

Artist Statement – Myron Campbell

Voice is a quality that normally is recognized in literary works, but I cultivate it in my stories even though the medium is visual. Every medium has its own grammar, its own form of literacy. As an author of a novel seeks to find a voice that is their own, so too do I seek to find the voice that is my own in my visual narratives.

I create with the belief that visual media are distinct from literary media, and that the specific medium I work in also is distinct from such hybrid forms as comics, movies and cartoons. I seek to use a form of narrative that is peculiar to my medium, which is digital surrealism + collage marinade, using mixtures of 2 and 3-D elements, with interactive aspects.

Collage is quite important to me as a creative choice because this process allows me to construct and then to deconstruct and then to reconstruct an image in a way that resembles the course of an appearance and then interpretation and then depiction of both dreams and memories.

The stories that I tell lean towards the use of the fantastic as a nod to a tradition and as an exploration of both memories and dreams. This is partly for the sake of taking aspects of my history that are constitutive of my personality and creative sensibility, and making my own mythic fables of transformation out of them. These mythical vignettes are meant to both reveal a quirk that's individual, and to implicate the viewer/user into a kind of a relationship of consequence between them and the work.

Because of their interpretative openness, visual fables have the capability to go beyond my own intention, and I welcome that as evidence of it gaining its own spirit, becoming like a totem, its own self-determined entity, which then can implicate me just as much as any member of the audience and displace some sense of my propriety and gain freedom from a part of my control as the creator. In this way I hope that I at least can be engaged or entertained, if not humbled, by my own creation.

The idea, then, is to create works of art that become their own creation, just as the children that we make become their own persons. I hope by making dreams and fables that can transform into spirits, that those spirits then will come back in the form of images and meaning to my dreams and help me solve my own personal mysteries.

A Biography of Sorts

There are four historical events that have punctuated the undulating venation of Myron Campbell's cerebellum which are surely responsible for his organic style of art.

The very first, was the result of a malign avian spirit who visited Myron while still in utero. This ethereal creature wrapped Myron's psyche in ghostly feathers and saturated his developing mind in the mounting despair of the natural world. Unprepared for such a hostile nightmare, the prenatal child, still only halfway through his gestation, jolted his mother into an early labour. The profound sentiment left behind by this creature can be seen in creations such as Myron's award winning "Fragile Circus".

The second event would come only months after Myron's parents discovered his unique propensity for artistry. At the age of four, and still stumbling over the grammatical formations of human language, Myron visited the Old Man River in Saskatchewan. Mythically sized rain drops twirled downward from the dark clouds, splashing into muddy puddles all around. Myron sat at the river bank to enjoy its mystical flow.

Here Myron sank to his chin in the soaked earth while hundreds of burrowing night crawlers surrounded him in the mud. A bolt of lightning smashed into a nearby aspen and ran through the old and twisted tree, traveling from its roots and irradiating these subterranean creatures. Myron could see, wriggling beneath the ground, the tiny glowing bodies. As they crackled like cinders into dusty flecks, his spirit was infused with an organic aura. This event inspired him to become a visual artist. Later, he would graduate from the

New Media and Arts Program at Medicine Hat College.

The third event was traumatic for Myron. While living in Halifax, working on various projects for the CBC, and creating a twisted web-world for the Trailer Park Boys, the bizarre life path of our protagonist was shifted into a freakish gear. Early one spring morning, while he was walking along the dockyard and pondering the cruel nature of fate and circumstance, a cool thick fog rolled in from the Harbor and surrounded the coast line in an impenetrable mist.

Without notice, an overhead electrical cable snapped loose, and instantly vaporized Myron's right brain. His neural cavity filled with electricity and, being of unequal pressure to the external atmosphere, vacuumed in the surrounding fog through his ear. Hence forth, Myron's right brain would forever be a churning zapping mass of electrified neural mist.

And so, Myron packed his bags and headed for the cheery heights of the Rocky Mountains where he accepted a job at the Banff New Media Institute as a digital artist for the on-line magazine, Horizon Zero. Myron enjoyed much success in his career while in Banff, winning numerous awards for "Fragile Circus", recognition for "The Flowering of Forgotten Gifts" (a collaborative project for the National Film Board of Canada) and having his personal web site "Notsosimpleton.com", included in the publication, "Taschen's 1000 favorite websites."

And so this brings us to the fourth and final event of significance (thus far), in Myron's life. One day, while climbing Tunnel Mountain, he veered off the trail and rambled for hours in unintentional directions. Fatigue eventually claimed victory and Myron sat to watch the sun sink beneath the world's edge.

As the haze of dusk rushed in and cloaked the mountains in a transparent charcoal blanket, Myron noticed a speckled Cricket. He tried to capture it, but the bug jumped on his face, and bit him on the lip, which paralyzed Myron from head to toe.

As he lay helpless, two giant slugs slid up each cheek, and wrapped his eyes in their mucus covered foot pads. Over the breadth of each iris, they placed a glowing mirror, and Myron witnessed the reflections inside of his own mind. Like Ouroboros, he fed upon himself, recycling the mind's eternal conjuring. For hours he rested in a psychedelic trance, intoxicated by the fodder of his own imagination.

Today Myron has moved from his tiny dwelling buried in the side of a hill in Banff to Vancouver, BC still spending the great majority of his spare time collecting forgotten patterns and discarded thoughts. He is currently working with the National Film Board of Canada in development of a short stereoscopic animation while molding minds at Vancouver Film School in the Digital Design program. He has also recently enrolled in the Masters of Media Arts Program at Emily Carr University of Art & Design where he will study trans-media storytelling. He sleeps never. Ever.