HELENA UAMBEMBE
BLOOMING IN STASIS
25.8230° S, 23.5312° E

ZOLLAMT MMK

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The ground dry and dusty. A derelict house surrounded by a high chain-link fence. Everything of any value or utility stolen. Neither present nor future seem to exist, only that which once was. The yellow flowers are all that testify to the here and now.

Having fled from the civil war in their own country, Angolan men in the refugee camps of Namibia faced the choice of returning home or joining the South African apartheid government's military. Return was out of the question; they opted for the army. They were ordered to find an Angolan refugee woman to marry and start a family within a month. Their battalion, the 32, also known as the "Buffalo Battalion," was deployed in the struggle against Namibians and Angolans striving for independence. With the end of the Cold War and Namibia's imminent independence, the soldiers were transferred to Pomfret in the Kalahari Desert in northwestern South Africa in 1989. Now they had to help quell activist revolts in the townships. In 1993, shortly before the official end of apartheid, the battalion was dissolved and the men put to work in asbestos mining. Then the South African government decided in 2004 to demolish Pomfret and resettle its 5,000 residents, allegedly because of the health risks posed by asbestos. The real reason was probably the participation of several mercenaries in overthrowing the president of Equatorial Guinea. The police station, hospital, post office, and swimming pools were closed, and the water and power supply were shut down. But the people stayed regardless. Always forced to fight on the wrong side, the rest of society despised them. Continually uprooted for years, having only just begun to gain a foothold, life in the isolated Portuguese-speaking community seemed the only way forward. Approximately 1,000 people live in Pomfret to this day.

Conversation
Helena Uambembe / Susanne Pfeffer

SUSANNE PFEFFER Welcome Helena! For your exhibition here at ZOLLAMT^MMK you returned to Pomfret, your native town in South Africa. Why?

HELENA UAMBEMBE I think I always use Pomfret as a reference point because it's so global. So small, so far away, but so global. If you think about the current situation in the world, for example, with Ukraine and Russia. I remember when the invasion happened in Ukraine I was talking to someone, a European, who said to me, "You know, I never thought we would see war again on the European continent!" And I thought, "What does that mean?" Because there's war everywhere in the world. And then recently, with what was happening in Sudan, the infighting, and knowing there were people in Sudan caught in the middle when the shooting and violence were happening, people tried to flee, but their passports were destroyed. It hit me that I never thought I would have to go through the Cold War like my parents did. It sounds crazy, but that's really what occurred to me.

And I think the evidence is there. For example, in South Africa very recently, Reuben Brigety, the US ambassador to South Africa, went on Twitter—this amazing platform where you share facts, *supposed* facts, without any evidence—he went on Twitter to rant about how South Africa is selling arms to Russia, but without the slightest evidence to prove this claim. And that brought about the collapse of the rand, the South African currency: The rand collapsed, and the currencies of many other countries on the continent collapsed as well. For me, those were signs of the Cold War.

The Cold War left deep gashes behind in my parents' lives. Their entire life trajectory changed because of something that had nothing to do with them, but they were caught up in it. And not just the Cold War, but also the civil war in Angola that—fueled by the Cold War—flared up in 1975 after the country's liberation. I never thought I would have to go through something like that.

When I saw the images of the ZOLLAMT^MMK façade, I immediately thought of these yellow flowers that grow in Pomfret. I've never seen them growing anywhere else. They're beautiful, bright yellow with lots of pollen. They look so charming, and they grow everywhere. But they smell terrible. When I went back to Pomfret this year, I smelled that smell again. It smelled so terrible, but actually, the smell put a smile on my face because it was the smell of home. A wave of nostalgia overcame me. In my mind, this place should be a reminder for us not to repeat the mistakes of the past. But such warnings seem to go unheeded at the moment: what the heck can one learn from a desolate corner of the earth like Pomfret? That small village of washed-out soldiers or former soldiers living out their days. A place that is a result of greed, colonialism, imperialism, the Cold War. I had to go back to Pomfret to heed the warning or give the world a warning. If people listen, it would be nice. If they don't, it's also okay. At least the work is done.

SP I think it might be helpful to know what took your parents to Pomfret. After all, your fate shows how closely world history and family history can be intertwined.

HU It all started when Angola gained independence, and these three different factions formed—the MPLA (People's Movement for the Liberation of Angola), the FNLA (National Liberation Front of Angola), and the UNITA (National Union for the Total Independence of Angola), all supported by different people. There was going to be this new structure of what the world would look like, and different countries and corporations wanted a hand in it. The Soviet Union and Cuba supported the MPLA because it was communist. The South African government and the USA supported UNITA and the FNLA. The South African government had taken over Namibia after Germany lost its colonies. South Africa was against Namibian independence and used this as a way of entering Angola on the pretext that they had to protect their borders from communism. But I think it was more a way of trying to protect their little empire and the world they had built for themselves, namely apartheid.

My father happened to be in Mpupa, in Angola. Jan Breytenbach was there, sent by the South African army to train FNLA soldiers. And he gets there, and there are not just soldiers but women and children as well; I believe there were more women and children than there were soldiers. But then the South Africans realized: Okay, we could put them on our payroll to fight for us. They could infiltrate enemy camps. So they moved them from Mpupa, situated

in the center of Angola, to Namibia, which they controlled, and created the Buffalo camp. That's where the 32 Battalion was formed—made up of Black soldiers, refugees, a few mercenaries—to fight for the South African military (that is, the apartheid government) against communism and their enemies. And the first thought that comes to mind is: Well, that's Black brothers betraying Black brothers, which is valid, but it's also Black people trying to survive the violence and manipulation tactics they were being subjected to. The South African government and military controlled the refugee camps in Namibia. And they would often use the closure of a refugee camp as a recruitment strategy. They would give people the option of either going into the military or returning to war-torn Angola. Both options meant death. You're choosing death, but the one option, the battalion, meant: Okay, at least my children and I will have a chance of some sort of survival for a bit.

My parents met in Namibia. And—I'm not sure, since they never told me how they met, though I've always wondered—but I think it was a marriage out of necessity and survival. The battalion would force single men in the military to go out and try to find a wife and get married. And then you would bring your wife back to Buffalo.

SP What was the idea behind that?

HU It was a kind of ransom: A lot of soldiers who went to fight on the battlefield would find some way to run off because of the senseless violence they both witnessed and experienced in the military.

SP In other words, marriage was how they forced them to stay.

HU Yeah, so you have something to go back to. I mean, even the way the marriages were brought about was violent: You had to leave, you had to go and find a wife in the refugee camps, try to find someone young, someone Black like you, preferably of your tribe. If you didn't find that person, a portion of your salary for the month was withheld and you were beaten, lashed. No one wants to go through such violence. So people just partnered up to survive. But there was also violence in the partnerships themselves, because now some of the men were dealing with the violence they had witnessed and experienced in the military by taking it out on their partners.

I am in no way idealizing the battalion or trying to absolve those soldiers of their sins. I'm just trying to talk about the complexities they were confronted with, the complexities that led to my existence, the constant abuse of power that happens in the world.

A few years after the fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989, the Soviet Union disintegrated as well, and Namibia was on the cusp of gaining independence. The military had to withdraw from Namibia because, after all, what were they doing there now? It was no longer their territory. But they still had the burden of these "adopted children," that is, the people of the 32 Battalion, the soldiers and their partners. So they moved them to Pomfret, which is in South Africa's Northwest Province, far from everything, 160 kilometers away from Vryburg. To this day, it's still like a gated community. Even though we were locals, we were still very much segregated from the rest of the population. There was them and us and us and them. This "us and them" and being referred to as Angolan were fascinating to me because we weren't in Angola but we were Angolan even though we had South African citizenship. I remember always wondering: How? It doesn't make sense. Why do we speak Portuguese? We're in South Africa. Why do I have the names I have? Why? Why are we here?

SP Were you ever able to find answers to those questions?

HU The military and the war were the answers. And in a way, I think those questions and wanting to talk about Pomfret and its history, are what led me to become an artist. So I could make that enigma my subject matter. I was actually interested in politics and wanted to be a political analyst. But I'm an artist. So in a way, I'm still a political analyst.

SP That brings us to something I wanted to ask you anyway: How do you see yourself as an artist?

HU I see myself both as a storyteller and a storykeeper. Many of the subjects I explore are not from my own experience, the people in Pomfret have entrusted me with their story and I have a responsibility to tell it with care. I see myself as an observer of the world; my work is an observation of the world. I didn't like the conditions my people were living in. When the military was disbanded in 1993, it slowly began moving out. And as they were moving out,

basic services like water and electricity became scarce. And even now, they're nonexistent. I didn't like the way my people were living. I didn't like the violence. I couldn't express it at the time, since I was, like, seven or ten years old. But I knew I didn't like it. And it became especially clear to me in 2001 when I moved to Potchefstroom, a bigger and more developed South African city compared to Pomfret, with shopping malls, schools, and roads.

SP Did you remain primarily within the Angolan community in Potchefstroom?

HU Yes, I lived there with my sister. Potchefstroom is a *white* Afrikaans town and also a military town.

SP Did something particular draw you there?

HU It's in the Northwest Province, but it's way more developed and has a university campus.

SP Did the fact that there is an Angolan community in Potchefstroom also play a role?

HU It is a really small community with a large ex-military population.

SP And did you sometimes go to Pomfret to visit?

HU Yes, I went back to Pomfret for holidays and Christmas. And I always wondered: Why don't we have nice things? Why, why is it so far? As we drive into Pomfret, why are the roads suddenly just gravel? And it frustrated me because I wanted better for myself. I wanted better for my community. Obviously, I don't have all the answers, but I gradually came to understand the complexities—the political complexities—of what Pomfret is and why it is the way it is.

SP You have deliberately designed the exhibition space in such a way that, when you enter it, it feels like you're entering Pomfret.

HU I was actually thinking about that yesterday after reading a passage in Piet Nortje's book *The Terrible Ones* from 2012 where he describes what Pomfret was like when the 32 Battalion entered it. Pomfret had been created around asbestos mining. But asbestos wasn't profitable anymore after its causal links to people's ill-health and death had been made public.

SP So surely many of the miners who worked there are still suffering from damage to their health?

HU I don't know; I haven't really investigated the mine yet, but that's another thing I'd like to explore to find out when the mining started, when it stopped, and who worked there. There was so much violence in South Africa and people are still dealing with the repercussions—the former workers, the families of miners who lost their lives in the mine shafts—it's an ongoing cycle. We've never heard of anyone dying of respiratory diseases in Pomfret, but I don't think it has ever been looked into.

SP In other words, no official investigation has ever been carried out?

HU Right, it was never investigated. Nortje describes it as a ghost town overgrown with weeds and waist-high grass. The few buildings that were still standing there were badly in need of maintenance and the roads barely visible. I find this ironic because now, in 2023, I can see that the ghost town they discovered has returned. To me, it feels like the ghost of mining they chased away has returned. The roads are almost completely gone. The buildings that were never maintained are now irreparable. The weeds and grass have outgrown the people.

For this exhibition, I wanted to create a space that feels like a simulation because Pomfret feels like a simulation. You enter, and time makes no sense. Time runs. There are watches, but time makes no sense. It feels somehow stuck because it's the same routine, the same people. Unless you're a student who's going to school and coming home every day, things feel the same.

In his book, Nortje writes about how these men, who were so used to combat and action, are now idle in Pomfret. What is their purpose now? For ten, fifteen years, they had been told, "You're soldiers," and trained in a constant cycle of violence and fighting. That was their job. And now they do not seem to have any purpose. And then, fast forward thirty years. Again, it's almost as if all purpose has been lost.

When you enter the installation, it's brightly lit; it has yellow flowers that never die or wilt. They grow all year

round. There is a ruin of a house like the ones in Pomfret. It feels like the people there are waiting, stuck. Waiting for what? You don't know. But maybe they're waiting for death itself. I described in my notes what it might be like to try to build a routine there. Maybe today you visit your neighbor, and even during that visit, there's no new news.

SP Do you think the impression that Pomfret is ultimately just a simulation might arise from the fact that it didn't evolve naturally but was a planned city, developed at the drafting table?

HU It was never meant to exist. Because if they moved the miners out, why would they move the soldiers in? I mean, some people moved out of Pomfret, but the government was trying to get them all out, and some resisted. I think it was the fear of constantly moving. A lot of the people who live in Pomfret right now are widowers and children, mostly orphaned children, who are being taken care of by someone other than family. Someone who is the only family they know. So what would it mean for them to move out of Pomfret, out of that very violent safety net they have? It's a simulation; a construct that was never supposed to be forever and shouldn't be forever. In my notes I also write, "When you try to create a routine, you sigh, you breathe, or you're sitting with your neighbor, breathing in and breathing out. It's as if, in that breathing, you're hoping that something new would appear, that some sort of change would come about. And your sigh is like a prayer that the sun will rise differently. A prayer that the moon will turn on its side. When you're in Pomfret for so long, the gates are open, but you never leave. You walk around all corners like it's a round sphere. You breathe in, breathe out. You know everything: everyone standing on those corners. But yet, you sigh and hope for something new. You sigh long and hard for something or someone to come through. You're waiting, and aware that maybe you're waiting for death."

SP The exhibition is set up in such a way that it symbolizes the course of life: We're prisoners of our own existence. But you view this universal process from a very specific perspective and incorporate your personal story, your social background, your identity as a woman.

HU It's a constant cycle and not everyone is going to get out.

SP The title *Blooming in Stasis: 25.8230°S, 23.5312°E* suggests that this exhibition is a monument in another sense as well. Do you see it as a way of commemorating the fact that you broke through the cycle and managed to escape it?

HU I think so, yeah. I'm very lucky that I made it out. It's a monument. It's a way of paying homage. But then I also think about the refugee camps that are constantly being created all over the world. How does one make it out of there? And not every story is like that beautiful, heroic story. You know, "from rags to riches" or "making it out of the gutter." My aim is for my works to transport people to a place where they understand the complexities of the world and life. The discomfort that other people face. I don't know. So I'm confronted with the problem: How do you create a space that also makes other people uncomfortable?

SP So you're trying to give some insight—if only a little—into the kinds of hardships and dilemmas that are forced on people?

HU Exactly!

SP These days, when people talk about the Cold War, they're also thinking about the situation in Africa, which, for a long time, no one did. The impact of that struggle between the two superpowers on politics and individual lives in nearly every country on the African continent was often extremely traumatic.

HU It was. Even Germans open up their hearts and minds to understand that the separation of the Cold War didn't just happen in Germany, but everywhere else too. And I hope the show underlines that in some way and brings about more understanding of others. I think when you try to empathize with others, you might come to understand yourself a bit better. And during my short time in Germany, I've come to thinking that lot of Germans don't understand themselves, and that's why they shut others out. Maybe it's time to look beyond what you know, beyond these mechanisms being created for you.

The artist as medium and the specters of time
E.N Mirembe

It has been 2004 for the longest time in Pomfret. Or perhaps 2008. Thereabouts. Maybe it was the announcement that came one day pronouncing the town would be demolished, or the Wonga Coup,[1] or the War,[2] the War,[3] the wars,[4] or the rainbow nation—sorry, the apartheid government—or or or. Something ruptured the space-time continuum at 25.8230° S, 23.5312° E. As you head down the road, suddenly it cuts to a "Welcome to Pomfret" sign, then gravel. It feels like walking into the part of a movie where the sky is falling in painful slow motion and each fragment of debris dances lazily suspended against gravity, and the most mundane of expressions are magnified such that you can see all the lines on the protagonist's face, and you feel the exact moment their hope turns into a defeated exhale and they let go.

Imagine this scene, not on a loop but extending infinitely.

There's a name for this; Albert Einstein called it time dilation. Time dilation—a consequence of the physicist's theory of special relativity—is the phenomenon whereby time appears to pass more slowly for objects moving at high velocity relative to the observer. According to the linear clock time, if you so cared to measure, heartbeats are still at 60 to 100 beats per minute, fluttering faster while the kids play. However, when you cross the road to the gravel, past the sign, you can almost hear each of the beats ever so slowly echo against laughing rib cages. Pomfret's clock is haunted. You wouldn't know this on a bright and yellow day; the flowers blooming on a wintry July day.

Pomfret, located in South Africa's Northwest Province, is a former asbestos mining town. In May 1989, eleven passenger trains left Namibia for South Africa,[5] relocating soldiers—all of whom had served in the 32 Battalion, an infantry brigade of the South African Defence Force (SADF) made up of Black Angolan soldiers—to Pomfret. Before becoming soldiers, these men had fled from the Angolan Civil War to the refugee camps of Namibia. And it was there in the camps that they were given the option of either joining the apartheid government's army or being sent back to the places from which they had just fled. With few other options, they joined the battalion, fighting against the Black nationalist groups seeking independence in Namibia and Angola. Since Namibia was on the verge of gaining independence, they were then relocated to Pomfret. While in South Africa, the battalion was deployed to quell the growing violence and unrest in the townships between the African National Congress (ANC) and the Inkatha Freedom Party (IFP) in the 1990s.

This is the specter of histories that haunt Pomfret, protracting time and collapsing space. All the world's a stage,[6] and the final scene that ends this strange eventful history is mere oblivion for this town's community.

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In 1993, ten years after the posthumous release of *Confrontation*, Bob Marley and the Wailers' final album, the 32 Battalion, the most decorated unit of the SADF at the time, was disbanded. Marley's iconic music is a celebration of Black empowerment and resilience, and the most famous song on this album, "Buffalo Soldier," references one such legend:

> There was a Buffalo Soldier
> In the heart of America
> Stolen from Africa, brought to America
> Fighting on arrival, fighting for survival[7]

In 1866, a regiment of the US Army made up entirely of Black soldiers was formed and tasked with driving out Native Americans from their lands. Black, already-disenfranchised people fighting Indigenous people in the service of the (*white*) government is how they came by the widely recognized name Buffalo Soldiers. On the other side of the Atlantic were the West India Regiments (WIR). Formed in 1795, these regiments were made up entirely of enslaved Africans who were bought on ships and drafted into the British Army.[8] The regiments fought on behalf of the British Empire in the Caribbean and in West Africa.

> I mean it, when I analyze the stench
> To me, it makes a lot of sense
> How the dreadlock Rasta was the Buffalo Soldier[9]

Members of the 32 Battalion were likewise referred to as the "Buffalo Soldiers" or the "Buffalo Battalion." Marley's song (un)intentionally links these geographies and histories, and with it, I am attempting to layer these memories on

a historical continuum. Extending back as far as the transatlantic slave trade and stretching into the present, the continued systemic dispossession of Black people reifies (racial) capitalism. The Buffalo Soldier lends historical consciousness to the crisis. Now, in terms of the 32 Battalion, the name "Buffalo Soldier" could have come about because of their Buffalo base on the Okavango River or by way of the fact that their insignia was the buffalo head. Perhapses.

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> The necessity of trying to represent what we cannot, rather than leading to pessimism or despair must be embraced as the impossibility that conditions our knowledge of the past and animates our desire for a liberated future.
>
> My effort to reconstruct the past is, as well, an attempt to describe obliquely the forms of violence licensed in the present, that is, the forms of death unleashed in the name of freedom, security, civilization, and God/the good.[10]

Helena Uambembe was born in Pomfret a year after the 32 Battalion was disbanded. The buffalo head image is a distinct and recurring motif in Uambembe's artistic practice. In performances, videos, photographs, textiles, installations, and poetry, her work continually returns to the complexities that led to her existence.[11] Her father having been a member of the 32 Battalion, Uambembe's practice is marked by inventiveness, experimentation, and careful attention to an intricate and demanding history that reflects on the ways in which politics is personal. Looking over her oeuvre, one thinks about the role of the artist as historian and, as she herself describes it, as political analyst.[12]

Her presentation at ZOLLAMT[MMK] leads us into the landscape of Pomfret. Pomfret should not exist, nor does it, at least not in the way that places bound by the laws of physics do. The first announcement that Pomfret was to be demolished and all its residents relocated was in 2004, for which the South African government cited health reasons since the town had once been the site of an asbestos mine. There was speculation that Pomfret was being cleared because the suspected mercenaries arrested for the attempted coup d'état to overthrow the president of Equatorial Guinea were from there.[13] While the efforts to demolish the town have continued, the residents' protests at the directive have meant that many have managed to continue to live here. The town's police station was closed, and its electricity and water supply were cut off. Amidst the crumbling buildings and remnants of civilization littered all over this desert land, there is a yellow wildflower that continues to grow. Repeatedly returning to the scene of Pomfret, Uambembe's practice consequently redefines, or rather discards, a linear model of time: "It feels like a simulation," she says in our interview.

Blooming in Stasis: 25.8230° S, 23.5312° E reconstructs this scene. The installation mirrors Pomfret's red-brick dilapidation, with its buildings overgrown with weeds. Surrounding it is a fence, too low and falling down—only barely protective but enough to suppress, and behind it, Pomfret's residents who dare not cross it. "When you're in Pomfret for so long, the gates are open, but you never leave," Uambembe describes.

In her installation, Helena Uambembe offers an invitation to contemplate the complicated history of Pomfret that is interwoven with questions of one's place in it. It is at once a very local and global history: Within these collapsing walls are the enduring effects of colonialism, the Cold War, apartheid, and many wars fought in the name of imperialism. *Blooming in Stasis: 25.8230° S, 23.5312° E* reckons with the current and continued infrastructural disintegration of Pomfret as the result of calculated cruelties that have been declared ended. Uambembe travels through time to bring questions and realities about the enduring trauma of these wars into the present moment. The artist as historian is the artist as medium, attending to ghosts and speaking to the dead. The artist-as-historian acknowledges the specter and understands that the intellectual frameworks of the present we have yet to make sense of are insufficient.

Saidiya Hartman asks in "Venus in Two Acts": "If it is no longer sufficient to expose the scandal, then how might it be possible to generate a different set of descriptions from this archive?"[14] Uambembe's work exceeds the limits of the archive using what Hartman proposes is a "critical fabulation," which, when working with historical narratives, is a way of "playing with and rearranging the basic elements of the story by representing the sequence of events in divergent stories and from contested points of view."[15] Uambembe has approached the history of the 32 Battalion from different vantage points throughout her career,

and here, she questions what we might infer about time and the very nature of history when we focus on yellow. Each of the installation's yellow painted flowers is carried by a fragile copper wire; the yellow is bright and beautiful and washes over the room.

> Yellow spreads and smooths, a downpour
> of the pure light of its name,
> tropicordial.
> Yellow turns on, turns up the heat,
> a charmed flute,
> an oboe in Bach.[16]

Yellow engenders. The plastic yellow flowers engender stagnation—the frequently overlooked ways in which the past is not past. In a film that mirrors this landscape, Uambembe describes this stasis. The artist's voice acts as a bridge between eras, a conduit through which the echoes of the past reverberate in the present, inviting contemplation of the interplay between memory, presence, and the malleability of historical narratives. With this constellation, the boundaries of time dissolve, giving rise to a new dimension where history becomes a living entity, vividly haunting the present. The film produces a "counter-history at the intersection of the fictive and the historical"[17] that blends artistic expression with critical analysis.

Intervening in histories, Uambembe also lends her artistic hand to attend to the beauty that has survived. As the video pans across the Pomfret landscape, there are moments in which the soldiers can be heard singing. She wonders if the soldiers died on the journey from Angola or if they died on joining the battalion, or rather, died on arrival in Pomfret. Either way, they have always been haunted—ghosts in a ghost town.

> What Negro doesn't know that a few verses of song might be capable of stoking the hunger to live, might be the knowledge of freedom that leads you out of the enclosure? Brings you back from the dead or kills you a second time?[18]

Hartman's words resonate amidst this eerie landscape, where echoes of the past intertwine with the uncertainty of the future. The exhibition manages to gesture towards hope, though; in the bright and yellow flowers, seemingly incongruously vibrant against the backdrop of desolation, their beauty transcends the ruins of the world they inhabit. Pomfret is a post-apocalyptic scene, and yet, the flowers have continued to grow. Bright and yellow flowers that bloom even in winter.

1. Several of the suspected mercenaries arrested for the 2004 Equatorial Guinea coup d'état attempt, also known as the "Wonga Coup," were from Pomfret.
2. The Angolan Civil War, a power struggle between the People's Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) and the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA), lasted for twenty-seven years.
3. The Angolan Civil War was also a proxy conflict of the Cold War, with the United States and the Soviet Union supporting opposing factions.
4. The Angolan Civil War (1975–2002, with interludes) also became involved in the South African Border War (also known as the Namibian War of Independence, 1966–89) and the Second Congo War (1998–2003).
5. See Piet Nortje, *32 Battalion: The Inside Story of South Africa's Elite Fighting Unit.* Cape Town, 2003.
6. "All the world's a stage," spoken by Jacques in William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, Act II, Scene VII, line 139.
7. Bob Marley & The Wailers, verse 1 of "Buffalo Soldier," track 2 on the album *Confrontation*, released on May 23, 1983. Produced by Errol Brown (engineer) and Bob Marley & The Wailers.
8. See Tim Lockley, "Creating the West India Regiments," November 16, 2017, available online at: https://www.bl.uk/west-india-regiment/articles/creating-the-west-india-regiments, accessed August 27, 2023.
9. Bob Marley & The Wailers, "Buffalo Soldier," verse 2.
10. Saidiya Hartman, "Venus in Two Acts," *Small Axe*, vol. 12, no. 2 (2008), p. 13, *Project MUSE*, available online at: muse.jhu.edu/article/241115, accessed August 28, 2023.
11. Author's interview with the artist, Frankfurt am Main, July 4, 2023.
12. Ibid.
13. See *Once Upon a Coup*, dir. Christopher Olgiati, an episode aired on TV on August 26, 2009, 59:39 mins. Available online at: *Wideangle*: https://www.pbs.org/wnet/wideangle/video/watch-full-episodes/once-upon-a-coup-full-episode/5496, accessed August 26, 2023.
14. Hartman, "Venus in Two Acts," p. 7.
15. Ibid., p. 11.
16. Adélia Prado (a Brazilian poet writing in Portuguese), in: *Praise for a Color*, trans. Ellen Watson. Available online at: https://www.theparisreview.org/poetry/2685/two-poems-adelia-prado, accessed September 19, 2023.
17. Hartman, "Venus in Two Acts," p. 12.
18. Saidiya Hartman, *Wayward Lives, Beautiful Experiments: Intimate Histories of Riotous Black Girls, Troublesome Women and Queer Radicals*. London, 2019, p. 232.

Acknowledgements
Helena Uambembe

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Helena Uambembe
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Boxan, Industriepark Kassel-Waldau

COVER
Helena Uambembe, *Brothers in arms (O Henda)*, 2020, courtesy of Helena Uambembe and David Krut Projects, Johannesburg / New York

INSIDE FRONT COVER
Helena Uambembe, *Nel and officers*, 2020, courtesy of Helena Uambembe and David Krut Projects, Johannesburg / New York

MUSEUM^MMK FÜR MODERNE KUNST
ZOLLAMT^MMK
Domstraße 3, 60311 Frankfurt am Main
mmk.art

The exhibition is supported by

Tours

On the following days there will be free public guided tours at MUSEUM[MMK], ZOLLAMT[MMK], and TOWER[MMK]:

Helena Uambembe. Blooming in Stasis: 25.8230° S, 23.5312° E
at ZOLLAMT[MMK]

Guided tours in German:
Sundays at 4 pm

Guided tours in English:
Saturdays at 11 am

Channeling
at MUSEUM[MMK]

Guided tours in German:
Wednesdays at 5 pm
Thursdays at 4 pm
Saturdays at 12 noon and 3 pm
Sundays at 12 noon and 3 pm

Guided tours in English:
Saturdays at 4 pm

Guided tours for visually impaired people (German): every 2nd Sunday of the month at 2 pm

Guided tours in easy language (German): every 3rd Sunday of the month at 11:30 am

Guided tours including German Sign Language: every 4th Sunday of the month at 3 pm

Elizabeth Catlett
from 18 November 2023
at TOWER[MMK]

Guided tours in German:
Tuesdays at 4 pm
Sundays at 2 pm

Guided tours in English:
Sundays at 4 pm

More information on guided tours, workshops, and events can be found at: www.mmk.art

The public guided tours are included in the admission price. For children and young people under 18 years of age, admission is free. On every last Saturday of the month admission is free for everyone.