

NEW YORK VULTURE

3-Sentence Reviews: Franz West, Matt Hoyt, and More

By Jerry Saltz



Matt Hoyt, "Untitled (Group 106 - Once)," 2006–2014. MDF and polyurethane support containing 3 component objects comprised of some or all of the following: various putties, clay, Crazy Glue, pastel, tempera and spray paint, 1.75 x 5 x 5.5 inches. Courtesy of Bureau.

Matt Hoyt
Bureau, 178 Norfolk Street
Through December 21

True story: In around 2000 artist Marilyn Minter told me to see the work of one of her SVA BFA students Matt Hoyt at the school's gallery then on Wooster Street, where he was exhibiting what I remember as teeny objects that looked like mouse tails, maybe rodent jawbones, little animal feet, putty nuts, possibly some seeds made of plaster, and all in half-sized shoe-box things, in taxonomical compartments, as if they were little portable museums or the tools of a traveling shaman, possibly a reliquary, or library of possible morphogenic sculptural forms. Whatever I was looking at I was instantly smitten and tried to contact the artist (just as email was picking up steam), and we had a few exchanges in which I wrote to him that even though I do not buy art and am very poor, that I nevertheless wanted to buy — in fact, had to have — one of his works. Sadly for me we never completed a transaction, and I never met the artist, but since Hoyt has emerged as a sculptor whose work has the power and pull of animal architecture, structures that intrigue made of familiar but indecipherable materials, with shapes and forms that have a logic to them and a private majesty but can never quite be unpacked — instead they just make one stare in amazement at works, as in this lovely show, of groupings of things just beyond logic but firmly within reach of wonder and delectation.