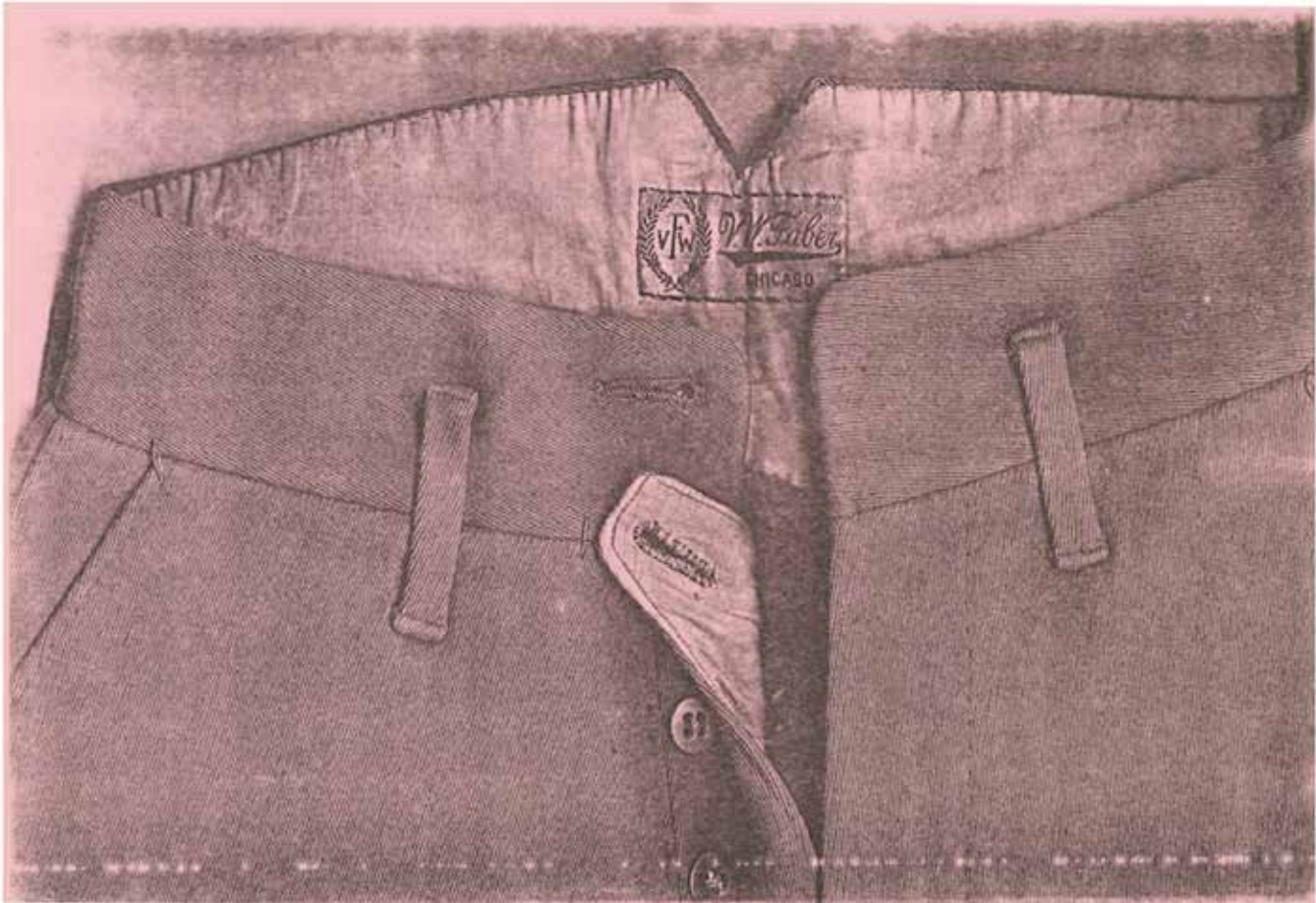


Truong's chilly conceptualism finds a parallel in **Essex Street** gallery's tight survey of the underrated artist **Pati Hill** (through October 21), who began experimenting with Xerox machines in the 1970s. Like Truong and Rosales, Hill, who died in 2014, was fascinated by the various methods by which certain people and things get preserved by photography in the digital age.



Pati Hill, *Untitled (front of riding pants)*, 1976.

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Her pictures, many of them black-and-white, are ghostly and strange—they feature gloves and other articles of clothing held against the scanner bed's glass. These objects are posed frontally and appear slightly squashed, like flowers pressed into a notebook; their old-timey color scheme calls to mind daguerreotypes and other early forms of photography. Yet despite their dated look, Hill's photographs are ultracontemporary. Like Tillmans's works, they are melancholy meditations on the circulation of images in an increasingly digital world. Consider Hill's photocopied images of empty train carriages that seemingly await passengers. These are, in fact, not pictures she herself took—they're copies of anonymous photographs initially used in publicity campaigns. By xeroxing them, has Hill produced pictures that are more or less original than their source material? Does such a distinction even matter? Hill made ready-mades her own—sometimes that's enough.