



NERIKH NIKITA (rikhner)

ARTIST STATEMENT

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My grandmother used to tear paper into small pieces when her memory began to fail her — a gesture I later made the title of an artist's book. Most of my work starts like this: with something small and physical that happens inside a home when a person, or the order of things, begins to come apart. I make artist's books, videos, and installations about what families store and what they forbid — waiting, fear, tears, the things kept “in case of guests.”

The materials carry the subject. Linocut portraits are cut apart and recombined across the spreads of a book, losing and regaining a face the way memory does. In the video *Silence in Two Rooms* (2025), old family footage of my grandmother's smile plays across my own face, so that for ninety-seven seconds two people share one surface — the one who is forgetting and the one who refuses to forget. Reading Levinas while she was ill gave me a working rule I still hold to: another person is not an image to look at but someone you answer to.

Lately the household has opened onto the street. In *The Low Pass* (2026), sculpted children stand frozen mid-game on a football field, all of them looking up at something the viewer never sees; in *No-cry* (2026), a man tries to cry and can only grimace, until artificial tears are animated onto his face. I am currently preparing an exhibition project on the automatism of behaviour in urban space — how the city disciplines the body without its noticing: routes, gestures, and reactions repeat themselves until a break in the familiar order reveals how little of our movement is our own. The question that began at home thus steps out into the street: what do we owe each other in the moment before something breaks?