ubuzwe

Sikhumbuzo Makandula

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2016

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Nxele, Ndlambe, Umhlaba: grounding with Sikhumbuzo Makandula

"Colonial Grahamstown was a frontier town. It still is…" once wrote late art critic Colin Richards. He wrote these words with the annual National Arts Festival in mind, which initially, in 1974, was supposed to be just a celebration of the installment of a colossal monument commemorating the 1820 colonial settlers. Arrogantly situated at the peak of the frontier town, the monument oversees the conquered and desolate lands. The heavy artillery that mowed blacks, statues that honor it and churches that consecrate it, are strewn around the town as cultural testimonies of that glorious conquest. And in every winter with gleeful zeal, cultural aficionados trek to Colonel Graham's town "national" festival to essentially pay tribute to the day that has successively marginalized blacks in this vicinity and beyond.

It's a typical Wednesday, and I am setting up to interview performance artist Sikhumbuzo Makandula in a local café. Through the disparate movement of bodies, others scurrying and others loitering, the town seems to be in a state of somnambulant animation. And in the midst of a dispersing crowd, Makandula appears; a slim fellah, his dreadlocks scarfed around his face and a red Igbo cap balanced atop his pate. In that very instance his sermon began: "Art reflects the times." Immediately Makandula assumes an insolent pose, as if readying himself for combat – an impression endemic in his performances. I fasten up!

"It is a necessity. And with the way I work, I needed to address certain things using art. When it comes to performance, when it comes to photography – I wanted to reflect the times. How I see things and how they affect me. Not to speak back necessarily but to say something."

What is this cavity between speaking back and saying something? Is it the demure scholar Njabulo Ndebele once referred to trying to explain the writerly attitude of Sol Plaatjie as "tactical humility which is consciously undercut by the confident poise of language and style, and whose expressed reservations about its own merits asserts the very opposite of inadequacy?" Makandula isn't Plaatjie's reincarnate, nor does he share such tactical demure. This isn't to say there's no sense of approach in his work. Instead his work approaches us to highlight the "historical stillness" of the colonial status quo, that Plaatjie, almost a century ago, underscored makes blacks "pariahs" in their land of birth.

Makandula studied in Cape Town, first as a fine art student at Ruth Prowse School of Art, and then quitted to train as an interior designer at the Cape Peninsula University of Technology (CPUT). Reflecting on how he ended up here, in Grahamstown, he says it wasn't just a mechanical move or something that indexes indecision. In part, he credits these shifts to his ongoing interests in issues of space and in architecture. However, upon realizing the work regime in the design industry, its constrictive and client-oriented routines, he couldn't see himself pursuing it further. Eventually he returned to study Fine Art at Rhodes University in Grahamstown where he's currently in his final year. He says, "I had not yet found my voice in fine art and I felt there was a need for me to go back. A necessity actually! And now…things are actually much clearer like how to address certain things that I want to address which in interior design I would never be able to." Pay attention to this lingering "voice" and how it accentuates the articulatory strivings in his work.

But what is the black explorer if not a fugitive? "I was always displaced as a kid," he admits. Though born in the small town called De Aar in the Northern Cape, from a young age he moved between places and thus early on became acquainted to various contexts, languages and attitudes in the country. Sadly, more than portraying Makandula as a young cosmopolitan drifter, scurrying in the in betweenness of places, lurks the evil mark of historical displacement of indigenous populations by the colonial settlers since that cold encounter in 1652. Since then South Africa was marked by a racialised structure of war. The defeat against violent annexation made blacks perennial victims of terror, subjects of questionable humanity and thus devoid of place. This makes more apparent the incessant fixation with issues of place and belonging in his vocabulary and work, which as he says "intensified my interests in geography and movement." "In 2008" he remembers, "it became apparent that I had a calling. And the calling that I had needed me to trace back my lineage, basically." A calling isn't just a call to duty, but also a call to remember in the process of restoring of the self. Ironically, the calling was from his mother's side, a religious family of Anglican faith, long detached from such practices. Yet beneath the veil of staunch religiosity, some traces lingered. "I discovered that I come from a family of practitioners, of healers, something that in the family… a Christian family, was silenced actually. It was never spoken about, even till today," he reveals.

In the face of the pervading melodramatic shamanism, slowly formalized into an aesthetic in the mainstream local art context, Makandula's spiritual double-consciousness becomes a spoilsport. When performing, he appears dressed in his clerical red tunic, quivering a whip in his hand or even fiddling with *umthi*. The work straddles a complex network of cultural references, invoking their politically steep and hybrid forms. It inhabits this space of cultural confluence without being taciturn about how things came to be. "For example how do you even begin to think of the church as innocent while the entire thing actually is build on top of our people's bones? At every point of our digging, we discover these bones … prosperity built on top of our bones" he lambasts.

"By the time I decided to move here, it was already clear *intobana* the whole thing of how much the church has impacted on the traditional and also the entire African belief system. My work actually became an outlet to partly digest and navigate this discovery and journey that I am on… Some of the contention that I have with the institution that is the church, more so here in the Eastern Cape

because we are in Grahamstown, and that history became quite apparent that one needs to address that. But also reconcile certain things actually."

Rightly, words such as "compromise" and "reconciliation" begin with the church. However here Makandula doesn't use them to evoke the mantra of post-1994's unjust compromises. Similarly, it also doesn't obviate the mendacious allegory about the so-called "clash" between African cultures and Christianity, a colonial fabrication that seeked-to-hide the culpability of the colonial church in the attempt to destroy African cultural references. Instead his brand of reconciliation unashamedly points us to the impurities of our religious and spiritual backgrounds. It thus beckons us to courteously turn to the ambivalent role played by independent churches, despite their unpopularity in "critical" circles, in reconciling the African belief systems and Christianity. An uncomplicated grasp of that role, its sometimes-radical circumvention of colonial Christianity, can easily dwindle into ignorance. An ignorance that can bypass common grounds and overlaps between so-called irreconcilable spiritual and cultural sensibilities that early black clergymen saw and which later underwrote the black political struggle. For Makandula "the work became an outlet to be able to negotiate these two."

The work finds its beauty, as Makandula insists, "When the norm is disturbed." This is what Richards somewhere calls "a sometimes inelegant beauty, a beauty of distractions, diversions, delays." Such beauty is the counter-current, a killjoy. We barely spend a minute on the formal aspects of his work; we slither back, as if we have parted from it, into the cave of history, talking around the work. Mind you, not in such ways that things, as perceived, come from the outside in but rather what is perceived of as coming outside is already inside. And jazz is such a trespassing insider, a keeper of our times – out of tune. "I think music is very integral to the whole journey actually. A lot of the time it becomes an anchor. Currently I am immersed in the music of Johnny Dyani. Thinking about the content he's talking about … the music carries you."

With imposing erudition and clarity of mind, he thus says: "My work is deeply situated in politics… it's very political." Here he means politics as the historical process of configuring the social.

"It needs to! For me to be able to address the current times… now…for me to make sense of where I am… I need to look back. So the more I look back, the more it becomes apparent that politics have been more integral actually in the way I think, in the way one is brought up and in the way one is sensitized to space. The church, actually… the institution… I always come back to the church… its through its acculturations, dispossession and the impact… and the violence to the body. Like, I live in Grahamstown and I am subjected to the façade of the cathedral on the daily basis. And it's also because, one is spatially positioned in relation to this architectural buildings – what it means to the body, and its regulation, and also psychologically. So it becomes apparent that one needs to address this in the work unapologetically."

His recent performance piece titled *Ingqumbo* (wrath) returns us to his departure point – "art reflects the times." Here reflection isn't a muted mirror projection by a bystander, but a talkative and proactive agent existing in time and place. Thus the precondition of his art is to "speak back" in the way it reflectively engages

the times. The term *Ingqumbo* also invokes conversations already opened by the two literal masterpieces *Ityala Lamawele* (1914) by S.E.K. Mqhayi and *Ingqumbo Yeminyanya* (1940) by A.C. Jordan. Both writers thought of ancestral wrath as the consequence of conversion, of forsaking and abandoning traditional systems of knowledge. This situates Makandula's work in conversation with political history but more especially with the poetic sensibilities of South African literary and aesthetic traditions.

An audience is gathered around the artist in a rather wintry late Friday afternoon at the front entrance of the *Cathedral of St Michael and St Georges* (1824) of Grahamstown where he's to perform *Ingqumbo*. This church the first symbol concretizing settler colonial pride, dispossession and terror that continues to feed on blacks in this town. He's collaborating with a violinist. Dressed rather ambiguously, Makandula's piece begins by performing a series of ritualistic acts such as burning of incense on a human skull, ringing a bell on the sides of the faces of his white audience members and later stabbing his red church tunic and setting it on fire while a classical score squealed through the strings in the background. As we watched, bewildered, a procession begins. We walk through High Street, first passing by the 1812 monument where Colonel Graham declared victory against the natives by planting symbolic of the potential setting colonial roots and harvest at the expense of the natives. We gather around the performance holding flameless red candles as the artist inscribed on the surface of the monument "Nxele, Ndlambe, Umhlaba" with red ochre. From this the meaning of ingqumbo slightly shifts in the invocation of these names in the inscription. More than anything, they want to remind us and inspire the rage that possessed amaXhosa prophet Nxele, and his chief Ndlambe when they lost sovereign right to their land (umhlaba) to the settlers. On the pavements, people are wondering and others simply titillated. And in no time a police van pulls up. "Tell us what is going on here?" they call me to the side. "An artist performance" I reply enthusiastically. The police had rushed in to respond to a call that urged them to come to the rescue of a baby that was burned by a crowd of blacks in front of the cathedral. But after looking around, noticing the white faces in the audience they lost confidence in the accusation and drove off. We march on an imaginary line to the next monument whose inscriptions say: "To the British settlers of 1820 to whom South Africa owes so much."

Now darkness had slowly engulfed us. In convoy we sauntered to our last stop, the arch, ominously adjacent to the art department where Makandula's spent the last four years. A lynching rope dangled in between pillars, below a street lamp with yokish radiance. A fragile staircase stood below it. I paused and wondered about the mysterious line that began from the church to the lynching rope. What is the artist telling us here? The music had not stopped one bit. We were once again gathered around the artist, facing the arch and the languidly swinging rope. From two centuries ago the arch was the site were rituals of terror were experimented on black bodies. Where the flesh of the whip often ripped open the flesh of the black's back in the open. If you were not beheaded, you were lynched, imprisoned or whipped. The real point was to drum in the superiority of whites.

How far have things changed since 1820? Now totally, overwhelmed by the darkness that had turned us into nocturnal creatures, the artist started to give the audience whips to lash on the wall. What is the relationship between the tortured body of the colonised and the wall, if not the paradoxical and yet sadisic notion that both were not human and could not feel pain. Like those hieroglyphics on the slave's back, each symbolic whip on the wall congruously conjured our lacerations in the present. In no time the arch recomposed itself as the whipping post where black students bodies became nothing but wretched flesh. Ingqumbo, in the tradition of our prophets, was prescient in its intervention and choice of place. But unlike Nxele who thought white guns will emit water, Makandula's prophetic prescription, just before he vanished into the dark, behind the arch, left each audience member with Molotov cocktails. We stood there holding our little dynamite bottles but the artist was no longer there and the performance was done.

Ingqumbo is a typical example of work that not only reflects the times but also engages and even transcends it. With the student protests intensifying, art pieces such the *Ingqumbo* exemplify a peculiar socially engaged turn in art. Such a turn isn't properly a derivative of the now defunct post-1994's celebratory artistic imaginary and its insipid anti-politics phraseology. Under the conditions which we fight ourselves, nationally, the relation between art and the social is slowly suggesting once again a deregulated practice. That is a practice that isn't of the rebellion-to-hire type of rhetorical expression and attention-seeking exhibitionism well endorsed by the status quo. This relation between art and the social, of culture and politics, undoes the prescription and current conventions that turn artistic production into a musing prop or fetish, whose turn to reality is simply invested in spiking its audience with sleeping pins. The ideas and temperament that defines the era Makandula is working in, its vocabulary, its aesthetics and the archive from which it imbibes, mirrors the attitudes of the Black Consciousness Movement creatives of the 1970s. For Makandula, art must "speak back" to the ethical demands of its time and place. Perhaps this time we need not make an unnecessary distinction between speaking back and simply saying something. He observes: "It has become important now actually, to speak back in a very political way. And address it, also not apologetically because most of the time, you become…sort of… sensible, in dealing with these issues." There comes a time, and that time is here now, when one must adopt the insensible ways of dealing with our times by doing what Johnny Dyani once called "a fowl run." And if anything, *Ingqumbo* exemplified this "fowl run," by bringing into view the very material flesh of whiteness, its arrogant display of power and point black refusal to let go of ill-gotten privilege. Though engrossed in the here and now, Sikhumbuzo Makandula's work isn't simply a reflection of time here and now or even bygone time. In a rather paradoxical way, Makandula's work narrativises the temporality of times in antiblack world. That is a temporal differential that reproduces differential statuses of being between the coloniser and the colonised, the white and black. It is a struggle to reflect back a deflected defect of modernity – the obfuscated story of blackness as a problem for time.

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The time for ufos is now? an update from south africa

For more than half a year, sightings of UFOs and extra-terrestrials around a monument in the Eastern Cape in South Africa were kept under wraps. Until today, local and national newspapers refrain to dispatch researchers and even die-hard investigative journalists decline to conduct research at the site near Dimbaza. **Strange Tales** ***staff reports.***

Dimbaza, 10 October 2016. Largely unnoticed by the South African public and media, an extra-terrestrial entity has taken residence at the monument *Ntaba ka Ndoda,* next to Rhabula village, Keiskammahoek in the Eastern Cape. With the number of eye witness' reports about paranormal incidents growing, there is no doubt that a mysterious activity has unfolded in the abandoned space. While some speak of an individual, others claim to have witnessed a larger group convening in choreographed ceremonies, waving flags and re-staging political gatherings. However, all accounts agree about the specific appearance of a masked individual wearing a wide bowl-shaped silver hat. Authorities refuse however until today to respond to those allegations and reject sightings as "unfounded and unsubstantiated rumors."

Strange Tales **staff interviewed nationwide public authorities, academics and researchers about the sightings and to our surprise the majority was open to discuss our question: Is it time to take extra-terrestrials and UFOs seriously in South Africa?**

A tough stance takes a Buffalo City Metropolitan Municipality councillor who asked to remain anonymous suggesting that the sightings are part of the "third force" which government is convinced has hijacked the student uprisings which gathered around hashtags such as #FEESMUSTFALL, #OUTSOURCINGMUSTFALL or #NATIONALSHUTDOWN and which continue to shake the country since last year: "In these protests we see elements of a colour revolution.... There is a growing trend of regime change. We saw it elsewhere ... and when we say it people say we suffer from paranoia."

It seems, however, hard to relegate the rising number of reports by local residents as well as passing visitors to a single force. Eyewitnesses who shared on social media and via mobile phone their observations include as diverse as agricultural students, a Malaysian tourist, a shepherd, a historian researching Chief Maqoma's grave as well as a group of heritage students on a field trip to the Ciskei Armed Forces Memorial. And while the reports differ, the observations corroborate the sighting a foreign tourists shared on tripadvisor: "The

individual was average size and masked, cloaked in a wide black garment and wearing a wide silver bowl. Instead of communicating using the sounds of a human language the entity would ring a brass bell and brandish a number of tools one of which resembled a Molotov cocktail." His report continued with a detailed account of the individual floating to the top of the building and waving a flag and performing what looked like a ceremonial ritual around the space of the memorial site.

The first reports reach back to early June this year when local residents reported sightings of unidentified flying objects. At first, these were brushed off as superstition and folk tales. The monument, located opposite to *Ntaba KaNdoda* (Mountain of Man), is a prime site for the extraordinary to happen as it has seen the most bloody chapters of the fight of the people of the land against settlers and colonialists alike. It is part of a more complex history of South Africa's internal 20th century struggles, related to the White apartheid regime giving international investors access to low wage labour force in Bantustans as Black people were relocated from White only city centres, as has been established by *The Surplus People Project* Survey of 1980. Appointed by then dictator of Ciskei, Lennox Sebe, the monument was built by architects and engineering consultancy Michal Zakrzewski and partners (the company also had executed the Winburg Voortrekker Monument). As Israel was in the 80s the only country who had informally recognised the Bantustans, Sebe increased efforts for bilateral relations and had the monument built after visiting the Masada heritage site. It was inaugurated in August 1981, and a year later the Ciskei Trade Mission was opened Tel Aviv.

While the sightings did not raise eyebrows among our staff for paranormal activities. we were surprised that the members of the scientific community we contacted were not only open to speak about the incidents but took our research on extra-terrestial activities seriously – as expected, they asked to remain anonymous.

"This is a harbinger of war – there is nothing paranormal about this", a group of political analysts observes: "The injustices which continue to be wreaked upon the South African working class for centuries come to the surface one way or the other. International companies who have reaped in tremendous profits from Apartheid oppression of low wage labourers throughout the larger part of the 20th century remain unpunished and the exploitation continues to this day." They points out that the situation has worsened since government orchestrated the Marikana massacre where 34 miners protesting unjust employment conditions were shot by the police at the request of Lonmin mining company, adding "this cannot go unpunished."

A research group of race scholars suggests: "One way or the other, I expected for a revenant of the suppressed violent past to appear." Observing that White hegemonial culture has constructed a 'cult of individualism' which makes it impossible for adherents to understand anything outside their own experience, they continue that they "refuse a systemic approach and individualise racism as isolated or extreme incidents."

They added that the refusal of Whites to accept the fact that white skin continues to grant access to privileges gives rise to societal processes such as "outright or masked denial, minimization, defensiveness and guilt" which can result in metaphysical shifts in the time-space continuum. "Together with Quantum physicists we are looking at the hypothesis that the accumulation of a certain constellation of both repression of social and political facts as well as denial and ignorance can result in the re-occurrence of a historical psycho-social constellation."

To illustrate this thought experiment they offered climate change as analogy: "Look at El Niño, before the major 1982-83 events the scientific community had refused to accept the theory that a band of warm ocean water can cause a shift in the atmospheric circulation with that effect." It appears that the human psyche is not much different, and that an accumulation of occurrence of social attitudes can bring about the return of the oppressed. Main features of White liberal racism are enumerated as: "Making invisible; claiming "reverse racism"; the hesitancy of white people to engage in confrontational or challenging dialogue with people of color; denying differences; approval seeking; the assumption that things are better; the comparison of oppressions; the claim of "colour blindness"; defining the other; and stereotyping." The interviewed researcher summarised at the end of the interview: "White liberal racism is one of the strongest societal forces in South Africa which can cause the appearance of supernatural forces as a result its continued denial."

A historian and researcher pointed to the article by J. B. Peires entitled "Ethnicity and Pseudo-Ethnicity in the Ciskei" published in the volume edited by William Beinart and Saul Dubow *Segregation and Apartheid in Twentieth-century South Africa* (Routledge 2005) which approaches the complex entanglement of enrichment and power in weaving imaginations about nation, ethnicity in a country such as South Africa in general, arguing that the Ciskei is a prime example for an ethnicity that "was imposed from above" using various means such as attempts "to bolster a Ciskeian identity through newly invented ceremonies and rituals". In this context, Lennox Sebe is quoted to have stated after a visit to Israel in 1977 that "every self-respecting nation had something to worship":

> "In Egypt, it's the Nile; in Kenya, it's Mount Kenya; in India, it's the cow; in America, it's the national flag" (*The Mercury*, 15 April 1982)

He adds that it is surprising that the metaphysical activities were not recorded earlier, because so many people fell victim to the brutal dictatorship of Lennox Sebe and Oupa Gqozo that there is a widespread belief that the space is haunted and has become a site for witchcraft activities.

Recently, South African artist Sikhumbuzo Makandula managed to establish contact with the visiting life-form which allowed him to document its daily activities. The upcoming exhibition, entitled *Ubuzwe* translated as "Nation, Nationalism and Nationhood" will present the revenant's rituals and ceremonies in the video work *Isigidimi* (The Messenger). The performances unmask how the idea

of nation can derail in a nationalism that is based on power and exploitation and which continues to haunt a community where ethnicity and culture was formed in a struggle between an unrecoverable past, imagined identities and the option to invent new ways of being and of identification.

The show will be presented at a similar space of uncertain future, the *University Currently Known As Rhodes*. Some may say an adequate space as the urgency of reoccurring political struggles is intertwined with the need to unmask how myth and privilege coalesce in a trickery of neo-colonial exploitation. In context of the current uprisings an effort also to expose the epistemology of capitalist exploitation which undermines discourses around "decolonisation" while a living wage for a day's labour is seen as a laughing matter and the poor are blamed for their misery.

The artist has proved his expertise in negotiating with the metaphysical world before. Contacting ghosts of the past in the Eastern Cape he has taken up the burden to speak to deceased figures who have unleashed violence on the land. In his performance series *Mission; Imagination in a Troubled Space; Part of the History* (2016), he took off to exorcise the haunting presence of colonial settlers in Grahamstown – named after British commander John Graham, who is said to have used "a proper degree of terror" against those who defended their land against the colonial expropriation of South Africa.

The work *Ubuzwe* (2016) exemplifies this tension between violence and violation as the figure appears in different cloaks using various masks, a balaclava, an airline sleeping, or hat and sunglasses. At times, the figure appears as sunglass-wearing, index-finger wielding dictator, and with its face completely disguised, we realise it can be anyone. And while it carries items which are emblematic for ritual usage, such as a skull filled with smoking incense or a bell, it also uses accessories used by labourers, like a butcher's apron or a welder's visor, which points towards the different faces and everyday presence of violence, the simultaneity of violence and the violated. In one photo, face and mouth of the figure are covered in such a way that it hovers in a space of ambiguity, between shackled restraint and the silence of a storm which can break loose any time.

The most iconic image shows the figure greeting inside of the *Ntaba ka Ndoda* monument a drawing of the crane as it appears on former flag of the Ciskei, on light blue ground. The drawing by artist Buntu Fihla shows the beak of the crane has fallen to the ground in a puddle of blood, speaking of the disenchantment and powerlessness of the dreams of a "nation".

In the image, the greeting figure seems to know more than we do. *Strange Tales* will continue to cover the movements and whereabouts of the extra-terrestrial.

Fouad Asfour, writer, editor and linguist, works in collaborative frameworks on publications, exhibitions and art exchange projects. He holds an MA in Linguistics from Vienna University and is currently completing an MA in Creative Writing at Rhodes University. In 2008 he was a grant recipient of the first Igor Zabel Award for Culture and Theory.

Mhlahleli, 2016
Inkjet on Epson UltraSmooth Editiion
170 x 108 cm
Edition: 3 + 2 AP

Mhlahleli, 2016
Inkjet on Epson UltraSmooth
170 x 108 cm
Edition: 3 + 2 AP

Ukubamba elentulo, 2016
Inkjet on Epson UltraSmooth
170 x 108 cm
Edition: 5 + 2AP

Untitled, 2016
Inkjet on Epson UltraSmooth
150 x 200 cm

Ukubamba elentulo, 2016
Inkjet on Epson UltraSmooth
120 x 120 cm
Edition: 5+ 2AP

Untitled, 2016
Inkjet on Epson UltraSmooth
150 x 200 cm

Untitled, 2016
Inkjet on Epson UltraSmooth
150 x 200 cm,

Dictator I, 2016
Inkjer on Epson Giclee paper
42 x 59,4 cm
Edition: 6 + 2AP

Dictator II, 2016
Inkjer on Epson Giclee paper
42 x 59,4 cm
Edition: 6 + 2AP

Dictator III, 2016
Inkjer on Epson Giclee paper
42 x 59,4 cm
Edition: 6 + 2AP

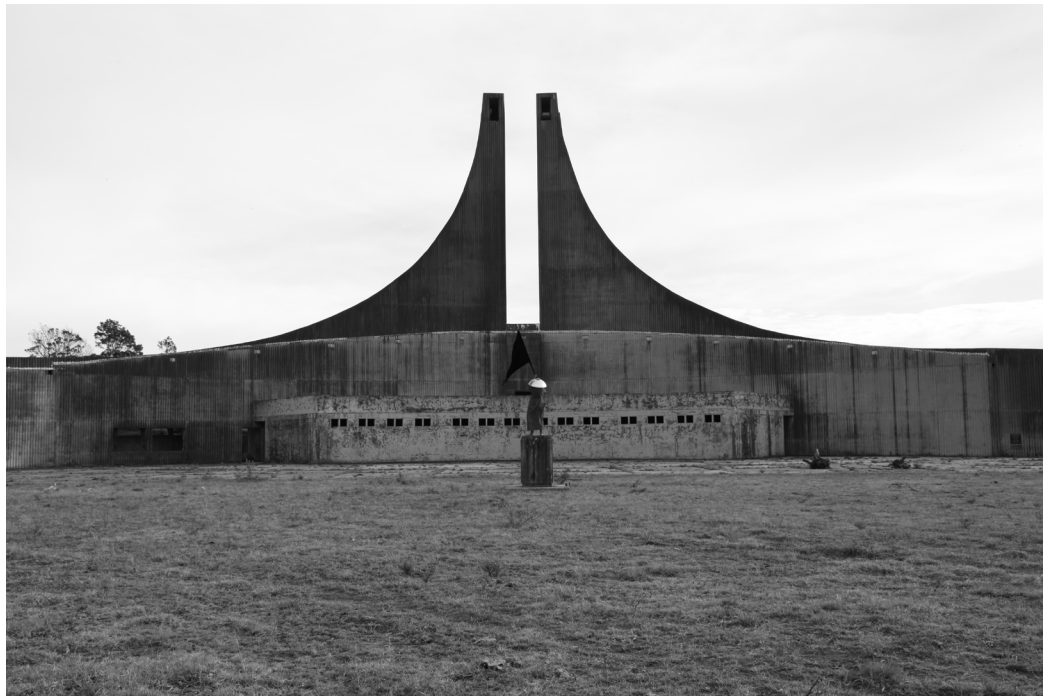
Dictator IV, 2016
Inkjer on Epson Giclee paper
42 x 59,4 cm
Edition: 6 + 2AP

Dictator VI, 2016
Inkjet on Epson Giclee paper
42 x 59,4 cm
Edition: 6 + 2AP

Dictator V, 2016
Inkjer on Epson Giclee paper
42 x 59,4 cm
Edition: 6 + 2AP

Dictator VII, 2016
Inkjer on Epson Giclee paper
42 x 59,4 cm
Edition: 6 + 2AP

Dictator VIII, 2016
Inkjer on Epson Giclee paper
42 x 59,4 cm
Edition: 6 + 2AP



Ntaba ka Ndoda, 12016
Inkjet on Epson UltraSmooth
20 x 120 cm
Edition: 6 + 2AP

Untitled, 2016
Inkjet on Epson UltraSmooth
120 x 120 cm
Edition: 6 + 2AP

Ubuzwe II, 2016
Inkjet on Epson UltraSmooth
150 x 200 cm
Edition: 5 + 2AP

Ubuzwe I, 2016
Inkjet on Epson UltraSmooth
150 x 200 cm
Edition: 5 + 2AP

The Promised Land, 2016
Inkjet on Epson Giclee paper
29.7 x 42.0cm
Edition: 6 + 2AP

The Promised Land, 2016
Inkjet on Epson Giclee paper
29.7 x 42.0cm
Edition: 6 + 2AP

ubuzwe, 2016
HD video projection
2:35 minutes

Sikhumbuzo Makandula was born in De Aar, and currently lives and works between Johannesburg and Grahamstown, South Africa. Studied Fine Art at Rhodes University, South Africa. He works with photography, video and performance art. As the 2011 Sasol New Signatures runner-up winner, he exhibited at the Pretoria art Museum. In 2016 had his first solo exhibtion at Njelele Art Station, Zimbabwe. In 2015 he exhibited at the Wiener Festwochen in Vienna, !Kauru 2015: Towards Intersections at UNISA Art Gallery, Pretoria, Joburg Art Fair, That Art Fair, Cape Town and participated in Infecting The City Festival, Cape Town. He was part of the group exhibition at Ecole Cantonale d'Art du Valais,Sierre, Switzerland in 2014. During National Arts Festival 2014 Makandula participated in Blind Spot site specific performances, as well as Analogue Eye Video Art of Africa. In 2013 he participated in a group exhibition at Nirox Projects, Arts on Main, Johannesburg, as well as First Floor Gallery Harare, Zimbabwe during Harare International Festival of Arts. In 2012 he exhibited at the Joburg Fringe Art Fair and participated in the Art-Connect program facilitated by Visual Arts Network of South Africa, Johannesburg, and did a residency at the Nelson Mandela Museum, Mthatha in 2010.

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30

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AART
ARTS OF AFRICA RESEARCH TEAM

The Promised Land, 2016
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