

turns a mundane rural landscape into Golgotha. A close-up of an inflatable world globe, slightly ruffled, is framed by the California coastline and bisected by the Tropic of Cancer.

The bleakness of the imagery is underscored by the photographs' matte surfaces, which seem to suck in any available light. Russell, who also publishes a zine called *Bedwetter*, has a way with nonchalant despair.

**Acuna-Hansen Gallery**, 427 Bernard St., Chinatown, (323) 441-1624, through May 14.

By CHRISTOPHER KNIGHT  
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ANTHONY CUNHA

**VIDEO:** Earnest young men and women jump or jog in place in Jen Liu's "Soldiers of Light."

In the back room, 10 seemingly bland photographs in a solo debut by Christopher Russell slowly disclose a subtle sense of

utter desolation. A half-naked doll dangles from telephone wires. A sexy underwear ad is caked with mud. A figure

dressed in camouflage attire stomps through the woods.

Elsewhere a telephone pole silhouetted against a gray sky