

The new book by **MIST** : « **Débil Inside** »



Mist is a pseudo – what did you expect? The irresistible urge, or perhaps unwritten law of the hip-hop nation is to be totally out there, but not quite as yourself. The English-cloaked name is twice as mysterious in French. A vision shrouded in fog, where everything seems slightly uncertain, seen through the frame of successive shots like a stage set where only the most important elements can be made out against the middle ground. It plunges us into the theatricality of artifice and opera. The background which gives the piece its depth. Anyone who looks at it can project themselves into their own personal reading. The reality of it resides in the imaginary as well.

But for the reader of graffiti, the anonymous graffiti fan, which means the potential adversary of the pseudonym, in French Mist can also be short for *mistigri*, an old word for pussycat. His aerosol work is sharp-edged, with a vigorous, style and a feline suppleness. A cat could be nicknamed Mist: Pet-able, rebel, affectionate, clawed. Free and unpredictable in his work and in every other way.



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A few pages in the book>



Alex, Mist & Orus 2002.



Illustration.

Polite, but just a little bit of a hoodlum. Mist moves toward his wall like a character in *Clockwork Orange*, but without the acidic menace. Mist is (apparently) good-tempered, subtle, a person who likes to play with words and concepts. Once upon a time (before 1970) that was called enjoying life. But you have to move very fast, as fast as a spray-can painting, without looking back, spinning around and at the same time respecting the rules of the game. What's that about? His posse is a secret, rebel society whose members do their work in the light of day on a scale never seen except in Rome, with the Popes and their artists in the Counter-Reformation. Clearly he is a new incarnation of the Baroque, blustering, indiscrete, in a hurry to contaminate everything. Academic catagorians could expound on this individual and collective pseudonymous superego that never tired of getting up itself up in shouting colors. Graffiti is never done *mezzo voce*. It talks loud and strong.

That's how Mist's singular legend was born. As an awkward beginning at golf he ran into François Mitterrand playing incognito on the Saint Cloud greens wrapped in morning mist. The frail French president retained his mental sharpness and noted the youngster writing his pseudo in the blue haze as he swung his club. Moving sometimes slowly and sometimes quickly, the club traced out amazing patterns in space that soared up and away like the high notes of a soprano. François asked Mist, Do you like Mozart? Panic-stricken, Mist gave him an unhappy and insolent look. The president continued, Well, you accentuate and amplify your movements as you raise your stick, and for a few seconds time is suspended, just as the soloist and the orchestra in Mozart ascend into the fortissimo together. Young man, a real golfer is like a character from *The Magic Flute*... Intimidated, Mist gave a falsetto laugh like in the Milos Forman movie *Amadeus*, and the elderly president disappeared into the vapors. A primal, initiatory scene suggestive of the statue of the Commander addressing Don Giovanni amid the vapors of hell.

Mist acquired vigor and talent, mastering the color spray can as he mastered the swing of his golf club. He interiorized the lesson: you have to unfold a musical phrase every time. His painterly style is truly unique, substantial and at the same time disembodied. Mist knows, perhaps without knowing it, how to renew the improbable alchemy with no written rules that gives a piece style in the midst of its making.

You could work out a clear-cut but tedious study of the various vocabularies employed by Mist: wall paintings, canvases, roguish figures sculpted in the round. This “savage dressed in lace” codifies and bounds the world he gives us to see, not only his own but ours as well, as he invites us to “taste” (the word is carefully chosen) the grace, the cool style, the pretended inattention (he is a perfectionist), the delicate lie, Marivaux and Mozart, once again, like the starting points for imminent, possible romantic dramas that Mist does not admit but entirely contained as if inscribed in his slashing, whistling, clawed line: Mist, or premeditated improvisation.

Osiris July 21, 2003



Mist Toys.



Sculptures by Mist.

This book leads you on the journey of the french artist Mist. From ideas on paper giving birth to big colorfull walls, three dimentionnal characters will walk straight out and take full shape. Mist already has a collection of toys and there is no doubt that the futur will bring more great new figures that will find their place next to his existing collectors.

For additional information on Mist and his book « Débil Inside please contact righters.com.



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