



# Jeung Hoon Nam

*Artist  
Introduction*



ETERNA

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**ANGELUS GLORIOLA, 2024**

Black Porcelain  
(9in x 9in x 19in)

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

Jeung Hoon (Justin) Nam  
aka Enjayeych or NJH



**Jeung Hoon Nam**  
Enjayeych

@enjayeych

suggested listening



**LOOP**, 2024  
Black Porcelain  
(9.8in X 9.8in X 12.5in)

A flash of red. The faint light catches on an edge, illuminating something curious. A thin outline is cast against the dark, highlighting the sharp edge like a dagger. As the light grows stronger, more points appear. Thorns. There are thorns everywhere. They grow in every direction, flooding your vision as you take the vessels in with your eyes. Thorns of various colors, textures, and symmetries appear, the image of each one cutting through the dark and nestling itself into the corners of your mind. They serve as a warning. Or perhaps, even a threat. But at its center, there is a gravity that is difficult to explain. A gentle warmth and beauty that calls to you. A soft embrace that pulls you in.

It is paradoxical; the experience you have when you first encounter this sea of sculptures.

Upon first glance, there is something jarring about these grand ceramic vessels. The edges of the thorns appear harsh, like the promise of something violent.

They often cover the entire sculptures, and if they don't, even the smallest of thorns carries with it a kind of danger. A reminder to approach with caution, lest you pierce yourself in your recklessness.

And yet, beyond the sharp exterior, something quiet is resting beneath the surface. A gentle nook, the space in between the shadow and the soul.

Every inch is crafted with meticulous attention to detail. Layers of geometrical symmetries align in harmonious ways. Traces of discipline that can only be demonstrated with repetition and persistence are found everywhere.

There is so much love in these works. It is a reminder that often times the most delicate and beautiful things in life are fortified with terrifying power.

That things are not always as they appear to be.

This is the work of Jeung Hoon (Justin) Nam. Grounded in the ideas of **Defiance** and **Self-Defense**, Jeung Hoon builds sculptures that collapse and blur definitions of antithetical maxims that exist within our minds: good vs. evil, sharp vs. soft, light vs. dark, cold vs. warm. These axioms of truth that we hold in our minds and the images they evoke become salient as immutable principles become unanswered questions. Are good and evil really what they appear to be? Where is the line between protection and violence? How do we stand strong in the wake of invisible forces that lend us powerless?

Perhaps most importantly, how can we love the thorns that have grown within ourselves?

Welcome to the World of Jeung Hoon Nam.

*njh*



# THE COLLECTION

## THE CURATOR

Madison Mahre

*This body of work elicits a kind of strength and beauty that is almost unfathomable. The juxtaposition of the harsh exterior and the violence that the thorn imagery evokes with the soft and gentle curvature of the vessels is tremendous. The way these two extremes can exist simultaneously is a reminder that there are dualities beyond belief that exist within us all.*



# BIOGRAPHY

*Jeung Hoon Nam*

*aka Enjayeych or NJH*

*Ceramicist & Sculptor*

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*Jeung Hoon Nam did not always have thorns. They were grown over time in response to circumstance and a world that demanded so much.*

*Jeung Hoon Nam was born in South Korea in 2000, the year of the dragon. He spent the first few years of his life moving back and forth between the US and South Korea, often leaving the life that had been built as soon as he settled. The son of an aspiring ceramicist, Jeung Hoon grew up in the projects where steady income and opportunity were scarce. Despite the tumultuousness of living in constant flux, Jeung Hoon found a sense of belonging and home in his chosen community, in the friends he made, and in the people he loved. It did not matter that there were often wealth gaps and incredibly varied home lives among his peers; Jeung Hoon rooted himself in deep connections with friends, finding a home in the communities he built.*

*It wasn't until Jeung Hoon Nam was ten years old, recently having moved to California in a new, unfamiliar, and unwelcoming community, that things became very complex. Thrown into an environment where he was met with violent opposition, Jeung Hoon could only find solace in his small group of friends who protected and cared for each other. There, they began developing their own thorns to protect themselves and each other from the otherwise widespread bullying and violence. What started as a haven and community rooted in safeguarding each other quickly began to lead Jeung Hoon and his friends down dark and obscure paths that held the promise of power in the face of their powerlessness.*



*Jeung Hoon began to straddle the line, one foot in a structured world that cared little of him and the other in a darker, more chaotic world that held the promise of power. He oscillated in and out of these worlds in the years that followed, dropping out of high school, working various jobs to get by, and doing anything to survive. In this period of chaos and loneliness, he began to delve deeper into art. He found work and mentorship at a graphic design studio that led him to attend the Art Center in Pasadena to pursue his degree in the arts. But despite the new progression in his life, Jeung Hoon gradually was called back to the life he left behind; he soon dropped out and found himself once again fully immersed in the world that once took his friends. He became lost on the path he wandered down.*

*With nothing and no one, he did the only thing he could: he began to create. What started as a compulsion to mold something with his hands turned into hundreds of vessels with thorns everywhere. The thorns began small and sporadic. Then they got bigger. Each day he spent locked in his studio creating, they grew more complex. More sophisticated. More demanding. In this meditative process, Jeung Hoon slowly began to find his way back to himself, and soon his creations were everywhere. He was baptized, got sober, and has not stopped creating since.*

*This body of work was born in response to the tremendous hardships that have perpetuated Jeung Hoon's life. These works were created in the face of colossal systems and powers that have pushed him to develop within himself a kind of strength and defiance that permeates throughout his entire body of work. These are the works of someone who has fought long and hard to take what is terrifying and forge something beautiful.*

***Beauty. Destruction. Warmth. Discipline. Strength. Self Defense. Defiance.***

*Welcome to the world of Jeung Hoon Nam.*



# PORTFOLIO

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*A collection of previous works created by Jeung Hoon Nam. Availability is indicated in the caption details.*

*The new collection will feature five ceramic vessels of varying sizes. The works will center on the themes of defiance and self-protection.*

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

*[madison@eternacontemporary.com](mailto:madison@eternacontemporary.com)*



***Angelus Gloriola***, 2024  
Porcelain  
(16in x 16 in x 19in)



***Resonance***, 2024  
Porcelain  
(18in x 18in x 22in)



***B.M.T.***, 2024  
Porcelain  
(11in x 11in x 21in)

**Garrison Series**

*Los Angeles, 2024*  
*Unavailable*



***Moon Jar***, 2024  
Black Porcelain  
(11in x 11in x 14in)



***Moon Jar***, 2024  
Black Porcelain  
(11in x 11in x 14in)

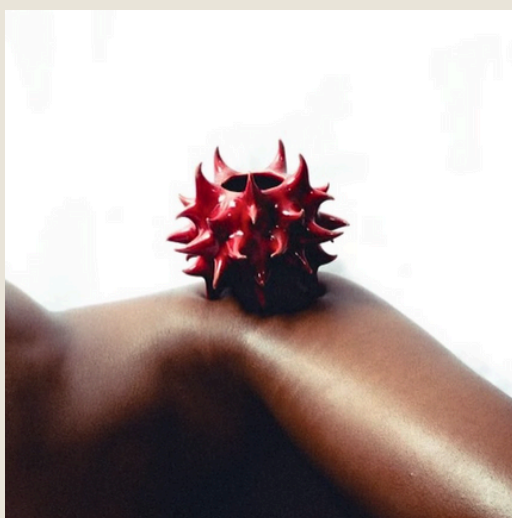


***M***, 2024  
Black Porcelain  
(8.5in x 8.5in x 14in)

## **Moon Series**

Los Angeles, 2024

Unavailable



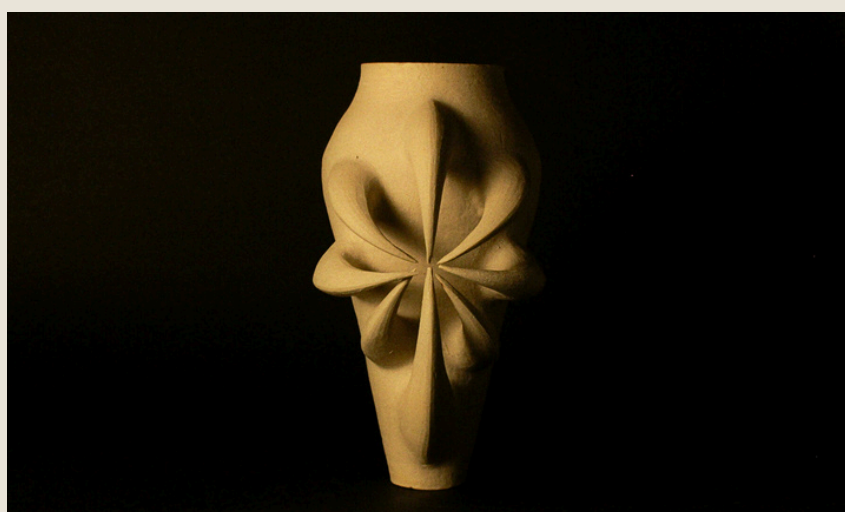
***Thorns of Athena (Red & White), 2024***  
*Porcelain*  
*(5.5in x 5.5in x 5in)*

**The Thorns of Athena**

*Los Angeles, 2024*  
*Available Upon Request*



***An Embrace, 2024***  
*Porcelain*  
*(9in x 7.5in x 13in)*



**Complexus**  
*Los Angeles, 2024*  
*Unavailable*

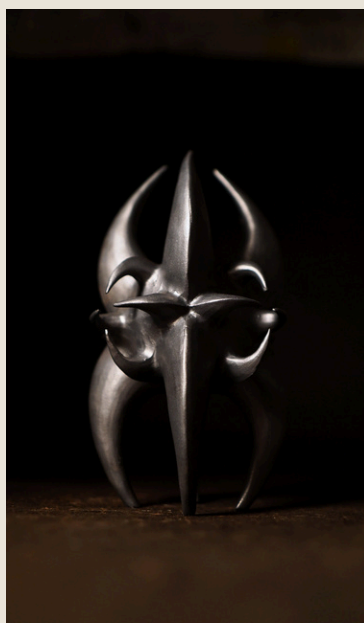




***Angelus Gloriola***, 2024  
Black Porcelain  
(9in x 9in x 19in)



***The Crux of Hera (Black)***, 2024  
Black Porcelain  
(4.5in x 4.5in x 9in)



## **Obsidian**

*Los Angeles, 2024*  
*Unavailable*





***The Crux of Hera (Red)***, 2024  
Black Porcelain  
(4.5in x 4.5in x 9in)



***Loop***, 2024  
Black Porcelain  
(9.8in x 9.8in x 12.5in)



***The Crux of Hera (Red)***, 2024  
Black Porcelain  
(4.5in x 4.5in x 9in)

**Love All, Trust a Few**

*Los Angeles, 2024*

*Unavailable*

ABOUT

# ETERNA

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*Eterna 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 creates a space for those looking for connection.*

*With a focus on the **slow, deliberate, and long-standing**, Eterna 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

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*Eterna.*

*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 (and probably should not) 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 certain works of art are actually reflections of what exists within ourselves.*

*Eterna is an extension of this monument in time. It is a temple in an eternal unreality for all that is unseen to become known, held, and so deeply loved.*

## MUSEUM OF ETERNA'S NOVEL: THE FIRST GOOD NOVEL

Written by  
Macedonio Fernandez

### 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.*

# CONTACT

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