

# The New York Times

ART IN REVIEW

## Matt Hoyt: '2006-2011'

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*Bureau*

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You could easily pick up each of [Matt Hoyt's](#) diminutive, dun-colored sculptures between finger and thumb. Displayed in groups on wooden shelves, they look like objects he found on a city street, a country road or the beach. Some resemble pieces of plastic plumbing; others are like small, rounded rocks. One could be a braided bracelet, another a piece of chicken bone. Some might have been parts of busted mechanical devices.

You might put these humble objects in the category of Fluxus art: poetic finds of a connoisseur of the ordinary. So it is confounding to learn that Mr. Hoyt made each piece by hand out of materials like clay, putty, resin, metal and various kinds of paint, and that each is the product of long-term fussing. Hence the exhibition title "[2006-2011](#)," suggesting a five-year gestation.

Since it is impossible to tell just by looking whether Mr. Hoyt made these objects, you have to take their nature on faith. They could be trompe l'oeil copies of real things, but what things? Unlike early works by [Vija Celmins](#), in which real stones were displayed along with their exactly made doubles, it is not clear whether Mr. Hoyt's works represent or reproduce anything. They are, you might say, epistemological puzzles inviting us to ponder the question of how we know what we think we know when appearances are deceiving.

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