

Cassidy



Toner

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Froburgstrasse 4 4052, Basel CH

#### Education

2018 FHNW Institut Kunst- M.F.A. Fine Arts

2014 School of Visual Arts- B.F.A. Fine Arts

#### Residencies

GGG Atelierhaus, Basel, CH- Fall 2018- Fall 2020

Panorama Boa Vista, Porto, PT- Summer 2017

#### Awards

2019 Christina-Spoerri Prize

2018 Kunstcredit Basel

2014 Stacy Sussman Cavrell Memorial Traveling Fellowship

2010-2014 Silas H. Rhodes Scholarship

#### Curatorial Projects

Fiancé (2019 - Present)

-A curatorial project at S.A.L.T.S.

Rheum Room (2017- Present)

-A curatorial project situated within the white sheets of my bed.

#### Solo Shows

2020 Kunst Raum Riehen, Riehen, CH (Upcoming)

2019 Unstable 4th Wall, GALERIE PHILIPPZOLLINGER, Zurich, CH

Poosum, Saint Luke, Zurich, CH

#### Selected Group Shows

2020 The Sand Threshold, MARS, MiArt, Milan, IT (Upcoming)

2019 NADA Miama, Kai Matsumiya, Miami, FL

"If It Moves, It's Outmoded"?, Kunstraum am Schauplatz, Vienna, AT

Pick-pocket, KunstRaumRhein, Dornach, CH

Social Photography VII, Carriage Trade, New York, NY

Blind Date, Kunstcredit 19, Kunsthalle Basel, CH

Import/ Export, La Rada, Locarno CH

Kiefer Hablitzel | Göhner Art Prize 2019, CH

cursed\_images, C.Rockefeller, Dresden, DE

Plattform 19, Yverdon Art Center, CH

"Reset", Kai Matsumiya, New York, NY

2018 13.10 - 25.11.2018, Kunsthalle Freiburg, CH

If it's Conceivable it's Possible, Wallriss, Freiburg, CH

Atlas of Heavens, Kunsthaus Baselland, Basel CH

2017 The Journeywoman, Panorama Boa Vista, Porto, PT

2016 ADD WATER, Der Tank, Basel, CH

2015 Counterfeiting for Cash, Flux Factory, Long Island City, NY

A Supper, cuatroH, Brooklyn, NY

2014 It Narratives: The Movement of Objects as Information, Franklin Street, Stamford, CT

Throwing Like Girls, SVA Flatiron Gallery, NY, NY

Nothing Else, SVA Flatiron Gallery, NY, NY



Installation view of Unstable 4th Wall



In the studio 1 (After Johann Rudolf Feyerabend's Basler Totentanz, 1806), 2019  
Solvent transfer and watercolor on one-way reflective window film  
62 x 43 x 6 cm

A series of paintings attached to motion sensors that laugh at the viewer when approached.



Keepin' it 100, 2019  
Tin, lavender, paper and keychain  
36 x 17 x 10 cm



'WHAT DO YOU REPRESENT?', 2019  
Solvent transfer and watercolor on one-way reflective window film  
44 x 31 x 6 cm

A series of paintings attached to motion sensors that laugh at the viewer when approached.



Installation view with:  
In the studio 2 (After Hieronymus Hess' Death to the Painter, 1839), 2019  
Watercolor on one-way reflective window film  
51 x 40 x 6 cm

A Wall from the Atelier, 2019  
Print on Tyvek and steel frame  
223 x 247 cm



Dust Bunny #10, 2019

Faux Fur, Dust, Steel, Motor, Batteries, a page from *The Mythology of Work* by Peter Fleming, lawyer bill (additional fee for late payment,) NYC keychain, 2 cans of Prosecco, scratch-off ticket, chain

These sculptures autonomously roll around on the floor and continue to collect debris.



Dust Bunny #12, 2019

Faux Fur, Dust, Steel, Motor, Batteries, \$5, Juul Pod, Pistachio shells, Hash Baggie, Yellow shirt, a page from Mark Greif's essay, *What Was the Hipster?*



Dust Bunny #1, 2018  
Faux fur, Weasel Ball™, Gum, Solpadeine Max Wrapper, Twix Wrapper, Dust



Dust Bunny #2, 2018  
Faux fur, Weasel Ball™, Cigarette Butts, Knoppers Wrapper, Dust





Cassidy Toner 3 Self-scaffolding  
Variable dimensions, 2019

"Where you come from is gone, where you thought you were going to was never there, and where you are is no good unless you can get away from it. Where is there a place for you to be? No place... Nothing outside you can give you any place... In yourself right now is all the place you've got."

Flannery O'Connor, *Wise Blood*

I went back to the suburbs of Baltimore for the first time since moving to Europe two years ago. I don't think I've ever referred to it as home - it's just where I'm from. It's a place. Just like everywhere is a place.

Peeking back into my childhood certainly caused the facade I had installed around that haunted house to collapse. All the scaffolding of Prozac and Ketamine could only withstand so much before the foundation began to crumble. The faucets burst shortly after. Soon, I was sitting in the decrepit kitchen with all of my demons. As we caught-up with one another they proposed I could try to patch-up everything with weed and beer. This seemed to work at first, as most of their ideas do, but soon everything went to shit. I asked if they thought I was a stoner all through my youth to just escape from feeling and, they laughed and asked if I, "thought my youth had ended?" I had just found a 1920's printing of Aldous Huxley's *The Defeat of Youth* in Baltimore but, it was in french so I couldn't read it. I said, "I guess I had taken that as a sign of being beyond youth." At least that made them laugh.

Some of my demons are pretty comforting to be around, at least they're a familiar face. I guess my favorite is Humor. He's the only one that has free range of the house anyway. I told him that since being back I had begun to resent him. To which he laughed

and it made me want to fucking kill him. A montage of scenes from my youth of being a little jester to keep the peace flashed before my eyes. Humor showed me a way to have a dinner free of screaming. He showed me how to cut through the air in the room when it crushed me. He gave me a shield to use because I was so overwhelmed by the emotions thrown at me rather than their intended target. A little scape-goat-kid. Humor let me fuck with people to blow-off steam before I discovered weed. Humor showed me where Humor played a fun joke on me and crossed some wires in the house. Now I have a tendency to cry when I watch comedic movies because I feel a crippling pain watching the main character continually fuck-up at the chagrin of everyone around them. Humor likes to sit on my shoulder dressed as an angel and other days he puts on his devil costume. Because Humor knows how to cut to the core - way past the skin, beyond the muscle, beyond the bone, all the way to that thing that pains you in your DNA. The kind of psychological shit you'll never mend. I know both sides of this little bastard. I've mastered all his techniques of avoidance and deflection and use them in a gluttonous way. I'm most resentful of the way he protected me. I never learned how to breath the crushing air of emotions. Instead I was always Humor's henchman. I only learned to find relief by sweeping that air under the carpet. But, just like dust bunnies, it has grown over time and now it's a monstrous glob creeping around the living room.

Maybe I would have been better off had he not extinguished the flames every time I attempted to burn the house down. Maybe if he hadn't been there to help me hold up the facade someone would have actually helped repair the house. Even when I've barricaded him in the basement with the rest of my demons he's still there. Humor shimmers in the outlines of everything that crosses my gaze. He has forever manipulated my vision.

So, I've given-up. This time I left him the keys and told him to clean everything up. I told him to repair the foundation, extinguish the flames, use the right materials to patch the cracks, and keep the other demons at bay for as long as possible. I also asked him to consider inviting Content over from time to time.

To accompany the text a smashed model car, the same brand and make as my first car, was placed in the corner of the room. A hidden speaker plays an excerpt from the movie *Wise Blood*.

\*sirens wailing\*

I wasn't speedin', was I?

No. You wasn't speedin'.

Well, I was drivin' on the right side of the road.

Yes. You was on the right side of the road. That's right.

What'd you stop me for then?

I just don't like your face.

Well, I don't like yours either.

Where is your license?

I don't need a license.

No. I don't reckon you do need one.

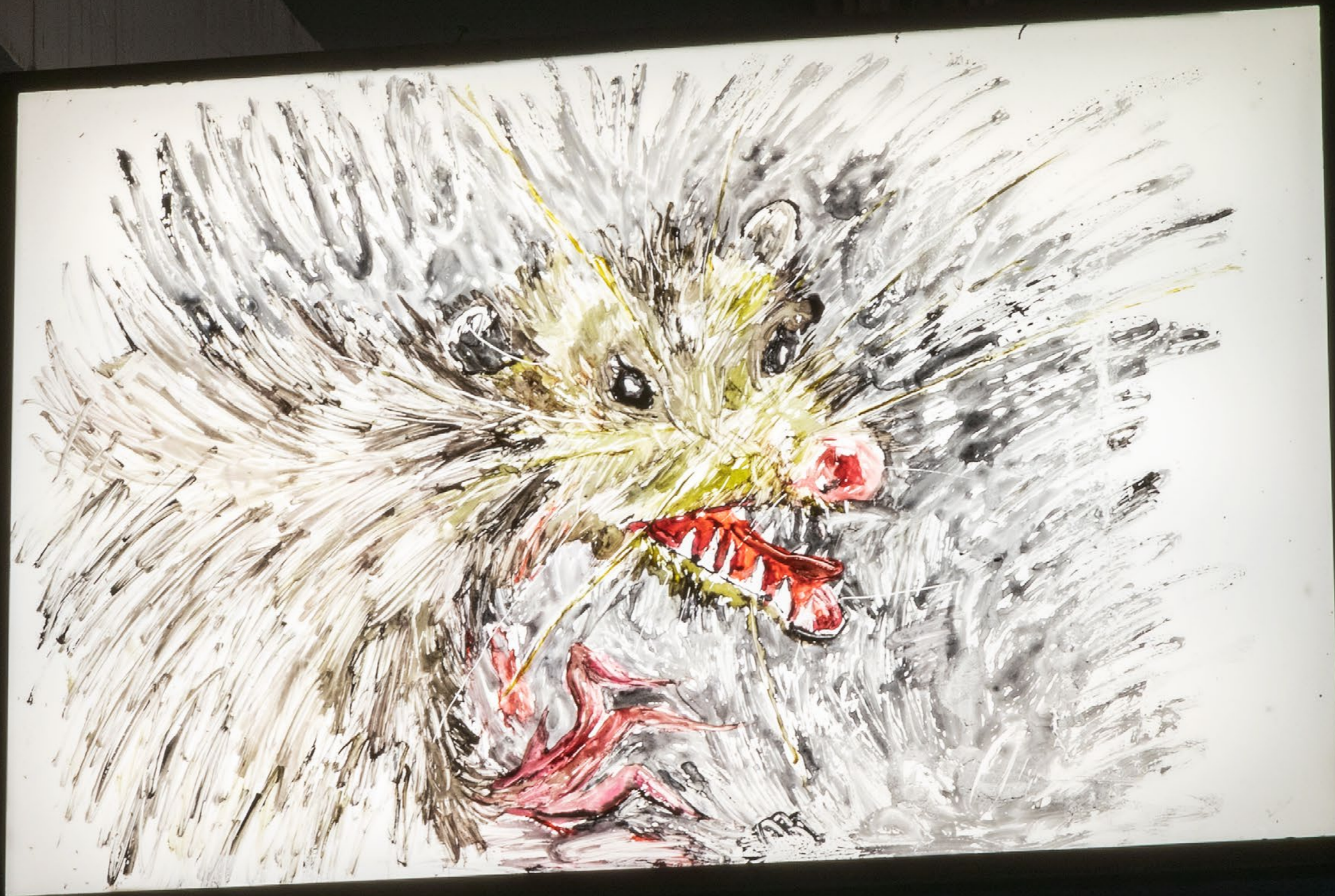
Well, I ain't not one if I do.

Look. Would you mind following me down the road just a little ways. There's a view I want to show you there. Prettiest view you ever did see. Follow me. I think you'd better get out. You'll see the view better if you were outside.

\*upbeat country music plays and stops as a loud crash is heard\*



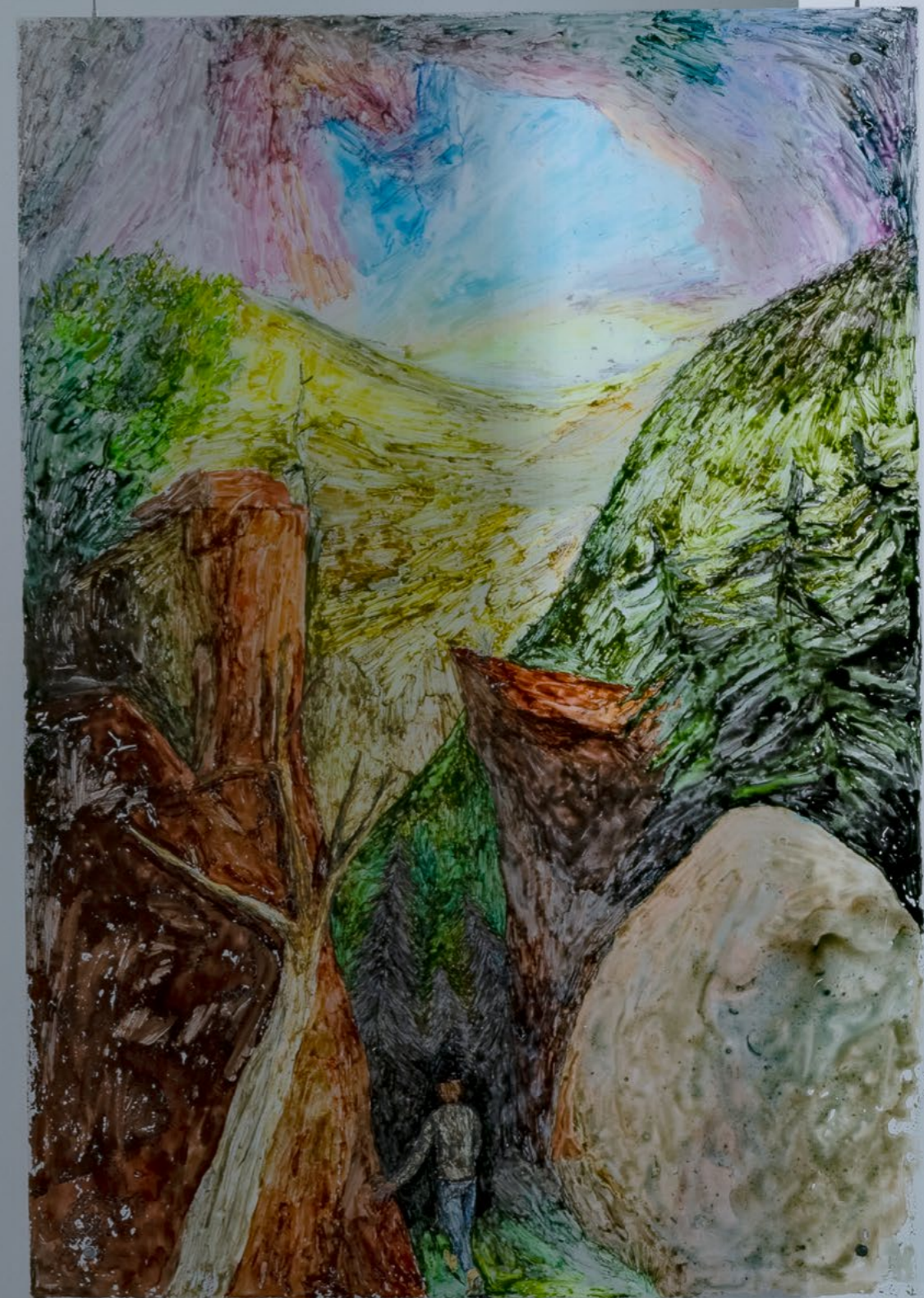
“One can’t have it both ways and both ways is the only way I want it.” 2019  
Wood, Plexiglass, Paper, Watercolor, Carpet, Bronze, Spray Paint, Epoxy, Mixed Feelings, Lights



Untitled (Neon Sign,) 2019  
Watercolor on Acetate Paper, Lightbox



Possum was opened when the sun went down and closed as the sun went up everyday. The deconstructed light boxes lite the store front vitrine. As soon as someone walked up to the window the light boxes would shut-off, rendering the space totally dark and illegible.



Pseudocide (After Thomas Cole's Mountain Sunrise, Catskills, 1826,) 2019  
Watercolor on Acetate Paper, Plexiglass, LED Light Sheet, Motion Sensor, Cables, Steel Wire, Hardware



Since I was young I found I had a natural disposition as a loophole hunter. I could spot them from a mile away and greatly enjoyed the chaos that ensued because of my exploitation of them- as all tricksters do. Lately I've been foraging for loopholes in The Forest of Swiss Art Fundings. To do this I started an off-space called Rheum Room. Maybe that isn't exactly right, maybe, "I lied about starting an off-space called Rheum Room..." is more accurate. It's hard to say because experienced loophole hunters tend to milk their loopholes so expertly that the loophole eventually begins to solidify into reality. I know this is all a bit confusing, so maybe it would help to hear the story of how my off-space came to be (or not be.)

From what I have been able to piece together Rheum Room was born around 4am in a bar sometime in September 2017. I was joking about the plethora of off-spaces to my friend and proposed I was starting one in my bed. I promptly went onto forget about this proposal and the rest of that morning. Then, several weeks later I attended an opening where she was exhibiting some of her sculptures. She exclaimed, "After this exhibit I'm delivering one to your off-space!" To which, I said, "What?" I had completely forgotten about our conversation that morning, but my

Loophole Hunters, 2018, edition of 200 zines  
This text was written and several loopholes were exploited for a show at Fri Art Kunsthalle.



Shooting Myself in the Foot (with Azurite Healing Crystal Toe Ring,) 2018  
Opposite Page- Shooting Myself in the Foot (with Unakite Healing Crystal Toe Ring,) 2018 (detail)  
A laser cut, steel outline of my foot attached to a field target. Then, repeatedly fired at with steel BBs.

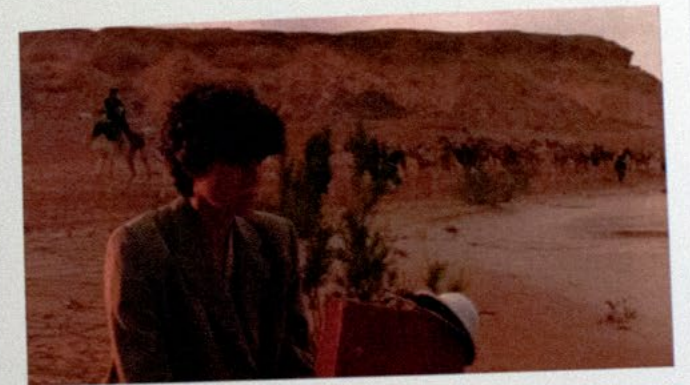
## Ways of Faking Your Life and Death



Maybe you're the first person in your family to get a masters- like myself. This doesn't particularly interest me. I'm way more amused imagining my parents attempting to brag to their co-workers about their daughter getting a Masters in Switzerland and being hit with the inevitable question, "What does she do?" Then, my parents, eyes downcast, sheepishly disclosing, "...she cleans a bar..." Even a step below her father, who at least cleaned an office and he didn't even have a Bachelors Diploma...

Really, getting this Masters was a way for me to get the fuck out of New York when my life was a mess. I can only equate it to Kit fleeing into the desert after Port dies of typhoid in *The Sheltering Sky*. This program was my Belqassim. Frankly, I've thought about doing it again. Dropping everything to run off and start over. When I was browsing through the dark web I came across something billed as a *Start Your New Life Pack*. I forget which countries it applied to, but you could get a new identity, passport, and visa to go start your new life for the small fee of £1500. This is even more appealing than those cute, little, ecstasy pills shaped like Patrick. As I was contemplating what my new name would be I stumbled across an article on the site LIFEHACK called *How To Disappear Completely and Start A New Life*. Truly, a great #lifehack. It didn't say much I hadn't already learned through Seth Price's *How To Disappear in America*- relocate to a different city or country, only use cash so your transactions can't be traced, cut off contact with everyone you know, establish a new identity (that part is particularly easy with the starter

pack)- the usual stuff. So, naturally I'm interested when there is a headline about Tupac Shakur being spotted in Somalia or someone claiming Andy Kaufman is living in New Mexico. It's a lot of effort to disappear and slip into a new life. The lease agreement on my current life came with some crazy clauses.



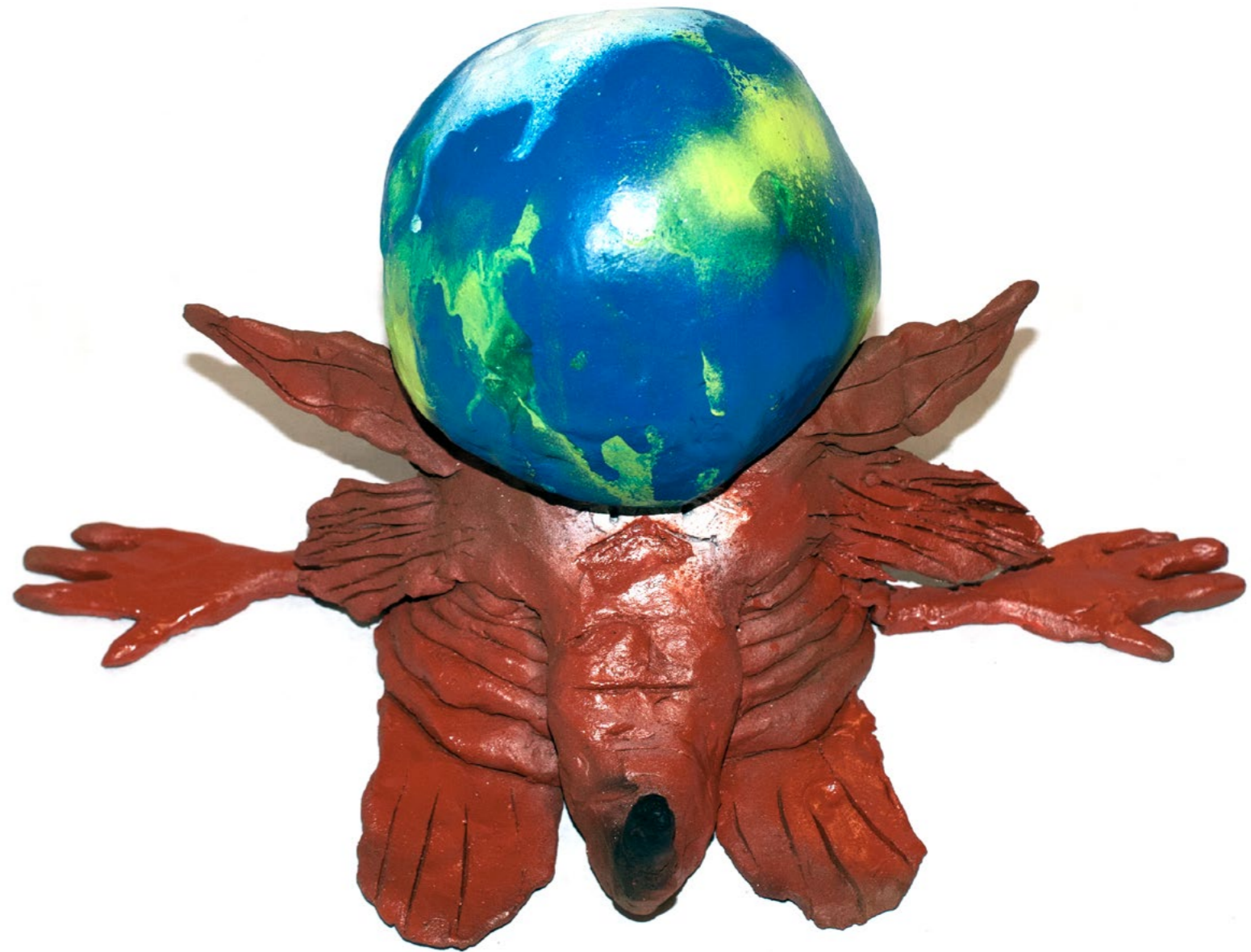
Still from *The Sheltering Sky*. Directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. (1990)

Ways of Faking Your Life and Death, 2018, Edition of 15

A short essay about buying an M.F.A. diploma off the dark web, J.S.G. Boggs, intrinsic value, my grandmother, Camus's *The Myth of Sisyphus*, Andy Kaufman, Mark Greif's *Anaesthetic Ideology*, and Phil Connors from the movie *Groundhog Day*.



Wile E. Coyote Regrets Killing the Road Runner (Pieta,) 2018  
Clay, Spray Paint, Resin



Wile E. Coyote Crushed By the Weight of the World, 2018  
Clay, Spray Paint, Resin, Gravity





Wile E. Coyote Makes A Line, 2018  
Clay, Spray Paint, Epoxy, Cocaine, Swiss ID Card, Book



Wile E. Coyote Desperately Searches for a Way Out of His Self-Destructive Behavior, 2018  
Clay, Spray Paint



Wile E. Coyote Wonders What Keeps Him Going (He just read Camus's *The Myth of Sisyphus*.) 2018  
Clay, Spray Paint, Glaze, Wire, Lamp Oil, Water, Wick, Fire



A young child with dark hair and bangs is sitting on a white surface, surrounded by colorful paint splatters. The child is wearing a white long-sleeved shirt with some paint spots and pink pants. They are holding a wooden stick and a bucket of blue paint. A paintbrush is lying on the floor next to them. The background is a white surface covered in red, yellow, and blue paint splatters and lines.

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