

When I walk slowly across the floor of the studio, I step with my ancestors. I step with outcasts, migrants and refugees. I step with artists, dancers and pilgrims. My foot trembles, unaccustomed to this labor. It is painted, made up in the guise of a sculpture. I step into *Tamil Man*, into the vision of Malvina Hoffman, who put her self-proclaimed capacity to see and identify true racial types to work in her monumental commission of the *Hall of the Races of Mankind* at the Field Museum of Chicago in the 1930s. I step out of the museum, out of the studio and into a pose as a living sculpture. On the banks of the river, I perform austerities. Trembling, I die and give birth to myself, every 29.97th of a second.

Karthik Pandian

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