

THE NEW YORKER

MATT HOYT

Bureau

Two dozen of the artist's careful sculptures, none larger than a few cubic inches, have a wordless appeal. Their forms recall rocks, petrified eggs, shards of bone, or maybe children's toys from some prehistoric civilization. (One could do without the painted panels they sit on: sea foam, slate gray, pale pink, all very *Martha Stewart Living*.) Though the works are exceedingly delicate, they aren't merely a showcase of Hoyt's technique. Quite the contrary, actually: they each have the inadvertency, and the beauty, of a perfect shell washed up on shore. Through Dec. 21.