

KARIN APOLLONIA MÜLLER While some of Müller's larger Los Angeles landscapes suggest the sort of aerial omniscience of Gursky or Struth, she's up to something a lot more down-to-earth. Surveying the city's scruffy underbelly, she hovers above industrial flats near the railroad tracks and the dead zone under an expressway off-ramp and lets us discover the tiny, displaced figures there, one sprawled under an orange tarp, the other toting what looks like a rolled-up carpet—or a body bag? Little mysteries like these draw us deep into Müller's deliberately unromantic sites. Her L.A. is sunless or lost in smog; even the ocean looks forbiddingly gray. Far from the promised land, this is Hollywood's real back lot. **THROUGH SATURDAY**, Julie Saul Gallery, 535 West 22nd Street, 627-2410. (Aletti)