

ART GALLERIES—BROOKLYN

Justin Amrhein and Colette Robbins

This duet between two young artists matches portentous Jungian mystery with frenetic Freudian avoidance. Works by Robbins that employ Rorschach-like blots feel rather literal, but her 3-D-printed polymer sculptures—narrow, complex towers in various shades of gray—suggest futuristic fetishes or the deformed bones of impossible animals. Amrhein’s elaborately precise diagrams of sci-fi engineering projects suggest airtight systems of delusion. A white-on-black light box, almost thirteen feet long, depicts a vast machine with nearly three thousand individually labelled parts ranging from topical to absurd: “Trump shit extruder,” “drone attack policy valve,” “wimble bimble.”

Through April 26.

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