

I don't know why, but I feed on you. Like a soldier under a spell, locked in on the task as a bloodhound to a scent. I *should* have no consciousness, only appetite. In a dream I was winged, abuzz. Was it mine or yours? I can't remember. I was not made to hold memories.

If you could look through me, you'll see that I am all guts and endless grinding. I can neither speak nor form words. I can't groan or mouth sounds. Yet I can burrow through open wounds and hardened scars. I can nibble on fat, tissue and gray matter. In this area, I am not picky. I carry on this task without prior knowledge of anatomy or biochemistry and yet I perform it with such ease and, dare I say, *virtuosity* that I may just have to conclude: this is what I've been born to do.

I pause for a beat to look up. What do I *see*? One, eight, a hundred more of me ravaging through this host like a macabre feast on hyper lapse. While it is beyond my skillset to doubt or feel shame, in my gut I get a sense that what I do is somewhat revolting. Perhaps, like most things that occur underground, in the darkest of places and away from unsoiled eyes, this is an affair best kept hidden. One may infer a kind of purpose and see my life's work as a vital step in a larger cycle, but can it ever pass for beauty?

It's been days and I've since grown weary of this protracted banquet, this week-long bender of endless gnawing and rumination. Breaking things down has broken me down and I am all spent, shell-shocked, defeated. Just allow me a little respite and let me sleep...

Then as if by strange magic, I wake-up renewed, light-footed, evolved even— yet by all accounts still appalling. This is the loop/trap that I, and countless more like me are bound to fly or crawl into and repeat. And as I am drawn to the next body, guided by the foulest of scents, the earth's private engine grinds on assuredly, with its casual, indiscriminate hum.

One of Indonesia's rising talents Syaiful Garibaldi (lives and works in Bandung, Indonesia) brings his keen insight into the world of the nearly invisible and microscopic in Limaciform, his first solo exhibition in the Philippines, co-presented by ROH Projects and Silverlens Galleries. For this new collection of works, he has set his sights on the lives of larvae and contemplates upon this organism's essential role in natural cycles and the perpetuation of life in general. Through a series of videos that shed light as to this creature's basic functions, a suite of large-scale, highly abstract paintings derived from overlaid glimpses of a larva's digestive track against human flesh and an array sculptural, handmade objects modeled after mostly unseen or reimagined parts of its anatomy, Garibaldi demonstrates how one may borrow from other fields like the ecological sciences, entomology and even forensics yet still produce poignant works that remain unmistakably grounded within the pursuits of contemporary art. Limaciform opens on Oct 26, 2017 at Silverlens Galleries, Makati City, Philippines.

__ GARY-ROSS PASTRANA