

ružica  
šimunović

## svijest u/o nesvjesnom:

o čemu sanja  
kata mijatović?

## consciousness in/about the unconscious:

what does kata  
mijatović dream  
about?

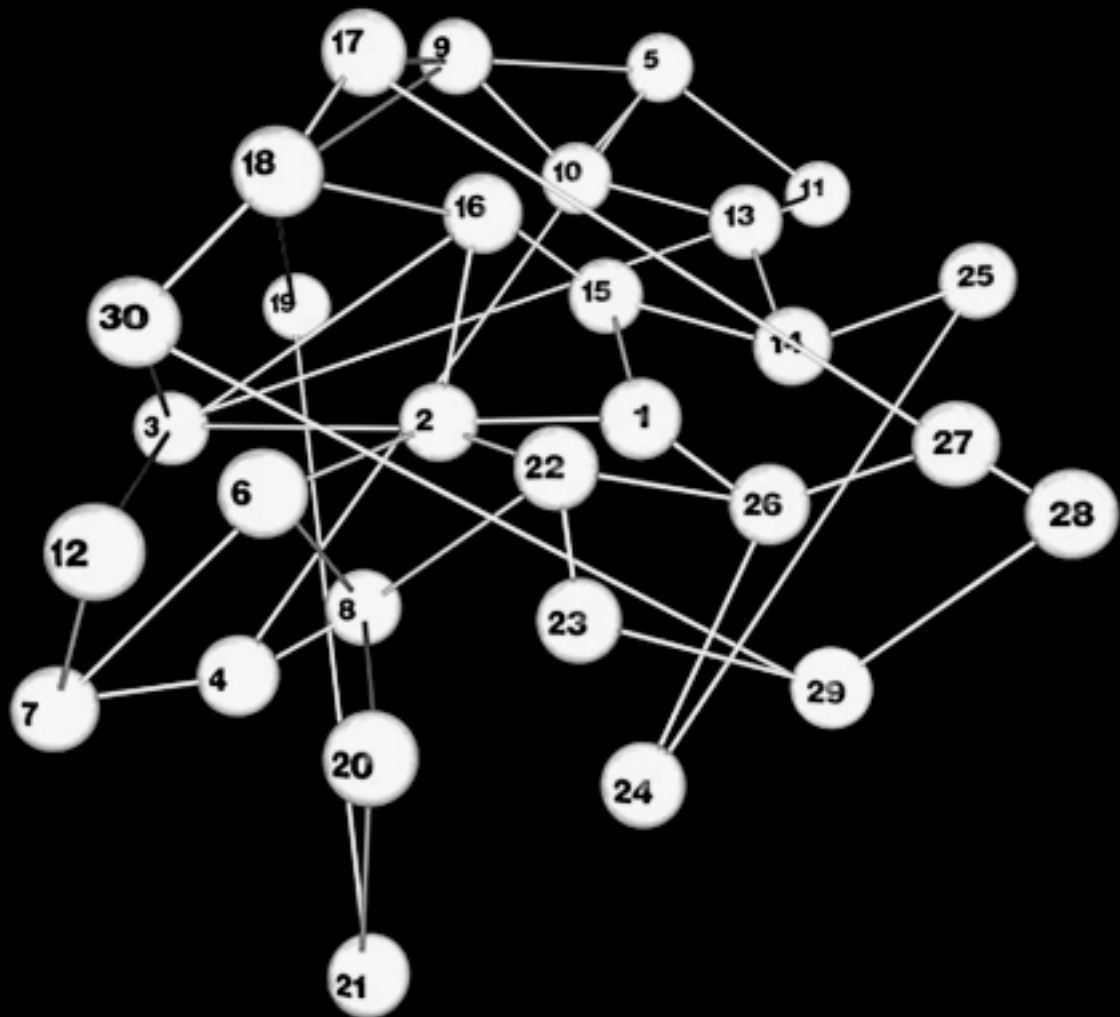
▼ Svijest o prividu cjelovitosti subjekta unutar sebe samog i arhitektonike svijeta kojoj se, paradoksalno, opire pokušaj uspostave identiteta kroz njegovo beskonačno umnažanje, kronični je simptom suvremenosti. Korijeni, kako prosuđuje Renata Salecl, traumatiziranosti autoritetima koji nisu dorasli svojem simboličkom statusu, u srazu su mantranog, vješto upakiranog zahtjeva za samostvaranjem i ciničnom pre/poznavanju nemogućnosti toga ostvarenja. Tjeskobu su produbili šokovi AIDS-a, neriješeno naslijeđe kolonijalizma i totalitarizma, zbrka globalizacije, obećanja ekstatičnog poništenja patnje u kiber-prostoru ili nada poništenja svijesti mutacijom u vlastitog klona. Krizu su do shizofrenog vrhunca doveli ratovi, da li izravno kao što je bio slučaj kod nas ili posredno, agresivnim urušavanjem "mira" Zapada valovima emigranata i izbjeglica. U Hrvatskoj je rat ostavio, doslovno i metaforički, tjelesno osakaćenog i psihički mučenog pojedinca. On pouzdano osjeća da ne može dobiti, kako je primijetila Julia Kristeva, osvrćući se u jednom razgovoru na situaciju na Balkanu, minimum koji bi mu dopustio da nastavi živjeti a da nije toliko izložen mentalnom i fizičkom iscrpljenju kao posljedici socijalne i ekonomske nesigurnosti. Iako u radu Kate Mijatović na prvi pogled opažamo upravo inicijacijsku neurozu potrebe uravnoteženja unutarnjeg i vanjskog bića, svijesti i podsvijesti, ili preciznije, nesvjesnog, propitivanje osobnog nije moguće iščitavati izvan iskustva takve društvene zbilje.

"Sačinjen sam od materije svojih snova", zapisao je Gaston Bachelard. Kata Mijatović u *web*-radu *Mreža snova* - ([www.miroslav-kraljevic.hr/dreams](http://www.miroslav-kraljevic.hr/dreams)) (2001.), u kojem kombinira kratke opise svojih snova iz 1991. i fotografije koje njezin životni partner Zoran Pavelić snima u posljednjih deset godina, kaže to isto. Prikazi oranice, otvorenog kišobrana u praznoj sobi, uredno složeneog kreveta, nisu ispražnjeni od dojma napuštenosti, taloga nostalgije i melankolije, ali tek kada s ekrana polako nestaju u crnilo iz kojeg izranjaju riječi opisa sna, priča doista postaje mreža fragmenata umjetnička subjektiviteta. Već sam naziv u kojem se spominje "mreža", a to prati i *web*-dizajn Ivana Kraljevića - rad naime otvara shema nalik molekularnoj strukturi, krugovi s ispisi-ma od 1 do 30, koliko je i snova te linije koje ih povezuju - sugeriraju navigaciju bez određenog početka i kraja. Štoviše, nakon određenog vremena praćenje postaje više uvjetovano unutarnjom logikom rada nego

● The awareness of the illusionary wholeness of the subject within itself and of the architectonics of the world is a chronic symptom of contemporaneity, paradoxically resisted by an attempt to form an identity by endlessly multiplying it. According to Renata Salecl, the roots of being traumatized by the authorities that are not up to their symbolic status are in collision with the mantra of the skillfully packaged demand for self-realization, as well with the cynical recognition that this demand is impossible. This anxiety has been deepened by the upsets of AIDS, the unsolved legacy of colonialism and totalitarianism, the globalization confusion, the promises of ecstatic cancellation of suffering in cyberspace, or the hope of annulment of consciousness by mutating into one's own clone. The crisis schizophrenically culminated in wars, either in a direct way, as is the case here, or indirectly, by aggressive waves of emigrants and refugees who threaten the Western "peace" to collapse. In Croatia, the war left physically maimed and mentally tortured individuals, both literally and metaphorically. As Julia Kristeva noted, commenting the Balkans situation in a conversation, they definitely feel that they cannot get the minimum that would allow them to continue living without being exposed to such mental and physical exhaustion as a consequence of social and economic uncertainty. Although in the work of Kata Mijatović we immediately notice the very initiation neurosis of the urgency to balance one's internal and external beings, one's conscious and subconscious, or more precisely, unconscious, it is not possible to read the questioning of the personal while neglecting the experience of such social reality.

"I am made up of the matter of my dreams", wrote Gaston Bachelard. Kata Mijatović says the same thing in her *Web-work Dream Net* ([www.miroslav-kraljevic.hr/dreams](http://www.miroslav-kraljevic.hr/dreams)) (2001), in which she combines short descriptions of her dreams from 1991 with photographs which her partner Zoran Pavelić has been taking during the last ten years. Plowed fields, an umbrella in an empty room, a tidy bed; these scenes are not devoid of a sense of rejection, a residue of nostalgia, and of melancholy, but only when they slowly fade out from the screen into a blackness from which emerge words that describe a dream, the story really becomes a web of fragments of the artist's subjectivity. The title itself, which contains the word "web",

1, 3, 4. K. Mijatović, *Mreža snova / Dream Net*, 2001.



ljestve sići dolje riješiti problem voda rijeka razgovor otok more  
kuhinja vlasnica gazdarica glava sanjam u snu duša prolaz perje  
izlaz perje ležim pokušavam upaliti svjetlo u staroj kući mama  
ugljen snijeg Kneževo u dvorištu dijete dječak grad

što možemo kontrolirati i usmjeravati odabir. Poniremo sve dublje u tokove, pitanje je, vlastite ili umjetničke podsvijesti. Kada Rosalind E. Krauss analizira ulogu i značenje mreže u umjetnosti ona lucidno zapaža kako je njezina nelinearna struktura, iz pozicije strukturalističkog proučavanja kulture nalik onoj mita ili, ako je riječ o psihoanalizi, strukturi podsvjesnog. Kata Mijatović, rekli smo, i nazivom rada i dizajnom, ali i odabirom vizualnog materijala - kada, primjerice, preko inačice mreže, prozora, priziva naslijeđe romantizma - usvaja oboje. Po Kraussovoj, mjesto rekonstrukcije bitka, prozor je u jednom od snova zatvoren, preko njega je navučena zavjesa. Za razliku od tog prizora u kojem je kamera znakovito usmjerena iz sobe prema prozoru, na drugom mjestu vidimo umjetnicu kako stoji na otvorenom, a, iza nje, polovicu su kadra zapremili prozori zgrade, otvoreni i zatvoreni. U jednom od snova prozor pak otvara mutni pogled na kuhinju i nije slučajno što uz taj prizor stoji tekst u kojem se spominje majka. Osobna mitologija i podsvijest se prepliću.



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*Sjedim u kubinji, u staroj kući, tu je mama, stoji kraj štednjaka i gleda kroz prozor. Vani je noć, nebo je udaljeno i puno zvijezda. Prilazim prozoru i vidim dvije zvijezde kako padaju, kažem glasno da sada treba zaželjeti jednu želju (sigurna sam da će se ispuniti ono što sam zaželjela), u isti mah spazim da se na nebu otvara rupa, crna na zagasito plavoj pozadini noći. U strahu pomislim da je to učinila jedna od tih zvijezda, ali prizor se lagano mijenja i ja razabirem da to što gledam nije noćno nebo, već improvizirano drveno pročelje, kulisa s rupom u sredini.*

Kada govori o stanjima krize i fragmentaciji - i umjetnika i estetskog objekta - Julia Kristeva tvrdi kako se za govor o umjetničkom radu kao iskazu tih stanja moramo pozvati na iskustvo analize. Freudovo shvaćanje podsvijesti kao našeg pakla, zaključuje Kristeva, presudno je za poimanje neodvojivosti krize i ljudskog bića. Kata Mijatović projekt smješta na skliskoj granici susreta podsvjesnog i svjesnog, kao preokrenutom rukavicom poigrava se mogućnošću poistovjećenja nelogičnosti sna i proživljene svakodnevnice. A ona je, ispričana kroz san, tmurna i neizvjesna, i za razliku od sna ne pretpostavlja olakšanje buđenja. Čini se da je putovanje labirintima sna koliko grčevito prebiranje po zapretanim predjelima svijesti podjednako i komentar noćne more stvarnosti. Upravo stoga *Mreža snova* nije posvema hermetična, u njoj je

followed by the Web design by Ivan Kraljević - the work is initiated by a scheme resembling a molecular structure, circles numbered 1 to 30, which is the number of the dreams, and of the lines connecting them - suggests a navigation without a definite beginning or end. Moreover, after a while, tracking the work becomes more conditioned by the internal logic of the work than we could control and make our choices. We delve deeper and deeper into streams of subconsciousness, and we don't know if it is the artist's or ours. When Rosalind E. Krauss analyzes the role and the meaning of the notion of web in art, she lucidly notes how its nonlinear structure, from the structuralist viewpoint resembles a mythical one, or, if we talk about psychoanalysis, it resembles the structure of the subconscious. As we have already said, Kata Mijatović appropriates both viewpoints, by choosing the title of the work, and choosing her visual material - for instance, when she invokes the legacy of romanticism using a version of a web, a window. The window - locus of the reconstitution of the being, according to Krauss - is closed in one of the dreams; a curtain is drawn over it. Contrary to this scene, in which the camera is characteristically aimed from the room to the window, in the second scene we see the artist standing in the open, and behind her, windows, both open and shut, filling half the cadre. In one of the dreams, a window offers a dim view of the kitchen, and this scene is labeled by a text containing a maternal reference, which is not insignificant. Personal mythology and the subconscious intertwine.

*I sit in the kitchen, in the old house; my mama is here, standing by the stove and watching through the window. It is dark outside; the sky is far away and full of stars. I approach the window and I see two stars falling, I loudly say that now one should make a wish (I am sure that my wish will be fulfilled), and at the same moment I notice a hole opening in the sky, black on the dark blue background of the sky. In fear, it comes to my mind that one of the stars did it, but the scene slowly changes and I understand that what I see is not night sky, but an improvised wooden façade, a screen with a hole in the middle.*

When she speaks about the states of crisis and fragmentation - both of the artist and of the esthetic object - Julia Kristeva asserts that, to talk about artistic work as an expression of these states, we must invoke the experience of psychoanalysis. Freud's



umreženo i kolektivno sjećanje u kojem je svatko pozvan na prepoznavanje vlastitih, sad psihološki sad socijalno uvjetovanih, razina svijesti.

Takvu je nakanu Kata Mijatović transparentnije provela u projektu *Izabrani snovi* (2002.) koji je predstavila kroz tri odvojene cjeline. U zagrebačkom klubu *Močvara* izvela je performans u kojem, zatvorena u kavezu, sjedi na ljestvama i s publikom promatra projekciju tekstova i fotografija iz *Izabranih snova*. Ali, dok *Mrežu snova* isključivo temelji na vlastitim snovima, sada su to zapisani snovi i privatni fotoportreti Ivana

conception of the unconscious as our hell, Kristeva concludes, is crucial to the notion that the crisis cannot be separated from the human being. Kata Mijatović locates her project on the vague border between the conscious and the unconscious; as with an inverted glove, she plays with possibility to equate the illogicalities of dreams with the experienced everyday life. And the everyday, narrated thorough a dream, is gloomy and uncertain, and contrary to dreams, it does not imply the relief of waking up. It seems that the journey thorough the labyrinths of dreams is a frantic browsing

Kožarića, Marijana Crtalića, Ksenije Turčić, Vlaste Žanić ...

*Sanjala sam da susrećem jednog prijatelja, slikara, koji je nedugo prije toga poginuo (Fruk). Srela sam ga na plaži iz Felinijeve Dolce Vite. Iznenadena što ga vidim, srdačno sam ga pozdravila i upitala kako je tamo. Odgovorio mi je da je dobro. Nekako nezadovoljna odgovorom, pitala sam dalje; "Pa što radiš, jel' slikaš?". Rekao je da slika i da je sve vrlo slično kao "kod nas". Jedina razlika je u tome što ne postoji sistem vrijednosti. Sama sam sebi objašnjavala, tada i mnogo puta poslije - dakle, ne postoji dobro-loše, gore-dolje, lijepo-ružno, crno-bijelo, pa ni plavo, crveno ... itd.*

Doživljaj produbljuje Gershwinov *Summer Time* u izvedbama Elle Fitzgerald, Janis Joplin. Druga izvedba *Izabranih snova*, u Hannoveru, također je odmak od Ja prema Drugom. Osvijetljena reflektorom, umjetnica je na sceni čitala snove svojih prijatelja, a simultana prevoditeljica sjedila u tami pozornice na ljestvama i tekstove govorila na njemačkom. Na pamet i opet pada Bachelard - "Vid kazuje suviše stvari odjednom. Bitak ne vidi sebe. Možda on sebe sluša." Snovi su, dakle, bili i izgovarani, glazbu, koja je za Katu Mijatović što za Prousta *madeleine*, sada zamjenjuju glasovi, a time se njihovo značenje i recepcija umnažaju; kroz doživljaje dviju boja i ritmičnosti glasa, prekide, ispreplitanje nekima poznatog nekima nepoznatog jezika i naravno prisutnost umjetnice i prevoditeljice kao katalizatora ili smetnje prijemu.

Prošlog ljeta na Urbanom festivalu u Zagrebu Kata Mijatović je, pak, lijepila ispis *Izabranih snova* na tramvajske postaje i izloge knjižara. Tom su prigodom, kaže, slučajni prolaznici odljepljivali i odlazili s tek izloženim tekstovima. Što opet otvara nova pitanja; u najmanju ruku ona koja će izravno provocirati pretpostavke o tomu kako Kata Mijatović i kada govori o sebi, govori o Drugom, odnosno kako nikad ne prestaje njezino promišljanje izvanjskog u kojem ona/Drugi obitava. Na taj način dolazi do sve iskrivljenije percepcije privatnog i javnog unutar rada, on se, uvijek s određene udaljenosti i prikriveno, reaktivira i kao kritički manifest stvarnosti. U slučaju izlaska s *Izabranim snovima* na ulicu, može se, primjerice, spekulirati o tomu je li javnost doista postala senzibilizirana za umjetnost, je li na djelu tek potrošačka ideologija prihvaćanja svega ponuđenog i konačno koliko je uopće interpretiranje jednog ili drugog zanimljivo umjetnici. Intrigira li je koliki su pročitali, a

the tangled areas of consciousness, as well as a comment of the nightmarish reality. This is precisely why *Dream Net* is not completely hermetic; a collective memory is woven into it, in which everyone is invited to recognize one's own levels of consciousness, conditioned psychologically and socially.

Kata Mijatović realized this purpose most transparently in her project *Selected Dreams* (2002), which she presented in three separated units. In *Močvara* club in Zagreb, she presented a performance in which she was sitting on a ladder, inside a cage, and together with the audience she was watching the projection of the texts and photographs from *Selected Dreams*. But, while she based the *Dream Net* exclusively on her own dreams, now it is about recorded dreams and private photo-portraits of Ivan Kožarić, Marijan Crtalić, Ksenija Turčić, Vlasta Žanić...

*I dreamt about meeting a painter, a friend of mine who had died not long before (Fruk). I met him on the beach from Fellini's DOLCE VITA. Surprised to see him, I greeted him cordially and asked him how it was over there. He answered it was fine. Somehow unhappy with the answer, I continued to ask: "Well, what do you do, do you paint?" He said he did paint and that everything was somehow similar to "down there". The only difference was that there were no systems of values. I explained this to myself, then and many times after that - so, there is no good and bad, up and down, beautiful and ugly, black and white, nor blue and red... etc.*

The experience was deepened by Gershwin's *Summer Time*, sung by Ella Fitzgerald and Janis Joplin. The second presentation of *Selected Dreams*, in Hannover, is a shift from the Self to the Other. Lit by a spotlight, the artist was reading the dreams of her friends, and the translator was sitting in the dark part of the stage, translating the text into German. Again, Bachelard comes to mind - "Vision tells too many things at once. The being does not see itself. Maybe it listens to itself." Therefore, the dreams were spoken, and the music, which is for Kata Mijatović what is *madeleine* for Proust, was replaced by voices, thus multiplying their meaning and reception - through experiencing the two colors, the rhythm of the voices, intertwining the two languages that not everyone in the audience understood, and, of course, thorough the presence of the author and the translator, acting either as catalysts or as hindrances for the reception.

At the Urban festival in Zagreb last



kamoli odlučili zadržati papir koji nudi san, a ne poziv na protest ili vježbe joge?

Katu Mijatović komunikacija zanima, s nesvjesnim, inzistira, treba svjesno surađivati jer ono nikad ne laže. *Web-rad Mreža snova* nastao je u suradnji s galerijom Miroslav Kraljević na osnovu instalacije *K+Z* (2001) predstavljene u Galeriji umjetnina u Slavenskom Brodu, gdje je istovremeno izlagao i Zoran Pavelić. Umjetničini rukom ispisani tekstovi na prozirnoj najlonskoj foliji bili su položeni po tlu i zidovima dok su gornji dijelovi stupova dvorišta bili obojeni bijelo, a donji crno, aludirajući tako na dvojnost yinga i yanga, zemlje i neba, noći i dana, sna i jave. A sretna se slučajnost - najljepše što se dogodilo, otkrila je Kata Mijatović u razgovoru sa Željkom Jermanom, bila je kišica koja je počela padati po "mojim snovima" - pokazala kao znak da bi doista, san mogao biti stanje budnosti za razliku od umrtvljene jave. Upravo sukladno praksi devedesetih koja se velikim dijelom oslanja na feminističku umjetnost Susan Hiller, Annete Messenger ili Marthe Rosler, ali deziluzionirano odbija politički rakurs, Kata Mijatović je prvenstveno okrenuta samoispitivanju. Svjesna nerazrješivosti pokušaja, ona preko traganja za izvornim fragmentima osobnosti teži artikulirati barem dio istine o biću u krizi. Kao što smo istaknuli, rad Kate Mijatović nije gluho nerazumijevanje socijalnog konteksta u kojem nastaje. U projektu *Pri-vremeni smještaj* (2002.) koji je za *Muzej suvremene umjetnosti* ostvarila sa Zoranom Pavelićem, ona se možda najizravnije dosad dotaknula teme rata, izbjeglištva i svakodnevnice u kojoj je umjetnik bačen na marginu bez mogućnosti da živi od svojega stvaranja. Međutim, podstanarstvo na koje su ona i njezin partner osuđeni ili iskustvo izbjeglištva njihovih obitelji, umjetnica i opet podastire iz sebi svojstvenog poetičkog rakursa. U tom prigodom ostvarenom videoradu *Forsithya* nadahnuće nalazi u grmu plavog cvijeta u dvorištu iznajmljenog stana. Vidimo ju kako pokušava ući u njega, dvadesetak se puta zalijeće i svaki put u trenutku zaleta nestaje. Je li doista pokušaj ulaska/useljenja u bajkoviti svijet uspio ili njezini stalni pokušaji i nestanci sugeriraju da je takva želja tek iluzija? Istovremeno nastaje i *web-rad Posjet* ([www.katamijatovic.mi2.hr](http://www.katamijatovic.mi2.hr)) gdje se pak nudi ulazak u Pavelićev i njezin te domove još trinaestero prijatelja - Marije i Zlatka Kopljar, Tomislava Gotovca, Markite Franuljić i Borisa Cvjetanovića, Branke Stipančić i Mladena

summer, Kata Mijatović was putting the prints of *Selected Dreams* on tram stations and bookstore windows. On this occasion, she says, passers-by were taking the texts that had just been exhibited and leaving with them. This poses some new questions, which will, at the least, directly provoke suppositions that, when Kata Mijatović speaks about herself, she speaks about the Other, that is, that she never stops to contemplate the outside where she/Other resides. In this way, the perception of private and public work is being distorted; it is being reactivated also as a critical manifesto of reality, but always from a distance and only provisionally. For example, speaking about presenting *Selected Dreams* on the street, one could speculate about whether the public really became sensible for art, or is it only consumer ideology of accepting everything that is offered, and finally, is the artist herself interested in these interpretations at all. Is she intrigued by how many people have read, let alone decided to keep a paper offering them a dream, and not an invitation to a demonstration or to join a yoga class?

Kata Mijatović is interested in communication; she insists that one should consciously cooperate with the unconscious, because it never lies. The *Dream Net* originated in cooperation with Miroslav Kraljević Gallery, based on *K+Z* installation (2001), presented in Galerija umjetnina in Slavenski Brod, where Zoran Pavelić had his exhibition simultaneously. The artist's texts, handwritten on a transparency, were laid out on the floor and on the walls, while the upper parts of columns in the backyard were painted white, and the lower, black, thus alluding to the binarity of yin and yang, earth and sky, night and day, dream and wake. A happy coincidence - the best that happened, Kata Mijatović revealed in a conversation with Željko Jerman, was that rain began to sprinkle "my dreams" - was a sign that dreaming could actually be a state of awareness, contrary to the desensitized state of wake. In accordance to the practice in the 90s, which largely leans on the feminist art of Susan Hiller, Annette Messenger or Martha Rosler, but Kata Mijatović, disillusioned and rejecting any political angle, is primarily oriented towards self-examination. Aware that the attempt was impossible, she searches for the primal fragments of the self, aiming to articulate at least a part of the truth about being in crisis. As we have already pointed out, works by Kata

6. K. Mijatović, *Nisam svjesna / I am not Conscious*, 2000.

7. K. Mijatović, *Ugljen iz podsvjesti / Coal from the Subconscious*, 1999.

Stilinovića, Marijana Molnara. A među njima i Georga Trakla čija je pjesnička veličina, shizofreno okončana u kokainskom snu na početku klaonice Prvog svjetskog rata, stalno nadahnuće Kate Mijatović.

U zapisanim tekstovima na *web*-radu *Mreža snova* drugačijom bojom ispisa naglašavaju se određene riječi - ugljen, uski prolaz, pero, svijetlo, snijeg, prašina, noć - ili pak - ležim, sjedim, vidim. Umjetnica sistematizira, stvara listu osobnog vokabulara koju je započela još nizom prijašnjih projekata među kojima je i instalacija *Traklov život* (1997). Postavljen u zagrebačkoj *Galeriji Nova* bio je temeljen na tri elementa - na jednom zidu ovisana crna kartonska kutija, na drugom bijela košulja i, na tlu galerije, krug od soli s čašom vode u sredini, zatvorili su trokut. Korišteni materijali, kaže umjetnica, u stvari su opredmećene riječi. Kako opisuje, crni tuš kojim je obojila kutiju, za nju je šutnja, prekid ispraznog brbljanja o ratu i politici. Sol i čaša vode simboliziraju žudnju, žed za šutnjom koju poistovjećuje s poezijom. Svjesno se nespvesnom može približiti jedino jezikom poezije, smatra Kata Mijatović.

*Kada padne večer, otac postade starac; u tami odaja lice se matere skameni, a dječak očuti kako ga tišti prokletstvo izopačenog roda. Ponekad bi se spominjao svojega djetinjstva u kojem je bilo mnogo bolesti, užasa i mraka, potajnih igara u vrtu zvjezdanom, ili kako je branio štakore u sumračnom dvorištu. Iz modrog zrcala izlazila je vitka spodoba sestre i on se kao mrtav*

Mijatović are not deaf to the social context in which they originate. In *Temporary Accommodation* (2002), a project that she realized with Zoran Pavelić for the Museum of Contemporary Art, she touched the theme of war, perhaps in the most direct way, as well as refugees, and everyday life in which artists are marginalized and deprived of possibilities to make a living by doing their work. However, the tenant status that she and her partner are bound to endure, or the experience of refugee status of their families, are themes that the artist presents from her peculiar poetic angle. In *Forsythia* video, realized in this occasion, she finds inspiration in the blue flower in the back garden of a rented apartment. We see her trying to enter, she starts toward it twenty-odd times, and every time she disappears in a dash of it. Did the attempt to enter/move into the apartment succeed, or her constant efforts and vanishings suggest that such a wish is only an illusion? At the same time, the Web work *Visit* ([www.katamijatovic.mi2.hr](http://www.katamijatovic.mi2.hr)), offers to enter her and Pavelić's home, and the homes of thirteen of their friends - Marija and Zlatko Kopljar, Tomislav Gotovac, Markita Franulić and Boris Cvjetanović, Branka Stipančić and Mladen Stilinović, Marijan Molnar, etc. Among them is Georg Trakl, whose poetic greatness, which ended in a schizophrenic cocaine-induced dream at the onset of World War I, is a permanent inspiration for Kata Mijatović.

In the texts within the *Dream Net*, certain words are emphasized by color-coding - coal, narrow passage, feather, light, snow, dust, night - or, otherwise - I am lying, I am sitting, I am seeing. The artist systematizes, she makes a list of her personal vocabulary that she started in a series of earlier projects; among them was *The Life of Trakl* installation (1997). Presented in Zagreb *Nova* gallery, it was based on three elements forming a triangle - a black cardboard box on one wall, a white shirt on the other, and on the floor, a circle of salt with a glass of water in the center. The materials used, as the artist herself says, are actually embodied words. As she describes, the black ink she used to color the box means silence to her, a cessation of empty talk about war and politics. The salt and the glass of water symbolize desire, a thirst for silence that she equals with poetry. Kata Mijatović argues that the conscious can approach the unconscious only in the language of poetry.



survao u tminu. Poput rujnog voća, usta mu se noću raspuknula, a zvijezde bi zablistale iznad njegove nijeme žalosti. Njegovi snovi ispunjavali su starinsku kuću preda. U predvečerje rado je lutao zapuštenim grobljem, ili bi razgledao leševu u sumračnoj mrtvačnici, zelene mrlje raspadanja na njihovim lijepim rukama. Na vratima samostana zaprosio je komadić kruha; sjena vrapca iskrсну iz tame i prestraši ga. Kad bi ležao u svojoj prokladnoj postelji, oblijevali ga neizrecive suze. Ali nikoga nije bilo tko bi mu stavio ruku na čelo.

Trakl nije izdržao prokletstvo istjeranih iz Raja, rekla je Kata Mijatović, objašnjavajući izložbu *Pripreme* (1998.) za zagrebački Muzej suvremene umjetnosti. Ona se, sa osmišljenih šest instalacija, nadovezala upravo na *Traklov život* i raniju *Žudnju* (1996.) predstavljenu u dubrovačkoj galeriji Otok. Već je u toj instalaciji - sastojala se od velikog kvadrata crnim tušem premazanog novinskog papira i na njega položenog kruga od soli - zasićena politikom kao jedinom temom koja se provlačila kroz medije i razgovore, čvrsto stupila na teren tišine, jedini prihvatljivi prostor odmaka od izravnog, neučinkovitog sudjelovanja. U *Pripremi*, slažući instalacije od same bjeline perja, platna, soli, stakla i vode, umjetnica među zaglušno šaputanje opredmećenih riječi odjednom unosi, kao snažni kontrapunkt, toplinu drveta. Trezvena suzdržanost jednih materijala tako je slomljena jakom emocionalnom upadicom, sjećanjem na djetinjstvo kada je "djed predivno slagao cijepana drva".

Rječnik osobnih riječi sačinjen od snova/sjećanja Kata Mijatović materijalizira i u projektima na koje se nadovezuju *Mreža snova* i *Ispisani snovi*. Jednim svojim snom iz 1989. inspiriranu instalaciju *Ugljen iz podsvijesti* (1999.), koja se sastojala od kaveza i unutar njega hrpe ugljena s izokrenutim tačkama na vrhu, postavila je na otvorenom, uz zagrebački Studentski centar. Kavez, korišten poslije u performansima *Nisam svjesna* (2000.) i *Pomaku* (2002.), označava stvarnost, ili kako umjetnica kaže, svijest. "Željela sam da izgleda kao da sam zaista sišla u rudnik-podsvijest, od tamo iznijela tri tone ugljena na svijetlo dana i zatorila ga u kavez - svijest", zapisuje. I u toj instalaciji, odnosno performansima, Kata Mijatović manipulira odnosima toplo-hladno, svijest-podsvijest. Racionalnost svijesti prikriveno, ali strastveno, tka ljubavlju, težnjom za pripadnošću, domom, što prepoznajemo sad kroz uporabu cvijeta i drveta, sad ugljena, vatre. Na sceni je Freud.

*When the night fell, Father became an old man; in the gloomy house, Mother's face hardened, and the boy felt the damnation of a depraved family. Sometimes he would reminisce about his childhood, in which there were many illnesses, horrors and darkness, secret games in the starry garden, and feeding rats in the gloomy backyard. The slim figure of his sister would get out of the blue mirror and he would collapse into the darkness, as if he were dead. His mouth would pop like a red fruit, and the stars would shine over his silent sorrow. His dreams filled the ancient house of the ancestors. At dusk, he would wander on a neglected graveyard, or watch the corpses in a gloomy mortuary, green patches of decay on their beautiful hands. At the gates of a convent, he asked for a piece of bread; a shadow of a sparrow appeared from the darkness and startled him. When he was lying in his cold bed, he wept unutterable tears. But there were nobody to put a hand on his forehead.*

Trakl did not endure the damnation of the exiled form Eden, said Kata Mijatović, explaining her exhibition entitled *Preparations* (1998) for Zagreb Museum of Contemporary Art. With its six installations, it was a continuation of *The Life of Trakl* and of earlier *Desire* (1996), presented in Dubrovnik Otok gallery. In this installation - it consisted of a large square, painted in black ink on a newspaper, and of a circle made of salt - the artist, annoyed with politics, had already stepped on the territory of silence, the only acceptable space of distance from direct, ineffective participation. In *Preparations*, assembling the installations from the whiteness of feathers, canvas, salt, glass, and water, the artist suddenly puts the warmth of wood within the loud whisper of the embodied words, as a powerful counterpoint. In this way, the sober discretion of the materials is broken by a strong emotional incursion, a remembrance of childhood, when "Grandpa was beautifully arranging chopped wood".

In her projects before *Dream Net* and *Written Dreams*, Kata Mijatović also materializes her personal vocabulary, made from dreams/remembrances. Her installation *Coal from the subconscious* (1999), inspired by a dream from 1989, which consisted of a cage and a heap of coal inside it, with a handcart in upside-down position on top of it, she presented in the open, near the Zagreb Student Center. The cage, which was to be used again in performances *I am not Conscious* (2000) and *Shift* (2002), signifies reality, or as the artist says, the consciousness. "I wanted it to look as I really descended to the



*Das Kind an seinem Bette steht, ihn an Arme fast, und ihm vorwurfsvoll zuraunt: Vater, siehst du denn nicht, dass ich verbrenne?*

Kao nastavak *Ugljena iz podsvijesti* umjetnica će na ambijentalnoj instalaciji *Povratak iz nespvesnog* (1999.) u zagrebačkoj Galeriji Miroslav Kraljević čežnju za produbljenjem iskustva poniranja u nespvesno obremeniti novim riječima - materijalizacijama kao što su plavi lonac u koji je spustila škaru i napunila ga vodom te, također natopljena vodom, tkanina njezine izrezane odjeće izložena kao niz (slikarskih) platna. I ondje je, kao i u većini ostalih projekata, uključen i osjet sluha - do promatrača dopire zvuk pljuskanja vode. Kako bi dalje istražila temu započetu *Ugljenom iz podsvijesti*, otvorila nova vrata nespvesnog, Kata Mijatović se vraća u SC i izvodi *Nisam svjesna* - zatvorena u kavezu, sjedi za stolom prekrivenim bijelim stolnjakom, a plavi lonac, što ga je već rabila, stavlja preko glave. Gotovo bolna potreba da shvati, čuje i osjeti ne prestaje progoniti pa će u performansu *Pomak* izvedenom u Zadru nijemo stajati pokraj istog onog stola iz prethodnog performansa i promatrati njegovu video projekciju. Osjećaj slatko-gorke nostalgije osigurala je izvedba *Sara l'Aurora* Erosa Ramazzotija - Doći će jutro/postoji nada/sve će se promijeniti/samo treba vjerovati/.

A performans *Kako je u nespvesnom?* (1999.) koji je izvela sa Zoranom Pavelićem u zagrebačkoj galeriji Gradska umjesto da bude potkrijepljen snom nadahnut je sjećanjem na djetinjstvo. No, uspijevamo li razlučiti između jednog i drugog?

*U dvorištu kuće moje bake u Branjini, blizu ulazne kapije, uz zadržalu žičanu ogradu, koju su s druge strane žice nadvisivali trava i korov, nalazio se stari, uski bunar obrastao mahovinom. Nije bio natkriven, a voda se iz njega vadila limenim vedrom za čiju je ručku bio zavezan dugački konop. Vedro je stajalo na ciglenu podnožju bunara, a slobodni kraj konopa visio je prebačen preko žičane ograde. Uz pomoć konopa vedro se spuštalo u bunar. Najprije bi se čuo mukli udarac o vodenu površinu, zatim pljusak i potom bi se vedro lagano okretalo u vodi sve dok se ne bi napunilo. Ruke bi osjetile otpor i povlačile konop van, a voda iz vedra prelijevala bi se po mahovini sudarajući se sa skliskim zelenim zidovima bunara. Na rubu otvora, s unutarnje strane zida, urastao je između cigala grm divlje ruže, čiji su cvjetovi uvijek bili mokri od vode. Kad bi ih okrnulo vedro ili ljudska ruka, moglo se vidjeti bijele cvjetove i zelene nazubljene listove kako se miču*

mineshaft of the subconscious, dug out three tons of coal and put it in a cage - the conscious", she writes. In this installation, and in the performances, Kata Mijatović also deals with oppositions of warm-cold and consciousness-subconsciousness. She impregnates the rationality of consciousness with love, a yearning for home, which we recognize in her materials: flowers, wood, coal, fire. Freud is on the scene.

*Das das Kind an seinem Bette steht, ihn an Arme fast, und ihm vorwurfsvoll zuraunt: Vater, siehst du denn nicht, dass ich verbrenne?*

As a sequel to *Coal from the subconscious*, in ambient installation *Back from the Unconscious* (1999) in Zagreb Miroslav Kraljević Gallery, the artist added new word-materializations to the longing to dive into the unconscious: she put scissors into a blue pot and filled it with water, and she presented the fabric of her cut-out clothes, also infused with water, as a series of canvases. As in the most of her other projects, the sense of hearing plays a part, too - the viewer hears water splashing. To further examine the theme she treated in *Coal from the subconscious*, to open the door of the unconscious, Kata Mijatović returns to SC and performs *I am not conscious* - in a closed cage, she sits at a table covered with a white tablecloth, with the blue pot, which she had used before, on her head. Her persevering urge to understand, to hear and to feel is almost painful; in her performance *Shift*, presented in Zadar, she silently stands beside the very same table and watches its video projection. *Sara l'Aurora*, a song by Eros Ramazzotti, provides the sense of sweet and sour nostalgia - Morning will come / there is a hope / everything will change / you only have to believe/.

*How it is in the Unconscious?* (1999), a performance she presented with Zoran Pavelić in Zagreb Gradska Gallery is not based on a dream, but is inspired by memories from childhood. But, do we manage to tell the one from the other?

*In the backyard of my grandmother's house in Branjina, near the entrance gate, beside the rusty wire fence, grass and weed on the other side, there was an old, narrow well, covered with moss. It had no covering, and one would get water from it using a tin bucket, hanging at the end of a long rope. The bucket rested on a brick surface, and the free end of the rope hung over the wire fence. You would drop the bucket in the well using the rope. First you would hear a thump on the surface of the water, then a splash, and then you would slowly rotate the bucket until it was full. Your*

*u tamnom vodenom zrcalu. Ljeto smo često znali iz bunara izvlačiti vedra puna vode po čijoj su površini plivale latice divljih ruža.*

Svijest da smo zauvijek izgubili sigurnost djetinjstva, a još pojačana gubitkom doma, šokantni je rez pupčane vrpce sa samim sobom, spoznaja, kako kaže Boltanski, da u svima nama leži mrtvo dijete. Kada Kata Mijatović za performans instalira stol s kruhom, čašom i tanjurom, krevet, zrcalo i monokromna platna, ona još jednom pita "tko sam?", mjeri propusnost granica sjećanja i sna. Njihovo preklapanje mutira u halucinantnu izvedbu, teatar apsurdna koji u stvarnom prostoru i vremenu neartikulirano muca ne o sjećanju, nego doživljaju doživljaja sjećanja. Odjeveni u ronilačka odijela Kata Mijatović i Pavelić iz velikih plavih lonaca natapaju prostor i sve ondje izloženo vodom, pokušavajući uspostaviti prekinuti strujni krug između unutarnjeg i vanjskog, dijelova svijesti i podsvijesti koji bi mogli potvrditi subjekt. Kao i u ostalim svojim radovima umjetnica odgađa pomiriti rascijepljeni identitet. Svjesna je neuspjeha pokušaja. Pojavljivanjem u ronilačkom odijelu, na što poziva i svog partnera/Drugog, ona do iscrpljenja, na makabralno komičan način vodi ritualnu igru bez odgovora. Štoviše, kao što u drugim radovima, primjerice, stavlja lonac preko glave, sjedi anonimno među gledateljima, okrenuta leđima promatra svoj rad, a i kada osvijetljena reflektorom čita, ona čita tuđe snove i pretpostavka je da pročitano hannoverska publika nije razumjela, tako i sada maskirana, javno vodi intiman razgovor s osobnom prošalošću i traumom odvajanja od nevinosti koju je, nada se, moguće naći u nesvjesnom. Upravo taktikom stalnog izmicanja, Kata Mijatović nenasilno, na isti taj čin navodi i gledatelja. Prepuštanjem saznajemo više o nama samima nego što nam je to umjetnica ikad rekla o sebi. ▼

*hands would feel the weight and start pulling the rope, and the bucket would bump into the slippery, green walls of the well and spill over some water, making the moss wet. On the edge of the opening, from the inner side, a wild rose bush was growing between the bricks, and its flowers were always wet. When the bucket or a human hand touched the flowers, you could see the white flowers and green serrated leaves moving in the dark water mirror. In summertime we often happened to draw buckets full of water with wild rose petals floating on its surface.*

The awareness that we have lost the protection of childhood forever, reinforced by losing one's home, amounts to cutting the umbilical cord connecting us with ourselves; a realization, as Boltanski says, that we all have a dead child lying inside us. When Kata Mijatović for her performance installs a table with slices of bread, a glass and a plate, as well as a bed, a mirror, and monochromatic canvases, she once again asks "who am I?", measuring the permeability of borders between remembrances and dreams. Their overlapping mutates into a hallucinatory performance, a theatre of the absurd that, in real time and space, inarticulately mumbles not about remembering, but about experiencing the experience of remembering. Dressed in diving suits, Kata Mijatović and Zoran Pavelić spill water from big blue pots on everything that is presented, trying to reestablish the broken circuit between the inside and the outside, between parts of consciousness and subconsciousness that might confirm the subject. As well as in her other works, the artist postpones the reconciliation of identity split. She is aware of the failure. Appearing in a diving suit, and inviting her partner to do the same, she in a comical way performs a ritual game without a solution, to the very exhaustion. Moreover, in the same way as in her other works - for instance, when she puts a pot on her head, or sits anonymously among the viewers, looking at her own work, or when she, under a spotlight, reads other people's dreams, presuming that the Hannover audience did not understand it - now she leads an intimate conversation with her own personal past and the trauma of separation from innocence that she hopes to find in the unconscious. Using the tactics of constant avoidance, Kata Mijatović nonviolently leads the viewer to do the same action. By letting go, we learn more about ourselves than the artist had ever told us about herself. ●

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