

GALLERIES—BROOKLYN

DEWITT GODFREY / MEGAN FOSTER

Godfrey does a wryly organic take on the power-tool school of sculpture. His three flexible-steel cylinders in the gallery's small walled courtyard are big enough to walk through or across, and they seem to have moods. The largest (which is also the softest) is floppy; the tough short one braces its stocky shoulders against the others. With the first snow of the season, the big softie softened even more, runoff dripped rust past a stubble of stainless bolts, and six icicle mustaches formed, one at each mouth. Godfrey's wistful sculpture here sets sturdy industrialism into a surprisingly delicate dialogue with nature. Inside the gallery, Megan Foster's streamlined paintings of movie interiors manage to create a freeze-frame serenity out of restrained color and coloring-book-style outlines. Through Jan. 21. (Black and White, 483 Driggs Ave., Brooklyn. 718-599-8775.)