

Eterna Contemporary

Artist Introduction
Bak Joo Young



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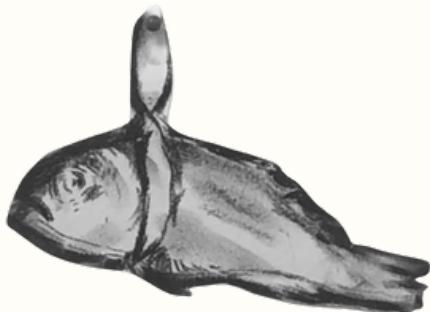
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*Bakjyng working on "**Wall-Gazing (Berserk Homage)**" in his studio in Seoul*

Introduction

Bakjyng (pronounced: Bak-Joo-Young)



Bak Joo Young

@Bakjyng.
suggested listening.



I Know a Spot, 2024
Charcoal on Raw Canvas
20in x 24in

Breathe in. A big breath. Feel your lungs fill to the brim with cool air. Feel the air push up to the top of your chest as you hold its weight. Hold it there long enough to feel your lungs start to sting, and when the heaviness of your chest begins to collapse, gently release it. Open your eyes and watch your breath as a single beam of light illuminates the soft dust in the air, pushing and pulling against the exhale of your breath, your eyes following the path of light downward until it lands gingerly on a bed of grass.

You feel your thumb brush against your index finger, then your middle finger, ring finger, pinky, and back again. The pads gently rub together harder with each pass. You can't feel anything. Nothing at all. Only the hollow shell of a sensation you used to know. You lift your hands in front of your face and find nothing there. Only empty space where a body should be. Instead, your gaze is met with the image of a place that simultaneously feels so much like home yet so strange and unfamiliar. It's like you're lost in a memory that you've never had. A memory of somewhere you have yet to be. Perhaps you're lost somewhere else entirely.

This is the work of Bakjyng.

An opening to other worlds, all the
spaces in between.

When you first come across this body
of work, it is easy to simply revel in
the beautiful landscapes and abstract
movements found masterfully pieced
together on canvas hammered into the
wall. Raw and natural in its essence.

From a distance, this world, despite
its softness, seems solid. The deep
black of the charcoal sits in contrast
to the stark white, but look a bit
closer and you will find smooth
gradients where sharp defined edges
should be.

The images begin to melt into one
another like a gentle lullaby pulling
you into a dream.



Transfiguration III, 2024

Charcoal on Raw Canvas

32in x32in

The land of dreams, or whatever may be, is filled with beautiful landscapes, wild animals, and curious figures, but all that is good and light must also be met with what is dark and grotesque. In this world that Bakjyng opens us to, there are also monsters hidden in the shadows. Figures without form that tear themselves into existence, asserting their presence in the light for all to see. For all to bear witness. These horrible nightmares possess a beauty that draws you in. It elicits a kind of violence within yourself, a discomfort and fear buried deep into the crevices of the earth. And yet, they hold pieces of the same softness. A kind of gentle grace that reminds you that what is buried in the dark, too, is an illusory image. It is just a dream, no matter how terrifying it may be.

Light. Dark. Soft. Hard. Peaceful. Grotesque. This body of work contains multitudes. Tears a seam in the fabric of the world that we know and transports us into a liminality that we have always existed in, but somehow forgotten. A world where lost memories of the past, unknown spaces of the present, and imagined futures all collapse in on each other; time is no consequence. Everything known becomes unknown, and all that is unknown opens up to what is possible. It is all the spaces in between.

Welcome to the world of Bakjyng.

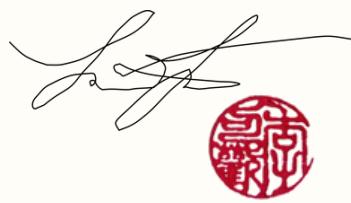
A handwritten signature in a cursive script, reading "bakjyng". The signature is fluid and expressive, with varying line thicknesses and ink saturation.

THE COLLECTION

THE CURATOR

Madison Mahre

There is a kind of unbearable lightness in this body of work. Bakjyng creates a world where we are able to confront what is otherwise too overwhelming to exist in our bodies. He builds a warm home for us that can hold what we ourselves cannot. Grief, love, death, all that is strange and unreal—all become bearable to confront here, in this space where you are safe and so deeply loved.



BIOGRAPHY

*Bak-Joo-Young
Visual Artist*

Bakjyng was born in South Korea and spent his childhood moving back and forth between LA and Seoul. The son of a pastor, much of his formative years were spent in the church or at community barbeques and events where he found himself in a sea of people but also in a sort of isolation. It was in this solitude that Bakjyng began to draw. Doodling on church brochures and copying illustrations from the comic books he read, he slowly began cultivating his passion and ambition to create worlds through images.

Eventually, he went on to study at the Maryland Institute College of Art, where he graduated with a degree in Painting. Between his junior and senior years of college, Bakjyng returned to Korea to fulfill his military service, where he was met with a strict environment that left little time to create. During this time, something within him shifted. Gradually, he found his desire to produce art dwindling in the wake of this life change. Upon returning from his military service, Bakjyng's art began to shift from fully abstracted works to more realistic images. The lens through which he viewed the world was no longer the same.

In the aftermath of his military service and being met with life post-graduation, where his engagement with art and ambitions were thrown into so much uncertainty, this collection was born. A series of 3 large-scale works that center on the themes of interiority, liminal space, home, and nature, these works explore the colossal weight and beauty of spaces of suspension. Places where subjects have yet to occupy, stories have yet to be lived, and time has yet to pass. A question of what it means to allow yourself to exist in empty space, to feel the heaviness of directionless and absent moments, and to truly appreciate the beauty found in the spaces in between.

PORTFOLIO

*A collection of works created by Bak Joo Young.
Availability indicated in the caption details.*

*The new collection will feature six charcoal on
canvas works. The works will center on the themes of
nature, home, animals, and interiority/space.*

*For inquiries on purchasing or to learn more about
upcoming/previous works please contact Madison
Mahre at the following address:*

madison@eternacontemporary.com



ARTWORK 01

Ten Thousand Gulls Away, 2025,
50in x70in

Available Upon Request



ARTWORK 02

Riverside, 2024, 22in x22in

Unavailable



ARTWORK 03

Jejuma, 2024, 24in x 30in

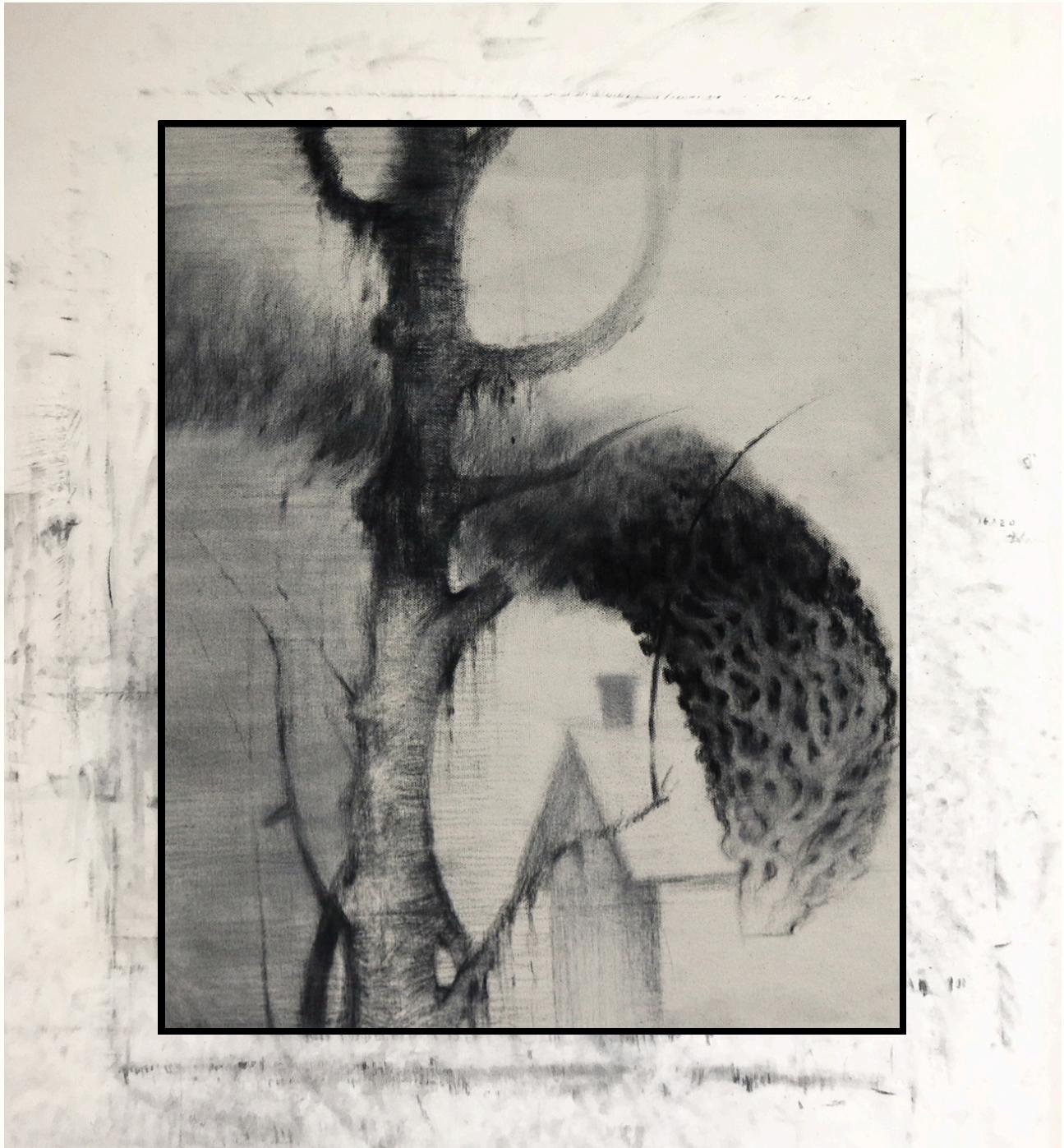
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ARTWORK 04

Equilibrium, 2024, 18in x 18in

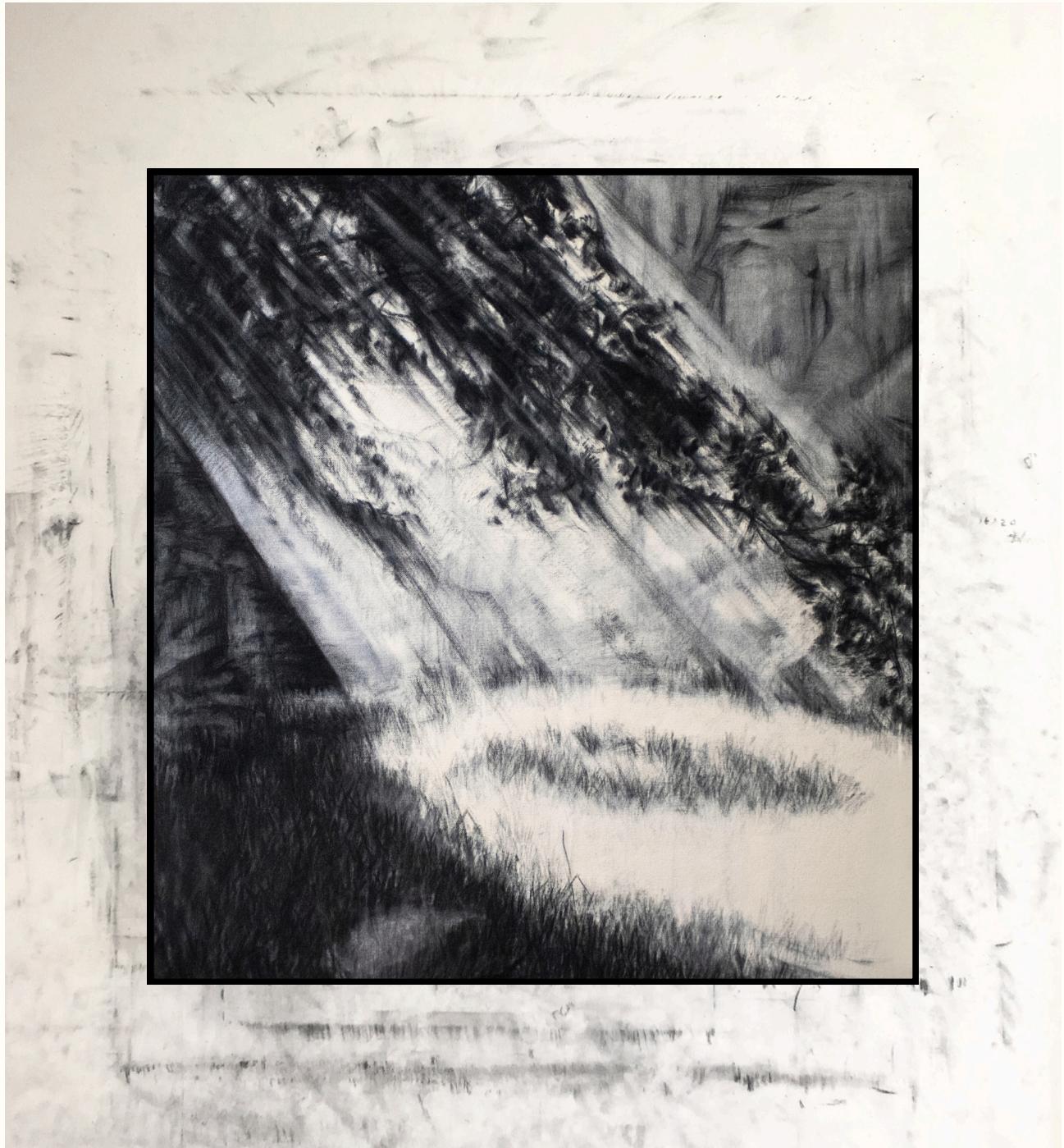
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ARTWORK 05

Self Portrait, 2024, 18in x 22in

Unavailable



ARTWORK 06

Soul Place, 2024, 32in x 32in

Unavailable



ARTWORK 07

Transfiguration I, 2024, 32in x 32in

Unavailable



ARTWORK 08

Transfiguration II, 2024, 32in x 32in

Unavailable



ARTWORK 09

Transfiguration III, 2024, 32in x 32in

Unavailable

ABOUT

Eterna Contemporary

Eterna Contemporary is an online contemporary art gallery that highlights artists who have forged their own paths, artists whose work is defiant. Born in response to an increasingly disconnected world, Eterna Contemporary creates a space for those looking for connection.

*With a focus on the **slow**, **deliberate**, and **long-standing**, Eterna Contemoprary is a return to the real.*

Have a coffee, enjoy beautiful art, and meet our wonderful community.

You are welcome here.

Eterna.

Creía yo

Macedonio Fernández

author of "Museum of Eterna's Novel"

*No a todo alcanza Amor, pues
que no puede
romper el gajo con que Muerte
toca.*

*Mas poco Muerte logra
si en corazón de Amor su miedo
muere.*

*Mas poco Muerte logra, pues no
puede
entrar su miedo en pecho donde
Amor.*

*Que Muerte rige a Vida; Amor a
Muerte.*

I Believe

*Love's reach does not extend to
everything, for*

*it cannot shake or break the stab
of Death.*

*Yet little can Death take if in a
loving heart the fear of it subsides.*

*Nor can Death take much at all, for
it cannot*

*drive its fear into the heart where
Love resides.*

*If Death rule over Life, Love over
Death.*

Ethos

Eterna.

Eterna Contemporary is named after the experimental novel "Museum of Eterna's Novel: The First Good Novel" by Argentine Avant-Garde philosopher and writer Macedonio Fernandez.

In the aftermath of his wife's death, Macedonio Fernandez left his work as a successful lawyer in Posadas, Argentina, to embark on a callosal ambition: to evade death itself, to return to his love.

Macedonio found his answer to his unspeakable grief in literature and metaphysics. There, he would not respond to reality but create it himself. He could tear through the fabric of time and death to exist in a non-reality, a space where the unintelligibility and magnitude of his love and grief could rest in its entirety.

Thus, "The Museum of Eterna's Novel: The First Good Novel" was born. In this novel, Eterna is the center. Eterna is love. Eterna is death. She is immortal, and the museum is her home, a space of unreality that you can always return to. Time is no consequence. The "Novel" becomes a void from which all things can exist in paradoxes. Where the incomprehensibility of existence is both mirrored and constructed. In this maddening work of over fifty prologues that, more often than not, borders on complete absurdity and chaos lies one of the most authentic portrayals of human existence. It does not attempt to construct a narrative that is refined and clean. It will not try to pull you in or seduce you with grand epics. No, it is terrifyingly close to having no form at all. This novel is fracturing; the only thing holding it at its center is Eterna herself: love.

I hope the art you find here offers you solace in all that is too mysterious, unfathomable, and tremendous for you to carry alone. We cannot all become like Macedonio and attempt to construct monuments beyond comprehension to express the weight of our existence. However, we can always find space for these moments of suspension. Moments of joy, love, grief, pain, suffering, and everything in between. Art has and will always be able to help us carry what alone is unbearable.

In this space, in this art, there is no need to be anything other than fractured. Messy. Incomprehensible. Full of beauty, and joy, and unimaginable love. There is magic to be found in the way worlds open when we deeply engage with art of any form, when we find that the beauty and harmony that drew us into specific works of art are actually reflections of what exists within ourselves.

Eterna Contemporary is an extension of this monument in time. It is a temple in an eternal unreality where all that is unseen can become known, held, and deeply loved.

CONTACT

*For all inquiries, please contact Madison Mahre at
the following address:*

madison@eternacontemporary.com



MUSEUM OF ETERNA'S NOVEL

INTRODUCING ETERNA

Hesitation.

I've had some days of my own like those winter days of storm and sunshine, tremulous days that burn out for moments at a time and make the world a spectacle of the turn of Indecision's screw. After I first met Eterna I wandered in such darkness and depression that I vacillated between her, Art, and Mystery. Now resolved to be unlost, I have since lived for discovery.

Even when I was able to achieve faith in myself, only faith in her was always ready at hand.

And I write this unnecessary book simply because she wants to smile at her lover from outside this love, from the space of Art.

The book is not hard to write at all if it is of little importance. I already did it a long time ago, as an initiate in skepticism, not in art but that which would conserve for us some kind of reference for Art.

The storm birds will not hover over our love, they will not cross its path.

But a certain shadow of the End, of concealing . . .

When it comes we'll narrow ourselves, drawing in our bodies and our clothing so that the pale terror that surrounds us cannot touch them.

All that is sad in her eyes is exalted in my being, my being of hope. And the instant passes. And passes again, and I did it, I had to split open this shadow, so it never returns.

You still don't believe it. I didn't see you coming either. The impossibility that you are. The impossibility of an Answer to death, yet I have it. The all-love that you are; the all-knowing that was mine.

Whether you exist or not, I dedicate this work to you; beauty eternal, you are at the very least what is real in my spirit.

"Museum of Eterna's Novel: The First Good Novel", page 18