Roadkill cuisine

When I was little, I was force-fed a cooked fox that had been found dead on the side of the road by a family member. Apparently, it had already started to decompose and consequently made everyone who ate it sick. At least that's what my grandma said when I told her I had a sudden interest in foxes. I don't remember eating any fox, I said, but now that she brings it up, I do—actually, I do have a vague memory of a fox being cooked and eaten within a parameter of family, so to speak, but not eaten by me. I am pretty sure I would remember getting food poisoning from a slightly rotting roadkill, even as an illiterate child who couldn't tell fox from cattle. But anyway, what are we doing? I'm not vegetarian at the minute, but fox is something I'd caution eating, even if prepared fresh and gourmet. And not just out of aesthetic reasons (it has a confused cuteness to it, being canine with more than a dash of feline quality), but just as much because of its silent, roaming nature. It's sneaky; it knows its way around. It's a survivor thing—thriving in all environments, urban, natural, or other. I respect the fox tremendously—but more so, the fox is going somewhere, always jogging, cleverly, and you can be sure it has a backup plan if caught. Or killed. Even, or especially then, it releases a special pheromone that swiftly attracts maggots and other egg armies to invisibly invade and sicken the devouring killer. No thanks. I will not be part of this whole fox-eating thing. I support foxes and their special livelihoods, both suburban and biospherical. The average fox is three times smaller than the average jackal. But how many foxes can take down a single jackal? I'd say two foxes. Two foxes can outsmart and neutralise a jackal if necessary, I bet. But they'd need a strategy when taking on a bigger predator—a strategy stored in their DNA through millennia of survivalist adaptations—and I'm not sure they have that, to be perfectly honest. I think they're primed to just get the hell out of there as fast as possible, in case a hungry jackal comes along. Primed to survive—means get the hell out of there. I wonder what the new Darwinists have to say about the great four-legged quitters of the natural world. The killers kill and the runners run—but who owns the pastures? Opening a tab. One tab after another on an almost endless row. This is what your work has been reduced to. Tabs. There are a few dealing with Cartesian transformation—which I will forever fail to understand—one about sports *results*, and more than two dozen I've kept open in my browser window out of fear I might *miss* something, as I chaotically researched the ancient history of technology to prove that contemporary pottery is a scam. You have to find that one gem and be the first to tell the world about it. Your special take. This is what your career has come down to. This is what you do—with your back against the wall, eyes peeled on a prize that's becoming smaller and smaller. There is a song in my archive called small dreams about small dream energy. It goes:

"dreams getting bigger
bigger and thicker,
brain's getting smaller,
smaller and smaller and smaller."

I play her the song and put on a confident face—one suggesting I'm maybe perfectly aware that it's a great one—encouraging a response that does not appear at all. "There's those thinking, more or less, less is more," she says, neutrally quoting Eddie Vedder's Society, leaving it all hanging between the walls. There is so much we don't ask for, but we can't control our audience. We can sometimes manipulate them into choosing something other than honesty—or into believing something false to be beautiful, even a falseness so false not even the opposite is true.

Louis Scherfig

coyote
Faux Pas
31 October - 16 November 2025

Light
2025
Fluorescent tubes from our studios
120 x 3 cm

Bench
2025
Borrowed object from jernbanebyen
124 x 39 x 42 cm

Reynard
2025
16:9 video, color, foley sound
11' 00"

The title of the work alludes to the medieval tales of Reynard the Fox, an anthropomorphic fox and cunning trickster. The video is an omnidirectional recording, with multiple cameras mounted on a motion capture actor who mimics the locomotion of a fox while moving through an urban environment.

Appendix:
Halloween Party at AGA
31 Ocotber 2025
Arrive in costume

Jennifee-See Alternate

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