

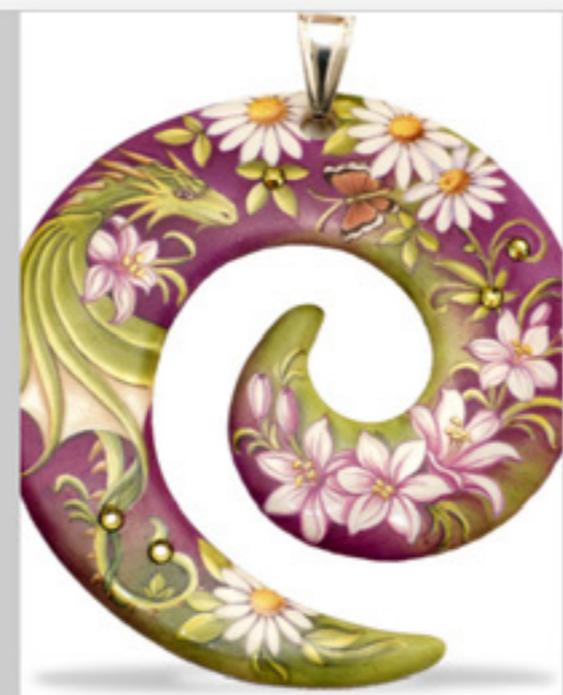
In 2014, while working on my master thesis, I made money by working for an e-commerce company and my job included indexing numerous Ebay items. One day I came accross an item that defined much of my childhood, a Polly Pocket toy. It reminded me of an exhibition I saw at the time and from that point on I started collecting images on Ebay that look like art. One year later I uploaded the entire collection on a blog.

Extra Ordinary Item

Tumblr Blog, 2015

is an ongoing collection (Tumblr blog) of Ebay items that incorporate an uncanny resemblance to contemporary art pieces. Blurring the line between mass production one-click shopping and deep artistic contemplation. Maybe even blurring the fine line between curation and blogging? What is digital curation? I used some of these ready-to-order readymades in two of my own exhibitions.

<http://extraordinaryitem.tumblr.com/>



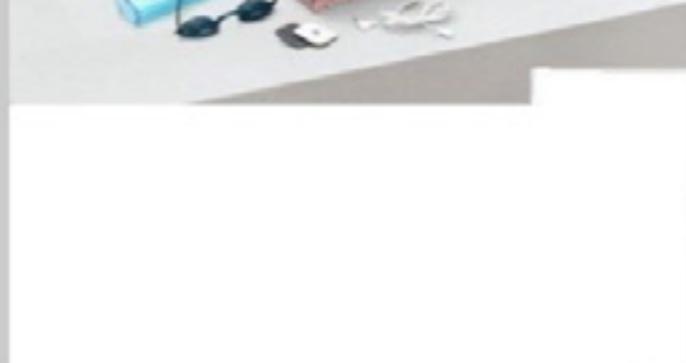
Extra Ordinary Item

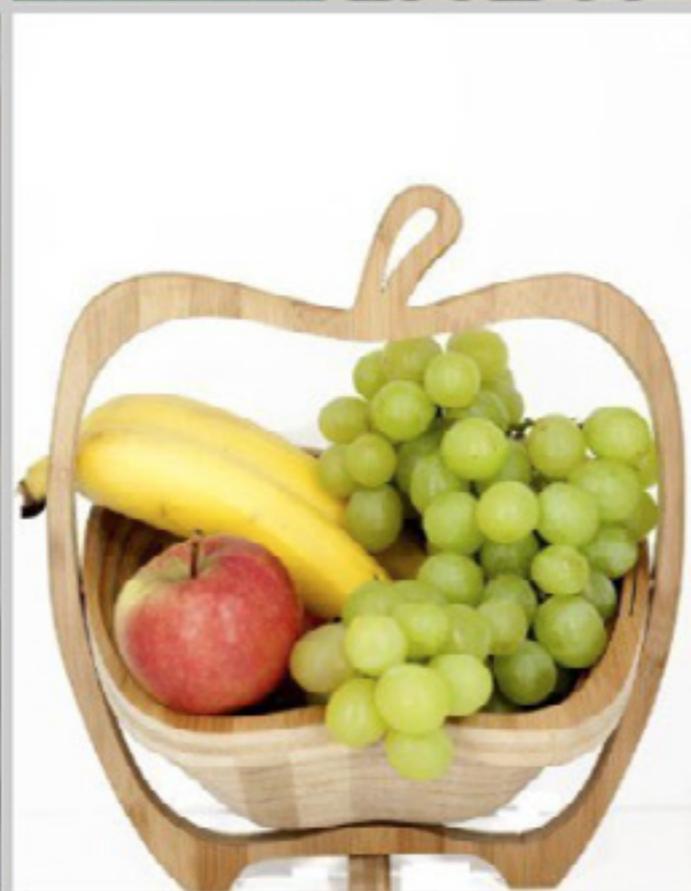
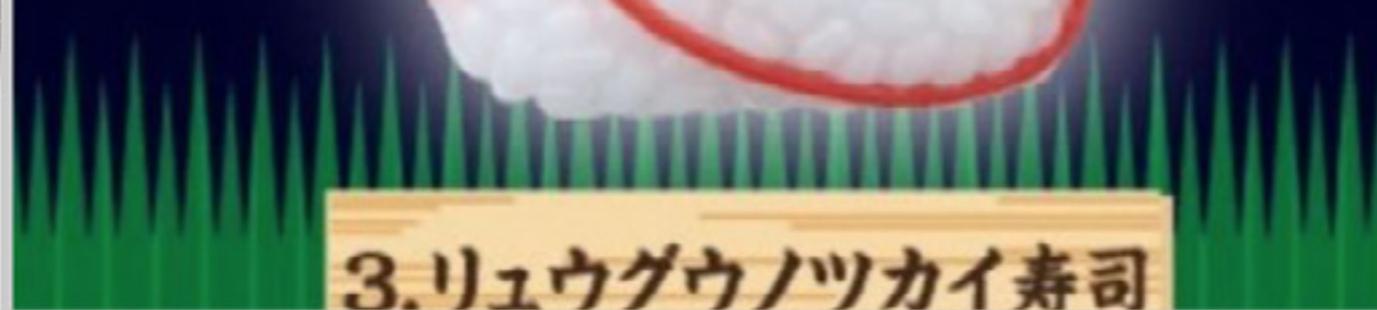
Affordable readymades for your last minute vernissage emergency touch-up

ORDER NOW

letter O

letter C





After purchasing a few of Polly Pocket toy homes and reading a lot of Foucault for my thesis, I tried to build ephemeral fantasy homes everywhere. Heterotopia on the internet.

Uville

Site Specific Installation,
Mixed Media, Video,
variable size, 2015

is my online blanket fort. I've used web banners, ad servers, other people's websites, blogs, videos to connect some of the places I like visiting on the www. This fort was built to last for one day. A few months later it was presented as a video documentation inside a tangible blanket fort. The idea was to create a website specific piece of performance art – Neuland art™; to open up a new perspective on internet topology by deconstructing the 2D screen environment of the www. I have suggestively christened it Uville, after AT&T's tagline 'You will', used on arguably the first web banner in 1994.

<http://uville.net/>









Heterotopia doesn't necessarily mean occupying a certain space, I thought.
So I imagined it in time.

Resort 2016

Instagram account, 2016

Lack of institutional space (gallery exposure), yet again didn't stop me from cultivating an online exhibition. Using Instagram as a resort for my artistic practice, each photo is treated as an art piece. Like any other Instagram user, I am curating my life and promoting my assets, in this case art.

It is up and running until 31 December 2016.

It is a personal diary, therefore it interweaves with my other works, as well with some more delicate moments in life.

Sometimes I invite other artists to participate as guests.

https://www.instagram.com/marijana_resort_2016/?hl=en



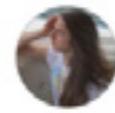
marijana_resort_2016



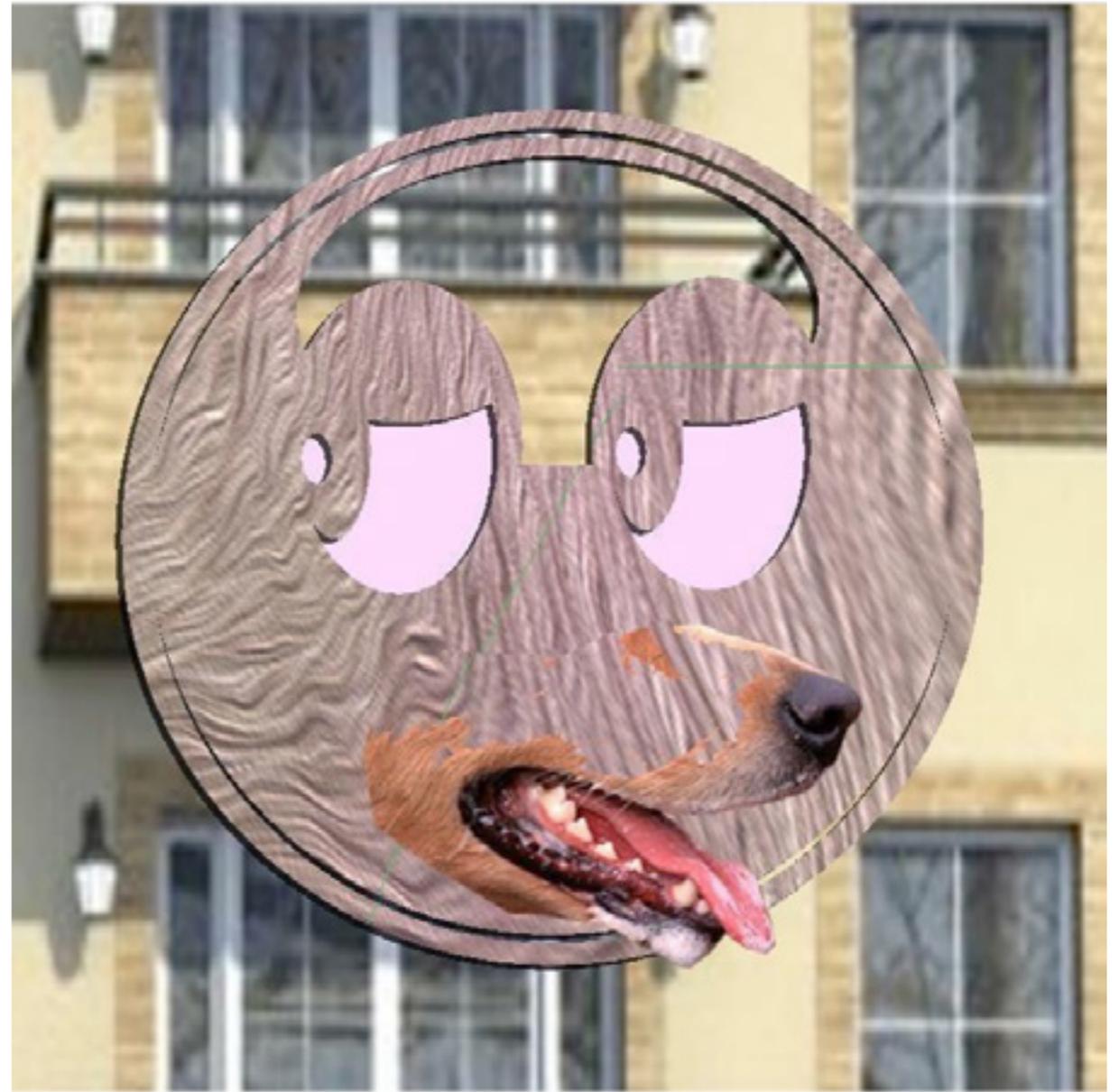
♥ bananasonthewindowsills, chang_park and 10 others

marijana_resort_2016 I spread like wirlus, 2016

9 AUGUST



marijana_resort_2016



♥ bananasonthewindowsills, liebedragana and 24 others

marijana_resort_2016 I wanted to give you life's sweetest things, like dogs and belgian waffles, 2016





marijana_resort_2016



♥ bananasonthewindowsills,
gertrudawasneverthere and 30 others
marijana_resort_2016 I'm stuck, 2016

8 OCTOBER



marijana_resort_2016



♥ bananasonthewindowsills, mariah_scary and 24
others

marijana_resort_2016 Postcard from Vivodina, 2016

15 AUGUST



Everything was on a screen, so I put the screen in an open room.

We belong together

Room Installation

(Textile Print, Hologram Stickers, Acrylic Paint, Digital Photographs)

3, 3 x 3 x 2,5 m, 2016

At the end of the day, most of us retreat to our beds and open our laptops. A symbol of home for the contemporary (wo)man, a place of intimacy and comfort.

In this room everyone is invited to sit on my mattress and see the exhibition, which takes place on the laptop in a form of a vacation photo album on the desktop. Visitors are welcome to explore the contents of my computer and spend their time in my room as they wish. Until it's not mine anymore, as it never was. The room itself is an illustration of a fable from the laptop, depicting a holistic dream I once dreamt.

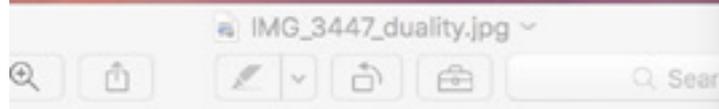
It was my desire to dissolve by exposing my most intimate side to the public – my laptop.

<http://galeriewedding.de/marijana-radovic/>









the walrus, the shell and the flower — Edited

06.06.2016

Last night in my dream there was a robust silver plate of plump ripe shells laid before me and I was gnawing on them like a tsunami. At times I had more than three in my big mouth. Their flesh was orange and I was chewing on it, crushing the shells and shedding the nacre dust all over. At some point I wondered 'what am I doing and why am i doing it??' The answer flashed back at me as a reflection on a tray, in places where there was no more food left.

My own reflection was a walrus. I remember thinking "What is this animal doing in my mind?, but still continued eating away the orangey flesh.

I looked at the pile of empty shells, it was approx 2 meters high and I thought 'Ok, it's still 2 meters o'clock'. Although I thought 'alright, alright, alright', a silent kind of panic started crawling in and swelling up like a wall of thick wet skin. I swelled up and turned inside out (or outside in?), it felt like waking up in a dream. This was an end of a walrus being a walrus.

THEN a gigantic butterfly flew by and thought it saw a FLOWER! You know how in a dream you get to switch perspectives? So now I am a butterfly. Or maybe a person in an airplane? Or a speck of dust flying by? A splash of sea foam on the wind maybe? How would I know, anyway? I was flying as anything else that flies, might as well been a wedding drone.

There I saw a fleshy flower on the ground. I saw myself inside out, but I felt a body - a decaying, digested body, hard and still.

The butterfly on a plane told me that I was a pearl in a shell within an inside-out walrus (or a splatter of sea foam felt me as a pearl in a flesh flower)...?!

But I knew I was a pearl because the outside was a misty fleshy rosé world. All I knew was what was not me, so it must have been soft and blue, like the sea.

....

I was sedimenting there, layering the hours on my body, hardening, hard and inpenetrable.

'Patience will free me.....', I thought. Time takes patience. I wanted to make the time flow faster, so I tried to do it by pretending that I AM time, and time is a perl eaten by a bird, or washed ashore on sea foam, rolling over sand grains, moving somewhere. But moving, that was important. I started growing bigger and bigger, pressing against the thick skin of a walrus.

And then I woke up, but I thought that I died? Everything felt warm and white, then yellow and finally orange to red, and I was Marijana again. I made some oat meal and tea. Wrote down a dream on my laptop. Bis morgen!

