

No Place

Blush Roder

Taylor Ashby Hawkins

[Gallery A]

4.22 — 6.10

1) Taylor Ashby Hawkins
Hope all is Well, Best, I'm fine
2022-2023
Silicone Rubber, Resin, Urethane, Prosthetics,
Compression wrap, Pigments
10 x 8 x 7 inches
\$ 3,000 USD

2) Taylor Ashby Hawkins
After Jojo
2022-2023
Silicone Rubber, Resin, Urethane, Wig,
Prosthetics, Pigments
30 x 13 x 15 inches
\$ 3,000 USD

3) Taylor Ashby Hawkins
Auto-Pilot
2022-2023
Silicone Rubber, Resin, Urethane,
Prosthetics, Pigments, Fabric
13 x 14 x 15 inches
\$ 3,000 USD

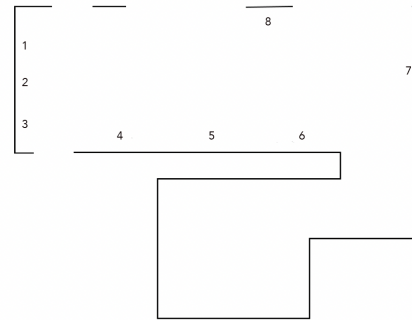
4) Taylor Ashby Hawkins
Plagued By Doubt, Sad Pod Racer
2023
Silicone Rubber, Resin, Urethane, Wig,
Prosthetics, Pigments
44 x 27 x 16 inches
\$ 10,000 USD

5) Taylor Ashby Hawkins
Contained
2022-2023
Silicone Rubber, Resin, Urethane, Wig,
Prosthetics, Pigments
48 x 24 x 18
\$ 10,000 USD

6) Taylor Ashby Hawkins
Hyper X
2023
Silicone Rubber, Resin, Urethane, Wig,
Prosthetics, Pigments
32 x 19 x 14 inches
\$ 10,000 USD

7) Taylor Ashby Hawkins
Exposure
2023
Silicone Rubber, Resin, Urethane, Wig,
Prosthetics, Pigments
48 x 30 x 28 inches
\$ 12,000 USD

8) Taylor Ashby Hawkins
Two Shadows
2023
Silicone Rubber, Resin, Urethane, Wig,
Prosthetics, Pigments
29 x 24 x 20 inches
\$ 5,000



Taylor Ashby Hawkins, (b. 1990, Louisville, Kentucky) lives and works in New York. Hawkins attended Columbus College of Art and Design for Painting, earned his BFA in 2012, Shortly after attended Columbia University in New York and received his MFA in 2017. Their work uses narrative representation to reveal traces of fantasy, subcultures, sci-fi, and the ability to envision hybrid identities. Through the use of fashion and choreographed poses these figures take on motifs of the digital world into a physical dialogue that can articulate a generations relationship to reality.

here are some colors you could see
a jar of spit and color
pink
a small bottle of vomit
floor to ceiling shag
powder sweetness
nearby we sat and cried
back bodies made wind
Planned obsolescence of flowers
of explosions
frozen air
the middle of a sentence,
pink and tourmaline and canton rose
incandescent blood shot eye
spitting in the face of gravity
saying it it all back
you were ready to die
I will miss you
I love you
I was laying on my back and your hand touched mine
revealing what color we are on the inside
rich biometric earthy radiant incandesced
all the other colors are lies
a purity that slept with fantasy
that brown is the color of the sunset from below the earth
from inside the dust
that glow and emit a life and death that is blinding to fathom
but drop things
and walk away
like a jar of bile
in the toilet
ultraviolet radiation
or something else
but why dont we tell truths with our bodies and our surfaces
pollinating flowers with our tongues

-David Lindsay

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