

Eterna Contemporary

Artist Introduction

K | s r

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Klsr

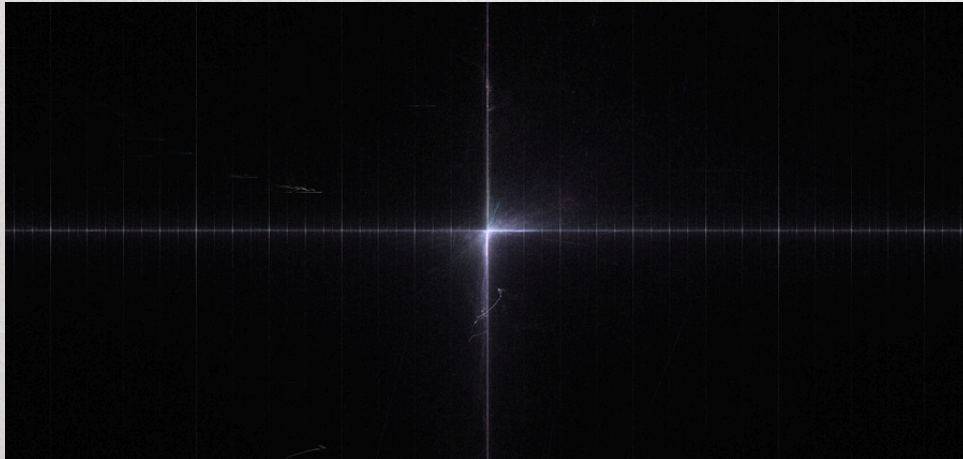
I n t r o d u c t i o n

klsr (pronounced: Closer)

K l s r

@klsr.av

suggested listening.



Homegrown, 2024
Digital Still

Pulse.

A steady beat that pulls you.

Each passing moment, the rhythm sinks deeper into your body. It infiltrates your senses and arrests your mind. You are caught in a moment, a trance, a harmony that you've known your whole life but have long since forgotten. The familiarity of a essence so fundamental fills every crevice of you; even the space right between the shadow and the soul.

A faint glow mirrors the sound.

It dances slowly across your vision as light illuminates the dark. It cuts and disperses in intervals. Slow, fast, just barely visible to the eye. As soon as you feel like you can grasp it in your hands, feel the pulse sync with your own heartbeat, it is gone once again.

For a moment,

you were somewhere else entirely.

This is the work of Klsr.

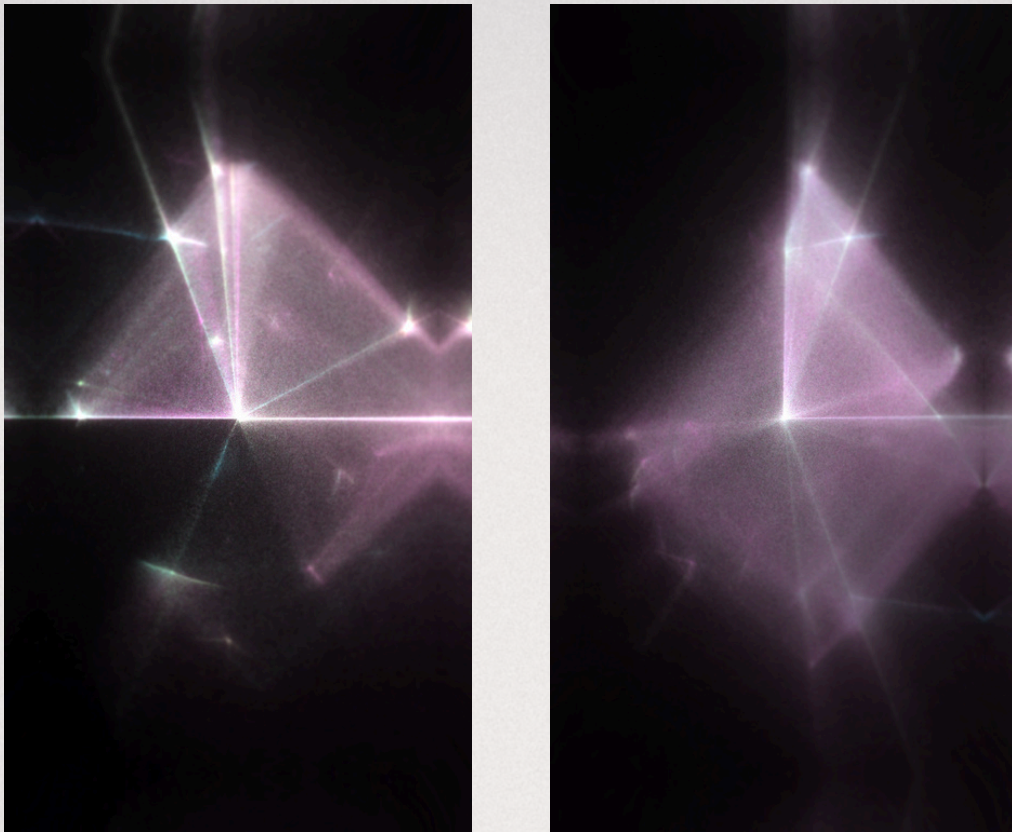
A moment, a pulse, a steady rhythm
that calls you back to your infinity.

When you first encounter this body of
work, a space of curiosity opens. The
music floods your body with an almost
overwhelming sense of calm. Light
dances across your vision in moments
of clarity and slow dispersion.

You are suddenly called back to a
space of pure emotion. Of love, of
joy, of play. Of a fundamental
essence within yourself that has, at
times, lost its way.

This body of work is a call back home.
It is a guide to lead you to what is
truthful about life and love and all
that this world has to offer.

It is space of feeling in its most
essential form. A home for all joy
that has once been forgotten to be
remembered again.



Where to Now, 2024
Digital Still

Rhythms, pulses, heartbeats that pull you towards somewhere other. This body of work contains what is fundamental. It dances in moments across time to create a space for us to exist in the light. It allows us to connect to something more essential about the world and our own lives. It is a harmony in space and time that carves itself into your very being.


Welcome to the world of Klsr.

The Collection

THE CURATOR

Madison Mahre

This body of work elicits a kind of childlike joy and love that is almost unbearably light. It allows you to connect what is so fragile and truthful about existence and cultivates within you a kind of peace and harmony that is so rare in the world we live in. A truly beautiful monument in time and space for all of this light to exist in its full essence.



Biography

Klsr

(pronounced: Closer)

Audio and Visual Artist

Klsr is a London based audio and visual artist that works across various disciplines: music, light, installation, and video. His work centers on use of light and sound to create spaces of pure emotion and play.

He first began as a music producer and studied music production throughout his years at Brighton Institute of Modern Music. There, he began to experiment with various forms of rhythms and genres.

Inspired by film and experimental sounds, Klsr began to develop his own style of work through an iterative process of leaning into any form of abstract emotion and allowing experimentation and play to guide his creation. As his style developed into a distinct and clear voice over the years, he found himself leaning into developing visual mediums as a method to create a more full experience through space and time.

Klsr now builds these spaces through the practice of music and art. His work extends into concerts, performances, as well as visual works that can be found in exhibitions, music platforms, and varying creative projects.

This collection of works plays on various ways light and sound can construct liminal spaces for all that is unseen to emerge. Like a meditation, this work opens a space of contemplation and rest that allows connection back to what is essential.

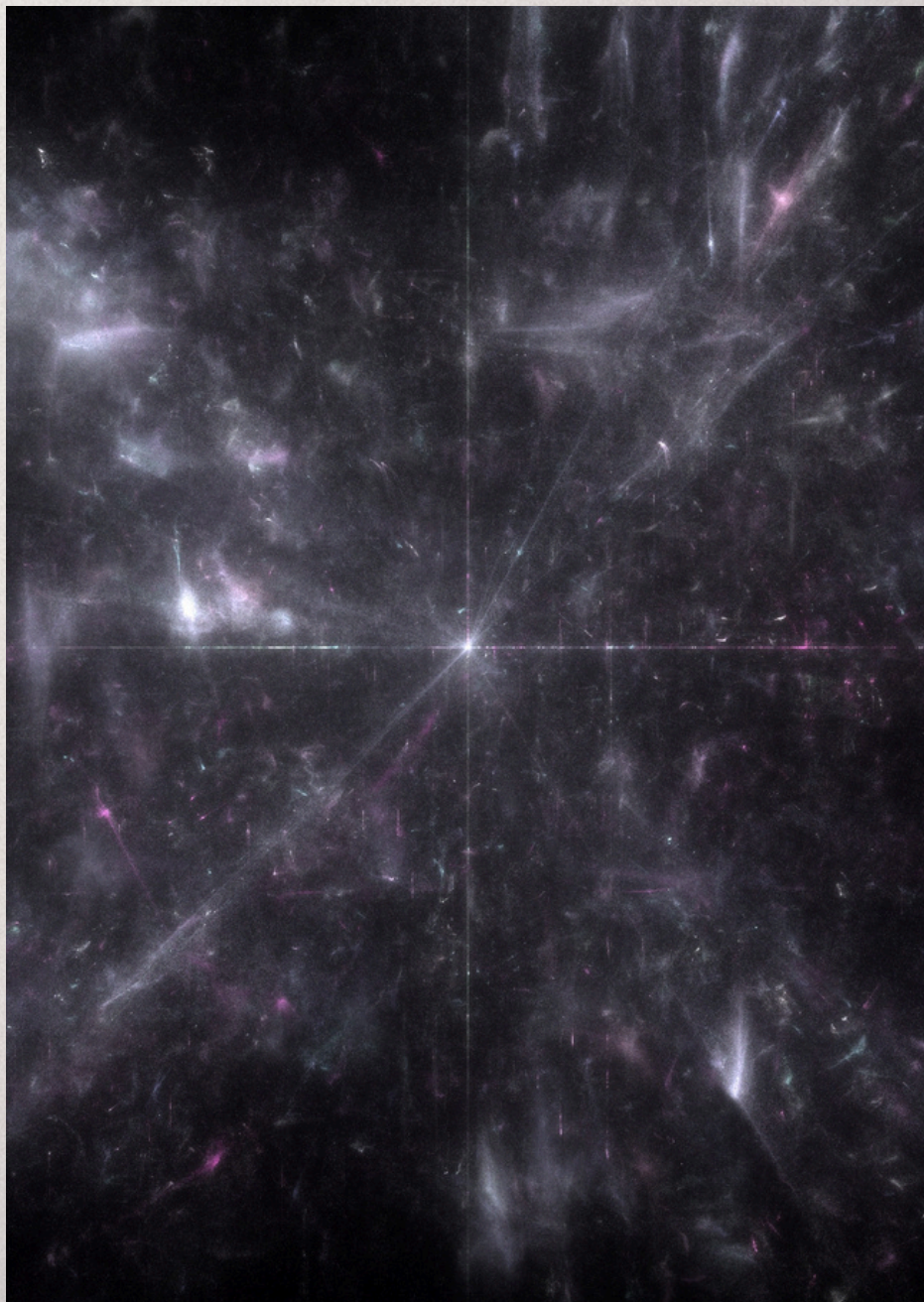
PORTFOLIO

A collection of works created by Klsr. Availability indicated in the caption details.

The new collection will feature six digital/immersive works. The works will center on the themes of light, texture, time, and 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

Homegrown, 2025
Digital Still

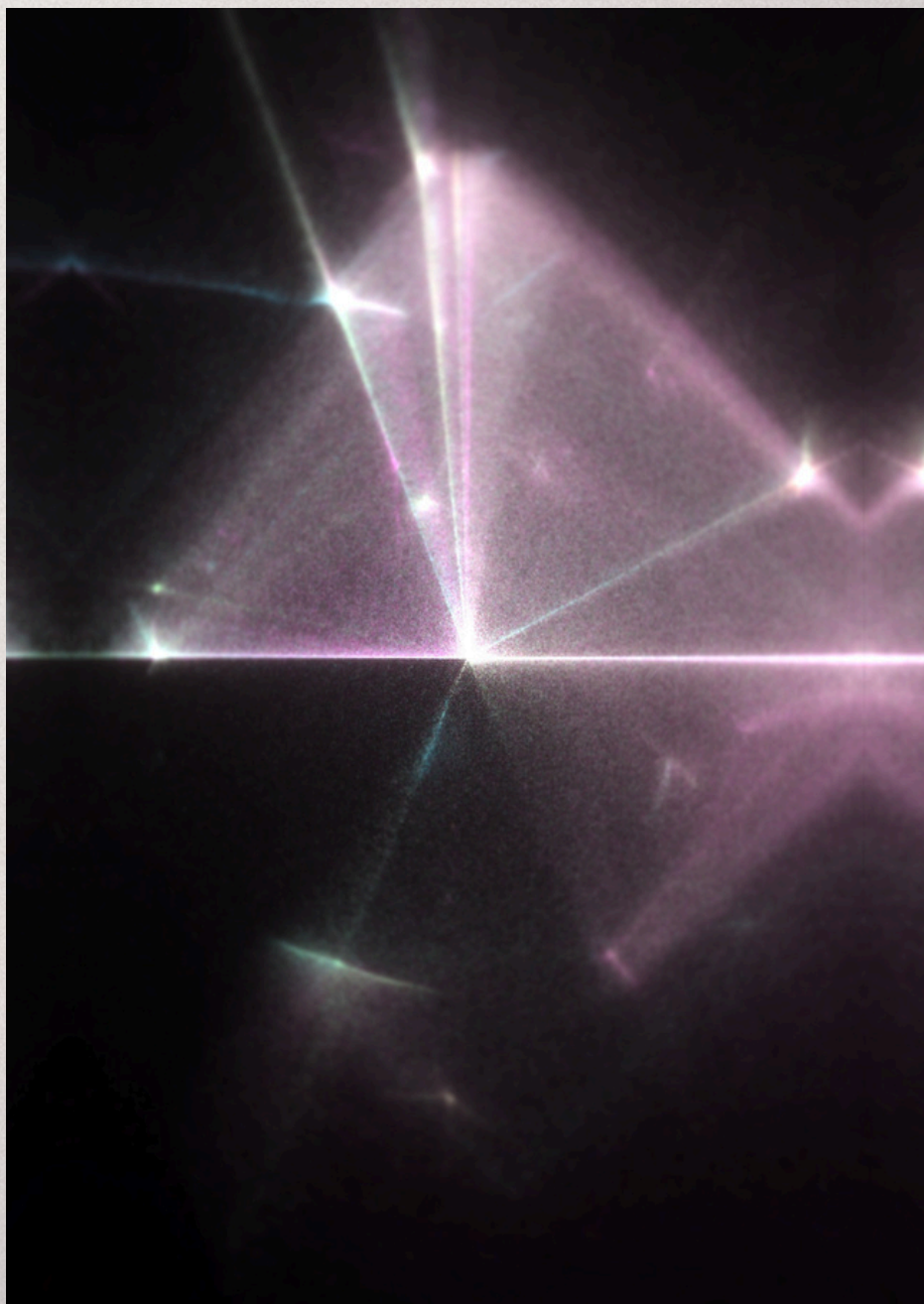
Available Upon Request



ARTWORK 02

LIGHT.CONTROL, 2024
Digital Still

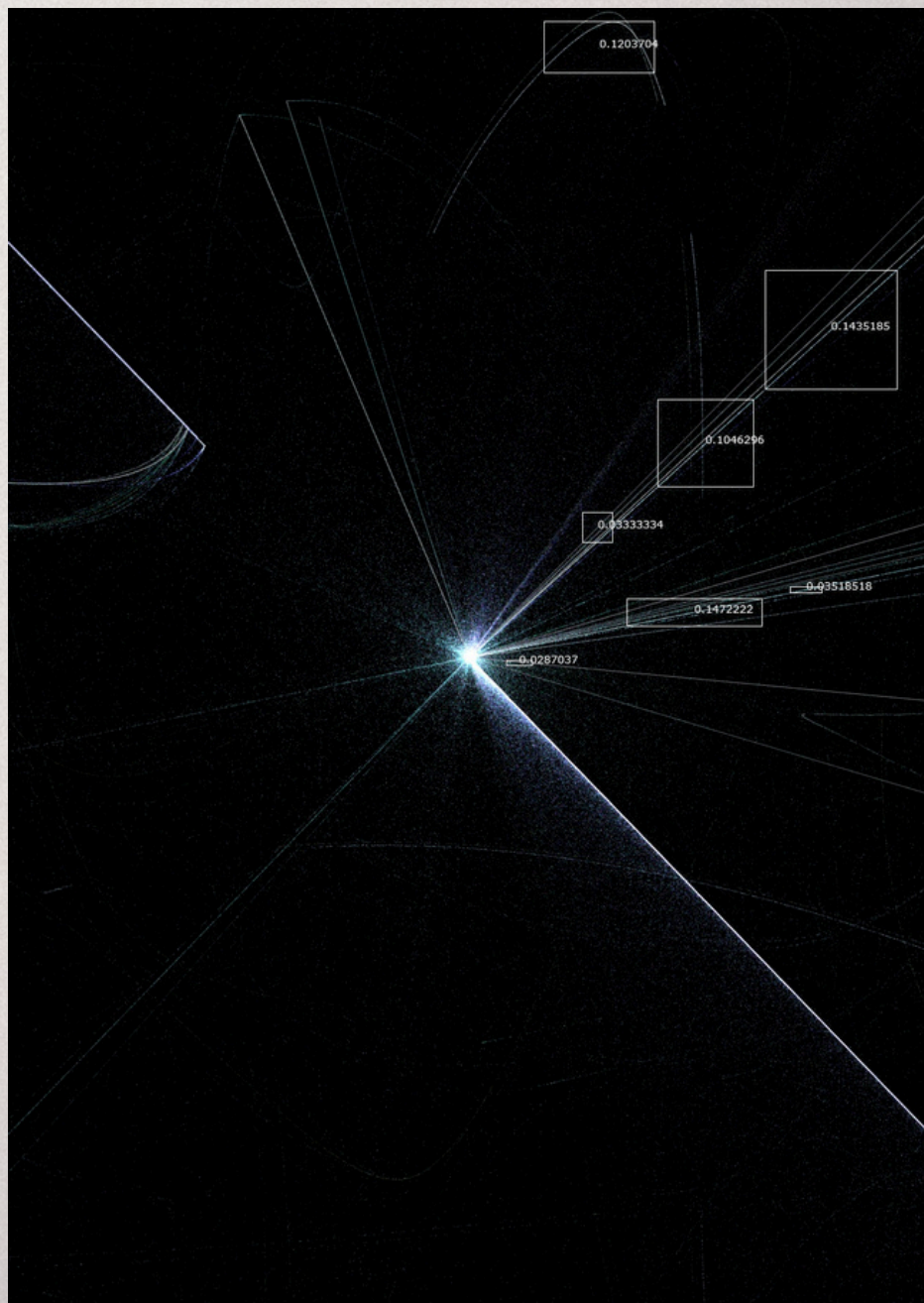
Available Upon Request



ARTWORK 03

Where to Now I, 2025
Digital Still

Available Upon Request



ARTWORK 04

***Instance**, 2024*
Digital Still

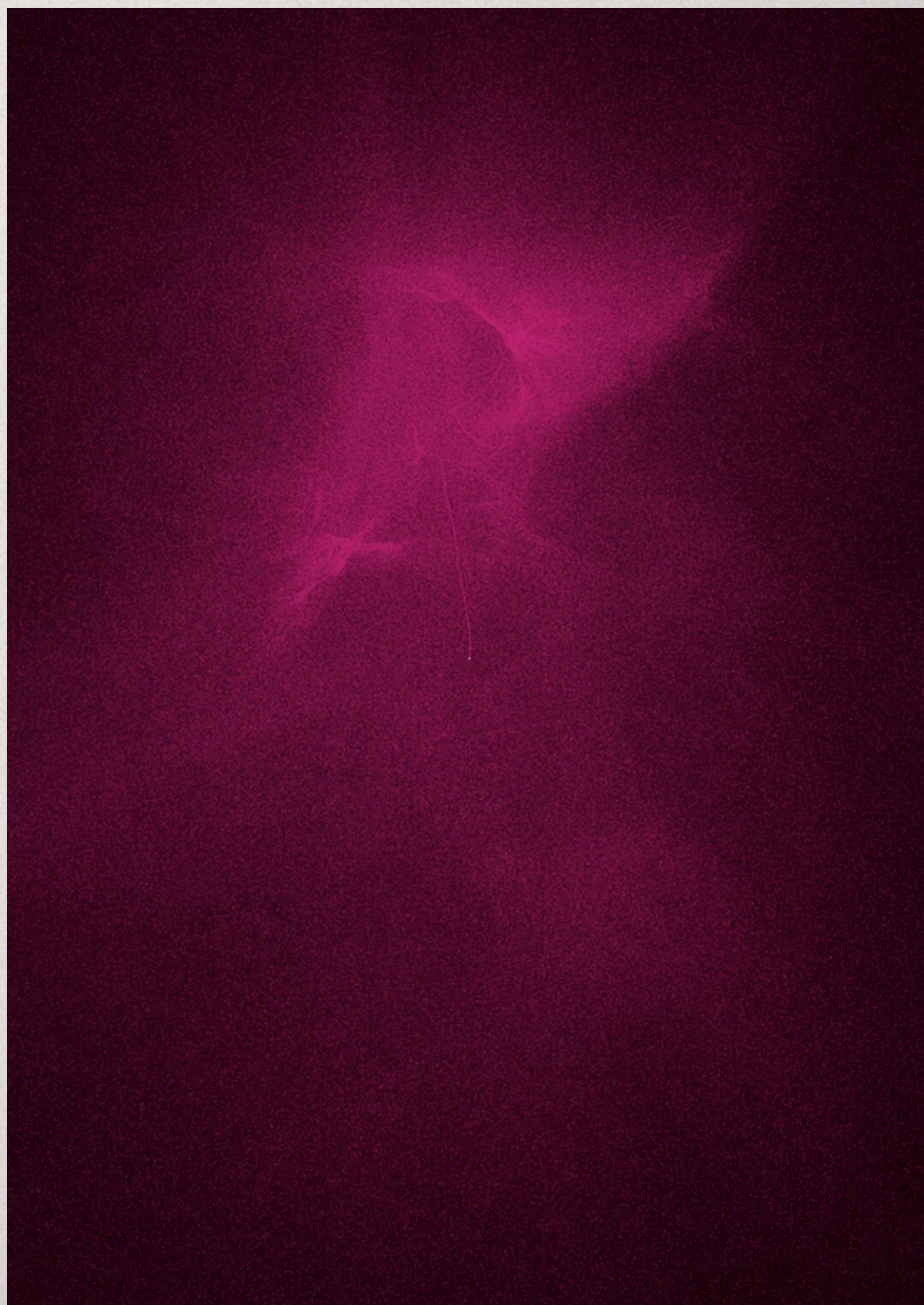
Available Upon Request



ARTWORK 05

Practice, Repeat , 2025
Digital Still

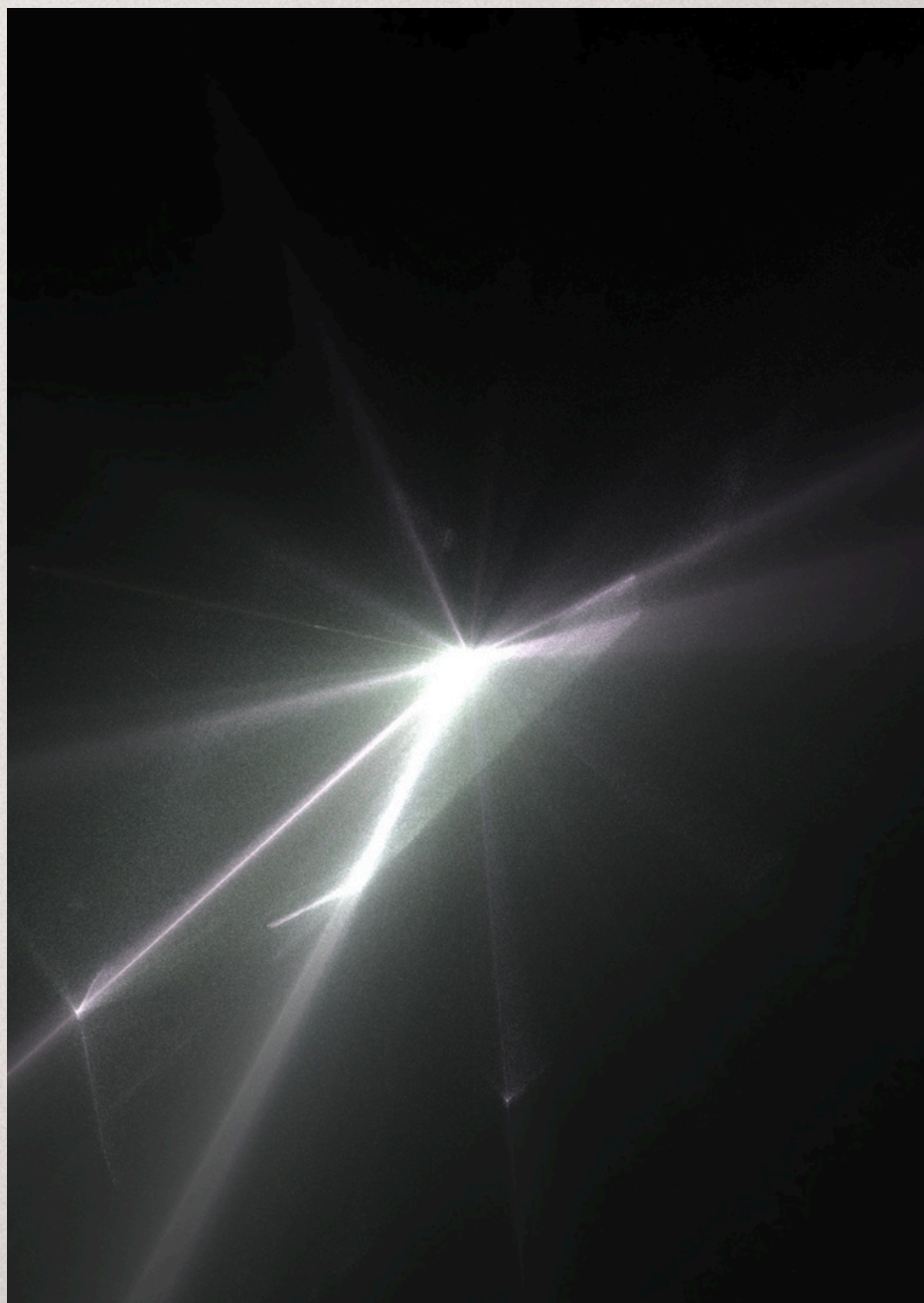
Available Upon Request



ARTWORK 06

Pocket Orchestra I, 2025
Digital Still

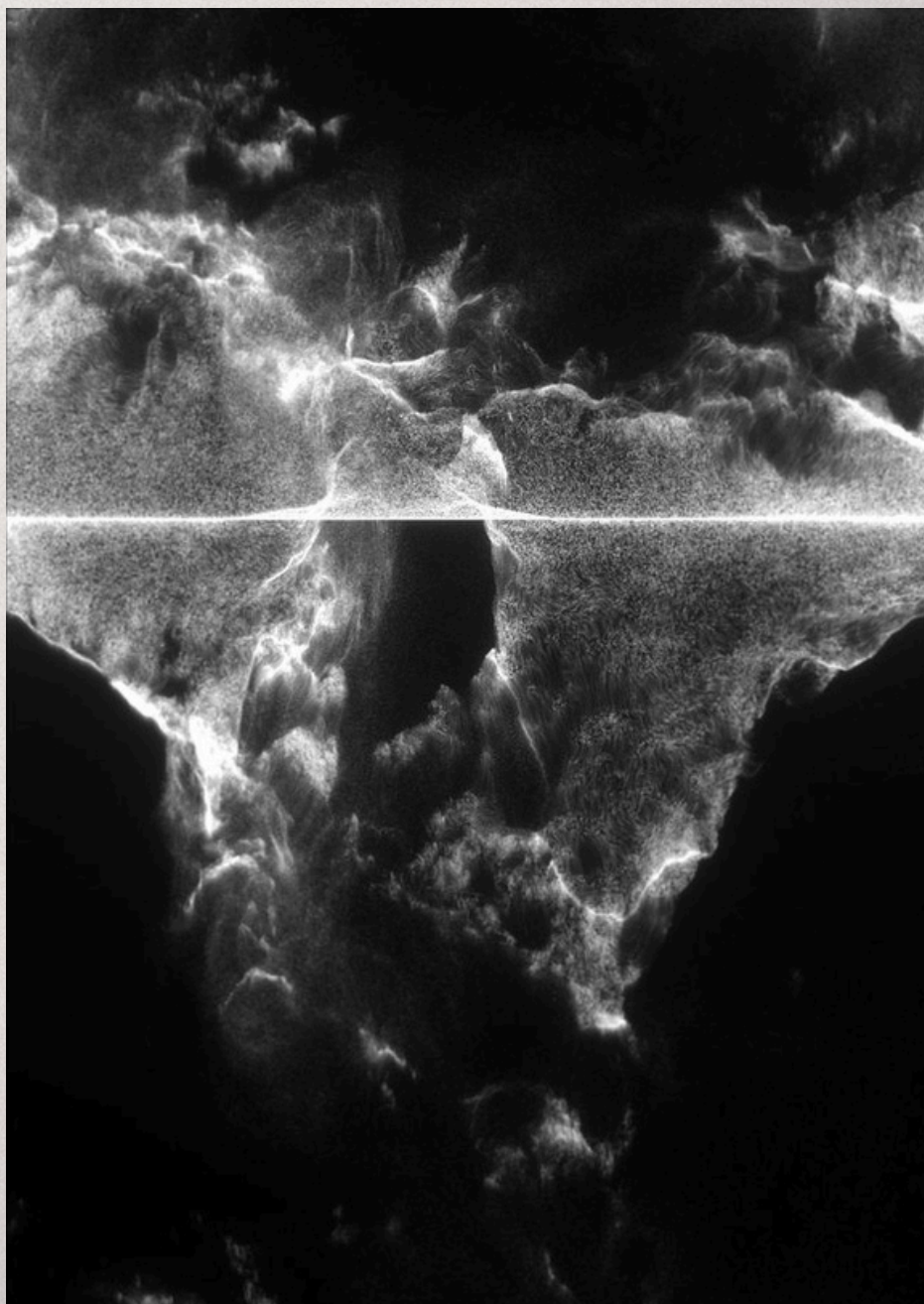
Available Upon Request



ARTWORK 07

***Lux**, 2025
Digital Still*

Available Upon Request



ARTWORK 08

***Tidal**, 2025
Digital Still*

Available Upon Request



ARTWORK 09

Chasms, 2025
Digital Still

Available Upon Request

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 Contemporary 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 Fernandez

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