

# The New York Times

MARCH 17, 2006 E37

## Art in Review

### *Up*

*Andrea Rosen Gallery  
525 West 24th Street, Chelsea  
Through March 25*

Are those curlicues of pigment encrusting the coffee cup and saucer, drifting like wiry hair on the manly torso, highlighting the outlines of two bodies having sex? No, what seems like pigment are stitchings that seem to grow on the painted images, so that the two mediums are virtually indistinguishable.

Not quite tapestries, not quite paintings, Mr. Raedecker's evocations run to flowers and floral sprays; still life elements; and bodies or parts thereof, like the joky pair of bottoms-up feet that seem to be detached from the female partner in the aforementioned coupling.

He lays down his pigment-thread partnerships on paint-primed grounds enhanced by incidents: tiny snippets of other tactile materials -- hairs, fibers and such -- and random punctures that give each work a look of timeworn survival. And they can remind us of our mortality. One wreath of sere stitched flowers encloses a blank oval space like a dead mirror; the Greek-style torso, titled "fix," hints at the cult of body-building, with the stitches placed to indicate muscle development but also suggesting a crumbling stone rot.

The combination of stitchery and paint, with its inevitable hobbyist connotation of needlework, takes some doing to bring off. But Mr. Raedecker's artfulness does it.

GRACE GLUECK