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BOLDFACE

CAMPBELL ROBERTSON

The Joy of Art

"I was surprised," said **STEVEN KASHER**, the gallery owner who represents **LOU REED**, at an exhibition of Mr. Reed's photography at Hermès, "because Lou is more known for dealing with the underbelly of New York. And this is the overbelly, or the overmuscle, as he calls it."

Mr. Reed was late, of course, so we had time to observe the overmuscle: photographs of the Empire State Building, a sunset over the Hudson river, a helicopter.

"It's wonderful to see some space in between them," said Mr. Reed's girlfriend, **LAURIE ANDERSON**, when we asked what she thought of the show. "I've seen them on computer screens, coming up, one after the other. They're landscapes, they need to breathe a little bit. So it's great to see them on the wall."

Eventually Mr. Reed arrived, in leather pants and an expensive-looking hoodie; his smile he left at home in the safe, as usual. After watching him pose with fans, stiffly, like a to-

tem pole bored with its tribe, we asked about the overmuscle.

"That was just a joke," Mr. Reed said, not laughing. "You know, I'm interested in the photos, that kind of stuff is very boring to me. I think it's a very beautiful show. Maybe you should talk about that."

JULIAN SCHNABEL showed up, looked at each photo, and left; **DAVID BOWIE** showed up, did not look at the photos, congratulated Mr. Reed, and left.

MOBY showed up.

Mr. Reed said he is considering a book focusing on martial arts. "I photograph it because I do it," he said, "so I know what to look for."

How long had he been practicing?
"28 years."

Wow.

"Wow," Mr. Reed sneered. "Things aren't what you think, are they?"

We watched as Mr. Reed's tai chi teacher, **REN GUANG-YI**, followed his student, snapping photos.

"For me," Mr. Ren said, "I show him, maybe he like."

Maybe.