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The Hornbill Monthly

JUNE 2014

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Contributors

Claudia Schiller (*Editor*) is trying to become a vegetarian this winter. She is currently reading *The Goldfinch* by Donna Tartt.

Annette Thompson (*Writer*) has moved back in with her parents and is writing a children's book. She is also planning a trip to Greece.

Lauro Octavius (*Writer*) is looking for the perfect ottoman for his brand-new armchair. He still hasn't developed a taste for whiskey.

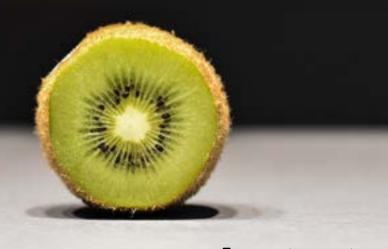
Martin Willoughby (*Print Designer*) is learning how to play the ukulele. He hopes to perform Regina Spektor at his next dinner party.

Olga Wymann (*Photographer*/*Artist*) is trying to pull back from the gratuitous use of colour. She recently discovered *Persepolis* and highly recommends it.

PUBLISHED IN SOUTH AFRICA © 2014

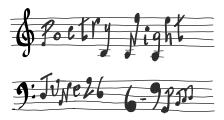
Buying a kiwi is always a good idea.

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Field Notes

SAVE THE DATE // Our annual Poetry Night is on June 26, at 6 PM, at the Bushman Inn. You're invited.



On the evening of Thursday, June 26, the *Hornbill Monthly* will host its annual Poetry Night. The event will take place in the ballroom of the Bushman Inn, and all residents of Hornbill Reserve, as well as their guests, are cordially invited to attend.

While we define poetry loosely (a string of words and sounds), we make two requests of our poets: first, that they keep their readings under five minutes; and second, that they refrain from reading work that is not family-friendly. We recognize that stage-fright is real, and we recommend that our poets come with printed copies of their poems, just in case.

As in previous years, there will be a large glass jar at the event's entrance, and everyone who is interested in reading their poem will be asked to write their name on a piece of paper and drop it into the jar. Names will be drawn from the jar at random.

The Hornbill Monthly's Poetry Night is made possible through the generosity of Jenna Heffernan and her staff at the Bushman Inn. We thank them for investing in the arts and in our community.

LETTERS // Readers react to "Urban Decay in Modern South Africa" from the May 2014 issue.

I am writing to commend the Hornbill Monthly for taking a nuanced view of South Africa's struggles to find peace and equality as a fledgling democracy. While it is true that petty crime and gun violence have gone up since apartheid ended, these trends must be compared against the centuries of systematic, government-sponsored oppression that came before. I am glad that we are talking about the harm that was done, and how there are millions of people who still suffer the consequences of that harm in very real ways. I am a historian, and it is my job to learn from the past. Talking about the past is important because, as a nation, we cannot afford to commit

Send your letters to contact@hornbillmonthly. com. We reserve the right to edit your letter for content and clarity. the same mistakes twice. It is my opinion that articles such as this one, while hard to stomach, can create a foundation for healthy debate and civic engagment.

— Martha Eidelmann

I think it is unacceptable to make excuses for murderers and criminals who break into innocent people's homes and wreak havoc on their lives. I used to live in Johannesburg. My house had twenty-foot walls with electric fencing. One day, a group of three criminals scaled the fence using a ladder from a stolen fire engine. They tied up my daughter and me, beat my husband repeatedly with a cricket bat, and then made off with a TV, two laptops, a bag of gold jewellery, and our family's only car. When we went to the police to report the robbery, we were asked to provide proof that we owned the objects in the first place. My husband was so badly injured that he could barely walk for weeks, and I felt like the police weren't on our side. Given my own experiences, it was extremely painful to read an article that attempts to condone the activities of South Africa's urban criminals. Criminals are evil; they have no race. The police and the government have to be more strict when dealing with them, otherwise I'm afraid there will be no South Africa left to govern.

- Shelley Rausen



PROFILE

A Writer's Journey Out Of Civilization



Ujo Ngewe in his garden, which he has planted with a mjultitude of tropical evergreens.

In the summer of 1993, as the death knells of apartheid reverberated through the lanes of Soweto, Ujwela Ngewe, a lanky twenty-one year old woman, was penning the final chapter of her first novel *Black Light*. Unable to focus in the entropy of her sixteen-member family's two-room hut, Ngewe had taken to working under a streetlamp down the street. "One day, I will get out," she would tell herself, but not even she could have foreseen what the years ahead had in store. Fast

forward to today, and Ngewe has transitioned into life as a man (he now goes by Ujo, pronounced "oo-joe"), his family has publicly ostracized him, and Black Light has sold a million copies in fifteen different languages. Earlier this year, Ngewe turned forty-two; he has brilliant brown eyes and the air of a small, sprightly mammal that might make off at a moment's notice. When we visited him at his Hornbill home. which he purchased last year, he was slicing a watermelon with a Japanese butcher knife. He held up a half-circle of fruit to the light, and said, by way of greeting, "Watermelon slices have always reminded me of smiles."

Ngewe is Hornbill's first black resident, and when he moved here earlier this year, the tabloids wondered, jokingly, whether he was following in the footsteps of *Black Light's* protagonist Angel Biko. In the book, Biko is one of fifteen black children who are seized from their families, shipped off to a top-secret laboratory, and then brought up as if they are white. Biko is kept in a bright room without windows or mirrors; he is nursed by a white woman and taken on play dates with white babies. When he turns eight, he is sent to live with a childless white couple in the mountains, where scientists from the laboratory visit him every month to monitor his progress. Each of the fifteen children in Black Light grows up to be a monster: one poisons farm

animals, and by extension, the people who eat them; another scatters nails on highways around the country. Through his twenties and thirties, Biko repeats a cycle of moving into white communities and then burning them to the ground. In the book, the distributed actions of the fifteen monsters precipitate the collapse of South African apartheid. "They're comparing me to the characters in my novels," Ngewe said. "I guess I should have expected that. Those horrible ideas came out of my head, after all."

Since his first novel, Ngewe has published two other books, both of which have been bestsellers: Animal, in which an interracial couple turn to poaching to fund their lavish lifestyle; and Everybody Goes Dancing, in which a group of black women seduce white men into bed and then send videos of the encounters to their wives and children. Over the years, Ngewe has faced considerable criticism for the darkness of his characters. In a particularly vitriolic op-ed in the Cape Town Times, in 2012, the journalist Jacques Vroegg warned of the harmful effects of Ngewe's novels. "A man capable of writing evil is also capable of doing evil," Vroegg wrote, "Or worse, inciting it." But Ngewe insists that it is naive to write off any of his characters as evil. "We are all products of our circumstances," he said, in response to the op-ed. "A dysfunctional society



Ngewe writes in a hut set apart from his home and furnished with lots of color and plants.

produces dysfunctional people." Ultimately, Ngewe is not bothered about how his work is interpreted. "If people are looking for excuses to do evil things, the absence of my books isn't going to stop them."

Perhaps because he is black, and perhaps also because many of his characters actively seek to ruin white people's lives, Ngewe's arrival at Hornbill has been met with a mixed response. During his first week here, a group of residents threw him a welcome party at the Bushman Inn, where they presented him with butter cookies and bottles of organic insect repellent. Then, in the intervening months,

anonymous signs saying things such as "Ngewe Go Away", "Ujo Leave Us Alone", and "The Devil Lives Here" have appeared along the private road leading to Ngewe's house. Far from being fazed by the signs, Ngewe says he appreciates the frankness of the sentiments, and he especially enjoys the signs that involve wordplay (he reads "Ujo Leave Us Alone" as would you leave us alone). "It's good to get your feelings out," he said, "I'm all for civilized ways to express your opinions, especially when those opinions are terrible and racist."

Two years ago, during an interview with the radio station SAfm, Ngewe

told the story of his meteoric rise to fame for the first time. As a poor black kid growing up in Soweto, Ngewe's favorite haunt was the local public library. He devoured books, reading many of them multiple times so that he might fully imbibe their flavor. Of his favorite writer, Oscar Wilde, Ngewe said: "So spicy, so irreverent. All my life, Oscar has been preparing me to not give a fuck." After he finished *Black Light,* he stopped writing for a while and focused on making money. He accepted a job at a car wash in Melville, a Bohemian enclave north of downtown Johannesburg, where he schmoozed with some of the wealthiest residents in the city. His clients were taken with the sprightly young girl who could readily quote from Austen and Shakespeare (this was years before Ngewe realized he was transgender), and they showered him with generous tips. After two years at the car wash, Ngewe quit his job and used his savings to buy a rickety trailer fitted with a mattress and a sink. Over the next few months, at a rented garage in Soweto, he transformed the trailer into a desirable object, sanding down the rusty walls, pressure-washing the sink and piping, welding bits of metal over the many gaps in the roof, upholstering the mattress in leather. He spraypainted the trailer in loud splashes of purple and yellow. Inside, he added fairy lights, mirrors, a jukebox, and a

minibar. When he was done, he drove the trailer to the Oppikoppi Music Festival, near Northam, and sold it to a wealthy hippie for twenty times its purchase price. With this money, he self-published *Black Light* and mailed copies of the book to all the famous South Africans he could think of. Then, one day, he received an invitation to dine with Nelson Mandela, the most illustrious South African of all, and Ngewe's writing career finally took off.

We asked Ngewe why he chose to move to Hornbill, and why he chose to stay on, even after the rude signs were left at his door. Ngewe's response was characteristically brief: "I can't run from racism, because racism is everywhere. But I can run from civilization, so I did." But even as Ngewe flaunts his thick skin on race, he grows quiet when it comes to the other facet of his precarious identity: a trans-man in a heteronormative, cis-normative world. Ngewe admits that he took more than a decade to admit to himself that he might be transgender. "I never felt comfortable being a girl," he said. "The clothes, the breasts, the voice, nothing." At the age of twenty-five, about a year after the publication of Black Light, Ngewe read about gender-reassignment surgery in an article about the transgender movement in America, and he immediately realized what he should do. "I started saving up money," he said, "And I told

THE HORNBILL MONTHLY, JUNE 2014

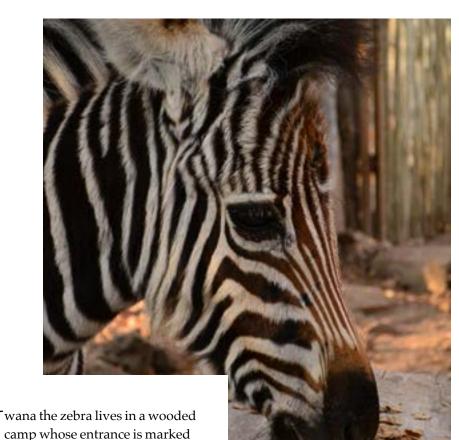
I declare after all there is no enjoyment like reading! How much sooner one tires of any thing than of a book! – Jane Austen WILDLAND BOOKSTORE 43 Ferret St Hoedspruit Open daily, 9 am- 6 pm

my family." Soon after, his parents and siblings invited him to dinner and told him they wanted to have nothing to do with him ever again. When Ngewe broke down and asked them to reconsider, they began throwing spoonfuls of pap at him. Unbeknownst to Ngewe, cameras had been installed around the living room, and the family sold the footage of the night's events to a TV channel. "My family made a chunk of change that night," Ngewe said. "Good for them."

For many years now, Ngewe has known that he will always exist at the margins. "Honestly, it takes the pressure off," he said. Unfettered by a sense of commitment toward his family and his roots, Ngewe says that his art has flourished. Based out of his Hornbill home, he is currently working on a new project: a young-adult book set in a utopia. As we ate watermelon slices at his kitchen table, Ngewe outlined the morality of the world he was building for the novel. "You can be whoever you want to be, but not if it stops another human being from doing the same," he said. "For example, I can eat dog meat if I want, but I would have to grow my own. I couldn't just steal your dog and eat it." Then, he set down his watermelon and burst out laughing. "What happens when you stretch laws to their limit? Who wins, who loses? Right now, I'm very interested in exploring that question."•

WILDLIFE

Rescued Zebra Leads Charmed Life



by a hippopotamus skull balanced on a pole. When we went to visit her, she was hard at work on a pile of bran flakes. Her tongue sloshed away like a serpent. For every flake that entered

her mouth, dozens were nudged aside

Nwana enjoys bran flakes straight off a park bench, no spoon required.

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and fell to the ground, never to be touched again.

"Nwana is the most spoilt orphan in the entire continent," said Conrad Venter, who runs a wildlife orphanage out of his camp in Hornbill Reserve. Among members of the local conservation industry, Venter is well-known as an ecologist and environmental consultant. At home, he plays foster parent to a gaggle of forest creatures. In the five years he has lived at Hornbill, Venter has successfully raised an African wild cat, a serval, a warthog, an African black tit, a lesser bushbaby, an impala, a monitor lizard, two duikers, two vervet monkeys, five terrapins, nine squirrels, and, of course, a zebra.

Although Nwana is just four months old, she stands a meter tall and weighs twice as much as an adult human. She could break my jaw with a single kick. But her current life belies a troubled start: she was only a month old when her mother was taken by lions. The Dekkers, Venter's neighbors at Hornbill, were on an evening drive through the reserve when they chanced upon her.

"In the wild, foals are hard to spot," said Pieter Dekker, who has a round, red face, like a beetroot. "The moment they see you, they are off. But Nwana just stood there, staring mournfully at us; I couldn't believe it."

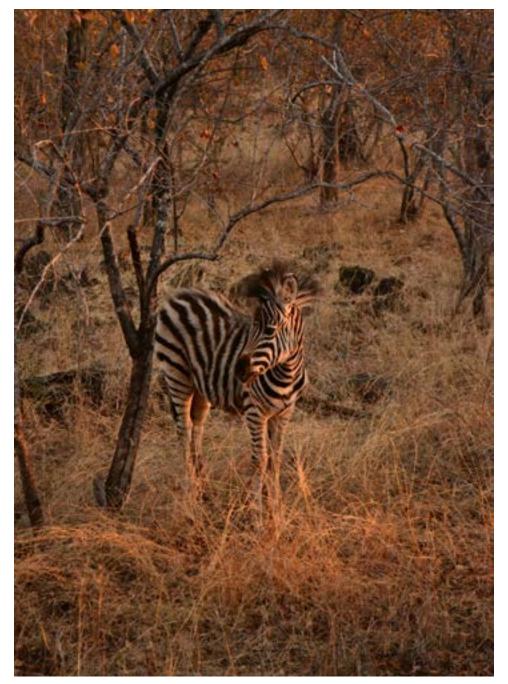
After her mother's death, Nwana spent almost a week wandering the

bush by herself. At that age, her mother's milk would have been her only sustenance. Without it, her body had begun to cannibalize itself, burning through muscle just to keep the systems running. When the Dekkers found Nwana by the roadside, she did not run away because she was too weak to do so. The light was falling, so they decided to get a closer look. That was when they saw the wounds.

"She had multiple gashes on her hind legs and rump," said Aida Dekker, fixing her watery green eyes on the zebra. "Her coat was stained dark brown with blood in places. There was more blood dripping from her wounds. It was heartbreaking."

Venter arrived from the kitchen with crumpets. "Jackals!" he said. He went on to explain that anything smaller in size daresn't approach the zebra, and anything larger would have brought her down.

The Dekkers brought Nwana home in the back of their car. They dressed her wounds and gave her a blanket. All night, they tried to make her eat, but the zebra wouldn't touch anything—not bread, bananas, or fresh grass from the lawn, not even their imported fat-free milk. By the next afternoon, Pieter and Aida had a dying zebra foal on their hands, so they called in the experts. When Venter got there, the first thing he did was give the zebra a name (in Shangaan, Nwana means the



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Everyone agrees that Nwana the zebra knows how to pose.

little one). "Names tether beings to life," Venter said. "It's worked for me twenty-six times so far! My only failure thus far is Oboe the aardvark. Oboe was so famished that he had crawled out of his hole—something baby aardvarks normally never do. He was too close to death to be saved, so I preserved his memory by dunking his body in a glass tank of formalin."

Twenty-four hours after Nwana was found, she still hadn't touched any food. Venter tried the milk formula he has used for the impala calf Maxcy, but Nwana was a hindgut fermenter and couldn't stomach the starch-rich drink. Next, Venter tried a formula recommended by a doctor at the Onderstepoort Veterinary Institute—he drove four hours to purchase the multi-vitamins required by the recipe—but that didn't work either. In the meantime, Nwana developed a high fever as well as severe diarrhea. "I couldn't afford a glass tank large enough to fit a zebra," Venter said. "Nwana had to be saved."

Venter realized that he would have to trick Nwana into eating food, so he did the one thing that never fails to work with children: he turned her food into candy. The new recipe was decadent: one cup of fat-free milk powder, a half-cup of vanilla-flavored instant porridge, and two tablespoons of glucose powder blended into a liter of warm water. When he gave Nwana a whiff, her ears perked up.

Venter believes that an animal cannot be saved if it has lost the will to live. So, instead of letting Nwana drink the milk, he began to step away from her. "Nwana had been lying on the ground for a day. Her eyes had glazed over. If she wanted the milk, I needed to see she could still fight for it. She got to her feet slowly. I had the milk in this same bottle"—he pointed to a large soda bottle lying on the table—"She hobbled over, her mouth closed on the rubber nipple instinctively, and then she drank."

Nwana was standing by the kitchen now, staring at us with black, bleary eyes. Between the jagged bones of her rump, the shadow of her deprivations still lingered.

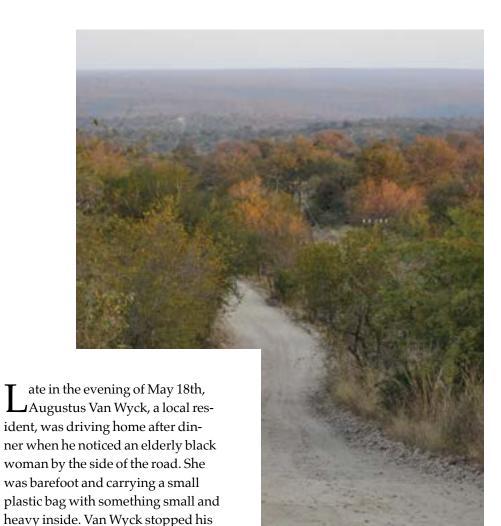
"It's time." Venter said. At his nod, his assistant Neil Sen got up and walked into the kitchen. Nwana watched patiently as Sen boiled the water, measured out the milk powder, whisked in the porridge and glucose, clamped the nipple shut. When the milk was ready, Nwana leaped forward and drained it in nineteen seconds. Gluck Gluck Gluck. Unlike the bran flakes, none of the milk ever went to waste. This was the elixir that had saved her life, the same drops that she'd tasted after staggering over to Venter all those weeks ago. In a future scribbled over with doubt, this was her one streak of certainty. Nothing else would ever taste as sweet. •

CRIME DIARY

car and asked the woman what she

was doing inside Hornbill after night-

Alleged Poacher Spotted Inside Hornbill



The old woman was spotted on this stretch of dirt road, about a mile from the North Gate.

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fall. Apparently, she ignored him and kept walking down the road, deeper into the reserve. At this point, fearing the worst, Van Wyck rushed home and immediately raised an alarm. A number of other residents responded to Van Wyck's call, but when they got there, the old woman was nowhere to be seen.

As of this article's publication, the identity of the woman is still a mystery. Van Wyck's descriptions of her have been shared widely with Hornbill's



residents and workers. There are no elderly black women who are part of Hornbill's full-time community, and no one has come forward to claim her as an acquaintance. For now, a report has been filed with the board of Hornbill Reserve, and security personnel in nearby reserves have been notified of the incident. No one is actively looking for the woman.

When we spoke with Van Wyck the morning after the incident, we

asked him to tell us more about why he raised the alarm. He said that his original concern was the woman's safety. The Hornbill Code of Conduct, which all members of the community are required to sign, expressly prohibits individuals from walking around the reserve at night. Considering that Hornbill has resident lions, leopards, and hyenas, many view this rule as a necessary precaution. "Either she didn't know the rule, which means she was an outsider," Van Wyck said. "Or she violated the rule knowingly, which makes her a deliberate offender."

Van Wyck said that he was taken aback when the old woman ignored him. He says he offered her a ride, which would have been in her own best interest to accept ("There are lions in the area!"), but she ignored that as well. Then, as she was walking away, he noticed the plastic bag in her hand. For him, that was the last straw. "Old village women are used by poachers to track rhinos," Van Wyck said. "And it looked like she might be carrying a rhino horn in that bag."

For those who aren't familiar with the politics of rhino poaching, Van Wyck's allegation might seem outlandish, so we reached out to Karl Rausen, a member of the search party that responded to Van Wyck's alarm. Rausen, who owns a small accounting business inside Hornbill, was able to shed more light on Van Wyck's per-

spective. An excerpt from his response, given via email, is reproduced here:

The number of rhinos poached in this country annually has risen from 5 to 500 in the last two years [we were unable to verify this statistic]. Rhino poaching is a booming trade: it brings in foreign exchange and supports families. The industry involves some very powerful people, not to mention many wildlife vets; but the poachers themselves are generally young men from poor, black areas. They operate by night, sneaking into reserves and hunting the animals on foot. An essential part of the poachers' job is to locate the rhino, and they frequently recruit trackers for the purpose. Elderly village women are particular favorites. This might seem counter-intuitive; the women could slow them down in the bush, and their reflexes could very well be diminished. But the best trackers are anything but helpless. They've grown up with the bush and can track rhinos for miles. Compared to the trigger-happy twenty-something's[sic], the trackers carry a lifetime's worth of experience. They also lend an atmosphere of innocence to the operation. The women can be used as a shield in case of approaching trouble. After all, who would suspect a helpless old woman walking alone in the bush at night of illegal activities?

In a follow-up phone call, we asked

Rausen how he responds to people who might accuse him of racial bias. "I do not care what people say," he said. "I love rhinos and their slaughter affects me greatly. I've lived here for many years now. I understand what it's like on the inside."

Rausen's passion notwithstanding, his concern about the gravity of rhino poaching is not misplaced. The world has five species of rhino, and all of them are classified as threatened or endangered. Rhinos are hunted



throughout their range, primarily because their horn is valued as an aphrodisiac in traditional Chinese medicine. Only earlier this year, rhinos were declared extinct in Vietnam, where rhino horn costs more than cocaine and as much as gold. The plight of the animals is even more heartbreaking when we consider the fact that there is no scientific evidence of the horn's medicinal value; the lone exception was a Chinese study that found it could reduce

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Two of Hornbill's resident white rhinos.

mild fevers in children. At its finest, rhino horn is the equivalent of a highly diluted aspirin tablet.

Two species of rhino are found in South Africa: white and black. According to the IUCN, the number of white rhinos has decreased by two-thirds in the last four decades; there are only about 20,000 of them left in the country. The fate of the black rhino is grimmer; there are only about 400 left in the wild globally, down from more than 100,000 at the turn of the 20th century. At the current rate of decline, experts believe both species could go extinct in the wild within the next twenty years.

Despite the bleak global trend, Rau-

sen seems upbeat about the future of the rhino in his home turf. "We have about fifty resident white rhinos here, and not a single casualty in the last three years," he said. "I'm proud to be part of the first line of defense against poachers here at Hornbill. We will do everything it takes to keep our rhinos safe."

We asked Rausen what his team would've done had they been able to track down the old woman that night. "We would have assessed the situation and taken the necessary actions," he said. "I don't like coming to conclusions about people before I've met them in person." ●

LIFESTYLE

good for the land. It burns dead veg-

Are You Prepared For Fire Season?



Most native plants are resistant to fire, and some actually depend on fire for survival.



Controlled burns, such as this one from July 2009, are usually carried out after sunset.

etation and releases nutrients that are necessary for new plants to grow. In the Serengeti, in Tanzania, annual wildfires are crucial for the grassland's regrowth, which in turn feeds millions of grazing wildebeest and zebras. Closer home, in Limpopo, many farmers routinely burn their offal and scatter the ash over their fields to enrich their crops.

Notwithstanding the benefits that fire brings, the short-term consequences of unplanned fires can be disastrous. In the American state of California, for example, thousands of people lose their homes to forest fires each year. Most of these fires are started by people, usually accidentally. In South Africa, which is similarly fire-prone during the dry months, the penalties for starting an illegal fire are severe. The shepherd who started the

Drakensburg Fire—detectives figured out that he dropped an unextinguished cigarette on a pile of dead leaves—was sentenced to thirty years in prison.

Whether you're a landowner or a city dweller, there are a number of steps you can take to protect yourself and others around you from the harmful consequences of a bushfire. Here's what the Department of Forestry recommends we all know about fires: *Home*: If your home is under threat from a bushfire, evacuate to a safe area. Your household fire extinguisher is not effective against bushfires.

Cultivated Land: During the dry season, avoid leaving your farmland covered in large amounts of offal. If you wish to conduct a controlled burn on your cultivated land, you must obtain prior permission from the Department of Forestry, and a Forestry official must

inspect your property before you start the fire. Violators are subject to hefty fines as well as a minimum prison sentence of twenty years.

Private wildland: The Department recommends that all private bushland be burned every ten years. The Department also recommends that controlled burns be conducted at night, when the fire's spread is easier to track and control. If you wish to conduct a controlled burn, you must first prepare the woodland by digging two rows of 6-foot trenches around it. You must then obtain prior permission from the Department of Forestry, and a Forestry official must inspect your property before you start the fire. Violators are subject to hefty fines as well as a minimum prison sentence of twenty years. Public land: Strictly no fires are permitted on public land between the months of April and October each year. This includes campfires, camping stoves, cigarettes, hookahs, fireworks, and candles. Violators are subject to hefty fines as well as a minimum prison sentence of twenty years.

A complete list of bushfire safety regulations can be found on the South African Department of Forestry's website (www.forestry.sa/bushfire). To report a fire or a suspected bushfire safety violation, you can call the 24-hour hotline at 66-BUSHFIRE. From all of us here at the *Hornbill Monthly*, have a safe and fire-free dry season. •



YOUR STORY

Month 1: Petty Matters

June 6 — Ujo's profile came out today. So exciting! He's been profiled by a bunch of different papers at this point, including internationally—Le Monde, The Guardian, Vanguard, The Star—but this feels different. The Hornbill Monthly is a salt-of-the-earth local paper, one produced by the community. It's entirely volunteer-run—the only newspaper that gets delivered to Hornbill Reserve, I'm told. They don't even have a website! This is it! Not something that's been true through most of history, but I guess it's finally—finally!—a good time to be a spunky smart funny subversive queer writer. We've made it!

The lady who interviewed Ujo sent us a proof a few days ago. There was only one thing I vetved. Asked about me, Ujo had said several typically spicy things, including this banger: "He has a heart of gold and the body of a pornstar." I was flattered, don't get me wrong. But it seemed improper to let those words go to print. I'm planning to send a clipping of the article to my family in Durban. They don't read fiction, thank goodness, but they'll definitely want to read Ujo's profile, especially Dad. Body of a pornstar. Imagine him chancing upon that!

June 10 — Hornbill is a lovely place. So remote, so wild. Mesterday, a family of warthogs surprised me at the pool. The day before, I opened our bedroom window to a giraffe — what? really? — chomping on some leaves. It's a wonderful, wonderful place. My only complaint—and Ujo's, too—is that there's too many white people here. The white people seem perfectly fine, perfectly polite (don't they always?), but it feels strange to be in a gated community where the only people of color are those in service positions—except us, of course. I'm getting history book vibes, apartheid vibes. Durban isn't perfect, of course. Lots of problems there. But this jungle woria feels significantly more unsettling. Ujo said he feels like we've traveled back in time: "I've never come closer to feeling like my father." Which is good, in a way, I guess. His latest project, which he didn't discuss with the Monthly reporter (he never discusses in—progress projects with reporters), is set in the 1980s in a private gated community just like this one.

Tune 13 — Today we had brunch with Jenna, the general manager of the Bushman Inn, where we're staying. Upo met her a couple years ago at some sort of literary event. They hit it off right away, followed each other and everything; they're both very active on social media. Then, a few months ago, Upo posted something about artist residencies in America, how he really wanted to attend one, except they were all prohibitively expensive, especially with flights and such. Jenna saw the post and reached out with an incredibly generous offer: she invited Upo to come spend up to six months at the Bushman Inn, free of cost, meals for two included. We have a room overlooking the river and everything. H's really so, so generous of her.

This was my first time meeting Jenna in person. She picked us up and drove us back to her place, which is stunning. Art everywhere—and tastoful art at that. Her furniture is super faucy; she showed us a Louis XVI armoire from France, a farmer's dining table hand-carved by her Rhodesian grandfather. The meal she served was exquisite: homemade bread, Dutch cheese, Ethiopian coffee, a Middle-Eastern dish called shakshuka. And the conversation was riveting, too—not a given, especially with

so-called patrons. Jenna is whip-smart. Upo has this autopilot mode he enters with people sometimes—a slick, chummy, smooth-talking persona. Not with Jenna, though. She asked several questions that made him really take note:

"What does a person owe a terrible parent? Let's say the parent is old and infirm, in dire straits. Let's say she asks for forgiveness, says all the right things, pleads for help. What does one do?"

"What would you say is the difference between an evil child and an evil adult?"

"Do you think South Africa will last?"

Another thing I love about Jenna: she seemed genuinely interested in both of us. Not just Ujo but me, too. She asked me questions about my life, my art—people often forget to do that. Of course Ujo is a public figure now, one of South Africa's most famous living writers. I'm really proud of him. To be honest, his profile has boosted my profile, too. I'm perfectly happy taking a back seat; I have my own version of a shallow, smooth—talking persona. With Jenna, though, I could really feel myself opening up. I love her! I'm so glad we're here.

Afterwards, I looked Tenna up on social media. Her relationship status is set to "It's complicated." Next time we cross paths, I'll have to ask her about that.

June 17 — Good news, we've joined Adam 4 Adam. This seemed as good a place as any to spice up our sex life. Alas, the pickings are slimmumm. We'll probably need to go old school. Fortunately, there's a lot of hot guys around here. We've already identified a couple candidates.

First, there's the poolboy at the Bushman Inn, Bryce. He does the afternoon shift, which is the ideal temperature for swimming plus birdwatching. Now there's a body of a pornstar! Bryce is really chatty with the ladies and really shy around us, which is a sign, I think.

Second, one of the security guards at the Hornbill gate, whose name is also Robert. Ha! He's also pretty shy. We haven't talked to him yet, but we've seen him watching us. And his eyes do the quick jumpy thing—"the jittery chihuahua sprint," Ujo called it—which is as sure a sign as any that the soil is gay beneath the foliage. We can't wait to snack on him!

Ugh, I hope I don't sound creepy when I talk like that. But really, it's all good fun, all consensual. We would never pressure anyone, especially not someone like Bryce or Robert. Ujo and I are on the same page about this: we understand the power asymmetries at play here, the racial dynamics, too. We are hot and young and happy — that's all! We love a good threesome from time to time. Who doesn't?

THE HORNBILL MONTHLY, JUNE 2014

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Marketplace

FOR SALE // 2009 150 ATV w/ helmet and cover for sale • ZAR 20,000



Slightly modified to improve performance and handling • Nerf Bars • HD front and rear DG bumpers • 4-Gallon Baja Plastic fuel tank • New grips • Fresh top end • Oil injection pump has been removed. It runs on mixed gas • Good chain and sprockets • Nice set of studded tires for ice riding and more. Best offer or trade for pickup truck. Very reliable and tons of power. Never been raced but very fast • Little blaster in great shape. Only ridden in the winter month and not during the mud or summer seasons. Hasn't been used in years, still starts in 2 kicks cold. Contact Pieter at 076 250 1673.

Send your postings ("for sale" or "looking") to marketplace@hornbillmonthly.com. We reserve the right to edit all posts for content and clarity. FOR SALE // Used solar panels for roof array, 200w • ZAR 15,000



54 in series / panel • Poly-crystalline SI • 58.5" x 38.6" • 20 kg • Anodized aluminum • Connectors: MC3 • OC voltage: 34V • SC current: 7.8A • MPP Voltage: 27.1V • MPP Current: 7.4A • Watts: 200Wp • MFG warranty: 25 Years / 80% • I am not an installer but can steer you in the right direction for your project. Contact Karl at 079 651 9451.

FOR SALE // 1968 Cessna 150, ads-b compliant • ZAR 300,000



1968 cessna 150, in annual just done ads-b compliant vfr 3400 hr 1200 on engine times are approx I fly every week, cheap to own, cheap to fly Cabin cover included No issues,

no squaks • Five free flight lessons included with purchase • Just had a 5k annual with new cylinders and ads-b skybeacon installed and flown to verify. Call Martin at 076 808 9721.

FOR SALE // Patio furniture set with waterproof cushions ● ZAR 3,000



Forest green patio/deck set • Round resin table with glass removable top [measures 4' diameter] • Umbrella hole with built-in base • Four metal chairs • Overstuffed cushions • All in great condition. Call Shelley at 078 658 2433.

FOR SALE // Rosewood dining room table & 8 chairs • ZAR 20,000



Carved table and 8 chairs (including 2

armchairs) plus two 20" leaves. • Chair cushions covered in beautiful velvet material (new, still covered in plastic) • price was reduced • Reasonable offers will be considered. Call Andre at 076 588 6024.

FOR SALE // Like-new air rifle, good for small game ● ZAR 1,000



Gamo .177 Air Rifle • Single shot break barrel • Nice scope with cover, only used a few times • Very nice for small game or whatever you would want to do with it. Call Luke at 076 956 4326.

LOOKING // A used car, four-wheel drive • Price negotiable

Any make is fine, but needs to be fourwheel drive. Should not have more than 100,000 km on it. Call Angie at 076 860 6956.

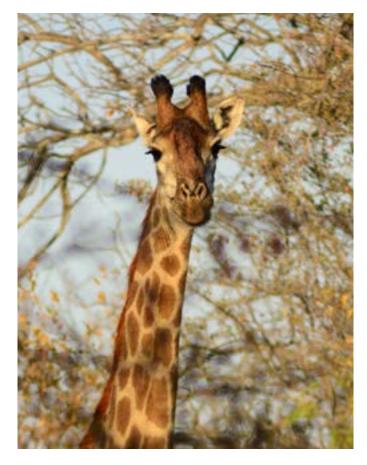
LOOKING // Shotgun, pistol, or rifle in good condition • Price negotiable

Looking to buy my first gun. I'm flexible on price, but the gun should be in good condition. I am willing to pay in cash. Contact Jenna at 078 579 4839.

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Pixel Contest

Each month, we invite our readers to submit photos based upon a theme. The theme for May was **Showstopper**. Here is the winning entry.



I was driving to a friend's for lunch when I was distracted by this beauty batting her eyelashes at me. I was so taken that I almost crashed into a tree. Showstopper!

- Angelo Thompson

The theme for June is **Failed Ambitions**. Send your photographs, and, if you so wish, the stories behind them, via email to photo@hornbillmonthly.com.

Monthly Crossword

Courtesy of The Guardian.

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Across

- **1** Girl's name a sorry me! (anag) (8)
- 5 Sharp sound of disapproval (4)
- 9 Natural aptitude (5)
- **10** Fishing vessel (7)
- **11** *Stamina endurance* (7,5)
- **13** Russian wolfhound (6)
- **14** *Confederates* (6)
- **17** *Close shave* (6,6)
- **20** *The Gunners* (7)
- **21** *Drug used to treat Parkinson's disease* (1-4)
- **22** River running through Newcastle (4)
- **23** *Trinket decoration* (8)

Down

- 1 Prevalent (4)
- **2** First course (7)
- **3** Fairground ride (5-2-5)
- **4** *Non-commissioned sailor in the Royal Navy* (6)
- **6** Relative by marriage (2-3)
- 7 Something unexpected (8)
- 8 Dry red Italian wine (12)
- 9 Plentiful (8)
- **15** *Collapse inwards* (7)
- **16** Kitchen gadget old policeman (6)
- 18 Sticky substance from pine trees (5)
- **19** Breathe noisily after running (4)





PUBLISHED IN SOUTH AFRICA © 2014