

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 ELEVEN TWELVE

Pilar Parra & Romero Galería de Arte is pleased to present Nathan Carter's first solo exhibition in Madrid in conjunction with a group exhibition organized by Nathan Carter including Justin Beal, Paul Elliman, Marie Lorenz, Virginia Poundstone and Johan Zetterquist. Both shows operate under the same title, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 ELEVEN TWELVE which is also the title of a soundtrack for a pin-ball game and counting themed animation short on Public Broadcasting Station's television show *The Electric Company*. What follows is an explanation in the artist's own words of how things might go down...orblow up...or go off.

I'm strapped into an economy seat on a big American Airlines 747 hurtling and skipping at a slightly angled pitch across the Atlantic. The little monitor above the galley told me the plane was leaving JFK behind and moving ahead at over 600 MPH so I spent the last of my American dollars on nine or ten of those very peculiar tasting American Airlines mini vodkas and watched a film called *Ice Station Zebra*....it's good, you should see it....it's very calm down a bit.

The vodka only made me feel scrappy and I fought the urge to run up and down the aisles jabbering to strangers and wishing I could bust into the conductor's booth to holler at the pilots about their flying skills.

Much later I woke up to the not-so-great smell of American Airlines instant breakfast. I rubbed my eyes as our big bird jet was settling into some interesting maneuvers to deal with mythical Viento Del Este on approach into Madrid's Barajas International Airport. I looked out of the window as we buzzed low over an IKEA and tried hard to imagine the wild picaresque adventure about to start the second this aluminum albatross hits the tarmac.

I'm in Madrid on an important mission and I'll really need some extra help to cover all the territory so I'm going to form an eclectic street gang loosely based on the Infamous Whistling Gang from East London. The first member of this gang I'll contact on his Marconi radio set is a highly talented instigator who claims to do his best work on a city bus. I'll also call up a renegade agitator who eats guitar strings for breakfast, has tattoos and an ability to make very believable scary faces. We'll need someone else who is good with boats and maritime navigation in case we need to escape by sea. Intellectual prowess and an extensive knowledge of exotic mixed drinks is essential to keeping everyone on the right track so there's a graduate student in the mix as well as a rhythm & blues DJ who, as Michael Diamond once said, can "rock a block party at the drop of a hat."

Assuming this mob of mischief merchants can keep it together long enough to make it through customs and passport control we'll face an immediate and serious problem... We have only 48 hours to get our scheme up and running but maybe if we're lucky the adrenalin and the energy will act as rocket fuel for experimental behaviour and production. Just like when the ill-fated Apollo 13 moon mission experienced an explosion in their own external rocket fuel tank endangering the Lunar module and the astronauts had to quickly make an emergency carbon dioxide filter out of duct tape, some shampoo and three tube socks.

Nathan Carter has recently exhibited at Casey Kaplan, New York, Esther Schipper, Berlin, "Level 5: The view from Here: Acquisitions since 2000", Tate Modern, London, UK and "Greater New York 2005", PS1, Long Island City, NY. The artist will have solo show at DA2 Center for Contemporary Art in Salamanca, Spain on March 2007. A collaborative project, The Final Run Ins will visit Berlin, Paris, San Antonio and Louisville.

Downstairs; Nathan Carter.

Upstairs, organized by Nathan Carter Justin Beal, Paul Elliman, Marie Lorenz, Virginia Poundstone and Johan Zetterquist.

Opening: Tuesday 13th of February from 9pm to 12am.

Exhibition dates: 13th February- 17th March 2007