As spring arrived in New York, there was barely a corner of Manhattan without a great show to see. The highest-profile among them was the excellent Hilma af Klint retrospective at the Guggenheim, which garnered the museum’s highest-ever attendance, but that show was only the most visible of many exhibitions that reexamined the history of modern art, and expanded the canon.

Many of the best shows in town featured women artists, particularly painters. For Mary Beth Edelson’s exhibition at David Lewis, the gallery’s main space hosted a series of life-size shaped paintings from the mid-1970s, called the “Great Goddess Cut-Outs,” depicting historical feminist figures and goddess archetypes. Some evoke birds, or the sun and stars; others are geometric or mandalic. With one of them set in the entrance of the main gallery, an unbroken circle surrounded the viewer. In the front gallery, black-and-white photographs from the same era showed Edelson nude in various sacred landscapes and suggested the work of both Ana Mendieta and Francesca Woodman. It was powerful stuff.