

Star Roof Restaurant
Dee Max & Wretched Worm

Meow presents a new exhibition of images and words from Wretched Worm and Dee MAX. The internet is a book that writes itself, that's all it is, it's simple. We do it in one shot every time, you know, it's easy, it's like breathing, it's like dying. Two young hustlers, riding through the night, from ancient grudge break to new mutiny, where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

Dee's painting shows a trisecting wave force in greens. It laps and ripples through the middle passage of her composition. It represents pure freedom and capital, a cycle of joy that has no beginning and no end. What at first seems like a heartbeat becomes quickly clear to have no relation to a body, this is death, the escape of ice. Around this verdigris pulse is organised a field of strokes, in a pinkish, humming orange. These marks do not quite cohere into a sensibility you might call artistic. They are more like evidence, of something left behind, crime or passion that devours. They look like the marks on the edge of a road inside a tunnel, they look like the waves in Dubai, another email from HSBC, the numbers are going up.

I follow Wretched Worm before I knew who he was, I read Wretched till I know what he meant. Now that I know but its all over, try and laugh but it's over. He has collected a poem and printed it on dog tags, what does a Worm want? It wants to live and it wants to thrive. Why is it Wretched? No Worm walks alone, but poetry cuts between you and I, moving deep beneath the soil and up above a war rages on.

The gallery is lost and we need to go home. Dee Max and Wretched Worm, painting and poetry, the buzzing in my ears as the drones close in. Whats next, music is coming. Vast fields of nylon.

- Calum Lockey