

# ARTFORUM

## Matt Hoyt

BUREAU

178 Norfolk Street

November 5–December 21

Matt Hoyt's sculptures resemble stones, sticks, shells, and geometric curios individually not much larger than a golf ball or quail egg. He presents these pieces in tidy museological arrangements of two or three (sometimes more) and rests the groupings on flat, hand-cast sheets of MDF and polyurethane bases that have been dyed in muted hues to amplify the objects' organic-seeming patinas. Speaking in the historical vocabulary of the *objet trouvé*, these small sculptures are bits of sly fiction. What appear to be pebbles or exotic sea shells are actually constructions of various putties, tempera paint, and the occasional cameo of other materials—bits of metal, plastic, or wood. These mediums are intimately handled in their process of becoming sculpture: Hoyt often spends months carefully laboring over, revising, and living with each one. Likewise, the finished works themselves invite handling and affective caress, offering a sympathetic surface that absorbs that most effervescent of earthly energies: the human touch.



Matt Hoyt, *Untitled (Group 113 - Shag Bark Chestnuts)*, 2014, MDF and polyurethane support, various putties, epoxy, polyurethane 2 1/2 x 6 1/4 x 4 1/4".

In his latest presentation, Hoyt for the first time shows his works and their flat, colored bases on freestanding tables that he also designed, allowing visitors 360-degree access to the works (previously, the works were presented on wall-bound shelves). With unconstrained visual access, viewers can now explore the many crevices, recesses, and details of each work. A pearl-white, hollowed-out protrusion (with a mysterious slit) seems to have been the home of some imaginary deep-sea mollusk; a sun-stained pebble seems to tell the story of the deep Southwestern canyon where it was formed millennia ago. In this liberalized mode of display, the works now more than ever seem to resemble evidentiary material from fictive natural processes in the stories they tell—stories that are, in fact, only the hushed voice of a patient and subtle artist at work.

— Boško Blagojević