

**Inherent Vice or Vice Versa****Sturtevant**

There is the inside and the outside.  
There is the interior and exterior.  
Not as in the Foucault fold, but as in  
essence, force and potency:  
the interior silent power of art.  
And it is here that hovers  
The entangled challenge of replication.

Replica is not copy, but it could be.  
Replica might be double but its 'sameness'  
will trip us up.  
Replica could never be repetition,  
for repetition is difference.  
Replica might be repeating, but  
that is all surface.  
Replica could be re-do and re-make,  
but it is in-your-face cyber.  
So we can jet that.  
Or maybe not.

Copy, of course, has the absolute  
beauty of looking just like  
the real thing.  
But copy conceals dangerous  
gaps.

The rigid technique required to make  
an exact detailed copy renders it without  
force; the art work becoming static and dead.  
There is no opposition or confrontation;  
it is incapable of imposing and  
creating action.

Such denial of critical elements in a  
work of art is like denying the artist  
his most powerful implement.  
Voilà, this is a no-go.

Double has the spectacular  
problem of 'sameness' which  
works for replication except  
for this burden.

For in our cybernetic world  
same is:

temporal  
appearance  
empty.

And there is the dilemma of  
nothing can be the same in a  
finite and infinite world.

The placing of this limitation  
is, of course, limited to works of art.

Indeed, not to the vast double of language ...

So does it work for replication  
or not?

Maybe yes, maybe no.

Repetition is a breath-taking  
conceptual idea that has greatly  
pushed the limitation of resemblance;  
holding the higher powers of  
non-identity and difference.

Its presence has narrowed the gap  
between visibilities and articulation.

If one could jump over the dynamics of  
difference, this would be an excellent  
method for replication.

However, the crucial leap from  
image to concept, this displacement  
of image that throws out  
representation might not be the best  
place for replication to go.

Certainly it would possess veracity,  
but unfortunately eliminates the artist.

Repeating might be an  
excellent mode for replicating,  
but it is back to the surface again:  
what is 'on top'.

It desperately cares what it  
'looks like' rather than  
containing silent power which  
is of no interest.

This digital process is  
image over image and  
used by Warhol with brilliance.

Cybernetics imposition on  
how we act, think, feel;  
our mode of 'being'  
is perhaps an advantage  
for the art of replicating.  
It releases the high anxiety of being original.  
Original is no longer viable,  
having long ago met its demise.

This trap, our obsession  
of what lies on the surface,  
is prevalent everywhere.  
It is not a question of getting  
rid of these potent elements as  
not knowing it could be there.  
Its blatant absence is in high gear  
in most of our current art whose  
push and shove is production  
as meaning and consumption  
as use.  
Or burden by heavy subjectivity  
or  
hiding behind anonymity,  
or  
displaying our vast barren interior  
by retreating to regressive teeny-bopper imagery.  
The interior of art, the understructure,  
is being concisely and brutally eliminated.

Our digital shift from seeing to listening  
also has dire consequences for art.  
Seeing, which is not seeing, has been  
replaced by listening.  
To see is to listen.  
This is an old/new rage of museums  
with NYC MOMA leading  
the pack  
Plug in your ears,  
listen to every bitsy detail  
and hear the endless narrative of –  
Forget how one can fall in love  
with a painting or sculpture,  
forget being breathless with its  
vigour and audacity.

Spectators, which brings to mind  
gladiators being eaten alive by lions,  
only demand entertainment.  
Thus, seeing is only perception  
and

hearing is only a distraction.

But not so for visibilities which  
bring to see to its highest power.  
However, the strenuous requirements of  
thinking,  
knowledge,  
references,  
reflection,  
and  
to be there,  
are a great impediment.  
In our anti-intellect world,  
these vital elements are considered  
heavy baggage or are  
totally out of the digi loop.

The fight, rebellion, all the weight  
and drive of a work of art should  
be present in a valid replica.

As such:

Copy is out.

Double is out.

Repetition is out.

Repeating is out.

Re-do and re-make

are definitely out.

However, if one takes a  
philosophical position, it  
would become clear that  
this idea of a critical interior  
is archaic.

After all, all is deeply embedded  
in our cyber fold.

Then copy, double and repeating  
become a possible method  
for replication.

But it's a bit of a cheat,  
isn't it?

And what about those  
who know?

Now, the much dreaded subject  
of materials:  
materials not to be found,  
almost-like materials,  
and maybe materials.

When doing the black **Stellas**,  
the chemistry of the paint had  
been changed; giving a different  
quality to the work.  
It was resolved by finding one of  
those jammed Little Italy stores.  
Not because they had old black paint  
but rather because the owner had a  
Brooklyn friend  
who had a basement full of old  
black paint  
But that is a throw of the dice.

But doing the **Johns** sculpt-metal  
light bulbs was never resolved.  
In a short period of time,  
the sculpt-metal radically changed.  
Driving the manufacture and the chemist  
totally crazy in my determination to find  
a resolution, was useless.  
And a wide search, with the hope  
of finding the original materials,  
was an exercise in futility.

With **Beuys** and his perishable fat,  
the solution is to destroy the piece  
after its run at a museum.  
An efficient method to eliminate  
later replication.  
Replacement of fat is easy.  
Fat and fat of all kinds, will always  
be around. Of course, winter fat is  
crucial as is the repetition only by  
the artist. The latter a mighty fix.

Not only not  
(a gritty double negative)  
having found resolutions for  
the inherent vice of replication;  
perhaps it has even been agitated.  
with all this paradox and contradictions.

So, I am taking my head  
and getting out of here.

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