

This is a tiny sculpture.

Yes. And mysterious.

There's a little, blobby shape like a boot or maybe a seashell with holes in it. And it's attached to the intersection of two, thin flat, corroded lengths of something arranged in a T shape.

And displayed on its own little shelf.

It looks like something the artist might have found.

But the checklist itemizes a variety of materials, so it seems safe to say he made it.

And with much delicacy and refinement.

Do you think he wanted it to look like something he found?

Why would he want to do that?

If you come across something interesting but you don't know what it is, you'll be inclined to examine it closely. It could be dangerous!

Or useful.

Or edible.

I suppose that's what all artists want: for people to closely examine the things they make.

How do you figure out what something is?

In your imagination you compare it to similar things that you know.

And if nothing similar comes to mind?

If it eludes classification?

It becomes even more interesting.

Looking at Mr. Hoyt's sculpture, I feel my mind bumping up against something it can't wrap itself around. It's frustrating. And fascinating.

It's like a square peg and all your mental holes are round. But you can't help trying to make it fit.

Why do you suppose Mr. Hoyt made it so small?

Does there have to be a reason? Maybe he just likes small things.

Because it's so small it seems unassuming. It's not imposing.

Yes, and it's intimate, too.

Intimate?

You could hold it gently in your hands.

Small things can be dangerous.

Not negligible.

Right. A small thing can have a big impact.

Also, some people – not only artists – just like the feeling of making something small, intricate and complex. They're the watchmakers of humanity.

I suppose that for the artist creating the thing there's a satisfying feeling of focused concentration.

All energies aligned toward a singular end.

Now I see the blob connected to the right-angled T as a union, a wedding of contrary dispositions – of the rational and the intuitive or, if you will, the feminine and the masculine.

Yin and Yang.

Exactly.



**Matt Hoyt, "Untitled" (2018) metal, epoxy resin, epoxy putty, pastel on polyurethane, 1 ½" x 4 ¼" x 8"**