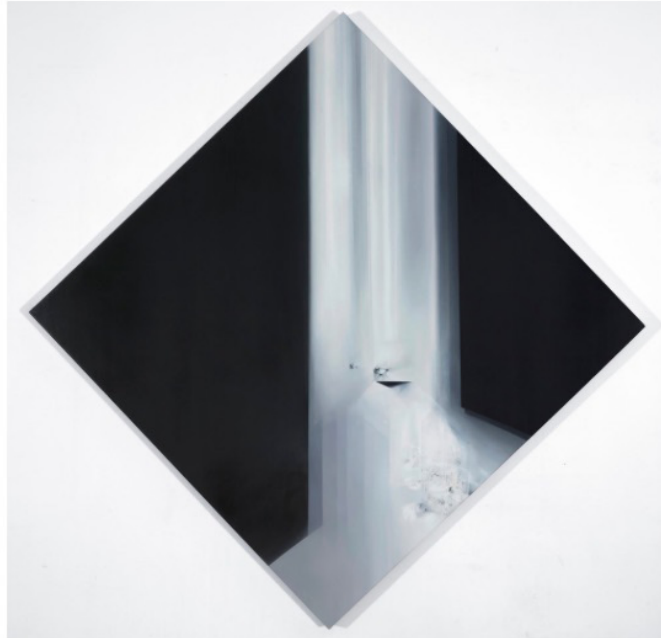


The New York Times

Magalie Comeau

Through Jan. 6. Mitchell Albus Gallery, 132 Delancey Street, second floor, Manhattan; 516-639-4918, mitchellalbusgallery.com.



Magalie Comeau's "Cachettes Votives aux Dimensions Insaisissables," an 84-inch square in her show at Mitchell Albus, is hard to look away from. Magalie Comeau and Mitchell Albus Gallery

[Magalie Comeau](#) works slowly. Her paintings reveal themselves slowly, too. Each canvas in "[New and Recent Paintings](#)," at Mitchell Albus Gallery, her first New York solo show and one of the few times she's shown outside her native Quebec, is a black, white or rosy beige monochrome interrupted by a complication of intersecting shadows.

Inside this complication there may be a stark figment of architecture. In "De la Profondeur du Lave-Temps de l'Horloge Hystérétique aux Champs de Mains," it's a tiny, uninhabited suburban interior. But this bit of bounded space serves mainly to emphasize the unbounded emptiness around it, adding a note of theatricality to the painting's spacey transcendence. (Imagine an avant-garde monologue about death whose relentless focus is strangely soothing.)

Even the pieces without such explicit figuration have auras of architectural allusion. Sharp-edged but shadowy zones of overlapping color evoke drywall, masking tape or slightly stuffy house paint samples. More broadly, the pieces also bring to mind the installations of the Light and Space movement — with the critical difference that, both because of the way they're painted and simply because they're paintings, they aren't trying to determine every aspect of a visitor's experience. Instead, they're waiting patiently to be fallen into.

"Cachettes Votives aux Dimensions Insaisissables," my own favorite, is an 84-inch-square black lozenge with a thick shaft of whites and grays pouring down just right of center. It's hard to focus on but impossible to look away from. *WILL HEINRICH*