



19/12/21 - 12/01/22

LUKE SANDS

Three cumulus clouds, inviting and seemingly guileless in their baby-pink blend of acrylic paint and diluted rodenticide, occupy the walls. In a box - somewhat paradoxically protected from the hands, mouths and nostrils of viewers - is paper, methodically passed through artists lips, buckled against tooth. Chewed up and carefully placed, not spat out.

The Fairy Floss machine was an invention of a Tennessee dentist, sugar melted, spun and sold en masse. The English humourist A.P. Herbert wrote of how dentists, "With cruel steel [go] picking round, a tooth that's absolutely sound, deliberately tries to bore, a hole where there was none before." I lie and tell my dentist I floss religiously, they emphatically reply that they can tell, but ask me to book a check-up in three months. As far as I know, rodenticide was not the invention of a rat breeder.

It would be crude to overtly warn the viewer that these works are toxic, as they are far too pretty. Sands is clearly interested in the mouth, the guttural, viewership as ingestion. Innocent Fairy Floss forms draw us in, while their pastel monochrome hue shifts the focal point to their poisonous materiality. There is an unsettlingly appetising, taste-like sensation at play - the same force that drives a child to beg for his parents money to buy sweets at a carnival.

- Howard Palmer

Clockwise from left:

untitled, 2021, rat poison, white acrylic paint, MDF, 158 x 153cm

untitled, 2021, rat poison, white acrylic paint, MDF, 186 x 158cm

untitled, 2021, rat poison, white acrylic paint, MDF, 259 x 143cm

All paper works are untitled, 2021, chewed paper, each 36 x 26cm