



Here, There, and Everywhere – Written by Olwethu Perceverence Ncaza

My childhood has helped shape the adult I will soon become. I have been exposed to many worlds. I have experienced rural roots, rescue, loneliness, ignorance, and abandonment. Soon I hope to enter the world of inspiration...I believe so. I am Olwethu Perceverence Ncaza, my name is a code my mother tagged on this body to enter all the worlds that ever existed. My mother, Thozana Ncaza, died when I was about 7, of HIV/AIDS, and left me with an aging neighbour woman. I never knew my father. This makes me feel a void, not knowing his name or not knowing anything about him, makes me feel less.

I was born August 10, 1992 in the Western Cape out of the site of apartheid. I was the heart in my mother's womb. I think 6 or 7 years after my birth, I realized death disgusts me; it did all it could to take her away from me. No one ever told me about growing up and what a struggle it would be, because I had no one to call 'family'. I slept on floors to beds and I was taken from house-to-house to place-to-place, not knowing which was my actually home. Throughout the changes, I collided with abuse. The elderly woman who kept me, left to return to the Eastern Cape, leaving me with her oldest daughter. Within one or two days she brought in a boyfriend and he was a snake and I was a mouse. He tortured me verbally and physically often. He would send me at night to fetch his bath water no matter the weather. One early morning, he had sent me to a shop, and I accidentally dropped the money along the way. When I returned, he unleashed his belt and whipped me like a dog. This happened frequently until I could not take it anymore. This led me to the railroad station and tracks. I had enough. Someone saw me there and ran down the hill to rescue me. I walked to Site B Police Station in Khayelitsha. Khayelitsha means 'new home'. Like a prisoner in the back of a police van, I was escorted to a children's home called Baphumelele run by Rosie Mashale. I could smell how my destiny could change.

For the first time in my life, I was introduced to white volunteers who came from all over the world who lectured me on education, saying it is the key to many doors. Everything was just new to me. I attended Waldorf Zenzeleni School in Khayelitsha and later matriculated from McGregor Waldorf High School. I elected to study visual arts for four years. This helped me to communicate in a positive way to other people.

My success will be determined by how far I am willing to travel and grow. I don't go along the road, the road goes along with me, I plan my own journey. I express this journey with my mind, heart, and soul in many of my paintings and drawings. Through producing works of art, I can deal with my background and the feelings in my heart. I have tremendous passion for art and teaching. It brings me dignity. It would be my greatest desire to study at the University of Cape Town Michaelis School of Fine Art.



9 years old



20 years old