

*ARS CADO*

N.MAYA



N.MAYA  
THE ART OF FALLING



*SIR ISAAC*  
&  
*THE VANITY OF THE BODY,*  
*SPIRIT AND MIND*

MMXII

*Ad Manentibus Fera ad Cor, Obsante habens Cor Aliquando Fera*  
To staying wild at heart, despite having a heart that sometimes goes wild

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Axiom, or laws of motion

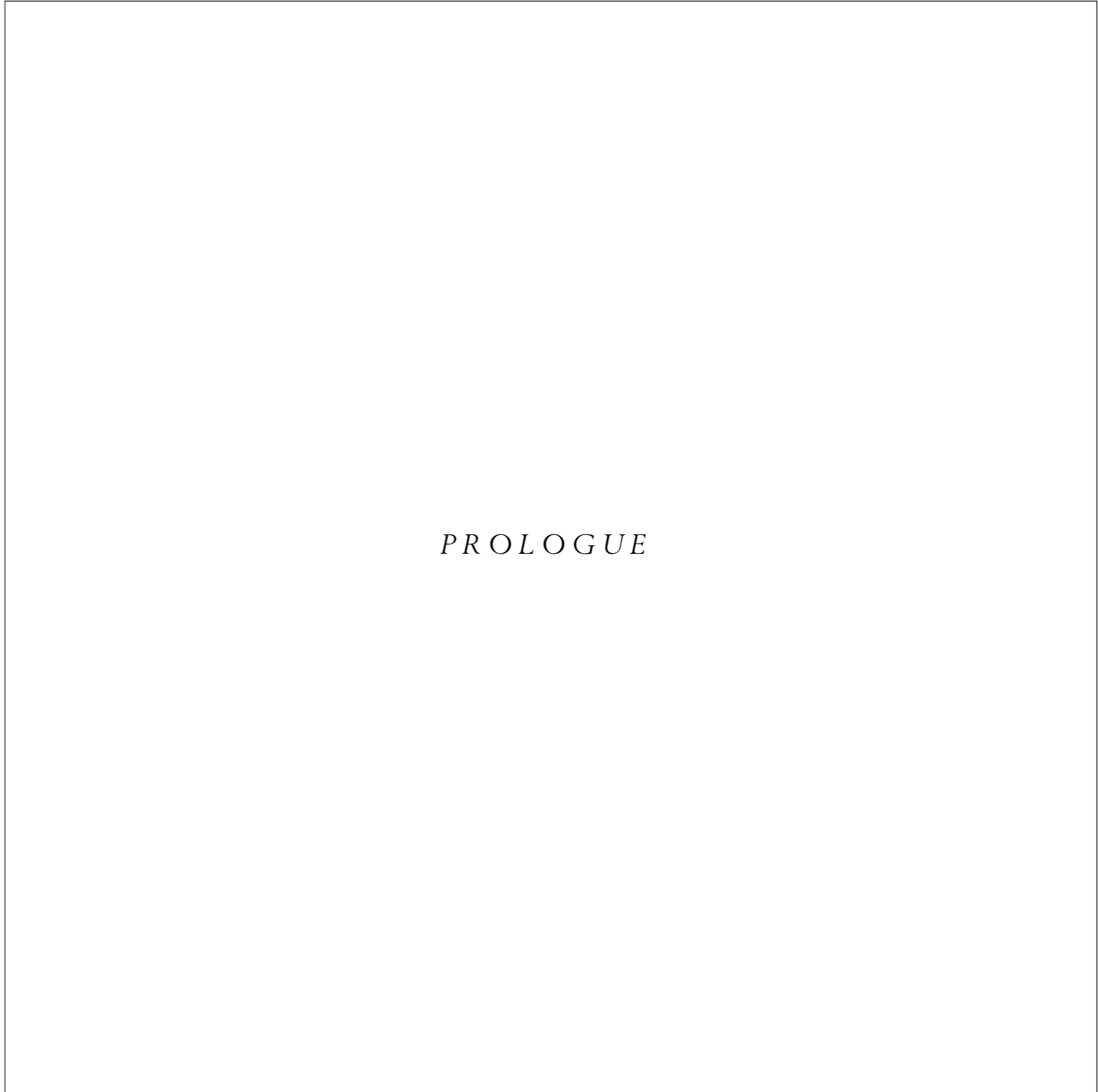
*DE MOTU CORPORUM*

On the motion of bodies

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*Axiomata Sive Leges Motus*  
axiom, or laws of motion

*LEX I*

*corpus omne perseverare in stato suo quiescendi vel movendi uniformiter in directum,  
nisi quatenus a viribus impressis cogitur statum illum mutare*

LAW I

every body persists in its state of being, at rest or of moving uniformly straight forward,  
except insofar as it is compelled to change its state by force impressed

*L E X II*

*mutationem motus proportionalem esse vi motvici impressæ, et fieri  
secundum lineam rectam qua vis illa imprimitur*

LAW II

the alteration of motion is ever proportional to the motive force impressed, and is made  
in the direction of the right line in which that force is impressed

*L E X III*

*actioni contrariam semper et æqualem esse reactionem:  
sive corporum duorum actiones in se mutuo semper esse æquales et in partes contrarias dirigi*

LAW III

to every action there is always an equal and opposite reaction: or the forces of two bodies on each  
other are always equal and are directed in opposite directions

*DE MOTU CORPORUM*  
On the Motion of Bodies

*Et tunc saltasset Sir Isaac et, nos saltasset et risit simul in a nent quod videbatur ad aeternitas.*

*Clausisti oculos meos, sicut et subito emissus veni armis saltationem gravitatis*

And then we danced Sir Isaac and I,  
we danced and laughed together in a spin for what seemed to be an eternity.  
And as I closed my eyes and he suddenly let go,  
I found myself dancing in the arms of Gravity.

I live to move.

In all directions.

Movement is, inevitable.

The movement of thought, of the body and the spirit. In the rhythm of communication - through the arts, the spoken language or the written word. I get moved by the people I get to meet, hopefully moving them back in return. Moving forward in humanity as a species, and ultimately, we are constantly traveling, rocketing forward, twisting and turning on this peculiar planet called Earth.

In the end, perhaps we were all born as dancers, as kinetic astronauts if you may, choreographing our lives trying to create order out of what seems to be chaos. We all enter that stage more or less nervously, anticipating that we will get through at least half of that program that we have rehearsed so meticulously, and set ourselves up to preform, wishing it to be well received. And we perform in such array of styles, too. There is the ballet, jazzdance, streetdance, folkdance, icedance, tapdance, uglydance. Name it and we've got it dance. It usually takes a lifetime to get all the moves right.

I have spent most of mine getting all of them wrong.

Ultimately, I celebrate that.

I move to live.

I.

*UNUM*  
One

2011 . 02 . 18

SELF - PORTRAIT . UNTITLED

MALMÖ . SVECIA . MMXI



II.

*DUO*  
Two

2011 . 02 . 25

SELF - PORTRAIT . UNTITLED

MALMÖ . SVECIA . MMXI



III.

*TRES*  
Three

2011 . 02 . 02

SELF - PORTRAIT . UNTITLED

MALMÖ . SVECIA . MMXI



# IV.

*QUATTUOR*  
Four

2011 . 03 . 12

SELF - PORTRAIT . UNTITLED

MALMÖ . SVECIA . MMXI



V.

QUINQUE  
Five

2011 . 01 . 10

SELF - PORTRAIT . UNTITLED

MALMÖ . SVECIA . MMXI



**VI.**

*SEX*  
Six

2011 . 05 . 18

SELF - PORTRAIT . UNTITLED

MALMÖ . SVECIA . MMXI



VII.

*SEPTEM*

Seven

2011 . 05 . 03

SELF - PORTRAIT . UNTITLED

MALMÖ . SVECIA . MMXI



VIII.

OCTO  
Eight

2011 . 04 . 20

SELF - PORTRAIT . UNTITLED

MALMÖ . SVECIA . MMXI



IX.

*NOVEM*  
Nine

2011 . 06 . 15

SELF - PORTRAIT . UNTITLED

MALMÖ . SVECIA . MMXI



**X.**

*DECEM*

Ten

2011 . 06 . 24

SELF - PORTRAIT . UNTITLED

MALMÖ . SVECIA . MMXI



*EPILOGUE*

I. Appendix

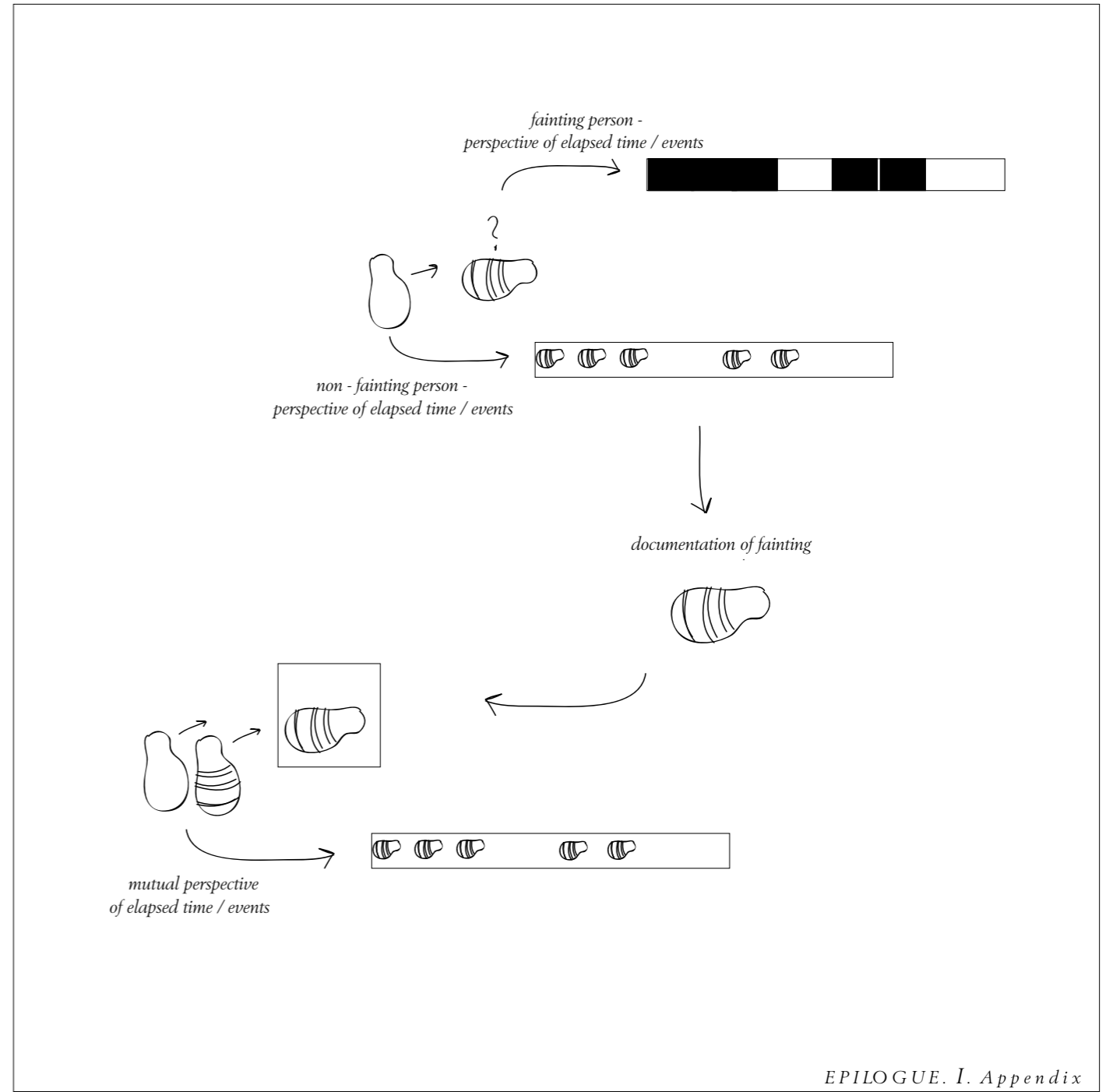
*I'm not un-choreographed, I'm rhythmically challenged*

Ever since the age of 16, I have been dancing at my very own pace - that of sudden loss of heartbeat. At first, the fainting spells were bearable, spaced with long intervals of incidence, enabling me to lead a rather normal life. It was not until my mid-twenties that the frequency increased dramatically, at times confining me to the realm of my apartment for days and sometimes weeks, keeping me isolated from the rest of the world. A lost beat is never recovered, just as energy can neither be created nor destroyed. *The Heart was failing* – and in doing so, it was rendering me terribly offbeat in the midst of what seemed to be the height of my life. As a heart declines, its body and soul are soon destined to follow, due to the lack of that vanished momentum. Therefore, it was not so much the limitations of having a congenital heart disease that triggered the initiation of this project. It was the urge to know what happens in the space between the delayed heartbeats, in that silent darkness of freefalling. The desperate need to address those dense black holes of my mental universe, that seemed to be filled with tangible context in the eyes of any other beholder. I wanted to explore if I could bridge the gap between my conscious self and the echoes of the quilted artificial world provided by my unconscious mind upon every awakening. Ultimately, I was driven by wanting to create a stable point of departure in my quest to figure out where I would go from here both privately as a person, and professionally as a designer.

*Those mirrors in the dancing studio, they are there for a reason*

For long I felt quite uneasy about the fact that something so private and personal, was constantly being displayed rather publically only due to the fact that we happen to coexist. Merely having to rely on what other people had to say about the entire performance, just wouldn't be enough for me to feel that it was actually a part of my reality. To me, there were no referencepoints - hence no way to come any closer to acceptance, and furthermore, the sketchy, abstract components of my memory were not really contributing to the greater picture. It became evident that the process would have to incorporate some sort of surveillance, a documentation of what happens to me, at that exact point of fainting. Medically and mathematically, it had all already been explicitly put to me. But I needed something else, something beautiful. I needed the full picture. However, the question of whether I would be able to transform all those equations and ECGs into something that my heart could fully embrace aesthetically, remained.

(Process chart)

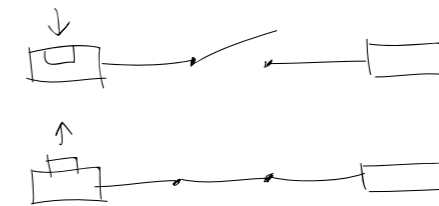


*Give me one moment in time*

Meanwhile, the choice to settle for photography, was almost instant, and considering the more modern types of media that nowadays circulate to our disposal, nothing really portrays a captured instant with such intensity, strength and freedom of interpretation. I wanted to create a gallery of self – portraits or fainting memoirs, serving as a wordless log of the events, and very soon I was faced with the predicament of having to document an arbitrary disease whose onset is announced with neither premonition nor warning. By using a camera that would enable me to control the shutter with a remote, and constructing a reversed device, that triggered the camera upon button release rather than button pressure, I could walk around in my carefully rigged livingroom (assigned as the main stage), with the control in my hand, patiently waiting for it to happen. Since I was aiming for a series of pictures spanning over a long period of time, the matter of continuity had to be considered. I incorporated a common denominator to emphasize structure and the sense of an infinite timeframe even further by assigning myself a “fainting outfit”. In the course of one year, I took 171 pictures . Out of these, only 10 managed to capture most of me freefalling to the ground unconscious.

*(Process chart for building reversed remote)*

SIGNAL PATH FOR REVERSED REMOTE



BUTTON CONTROLS RELAY, RELAY CONTROLS CAMERA



*CCCLXV / CLXXI, the aftermath*

There can be life despite no heartbeat. In fact, every moment in lack thereof, has been a celebration of its manifestation. My reincarnations have neither been prophetic in nature nor paramount to mankind, but they have been very crucial to me, bringing me closer to acceptance, dance by dance, flower by flower.

## II. Acknowledgements

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Hasselblad 500C / Carl Zeiss Planar 2.8/80mm

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