall brush your hair with a comb that has a thosand stif litle co.k.s

we shal sing songs of love and hate... we shal smell the bum of a father christmas.... and we shall use faires as dildoes

then we shall go together to another dreamer, have lods of fun there... too and soon it will be a party...



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I want to hear al about your dreames tomorrow

we ignore half our lives.... lets stop that... lets embrace the dreames together... the place where our minds are free.... it is time we stopd ignoring our secret lives...

when the donkey comes caling and the mermaids start singing we shal al rise to the fight for fredom

another one bites the dust 571

darknes sournds me

there are no monsters, there are no monsters

there are no monsters

interesting, i'm not alowed to have identical posts

there are no monsters

ha ha ha ha

there are no monsters

there is one monster... and his name is change... fear him like no other for he will take your wolrd away



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what is it with this poking, what am I suppose to do about it... turn around and look at the pooker, with a sinister smile does not seem like an option

i want an advert for sexy girls, give me sexy girls facebook

ia avril Lavigne sexy...

i want sexy girl... where is sexy girl

i particurely want advert for sexy single muslims

any sexy single muslims, in burka, with sexy under wear?

big tits advert.... not bad.... but I want sexy muslim

she is not an object for my desire, my desire is an object for her plesure

to bad she can not sea my desire

I'm buying souls, anyone selling?

give me a soul to day and I will give you eternal life and joy

burn baby burn... you light my tinkle



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lets stop thinking.... and lets al start watching one and other

imagine a room with naked sweaty bodies

Go to finland for nudetiyy without embaresment

where do the wield roses grow

are there any wield roses left in this world?

There are no wield salmon left in norway, they have all ben killed of by escaped farmed salm-on

one tow thre one two three one two three litle bears sat in a tree

one two litle bears sat in a tree... smoking grass like a skunk from japan

the bears went al lady ike and lady da... after a wile they startet talking iclandic

one bear would sing like björk another would dance like michal jackson

when the time hits one a clock i would have ben at this for 12 hours, a normal working day for some

these words are good for facebook... she likes it... she likes being masaged.... she is a whore... facebook is a real slut... sit you naughty bitch



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i just let the fly free

but not before I took a picture of him trying escape my darknes

now it is just about geting the picture of the phone

and giving the copy right away some rich nerd

Sly the fly invading your soul

or rather drunk from sucking out your braines

compasion wone in the end

the words where are the words

who wants to do the naughty on my grave?

ah finaly some art adverts... facebook seems to understand what is going on here.... it is even asking me "But is it Art?"

Of corse this is art, it is not mindles rambling, it is rambling with a purpose.... ergo it is art... do you see the distinction?

imagine laying on your back not being able to turn



dam I only seem to have killed of 6 friends...

where are my thoughts

this may be one possible interpetation of the world.... another may be that we chose our own roles, another again is that we folow the path of our harte.... I do not belive in one truth and I deny none... al is posible and nothing holds our minds together

i want my thoughts

i want to have new places to go within my mind

where are the wield roses

this is not reality

al you see in this world is your self

giw can one see something else than one self?

it is al your projections

let me borow your eyes just for a moment so that I can see beyond my own naival

where are the thoughts that grow on trees



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trees that grow on the highest mountains

I want to be free from my self

looking at one self like what's his name the greek vain dude

n something

nioclas, nosferatu, nightingale, nidardomen, nashvil.... what is his name

nagasaki, nigel, nock nock, nievana,

why the hell can i not remember his name

i've been staring at my self for so long, that I have forgotten my own name

nashvil tenese, nit pick, nickers, nap tap,

ok what if his name does not start with n.... what other letter could he start with

could it be K... do you think it is k...? no it is not k....

what about c, c is a good letter...



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he looks at him self in the water, consumed by his own beuty.... what is his name

I no it, i realy do.... I should not need to look it up.... it is somewhere in my mind

there is a hole.... F it.... Robin just toled me

how is kraftwerk, related to my post? maybe because I mentioned machines at one poing...

have to be silent

my girlfriend is sleeping

still after a day of doing this, i hit enter to send... and it does not work

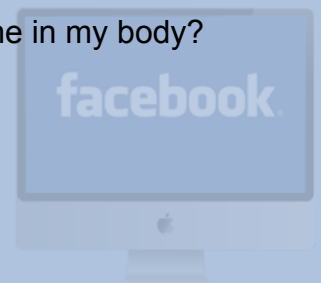
one time there was aa man who liked to eat strawberries.... he shoved them in his moth al at once.... it did not end well

how does it feel to be you? what does it feel like

are you happy?

do you like to danze?

would you want to dance the tango with me even though I have no rhythme in my body?



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i can see my self disapering slowly bit by bit

until there is only the name left

when is the point of this exercise over

tick tock tack tack time is going so slow now...

my mind is beat, it is empty.... right no there is no more

i have not manged to lose 50 friends....only 6 that I no of...but i think it is safe to say that I have lost more, because I didd not start counting until 20:00

cry wolf

make an uter newsence of your self....

don't stop just do it, don't cry just do it....

but I can not go on anymore.... al i waant to to do is enter the world of sleep

i can not just keep on typing when I feel like I have nothing mmore to say right now...

watch the wile roses grow



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the word darknes is like sweet kises by high clas whores

it lures you in with beuty, but there is nothing that lies beyound.... the body

no this is not true, darknes is not like whores, it is more like the kiss of cold snow on warm cheeks, it takes and it gives something new to experiance

a wise man once said no point in worying, just get a good nights sleep and deal with the problem if and when it comes

right now I would very much like to lose 44 friends.... I realy feel that I'm struggling to have some sort of indelignce left in me//// but one must be strong and go on.... there might be wisdom to be found or an orignal idea somewhere in this facebook thingamgining

I like to write and write without stoping

but this does not realy work because i have to lose the thred by clicking send every so often

night comes to the one who waits

when does love come in to the picture?

I have a faty fore head, and a faty nouse.... I like to smere my fat over mirros in elevators

I wonder what i will feal when this is over?

what walks on two legs, eates lard, and farts like an elephant?



W what not

int is strange to be clean shaven, i do not recognise my self....

A nice complement I just received....

Don't know how to respond to it at this moment in time

some people should be waking up just about now... but I don't think I am

What do I think when I see someone with "Fjallräven" in the UK particularly the old vintage one... I think you are a cliché sweetie... come on do something to excite... me

have not lost any friends for a while now... but let's see what the morning brings....

why did I have to say three.... it is not that cool... it would be a lot cooler if I kept on going.... beyond that....

I can see the picture of my first crush in my facebook friends list.... I was 12 I think....

She was a girl.... and she still is a girl... she grew up nicely...

and further down, I see one of my oldest friends... we also met around the age of 12....

and then there is another friend who I had a threesome with and not only once... though the first time was the best, the second my mind was not in the right place...



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One friend who came with me to Torture Garden... dam how difficult it was to get someone to go with...

another friend, who is a friend of a friend who shared a love for film

my love for film died....

a girl who I would have liked to have seen without pants...

a friend of my girlfriend...

and a student... from where I work... these are the people I can see on my friend list to the left, and a big boby thshirt to the right

only 54 minutes to go

ladi da do da da da...

lets dance on the table... lets fight for our right to be who we are

I wonder about the algorithme that determines what friends should come up on the right hand side... it seems rather consistent... with coming up with the people I like...

I'm going to look at pictures of a old fling

old fling... does not sound very nice...



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lets say a girl I like... because she has something special...

the imagination is a powerful thing

lets imagine together....

a door to the unkown... a window to the unbelivebal

the possibility to see beyound one self... to truley be somewhere out side of your own body and minde.... not only imagine it

where is the world going... is it a worll wind... is it in the eye of the beholder.... is it up or is it down....

give me a good advert... one that i rely rely want

I want an advert for dimmu borgir

there we go that was not so dificult... now I like dimmu to.... but why the hell would I like usher.... he looks like an idiot....

and now shakira... you will have to work on your algorithms...

you should have hit me with, mayhem, emperor, windir, opeth... etc... you get that....

there we go opeth.... and bathory.... not to kean on bathory... but beter than shakira



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ha ha and there comes Mayhem.... but wait then it disappears again.... replaced by shakira....
buger my timbers.... is that some sort censor.... is this music to evil... for me...?

and now Barack.... what has he got to do with evil music from norway?

I really can not get over this advertisement thingy.... must admit I do not like it

who wants to join me in my box?

it is a cool box... one minute you are in it the next you are out.... it al depends on your per-
spective....

12 hours of writing with some brakes... does not realy push you towards any limits... its al
very nice an polite...

I want to start my own religion.... but I do not like the word or its conatations... it is to loaded
with preconseptions... but this is how al religions started, by taking pereceived ideas and
apropriating it...

why do i want to start my own religion.... hm first of it is not my religion.... secoundly it should
not bind you to a set of belithes... it should encorage you to explore beyond what you know

religion has always been about confining you, whilst it should be about seting you free, giv-
ing you the opertunetiy to can your own perspective and to perceive the world from diferent
angles and points of view

religion is about beleving that you can achive the imposible, and that you can stimulate the
world to evolve beyond its limits....

do not box your self in.... do not except one frame work, even deny this idea... as an apsolute

I only reflect what is already in the world



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but together we can find a platform to see beyond our selves

20 minutes to go...

someone wanted to speak religion with me... I seem to have scared her of...

oh well

do not expect the expected...

tick toc tick tack

hm... come take my hand

trust me

there are no room for your words... thoughts or pictures.... today because I'm covering everything in the colour of my vomit

interesting I mention vomit and I get related post about cherlie sheen and drinking

I was not able to kill of 50 friends.... but I didd keep my promise that I should write to three.... which should mean that I have been typing 12 hours to day

time to have a look and see if I can spot the friends I have lost



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dam this is the thing with facebook... you can not see if you lost anyone... oh welll....

good night folks I hope you let the bed bugs bite.... and for you who are still my friends....
thank you for bearing with me...

this was only the test performance... I will be doing one in character, and not in writing but in
spoken word...

when the performance goes ahead I hope to have a live feed of it... the final result will be
either a 12 or 24 hour video in portrait on a loppe

night

