

Victor Bengtsson



*Horse droppings
are not figs*



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O—OVERGADEN
Overgaden neden Vandet 17, 1414 København K,
overgaden.org

Victor Bengtsson
Horse droppings are not figs
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INTRODUCTION

It is a great pleasure to introduce this publication as a companion to Victor Bengtsson's solo exhibition *Horse droppings are not figs* at O—Overgaden. Since 2021, O—Overgaden has, with the generous support of the Augustinus Foundation, published a monographic series in conjunction with our large-scale solo exhibitions, aiming to expand the conversations around each show and produce new, offspring material.

In this particular case, Dr. Signe Havsteen has contributed an art historical contextualization of Bengtsson's practice, art historian Olivia Turner has written a text about the trojan pigs in his paintings, and artist Aske Hyldborg Jensen has written a poetic text rooted in conversations with Victor Bengtsson. A warm and heartfelt thank you to all contributors. Moreover, I wish to thank the whole team at O—Overgaden for their efforts in realizing the exhibition, as well as the graphic design team at fanfare for their always dedicated work, and of course not least the artist, Victor, for generously sharing conceptualizations and co-thinking with all of us, through both the exhibition and this very publication.

Victor Bengtsson's painterly world amalgamates visual inspiration from traditional, biological illustrations and the detailed density of Flemish Renaissance paintings with motifs quoting Danish peasantry—think: plows, pigs, beets.

For O—Overgaden, Bengtsson has created a new series of works, including a grand 6-meter-wide painting, hung unstretched and heavy. The artist's particular technique is based on rubbing color onto hessian—also called jute canvas—impregnating motifs into the rough structure of the fabric. Leaving the threads visible, the free-hanging colored textile alludes to historical weavings—a kind of poor man's Gobelins. Mimicking the grand storytelling of traditional tapestries, this piece is an epic depiction of rural life in Northern Europe, as if (mis)understood from a distant future, creating a historicization that is more fabulation than fact.

In the mindset of this awry archeological digging, the motifs' soft colors of cadmium red/purple and cobalt green unfold a world gone wrong: a rural harvest in a surreal turmoil assembling oversized vegetables, an awry plow clad in tiles, burning houses, a giant fishhook, dissected carps, and pigs turned trap nets.

The grand-scale painting is overlaid with a belt of a repeated blue animal motif with a bright star at its center. A dark emblem—based on the simplified contour of a goat-hand-gesture—hinting at US Pop art, while it underscores Bengtsson's tongue-in-cheek or rebellious dyed takeover of historic tapestry. In another series, several pigs are cut out, DIY origami style, from painted canvas. Wonky and imprecise in their remake, the pigs point at how scientific or historical image representations or translations never get it quite right, destabilizing binaries of true and false. This twist is also clear in the exhibition title *Horse droppings are not figs*, a Dutch proverb about how to not be fooled by appearances; don't mistake "horse apples" for the fig tree's sweet tasting, brown fruit.

Meanwhile, Bengtsson's associative motifs continue in a broken frieze of paintings puzzling together dormant, or simply dead, human figures or up-side-down, distorted bodies—as if buried or submerged. In Bengtsson's mythologized narratives, disguised as historical weavings, apocalyptic scenarios repeat. As such, these shadow motifs and their distorted depictions mixing historical farming and fishing culture corrupt the idea of a true history, hinting at how pseudoscientific narratives still lurk behind our perception of reality today.

Rhea Dall,
Director and Chief Curator, O—Overgaden,
February 2025

Victor Bengtsson (b. 1997, DK) is a self-taught artist with a BA in Medicine (2019–23) who lives and works in Copenhagen. He has exhibited at venues including Mendes Wood (São Paulo, 2021; New York, 2022; Brussels, 2023); Public Gallery, London (2024); East Contemporary Gallery, Milan (2021); and Someday Gallery, New York (2024). The exhibition at O—Overgaden is Bengtsson's first institutional solo show.

HISTORY DOESN'T EXIST

Signe Havsteen

Ursula K. Le Guin defines fantasy and science fiction as the oldest, most universal forms of literature in her homage to the genre (and her colleague Jorge Luis Borges) "Things Not Actually Present" (2005).¹ Opposed to how realist literature is limited to descriptions of culturally specific phenomena, the fantasy genre is constituted by so-called constants or universally recognizable motifs: "It seems to be a fact that everybody, everywhere, even if they haven't met one before, recognizes a dragon," she explains. Victor Bengtsson's works are not inhabited by dragons but they do dig down into the layers of soil on which we have built our cultural identities, and they drag similar mythical creatures out into a pictorial chaos of pigs and unicorn horns.

In many ways, the unicorn and the pig are each other's diametrical opposite in our collective mind: pigs live in the mud while the celestial unicorn materializes in a magical whiff of glitter. In 1663 in Magdeburg, though, German scientist Otto von Guericke is thought to have found evidence for the actual existence of the unicorn. His finding of a woolly rhinoceros caused the fabrication of what is now possible to experience at Magdeburg's natural history museum and has been described as the worst fossil reconstruction ever. The so-called Magdeburg unicorn looks like a cross between a dinosaur, a horse, and a torso-less giraffe. It has its own Reddit thread with 78,000 likes and a comment section where people are both amused and outraged by the strange phenomenon.

It surely is a matter of opinion to what extent Von Guericke's reconstruction should be taken seriously, but that is actually also not the point here. The point is the relatively fluid field between speculation and empirical data in which both art and science unfold, which Bengtsson's image archeology occupies in a mischievous way. He weaves together cultural archetypes like the peasant, the soldier and, well, the unicorn horn, and the pig in peculiar organic systems and chaotic landscapes where the world has seemingly been blown to pieces, only to lie there and again coalesce in weird, vaguely recognizable constellations.

1. Ursula K. Le Guin, "Things Not Actually Present: On The Book of Fantasy and J.L. Borges," in *The Wave in the Mind: Talks and Essays on the Writer, the Reader, and the Imagination* (Boulder, CO: Shambhala, 2004), originally the Introduction to Jorge Luis Borges, Silvina Ocampo, and A. Bioy Casares (eds.), *The Book of Fantasy* (New York: Viking, 1988).

On the large canvas hanging in the middle of one of the gallery spaces, ripped up fish are hung to dry and monstrous vegetables shoot from the ground. Strange, pig-like shapes hover above the scenario, blending in with the sight of a grotesque plow making its way through the landscape. In Bengtsson's long frieze, hanging in the adjacent gallery, hairy creatures tumble around among skeleton-like structures. Fallen fruits and vegetables commingle with disconnected limbs in what mostly comes off as a messy battle scene and a harvest motif. Is it the hands of a Norn that we see by the spinning wheel? Are they spinning the destiny threads of those creatures coiling in and out of the motif, becoming ropes and chains that forcefully hold everything together? Figures and fruits take root in the same soil as strange fossil fragments: bones and skeletons, the imprint of a wheel whose dominating shape is now made up of the raw materials sprouting between its spokes.

66 million years ago, when a meteor struck the Yucatán Peninsula in Mexico, it started a chain reaction resulting in the end of the world, as it seemed back then. It left us with the remains of extinct plant and animal species in the soil layers, which, over time, became the fossils that now and then appear at our present surface. Fossils are traces or remains of dead organisms, the result of a lengthy process where plants or animal skeletons leave their marks in the soil. Gradually, the organic material is replaced with surrounding minerals which then create a cast of the skeleton, or the caverns inside the bones are filled up with minerals, creating a new negative imprint. What we look at when we look at fossils is thus a void between past and present, filled out by nature's raw materials, that creates some kind of mirroring of the original form.

The fossil offers us time in a physical shape, making it tangible to us. But as Otto von Guericke's unicorn testifies to, fossil reconstructions are complicated processes. Since the fossil only presents a small part of the whole, the finding needs continuous interpretation via comparisons with similar findings and profound knowledge about the anatomy of living animals. To a certain extent, the art historian operates in a similar way when hitherto unknown sources show up in the archives and are attempted to be laid out and placed in a historical continuum. And it is no coincidence that the art history discipline—finding its feet in the 19th century in parallel to the development of evolutionary theories and breakthroughs within the field of natural sciences—utilized metaphors from the field of biology. When French art historian Hippolyte Taine articulated his method in *Philosophie de l'art* as a kind of "botany applied to artworks" it was based on an idea that the artwork, like incidents of nature, is a product of specific growth conditions.² Art, culture, and biology are eerily intertwined.

2. Hippolyte Taine, *Philosophie de l'art* (Paris: Hachette, 1895), available at archive.org/details/philosophiedelar00tainuoft/ mode/2up.

The fossil and the artwork alike are important drivers in the stories we tell about ourselves and the world, which over time become ingrown in our consciousness—but which perceptions and on what premises? These are the questions Victor Bengtsson asks us, and the future, when he lets seemingly recognizable shapes and fragments float among each other in his bizarre image chains. A couple of days after I first saw these works in person, I thought about the English painter Edward Burne-Jones and his series *The Sleeping Beauty* (1871–75). I believe it was the sleeping suitors trapped in the thorned branches that evoked these associations to sleepwalker-ish, entangled bodies in Bengtsson's frieze. But there are other coincidences, too. Not that Bengtsson's coarse canvases and slightly icky, disturbing irony looks like Burne-Jones' kitsch and porcelain-like fairytale figures, as such, but they share some motifs that activate a speculative dream center. They share an inclination for hurled, organic, and decorative shapes. They both refer to a European art historical tradition. But whereas Burne-Jones' knight-like fantasies are painted forth with a sensibility shaped by his era's refined decorative efforts (especially constituted by his long-term collaboration with William Morris' workshop) Bengtsson is rough and fun. And it is not adorable flower vines that connect his pictorial elements; it is rope and skeleton parts braiding the fragments together and allowing them to tangle up with the fibers of the canvas. Whereas Burne-Jones incorporates decorative elements in the shape of stylized plants and shapes, Bengtsson plasters his canvas with stenciled hand signs.

A slightly more recent Danish exponent for the Burne-Jonesian variations on the Middle Ages and early Renaissance is the painter Ejnar Nielsen. Both cultivate a retrospective melancholy and romance, though Nielsen is differently dark and fierce. And as his paintings from the small, agricultural society of Gjern in Jutland reveal, he stands for a more chilly and illusion-less examination of the human connection to nature and prehistory than his British predecessor. When I think of both Nielsen and Burne-Jones, it is because they both operate with a historical awareness and a set of cultural archetypes of which I sense a subtle echo in Bengtsson's work, while he also points a finger at it. A provoking tension is at play in his works, between the art historical references which, when isolated, reveal a dependence on the continuity of tradition and then what we actually look at, something that mostly presents itself as a cruel mirroring of the role models. Art historical references run like a turbid vein through Bengtsson's work (you recognize the elements from the Dutch still lifes and folk depictions, and from a Northern European tradition from the narrative history painting) but as a matter of fact, he appears to primarily believe that history does not exist—in any case, not as we think we know it and especially not as a linear, coherent course.

The German cultural anthropologist Aby Warburg broke with the idea of the linear story that had otherwise pervaded art historical practices since the Renaissance. He articulated the concept of

an "image vessel" (*Bilderaufzug*) as a part of his theory on cultural memory, investigating how certain image formulas and types have survived since the visual culture of Antiquity, across time and geography. The culmination was his never finished *Bilderatlas Mnemosyne* (memory atlas) whose anachronistic juxtapositions of artworks and pop-cultural phenomena maps out visual archetypes and their journey through history on 63 dark, textile-clad boards arranged after motifs. The image atlas has repeatedly been labeled as a primitive forerunner of Google, which juxtaposes seemingly random material in image search results. But Warburg's memory atlas was, as any atlas is, also a part of an era's endeavors to construct and possess a coherent world view. And this is exactly what Bengtsson does not do when he points to how cemented ideas of our history and identity have really been dragged out from the depths of gaping knowledge holes, necessarily being more closely related to the dragons of fantasy literature than we immediately thought.

Victor Bengtsson's works present themselves as unpolished and chaotic visions. The paint has been rubbed into coarse sackcloth. In many places the weaving is bare. I want to touch it with the tips of my fingers, scratching myself a bit on the fibers. Over time, the crude material will gradually rot, so it is uncertain that a distant future will get the chance to experience Bengtsson's work. But should the Earth be struck by a meteor and fall into a deep sleep like *Sleeping Beauty*, might our droppings cause similarly mad animations and deliriums in a distant future? We do not know because even though we exist now, the history about us does not.

APPENDIX

Aske Hyldborg Jensen

I think about the first cheese in the context of measuring civilization's greatest accomplishments. The culinary wonder of the world. I imagine a cheese cloth, squeezing the last liquid out. Filtering the life out of milk, and the innovations thereafter. Lifting itself out of practicality with a blueish line down the middle.

The inventor must have insisted that the threads looping over each other were reason enough to keep the cloth, that the gap between each twine was a connection between gray, a basket for berries, and a drain. There was not much to be done; it was family memorabilia after all.

It was what was left. Standing up to greet the newcomers is having something to stand on, to cherish, something secretive they adamantly try to understand. Like the logic behind settling in the northern hemisphere. The underground packs a punch.

I look down at a dug-out square on a mound of brown, tightly packed soil. Then again, these cardboard boxes that I've been carrying lately are short term. I am no longer able to distinguish whether the species that I'm looking at had planks for feet, whether they ate rust, or how their bones were decorated with metal. I cannot tell if we're the same.

Some are in ritual positions, laid out to be found in their own time. These oddities, their habits. The way a grain of sand is molded by water. There's much to discuss and loads to interpret; swept under the rug due to lack of a better space.

The work is done in darkness. I go automatic; one block is aligned with another. It takes a while to adjust. Not long after I flicked the switch on, it highlights the crumbs lining my slippers. Were they really that dirty? Also my tools, the tools, the fixation on creation, on streamlining, an appeasing life, a pacification. The utterly useless desk with important things that are never picked up again. I have to trace crop circles back to their agricultural origin. A deep compassion for conkers, and yet, I still don't understand the letters. My abrasive palms deflect their message.

The winter landscape with a bird trap. I'm still not sure about the taste. Sugar sprinkles, skinned, it's totally toxic. When I first attempted ingestion of the two, an implosion of my goodwill started brewing alongside the reality that was unfolding at my feet. Pressing against the wall of a stubborn environment, I hear the horns of traffic playing, my churning stomach joining in.

I tried dusting off, keep my nose from inhaling. A pattern of avoidance has found its form; it works through extrapolation. The rust peels off, but this time I know what to expect from the layer beneath. Squares and other shapes fill backyards. Underneath pools. I'm sure there are other things from past civilizations I can add to the equation.

The frame I was looking at, is a thought about a fragmented verse. A contract between symbol and language. An endless feeding of more words rather than a lack of them.

I imagine the cheese to be dehydrated by now, and it's moldy and smells rancid and that's civilization. Every hole is automatically filled, every hole is an asset. The little squares of previous worlds are just another fold to the Exquisite Corpse. One's apple is not one's apple. The circumstantial elements amount to nothing.

Through the vernacular of exhaustion, simmering is irrelevant, information too. Even when animation is woven into it. The never-ending deposition transforms the inversion of objects into pillars.

I want to emphasize the importance of recycling, from the retrospective point of view as well. This seems to be a pattern that permeates the entirety of our findings, for better or worse. Loops and circulation. Let me breathe here for a second.

To create a language without bones. To acknowledge their brittle and short-term function. That's why I'm plastic. The boneless trajectory is an immersive toy. Too many, too little cooking time.

I look at the cup with a want, bound up by the urge to ingest as much as I can before it dissipates, before I dissipate. When that last drop of water makes it overflow, my hole collapses, creating another void to be filled. I stuff both with tissue to begin with.

"Any form of desire eats itself" is my bathroom mantra. But this statement eventually leads to a halt. The inside time, the daydream. Kale becomes a baby, a strawberry becomes, becomes soil. Just like the assimilation of death and becoming a star, the summary of a thriller, history as a foot stand for disruption, its self-assertion for decay.

Mostly the underground is chaos and clay pockets. Although recently a few dormant sleeping places popped. The shockwave dismantled any further construction. The sleepers turning in their beds. They didn't find their synthesis, the self-consuming music. The immaterial manifestation. Quickly after discovery, the finding was debunked as nothing less than a chamber pot from the late 1600s.

Now I know the best and the worst parts of it never having happened. Except for images coming out of nowhere, the bright future. Shapes conjure memories. The body is a great invention. I believe it can sense toxic ground.

Tough times become calluses that alienate touch, making rigidity purposeless. Too much ease is self-destruction. Ideals become the overarching cause, leaving no room for effect. This results in rusted insides. The sediment is a body, at times exceedingly abused by desire and extraction. Lining up to add another speck of dust to the pile of dust.

There's dissolution at the core. Spoons, hair, accommodation, picks at its own navel until there's a direct link. Slowly the body is no longer body. The drain pipe in my old apartment burst a month after I left.

TROJAN PIGS

Olivia Turner

All fiction is metaphor. Science fiction is a metaphor. What sets it apart from older forms of fiction seems to be its use of new metaphors, drawn from certain great dominants of our contemporary life—science, all the sciences, and technology, and the relativistic and the historical outlook, among them. Space travel is one of these metaphors; so is an alternative society, an alternative biology; the future is another. The future, in fiction, is a metaphor.¹

A frog choking on air, fish entrails spilling like human viscera, the ripe decay of pumpkin season, and the grotesque spectacle of a Trojan pig are motifs that smear the line between fact and fiction, giving a hot take on the current overload of information and source generation. Echoing the meticulous absurdity of historical encyclopedias, artist Victor Bengtsson's images reflect on how we construct knowledge and beckon us to question how we write and perceive histories.

When I began my art history degree in 2019, I was introduced to works by Leonardo Bruni, the Italian Renaissance scholar often hailed as the father of historiography (the study of how history is written). Bruni dismantled Giovanni Villani's *Nuova Cronica*, a medieval chronicle of Florence, stripping it of authority and reducing it to a collection of raw facts. By doing so, he created what could be called a "historiographical void," a space he could fill with his own humanist vision of Florence's past.² By rejecting Villani's divine-centered narrative, Bruni redefined history as the story of human agency and political events, a shift so pivotal and deeply woven into our current understanding of history that we do not give it much thought. Drawing parallels from the Brunian methodology, I would argue that Bengtsson similarly creates a space for destabilizing established myths, inviting viewers to reconsider how knowledge and history are constructed. Like Bruni reimagined Florence's history to align with Renaissance ideals, Bengtsson reinterprets history through fabricated motifs, pseudo-historical aesthetics, and biological illustrations, posing a reconsideration of the boundaries between fact, fiction, and mythology. Though he employs exaggeration to a degree where it becomes humorous, the works make one reflect on how knowledge is shaped by what is selected, altered, or omitted.

Bengtsson and I talked about this in his studio, over drinks—alcohol-free beer for me, draft for him—

1. Ursula K. Le Guin, *The Left Hand of Darkness* (New York: Ace Books, 1969), p.1.

2. Gary Ianziti, *Writing History in Renaissance Italy: Leonardo Bruni and the Uses of the Past* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2012), pp.7–13.

and on FaceTime when he was walking the streets of New York and I was wrapped in blankets, chain-smoking on a balcony in Copenhagen. We discussed the widening margin of error, that "no man's land" between science and speculation, where facts get slippery and myths dress up as truth.

AI inevitably came up (it always does), but we both agreed that it was overdone. Instagram reels of Elon Musk and Greta Thunberg making out or monkeys dressed in tuxedos blowing up balloons and deepfakes all epitomize the noise filling this gap, but none of that would make it into this essay. No, this was going to be about something messier, something more real or unreal, depending on how you look at it.

The title *Horse droppings are not figs*—a simple truth laden with disillusionment and mockery—unveils a fib, a Dutch proverb embodying the very void I have been circling in thought and conversation. Dutch Renaissance painter Pieter Bruegel the Elder (active a century after Bruni) painted the *Netherlandish Proverbs* in 1559. The painting speaks with a peculiar clarity to the present moment as if its red, blue, and green pigments were mixed with the anxieties of the 21st century. Among the chaos, a farmer crouches behind a horse, wicker basket extended, poised to collect its droppings. Alas, horse droppings are not figs, a plain enough reminder that deceptively simple things are not always what they seem. But simplicity belies its urgency. The scene resonates sharply now, in this era of image saturation and ceaseless digital flow, where we scroll past curated realities, doctored truths, and misinformation masquerading as fact. The proverb's relevance grows as an axiom about appearances and an invitation to skepticism, a nudge toward the uneasy practice of critical perception. The basket, his, ours, is empty, yet we extend it anyway as if to prove that hope has not yet collapsed under the weight of disillusionment. This raises an intriguing question: How will this abundance shape future perceptions of our contemporary world? Will the sheer volume and fragmentation of sources distort scientific reconstructions, making it harder to form coherent narratives about our time and past?

Bengtsson examines and replicates that exact question. His work addresses the voids left in our understanding and invites reflection on how these gaps might be bridged in the present and future. As the margin of error expands, it creates more space for imagination and storytelling, allowing the present to be science-fictionized through fabulated motifs, all while being stylistically rooted in a pseudo-historical framework. A subtle wit permeates Bengtsson's work, extending to the exhibition's evocative title. The works serve as a sharp and playful illustration of the Silurian hypothesis, a thought experiment that questions whether traces of an advanced civilization predating humans by millions of years could still be detected. By speculating on and reconstructing alternative pasts, the viewer is confronted with grotesque, unimaginable hybrid creatures, chimeras that straddle the line between the absurd and the uncanny. The past becomes the future and vice versa.

Archetypal imagery emerges: the stoic soldier, the diligent peasant, and the pig (Denmark's most cultivated livestock) all recast as subjects in a speculative narrative where the leap from empirical data to theoretical conjecture opens a liminal space for fantasy and imagination. The half-folded, waxed canvas pigs, painted to mimic the intricate textures of wood grain, suggest a deliberate margin of error, a computational intervention, a distortion born of the scientist's misinterpretation of the past, refracted through the fractured lens of a speculative present. These objects present themselves as sculptural and exist not as static relics but as fragmented echoes of a history that never was, inviting us to interrogate the fragile intersection between reconstruction, fiction, and belief.

The large poor man's tapestry, mimicking a Gobelin, vast and oppressive in its intricacy, depicts an agricultural tableau that is both grotesque and poignant, a tapestry of decay masquerading as toil. Gobelins were a vital component in 17th-century European courts, often depicting sumptuous historical and mythological subjects. This tradition renewed its significance in contemporary times when Danish artist Bjørn Nørgaard was commissioned in 1990 to create 17 Gobelins for Queen Margrethe II of Denmark. These tapestries depicted key events in Danish history, with the final Gobelin presenting a vision of an imagined future. In Bengtsson's large tapestry, the farmer's torso bulges forward at its forefront, a veiny cabbage head in place of a belly, its translucence both vegetal and disturbingly human. A fat rodent, splayed on a bed of pumpkins, drags its dense, muscular tail across disembodied hands; the hands grasp the wooden pole of a single-furrow plow. This plow, archaic, weathered, almost ceremonial, anchors the piece, its presence as ominous as it is utilitarian. Rows of animal heads shape the visual rhythm of the piece, blurred into abstraction. Their arrangement suggests shadow puppets, but their function feels like something darker, a reminder of what silhouettes obscure: once again, the question of error comes into play; the manipulation of the visible is a manipulation of perception. This is no mere pastoral scene, no celebration of harvest. The pigs, with their anatomies so eerily proximate to ours, sit suspended in skeletal form made of wire. The peasants' legs are emaciated, contorted, and reduced to a function rather than a form, echoing this wireframe structure, their purpose as much mechanical as human. The tapestry traps the viewer in the inevitability of its machinery, a landscape that doubles as anatomy, a story of labor and consumption where everything—cabbages, rats, pigs, and men—has been folded into the same grotesque cycle and narrative. To view it is to remember that repetition is not rhythm and that resemblance is not unity.

The frieze captures a moment that feels both ancient and eerily present; a red-pigmented tableau of unknown aftermath, where the bodies of soldiers are heaped together, their limbs dismembered, their weightless forms almost blending into the caskets that surround them.

Among them are fossils of an indeterminate species, their skeletal remains offering no answers, only questions. It is an image neither here nor there, collapsing epochs into sediment, a distant, imagined past colliding with an unknowable future, and somewhere in between, us, observers trying to piece it all together. Ursula K. Le Guin once wrote: "Science fiction is often described, and even defined, as extrapolative. The science fiction writer is supposed to take a trend or phenomenon of the here-and-now, purify and intensify it for dramatic effect, and extend it into the future."³ But this frieze seems to ask: What if that process works in reverse? What if the past, unreal, speculative, and imagined, reflects the present? Its motifs speak in plural: of wars fought and forgotten, lives folded into history, and eras that both precede and follow us.

Horse droppings are not figs; margins of error pave the way to new interpretations and counter-truths. It is within these errors, these moments of recalibration, that the imagination takes root, stretching itself toward metaphors that redefine our understanding of the world.

3. Ursula K. Le Guin, *The Left Hand of Darkness* (New York: Ace Books, 1969), p.1.

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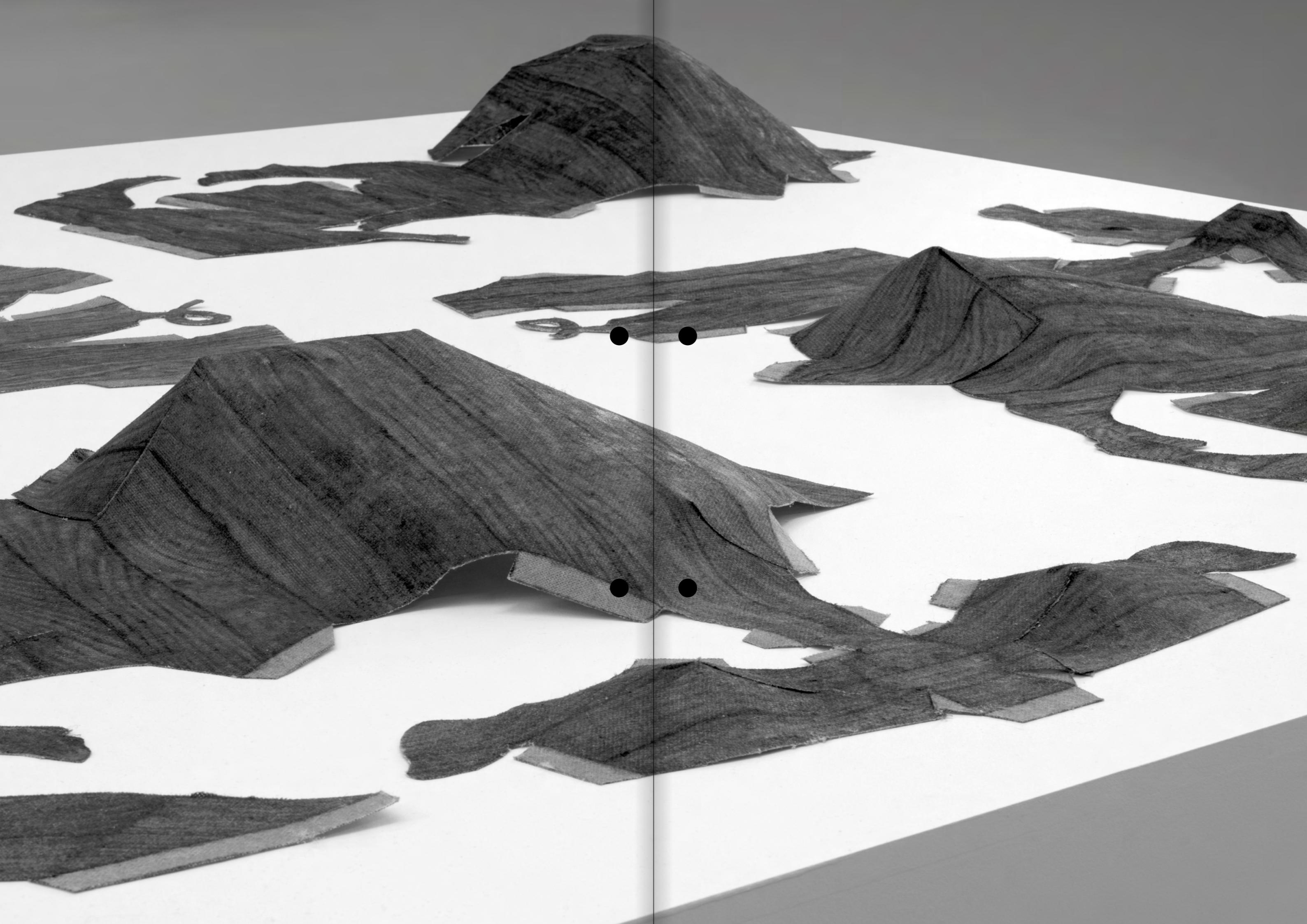
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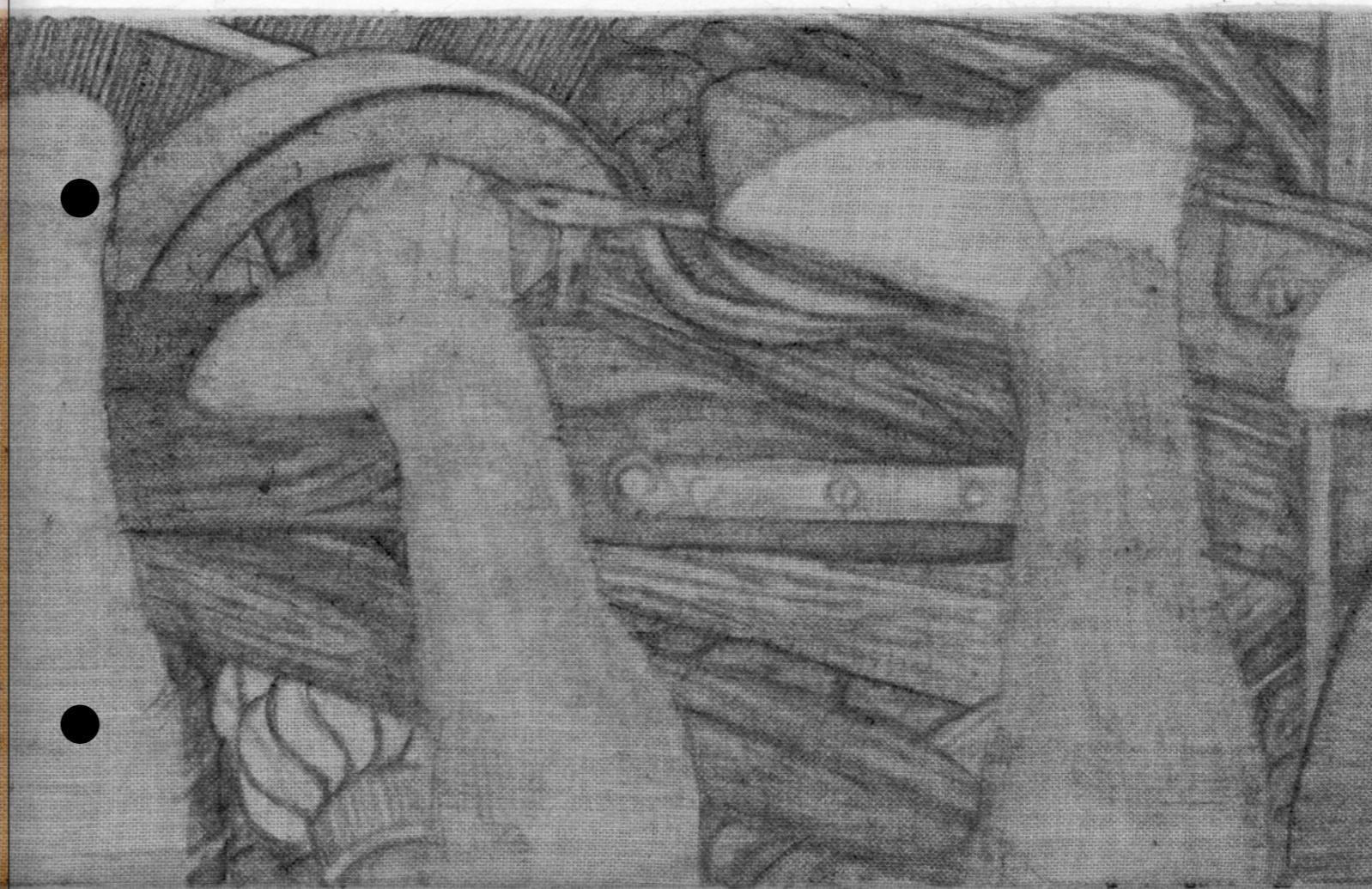
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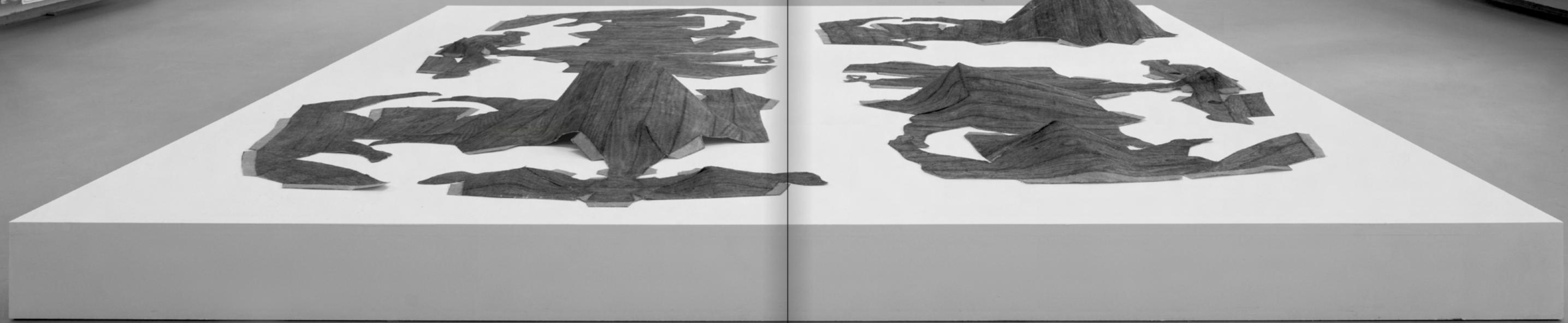














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APPENDIX

Aske Hyldeborg Jensen

Nu kendrer jeg til det bedste og værste ved, at det aldrig
har fundet sted. Bortset fra bildeleder, der opstår ud af
ingentings, den lysende fremtid. Former fremtidige
minder. Kroppen er en strålende opfundelse. Jeg troer,
den kan formidle givtig grund.

Svare tilde biver højorne, der far beretning til at
føles fremmed og gør kompromisshed formålslos.

For meget hindring er selvdæstruktiv. Idealerne
biver den altoverskyggende årsag, de efterladet ikke
plads til effekten. Dette resulterer i et rustent indre.
Afgrindgerning er en krop, af og til særliges mishandlet
af begært og udvinding. Et støvkorin tilføjes bunken
af hæder og hæder.

Inderst inde er oplossningerne. Skært, hår, boliger, pilfer
langsomt holder kroppen op med at være krop.

Afløbsrørret i min gamle lejlighed sprang, en mæned

Jeg prøvede at støve mig selv af, såhøde min næse fra at snuse ind. Et undigelsesmonster har fundet sin form, det fulmørke via fremskrivningstegn. Rust skal jeg præsentere med. Et andet tegn fra fortidige civilisationer kan føjles på, at andre dyrne gange ved jeg, havd jeg skal forvenne al høje baghaver. Begravet under pools. Jeg er sikker laget nedcnundcr. Finikanter og andre former fylder en mangel på samme.

Jeg forestiller mig, at oven er død direct nu, at den er musegen og lugter harshk, og at det er civilisationen der overhører hul er et sprogs. En endeløs tilførsel af flere ord snarre end pragmenteret vers. En kontrakt mellem symbol og akty. De små frikamter af tilsligre verden er bare endnu en fold i Det Usægte Liv. En æble er ikke en æble. De tilfældige elementer beløber sig til ligeminting,

At skabte et sproget udchøn knøgler. At anerkende knøglemeres skrøbelige kortsidtlæsning. Det er derfor ikke legetøj. For mange, for lidt tilberedningsstid.

Undergrunden er hovedsageligt kaos og letlømmer. Selvom et par latente overnatningssteder dukkede op for nylig, Chokboldgerne almentrede videre brygget. De sovende vender sig i sengegne. De fandt ikke deres synesse, den sløvopluggende musik. Den immatricelle manufestation. Hurrige efter opdagelsen blev fundet afslører som intet mindre end en natpote fra slutningen af 1600-tallet.

Hvilket som heller begärt äder sig selv: Det är
mit härdvercelcesmarta. Men det är ett undsagn,
der på ett tidspunkt näar sitt absurdisting. Den mindre
tid, dagdrömmen. Grönkål blivere till en baby, et
jordbär blivere till, blivere till jord. Akkurat ligesom
dödasättimiljeringen nog det att blixt en sylinder,
resummet är en thriller, historien som disruptio-
födskamme!, döns sebyhavdeles förråd.

eg kiggec pa bæggecrt med bchov i blirkct, forpilgget
al lyscen til at nedsvælge sa mægct, jæg kan, for det er
ødlest bort, for jæg er ødlest bort. Når den sidste
dåbce vand far det til at flyde over, kollapseser mit hul
og skabec et nytt tomrum, der skal fyldes. Jæg stopper
væv i dem bæggec til en start.

At skabe et sprøg uden knogler. At anerkende knogelernes skræbelige kortidslsunktion. Det er derfor jeg er plænisk. En knoglefrisk kurser et medtrivende styrke leggetøj. For mange, for lidt tilberedningsstid.

Udmatrikelsens anatomie gør det interessant at summe, det samme gælder information. Selv når man imørt er indadværet. De endeløse algejimer trænsormere spællingerne af objekter, gør dem til soldier. Jeg vil gerne understrege vigtigheden af genanvendel ogsa fra et retrospektivt synspunkt. Det lader til at værre et mestster, der gennemsyrer alle vores fund, i medgång og modgång. Loops og cirkuleringer.

Jeg forsætter mig, at ostens er dehydreret nu, at den er muggen og lugter harshk, og at det er civilisationen Ethvert hul ylde automatiske op, ethvert hul er et aktyv. De små frikanter af tilsligre verderne er bare endnu en fold i Det Usdøgt Løg. Enz æble er ikke et sælge. De tilfældige clementer bør løber sig til ingenting

Den ramme, jeg forestillede mig, er idéen om et
fragmentcenteret vers. En kontaktnet mellem symbol og
sprog. En endeløs tilførsel af flere ord snarede end
en mangel på samme.

Jeg prøvede at støve mig selv af, så holdte min næse fra at snuse ind. Et undigelsesmønster har fundet sin form, det hungerer via tømmerkrininger. Rust skal hænge medunder. Findkantet og andre skal forvenne af al, men denne gang ved jeg, hvad jeg skal forvenne på hæle baghaver. Begravet under pool. Jeg er sikker på, at andre ting fra fortidige civilisationer kan føjes til lighuningen.

Ar ejdjet ud af deres i marken. Jeg automatiserer;
flugter med den næste. Det tager et stykke tid
jævne. Kort efter at jeg endte konakten, ly-
krummer, der så godt som forer mine slipper
de virkelige sa beskikte? Og mit værksteds
skabelseskunstning, strømliningslæsning,
tilredsstillende tilværelse, en pacificering. De
biliver brugt igen. Jeg er nødt til at spore kornet
tilbage til deres landbruksmasserige opbygning. En
medfølelse med kastanjen, og dog forstår jeg s-
ikke bogssavene. Dreses budskab parceres af n-
tu handflader.

Noget behmder sig i ruttele positioner, ligge til at blive opdaget i deres cegen tid. Så gendø deres vaner. Måden, et sandkorn formeres af vand der er meget at diskutere om man ikke har forstået ind under gulvtæpper i mange tilfælde.

Jeg kiggede på en liten, der et gravet i en brun kompakt dyngede jord. På den anden side: de små jæger, der stod i en række og så ud over landet. De var ikke længere i stand til at afgrøde, om de ville have haft et godt dags arbejde. Det var ikke en god dag, men det var ikke en dårlig dag enten.

Det var det, der var tilbage. At rejse sig for at nogget om nytikkomne er at stille sig på nogget, varme om nogget hemmelighedsstilidt, som de stæddigt forstod. Ligesom logikken i at bo på den noget halvkugle. Undergrudnen slår hårdt.

Oppimäärin niin ihmeelliset paikat ja itämaiset, siis om hinnan denn, var grundi nok til at beholdde at astan den melliem hveret træd var en forbindelse mellem nogen et gært, en kurv til bær og et afleb ikke meget at gøre, det var trods alt familielik.

Sege tekniker på den allierede side øst i forhold til opmålingerne af civililisationens største bedrifter har hovedsageligt leveret ud af mækk'en, og de drøpaa følge af hvorigen nemmest den sidste væskede vrides ud. At kultinariske vidunderne, jeg forestiller mig et ost i hver innovationer. At det med en blæg strige i midt havver siæ selv over praktkalibretter.

HISTORIE FINDES IKKE

Signe Havsteen

der mest af alt minder om en rodet blanding af en slagscene og et hostmotiv; og er det nørmernes hænде vi kan ane ved en røk? Er de i færd med at spinde disse væsners skæbnehande, der vikler sig ind og ud af motivet og blyver til reb og kædter, der med magt holder sammen på det hele? Fingrur og frugter har således samme form nu udgøres af de rastoffer, der løserne kongler og skeletter; altrykket af et ful, hvis rædder i de samme jordlag som sare fossile fragmente dominerende form nu udgøres af de rastoffer, der er grøct frem mellemlænge.

Da en meteror for 66 millioner år siden ramte den mexicanske halvø Yucatan, satte det gang i en kædereaktion, som gav orde en ende på jorden, som dengang ses ud. Det efterlod os med rester af de udde planete - og dyrearter i jordlagene, der med tiden blev overfladet. Som nu fra tid til anden dukker op til overfladen. Fossilier eller forsteninger er spor eller rester af døde organismer, der bliver til gennem en langvarig proces, hvor fx planter eller dyrkeskæletter udskrives i jordlagene. Gravdavært udskriften knoglerne danner altyk i jordlagene. Eller så danner en afstøbning af skeletstrukturen. Eller nogeligt et negativt aftryk. Det, vi ser på, nær vi ser på fossilerne med naturens råstoffer, der danner en art spælling ud med naturens råstoffer, der danner en art spælling af den oprindelige form.

Håndgjørlig for os. Men som Oto von Guericke
enhjørning vidner om, er fossile rekonstruktioner en
komplikert proses. Effektivt kan givet os en
lille del af helheden, må findende løbende fortolkes
i gennem sammenligninger med lignende fund og et
indgående kendskab til nulevende dyr's anatomii. Det
i arkevrome og forsøges udtagt og placere i et historisk
mæder, nær hidtil ukendte kilder eller værker du ikke o
kunstnerisk omfattet med udviklingens af evolutionisterne og
ben parallelt med udviklingen af naturvidenskaben, begyndte sig af
nybrud indeen for naturvidenskaben, begyndte sig af
biologiske metoder. Når den franske kunsthistoriker
Hippolyte Taine (1828-1893) i sin *Philosophie de l'art*
(1865) formulerede sin metode som en form for bortar
om, at kunstværket ligesom naturens forekostner er
et produkt af specifikke vækstbetingelser. Kunsten,
kulturen og biologien er uhyggeligt sammenhængende.

Både fossilet og kunstverket er vigtige motorer i de fortællinger, vi skaber om os selv og om verden, og som med tiden gror fast i vores bevidsthed. Men hvilke fortællinger og på hvilke premisser? Det er sådanne spørgsmål, Victor Bengtsson stiller til os og til fremtiden, når han lader middelalderen gennemdelige formeret og frægmenter fra vestlig kultur - og kunstistorie flyde ind og ud af hinanden i sine bizarre lilledekader. Et par dage efter, at jeg første gang så disse værker i vinkeligheden, kom jeg til at tænke på den engelske maler Edward Burne-Jones' (1833-1898) serie *The Sleeping Beauty* (1871-75).

Den tyske kulturmatriopologe Abby Warburg (1866-1929) gjorde nettopp med fotografier om den linneare folterlilje, der havde preget kunsthistorisk viden om renæssancen. Han formulerede konceptet "billendarførs" (Billendarførs) som led i en teori om kulturel erindring, der undresøger, hvordan bestemte bildeformer og -typer er overlevet fra antikkens visuelle kultur på tvers af tid og geografi. Kulturmatrionen var hans aldrig ferdiggrørt sammenstillingen af kunstverker og populærkulturelle Billederlaas Nemmersyne, som igennem antarkonitsiske samme

Victor Bængtsson varker presecenter sig som upolerede og kæotsiske visjoner. Malingerne er ganske lidt senre dansk eksponent for Burme-Jones' variationer over middelalderen og den tidlige renæssances billedepsyamfund i Gjern ved Silkeborg af mere romantik, selvom Nielesen er andreledes mark og voldsdram. Og som hans malerier fra nærmest forankring i naturen og forbindelse til tekniker på både Nielesen og Burme-Jones i folkelige stilarter kan for en mere kærlig og illusioløs underros gøre en forhistorie end hans engelske forgænger. Når jeg af Victor Bængtsson, er det, fordi de begge opererer med en historisk bevidsthed og et set af kulturelle præsentører sig som en aftræk af folkelige traditioner. Det er en nordeuropæisk tradition for det folkelende fra en historien ikke findes - i hvert fald ikke, som på, at historien ikke findes - men gentilg læder han mest til at tro historiemaleri, men gentilg læder han mest til at tro blomsterarrangementer, der forbinder hans billedelementer. Sammenen af læder dem blande sig med læredets fibre. Hvor Burme-Jones' midtbyggede dekorative elementer sammen og læder dem blande sig med læredets fibre. Det er revæk og skeledele, der letter framgentrængende form af stiliserede planter og former, plastre i form af stiliserede planter og former, plastre i Benetzung sit lærted til med strengelede håndtegning.

En lidt senre dansk eksponent for Burme-Jones' mark og voldsdram. Og som hans malerier fra nærmest forankring i naturen og forbindelse til tekniker på både Nielesen og Burme-Jones i folkelige stilarter kan for en mere kærlig og illusioløs underros gøre en forhistorie end hans engelske forgænger. Når jeg af Victor Bængtsson, er det, fordi de begge opererer med en historisk bevidsthed og et set af kulturelle præsentører sig som en aftræk af folkelige traditioner. Det er en nordeuropæisk tradition for det folkelende fra en historien ikke findes - men gentilg læder han mest til at tro blomsterarrangementer, der forbinder hans billedelementer. Sammenen af læder dem blande sig med læredets fibre. Hvor Burme-Jones' midtbyggede dekorative elementer sammen og læder dem blande sig med læredets fibre. Det er revæk og skeledele, der letter framgentrængende form af stiliserede planter og former, plastre i Benetzung sit lærted til med strengelede håndtegning.

Det er en europeisk kunsthistorisk tradition i deres værker. I tilfælde af portretterne fra 1700-tallet, der viser samme person i forskellige alderer, har malerne ofte været opmærksomme på at bevare udseendet over tid. Dette kan ses i portrætterne af den engelske politikeren og forfatter Benjamin Franklin, der viser ham i forskellige alderer fra sin tid som ung mand til sin seneste dage. Denne teknik understreger kontinuiteten i Franklin's liv og karriere.

INTRODUCTION

O – OVERGADEN
Overgaden neden Vandet 17, 1414 København K,
overgaden.org

Victor Bengtsson
Horse droppings are not figs
Udstillingsperiode: 22.02.2025 – 04.05.2025

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a dried, textured surface, possibly a leaf or bark, showing intricate patterns and colors in shades of brown, tan, and dark blue. A small, bright yellow star-shaped object is visible near the top center.

