

Derosia

Contemporary Art Writing Daily, October 11, 2025

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Andy Meerow at Derosia



Probably the best thing you can say about Meerow's work is that it doesn't really fit anywhere. Which in that sense it's abject. A sort of non-thing. The image equivalent of goo that collects in the sink mesh. The only throughfare is the non-identity of it all. There's no signature Meerow work. It all denies each other, stylistically or production-wise or anyway. Why they feel accumulatory. The endless sense of having seen it before, but not in this way, the sieve collects hair, wilted spinach, feta, bits of wrapper, a boy's face, almost already digested. This is not the wanton soup of Brodmann or Brand (or the Picasso by Guston trend). This is real postmodern soup and disgusting. Look that one's leaking.