

Lolo's Gallery picks of the Month

Cars, whips, and landscapes, there's something for everyone! Five exhibitions I'm *prescribing* to all of you this month



CURATOR'S DIARY BY LOLITA CROS

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I need to figure out how to either write faster, or pick my Top 3 rather than 5, because by the time I'm done seeing all the shows and deciding which are my faves, there's only one week left for you all to see them.

So, *sorry 'bout that!* It's a work in progress...

Now, I'm no culture reporter, but I did notice somewhat of a common thread in [last month's](#) list (dystopian world, Surrealism, you know, the 2020s special), which I did find this time around. Either way, these exhibitions felt new, or refreshingly old with some fifty, sixty and seventy year old works in conversation with current pieces.

We love to see it! And let's hope you do too:

East Village

[Jacob Littlejohn: What the Thunder Said, at Karma Gallery](#)

Garment District

[dropping, dropping, at Rumpelstiltskin Gallery](#)

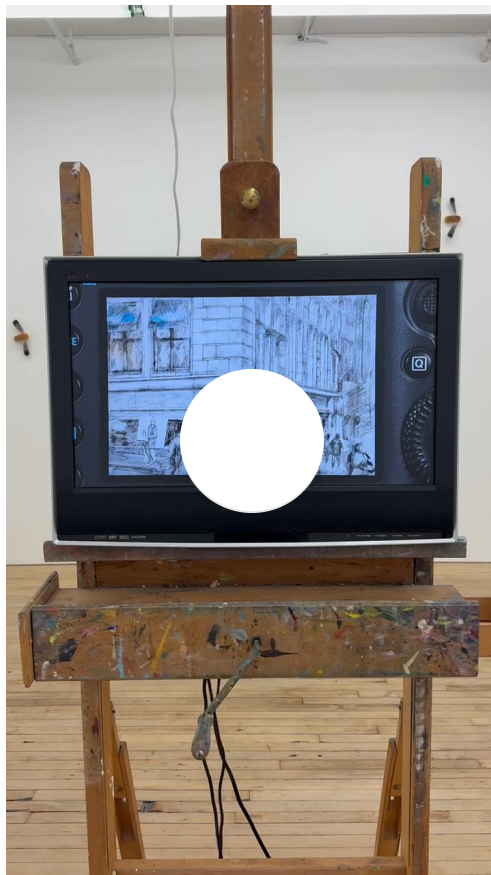
This great three person show, and this gallery are exactly what NY needs. The space, a small room on the third floor of an office building nestled between a t-shirt wholesaler and “Classy Jewelry, Inc.”, offers a little taste of the NY I grew up in, and a perfect introduction to the exhibition to follow.

Concrete wall works by Michael Assiff, with leaves, wasps, and trash casted onto them, at times decorated with actual street paint, feel like a poetic bird’s eye view of the city’s sidewalk, as well as an ode to the natural elements that inspired the art nouveau and art deco design and which constitute the urban landscape.



Michael Assiff's cast concrete (left), installation featuring Assiff and Baumgarten's "Moskitos" (right)

Meanwhile, German Conceptual artist Lothar Baumgarten’s flying loaves of bread with their pigeon wings stuck onto them appear to be very much part of that landscape and create a perfect transition to Sophie Friedman-Pappas’ incredible stop-motion animation set in the former boardroom of FiDi’s old Sinclair Oil Building.



This show gave me a newfound love for the nitty gritty of the city, that peculiar steaming manhole smell mixed with the freshly poured asphalt. If this exhibition w smell, it'd be called *Eau de New York*.

Closing Nov. 1

Uptown

[*Florian Krewer: cold tears released, at Michael Werner Gallery*](#)