

Real Life Rock Top 10: Rebounds, Time Outs, and the Carters at the Louvre

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8. Allen Ruppersberg, "Intellectual Property: 1968–2018," Walker Art Center, Minneapolis (through July 28)



Born in Cleveland in 1944, working out of Los Angeles, Ruppertsberg practices ideas in action, and despite the time covered in this vast but uncrowded retrospective the feeling was that anything that might catch your eye could have been made either fifty years ago or the day before yesterday. Among dozens of other works that could as easily be called phenomena as constructions, with a revisit to the 1969 *Al's Café* (where among the all-non-food items on the menu the cheapest was a diner plate with a 45 of the Kingsmen's version of "Louie Louie") and a room devoted to blowups with cutouts of Uncle Scrooge's battle with the Maharajah of Howduyustan over who can build the biggest statue of himself, my favorite was the 1996 installation *Good Dreams, Bad Dreams — What Was Sub-Literature*, with an announcement for "Lecture today at 4 PM," which unfortunately was idea, not action, because the piece really made you want to know. There were real books in a vitrine, and rows of titles on the wall behind it: Was an 1891 cheap paper *Oliver Twist* sub-lit because of its format, or its writing? What about a gorgeous edition of *Evangeline*? Classics Illustrated versions of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* and *Typee*? You could probably put money on Jack Hanley's *Let's Make Mary* as sub-literature, but what about Mickey Spillane's *Kiss Me Deadly*, which may have been a lousy book, but was made into a great movie? The titles were a riot of pure id and the actual books were the mental attic of a whole country.