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Noam Rappaport

By Karen Rosenberg

James Fuentes

55 Delancey Street, at Eldridge Street

Lower East Side

Through June 10

Noam Rappaport's paintings hint at the rigorous formalism of a Frank Stella or Ellsworth Kelly work, while stopping well short of the degree of finish we've come to expect from those artists. Paint creeps around the sides of Mr. Rappaport's shaped canvases; wide bands of color are left streaky or given little halos along their edges.

The line between painting and assemblage is not always clear, especially in works that repurpose bits of past projects. In "Collection No. 8 (Victory Cap)," wood scraps, folded squares of aluminum foil, and other odds and ends from the studio form a neat grid on a white, T-shaped panel.

The result is a sort of catalog of industriousness that compensates, partly, for other works that don't seem to be trying hard enough. (Among them are "Smile II," with its cute circular cutout lined in raw canvas, and "Yellow View," a doglegged monochrome in pale daffodil that's winsome but altogether too Kelly-esque.)

The overall impression is of virtuous imperfection, paintings that willingly forsake objecthood in order to preserve something of the artist's touch.