

That may sound glorifyingly niche, but it is the outcome of over a decade's worth of constant output, exhibitions at commercial galleries, artist-run initiatives and major institutions, acquisitive prizes and residencies, and the enviable enjoyment of being on

Of course, 'pompom' is merely convenient shorthand. Emery works with tassels and fabrics of all kinds to create a taxidermy Animalia with imaginary pelts: a recolonisation of the gaze of the colonial museum, via the aesthetic of the acid trip or a

A graduate of the Sydney College of the Arts in 2009, he has laboured consistently ever since, developing a distinctive worldview into a veritable one-artist cottage industry. Every pompom is glued on by hand; an essential and happily impractical task that draws parallels to felting and knitting and has found him an audience and camaraderie in the world of craft. Biographically speaking, though, it was art that offered Troy a utopian exit; as with many people who grow up in a small town, he found he could use

Yet there is a still further, broader, question of utopianism, waiting for us in the wings of

A decade since he made his first coincidence of pompoms and a high-density taxidermist mould ('Wild Thing', 2008), he has released hundreds into the world, of every size and colour. If we look beyond his seemingly endless proliferation of animals as something more than the simple fulfilment of an elite collectors' market (a tooeasy dismissal of art under the current system of alienated commodity fetishism that derogates the distance between, say, an Hermés handbag or luxury sofa and our encounter with the incalculable), we can apprehend Emery's extraordinary body of work as a total project, not just as so many repetitions of the same material thing but a set of demands or affordances that challenge the ceaseless and mechanised craftlabour of pseudo-differentiation, and the direction of (the system of) history itself.

science-fictional, this unfinished oeuvre is not only a model of disalienation but also, to borrow from Fredric Jameson, 'a visionary act which allows the Utopian imagination



ubiquitous and ideological entertainment of contemporary remakes and robotic reboots (and as noted by our era's great narrator of off-world colonies, Kim Stanley Robinson), this is the 'truth that hurts' - we live on a planet without a sequel. Emery's immense menagerie of imagined animals (only a fraction of which can be seen in this Dark Mofo exhibit) thereby populate a parallel universe offering up critiques of our current order's wilful annihilation of diversity, our bad-faith policy of 'profit now and pay later'. It is like the child who cannot imagine any world in which they do not always

live... paradoxically brought into focus by an artist who laughingly refuses to act as

anything but a child; who experiments: who plays, falls over, and learns to play better.

to break through' (2009, p.49)... for to somehow reverse the world we have ruined,

to attempt to undo the mass extinction of animals and their habitats destroyed by modernity, industrialism and neoliberal ideology, would this not be a project worth participating in today: one geared towards a future better than the present, a future

Emery's improvisatory, freeing, rampantly-psychedelic works offer no total blueprint for

a better society, a world at peace with nature, but in the tradition of the enlightenment and the avant-garde they demand that we first think ourselves into - and then invent

ways out of - our present catastrophes, where complacency and passivity are mere identifications with the status quo, and where we must now 'make it new', following

transform in relation to the conditions we ourselves brought about; not to suggest that

we can ever go back but that we might mutate and find a way forward: that we might

might be unrecognisably different. That a path can be cleared, to draw us away from

This is not a form of biological revivalism à la Jurassic Park or Dolly the Sheep but the

else - dominated how we fail to imagine the future of life on our planet. Contrary to the

cultural revision of the industrial form, the dystopian impulse that has - everywhere

not look the same - in the future, in the mirror of the non-human animal - that we

Ezra Pound, after the wars against nature that curtail our contexts. Here we can

that we might actually, collectively wish to live to see?

our future of relentless extinctions.

The plot of the next decade of Troy Emery's work lies 'in the nexus of uncertainty' (to quote the title of one of his recent pieces) but it seems a fair guess that his imaginary animals will continue to expand in dialectical opposition to the shrinking of actually-existing species and habitats in the Anthropocene. To be sure, art alone never saves the world, but we must cease to bother to imagine the future if we refuse to de-extinct the utopian impulse, to see and think it all differently.

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