Think of Fiona Banner and you think of sex. But graphic walls covered in neon pink descriptions of porn films are just a fraction of the go-faster aesthetic defining her art.

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Her latest pieces from the Dundee exhibition ‘Your Flesh Is My Lap’ won her last year’s Turner nomination. The show included the very memorable ‘A woman in Wonderland’, a neon pink description of a sex film, its printed pages spilling out from the wall like a dishevelled bed. Her fascination with description has seen her spell out scenes from Vietnam war movies and classic car chases in prose. “The language that I use for the car chases is very fast, very immediate language. There’s lots to describe very quickly,” she explains. “The languages in the sex films is more about undressing, using language to undress and expose scenarios. It’s a process of exposure.”

Her car chase diptych describes the famous scenes from Bullitt and The French Connection in bright red type, like a STOP sign. “They’re the mother and father of all car chase scenes. Somehow every car chase since seems to relate to or derive from one or the other of those films.”

Fiona's car, a Nissan Patrol, suggests a forthright personality and a resilient character. It resembles a battered remnant from some remote African war, and it has indeed survived inhospitable environments and unwashed attacks. Banner is part of the YBA generation of Goldsmiths graduates that transformed the art world with work that was bold, noisy and violent. A decade later her art is more relevant than ever; it focusses largely on the disintegration of language and the in-between bits of communication. She is known for her preoccupation with giant punctuation marks and sculptural alphabets that spill onto the floor. “It’s like that joke ‘I’ve got nothing to say but I’m saying it anyway’,” she once explained. “This feeling of being really disenfranchised, of language being disenchanted from what it can do. If language could say it all, all the time, then one wouldn’t constantly be reaching for words.”

I was interested in the way that there are no great literary car chases. It’s just a visual genre. What I did was try to describe it in words - would it actually have some momentum and some crisis or would it just be really bland? I ended up arranging the text in such a way that it ended in this terrible text crash - it’s almost like a performance thing. As you’re reading the words in your head, you start reading them faster and faster and faster because the text gets much more crammed together. In the end the words all blend together and it’s like a big text crash.

This sense of impotability seems to run throughout her description pieces. The running connection between her porn, Vietnam and car films is they are scenarios that are impossible, unreal. No one really sees car chases: “They

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