I know. We’ve all had it up to here with top-tens and end-of-year listicles. Even writing them is like running at 100 mph in first gear. Corrosive. Maybe it’s too late to add another to the pile. But four shows have been gnawing at me since I left them off my earlier list. Here they are, reviewed or recalled in three sentences. Two I left off my first list because I was skittish about writing them; two because I forgot about them. And one mad non-art/art performance that encapsulated a change in time.

Sam Moyer, Rachel Uffner Gallery

In May, walloped with a perfect lesson in giving in to art that we don’t think we like but then getting blown away, I instantly realized that Sam Moyer’s breathtaking, gallery-filling floor installation proved that I was wrong in thinking that this artist’s tie-dyed and bleached-allover abstractions were just more atavistic Zombie Formalism. Instead, I beheld something more powerful than a Richard Serra — a massive slab of white-veined marble on the floor beneath an enormous painting suspended from the ceiling — like a flat, artificial cloud over something enormously heavy. A crack of synesthetic thunder sounded inside me as I felt the cold, hard marble through my shoes, grasped the lightness of the canvas by comparison, and came to terms with an artist bypassing Serra’s fearsome weight and brawny power; finding essences between painting and sculpture, perception and experience, I crossed a delicate line between something I’d never seen before and something I already feared I’d never see again.