

# Spigot

## **Barbaric, Classical, Solemn**

Matt Hoyt and Tom Thayer, molto Mangiones, and compositions on Paul Klee. Plus Oyster Bay for the holidays!

(Excerpt)

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One show that I particularly love, which closes this weekend, is the two-person Matt Hoyt and Tom Thayer exhibition at Bureau. Both stray outside the usual schema of art making; for both, their work seems to emerge not from what one might call a practice but rather from its own less-than-consensus universe.

The two artists, who are friends, each work in various mediums, particularly Thayer, who makes meditative animations (a fine example of which is on view downstairs), performances, works on paper, music, and sculptures. Here the latter ranks include a droll, multivalent piece involving three inept mechanized rocks performing a composition by striking (or missing) three metal bowls with tiny dowels. Thayer is also fond of puppets; the play between animate and inanimate permeates all his work.

Hoyt meanwhile is an extraordinary crafter of otherworldly objects. The work always makes me think of Lee Bontecou: his sculptures are always both recognizable and alien, natural and inorganic, accretive and eternal. They're truly like nothing anyone else makes. For this Bureau exhibition, Hoyt shows some of his square radiant op paintings, which conjure apotropaic insignia daubed on a barn by a dosed Mennonite, alongside his characteristic small sculptures that here have a slight Giger-ish inflection. While horror is not his MO, Hoyt's work always has an air of the fantastic—and, as with Thayer, there's an uncertainty around what's animate and what isn't, what may have once been alive and what in some sense still might be.

Interested parties take note: The show, titled *I Want to Climb Through the Windows of My Eyes and Become Static Electricity*, concludes with a performance by Hoyt and Thayer at 8 pm this Saturday, December 14.