

Josh Kline

'Quality of Life'

47 Canal

47 Canal Street, between Orchard and Ludlow Streets, Lower East Side

Through Oct. 13

In Josh Kline's latest exhibition there is no such thing as aging gracefully — mainly because, in his dystopian universe, there is no such thing as aging. Mr. Kline recently organized a group show about the "posthuman" body for MoMA PS1's "Expo"; in his latest solo outing, he evokes this not-too-distant future of robotics, prosthetics and bioengineering with conceptual sculptures and videos. Some of the objects come across as bad one-liners, but the overall mood is deeply unnerving; here is a young artist telling us that youth is for sale and, as he writes in the news release, that "aging generations are the failed states of the future."

Overall, the installation suggests some combination of a juice bar, a human growth hormone clinic and the Staatling-Wapachung Corporation from Gary Shteyngart's novel "Super Sad True Love Story." Intravenous bags hold concoctions like "Energy Drip," which consists of Red Bull, yerba maté, Emergen-C, sugar, spirulina, Provigil and gasoline. Meanwhile, three refrigerated cast-urethane coolers hold blood "doped" with agave nectar, Wellbutrin and something called Green Vibrance Powder.

These futuristic cocktails set the scene for two darkly comic videos, which posit that Kurt Cobain and Whitney Houston are still alive and have made themselves available for interviews on daytime television. This odd premise allows Mr. Kline to explore the idea that pop culture is in a state of arrested development, and that our rock stars can neither burn out nor fade away. "Kurt" talks about shopping at



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Some of the works in Josh Kline's show at 47 Canal, "Quality of Life."

the food co-op and taking up painting; by the time he jokes about getting a tattoo that reads "Ars longa, vita brevis," it's clear that the reverse may soon be true.

KAREN ROSENBERG