Desire, Fear and Death. I observe them with a sense of detachment. These crushed cars offer a way to read the death wish of contemporary societies. With their polished surfaces, these symbols of speed and desire look like sanitised accidents, devoid of blood and pain. Even in their stages of violent collapse they present themselves as desirable objects. The catastrophe seems custom-made.

All witnesses, spectators, readers, listeners know that the goriest phenomena can appear revoltingly aesthetic when mediated through images and words.

What happens when the human element is deliberately withdrawn from the representation of these accidents?

My desire is to make desire possible; so the element of agony is taken out, even if in the final count desire generates only agony.

Does the simulation, as a copy of a copy in its multiple mediations, itself become the direct object of our desire?
Up Close and Impersonal