

April's Must-See Art Shows in NYC and Beyond

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I didn't see as many shows in March because this past month was more festive than most. I celebrated my birthday, two weddings, and a gala, while doubling up my work load, traveling back and forth across the country and winning my way through taxes. I've been so tired I've fallen asleep in cars and on the subway, jolting awake to the sound of doors opening and my friends' amused laughter. One morning, I'd actually dressed and headed downstairs for a walkthrough of an exhibition, before pausing at the door and realizing I was too exhausted to properly concentrate. I slept for an hour before getting up to teach another round of classes.

Balancing the correct portions of art and life is a central human dilemma. Keep your head down for too long and you end up a miserable crank; indulge in too much fantasy and you cut yourself off from any reality outside your own head. At either extreme, life becomes incredibly pointless and without a measure of grounding, so does art. In a recent column for [Artnet](#), Annie Armstrong wrote about the rise of "red chip" over "blue chip" art, or in other words, the increasing market dominance of [worthless trend-chasing garbage](#) over more traditional artists. I was struck by a quote from the art advisor, Amy Cappellazzo who described the collectors fueling this boom as being "heavily digital... because they live in an immaterial world... their own status creation and accomplishments are not material. So they're not really attracted to physical things."

In a way it is very timely. Visually noisy, attention-grabbing, completely immaterial trolling is the dominant style of social media and it's fitting that contemporary art reflect that. The impact that much of this slop has on the wider world is mostly limited to hurting your eyes and insulting your intelligence. Still, to see AI-generated kitsch almost immediately be put in service of [dehumanizing people](#) by the government is frankly remarkable to behold. Although it can be incredibly satisfying to [dish harassment back](#), these networks thrive on antagonism, trapping you in an obnoxious loop of response and reaction. If I sound defeatist, I don't mean to be. The lines between life and art, digital and IRL have never been more easily confused, and it takes an active effort to hold them in perspective. It's as important to see art as it is to get brunch, call your mother, buy flowers, run errands, clock in, clock out and go dancing. Like exercise, budgeting time to see art of any kind can be a chore, but it's worth it for the muscles it builds and the mental clarity it brings: of knowing the difference between burnout and growth.

- [Jeremy Glogan](#) - [Leanings](#) - Jenny's
 - Cult favorite gallery, Jenny's is back and freshly installed in Midtown with a new exhibition of paintings by Jeremy Glogan. Glogan's style is deflated, bug-eyed, and brilliant. He shows what it would look like if a canvas could get a bad case of the bends.