



CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

ACTIVE CULTURE

“ProBio”—a group of techno-conceptual, body-conscious works by eleven young artists, now in its final week at MOMA PS1— isn’t the best show of the summer, but I can’t get it out of my head. It sneaks up on a person, like the iRobot vacuums that scuttle around underfoot in “iFeel,” an installation by DIS, a New York collective with a knack for the glibly unnerving. Take their one-minute film satirizing the art market’s insatiable thirst for new blood: three women rub their very pregnant bellies with glitter-manicured hands, as a voice-over intones, “The world is waiting for someone—the next artist, the next genius . . . You will emerge.” It’s Lucas Cranach’s “Three Graces” recast as an infomercial. “ProBio” was organized by the sculptor Josh Kline, who includes his own work (the curatorial equivalent of a selfie): portraits of local architects and designers, the small acrylic-and-rubber heads suggest sci-fi spinoffs of Brancusi’s “Newborn.” Overwrought, but intriguing. Kline deserves a closer look, when his solo show opens at the 47 Canal gallery, on Sept. 3.

—Andrea K. Scott