

Art Review
Ben Street
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So what about the art itself? Aside from the centerpiece – A Tony Heywood sculpture of vaguely organ-like shapes undulating across the lawn – much of the best art was of the quiet and contemplative sort that would be lost in a larger location. London's Madder139 showed drawings by Paul Chiappe that draw on photorealist tradition in a miniaturist mode; magnifying glasses were supplied. Toronto's Christopher Cutts Gallery, a Scope staple, showed 'disaster snow globes' by Sherri Hay, which, when shaken, sent tiny people, cars and animals sailing through space like a sweeter and less ominous Paul Chan projection. Perhaps the iconic image of the show for me (aside from the preponderance of Hirst and Warhol references, which came together in Heidi Popovic's godawful skeletal Marilyn) was Cedric Christie's Visa logo with the word 'Judd' written across it. I laughed and it felt bad.

<http://www.artreview.com/profiles/blogs/scope-moves-to-lords-cricket>