



Eric William Carroll's photogram.

AUGSBURG COLLEGE

FRIDAY

'All Buildings Dream in Blueprints'

On a recent Saturday, **Eric William Carroll** helped uninstall a student art exhibition at Augsburg College. Once all the work was off the walls, he killed the lights, hung up 15 sheets of unexposed blueprint paper, and then remounted the show in the dark. Then he turned the gallery lights back on to expose the paper. The result? A big-ass photogram, a 45-foot-long flattened ghost of an art show. Robbed of their physical weight and with shadow replacing all color, the students' art pieces become empty fossils, lifeless records of a once vibrant organism. And while it's hard to imagine Carroll as a cold cynic, his art X-rays do pass a clinical judgment on the skeleton of an exhibition — it's really just a bunch of rectangular props cluttering a wall. (Free opening reception 5:30-7:30 p.m. Fri. Exhibition through Sept. 5, free. Christensen Center Art Gallery, Augsburg College, 22nd Av. S. at 7½ St., Mpls., 612-330-1524.)

GREGORY J. SCOTT

SATURDAY

'It's Time' at Art of This

Although radicalism has often erupted within the walls of Art of This Gallery over the past three years, the gallery has never romanticized rebellion or dressed it in fond nostalgia. In fact, it's often been a den of noise, vitriol, abrasion and aesthetic violence. So it's intriguing that for the gallery's third anniversary party, the folks at AOT are taking as a theme the global events of 1968 — a hallowed golden year for subversion. Artistic director **David Petersen** promises a "positive, less critical, more ruminating event" that examines the idea of "the alternative." For the one-night-only exhibition, he'll revisit his brand of sadistic leisure, creating a beach out of sandpaper. **John Marks** is crafting a one-hour, quadrophonic sound piece. And **Tiff Hockin** of Art Review and Preview is pitching a utopian tent, supported by helium balloons instead of poles. (7-11 p.m. Sat., Art of This, 3506 Nicollet Av. S., Mpls., www.artofthis.net)

G.J.S.

'There's Nothing at the End of the Lane'

Ben Haywood, the affable and unflappable executive director at the Soap Factory, flexes his curatorial muscle, piecing together a show from a grab bag of artist submissions. As the title suggests, the resulting theme is one of fantasy nowhere-ness, a childlike dislocation that pervades the gallery space. One of the highlights is **Timothy Hutchings'** war-gaming table, a rolling, put-put landscape populated by tanks, bombed-out buildings and tiny men with guns. Set in a gallery, play-time objects often take on a feel of weighty importance, and the war-time content helps the table oscillate between kid fun and adult commentary. (Free opening reception 7-11 p.m. Sat. Exhibition through Aug. 31, free. The Soap Factory, 518 SE. 2nd St., Mpls., www.soapfactory.org)

G.J.S.



Timothy Hutchings' war-gaming table.

SOAP FACTORY