



Marxergasse 16 1030 Vienna

Opening hours during the exhibition:
Friday, 5–9 pm or by appointment
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Aaron Amar Bhamra

The title of the exhibition is the first sentence of the text by J.

9 February – 3 March 2026

For the title, see the first sentence

Jo Schindler

The weight in your palm orients the improbable possibility of your hand to shake and greet the fabric glimmering around the cut out space, waving at the potential it holds as a frame of reference.

Its coolness against your cheek reminds you of the harsh dry smack you felt when the all too familiar echo of self-reference was cut, deliberately.

One afternoon, while you were playing the piano, I crawled between your feet and its wooden case without you noticing and pushed and pushed and pushed the damper until you crouched down to find me and scream at me so I finally got the bit of attention you had in stock for me every day.

I came back another day to see the curtains blow in my direction, telling me of an open space, of you, gone.

Is this a wake, are you awake?

One evening, you told me about the tape you made and the song you listened to on repeat, winding back again and again until the tape was so worn out and loose and wobbly that the song faded into a mere whisper.

You don't strike up conversations like these just like that.

Your hand was shaking like a gently warming fire, so light that the pressure you put on the keys was barely enough for the notes to sound, but someone had removed the back checks for the vibration to go on almost endlessly, even if faintly, how dare you, you said, when you noticed the absence of a catching counterweight in the tones.

If I had a hammer. (Pete Seeger/Lee Hays, *If I had a hammer*, 1949)

I trace your path, the routes you've taken, year after year, beginning in the same place, going one stop further each time, and ending where you started.

Our chance encounter, on that particular day.

The whisper in your ear when the kite took flight.

The rhythm of you smoking a cigarette, adding an extra breeze to your low voice.

The rhythm of you smoking a cigarette determines the speed at which air is entering and leaving your lungs.

Is that your shadow in the corner keeping score? (Kae Tempest, *Prayers to Whisper*, 2025)

The whisper in your ear.

The mixtape you made and the song you listened to on repeat, winding back again and again until the tape was so loose that the song became a mere whistling.

I still hear the echo of you singing in the tiled hallway with so much air one could mistake the sound for a draught if one didn't know your singing voice: *I'd like a coffee / to go with my mood / and a glass of wine / to shine / when the moon has gone / and the night is light.*

You keep the memory of being together in tales about unrealized dreams to travel.

The weight in your palm and its coolness against your skin remind you of the vendor you didn't even haggle with.

I watched your body sway, shifting its weight from one side to the other, the left side, unmistakably, tensing up, clinging to your sound at the potential of losing it strangling it almost, the right side raising the hand the fist the hammer in response, ready to strike.

When you took the picture, what did you want to hold on to?

The hazy light turning summer into autumn and the leaves green red yellow brown.

The blue when the day holds its breath for a moment before seeping into nighttime.

The orange you gave me.

You tried to capture a scenery at midday and, by chance, you caught a bird to greet you every time you look at it, flying high.

The pressure on the key and the weight of the first note direct the succession of tones to make a major or a minor shift.

You don't touch upon topics like these in the morning.

You pulled out the tapes and untangled them to read through the traces of song, composing your own.

It's about time.

List of works:

Aaron Amar Bhamra
untitled, 2026
Tape, UV tape, spring rail with mounting,
one octave of back checks, part of *midair*, 2025
various dimensions

Aaron Amar Bhamra
untitled, 2025-2026
Cut out from a gift wrapping with the colors
white and red from N., table weight
62 x 47 x 3 cm

Aaron Amar Bhamra
2024 or p for piano, 2026
Print on photo paper, staple, tape, foil
14 x 1 x 3 cm

Aaron Amar Bhamra
studio 2025-2027, 2026
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