

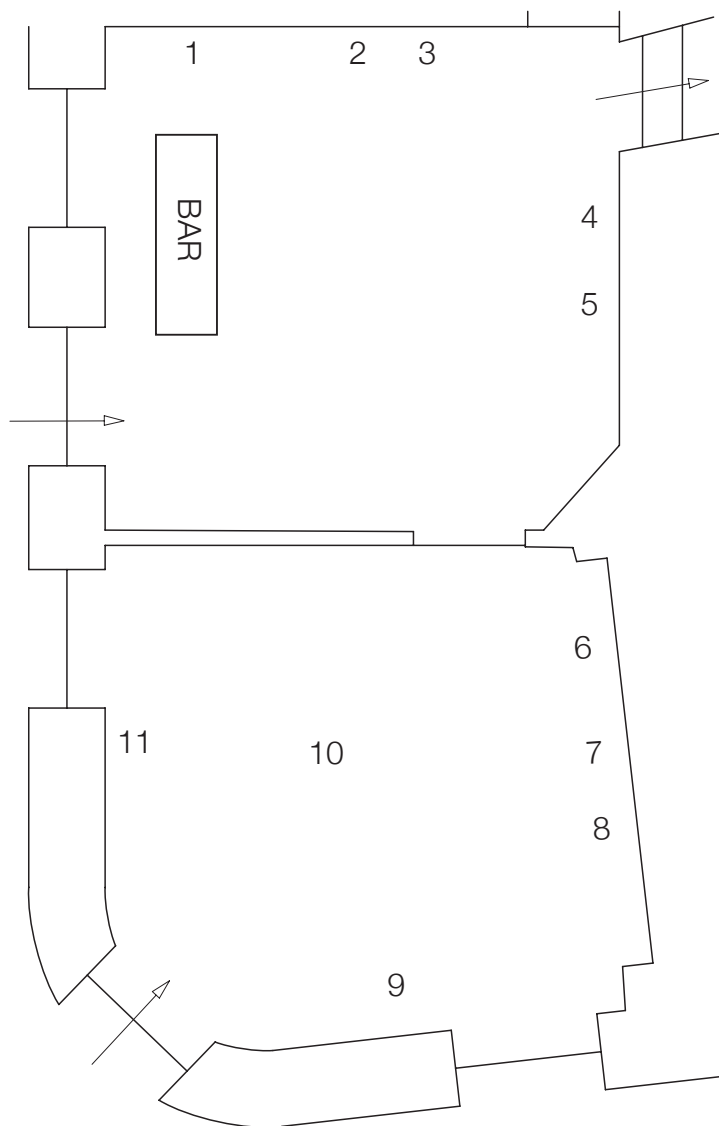
# *plashy*

1st - 17th May 2025

**Lauren Nickou**  
**Veronika Beringer**

New Jörg  
Jägerstraße 56,  
1200 Wien

Eingeladen von Veronika  
Beringer als Teil  
des unabhängigen  
Ausstellungsprogramms  
Pappenheimgasse 37



1. Lauren Nickou,  
Sunset at Traunsee, black and white 4  
2025, Ink on handmade cotton paper,  
36 x 25 cm, (framed: 52 x 42 cm)
2. Veronika Beringer  
Furrato  
2024, Ceramic, Silkpainting, Frottee, Styrofoam  
and Ceramic Figures, 17 x 13,4 cm
3. Lauren Nickou,  
Sunset at Traunsee, yellow  
2025, Oil on Linen, 60 x 50 cm
4. Veronika Beringer  
Fujiyama Onsen (outside)  
2024, Ceramic, Silkpainting, Frottee and Ceramic  
Figures, 21,5 x 15 cm
5. Lauren Nickou,  
Sunset at Traunsee, pink 2  
2025, Acrylic and ink on handmade cotton paper  
36 x 24 cm, (framed: 52 x 42 cm)
6. Lauren Nickou,  
Moon over Traunsee, indigo  
2025, Oil on Linen, 50 x 60 cm
7. Veronika Beringer  
Fujiyama Onsen (inside)  
2024, Ceramic and Silkpainting, 11 x 18,4 cm
8. Veronika Beringer  
Yoshinoike  
2024, Ceramic, Silkpainting and Ceramic Figures,  
23 x 15 cm
9. Lauren Nickou,  
Sunset at Traunsee, magenta  
2025, Oil on Linen, 50 x 40 cm
10. Veronika Beringer  
Venus Cloacina  
2021, Ceramic Fountain, 122 x 150 cm
11. Lauren Nickou,  
Sunset at Traunsee, pink 1  
2025, Acrylic and ink on handmade cotton paper  
18 x 12 cm, (framed: 42 x 32 cm)

Dear God,

(...), (...) however this new life as a father, a messenger of sorts, has quite naturally become one of more routine and ritual.

Every morning starts with a shower, after waking, that cleanses my body and marks the new day's start. The bathroom is an intimate cocoon whose confines provide shelter for thoughts that, moments before, were dreams. Under the warm water, thoughts safely continue to float around the unconscious, but not for very long because practical matters await and also, gas is costly!

(...) but when it's time, I saunter to work, which takes one hour of time. This route leads me through three city parks that all contain trees, plants, hedges and patches of grass (nature). Walking through nature is good for the heart and for feeling more relaxed. Being out and looking at life, 'inner' thoughts air and exchange with the outside, which have a way of grounding them. There's no time for this type of thinking quite like when sauntering through the outdoors.

Nietzsche is quoted for stating, or so I was told, among other things, that *Sitzfleisch is the real sin against the Holy Spirit. Only thoughts reached by walking have any value. Forgive me. Sit as little as possible, do not believe any idea that wasn't born out of free movement in the open air.* When I repeated this to a Bulgarian friend, she replied that Nietzsche should have taken his own advice!

As I'm writing this art text, I am, alas, seated. I did go out with the purpose of thinking up a text on a walk and the weather is quite inspiring. A rare combination of springtime light and scent, on the brink of thunder, that I must only have experienced a handful of dusks before - and now each recording is simultaneously summoned, in a flux, through their little antennas that stand out at specific height in my memories. Associations agogo! Nonetheless it is also, alas, extremely plashy out and thus I had to find cover for my notebook. But even if my surrounding had been a wizened droughty one - I can't write legibly when walking, and my short-term memory is too impaired to hold thoughts long enough to be able to write them down later, and I don't have long-term's time, for, as you know, this text is due tomorrow.

Although not on the move, at least I am sitting outside. It's a covered terrace at a small roundabout with a tree in its center. The tree is full of branches full of fresh green leaves. The whole thing looks like an extremely slow explosion. Or perhaps it's us who are very quick, making the explosion look almost paused, except for its leaves, its flashes, that are swaying gently.