When he died of AIDS, at the age of forty-four, in 1993, the painter Jesse Murry left behind a number of canvases and works on paper in his New York studio that not only revealed a dreamy, lyrical talent but also hinted at the deeply detailed artist he would have become. In a small show at the Tibor de Nagy gallery (through Jan. 12), the artist’s beautiful color sense is on full display, as is his interest in abstraction as a kind of landscape filled with the splendor of the earth and the expansiveness of the sky. Murry’s works are not large in scale, but they promote big dreams: his terrain is the unfettered mind and eye. He draws you in with his liquid awareness of how paint works on canvas, and how color and form can and should be handled delicately, and with respect.

— Hilton Als