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Translating Deon Meyer's *7 Days* into Mandarin

by

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A RESEARCH REPORT

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University of the Witwatersrand,

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ABSTRACT

The research explores the most appropriate approach for translating crime novels such as *7 Days* into Chinese. It is a twofold project: first I translated extracts from the English version of *7 Days* by Deon Meyer into Chinese; then I analysed all the difficulties I encountered when translating and how I dealt with them. This is done under the framework of relevance theory and foreignization and domestication. The difficulties I discussed in the research include the translation of names, implicit information, language variety, italics, swear words, broken English, incorrect pronunciation and typos, police ranks and free translation.

DECLARATION

I declare that this dissertation is my own, unaided work. It is being submitted for the degree of Master of Arts in Translation in the University of the Witwatersrand Johannesburg. It has not been submitted before for any degree or examination in any other University.

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(Name of Candidate)

_____ day of _____, 2019

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Chapter 1: Introduction, Aim and Rationale

1.1 Introduction and Aim:

China has a long tradition of translation. Initially, translation existed mainly because of diverse linguistic groups within China. People were dependent on translation (in the broad sense) to communicate. Documents show that as early as in the Zhou Dynasty (1046-256 B.C.), translation already existed in China (Guo 1997: 2). Translation of foreign works began relatively late and mainly focused on works from Western countries. It is not surprising, since Western countries started to interact with China from the 16th century. On the one hand, some countries started to send missionaries to China (Guo 1997: 4). The most famous missionary among them was the Italian missionary Ricci Matteo who came to China in 1583 (Guo 1997: 4). His knowledge of spoken Chinese and his good looks made it easy for him to befriend Chinese literati and officials, whom he worked with to translate books regarding natural science and astronomy into Chinese (Guo 1997: 4). On the other hand, some western countries started to invade China, such as Portugal and Holland at the beginning of the 16th century (Guo 1997: 4).

Because of the the history between China and the West, and the fact that crime fiction as a genre first emerged in America (Edgar Allan Poe is often seen as the founding father of this genre), most of the translated crime stories in China are from the West. In recent years crime novels by Japanese writers have become more common in China. But crime stories from Africa and South Africa especially continue to be less known in China.

Generally speaking, the Chinese knew very little about African literature at all before 1979. But this changed with the Reform and Opening Policy in 1979, and more especially in the 21st century. More and more novels were translated into Chinese, especially those written by Nobel Prize-winning writers (Qi 2015: 83). For example, many works of Wole Soyinka, Naguib Mahfouz, Nadine Gordimer, and J. M. Coetzee

have been translated and retranslated.

Despite the rise of translated African works in China, crime stories from South Africa are still under-translated. South Africa, as a post-apartheid country with its complex history and present, offers fertile ground for crime stories, for which the crime writers outside of South Africa often envy (Warnes 2012: 984). Beyond that, the fact that South Africa is a country with "the highest murder, rape and robbery statistics in the world" (Fletcher 2013) also provides an abundant source of material for crime writers. For example, Roger Smith admits that "most of my inspiration comes from the violence and corruption around me" (Musiitwa 2011). By the same token, the critic Lynda Gilfillan thinks that Margie Orford's novels are "peopled by thugs who seem to have leapt from the front pages of our newspapers" (Gilfillan 2011). Among all those South African crime writers, nevertheless, Deon Meyer can be said to be the most famous. No one else is as commercially successful and important as Deon Meyer in the South African context (Warnes 2012: 986). His books are translated into various languages; one of them (*Dead at Daybreak*) was even transposed into a TV series (Nicol 2015). Although crime fiction is often seen as a less serious term of literature, Meyer's books manage to be both 'highbrow' and 'lowbrow'. His works are 'lowbrow' because they are popular examples of genre fiction, and 'highbrow' because he has won a variety of literary awards and been translated into many languages (Naidu & Le Roux 2014: 286). Meyer's crime series also manage to have something in common with "serious" South African literature: they "document social reality", "expose injustice", and "conscientise readers into different modes of thought and action, displaying markedly liberal tendencies that undermine any simple opposition between the serious and the popular" (Warnes 2012: 983). Therefore I decided to translate Deon Meyer's *7 Days* – a crime novel originally written in Afrikaans and translated into English by K.L. Seegers – into Mandarin as my research project. Because I do not speak Afrikaans, I had to work from its English translation. I am fully aware that I am translating from a translation and there might be some translation-related issues in that English version. But as mentioned earlier I have no choice because I do not speak

the language in which it was originally written. The best I could do is to keep as close as possible to its English version. Moreover, as *7 Days* is a thick book, I only chose certain extracts for translation and analysis. Which extracts were chosen and why is be explained in the section on the methodology.

Since *7 Days* is a typical crime novel, the aim of the research is to identify the most appropriate translation approach for this type of fiction, especially in the South African context. It does so by answering the following questions:

1. How do I deal with the translation of names and places?
2. How do I deal with phrases with no Chinese equivalent?
3. How do I match the language variety, since the English version of *7 Days* has many Afrikaans phrases?
4. How do I translate the swear words and sentences in italics?
5. How do I translate broken English?

1.2 Rationale:

There are a few reasons why I decided to translate sections of *7 Days* into Mandarin as my research project. First of all, the subject of this project is chosen based on personal interest and likes. I personally love reading crime novels. I used to read crime novels in German; since I am currently in South Africa, I began to read crime novels written by local writers. South Africa has a number of crime novelists, such as Margie Orford, Deon Meyer, Mike Nicol and Roger Smith. Even though Orford is one of "the most popular and critically acclaimed writers of crime fiction in South Africa today" (Harris 2013: 123), the book that I read by her, *Water Music*, did not really attract me. Then I started to read books by Deon Meyer such as *Blood Safari*, *7 Days* and *Devil's Peak*. In contrast to Orford, I was completely lost in them and could not decide which one to choose for my project.

Firstly, I excluded *Devil's Peak*, because one of its main characters is a sex worker. Such a book might not pass Chinese censorship. Then I excluded *Blood Safari* because there is too much violence involved. Therefore I eventually chose *7 Days* for my translation project because it is a typical detective novel. A typical detective story often includes the following elements: the seemingly perfect crime; the wrongly accused suspect; the work being done by dim-witted police; the greater powers of observation and the superior mind of the detective and the unexpected denouement, in which the detective reveals how the perpertrator was identified (britannica.com). Most of these features are present in *7 Days*. For example, the story involves a perfect crime. The lawyer Sloet was murdered 40 days before the novel begins but there is no solid suspect. The detective who investigated the case was not really dumb, but he simply could not find leads. When the case is assigned to another detective, the chief protagonist in the book, he manages to identify a few suspects but they all turn out to be wrongly accused. Eventually he finds the guilty person and solves the case.

Furthermore, Deon Meyer's *Thirteen Hours*, which features the same detective Benny Griessel, has already been translated into Simplified Chinese. As far as my own experience is concerned, people are interested to read and learn more about the same detective; the translated Poirot series by Agatha Christie and the Holmes books by Arthur Conan Doyle are examples. Therefore, readers who have read *Thirteen Hours* would be attracted to *7 Days*. For people who have not had the chance to read *Thirteen Hours*, there is no problem to just start reading *7 Days*, since the two novels are independent stories.

Secondly, Deon Meyer is a South African crime fiction writer who has won many awards both at home and internationally. His novels have been translated into over 25 languages (tafelberg.com) and published in more than 40 countries (deonmeyer.com). However, only two of his books have been translated into Chinese. *Thirteen Hours* has been translated into both Simplified Chinese[1] and Traditional Chinese and

[1] Simplified Chinese is a term created in order to contrast with the term Traditional Chinese. After the foundation of the People's Republic of China, the Chinese government started to launch a new set of Chinese characters, which are meant to be easier for the Chinese (mainly Mainland-Chinese) because the Traditional Chinese

published in Taiwan (there is no information available regarding publishing its simplified Chinese version in Mainland China). *Trackers* has only been translated into Traditional Chinese and published in Taiwan (nurnberg.com).

Thirdly, there is not much written about translation strategies for detective fiction.

There is also a societal factor to this project. The ties between China and South Africa are becoming closer. China and South Africa are not only partners in the economy, but also partners in education. The basic education department of South Africa has decided to teach Mandarin in local public schools (Nkosi 2015). China and South Africa are predictably going to interact more in the future. It is not unimaginable that more Chinese readers will show an interest in South African popular literature. Therefore, I see it as a good start to translate more works by Deon Meyer into Chinese.

In addition, as a Master's student in translation, I would like to apply the theories I learned about translation to practise and to translate something that I am interested in.

characters often involves more complicated strokes in writing. However, Taiwan, Hong Kong and Macau did not really belong to China when this programme was launched, therefore they still use Traditional Chinese as do many overseas Chinese who left China before 1949.

Chapter 2: Literature Review

2.1 Deon Meyer and K.L. Seegers:

Deon Meyer was born in Paarl in 1958 and finished his matric studies in Klerksdorp in 1976. He went on to study at the Universities of Northwest, Stellenbosch and the Free State and obtained a Master's degree in Creative Writing (deonmeyer.com).

Meyer showed his talent as a writer early, when at the age of 14 years he wrote his first novel (afrikaroman.de). After university he was engaged in various occupations, all of which had something to do with writing. In the 1980s, he worked as a journalist for *Die Volksblad*, he assisted at the public relations office of the University of the Free State, and he also worked as an advertising copywriter at Sanlam; in the 1990s, he worked as an Internet manager and a brand strategist for BMW motorcycles (tafelberg.com).

As a crime writer, Deon Meyer's work touches on various themes, such as corruption in the apartheid era, the challenges of transformation, and topics in contemporary society (Warnes 2012: 986-987). Many of his books have been awarded the AKTV Prose Prize and the AKTV Prize for Best Suspense Fiction, such as *Dead at Daybreak* (2000), *Heart of Hunter* (2003), *Devil's Peak* (2008), *Blood Safari* (2008), *Thirteen Hours* (2009), *7 Days* (2012), *Cobra* (2014) (deonmeyer.com). His books have also won many international awards, mainly in Europe and America. For example, *Blood Safari*, *Devil's Peak* and *Heart of the Hunter* won the Deutsche Krimi Preis (2009, 2009, 2006), *Dead Before Dying* won Le Grand Prix de Littérature Policière from France (2003), *Dead at Daybreak* won Le Prix Mystère de la Critique from France (2004) and the Martin Beck Award in Sweden (2008) and *Thirteen Hours* won the Barry Award in the USA (2011) (deonmeyer.com).

Deon Meyer himself is also celebrated both in South Africa and around the globe. Flood (2012) describes him as one of the best South African thriller writers, Lewin (2009) believes that Deon Meyer is "is far and away the best crime writer in South

Africa", and *Daily News* even claims that he is "one of the best crime writers on the planet" (Horler 2014). According to Warnes (2012: 987), "Meyer's capacity to situate the psychological within the social allows him to breathe new life into some of the clichés of crime fiction". Unlike other hard-boiled detectives who are usually unwilling or unable to confront their past, Deon Meyer's detectives "find rehabilitation through the processes of detection and protecting vulnerable others" (Warnes 2012: 987). In addition, his fellow writers speak highly of him. For example, the American best-selling detective writer Michael Connelly states that "with Deon Meyer you can't go wrong"; Tess Gerritsen, author of *Playing with Fire* believes that Deon Meyer's name on the cover serves as a guarantee of the quality of the book (blakefriedmann.co.uk).

Since Deon Meyer only writes in Afrikaans, it is also necessary to mention the history and development of crime fiction in Afrikaans in South Africa. According to Nicol (2015), there were detective stories written in Afrikaans in the 1950s, but they disappeared during the apartheid years. It was only after the end of apartheid that crime novels started to flourish, "[c]rime writing and detective fiction have flourished since 1994" (Chetty 2012 cited in Rautenbach 2013). One of the most important figures in this regard is Deon Meyer. Because of him, "[f]or the first time [t]here were novels on a par with international crime fiction as far as plot sophistication and literary prowess were concerned" (Nicol 2015). There are also other writers such as Richard Kunzmann, Andrew Brown who started to write in Afrikaans and won prizes at the beginning of the 21st century (Nicol 2015), but none of them can compete with Deon Meyer.

K.L. Seegers, the translator of *7 Dae* (the Afrikaans name of the novel), is a South African who has been translating for over a decade (Barrow 2016: 114). Up to 2016, she had translated seven of Deon Meyer's novels (Barrow 2016: 114). Seegers' mother tongue is English, and she obtained her knowledge of the Afrikaans language and culture when she was at the University of Stellenbosch where she lived and studied with Afrikaans-speaking people (Barrow 2016: 114). Since she lives in the

Eastern Cape in South Africa (Blakefriedmann 2012), she is exposed to the source culture all the time. Furthermore, she has personal contact with Deon Meyer (Barrow 2016: 117). These advantages can be seen as a precondition of the fact that her translations of Deon Meyer are usually of good quality. Deon Meyer speaks highly of her translations and refers to her as "a very good English translator" (Horler 2014) and someone "who is able to make the dialogue of Afrikaans-speaking South African cops sound like English-speaking South African cops" (Horler 2014). K. L. Seegers has not yet received any awards for translations directly, although her translations of Deon Meyer's books have won awards (Barrow 2016: 114). For example, *7 Days* has been praised as the best translated crime novel by *Shots* magazine (deonmeyer.com).

2.2 *7 Days*:

7 Days was originally published in Afrikaans in 2012 as *7 Dae* by Human & Rousseau and then translated into English by K.L. Seegers. Its first English version was published in Great Britain by Hodder & Stoughton in 2012.

7 Days is the third book in Deon Meyer's series featuring Benny Griessel, an intelligent but damaged detective. This might sound rather clichéd, which Deon Meyer also admitted in an interview with Alison Flood (2012). But Benny Griessel was not meant to be a major character, when Deon Meyer first created him in *Dead before Dying* (Flood 2012). Only afterwards did Meyer feel that he owed Benny Griessel a book (Flood 2012), and that was how the series came into being.

Deon Meyer's *7 Days* is a concise story set in Cape Town, while most of Deon Meyer's books take place in various geographical locations (Forshaw 2012). Forshaw (2012) believes that the book is so focused and persuasive that even if Deon Meyer only wrote this kind of story, he would still maintain his reputation. Moreover, *7 Days* is extremely well-plotted. The wonderful twists and turns surprise its readers all the time. Just as Clarke (2012) wrote in Euro Crime that he was struggling with the

identities of the murderer and the sniper, some of his guesses were close, while others were completely wrong. It is even seen as a combination of Agatha Christie and Frederick Forsyth (Crimescrapesreview 2012).

2.3 Crime fiction in South Africa:

Generally it is believed that crime fiction is still a young genre in South Africa as very little was published during the apartheid era. For example, Le Roux (2013: 136) states that "not much has happened in South African crime fiction over the last five decades". Margie Orford (2013: 220) has also suggested that "prior to 1994, apart from a couple of exceptions, there was no actual 'genre' crime fiction". The reason behind this phenomenon could be that during the apartheid era, most writers were dedicated to opposing apartheid. According to Deon Meyer, no one could really have a policeman as a hero if he works for an evil regime (Groenewald 2007). Mike Nicol (2015) also suggested that having a policeman as the protagonist would be "akin to sleeping with the enemy".

Nonetheless, there were some active crime writers during the apartheid era and before. For instance, Ernest Glanville and Bertram Mitford were identified as two of the earliest crime writers by Le Roux (Davis 2018: 8). Mitford can even be seen as "the first crime writer in South Africa" and his 1899 novel *The Weird of Deadly Hollow: A Tale of the Cape Colony* the first South African crime novel (Le Roux 2013: 139). Wessel Ebersohn and James McClure were writers who published their crime stories during the apartheid era (Davis 2018: 8).

Since 1994, crime fiction started to prosper in South Africa. Michael Titlestad (2012: 691) describes it as a "post-apartheid publishing phenomenon". Christopher Warnes (2012: 981) remarks that "the number of crime novels written in and about post-apartheid South Africa is starting to assume the 'epidemic proportions' some believe characterise actual crime rates in that country". Mike Nicol welcomes this explosion (Davis 2018: 8). He even switched from writing postmodern fiction to

crime fiction (Davis 2018: 8). While such a boom can be partially attributed to the global boom of crime novels, it is also closely linked to the developments in South African society. Influenced by American hard-boiled crime fiction and its derivatives, crime fiction in South Africa is seen as a way to address the societal problems currently present in post-apartheid South Africa. For example, corruption is a theme which occurs in many crime writers' works. In Meyer's *7 Days* (2012) and Nicol's *Killer Country* (2010), the problem arising from the policy of Black Economic Empowerment is revealed; Nicol's *Payback* (2010) also deals with government arms deals and in Meyer's *Blood Safari* (2009) there is evidence of corruption because of land claims.

Another recurring theme in crime fiction is the violence suffered by women and children. Meyer, for example, concerns himself with child abuse in *Devil's Peak*. The female crime writer Margie Orford, is well-known for her excellence in writing on the abuse of women (Davis 2018: 13). She (Orford 2013: 222) stated that South Africa is "one of the most dangerous countries in the world to be a woman". In *Daddy's Girl* (Orford 2012) she tells a story about the fate of eight young girls who were murdered in Cape Town; in *Gallows Hill* (Orford 2011) she tells the story of the death a homeless female and a woman who was murdered in the 1980s.

For these reasons, it is often argued that crime fiction in South Africa should be claimed as "the new political novel". According to De Kock (2011: 6), a diseased society can be compared as an act of crime, and crime fiction is the most convenient form against it because it goes to the heart of the sickness of the social body. In 1994 Michael Green made a similar claim for Wessel Ebersohn's novels. Samantha Naidu & Elizabeth le Roux (2014) also came to the same conclusion in their article *South African Crime Fiction: Sleuthing the State post-1994*.

2.4 Detective fiction in China:

When talking about detective fiction in China, people inevtitably think of Chinese Gongan novels (公案小说) (or court case novels, since Gongan originally means the desk behind which the officials heard the cases and announced their judgments) because of their similarities in the plot.

Chinese Gongan novels have a long tradition. The first Gongan story can be dated back to about 1500 years ago, when a book named *Anecdotes about Spirits and Immortals (搜神记)* included a story about an official collecting evidence and convicting a woman who killed her husband (Hu 2011). Many chapters of Chinese classics such as *Water Margin (水浒传)* and *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio (聊斋志异)* are also Gongan stories from the point of view of the content. In the Ming and Qing dynasty, the creation of Gongan novels matured and a large number of Gongan novels emerged (Hu 2011). However, unlike Western detective stories which place a high value on logic, Gongan novels rather focus on portraying the protagonists as heroes (in a narrow sense) and conveying moral values; therefore they are often involved with superstition. For example, in order to portray the protagonist Bao Zheng in *Bao Gongan novel (包公案)* as a great official who represents integrity and honesty, he is described as someone who is able to communicate not only with living human beings, but also with ghosts from the Underground and gods from Heaven. Sometimes the cases are brought to him by a wronged ghost, while at other times he receives help from the gods in order to solve the cases (An 1996: preface).

In light of the difference mentioned above, some scholars (such as Ren 2012 and He 2011) claim that the Chinese Gongan novels are not the rudiments of modern Chinese detective novels. Even though I tend to agree with them, I feel that it is necessary to introduce Gongan novels since they are similar to detective novels. Furthermore, the existence of Gongan novels shows that Chinese readers have always enjoyed reading such stories, which in turn justifies the translation and creation of modern detective novels.

If we agree that modern detective novels do not evolve from Chinese Gongan novels, we can safely say that detective novels in China started with translation as the genre was imported from foreign countries. Kong (2013: 167) stated the same at the beginning of his article. In fact, Cihai[2] also defines detective fiction as a type of popular novel which originated in Europe and the United States. The first translated detective novels are the Sherlock Holmes series by Conan Doyle. In 1896, Zhang Kunde (张坤德) translated four of the Sherlock Holmes stories and published them in *Shiwubao (时务报)* magazine (Ren 2012: 208). Since then, more and more Western detective novels have been introduced into China, with the Sherlock Holmes series being the most famous and the most influential (Ren 2012: 208). In 1916, Zhonghua Book Company (中华书局) launched *Sherlock Holmes Complete Collection*, which included 44 Holmes detective stories (Ren 2012: 208). The whole collection was translated into Classical Chinese by about 10 translators (including Cheng Xiaoqing 程小青) and comprised 12 volumes (Ren 2012: 208). The most prestigious scholars at that time, such as Liu Bannong (刘半农), wrote prefaces and articles for this collection (Ren 2012: 208). There was a biography of the original author in this collection and all the English proper nouns and titles were included in the translated texts, which shows how important this collection was to the Chinese translators and readers (Ren 2012: 208). More importantly, this complete collection of *Sherlock Holmes Detective Stories* established a set of modern standards for editing and publishing translated novels (Ren 2012: 208). In 1927, Cheng Xiaoqing and other translators translated all of the Sherlock Holmes series into vernacular Chinese, published as the *New Complete Collection of Sherlock Holmes Detective Stories* (Kong 2013: 167).

Other than Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, other detective novelists were also translated into Chinese, such as Edgar Allan Poe, Émile Gaboriau, and Maurice Leblanc. The most well-known among them was the French novelist Maurice Leblanc; his detective Arsène Lupin could be regarded as the second most famous detective

[2] Cihai is 辞海 in Chinese. It is a large-scale dictionary and encyclopedia of Standard Chinese. Its first edition was published in 1938 by Zhonghua Book Company.

after Sherlock Holmes for the Chinese reader (Ren 2012: 210). From 1917 to 1933, detective stories featuring Arsène Lupin were translated into Chinese three times and edited and published four times (Ren 2012: 210). It became such a fashion to translate Western detective stories in the 20th century that the total number of translated detective novels was astonishing. In *History of Novels in the Late Qing Dynasty* (晚清小说史), A Ying (阿英) (1980: 180-186) claimed that if there were 1000 translated novels on the market, then more than 500 of them were detective novels. The number of translators also grew rapidly. In the beginning there were only two or three translators of detective novels, but there were more than forty such translators when the market for translated detective novels boomed (Ren 2012: 210). Zhou Guisheng (周桂笙) is said to be the first translator who translated the term detective novels as "侦探小说" (Yang 2009: 184).

At the same time, some translators started to write their own Chinese detective novels. The most important figure is Cheng Xiaoqing, who is known as the first person to ever write modern Chinese detective novels. Hu (2001: 63) claimed that the modern Chinese detective novel started when Cheng Xiaoqing successfully created detective Huosang (霍桑). Cheng Xiaoqing was strongly influenced by Doyle's Sherlock Holmes. He regarded the model of Holmes and Watson as the most advantageous and therefore copied this model and gave his detective Huosang a partner/assistant named Bao Lang (包朗) (Fan 1985).

This was the first time that Chinese writers began to write detective novels. The second time detective novels boomed was in the 1980s after the Reform and Opening Policy. Many foreign detective novels were introduced to Chinese readers, Agatha Christie being one of them. In 1979, the magazine *Yilin* (意林) published Christie's *Death on the Nile* (Ifengnews 2014). Later, Qunzhong Publishing House (群众出版社) published *the Complete Collection of Sherlock Holmes*, and several Japanese detective novels were also translated and published (Ifengnews 2014). In the meanwhile, some writers tried to write detective novels again, but unfortunately no one as great as Cheng Xiaoqing appeared during this period (Ifengnews 2014).

In the 21st century detective novels have again attracted attention. Thanks to the internet, detective novels from other countries have been made accessible to Chinese detective writers and readers. As Fan Yanqiao (范烟桥) used to comment on the creation of Chinese detective novels in the Republic of China, "writing detective novels probably requires special skills, it is not an easy job. Even if someone manages to write detective novels, these novels will lack distinguishing features and will not last long, therefore most of the popular detective novels are translated novels" (Wei 1984: 337 cited in Kong 2013: 168). This applies to current writers as well. The vice editor of *Midnight Reading* from Xinxing Publishing House (新星出版社) suggested that the Chinese detective novels are still in their kindergarten stage (Culchina 2013). Therefore it is no wonder that the majority of detective novels on the market are translated works (Ifengnews 2014).

2.5 Polysystem theory and translated detective novels:

In the 1970s, the Israeli scholar Itamar Even-Zohar developed polysystem theory, building on work from the Russian Formalists and the Czech Structuralists (Munday 2016: 170). He (Even-Zohar 1979: 290) defined a polysystem as:

> a multiple system, a system of various systems which intersect with each other and partly overlap, using concurrently different options, yet functioning as one structured whole, whose members are interdependent.

Therefore literature is not studied in isolation, but within a polysystem in which other systems such as social, cultural and historical systems interact with each other and influence the literary system. Even-Zohar (1979: 290) then stresses that these systems are not static and that they are always competing for the central position. This applies to the literary polysystem as well, if we see literature as the literary polysystem within the bigger polysystem. As an integral system within the literary polysystem, the position of translated literature is also not fixed because of this

constant competition; it can be either in the central position or in the peripheral position.

Admitting that translated literature normally occupies a peripheral position in the literary polysystem (Even-Zohar 1978: 196), Even-Zohar proposed three situations in which translated literature is in the central position: a) when a literature is still young; b) when a literature is peripheral or weak or both; c) when a literature has turning points, crises or literary vacuums (Even-Zohar 1978: 193-194). The translation of detective novels in the early 20th century was without doubt in the central position of the literary polysystem according to the third situation.

In the late Qing dynasty (at the end of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th century), the conflicts from different parties became intensified and the economy was on the edge of collapse. Chinese intellectuals, being the most educated people in China, started to search for new ways to save China. Since they were intellectuals, their most powerful weapon was literature. There was a turning point in literature since the old and traditional Chinese literature was no longer serviceable from their perspective. However, there was no new literature to turn to as it was not yet formed. Therefore the Chinese intellectuals started to look at foreign literature, especially foreign novels, because they thought that the only way to bring new ideas to the Chinese people was through new novels. For example, in 1902 Liang Qichao (梁启超) published an article in the magazine *New Novel (新小说)* in which he proposed 'Revolution in Fiction' and stated that in order to give people new ideas, one must start with introducing new novels (Zhou 2016: 11). He believed that new novels were the key to deal with social issues (Zhou 2016: 11). In order to do that, Liang Qichao and other similarly-minded scholars introduced many foreign novels to Chinese readers. Detective novels soon became popular because they were new to the Chinese both in their form and content and a large number of such novels were translated into Chinese (Guo 2011: 135). At the same time (especially after 1919), vernacular Chinese was also in the process of replacing Classical Chinese and becoming the new literary language, and Chinese intellectuals relied on

translating foreign literature to propagate vernacular Chinese (Wang & Tian 2012: 60).

Polysystem theory can also influence the overall translation strategy of a translator. According to Even-Zohar (1978: 196), when translated literature is in the central position of a literary polysystem, the translator is prone to violate the home conventions and the target text will be more adequate, that is, closer to the source text. However, he also suggested that if the new model is too new and too revolutionary, it might not gain ground in the target literary system (Even-Zohar 1978: 196). Therefore we can say that in order for a new genre to survive, the translated text cannot be too source-oriented. This is especially true when the import of new genres is strongly linked to a changing society, where the cultural and the political systems have a significant influence on the literature itself. In the late Qing dynasty, the foreign novels were not chosen because of their aesthetic value, but because they could be used as a means to awaken the society (Sun 2002: 40). Being loyal to the original novels was not the translators' main concern, but how to adapt them to the Chinese system so that the readers would appreciate them (Sun 2002: 40). Therefore, as a matter of fact, the translation of foreign detective novels was then more target-oriented. For example, the form of foreign novels was changed, and foreign novels with chapters were turned into traditional Chinese serial novels (章回体小说) (Wang & Tian 2012: 61). The viewpoint of the narrator was also often changed. Foreign novels which are often told in the first person were rendered as novels told in the third person since the latter was favoured by traditional Chinese novelists (Wang & Tian 2012: 61).

As Even-Zohar (1978: 196) mentions, when translated literature is in the central position, it helps to create new and primary models. The translation of foreign detective novels did promote the creation of Chinese detective novels. Nowadays China has a few well-known suspense novelists, such as Cai Jun (蔡骏) who has sold more than 12 million copies and maintained the highest selling record of Chinese suspense novels for nine consecutive years (Xinhuanet 2015). It needs to

be pointed out that his novels do not really focus on logic, but rather on mysteries that cannot be explained by science. Other well-known suspense writers include Zhou Haohui (周浩晖), Lei Mi (雷米) and Zhi Zhu (蜘蛛). Zhou's *Death Notice* (死亡通知单) was even translated into English and published in the United States (Xinhuanet 2018). Nevertheless, detective fiction as a genre in China is still very young and translated novels are still in the central position. And since the Chinese in the 21st century are more open to foreign ideas compared to those from the late Qing dynasty, the strategy for translating foreign detective novels has to become more source-oriented.

I will discuss relevance theory and foreignization and domestication in the next chapter, as they are the basis for my theoretical framework.

Chapter 3: Theoretical Framework and Methodology

3.1 Theoretical Framework:

3.1.1 Foreignization and domestication

Given that the research project is a project of translation, it is essential to talk about translation strategies such as foreignization and domestication. Foreignization and domestication are two different translation strategies proposed by the American translation theorist Lawrence Venuti in 1995. He drew on Schleiermacher's notion that there are only two ways to deal with translation:

> Either the translator leaves the author in peace, as much as possible, and moves the reader towards him; or he leaves the reader in peace, as much as possible, and moves the author towards him. (Schleiermacher 2012: 49)

Venuti thus defined foreignization as "an ethnodeviant pressure on those values to register the linguistic and cultural difference of the foreign text, sending the reader abroad" (Venuti 1995: 20) and domestication as "an ethnocentric reduction of the foreign text to target-language cultural values, bringing the author back home" (Venuti 1995: 20). In other words, foreignization preserves the identity of the source text without taking the target reader into consideration and therefore leads to a target text which might not sound so fluent but introduces exotic cultures to the target reader, while domestication reduces the foreignness of the source text or even replaces the foreign elements with elements familiar to the target reader and hence results in a text which sounds fluent and transparent.

Both Schleiermacher and Venuti are advocates of foreignization. In the essay *On the Different Methods of Translating*, Schleiermacher (2012: 56-57) argued that the strategy of domestication is actually unattainable because no one can escape the influence of his mother tongue since all he knows and writes is closely tied to that language; therefore for him it makes no sense to even think about translating

someone's work as if the source author would have written it in the target language. He (Schleiermacher 2012: 61) further argued that a foreignized translation is a necessity for people who would like to enjoy a work written in a foreign language which they do not understand, while a domesticated translation is not really a translation but an imitation and such a translation will not bring joy to the target reader. Furthermore, the mission to enrich the target language can only be accomplished by translation from the view of foreignization (Schleiermacher 2012: 61). Without foreignization, such phrases as "鳄鱼眼泪 (crocodile tears)", "武装到牙齿 (armed to the teeth)" would have never existed in Chinese (Sun 2001: 33). In his work *The Translator's Invisibility*, Venuti also criticised the prevailing fluency strategy in the Anglo-American world because of the violence "that resides in the very purpose and activity of translation" (Venuti 1995: 18) and appealed for a foreignizing approach to translation (Venuti 1986: 190).

In China, the debate over foreignisation and domestication started in the 1980s as a consequence of the Reform and Opening Policy. Before that, the dominating translation strategy in China was domestication (Sun 2002: 40-41). In 1987, Liu Yingkai (刘英凯) criticised in his article *Domestication – the Wrong Track of Translation* the overuse of domestication and called for foreignization (Liu 1987: 60-64). Sun (2001: 34) also stated in his essay *On Foreignization and Domestication in Translation* that we should strive for foreignization and that we should only domesticate the source text when foreignization will lead to misunderstanding and awkwardness. However, there are also scholars/translators who insist on adopting a domesticating approach. Cai Ping (蔡平), for instance, made it clear that domestication should remain the dominant strategy in translation (Cai 2002: 39), because the main purpose of translation is to communicate and to make the source text accessible to the target reader (Cai 2002: 41).

It is noticeable that even Sun Zhili (孙致礼), as a strong advocate for foreignization, also acknowledges the importance of domestication in translation. He admits that both translation strategies have their own advantages and disadvantages and that a good

translator should adopt both of them in a balanced way (Sun 2001: 34). That is to say, a translator should neither over-foreignize nor over-domesticate the text. Foreignization is preferred, but if it will lead to a bizarre text, one should turn to domestication so that the text will be linguistically enjoyable. This proposition is shared by other Chinese scholars such as Li Jianzhong (李建忠) (2004: 53) and Yuan Xiaoning (袁晓宁) & Liu Cheng (刘成) (2003: 28) who stated that one should always strive for foreignization and come back to domestication when foreignization becomes impossible. Yuan & Liu (2003: 28) also stressed that a translator should not try to domesticate the cultural elements of the source text.

3.1.2 Relevance theory

Since *7 Days* is a detective novel written in a foreign language and set in a foreign cultural background, it is of equal importance to discuss relevance theory, a theory developed by Deirdre Wilson & Dan Sperber in 1986 (Gutt 1998: 41).

The two important claims of relevance theory which are related to translation are the distinction between the descriptive use of language and the interpretive use of language and the notion of optimal relevance. When an utterance is intended to truly describe a state of affairs in the world, it is used descriptively; when an utterance is intended to represent what someone else has said or thought or written, it is used interpretively (Gutt 1998: 44). It is clear that translation falls under the latter category because it is about what the author of the original text has written. One crucial factor in the interpretive use of language is the interpretive resemblance between the original and its representation (Gutt 1998: 44-45), according to which translation can be defined as a continuum between zero resemblance and complete resemblance and a translator's job is to decide which position to aim for on this continuum (Gutt 2017: 172).

Optimal relevance stresses adequate contextual effects and minimal processing effort

(Sperber & Wilson 1995 cited in Gutt 2017: 163). It is clear that the same utterance in different contexts can lead to different interpretations, and that therefore quoting someone out of context can become a serious matter (Gutt 1998: 49). Translation as a secondary communication is an exact example of quoting the original author out of context (Gutt 1998: 49). In order for the communication to be successful from the viewpoint of relevance theory, the target reader should be given the same contextual information as the reader of the source text no matter whether the cultural background of the target reader is different from that of the source reader (Gutt 1998: 49-52).

The contextual information can also be understood in accordance with implicature and explicature. According to Sperber and Wilson (2002: 249-250), human communication is all about intention and the utterances are used by the speaker to guide the audience towards his intention. However, people do not always express their true intention explicitly, and in such cases, decoding the language itself often proves to be insufficient. Therefore the addressee needs to deduce from the utterances the most appropriate conclusion according to the contextual information available to him. The notion of context here is used in a broad way; it is "not limited to information about the immediate physical environment or the immediate preceding utterances", but also includes "expectations about the future, scientific hypotheses or religious beliefs, anecdotal memories, general cultural assumptions, beliefs about the mental state of the speaker" (Sperber & Wilson 1986: 15 cited in Gutt 1998: 42-43). The implied meaning becomes an even bigger issue when two different languages and cultures are involved. For example, the Chinese sentence "刘姥姥进大观园 (Granny Liu enters a palatial mansion)" is familiar to any educated Chinese person, but a foreigner with little Chinese knowledge would struggle to understand its true meaning. Therefore the implied meaning needs to be spelled out clearly for him through additional explanation. Another way to explain culture-related issues is the use of footnotes, which is not so favoured as an additional explanation, because it can interfere with the reading process.

The least processing effort of optimal relevance can be linked to a strategy of

domestication. If the target reader is expected to spend minimal processing effort, the target text should be written in a clear and natural way (Gutt 2017: 175). In order to understand the intention of the original author, the cultural elements which are foreign to the target reader can be adapted. The translation of proverbs is a good case in point. For example, the English proverb *A leopard cannot change its spots* should not be translated directly into Chinese, but replaced with its Chinese equivalent.

The least processing effort of optimal relevance can also be used to test whether a translator has mastered the task correctly. There are times when a writer organizes the language in an unusual way to serve his particular purpose. For example, Dickens used the uncoordinated sentences in the opening of his book *Tale of Two Cities* to convey his ironical intention. If a translator does not see this as a purposeful act but tries to improve it and make it easier to understand, it can lead to misinterpretation. Because a great writer like Dickens would have known how to write a text skilfully, he wrote it as he did deliberately to convey his particular intention (Gutt 2017: 169-170).

3.2 Methodology:

3.2.1 Translation brief

As a translator I am aware of the fact that translation cannot be done without a translation brief. A translator will not succeed without knowing his target audience or skopos. Since this is a translation project initiated by myself, it is also my job to define the target audience I am translating for so that the whole translation process can be justified. In my opinion, translated novels are normally interesting to someone who has some knowledge of foreign langauges and cultures. Since *7 Days* is a detective novel set in Cape Town, South Africa, I would like to see my audience as educated people with some knowledge of foreign languages and an interest in detective novels.

3.2.2 Passages to be translated

It is impossible to translate the whole book for the purpose of this study because of its length. Therefore I selected several passages and analyzed the difficulties I encountered in the process of translation. These passages were chosen because they presented potential problems in translation. Below is the list of passages which I chose for this project.

Pages 3-4, 9-11: Detective Benny Griessel is introduced in this section.

Cultural issues (Romens shop, police-speak, a brother), fixed phrases (dig in his heels, put her foot down), italics, names of people, swear words

Pages 11-14: In this section the cases (the sniper and the Hanneke Sloet case) are introduced to the reader.

Names of people, italics, Afrikaans, swear words, titles of police officers

Pages 28-34: In this section more about Griessel and his love for Alexa is revealed.

Italics, swear words, titles of police officers, words that don't finish, ellipsis, song lyrics

Pages 71-76: Griessel talks to the first suspect, Hanneke Sloet's caretaker.

Ellipsis, italics, fixed phrase, Afrikaans, cultural issue (Hawk, Cowboys, Boere, white, Engen Garage, Woolies, Dagwood burger, Steers, Sunday lunch), names of people

Pages 92-96: The police send the release to the media because they find out that the sniper has sent emails to the press.

Swear words, typos, titles of police officers, italics

Pages 122-127: Mbali asks about the suppressor the sniper has been using.

Afrikaans, non-standard English, heavy sounds of specific letters

Pages 131-133, 143-146: Griessel and Cupido on the way to Egan Roch, Hanneke Sloet's ex-boyfriend and on their way back.

Swear words, vulgar words, Afrikaans, stretched vowel, Cultural issues (Spielberg, whitey), italics, phrases I don't understand, "Speak English", political parties

Pages 212-216: Griessel talks to the pathologist, Professor Pagel.

Cultural issues (Nikita, Khrushchev, Pavaroti), French, Italian, a character from the last book, Afrikaans

Pages 234-239: The whole team discusses what they know about the sniper and how to catch him.

Cultural issues (Messiah complex, the apartheid), broken English

Pages 361-363: Sergeant Sollie Barends, detective of the SAPS at Victoria West, drives to Vosburg to ask questions about the rifle and the guy who stole it.

Afrikaans, italics, wrong pronunciation, overcorrection of the wrong pronunciation, name of a bar

3.2.3 Categories of analysis

I grouped all the problems I encountered and analyzed them by giving examples. Problems were identified as instances of translation that required particular attention or the application of a specific strategy. The analysis consists of approximately 9 sections, with each section dealing with a specific problem I wished to highlight. The list of the categories is as below:

1: names of people and places

2: phrases with cultural implications

3: italics

4: language varieties

5: swear words

6: titles of police officers

7: typos, wrong pronunciation

8: broken English

9: free translation

Chapter 4: Translation Analysis

4.1 Summary of the novel

Before analysing the problems and difficulties I encountered during the translation, it is necessary to provide a brief synopsis of the plot of the novel *7 Days*. The novel is about the same detective Benny Griessel who appeared in *Thirteen Hours*. In *7 Days*, he is assigned a new and old case: the Hanneke Sloet case. This case is new because it has nothing to do with the story in *Thirteen Hours*. It is old because it happened 40 days ago. The investigation led to nowhere and was therefore closed. However, the status changes with the appearance of anonymous emails from an apparently deranged person. In these emails the person claims that the police are covering up for the murderer and threatens to shoot a policeman every day until the case is solved. He seems to have every intention of carrying out that threat. As a result, the case is reopened and Benny Griessel is asked to investigate it while another detective, Mbali Kaleni, focuses on tracking the sniper down. Since the former investigation yielded nothing, Benny's investigation is also a frustrating process: they find nothing except a few half-nude pictures of the victim, an ex-boyfriend with a solid alibi and former colleagues who are greedy and selfish. The so-called clue given by the sniper which involves a communist also leads nowhere. In the meantime, the anonymous sniper writes to the press saying that the police know who the murderer is and are doing nothing.

Therefore Benny Griessel has to deal with pressure from both his superiors and the media. The growing number of policemen being shot is also a stress factor. At the same time he also needs to take care of Alexa Barnard, a former music star, with whom he might have a romantic relationship. Alexa Barnard is a recovering alcoholic and her fear of failure to return to her career drives her back to drink. Benny Griessel thinks that it is his responsibility to help her stay sober, but this is not an easy task since he himself is also an alcoholic. Faced with his own drinking problem, Benny

Griessel experiences self-doubt at all times, which makes him more miserable.

After a series of false suspects and futile leads, they eventually find a useful clue which leads to the discovery of Hanneke's murderer. It turns out that she had an affair with Henry Van Eeden and his wife Annemarie knew about it. Annemarie, fearful of losing everything, went to Hanneke, pretending to be Henry and stabbed her with Henry's sword. The sniper is also identified: he is the person who was wronged by one of Benny Griessel's colleagues, Fanie Fick, and therefore he holds a grudge against him and wants to kill him.

4.2 Translation of proper names

4.2.1 Translation of names of people

The first problem I would like to talk about is the translation of proper nouns, which often poses a great challenge to translators. A number of scholars have written on this issue. For example, Hervey and Higgins (2002: 32-33) proposed that there are three different ways to translate proper names: a) they can be kept in the target text exactly as they are in the source text; b) they can be transliterated; c) they can be translated to reflect their cultural connotations. The first option helps to add a hint of exoticism to the target text but can lead to problems with spelling and pronunciation (Hervey & Higgins 2002: 32). The second option seems to be a standard translation strategy when the source language and the target language are distant from each other, such as English and Chinese. Hervey and Higgins (2002: 32) also suggest that if there is already an established precedent in transliterating the names, a translator should follow it. This is especially true for names of places, therefore the French phrase *Saint Jean* normally should only be translated into German as *St Johannes* (Hervey and Higgins 2002: 32). Similarly, Hermans (1988: 13) believed that proper names can be either reproduced, transliterated, substituted or rendered. He further suggests that some of the strategies can be combined in practice (Hermans 1988: 14). Newmark

(1988: 151) also recommended that if a name is used connotatively in the source text, it should be translated in the target text. Fernandes (2006: 50-55) also listed ten specific strategies ranging from rendition to conventionality.

As a big market for translation, China has also developed a series of principles and strategies as how to translate foreign names. For example, Zhang and Zhou (1990: 8-10) proposed four principles in this regard: a foreign name should be rendered according to its pronunciation (名从主人); a foreign name should be rendered according to the convention (约定俗成)[3]; the regulations in this respect should be observed (尊重规范)[4]; translation of the names of scientists should follow their Chinese equivalents in their subjects (服从主科). Xinhua news agency (Xinhua 2004: II) added a few more principles such as transliteration being the most common strategy (音似为主，形似为辅) and the same name being translated the same way (同名同译).

Chen and Shi (2004) tried to summarise and expand these principles and raise some questions, which I believe are helpful in my translation. In their article published in *Chinese Translators' Journal* in 2004, they put forward five principles. I will only talk about the first four principles as the last one is a suggestion, the implementation of which might change a large number of names in the *Dictionary of translation of foreign names of people* (《世界人名翻译大辞典》) compiled by Xinhua News Agency. Their first principle is that a name should be rendered according to its original pronunciation (Chen & Shi 2004: 103). However, they also point out that if a foreigner already has a fixed Chinese name, the translator should keep that name, instead of transliterating the original name (Chen & Shi 2004: 104). As a result, the former governor of Hong Kong, Chris Patten, should not be rendered according to the pronunciation of his name, but according to his official Chinese name 彭定康. The second principle is that the fixed translation of certain names should not be changed,

[3] For example, Behtune is normally transliterated as 贝修恩, but the Canadian Doctor Norman Behtune is conventionally transcribed as 白求恩, which should always stay so.

[4] Such regulations include making use of the dictionaries compiled by the authorities, choosing characters with female implications for females, avoiding the use of negative characters and so on.

but the question of whether or not a translation is fixed is not necessarily clear (Chen & Shi 2004: 105). The third principle is that a translator should take both the pronunciation and meaning of the foreign names into consideration when translating them (Chen & Shi 2004: 105), which resonates with Hervey and Higgins' suggestions. While talking about this principle, they mention that the translation of names used to not differentiate between females and males (Chen & Shi 2004: 105) and that characters with a negative meaning should be avoided (Chen & Shi 2004: 105). The fourth principle is that the transliteration of foreign names should be done based on their pronunciation in the language in which they are spoken (Chen & Shi 2004: 105-106).

From the above discussion we can see that scholars who have written on this topic have proposed three ways of translating foreign names: the names can either be reproduced, transliterated or rendered according to their meaning and the strategies can be combined. As mentioned earlier in this chapter, copying the names as they are in the source text could lead to problems such as spelling, pronunciation and memory, and it is quite rare to reproduce foreign names in Chinese texts. Therefore I have decided to transliterate most of the names in the novel since their names are not semantically essential to the plot. Considering Farahzad's concern that transliteration of foreign names might be influenced by incorrect pronunciation on the part of the translator (Farahzad 1995: 43) and Chen and Shi's insistence that foreign names ought to be transliterated as they sound, I did not work from my own pronunciation of the names. Instead I had someone who speaks Afrikaans record her pronunciation of the names, since the book is originally written in Afrikaans and most of the names are also Afrikaans. Nonetheless, owing to the fact that English is one of official languages in South Africa, some of the names in the sections I have chosen are English, which should not be ignored.

While translating the names I firstly referred to the *Dictionary of translation of foreign names of people*, which is one requirement of some publishing houses such as Yilin Press (yilin.com). I checked the names one by one to see whether their Chinese

equivalents in the dictionary match their pronunciation in the South African context and found out that most names are included in the dictionary and that their equivalents do match their South African pronunciation; therefore I copied them in my translation. There are also names in the dictionary that are transliterated based on a different pronunciation, in which case I decided to ignore their transliterations and create my own based on their South African pronunciation, such as the rendering of Schalk, Emo, Klein, Giel and Pagel.

It is within my understanding that not all names are included in the dictionary and I have employed two different strategies for those cases. I have noticed that even if some names are not in the dictionary, there are similar names to be found. Therefore I decided to combine what was in the dictionary with my own translation based on the discussion above. This is the case with names such as Afrika, Zola, Mbali, Kaleni, Davids, Kotko, Nikita. For those names that are not close to those listed in the dictionary, such as Griessel, Barkhuizen, L'Amour, Theunes, Jordaan, Goosen, du Preez, Hanneke, Sloet, Nxesi, Faroek, Kaleni, Roes, de Villiers, Lithpel, Boshigo, Masondo, Ilse, Sollie, Steyn, and Sutherland, I was left with no other choice but to transliterate them myself. Of course I also had the above-mentioned rules and principles in mind. For example, I tried to make sure that the gender of the names is reflected. Since the original reader can tell the gender of the names, I reproduced the gender in the translation so that the target audience would have the same contextual implication as the original reader. Therefore the female names are rendered into Chinese with the same gender implication, just as Li (2015: 150) and Chen & Shi (2004: 105) have suggested. The transliteration of Mbali and Ilse as "姆巴莉" and "伊尔莎" are good examples in this regard. Both "莉" and "莎" are typical Chinese names for women. In addition, I made some slight changes to those names which are listed in the dictionary but do not reflect the gender. While Laurika is usually translated as "劳里卡" in the dictionary, I changed it to "劳莉卡" to indicate that this is a girl's name. Lize is also not rendered as "利泽" or "利瑟" as the dictionary says, but "莉泽" so that the reader can tell it is a girl. The Chinese equivalent of Cloete in

the dictionary is based on its Afrikaans pronunciation, but the choice of the Chinese characters “克卢蒂” gives the impression that it is a name for a woman while it is actually a male character in the novel; therefore I changed it to “克卢特”.

For more details please see the list of names of people below:

Original	My translation
Benny Griessel	本尼·里塞尔 (běn ní lǐ sài ěr)
Alexa Barnard	亚历克莎·巴纳德 (yà lì kè shā bā nà dé)
Mat Joubert	马特·朱伯特 (mǎ tè zhū bó tè)
Margaret	玛格丽特 (mǎ gé lì tè)
Barkhuizen	巴凯森 (bā kǎi sēn)
Anton L’Amour	安东·拉莫尔 (ān dōng lā mò ěr)
Theuns Jordaan	提恩斯·约旦 (tí ēn sī yuē dàn)
Schalk Joubert	斯佳克·朱伯特 (sī jiā kè zhū bó tè)
Lize Beekman	莉泽·比克曼 (lì zé bǐ kè màn)
Anton Goosen	安东·胡森 (ān dōng hú sēn)
Xandra Barnard	桑德拉·巴纳德 (sāng dé lā bā nà dé)
Adam	亚当(yà dāng)
Paul Eilers	保罗·艾勒斯 (bǎo luó ài lè sī)
Laurika Rauch	劳莉卡·劳赫 (láo lì kǎ láo hè)
Karen Zoid	卡伦·佐伊德 (kǎ lún zuǒ yī dé)
Gian Groen	吉安·格伦 (jí ān gé lún)
Emo Adams	伊莫·亚当斯 (yī mò yà dāng sī)

Sonja Herholdt	索尼娅 赫霍尔德 (suǒ ní yà hè huò ěr dé)
Musad Manie	穆萨德 马尼 (mù sà dé mǎ ní)
John Afrika	约翰 阿弗利卡 (yuē hàn ā fú l lì ka)
Zola Nyathi	佐拉 尼亚蒂 (zuǒ lā ní yà dì)
Werner du Preez	维尔纳 杜普利尔 (wēi ěr nà dù pǔ lì ěr)
Hanneke Sloet	汉娜克 斯鲁特 (hàn nà kè sī lù tè)
Brandon April	布兰登 阿普丽尔 (bù lán dēng ā pù lì ěr)
Cloete	克卢特 (k è l ú t è)
Anna	安娜 (ān nà)
Carla	卡拉 (kǎ lā)
Fritz	弗里茨 (fú lǐ cí)
Jack Parow	杰克 帕罗 (ji é k è p à lu ó)
Tommy Nxesi	汤米 内斯 (tāng mǐ nèi sī)
Faroek Klein	法鲁克 克雷恩 (fǎ lǔ kè kè léi ēn)
Mbali Kaleni	姆巴莉 卡列尼 (mǔ bā lì kǎ liè ní)
Vaughn Cupido	沃恩 库皮多(wò ēn kù pí duō)
Noor	努尔 (nǔ ěr)
Laila	莱拉 (léi lā)
Asmida	爱丝米达 (ài sī mǐ dá)
Roes	鲁斯 (lǔ sī)
Villette	维莱特 (w é i l á i t è)
Giel de Villiers	希尔 德维利尔斯 (xī ěr dé wéi lì ěr sī)

Reginald ‘Lithpel’ Davids	雷吉纳尔德 利斯贝尔 戴维兹 (léi jí nà ěr dé lì sī bèi ěr dài wéi zī)
Egan Roch	伊根 罗赫 (yī gēn luó hè)
Benedict Boshigo	贝内迪克特 博希赫 (bèi nèi dí kè tè bó xī hè)
Ambrose Thenjiwe Masondo	安布罗斯 滕吉韦 马松多(ān bù luó sī téng jí wěi mǎ sōng duō)
Pagel	裴戈尔 (péi gē ěr)
James Cabot	詹姆斯 卡伯特 (zhān mǔ sī kǎ bó tè)
Philip van Wyk	菲利普 范维克 (fēi lì pǔ fàn wéi kè)
Ilse Brody	伊尔莎 布罗迪 (yī ěr shā bù luó dí)
Solomon	所罗门 (suǒ luó mén)
Sollie Barends	索利 巴伦兹 (suǒ lì bā lún zī)
Kotko	科特科 (kē tè kē)
Silberstein	西尔伯施泰因 (xī ěr bó shī tài ēn)
Estelle Steyn	埃丝特尔 斯坦恩 (āi sī tè ěr sī tǎn ēn)
Erik Samuel Brecht	埃里克 塞缪尔 布雷赫特 (āi lǐ kè sài miù ěr bù léi hè t è)
Fanie Fick	法尼 菲克 (fǎ ní fēi kè)
de Vos	德福斯 (dé fú sī)
Joan Sutherland	琼 萨瑟兰 (qióng sàsèlán)
Luciano Pavarotti	卢恰诺 帕瓦罗蒂 (lú qià nuò pà wǎ luó dì)
Nikita	尼基塔 (ní jī tǎ)

Artemis	阿耳忒弥斯 (ā ěr tè mí sī)
Khrushchev	赫鲁晓夫 (hè lǔ xiǎo fū)

The fact that foreign names can be confusing for Chinese readers needs to be mentioned, because it has influenced my strategy. It is commonly known that in Western cultures the same person can be referred to differently, either by using his first or last name, to indicate the attitude of the speaker towards the person who is being spoken of. For example, Karl Marx can be both referred to as Karl or Marx. While this might seem harmless to English or Afrikaans readers, it is a problem for Chinese readers as they might not know immediately that they actually mean the same person. Therefore as Li (2015: 152-153) has suggested, explanations were added where I saw necessary.

Example 1:

Alexa let go of his arm and began greeting people. **Griessel** stood back … Last week she had been nervous and had told him: "I've been out of it for so long, **Benny**…." (p. 9)

My translation:

亚历克莎放开他的手臂，开始跟人们打招呼。**里塞尔**向后退了一步……上周她一直很紧张，她告诉他说："我已经很久没有参加过这样的活动了，本尼……"

脚注：即前文的里塞尔，本尼是他的名，里塞尔是他的姓。

Back translation: Alexa let go of his arm and started greeting people. **Griessel** took a step back … Last week she had been nervous and told him: "I haven't been in such an event for a long time, **Benny**…"

Footnote: Benny Griessel: Benny is his first name and Griessel is his last name.

Explanation:

In this section Benny Griessel is referred to both as Griessel and Benny in the same passage. Even though his full name Benny Griessel was mentioned at the beginning of

this chapter (page 3), it still can be confusing for Chinese readers because this is the first time that he is referred to differently in the same passage and this passage is on page 9. In order to save readers the trouble and make the translation more relevant to them, I explained that Benny and Griessel both refer to the same person and that Benny is his first name and Griessel is his last name.

It also needs to be pointed out that in my translation the rendering of names tends to be more specific than in the original to avoid confusion.

Example 2:

'No…' he realised **the detective** had been waiting for him to call, at the request of John Afrika. (p. 31)

My translation:

"不用……"他意识到**警探汤姆**应着约翰 阿弗利卡的要求，一直在等他的电话。

Back translation:

"No …" he realised that **the detective Tommy** had been waiting for his call at the request of John Afrika.

Explanation:

From the co-text it is clear that the detective means the detective Tommy. But the direct translation is somehow confusing. The Chinese reader would also be able to realize that the detective here refers to the detective Tommy whom Benny was talking to, but the sentence alone just does not seem right. Therefore I chose to add Tommy after detective to make it completely clear that the detective is calledTommy.

Example 3:

And now in one night he had made a complete arse of himself in front of three people for whom he had immense respect: Anton Goosen, Lize Beekman, and Alexa Barnard. And driven **the last one** to drink. (p. 30)

My translation:

现在，在一天晚上他在他十分尊敬的三个人面前出了丑：安顿·胡森，莉泽·比克曼，和亚历克莎·巴纳德，还使得**亚历克莎·巴纳德**又开始酗酒。

Back translation:

Now, in one night he had embarrassed himself in front of the three people who he respected immensely: Anton Goosen, Lize Beekman and Alexa Barnard and driven **Alexa Barnard** to drink.

Explanation:

From the context it is clear that the last one means Alexa Barnard. However, a direct translation would sound like translatese. The target reader would also need to spend extra energy as it sounds unnatural. Therefore I translated “the last one” as the person being referred to.

4.2.2 Translation of names of places

When translating names of places I also used the *Dictionary of translation of names of places* (《世界地名翻译大辞典》) to ensure an accurate translation. There are not many places mentioned in the novel since it is not a story that covers vast geographical places but a concise story set in Cape Town. Most of the names in the book, such as Stellenbosch, Karoo, Villiersdorp, Vosburg and West Victoria, can be found in the dictionary and are thus translated accordingly. Other names such as Claremont, Bo-Kaap, Bryant Street and Bloem Street are not in the dictionary and therefore subject to my own translation. Just as I did with the names of people, I transliterated most of the names of places. The two exceptions are Green Point and Tygerberg. Green Point is a typical English name and can be either semantically translated or transliterated. I chose to translate it literally to make it easier for the target reader to remember since its Chinese equivalent also consists of two characters. The translation of Tygerberg involves a combination of the two translation strategies,

which can be justified by the fact that Vosburg (listed in the dictionary) is translated in the same way. Both burg and berg are semantically translated, while vos and tyger are transliterated.

For more exampples see the list of place names below:

Original	My translation
Claremont	克莱尔蒙特 (kè lái ěr méng tè)
Bo-Kaap	波卡普 (bō kǎ pǔ)
Bryant Street	布莱恩街 (bù lái ēn jiē)
Bloem Street	布鲁姆街 (bù lǔ mǔ jiē)
Karoo	卡鲁 (kǎ lǔ)
Stellenbosch	斯泰伦博斯 (sī tài lún bó sī)
Villiersdorp	菲利斯多普 (fēi lì sī duō pǔ)
Vosburg	福斯堡 (fú sī bǎo)
Tygerberg	泰格山 (t ài g éshān)
Green Point	绿点 (lǜ diǎn)
West Victoria	西维多利亚 (xī wéi duō lì yà)

4.2.3 Translation of other names

Transliteration also applies to rendering of other names, as it is one of the most popular ways to render names. The details of names falling under this category are in the following list:

Original	My translation

Engen	恩根 (ēn gēn)
Romens	罗门斯 (luómén sī)
Laduma	拉杜马 (lā dùmǎ)
Vaime	瓦伊梅 (wǎ yī méi）
Ingcebo	内博 (nèi bó)
Gariep	哈里普 (hā lǐ pǔ)
Boeremag	布尔马格 (bùěr mǎ gé)

4.3 Translation of implicit information

Implicature is an important part of literary texts. According to Wolfgang Iser who believed that reader response is an essential part of literature, there must be a gap between what is written and what is not written (Iser 1972: 285). He (Iser 1972: 279) stated that the text itself only has an artistic effect; it is the reader's job to realize the work's aesthetic effect (Iser 1972: 279). In order for the reader to realize a literary text's aesthetic effect, there must be room left for the imagination (Iser 1972: 280). Some information must be left out for the sake of literature. If everything is laid out before the reader, there would be no joy in reading.

This brings us to the question of what information should be left out and to what extent it should be left for the reader to work out. Iser (1972: 280) proposed two boundaries: boredom and overstrain. Either a literary text is not challenging enough because it offers too much information and leaves no room for imagination, which would bore the reader; or a text is too challenging as it is too obscure, and the reader would then feel overstrained, because there is too little to work with. Therefore, a text must be organized in such a way that the reader feels challenged, but not completely alienated. In the area between the two boundaries, the reader would enjoy the freedom

of imagination without feeling too stressed or bored.

Iser's opinion sheds some light on translation. If the translated text is to be enjoyed by the reader, a translator should keep these two boundaries in mind. The information given to the reader must neither be too little nor too much.

But it seems difficult to define little and much. As mentioned earlier in the literature review, relevance theory can be regarded as helpful in explaining translation phenomena, especially when dealing with implicit information.

Since it is called relevance theory, what matters here is relevance. An utterance is only relevant to someone when it provides new information and is somehow linked to the information that one already possesses (Gutt 1996: 240). These two conditions are captured by relevance theory using the concept of cognitive effect. The cognitive effects are not acquired from the information in the utterances alone, nor from the contextual knowledge alone, but from the two together (Wilson & Sperber 2002: 251). Therefore context plays a very important role in communication. As said earlier in this section, there must be a gap between what is given and what is not in the written text, so that the reader can provide input to realize its aesthetic function. To ensure a successful realization of aesthetic function, the author needs to be sure what is left can be worked out by the audience. In other words, the audience and the author must share the same or similar background information. However, as translation often involves source texts which are temporally and culturally distant from the target audience, the target reader of the translated texts might not have the background information which the original author assumes of his own reader. As a result, the target audience might experience difficulties in arriving at the correct contextual implications because of a lack of author-intended contextual knowledge. In order to make the text more relevant to the new audience, a translator should ensure that the target reader is given the same or similar context intended by the original author so that the new audience can achieve the same or similar contextual implications as the original reader.

Gutt, the first person who linked relevance theory to translation, made some suggestions regarding how to deal with the implied meaning of a text. First of all, a translator should identify "the mutually shared cognitive environment of the original communication" (Gutt 2017: 167). This is because a translator can only be sure to give his target audience the same or similar contextual information if he knows what is shared between the original author and the original reader. The language itself can also be helpful in determining how the original author wanted his text to be understood. Gutt calls this kind of information "communicative clues" (Gutt 2017: 169-170). Secondly, a translator needs to anticipate the receiving audience's contextual background (Gutt 2017: 168) since a successful communication largely depends on that background (Gutt 2017: 168). Afterwards a translator can decide what to explain and what not for the target reader's sake.

Since I am a native Chinese, it is very likely that I share the same background information with most of the potential target readers. Therefore what I need to do is to find out what was shared between the original author and the original reader and then pass it on to the Chinese reader when necessary. The fact that the translator needs to understand what is shared between the original author and the original reader cannot be over-emphasized. The translation of *Silbersteins* on page 361 is a good example. I felt the need to explain its implication so that my target reader would understand it in the way that it was meant by the original author, but I could not find any useful information. I could tell from the writing that it is a family since Silberstein is a typical surname, therefore I could only translate it as 西尔伯施泰因家族 (Silberstein family) and hope that my target reader might know about it.

In most cases, however, I could work out the shared background information between the author and the original reader. Because of different languages and cultures in the source system and the target system, explanation is often needed in translation. Below are the examples where I added an explanation to facilitate understanding.

Example 4:

Tuesday, Mat Joubert's wife, Margaret, had been his style consultant at **Romens** in **Tyger Valley**. (p. 3)

My translation:

周二，马特·朱伯特的妻子玛格丽特是他在**泰格谷购物中心罗门斯男装专卖店**的时尚顾问。

Back translation:

Tuesday, Mat Joubert's wife, Margaret, had been his style consultant at **Romens menswear store** in **Tyger Valley shopping centre**.

Explanation:

There are two things in this sentence which need clarification, one being Tyger Valley and the other being Romens. Tyger Valley is a district of Cape Town, but in this specific context it means the Tyger Valley Shopping Centre. While this hidden information is familiar to South African readers, it is unfamiliar to Chinese readers. Therefore I believe it is necessary to add this unfamiliar information in the text to ensure that the target reader has the same contextual implications as the source reader. The same applies to Romens, which is a retailer of menswear. While a South African might know this, there is a great possibility that a Chinese reader does not know about it. They might have assumptions, but they would not be sure whether their assumption is correct. Hence I explained in the text that Romens is a menswear store to save the Chinese reader unnecessary processing effort.

Example 5:

No **police-speak**, no crude language, talk nice, stay calm. (p. 4)

My translation:

不能像警察一样**讲脏话**，不能使用粗鲁的语言，要好好说话，保持冷静。

Back translation:

Cannot **swear** like a policeman, do not use crude language, talk nicely, stay calm.

Explanation:

The difficulty here lies in how to translate the phrase “police-speak”. In the Chinese context police have a positive image. Therefore they can be expected to be polite. However, from the context and co-text of this sentence it is clear that the police do not always speak nicely in the novel, and therefore the explanation must be added to avoid confusion. From the co-text we can see that policemen tend to express themselves in rude language, therefore I translated it as “swear like a policeman” to convey the implied meaning and allow the reader to achieve the greatest contextual implications without spending extra processing effort.

Example 6:

At the entrance to the **Artscape** Chandelier Foyer Griessel stared at the giant poster. (p. 9)

My translation:

里塞尔盯着 **Artscape 剧院中心**水晶吊灯大厅入口处巨大的海报。

Back translation:

Griessel stared at the giant poster at the entrance to the **Artscape Theatre Centre** Chandelier Foyer.

Explanation:

Artscape is short for Artscape Theatre Centre, which is the main performing arts centre in Cape Town, South Africa. While this information is clear to a South African reader, it is unfamiliar to most Chinese readers. Therefore I added Theatre Centre after Artscape to make it more relevant to the Chinese reader.

Example 7:

‘Ah, **a brother**. Thank you very much, the privilege is all mine,’ said Schalk Joubert easily and comfortably … (p. 10)

My translation:

“啊，**一位志同道合的兄弟**。十分感谢，认识你才是我的荣幸呢，”斯佳克 朱伯特轻松又愉快的说道，

Back translation:

"Ah, **a like-minded brother**. Thank you very much, it is my honour to meet you," said Schalk Joubert, easily and happily.

Explanation:

According to the context and co-text, both Benny Griessel and Schalk Joubert play guitar, therefore Schalk Joubert would refer to him as a brother because of their shared interest in guitars. However, a direct translation of brother as 兄弟 cannot convey the implied meaning clearly and might lead to misinterpretation since brother in Chinese primarily means a male who has the same parents as another person. It can also mean someone who is like-minded as another in an extended way, but it will certainly take longer for the target reader to arrive at such an understanding and there is no guarantee that the target reader will eventually interpret it in such a way. Therefore I think it is necessary to add the implied meaning which is accessible to the original reader to ensure that the target reader achieves the same contextual implication.

Example 8:

He grabbed for the tall, beautiful, **blonde** singer’s hand (p. 11)

My translation:

他抓住这个高高的、漂亮的**金发**歌手的手。

Back translation:

He grabbed the hand of this tall, beautiful, **blonde-haired** singer.

Explanation:

It is clear to the English readers of *7 Days* that the word “blonde” here means blonde hair. Therefore the word “hair” must be added to the translation.

Example 9:

‘Benny, I need you,’ said Brigadier Musad Manie, commanding officer of the **Hawks**. (p. 11)

My translation:

“本尼，我需要你，”**飞鹰组**指挥官穆萨德·马尼准将说道.

脚注：飞鹰组又名南非优先犯罪调查局，负责打击调查和预防严重有组织犯罪，严重商业犯罪和严重腐败等重大犯罪。

Back translation:

“Benny, I need you,” said Brigadier Musad Manie, commanding officer of the **Hawks**.

Footnote: Hawks, also known as the Directorate for Priority Crime Investigation in South Africa, is responsible for the combating, investigation and prevention of national priority crimes such as serious organized crime, serious commercial crime and serious corruption.

Explanation:

Hawks, as a unit which belongs to the South African Police Service, is something known to the original South African audience but is completely new to Chinese readers. Such a culturally loaded item therefore needs to be explained to the target reader. Since the explanation is quite long and cannot fit into the sentence, I have decided to use a footnote.

Example 10:

General John Afrika, **Western Cape** head of Detective Services and Criminal Intelligence. (p. 12)

My translation:

西开普省刑侦局长约翰·阿弗利卡上将。

Back translation:

General John Afrika, Director of Criminal Investigation Bureau of the **Western Cape Province**. Explanation:

Western Cape is a South African province, which is known to every South African. However, this implicit information is foreign to most Chinese readers. Therefore in order for the Chinese reader to have the same contextual implication as the original reader, it is necessary to explain to Chinese readers that Western Cape is a province.

Example 11:

And he snorted in disgust at himself, at this world, in this Hawks BMW on the **N1**. (p. 31)

My translation:

他坐在飞鹰组分配的宝马里，行驶在 **N1 公路**上，厌恶地对自己，对这个世界嗤之以鼻。

Back translation:

He sat in the BMW assigned by Hawks, drove on the **N1 road**, snorted at himself and the world with disgust.

Explanation:

The N1 is a South African highway, which is familiar to almost all South African readers. But this information is not known to the Chinese readers. However, whether the N1 is a highway does not really matter in the example. What the reader needs to know is that the N1 is a road, which the Chinese reader might be able to assume. But there is no way for them to check and even if they did check, it would require extra processing effort which is not justified because there is no greater contextual implication. Therefore I explained in the sentence that N1 is a road to save the target reader the trouble of looking it up.

Example 12:

Original:

‘Captain, it’s Tommy Nxesi from **Green Point**.’ There was a wary note his voice. (p. 31)

My translation:

“队长，是我，**绿点区**的汤米·内斯。”他的声音里有一丝小心翼翼。

Back translation:

“Captain, it’s me, Tommy Nxesi from **Green Point district**.” There was a note of caution in his voice..

Explanation:

Green Point is a central suburb of Cape Town and located to the north west of the central business district. In other words, Green Point is a district of Cape Town, which is known to or can be deduced by the South African readers. However, the relationship between Green Point and Cape Town is unknown to the Chinese reader. Even though their relationship might not be what the original author wanted to imply, he certainly took for granted that his reader knows that Green Point is the name of a location. However, its Chinese equivalent “绿点” does not reveal at all that it is a place, therefore it is necessary to add district after Green Point for clarification.

Example 13:

He drove to the **Bo-Kaap**, only four blocks away, to the home of the caretaker, Faroek Klein, in Bryant Street. (p. 71)

My translation:

他开车去仅四个街区之外的**马来人聚居地波卡普**，前往居住在布莱恩街的看门人法鲁克·克雷恩的家中。

Back translation:

He drove to **Bo-Kaap, the Malay settlement** which is only four blocks away, to the

home of the caretaker Faroek Klein who lives in the Bryant Street.

Explanation:

Bo-Kaap is a distinct neighbourhood of Cape Town, which is well-known for its colourful houses and formerly known as the Malay Quarter. Not everyone in this area is Malay, but most of them are descendants of Malay. I am sure that this came across the author's mind when Deon Meyer wrote this chapter, otherwise he would not send his detective here to question a Malay family. Therefore this implied information is important to understand the novel and should be offered to the Chinese readers so that they can have the same contextual implications as the original readers.

Example 14:

She looked Griessel up and down critically and then called over her shoulder into the house: 'Dadda, **the Boere** are here again.' (p. 73)

My translation:

她批判性地上下打量了里塞尔，然后转过头朝房子里喊道："爸爸，**白鬼子**又来了。"

Back translation:

She looked Griessel up and down critically, then turned her head to the house and shouted: "Dad, **the honkies** are here again."

Explanation:

The term "Boer" means South Africans who speak Afrikaans and are descendants of Dutch. It is a very historical term. Nowadays the Boers are referred to as Afrikaners because of the language they speak. The term "Boer" is not out of use, though. Especially when a white South African is referred to as a Boer by someone from a different race, it is often used in a negative way. In this specific context Benny Griessel, a white South African policeman, is referred to as a Boer by a Malaysian girl, which implies her dislike of him. If I just translated the term "Boer" directly as "布尔

人”, which is its Chinese equivalent, the implicature would be lost because “布尔人” is not associated with a negative connotation. In order to convey the implied dislike, I translated the term as “白鬼子 (honkies)”, which is a negative term used by black people to refer to a white people. In such a way the Chinese reader is able to obtain the greatest contextual implication while spending the least processing effort.

Example 15:

Only in this country …**Colour**, everything revolved around colour, all the time, every which way you looked, it was there. (p. 75)

My translation:

只有在这个国家……**肤色**，一切都围绕肤色，任何时候都是，不管你看向哪个方向，都逃不开肤色的问题。

脚注：南非的肤色问题跟南非的历史密不可分。种族隔离时期，白人，黑人和深肤色人种有着不可调和的矛盾。1994 年南非种族隔离结束后，有色人种开始登上政治舞台，但是白人，黑人和其他肤色人种间的矛盾依然存在。

Back translation:

Only in this country... **skin colour**, everything is around the skin colour, at any time, no matter which direction you look at, you can't escape the problem of skin colour.

Footnote: The skin colour problem in South Africa is inextricably linked to its history. During the apartheid period, white, black and coloured people had irreconcilable contradictions. Apartheid ended in 1994, but the conflict between them still exists.

Explanation:

Colour in this specific context means the colour of the skin, therefore it needs to be spelled out to avoid confusion. The problem of colour in South African contexts is a topic that concerns every South African, but the Chinese readers of *7 Days* would not be so familiar with it. In order to make the text more relevant, an explanation in this regard needs to be added. Since the information does not fit in the sentence, I decided

to put it in a footnote.

Example 16:

He pulled in at the Engen garage near his flat to buy lunch at the **Woolies** food. Without any appetite he looked at the sandwiches and the microwave meals, angry all over again at **Steers**, for discontinuing their Dagwood burger. (p. 75)

My translation:

他在他公寓附近恩根加油站停下来，去**伍尔沃斯超市**食品部买午饭。他毫无胃口地看着三明治和微波食品，又对**斯蒂尔斯汉堡快餐店**停售多层汉堡生气起来。

Back translation:

He stopped at the Engen gas station near his apartment and went to **Woolworth supermarket** food store for lunch. He looked at sandwiches and microwave food without any appetite, and was angry again at the **Steers burger fast food restaurant** for having stopped selling multilayered burgers.

Explanation:

There are two things in this section which are not familiar to Chinese readers. Woolies is short for Woolworths, a supermarket where people can buy food, clothes, skin care products, kitchen wares and so on. It is a South African supermarket chain and is well-known among most South Africans. For Chinese readers who have not been in South Africa, this contextual knowledge might not be available and therefore needs to be explained. The other thing which needs to be clarified is Steers. Steers is one of the best-known South African fast food chains and it is famous for its burgers. This culturally linked information is also probably not known by the Chinese reader and needs to be explained so that the text would be as relevant to the target reader as it is to the original reader.

Example 17:

Original:

He **bit off the F-word** with considerable effort. (p. 93)

My translation:

他用了相当大的努力才**忍住想说脏话的冲动**。

Back translation:

He spent a considerable amount of effort to resist the urge to swear.

Explanation:

F-word means “fuck” in English, therefore in this sentence it means that Benny Griessel managed to not say “fuck”. The problem of translating this sentence and this specific word is that the Chinese language has a few different phrases to express the same meaning as the English word fuck and their first letter does not link to their meaning as strongly as F to fuck. Hence a direct translation will not work. Since fuck is a swear word, it means that that Benny Griessel was trying to not swear. Therefore what I need to do is to convey this implied meaning. With this intention in mind, I translated it as “he spent a considerable amount of effort to resist the urge to swear”. In this way the implied meaning of the original sentence is explained to the Chinese reader and they can reach at the same contextual implication as the original reader.

Example 18:

‘The pressure,’ said Manie, ‘is on us. That is the general. Calling from **Pretoria**.’ (p. 94)

My translation:

“压力”，马尼说道，“是在我们身上。那是上将，从**比勒陀利亚**打来的。”

脚注：比勒陀利亚（Pretoria），是南非的行政首都。

Back translation:

“The pressure,” said Manie, “is on us. That is the general, calling from **Pretoria**.”

Footnote: Pretoria is the administrative capital of South Africa.

Explanation:

Pretoria is the administrative capital of South Africa, which is common knowledge to all South Africans. Having this background information helps to understand why Manie says that the pressure is on them when a general from Pretoria is calling them. He is implying that some high-level officials are paying attention to this case, which gives them pressure. However, Chinese readers of *7 Days* do not know that Pretoria is the administrative capital of South Africa. In order for them to have the same contextual implication, this information must be given to the Chinese reader. Since it occurs in a conversation between two detectives, an in-text explanation will not work because they do not need to mention that. Therefore I added a footnote to explain this cultural issue.

Example 19:

'I know. But do you remember **the Beltway Sniper** in America, in 2002? Two men who shot people from a car?' (p. 96)

My translation:

"我知道。但是你记得 2002 年美国的**华盛顿特区狙击手**吗？两个男人从一辆车里对路人开枪？"

Back translation:

"I know. But do you remember **the Washington D.C. sniper** in the United States in 2002? Two men shot at people passing by from a car?"

Explanation:

The Beltway sniper and the Washington D.C. sniper refer to the same sniper in America. While it is known as the Beltway sniper in English, it is known as the Washington D.C. sniper in Chinese. Therefore in order for the Chinese reader to have the same contextual implication as the original, I changed it to the Washington D.C. sniper which is familiar to Chinese readers. Otherwise I would need to add a footnote saying that the Beltway sniper is the Washington D.C. sniper, which is more trouble

than just rendering it as the Washington D.C. sniper. In this way the reading flow will also not be disturbed. The Chinese reader gets to reach optimal relevance.

Example 20:

'A firearm, you cannot silence it,' he said slowly and carefully, **the Afrikaans accent heavy on the 'r' sounds** …" (p. 124)

My translation:

"一件武器，你不能消除它的声音"，他缓慢又仔细地说道，**带着浓重的南非荷兰语口音**。

Back translation:

"A weapon, you can't eliminate its sound", he said slowly and carefully, **with a strong Afrikaans accent**.

Explanation:

Afrikaans is related to Dutch and one of its characteristics is that the r sound is very heavy. And the word firearm has two "r"s in it. Therefore a South African reader would be able to tell from his pronunciation that he has a heavy Afrikaans accent. However, the equivalent of "firearm" in Chinese does not have "r" in it. If I insist on translating the sentence directly, I will need to explain that firearm has two "r"s in it and the Afrikaans speaking people tend to place stress on them. Because it is a conversation, this information cannot be added in the text, but in a footnote. The Chinese reader would have to read between the text and the footnote to understand that the sentence is trying to say that he has a strong Afrikaans accent. Even though the target readers I have in mind are open to foreign cultures and want to learn more about them, *7 Days* is still just popular literature which people read for fun. Therefore I decided to translate it as "with a strong Afrikaans accent". In this way they do not need to spend extra processing effort and can still understand the intended meaning.

Example 21:

‘This gun shop … how you say … imports the suppressors from **Vaime** in Finland….” (p. 124)

My translation:

“这家售卖枪支的店，呃，是从芬兰**瓦伊梅公司**进口声音抑制器。……”

Back translation:

“This shop which sells guns, um, is importing sound suppressors from the **Vaime company** in Finland …”

Explanation:

Vaime is a Finnish company which makes gun silencers and guns. Vaime is a foreign name which needs to be transliterated into Chinese, but its Chinese equivalent reveals nothing about the fact it is a company. From the name and the context it can be a person or a place, if not otherwise explained. While in South Africa it is legal to possess a gun as long as you have a permit and purchase it legally, it is illegal to possess a gun in China under any circumstances. Therefore there is a possibility that some South African readers might be aware that Vaime is company which sells guns and silencers. But the possibility that a Chinese reader of *7 Days* knows about Vaime is quite small. In order to avoid confusion, I decided to explain that Vaime is a company in Finland. The fact that it sells guns and silencers can then be deduced by the reader from the context.

Example 22:

About one thousand eight hundred, or two thousand rand. (p. 125)

My translation:

大约 1800 或 2000 兰特。

脚注：兰特（Rand），南非货币单位。

Back translation:

About 1800 or 2000 rand.

Footnote: Rand is the South African currency.

Explanation:

Every South African is aware that the rand is the South African currency, therefore I added a footnote in case my target reader does not know about it.

Example 23:

Egan. **What kind of name is Egan**? How do you come by a name like that? (p. 143)

My translation:

伊根，**伊根是个什么破名字**？你怎样会想到这样一个名字？

Back translation:

Egan, **what kind of shitty name is Egan?** How do you come up with such a name?

Explanation:

This sentence comes from the conversation between Cupido and Griessel after their first interview with Egan Roch, the victim's ex-boyfriend. Because Egan Roch lied to Cupido's colleague, Cupido does not believe him. The fact that Egan Roch is white and Cupido is black also causes problems between them. Since he thinks little of Egan Roch, he was not really asking Griessel's opinion when he said what kind of name Egan is. He was trying to diminish Egan Roch by implying Egan is a strange name. Translating the sentence literally into Chinese would not bring the implication across. Therefore I added an adjective "shitty" to explain Cupido's attitude towards Egan Roch.

Example 24:

Boshigo was something of a legend, a long distance athlete, a man who had finished **the Comrades** seventeen times, and the Boston and New York marathons once each. (p. 145)

My translation:

博希赫可以算得上是一个传奇，他是一名长跑运动员，一个跑完了十七次**同志马拉松**和波士顿及纽约马拉松各一次的人。

脚注：同志马拉松是位于德班和彼得马里茨堡的超级马拉松，距离约 89 公里，跨越南非境内五座大山，是世界上规模最大，历史最悠久的超级马拉松赛。其路线每两年一循环，第一年从下往上跑，第二年则从上往下跑，其难度可见一斑。

Back translation:

Boshigo is somewhat a legend, he is a long-distance athlete, a man who finished **the Comrades Marathon** seventeen times and the Boston and New York Marathon once each.

Footnote: The Comrades Marathon is a super marathon located between Durban and Pietermaritzburg. It is about 89 km long and includes five sets of hills in South Africa. It is the largest and oldest super marathon in the world. The route changes every two years, in one year it runs up from Durban to Pietermaritzburg and in the next year it runs down from Pietermaritzburg to Durban. Its difficulty is evident.

Explanation:

The Comrades means the Comrades marathon, well-known to South Africans as a particularly difficult one. Hence they could assume how legendary Boshigo is since he could run the Comrades 17 times. But the Comrades is not so familiar to the Chinese, and they do not even know that the Comrades is a marathon, not to mention how difficult it is. Therefore in order for the Chinese readers to arrive at the same implications as the original readers, explanations are needed. To explain that the Comrades is a marathon is easy, I just needed to add the word marathon after the Comrades. However, to explain its difficulty is not so easy and will not fit in the text. For this reason I decided to put it in a footnote.

Example 25:

BEE deals are always full of tricks, nè Always full of tricks. (p. 145)

My translation:

跟**黑人经济振兴政策**相关的交易总是充满了诡计，是吧。

脚注：黑人经济振兴政策是南非统治政党非国大 1994 年初步提出的。在南非的种族隔离期间，黑人饱受压迫，因此导致白人很富裕，黑人却很贫穷的现象。1991 年种族隔离结束，1994 年非国大上台，提出黑人经济振兴政策，即通过在经济政策上给予黑人以优先扶持，确保黑人经济地位的切实提高，从而解决南非种族、贫富差距。

Back translation:

The transactions that are related to **Black Economic Empowerment policy** are always full of tricks, right.

Footnote: The Black Economic Empowerment policy was initially proposed by the ruling party of South Africa, the African National Congress (ANC) in 1994. Under apartheid in South Africa, blacks were oppressed, resulting in whites being rich and blacks being poor. After apartheid ended in 1991, the ANC came to power and proposed a Black Economic Empowerment policy in 1994, in order to give priority to black people in economic policy and ensure the improvement of the black economy's status, so as to solve the gaps between South Africa's race and the rich and the poor (Shava 2016: 161).

Explanation:

BEE is the abbreviation for Black Economic Empowerment, which is an economic policy of South Africa. South Africans are aware of its background and how it works. Such a culturally specific term therefore needs to be explained to the Chinese readers, because they would be otherwise confused. Considering the amount of information it carries, I decided to use a footnote.

Example 26:

So far, not, everything above board, it’s not **Kebble style corporate raiding**, it’s just run-of-the-mill stuff. (p. 145)

My translation:

到目前为止没有，一切都光明正大，这不是**凯布尔那种恶意收购**，它就是普通的公司合并。

脚注：凯布尔全名为 Roger Brett Kebble，是南非的一位矿业巨头，曾被指恶意收购，于 2005 年被杀身亡。

Back translation:

So far not, everything is above board, it's not **Kebble style hostile takeover**, it is a normal company merger.

Footnote: Kebble is Roger Brett Kebble, a South African mining giant who was accused of hostile takeovers and was killed in 2005.

Explanation:

Kebble is a mining giant who was accused of hostile takeovers and was murdered in 2005, which can be expected to be known to South Africans who read news regularly. But the possibility that it is known to the Chinese is very small, hence an explanation is required here. Considering that this sentence comes from a conversation where the two participants know about it, I therefore used a footnote for explanation.

Example 27:

'I know, I know, when I worked with Vusi, he used to tell me all the time: "**Speak English**, Bones".' (p. 145)

My translation:

"我知道，我知道，我以前和武西一起共事的时候，他总是跟我说：'**说人话**，'骨头"。"

Back translation:

"I know, I know, when I used to work with Vusi, he always told me: 'speak human language, Bones.'"

Explanation:

The difficulty in translating this sentence lies in how to translate the phrase “speak English”. From the context it is clear that Boshigo is using jargon which means nothing to Griessel and he is asking him to speak in a language that he understands. Therefore the key here is how to convey the implication since it would be lost in a direct translation. In order to convey this implied meaning, I needed to be creative and think outside of the two languages. The phrase in Chinese “说人话 (speak human language)” which means to speak in a language that one can understand matches the intention of the phrase “speak English” completely. In this way the Chinese reader gets to understand the implied meaning of the sentence without spending unnecessary processing effort.

Example 28:

I looked at the detailed joint cautionary announcement of Ingcebo and Gariep. (p. 145)

My translation:

我看过内博公司和哈里普公司详细的联合股份声明。

Back translation:

I have seen the detailed joint share announcement of Ingcebo company and Gariep company.

Explanation:

From the context it is clear that Ingcebo and Gariep are two companies, but their Chinese names reveal nothing about that. Therefore in order to aid comprehension, I explained in the text that they are companies.

Example 29:

‘Benny, Benny, there are no communists in **Azania** any more. … ’ (p. 146)

My translation:

“本尼，本尼，在**阿扎尼亚**没有共产党了。……”

脚注：种族隔离时期，反对白人政府的一些党派为南非拟的别名。

Back translation:

“Benny, Benny, there are no communists in Azania any more…”

Footnote: An alternative name for South Africa, proposed by some parties opposed to the government during apartheid.

Explanation:

Azania is the alternative name for South Africa, which is important for understanding the text. If the Chinese reader does not know that Azania is South Africa, they would be wondering why Boshigo would mention Azania when Benny asks about communists. But with the explanation they would be able to know that Boshigo’s answer makes sense in the context. Therefore it is necessary that the Chinese reader is given this information since they are unlikely to know about it. The fact that Azania is mentioned in a conversation makes it impossible to add the explanation in the text because the participants are expected to know what it means according to the context. Therefore a footnote is a good choice under this circumstance.

Example 30:

Mbeki made him Deputy Minister of Mining, he retired along with his boss in 2007. (p. 146)

My translation:

姆贝基任命他为矿业部副部长，他 2007 年和他的老板一起退了休。

脚注：姆贝基(Mbeki)，1999 年至 2008 年的南非总统。

Back translation:

Mbeki appointed him as the deputy minister of mining, and he retired with his boss in 2007.

Footnote: Mbeki, President of South Africa from 1999 to 2008.

Explanation:

Mbeki was the president of South Africa from 1999 to 2008, which can be expected to be known by all South Africans. The co-text says that A.T. Masondo, who was a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, was appointed by Mbeki as the Deputy Minister of Mining. Only someone at a high level can do that. When it is explained that Mbeki was the president then, his nomination makes sense. But it cannot be expected that the Chinese reader of *7 Days* knows about this, therefore I see that an explanation is necessary. Since Mbeki is mentioned in a conversation, a footnote is a good choice.

Example 31:

'Nikita,' said the pathologist as if he were genuinely happy to see Griessel. Pagel had been calling him 'Nikita' for thirteen years. He had given Griessel one look back then and said, 'I am sure that's what the young **Khrushchev** looked like.' (p. 212)

My translation:

"尼基塔,"这位病理学家说道，好像他真的很高兴见到里塞尔似的。十三年来，裴戈尔一直叫他"尼基塔"。当时他给了里塞尔一个眼神并说道，"我相信**赫鲁晓夫**年轻的时候看起来就是这个样子。"

脚注：赫鲁晓夫，全名为尼基塔 赫鲁晓夫，是上世纪 50 年代和 60 年代苏联的领导人。

Back translation:

"Nikita," the pathologist said, as if he was really happy to see Griessel. For thirteen years, Pagel had been calling him "Nikita." Back then he gave Griessel a look and said, "I am sure that this is what **Khrushchev** looked like when he was young."

Footnote: Khrushchev, whose full name is Nikita Khrushchev, was the leader of the Soviet Union in the 1950s and early 1960s.

Explanation:

Khrushchev, is referred to as Nikita by Pagel because his first name is Nikita. But the name Nikita is a normal first name which can be practically given to anyone. The Nikita we (Chinese at my age) are familiar with is the heroine from a TV series named Nikita, who was played by an actress named Maggie Q. From the context we can see that Pagel believed that Griessel looked like the young Khrushchev, who was a Soviet leader. Although Khrushchev may be a familiar name to South African and other English-speaking readers, he is not so familiar to young Chinese readers. Even if they have heard of Khrushchev, they would not know that his first name was Nikita. There are two types of explanations needed here. First of all, it needs to be stated that Khrushchev's first name is Nikita, so that the Chinese readers understand who Pagel was talking about without getting confused. Secondly, the fact that Nikita Khrushchev was the leader of the Soviet Union is also not well-known to young Chinese and needs to be reconstructed. Considering the possibility that Khrushchev might be known to older Chinese readers since he was a leader of the Soviet Union in the 1950s and early 1960s, I decided to use a footnote. In this way the text is relevant to both the older and the younger Chinese readers: the younger readers would have enough information to comprehend the text, while the older readers do not feel that information given is superfluous.

Example 32:

And then, in 1987, he and **Joan Sutherland** held a concert at **the Met** in New York. (p. 213)

My translation:

然后，1987 年，他和**琼 萨瑟兰**在**纽约大都会歌剧院**开演唱会。

脚注：澳大利亚歌剧女高音歌唱家。

Back translation:

Then, in 1987, he and **Joan Sutherland** had a concert at **the Metropolitan Opera**

House in New York.

Footnote: Joan Sutherland is an Australian opera soprano.

Explanation:

There are two things that need to be explained here. The first is Joan Sutherland, an Australian opera soprano. From the context the reader might assume that Joan Sutherland is an opera soprano since she was singing with Pavarotti, the famous opera tenor. But there is no guarantee of that. Therefore I would like to explain who she is to ensure that the text is relevant enough to the target reader. The other thing which needs clarification is that the Met means the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, which might also not be known to all Chinese readers.

Example 33:

And my good friend James Cabot of **Johns Hopkins** let me know he hadn't just got tickets, he could get us into the dressing room afterwards. (p. 213)

My translation:

我一个**约翰霍普金斯大学**的好朋友詹姆斯·卡伯特给我说他不仅有票，他还可以在音乐会结束后带我们去更衣室。

Back translation:

One of my good friends, James Cabot of **Johns Hopkins University** said he hadn't just got tickets, he could also get us into the dressing room after the concert.

Explanation:

Johns Hopkins is a private university in the United States, which is not known to all Chinese readers of *7 Days*. In order for the text to be optimally relevant, I decided to make this information accessible to my target readers.

Example 34:

He is religious, but I don't think he belongs to an extremist or **charismatic group**. (p.

235)

My translation:

他有宗教信仰，但是我认为他并不属于极端主义分子团体或**灵恩派**。

脚注：灵恩派（charismatic group），是基督新教的一种，他们相信上帝能赐予人类特殊的能力，如治病神迹和说方言等。

Back translation:

He is religious, but I don't think he belongs to an extremist group or **charismatic group**.

Footnote:

The charismatic group is a type of Protestantism. They believe that God can give humans special abilities, such as healing and speaking dialects.

Explanation:

A Charismatic group is something completely foreign to most Chinese because we do not believe in Christianity. Only after research did I find its meaning. For this reason, an explanation is needed in order to for the target reader to understand the text. Considering that the explanation will not fit into the text, I therefore resorted to a footnote.

Example 35:

There are no psychoses, but most likely a personality disorder – perhaps a kind of **Messiah complex**. (p. 235)

My translation:

他不是精神病，但是很可能有人格障碍——可能是一种**弥赛亚救世主情结**。”

Back translation:

He is not a psycho, but very likely a personality disorder – probably a kind of **Messiah Savior Complex**.

Explanation:

According to the Cambridge dictionary, Messiah can refer to Jesus Christ in the Christian religion and the King of the Jews who will be sent by God in the Jewish religion. Either way he is seen as a Saviour, which is what is meant in this specific context. But since most Chinese are not religious, this implication might be unknown and needs to be explained so that the text will be relevant. As it is a short explanation which can be easily added to the text, I used an in-text explanation.

Example 36：

I know men of the **apartheid** era all did military service (p. 236)

My translation:

我知道**种族隔离期间**的男性都接受过军事训练。

脚注：

种族隔离（Apartheid）为 1948 年至 1991 年间在南非共和国实行的一种种族隔离制度，Apartheid 是南非语引自荷兰语的词，区分隔离制度之意。 这个制度对人种进行分隔（主要分成白人、黑人、印度人和有色人种）。

Back translation:

I know that all men from **apartheid period** have done military service.

Footnote:

Apartheid was a system existing in South Africa from 1948 to 1991 which divided people into different ethnic groups such as whites, blacks, Indians, and coloured people. Apartheid is a Dutch word which means segregation.

Explanation:

Apartheid is very culturally linked to South Africa and its history; hence it can be expected that every South African knows about it. But it is not so familiar to most Chinese reader of *7 Days*. Therefore its background must be explained and the best

way to do it is to use a footnote since in a conversation between South Africans its explanation is rarely needed.

Example 37:

Now, the question is: does **Solomon** know that? (p. 237)

My translation:

现在，问题是：所罗门知道吗？

脚注：所罗门，以色列一代帝王，以智慧著称。

Back translation:

Now, the question is: does Solomon know?

Footnote: Solomon, a King of Israel, is known for his wisdom.

Explanation:

Solomon is also a figure related to the Bible and therefore needs to be explained. In this novel it is the name that the press gave the sniper, for which he felt flattered. If the background of Solomon is not explained, the target reader who is not familiar with it will not be able to see the connection. Therefore its explanation is vital. Again, considering that it does not fit in the text, I used a footnote.

Example 38:

Fick drank another **Klipdrift and Coke**. One last one. (p. 363)

My translation:

菲克又喝了一杯**白兰地加可乐**。最后一杯。

Back translation:

Fick drank another **Brandy and Coke**. The last one.

Explanation:

Klipdrift is a South African brand of brandy which has no Chinese equivalent. But the

brand does not really matter here because all the reader needs to know is that Fick was drinking a mixed drink of brandy and coke. Therefore I translated it as brandy and coke for the sake of optimal relevance.

Example 39:

Griessel pressed **the button**. (p. 361)

My translation:

里塞尔按下**接听键**。

Back translation:

Griessel pressed the “answer” button.

Explanation:

When a phone rings, one can either reject the call or answer it. From the context we can see that Griessel answered the phone, therefore the button he pressed must be the “answer” button. As a direct translation would be confusing, since the target reader would wonder what button it is about, I decided to add the word “answer” before button to indicate which button he pressed.

Example 40:

‘At **the Drunken Duck**,’ said Griessel. (p. 362)

My translation:

“在**醉鸭酒吧**，”里塞尔说道。

Back translation:

“At **the Drunken Duck bar**,” said Griessel.

Explanation:

The Chinese equivalent of “Drunken Duck” is more associated with a restaurant than a bar in the Chinese culture since it is a Chinese dish. For this reason its direct translation would possibly lead to wrong interpretations. In order to avoid its

association with a Chinese restaurant, I decided to add the word “bar” after it to make it clear that it is a bar.

Example 41:

The tall, beautiful woman stood up. ‘We are about to have **Sunday lunch**, would you like to join us?’ (p. 74)

My translation:

这个高大美丽的女人站了起来，“我们要吃**周日午餐**了，你想和我们一起吗？”

脚注：周日午餐是南非一项传统的大餐，通常是周日全家人坐在一起吃烤肉和蔬菜。

Back translation:

The tall and beautiful woman stood up, “We are about to have Sunday lunch, would you like to join us?”

Footnote: Sunday lunch is a traditional meal in South Africa, when the whole family usually sits together on a Sunday and has roast meat with vegetables.

Explanation:

Sunday lunch is a term with cultural implication. Since most Chinese are not familiar with this term, it is better to explain it so that the target reader will have the same contextual implication as the original reader.

Nonetheless, not all implicatures need to be spelled out for the reader, as the text might become boring. I would like to provide a few examples where explanations are not needed because the target reader can be expected to work out the implicatures themselves.

Example 42:

Just before she walked away, she’d said, ‘Thanks, Benny, for not asking about **Amsterdam**.’

Now he too was curious about what happened in **Holland**. (p. 72)

My translation:

就在她离开之前，她说，“谢谢你，本尼，谢谢你不问在阿姆斯特丹发生了什么”。现在他也好奇在荷兰发生的事了。

Back translation:

Just before she left, she said, “Thanks Benny, for not asking what happened in Amsterdam.”

Now he was also curious about what had happened in Holland.

Explanation:

In order to understand this passage, the reader needs to know that Amsterdam is a city in Holland. I did not add any explanations because educated people would know that.

Example 43:

Probably not far right, he isn’t fanatical enough for the **Boeremag**, but he would have sympathy with them. (p. 234-235)

My translation:

可能不是特别右翼，他狂热的程度还够不上成为**布尔马格**的一员，但是他会和他们志气相投。

Back translation:

Probably not too right, he is not fanatical enough to be a member of Boeremag, but he would have sympathy with them.

Explanation:

Boeremag is a South African right-wing organization, which is probably not known to most Chinese readers. But from the context they are able to deduce that the Boeremag is an extremely right-wing organization, which is enough to understand the story.

Example 44:

‘No, man,’ said Cupido disappointed. ‘It can’t be. He was a consultant. At **KPMG**.’

‘KPMG are CAs,’ said Bones. ‘Chartered accountants.’ (p. 362)

My translation:

“不，伙计，”库皮多失望地说道，“这不可能。他是一名顾问，在**毕马威**工作。”

“在毕马威工作的是特许会计师，” “骨头”说。

Back translation:

“No, man,” said Cupido disappointedly, “this is impossible. He was a consultant, working at KPMG.”

“Chartered accounts work at KPMG,” said Cupido.

Explanation:

KPMG is an international accounting firm, which might not be known to all Chinese. But it does not matter because they can work this out from the context, since accountants are most likely to work in an accounting firm.

Example 45:

‘Bookkeepers,’ said Mbali, and the hope and excitement penetrated her voice. ‘Auditors. What was his name?’

‘Brecht,’ said Griessel.

‘His first name? ’ (p. 362)

My translation:

“簿记员,”姆巴莉说道，她的声音中透着希望和兴奋。“审计员。他叫什么名字？”

“布雷赫特，” 里塞尔说道。

“那他的名呢？”

Back translation:

“Bookkeepers,” said Mbali, her voice filled with hope and excitement. “Auditors. What is he called?”

“Brecht,” said Griessel.

“And his first name?”

Explanation:

Brecht is the surname of the sniper in *7 Days*, but it does not need to be explained since the target reader can work it out. Most readers who read translated novels are expected to know what the foreign names look like. Therefore from the context where Mbali asked about his first name they would know that Brecht is a last name.

4.4 Language variety

Other than implicatures, language variety is another problem that I encountered in my translation. Besides English, the other languages in this novel are Italian, French, Afrikaans and Xhosa. Intuitively I think that the language variety is either smoothed by translating into one language or preserved by reproducing it in the target language. Since there are no authoritative articles saying how to deal with language varieties in translation especially in a Chinese context, I looked at how other texts involving different languages are translated, which confirmed my intuition. The four texts that I looked at are *Disgrace* by J.M. Coetzee and its Chinese version by Zhang Chong (张冲) & Guo Zhengfeng (郭整风), *The Museum of Innocence* by Orhan Pamuk and its Chinese version by Chen Zhubing (陈竹冰), *The Waste Land* by T. S. Eliot and its Chinese version by Tang Yongkuan (汤永宽), *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* by T.S. Elliot and its Chinese version by Cha Liangzheng (查良铮).

The Chinese version of *The Museum of Innocence* is a good example of smoothing over the language variety of the source text. The Turkish language is not preserved in the target text. For example, in the original when it says “they shied away from pompous Western names like the Ambassador, the Majestic, or the Royal, preferring others like Kulis (backstage), Merdiven (stairway), and Fuaye (lobby), names that

reminded one of being on the edge of Europe, in Istanbul (see Pamuk 2010: ch. 5)", the translation reads "这类餐厅不用像"大使"、"王族"、"皇家"那样西方、自负的名字，而是选择像"剧院后台"、"楼梯"和"休息室"那样的名字，让人想起我们在西方的边上，在伊斯坦布尔 (see Chen 2010: 20)". All the Turkish names are semantically translated according to their English equivalents and the language variety is lost. Another example is the translation of "my mother would say that those who gave their buildings names like Hürriyet (freedom), İnayet (benevolence), or Fazilet (charity) were generally the ones who had spent their entire lives making a mockery of those same virtues (see Pamuk 2010: ch. 7)" which is also translated as "我母亲说，把楼房命名为"自由""善良"和"美德"的那些人其实一生都在践踏这些道德价值 (see Chen 2010: 35)", which in no way suggests that the virtues were originally named in Turkish.

Some Chinese translators might smooth over the language variety by translating all occurrences into Chinese, but they would point out that the specific sentences are originally written in a language other than English. Cha Liangzheng's translation of the long poem *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* by T.S. Eliot is a good example. While the first few lines are quoted directly in Italian from Dante's *Inferno*, Cha Liangzheng translated them into Chinese and then provided a footnote saying that they were originally written in Italian (see Cha 1985: 1).

A different way to deal with language variety is to preserve it by reproducing it in the target text, which is a strategy used in the translation of *Disgrace* by Zhang Chong and Guo Zhengfeng and in the translation of *The Waste Land* by Tang Yong Kuan. In the Chinese translation of *Disgrace*, all the words, phrases and sentences that are in a language other than English are reproduced. For example, the French phrase "luxe et volupté (see Zhang & Guo 2003: 1)", "coup de main (see Zhang & Guo 2003: 35)" and the French sentence "Qu'est devenu ce front poli, cheveux blonds, ces sourcils voûtils (see Zhang & Guo 2003: 72-73)" are reproduced in the target text and their meanings are explained in the form of a footnote. The same is true of the German words such as "Schadenfreude (see Zhang & Guo 2003: 47)" and "Lösung

(see Zhang & Guo 2003: 160)" or the Latin phrase "regina et imperatrix (see Zhang & Guo 2003: 151)" and the Afrikaans phrase "baas en Klaas (see Zhang & Guo 2003: 130)". Another long poem, *The Waste Land*, by T. S. Eliot, which is also well-known for its language variety, is translated by Tang Yongkuan in the same way. The verses written originally in German are kept in the target text (see Tang 1994: 14, 15), as are the French (see Tang 1994: 27, 42) and the Latin lines (see Tang 1994: 42).

Having seen what other translators have done with language varieties, I devised my own strategy, namely to maintain the language variety by reproducing it in my translation. As a result, all the Xhosa expressions such as *Molo*, *Hayi*, *Uxolo*, *Icilikishe* in Chapter 20 are kept in the target text and their meanings are explained in the form of footnotes. The Italian phrase *La Stupenda* and the French *Faux pas* in Chapter 35 is also dealt with in the same way. Nevertheless, the Italian sentences which Professor Pagel uses when talking to Benny Griessel in Chapter 35 are handled differently.

Example 46:

I wanted to say: '*Voi siete magnifici. Sono un grande fan*." You are wonderful, I am a huge fan. But I went blank, Nikita, just like you did with the lovely Miss Beekman. Totally star-struck, overwhelmed by the moment, I told the man I admired so much: "*Sono magnifici*." I am wonderful.' (p. 213)

My translation:

我想用跟他说'Voi siete magnifici. Sono un grande fan.''你很棒。我是你的忠实粉丝。'但是我当时头脑一片空白，尼基塔，就像你跟你那位可爱的比克曼小姐时一样。我满心都是对他的崇拜之情，那一刻让我无法承受，我对这个我无比钦佩的男人说道："Sono magnifici." "我很棒。"

Back translation:

I wanted to say to him "Voi siete magnigici. Sono un grande fan." "You are great. I am your loyal fan." But my head was blank, Nikita, like you with your lovely Miss

Beekman. I was filled with admiration I have form him and that moment I couldn't bear it. I said to this man I admire very much: "Sono magnifici." "I am great."

Explanation:

The two sentences "Voi siete magnigici. Sono un grande fan" and "Sono magnifici" are Italian and are kept in the target text without explanation, because they are explained in the text.

I also need to point out that the preserved language variety only applies to Xhosa, French and Italian, but not Afrikaans. The reason behind this strategy is twofold: First, *7 Days* was originally written in Afrikaans and the version I am working on is its English translation. It can be seen as a translation strategy of the English translator to have kept many Afrikaans phrases since she works closely with the original author. Secondly, the number of Afrikaans phrases in the English version is too large, and it is impossible to keep them all in the Chinese translation. Their presence will certainly disturb the reading process of the target reader. But for people who might be interested in Afrikaans (it could be one reason for Chinese to read South African novels), I added at the end of my translation a glossary including all the Afrikaans phrases. For details please see the glossary at the end of the translation section.

4.5 Italics

Another difficulty that I encountered is the rendering of italics. Considering the fact that italics are used for special reasons, it is necessary to understand their purpose before deciding how to render those phrases accordingly. From the sections that I have worked on, I found out that there are basically three different types of italics:

a. Title of works

Italics are often used to suggest that the term in italics is a title of a work. Since Chinese has its own way to indicate titles of works, all the works in italics are

rendered according to the Chinese system to make the text more relevant to the target reader. The examples are as followings:

Example 47:

He asked them how *Kouevuur* had been put together. (p. 11)

My translation:

他问他们**《冷火》**这首歌是怎么组到一起的。

Back translation:

He asked them how **the song Cold Fire** is put together.

Explanation:

The symbol 《》 are used here to indicate that Cold Fire is the title of a work (a song, in this specific context).

Example 48:

'Cloete is currently working on the Sunday papers, he says there's a chance we can get something into the *Weekend Argus* and *Rapport*'s Cape section,' said Manie. (p. 14)

My translation:

"克卢特目前正与周日发刊的报纸合作，他说我们可能可以在**《周末守卫者报》**和**《报道报》**的开普板块上发表，"马尼说道。

Back translation:

"Cloete is currently working with papers that publish on Sunday, he says that we probably could publish in the Cape section of **Weekend Argus** and **Rapport**."

Explanation:

The use of《》 is typical Chinese and is used here to indicate that the Weekend Argus and Rapport are newspapers.

Example 49:

The quartet from *Rigoletto*, magnificent, I shall remember it all my life. (p. 213)

My translation:

他们当时唱的是意大利歌剧《弄臣》四重唱，十分了不起，我一辈子都不会忘记。

Back translation:

They were singing the Italian opera **Rigolette**, which was magnificent and I will never forget in my whole life.

Explanation:

The use of《》in this example shows that Rigolette is the title of an Italian opera.

b. Emphasis and attention

Some italics are used for emphasis or in order to draw the reader's attention, which is the most used form of italics in this novel. The key in rendering such phrases in italics is to differentiate them from the rest of the text using a different font. In most cases translators tend to use a smaller size of the same font of the whole document, such as in Zhang Chong and Guo Zhengfeng's Chinese translation of *Disgrace* and Wu Zonglin's Taiwanese translation of *Thirteen Hours*. As a result I also chose to render the italicized sentences and phrases in the same way. There are many examples in this regard. Since they are all dealt with in the same way, I will only give a few examples to show how they are handled in my translation. For more details please see the complete translation section (see appendix B p.137, 138, 140, 142, 146,147, 156).

Example 50:

In big letters it proclaimed *Anton Goosen Birthday Concert*, *Friday 4 March*, *Grand Arena*, with a photo below of all the stars who would be performing there in a week's time. (p. 9)

My translation:

海报上用大大的字写着：**安顿 胡森生日音乐会，3 月 4 日，周五，大竞技场表演馆**，海报下方的照片上是一周后将登台表演的所有明星。

Explanation:

The phrase in the English text is in italics because it refers to the letters on the poster and is written in such a way to draw the reader's attention. Therefore in my translation I used a smaller size of the main font of my translation to show that it was originally written in italics.

Example 51:

And here he was with *that* legend on the arm of his new jacket. (p. 9)

My translation:

现在穿着新夹克的他，臂弯里正挽着**那个**传奇。

Explanation:

The word *that* in the original is in italic font, which suggests that the author was trying to emphasize it. In my translation the emphasis is indicated through a smaller size of the same font of the whole text.

What I do need to point out here is that not all the phrases and words in italics are rendered into Chinese in a smaller font. For those sentences where the emphasis can be expressed in the language itself without resorting to a font, I have done so without changing the font.

Example 52:

He stopped in his tracks. 'Vaughn, *he's* the Hawk who's going to be shot. Come!' (p. 363)

My translation:

他突然停下来，"沃恩，**他就是**狙击手要射杀的那个飞鹰组成员。跟我来！"

Back translation:

He stopped suddenly, “Vaughn, **he is** the Hawk that the sniper is going to shoot. Come with me!”

Explanation:

The addition of the Chinese character “就” made it clear that the emphasis is on “he’s”.

Example 53:

He’d thought of all that. (p. 363)

My translation:

是他想到了这一切。

Back translation:

It was him who had thought of it all.

Explanation:

This sentence comes from the passages where Cupido was complaining that he found the link to the sniper but no one even thought of thanking him. The italic font is clearly to stress that he is the one who linked the phone calls to the sniper. Therefore I translated it into Chinese in a way that the emphasis can be expressed in the language itself.

c. Foreign languages

Another typical use of italics in English is to indicate that the italicized words or phrases are from a different language. This use is also present in 7 *Days*. The ways to deal with them have already been explained in the section of language variety (see Chapter 4.4).

4.6 Swear words

As mentioned earlier, Benny Griessel, the protagonist of *7 Days* is an intelligent but damaged detective. One of his characteristics is that he tends to swear, which posed another problem that I had to deal with when translating into Mandarin.

As pointed out by Ruth Wajnryb, foul language is a universal phenomenon because it is part of almost any culture (Wajnryb 2008: 217-247), and therefore offensive language is obviously translatable. However, there is still a concern regarding the extent to which the target language allows profanity to exist in written texts. From my own experience I am aware of the fact that some books contain offensive language such as the stories written by Wang Xiaobo (王小波) or White Deer Plain (白鹿原) by Chen Zhongshi (陈忠实). But to what degree offensive words and phrases are allowed is rather unclear since Administrative Provisions on Publishing (Gapp gov 2006) does not say anything about offensive language in detail. Considering the fact that people refrain from using swear words in public as they are offensive, it is possible that the offensive words and phrases are somewhat toned down in Chinese translation. But with globalization censorship should be somewhat lessened.

In order to learn about how the translation of offensive language, I read translations by other translators. The books that I looked at are Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* and its translation by Zhao Jingnan (赵静男), J.D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* and its two translations by Shi Xianrong (施咸荣) and Sun Zhongxu (孙仲旭) and Raymond Chandler's *The Long Goodbye* and its Chinese translation by Song Qian (宋佥). All three of these novels in their original English version have swear words.

Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* was translated by Zhao Jingnan in 1983 and first published in 1984 (douban.com). The version that I read was published in 2011 by Shanghai Translation Publishing House (上海译文出版社). I found that Hemingway seemed to be fond of using "hell" and "damned (damn)" in this novel. The offensive words "hell" and "damned (damn)" appeared 22 times and 8 times

respectively in the first five chapters. But the Chinese translation only rendered “hell” 12 times and the other occurrences of “hell” and “damned” are not translated at all. This shows a certain manipulation in terms of swear words.

Shi Xianrong’s translation of *The Catcher in the Rye* was first published in 1983 (douban.com) and the version that I read was published in 2011 by Yilin Publishing House (译林出版社). I am not sure if there are changes made to the original version, but Shi’s translation showed a high degree of tolerance of swear words. In the first three chapters of the original, the word “goddam” is repeated 25 times, the word “damn” 16 times and “hell” 25 times. Those words were rendered by Shi 23 times, 9 times and 20 times respectively. Sun Zhongxu translated *The Catcher in the Rye* in the 21st century and the version that I read was published in 2007. Sun’s translation is even more daring than Shi’s translation, because almost every swear word is reproduced in the target text. Those swear words mentioned earlier (goddam, damn, hell) were rendered by Sun 25 times, 15 times and 25 times respectively.

Song Qian’s translation of *The Long Goodbye* is quite new and was published in 2017. Most of the swear words in the first three chapters are also reproduced in the translation. The words “goddam”, “hell” and “damn” were used twice, 9 times and 4 times respectively; they (their Chinese equivalents) appeared in the translation twice, 8 times and twice respectively.

From the above four translations it is clear that China in the 21st century has a relatively high tolerance of swear words. For this reason, I decided to reproduce most of the swear words used in *7 Days*. Those are helluva (once), fucking (10 times), shit (3 times), fuck (5 times), flipping (once), jissis (8 times), bloody (once), fokkit (once), fokken (4 times), kak (once), my arse (once) and bastard (5 times) in the sections I have chosen. Below is the list of my translations:

Swear word	**Original**	**My translation**
helluva	Pleased to meet you, it’s a	很高兴见到你，我真是荣幸

	helluva privilege. (p. 10)	死了。 Back translation: Nice to meet you, I am honoured to death.
fucking	He was a dolt, a fucking idiot policeman. (p. 29)	他是一个蠢货，一个该死的白痴警察。 Back translation: He is a moron, a fucking idiot policeman.
	Never fucking ever. (p. 29)	从来都他妈没有过 Back translation: Never fucking ever.
	A fucking lawyer. (p. 29)	一个该死的律师 Back translation: A fucking lawyer
	The same way he had stopped drinking, he would stop fucking swearing too. (p. 30)	就跟他停止酗酒一样，他也会停止说脏话。 Back translation: Just the way he had stopped drinking, he would also stop swearing.
	What a fucking waste. (p. 131)	真他妈浪费。 Back translation:

		What a fucking waste.
	Fucking Egan. (p. 143)	去他妈的伊根。 Back translation: Fucking Egan.
	Actually I'm fucking cool. (p. 143)	我他妈可酷了。 Back translation: I am fucking cool.
	But what pisses me off most, is that he thinks we are fucking fools. (p. 143)	但是最让我生气的是，他认为我们都他妈是傻瓜。 Back translation: But what makes me most angry is that he thinks we are all fucking fools.
	Thinks we are fucking fools，(p. 143)	以为我们都他妈是蠢货 Back translation: Thought we are all fucking idiots.
	'Fuckin' politics. (p. 144)	去他妈的政治。 Back translation: Fucking politics.
shit	That's all, no waxing lyrical and talking shit. (p. 4)	这就够了，不要再越说越来劲然后就瞎扯了 Back translation:

		That's enough, do not talk more and more and then nonsense.
	The age at which you are supposed to have all your life shit sorted out. (p. 29)	这个年纪的人应该能理清楚生活中那些乱七八糟的事了。 Back translation: People at this age are supposed to sort out the mess in their lives.
	'And you believe that shit?' (p. 132)	"你相信那鬼话？" Back translation: "You believe that nonsense?"
fuck	But he was working on that, fuck knows, he was trying. (p. 29)	但是他在努力，天知道，他在努力了。 Back translation: But he was trying, God knows, he was trying.
	He was a fuck-up. (p. 30)	他搞砸了。 Back translation: He messed it up.
	So fuck you all, write what you want. (p. 95)	所以去你妈的，你们想些什么就写什么吧。 Back translation:

		So fuck you, write whatever you want to write.
	a month before her death he fucked her. (p. 143)	她死前一个月他上过她 Back translation: He fucked her one month before her death.
	Because he was Fanie ‘Fucked’ Fick. (p. 363)	因为他是“倒霉的”法尼 菲克 。 Back translation: Because he was “fucked” Fanie Fick.
	Life is never flipping simple. (p. 31)	生活从来都艰难得要死。 Back translation: Life is always hard as hell.
jissis	Jissis. What was he doing here? (p. 10)	天。他到底在这里干嘛？ Back translation: God. What the hell is he doing here?
	His cellphone rang, Jissis. (p. 30)	他的手机响了。靠。 Back translation: His phone rang. Damn.
	Jissis, the brass… always mixed messages. (p. 33)	靠， 这领导总是把消息搞混。

		Back translation: Fuck. The leader always mixes the message.
	Jissis. He just wanted to do his job. (p. 75)	靠。他只是想做他的工作而已。 Back translation: Damn. He just wanted to do his job.
	‘Jissis,’ he said. ‘What a fucking waste. Bloody majestic jugs.” (p. 131)	“靠，”他说道，“真他妈浪费。多大的奶子。” Back translation: “Damn,” he said,” What a fucking wast, such big tits.”
	Jissis, Benny, you’re so fokken old school, it’s scary… (p. 131)	“靠，本尼，你真是太他妈老古董了，这很吓人啊……” Back translation: “Damn, Benny, you are fucking too old-school, this is scary…”
	I’m telling you, that whitey is lying, Jissis, that attitude … (p. 143)	我跟你说，那白佬在撒谎。靠，他那态度…… Back translation: I am telling you, that whitey is lying. Fuck, his attitude…

	‘Jissis!’ He sprang up and ran to the door. (p. 363)	“该死！”他跳起来冲向门口. Back translation: “Damn!” He sprang up and rushed to the door.
bloody	Bloody majestic jugs. (p. 131)	多大的奶子。 Back translation: Such big tits.
fokkit	Fokkit. Little porn star. (p. 131)	我靠。小黄片明星啊。 Back translation: Damn it. A little porn star.
fokken	Benny, you’re so fokken old school. (p. 131)	本尼，你真是太他妈老古董了 Back translation: Benny, you are so fucking old-school.
	‘Fokken politics.’ (p. 132)	“去他妈的政治。” Back translation: “Fucking politics.”
	Fokken barrel maker. (p. 143)	去他妈的造酒桶工人。 Back translation: Fucking barrel maker.
	And I’m telling you now, fokken “shop”. (p. 143)	现在我跟你说，去他妈的‘店铺’

		Back translation: I am telling you now, fucking "shop".
kak	the air hostess story is a lot of kak. (p. 143)	那空姐的故事就是胡扯 Back translation: That stewardess story is nonsense.
my arse	And I'm telling you now, fokken "shop", my arse. (p. 143)	现在我跟你说，去他妈的'店铺'，放屁 Back translation: I am telling you, fucking "shop", I don't fucking believe it.
bastard	'They're still looking for the bastard's vantage point.' (p. 13)	"他们还在寻找这混蛋的射击点"。 Back translation: "They are still looking for this bastard's shooting point."
	This crazy bastard…' (p. 13)	这个疯狂的家伙…… Back translation: That crazy guy…
	and tomorrow the bastard would blow another policeman's leg. (p. 93)	明天那混蛋又会毁掉一个警察的腿。 Back translation:

		Tomorrow that bastard is going to ruin another policeman's leg.
	'The bastard sent emails to the papers,' said Manie. (p. 93)	"这混球给报纸发了邮件"，马尼说道。 Back translation: "That asshole sent emails to the newspaper," said Manie.
	Because the bastards turned themselves in? (p. 95)	因为这些混球自首了？ Back translation: Because these assholes turned themselves in?

4.7 Translation of broken English

Another difficulty that I encountered when translating *7 Days* was broken English, which comes from the chapter where Mbali visits Giel de Villiers for information on silencers.

Before I discuss how I dealt with this, it is necessary to briefly introduce how the instances of broken English are dealt with in the English translation of *7 Days*. This is not only because I am working from the English translation of *7 Days*, but also because it could shed some light on my translation strategy. Below is the list of the broken English sentences:

1	'There's a gun shop in Jo'burg … But they don't sold many.' (p. 124)
2	'This gun shop… how you say… imports the suppressors from Vaime

	in Finland. They are too…' (p. 124)
3	'… expensive. So people have them made by… gunsmiths.' (p. 124)
4	'Depends on the type of the suppressor. About one thousand eight hundred, or two thousand rand. For the… how you say… screw-on.' (p. 125)
5	'Basies, uh, basically two. The screw-on, that's the one for hunters. And the sleeved, the one that sleeves back halfway over the rifle. It is the type military snipers use. Because it does not make the rifle that much longer. It is easier to… how you say… manoeuvre it.' (p. 125)
6	'Yes. At customs. Anything… geklassifiseer… how you say…classified as firearm things must be inspected. That is why it is too much trouble.' (p. 126)
7	'You just need to make a space for the gasses to… How you say?' He gave up: 'You need a pipe, some rubber… disks, and washers. And other things. You can buy it all from a hardware store. There are plans on the Internet… You can even just use a PVC pipe and a sponge, if you want to…' (p. 126)

From the above examples we can see that there are three strategies employed by the English translator. Strategy one: misuse of words, which is present in example 1. Strategy two: the addition of the phrase "how you say", which is present in examples 2, 4, 5, 6 and 7. Strategy three: the addition of Afrikaans, which is present in examples 5 and 6. What is noteworthy is that all sentences include ellipsis, which can be seen as a hint that the speaker is not good at English. Since ellipsis can be used in a similar way in Chinese, I also used it in my translation.

The first strategy can be used in my translation since misuse of words and phrases is a universal phenomenon. But this strategy can only be used in situations where it is

possible to mix different words or phrases without compromising the intention of the speaker.

Example 54:

'There's a gun shop in Jo'burg … But they don't **sold** many.' (p. 124)

My translation:

"在约翰内斯堡有一家售卖枪支的店……但是他们买得不多。"

脚注：这里指"卖的不多"，故意用错别字是为了体现中士的英语不好。

Back translation:

"There is a store selling guns in Johannesburg...but they don't **buy** much."

Footnote:

It means "they don't sell much", the deliberate use of typos is to reflect that the Sergeant's English is not good.

Explanation:

In the English translation, De Villiers said "sold" when he wanted to say "sell", which serves as a good example to show his incompetency in English. This misuse of words can be reproduced in Chinese since "买(buy)" and "卖(sell)" look very alike and can be confusing to non-native Chinese speakers. In order to avoid the assumption that this is a mistake made by the translator, I added a footnote to explain my choice of the Chinese characters.

While the first strategy is useful to me (a happy coincidence), I did not make use of the second and the third strategy. According to relevance theory, the target reader needs to spend the least processing effort to arrive at the greatest contextual implication. Having said earlier that the author (the English translator) tried to make it clear that the speaker here is not good in English, which is also what the target reader of the Chinese translation needs to understand. Therefore what is important is to show the speaker is bad in English in the target language in a way that minimal processing

effort is required for understanding. Hence instead of translating everything literally, I chose to replace the phrase “how you say” and the Afrikaans with the word “um(嗯)” to show his hesitation while speaking.

The details of my translation are as follows:

1	“在约翰内斯堡有一家售卖枪支的店……但是他们买得不多。” Back translation: “There is a store selling guns in Johannesburg...but they don't buy much.
2	“这家售卖枪支的店，嗯，是从芬兰瓦伊梅公司进口声音抑制器。它们太……” Back translation: “This shop selling guns, um, imports sound suppressors from the Vamie company in Finland. They are too...”
3	“……贵。所以人们找……制枪工人定做”。 Back translation: “... expensive. Therefore people ask...gunsmiths to make them.”
4	“取决于声音抑制器的种类。对于，嗯，拧上的那种，大约 1800 或 2000 兰特。” Back translation: “Depends on the type of sound suppressor. For, um, the kind that is screwed on, about 1800 or 2000 rand.”
5	“基本上……嗯……有两种。拧上的那种，是给猎人的。和套上的那种，就是套在步枪上遮住一半枪口的那种。就是部队狙击手使用的那种。因为它使步枪不那么长。更便于……嗯……操作。” Back translation:

	“Basically... um...two types. The kind that is screwed on is for the hunters. And the kind that is put on the rifle (the one that covers half of the muzzle on the rifle). It is the kind used by military snipers. Because it makes the rifle not so long. More convenient for... um... operation.”
6	“有。在海关。任何……嗯……被归为枪支的东西，这些东西都必须进行检查。这就是为什么这太麻烦了。” Back translation: “Yes. At customs. Anything… um… that is classified as firearms, they need to be inspected. This is why it is too much trouble. ”
7	“你只需有空间让气体……嗯……”他放弃了：“你需要一个管道，一些橡胶……磁盘和垫圈。还有其他东西。这些你全部可以从五金店购买。因特网上有教程。你甚至可以仅仅用一个 PVC 管和海绵，如果你想……” Back translation: “You just need room for gas… um… ”He gave up: “You need a pipe, some rubber… disks and washers. And the other things. All these you can buy from a hardware store. There are plans on internet. You can even just use a PVC pipe and a sponge, if you want to…”

4.8 Translation of typos and incorrectly pronounced words

Translation of typos is another difficulty that I was faced with when translating *7 Days* into Chinese. All the typos come from one email which the sniper sent to police in chapter 15. They are significant because they help the police to understand the sniper.

Before explaining how I dealt with the translation of typos, one important

characteristic of English and Chinese should be mentioned. English is a language in which the words are composed of letters, and hence the change of the order of the letters within one word can lead to a spelling mistake or typo. Nonetheless, the reader is still able to understand its intended meaning. The fact that Chinese is a language of characters makes it impossible to swap the order of the letters to communicate such an effect, since there are no written letters to start with (the written letters, or the pinyin, only appear in books for small children). To change the order of the characters does not work either, as it would bring the text into complete chaos. As a result, the only way left to deal with such an issue is to use a wrong character in place of the correct one. By "wrong" I do not mean a wrongly written character, but a character which does not belong where it is placed. I shall demonstrate this with examples. For example, "宫廷 (gōng tíng)" which means a palace is often mistakenly written as "宫庭 (gōng tíng)". I do not say that the character "庭(t ńg)" is written in the wrong way, but that it does not belong in this phrase.

Having established a strategy to communicate the typos of the original, the next step is its implementation. What is at stake here is to avoid ambiguity when choosing the characters. Therefore the typos "yetserday", "SASP" and "becuase" are rendered as "作天 (zuò tiān)", "南非警蜀 (n án fēi jǐng shǔ)" and "因未 (yīn w èi)". They all sound similar to or the same to the correct words and I am sure that there are no other interpretations of those words than they are meant to be.

While the readers of the original (in this case, the English version) are aware of the typos, the Chinese readers might interpret them as mistakes made by the translator. In order to preclude such an interpretation, I included a footnote to make it clear that these are not mistakes made by the translator.

There are two inaccurate pronunciations in the sections I have chosen: Benny Griessel pronounced "tweet" as "twiet" on page 131 and Sollie Barends pronounced "chef" as "chev" on page 362. Their renderings are no different than those of the typos mentioned earlier, as the only way to convey mispronunciation in a written text is to use a different word that with a similar sound. Therefore the two difficultuies are dealt

with in the same section in this essay. In order for the translation to be as logical as possible, I chose words which sound similar to the correct ones. Therefore they are rendered as “颓特(tu ít è)” and “大出(dà chū)” respectively, which sound similar to their correct pronunciations/writings “推特(tuī tè)” and “大厨 (da chú)”.

4.9 Translation of police ranks

Police ranks also pose a problem in my translation. The ranks mentioned in *7 Days* are as follows: captain, brigadier, general, colonel, constable, warrant officer, lieutenant general, constable, sergeant, sarge (the informal form of sergeant), major. Based on the comment by Benny Griessel on page 29, everyone’s rank refers to a military ranking except his, the captain, I understand that the rank captain here is not used as a military rank. Its translation is thus not so difficult. According to the online Cambridge dictionary, captain is either someone in charge of a team, a ship or an aircraft, or an officer’s rank. Having explained earlier that the captain in this context is not a rank, then it must be a team leader, which is equal to the Chinese 队长.

Since the others are military ranks, they have to be rendered as such. Because of the history between China and the Soviet Union, most of the ranks before 1964 were borrowed from the Soviet system (Xu 2008). In 1986 a new ranking system was proposed and later implemented, a system which is different to that of the Soviet Union and of other western countries (Xu 2008). But they are not completely different because there are only two ranks fewer than in the American ranking system (Xu 2008). Given the similarity of the ranking systems between the source and the target culture, the translations of most ranks were straightforward. The one rank in the novel which does not exist in China is *brigadier*. But this does not pose a problem since there is a name for it, even though it does not mean anything in the Chinese ranking system.

The translation became a little more complicated than expected, because two more

ranks, *constable* and *warrant officer*, are not in the Chinese ranking system. Then I had no choice but to check their meaning carefully and give them Chinese equivalents that reflect their original meaning. According to Van Petegem (2018), constable is the lowest level rank in the police hierarchy of the Republic of South Africa. It is not a military rank, but a police rank. Hence I translated it accordingly as "警员" which means a police officer. According to the online Cambridge dictionary, a warrant officer is a middle rank in the armed forces that can be translated as "准尉".

Therefore my translations of all the ranks are as follows:

captain	队长
brigadier	准将
general	上将
colonel	上校
constable	警员
warrant officer	准尉
lieutenant general	中将
sergeant	中士
sarge	中士
major	少校

4.10 Free translation

Literal translation and free translation are two translation strategies which have been debated for centuries (Palumbo 2009: 49). Based on the discussion in the section of foreignization and domestication, I tend to only translate freely when literal translation would lead to awkwardness or confusion. This stance can, again, be

justified by relevance theory. When a reader is confronted with strange expressions, he would need to spend more processing effort than necessary. But since there is no greater contextual implication, the extra processing effort will be unjustified and the communication a failure. Therefore in such cases free translation is preferred.

Example 55:

They had left with khaki chinos, a light blue cotton shirt, black belt, black shoes, a fashionable black jacket, and a credit card bill that made him shudder. (p. 3)

My translation:

最终他们买了卡其色休闲裤，一件浅蓝色纯棉衬衫，黑色皮带，黑色鞋子，一件时髦的黑色夹克，由此产生的信用卡账单让他心惊。

Back translation:

Eventually they bought khaki chinos, a light blue cotton shirt, black belt, black shoes, a fashionable jacket, which generated a credit card bill that made him shudder.

Explanation:

The fact that they left with khaki chinos, a light blue cotton shirt, black belt, black shoes and a black jacket means that they bought those things. And they needed to pay a considerable amount for those, therefore the credit card bill made him shake. But a literal translation would sound strange here, therefore I chose to translate the sense so that the target text will sound more natural.

Example 56:

Relief washed over him, because there were a lot of jackets. (p. 9)

My translation:

他感到一阵轻松，因为很多人都穿了夹克。

Back translation:

He felt relief, because a lot of people were wearing a jacket.

Explanation:

In this context a lot of jackets mean that there were a lot of people wearing them. In order to avoid confusion and make the target text more natural, I translated it as “a lot of people were wearing a jacket”.

Example 57:

A woman appeared behind Klein, middle-aged, with the same enchanting heritage of Malay genes as her daughter, the same antipathy on her face. (p. 73)

My translation:

克雷恩身后出现了一个中年女人，她有着和她女儿一样马来妇人的美貌，脸上也是一样的反感。

Back translation:

Behind Klein a middle-aged woman appeared, she had the same beauty as a Malay woman like her daughter, and the same antipathy on her face.

Explanation:

A woman has the same enchanting heritage of Malay genes as her daughter means that she has inherited Malay genes from her parents and that the genes made her as beautiful. Since the literal translation sounds very foreign in Chinese, I translated it according to its meaning.

Example 58:

To carry trouble across the threshold with him. (p. 75)

My translation:

给别人带去麻烦。

Back translation:

To bring trouble to others.

Explanation:

“Across the threshold” means “to go inside someone’s house”. Therefore the whole sentence means to bring trouble to someone else. The free translation sounds more natural compared to a literal translation.

Example 59:

Griessel did not entirely share Cupido’s assurance. (p. 143)

My translation:

里塞尔并不像库皮多一样有把握。

Back translation:

Griessel was not as sure as Cupido.

Explanation:

This sentence means that Griessel did share Cupido’s assurance, but not completely. Hence it is translated semantically as “he was not as sure as Cupido”.

Example 60:

‘What I am going to hear now, I will never repeat.’ (p. 358)

My translation:

“我现在将要听到的话，我绝不外传。”

Back translation：

“What I am going to hear now, I will never tell anyone else.”

Explanation:

This sentence is from the conversation between Jaqueline Johanna Delport and detective Sollie Barends where she asked him to make a vow. “I will never repeat” actually means that he is never going to tell another person what she was going to tell him. Therefore I translated it as such.

Chapter 5: Conclusion

This research project aimed to identify the most appropriate translation approach for crime fiction novels such as *7 Days* by Deon Meyer. It is a two-fold project in which I translated a number of sections and then analysed the difficulties and strategies I used. I worked from the English version of *7 Days* by K.L Seegers, as it was originally written in a language which I do not speak, and the English version is widely available internationally.

The research discussed nine difficulties that I was faced with when translating *7 Days* into Chinese. The first is the translation of names of people and places. The general strategies used are transliteration, semantic rendering or a combination of both. There are also principles in this regard: a name should be translated according to its pronunciation in its original language; transliteration is the primary strategy used when translating names; if the owner of a name already has its own Chinese equivalent, a translator should not translate his name differently; fixed translation of certain names should not be changed even they might be based on wrong pronunciation. There are also suggestions from new researchers and experienced translators. For example, the traditional way of translating names does not differentiate between females and males, which should be changed.

Therefore I decided to transliterate the foreign names. In order to make sure that my transliteration is based on correct pronunciations, I asked someone who speaks Afrikaans to record them for me. Then I referred to the *Dictionary of translation of foreign names of people* (《世界人名翻译大辞典》) to see whether their existent equivalents match their South African pronunciations. Most of the names do match and I just translated them as how they are written in the dictionary. For those that exist in the dictionary but are not rendered according to their South African pronunciation, I translated them according to their South African pronunciations. Some of the names in *7 Days* are not compiled in the dictionary and in such cases I tried to find similar names and combined their Chinese translations. For those names that do not have

similar names in the dictionary, I took into consideration all the discussions that the scholars and translators have written on this topic and created my own translation. I made sure that I took their gender into consideration and used female characters for female names. I even made changes to the names that are collected in the dictionary but do not reflect their gender in the context of the novel.

There are two things related to translation of names that I pointed out in the research. The fact that people from Western countries can be referred to differently can be confusing to Chinese reader. So I accepted Li's suggestion and added explanations where I saw necessary. For example, Benny Griessel can be referred to as Benny or Griessel; hence I added explanation to clarify that they both refer to the same person. Where the names are not mentioned directly in the novel, I also made the names explicit to avoid confusion.

The same procedure was used when translating the names of places. I resorted to the *Dictionary of translation of names of places* (《世界地名翻译大辞典》) and found most of the names mentioned in the novel. Those names that are not listed in the dictionary are transliterated except Green Point and Tygerberg, for which a combination of transliteration and semantic interpretation was employed. The reason is that the semantic equivalent of Green Point also has two characters and is therefore easier for memory, while the translation of Tygerberg can be justified by the way how Vosburg is translated. The other names that are mentioned in the novel are also transliterated since it is the most popular way to deal with foreign names.

The second difficulty that I have discussed in the research is the rendering of implicit information. Implicature is an indispensable part of literature and is in most cases explicated. This can be justified from the relevance theoretical viewpoint. Since correct implicatures can only be accessed when the author-intended contextual information is available to the reader, it is possible that the target reader does not possess such knowledge as the source text and the target text often involve different times and cultures. Explication is often done through in-text explanation and footnote. There are also cases where the cultural items in the original are substituted with those

from the target system so that the target reader could understand them better, which is rather rare. What I need to stress here is that not all implications need to be spelled out for the target reader because they are able to work out some on their own.

The third difficulty that I needed to deal with is language variety, which is a characteristic of *7 Days*. Those languages include Italian, French, Afrikaans, Xhosa other than English in the sections I have chosen for this project. I read *Disgrace* by J.M. Coetzee, *The Museum of Innocence* by Orhan Pamuk, *The Waste Land* and *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* by T. S. Eliot and their Chinese translations, so that I could have an idea about how language variety is treated by other translators. Based on my discovery, I formed my own strategy. I kept all the Italian, French and Xhosa expressions in the target text and added footnotes explaining their meanings. The Afrikaans expressions are translated into Chinese without explanations considering that there are too many of them in the text and that their reproduction might be a strategy of the English translator to preserve its colour for her target readers. I also used a glossary to introduce Afrikaans and their meanings at the end of translation, in case some Chinese readers are interested.

The fourth difficulty that I talked about in the research is italics. Italics is widely used in English texts, but not in Chinese. Before rendering them, I needed to understand their functions because they are vital in translation. There are three functions involved in the sections I chose. Those in italics are either titles of works, objects of emphasis or foreign languages. In the first case Chinese symbols are used to indicate that they are titles of works. In the second case those phrases are translated into Chinese in a smaller font which differentiates them from the main text, while the last case is included in the way I dealt with language variety.

The fifth difficulty is the translation of swear words. Since swear words are universal in all languages, they are theoretically translatable. But to what degree they are tolerated in the target system has more to do with censorship. In order to find out how much the modern Chinese society would be able to allow for swear words, I also read different works and found out that 21st China actually has a relatively great tolerance

of swearing words. Therefore I took the liberty and translated almost all of them directly into Chinese.

Broken English is another difficulty that I had to deal with when translating. In the English version there are three ways to indicate that the person is speaking broken English, for example the translator misused words on purpose to show that the speaker is not good at English, or she added Afrikaans or a phrase "how you say". Based on this I invented my own strategy. The misuse of words is reproduced in my translation because it is possible for people who are not good at Chinese not to be able to tell from "sell" and "buy". Where she used Afrikaans or the phrase I just mentioned I used the word "嗯(um)" to show the speaker's hesitation, which is a demonstration that his English is not good. I also used ellipsis in the Chinese text because ellipsis can also be used in Chinese to show that the speaker is struggling with language.

The seventh difficulty that the research discussed is the translation of typos and wrongly pronounced words. Since English is a language consisting of letters, change of the order of the letters within the words would lead to a typo, but such a typo would not prevent readers from understanding its meaning. However, this is not possible in Chinese. Since Chinese is written in characters, there is no way to swap the letters, nor the order of the characters. As a result, the only way that can reflect the typos in the original text is to use a wrong character to alert the reader that something is not right here. However, the translator needs to be careful because the "wrong" character shall not cause confusion. Since it is a translated text, the target reader might also wonder whether it is a mistake made by the translator. To avoid such an assumption, I used footnotes to explain that they are written in such a way in the original. The renderings of wrongly pronounced words are no different than those of the typos mentioned earlier, as the only way to convey mispronunciation in a written text is to use a different word with a similar sound.

The eighth difficulty that the translation involved is police ranks. South Africa and China have different systems in this respect. But I was relieved to see that the most of them in the novel are actually military ranks. After the reform of military ranks in

China in the 80s, the Chinese military ranking system is actually similar to the Western countries, even though some people stated otherwise. Therefore most of the ranks mentioned in the novel can be directly translated into Chinese. For those that are not available in the target system, there are also solutions. I looked them up in the dictionary and gave them names which would reflect their positions in the original ranking system and are understandable to the Chinese readers at the same time.

The last difficulty that I discussed in the research is free translation, which is relatively rare in my translation. From the stance of relevance theory, optimal relevance could also be linked to adaptation strategy in translation since unjustified processing effort without greater contextual implications can come from an unnatural language due to direct translation. Therefore I tend to adopt free translation only when a direct translation would lead to awkwardness or confusion.

From the analyses it is clear that a combination of foreignization and domestication is the best way to translate *7 Days* and possibly other crime novels. It is suggested that foreignization should be employed when dealing with names, cultural implications, language variety and police ranks, while domestication is used on the language level, such as swear words, typos, broken English or when direct translation does not make sense.

It also needs to be pointed out that due to limited time, I could not expand my readings and therefore the research. Some of the decisions could be better formed or justified if I had more time. For example the translation of swear words could be more diversified, which could be one of the directions for future research. As far as domestication as a translation strategy on the language level is concerned, further research could also try to find out how the public reacts to that, and whether the younger generation prefers a close or smoothing translation. It is also necessary to establish the public interest of South African crime novels among Chinese readers, since most of the translated crime stories in China are from Europe and the United States.

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Appendix A: *7 Days* extracts

Pages 3-4, 9-11:

Whatever happened, he just didn't want to make a complete idiot of himself.

Detective Captain Benny Griessel was wearing a new suit of clothes that he could ill afford. There was a bouquet of flowers on the passenger seat, his hands gripping the steering wheel were clammy, and with all his being he yearned for the healing, calming powers of alcohol. Tonight he must just please not make a total idiot of himself. Not in front of Alexa Barnard, not in front of all the stars of the music world, not after all the past week's planning and preparation.

He'd started on Monday, with a haircut. Tuesday, Mat Joubert's wife, Margaret, had been his style consultant at Romens in Tyger Valley. 'It's smart casual, Benny, just a pair of chinos and a smart shirt,' she had said patiently in her charming English accent.

'No, I want a jacket too.' Griessel had dug in his heels, terrified of being caught between too 'casual' and not 'smart' enough. There would be some smart people there.

He had wanted a tie as well, but Margaret had put her foot down. 'overdressed is worse than underdressed. No tie.' They had left with khaki chinos, a light blue cotton shirt, black belt, black shoes, a fashionable black jacket, and a credit card bill that made him shudder.

Since Wednesday he had been mentally preparing himself. He knew this thing, this event, had the potential to overwhelm him completely. His greatest fear was that he would swear, because that was what he always did when he got stressed. He would have to guard his tongue, all evening. No police-speak, no crude language, talk nice, stay calm. He had gone through it all in his imagination, visualized it, as Doc Barkhuizen, his sponsor at Alcoholics Anonymous, had prescribed.

To Anton L'Amour he would say: '*Kouevuur* is brilliant guitar.' That's all, no waxing lyrical and talking shit. To Theuns Jordaan: 'I like your work a lot.' That was a good thing to say, full of respect and appreciation, dignified. Lord, and if Schalk Joubert was there, he, Benny Griessel would take a deep breath, shake his hand and just say: 'pleased to meet you, it's a great honour.' Then he had better walk away before the flood of words of hero worship, admiration of Joubert's mastery of bass guitar, spilled over all his careful defences.

Then, his biggest worry: Lize Beekman.

If he could just have one drink before he met her. To keep his nerves from getting out of control. He would have to dry his hand on his new trousers first, he couldn't greet Lize Beekman with his palm all sweaty. 'Miss Beekman, it's an exceptional honour. Your music gives me great pleasure.' She would say 'thank you', and he would leave it at that and go and find Alexa, because that was the only way he would keep from making a total idiot of himself.

At the entrance to the Artscape Chandelier Foyer Griessel stared at the giant poster. In big letters it proclaimed *Anton Goosen Birthday Concert, Friday 4 March, Grand Arena*, with a photo below of all the stars who would be performing there in a week's time. Alexa Barnard was the focal point, right in the middle, just below the smaller announcement which used her stage name: *Xandra Barnard is back!*

And here he was with *that* legend on the arm of his new jacket. He swallowed hard, and held himself together.

Inside. Lots of people. He quickly surveyed the men, what they were wearing. Relief washed over him, because there were a lot of jackets. He relaxed a little. Everything was going to be OK.

Heads turned towards Alexa, people called out her name, and suddenly they were surrounded. Alexa let go of his arm and began greeting people. Griessel stood back. He had suspected this would happen and was happy she was getting this reception. Last week she had been nervous and had told him: 'I've been out of it for so long, Benny. And that whole thing with Adam's death … I don't know what to expect.'

Adam had been her husband. Benny had investigated his murder; that was how he had met her.

'You're Paul Eilers, the actor,' someone said right beside him. Then he realised the pretty young woman was talking to *him*.

'No,' he said. 'I'm Benny Griessel.'

'I could have sworn you were Paul Eilers,' she said, disappointed, and then she was gone.

He recognised some of the music stars. Laurika Rauch folding Alexa's hands in hers, saying something with great tenderness. Karen Zoid and Gian Groen in conversation. Emo Adams making Sonja Herholdt laugh out loud.

Where was Lize Beekman?

A waiter pushed through the mass of bodies, came past with a tray full of champagne glasses, offered him one. He stared at the golden liquid, the bubbles lazily drifting upwards, and felt the stirring inside, the desire. He came to his senses, shook his head. No, thank you.

Two hundred and twenty-seven days without a drink.

Maybe he ought to get himself a soft drink, something to hold in his hand, rather than just standing here, a dull island in a sea of glitterati. Look at Alexa, she was at home, in her element, she glowed.

Jissis. What was he doing here?

When he met Schalk Joubert the moment was almost too big for him.

'Schalk, this is Benny Griessel, he also plays bass,' Alexa introduced him, and he could feel his face turn red. With a trembling hand, 'Pleased to meet you, it's a helluva privilege.' His voice was hoarse and he was startled by the swear word that slipped out.

'Ah, a brother. Thank you very much, the privilege is all mine,' said Schalk Joubert easily and comfortably, his tone smoothing away Griessel's fears, making him relax. The enormous compliment of 'a brother' filled Griessel with gratitude, so that, in the light of Alexa's encouraging smile, he found the courage to strike up a conversation with Theuns Jordaan and Anton L'Amour. He asked them how *Kouevuur* had been put together. And then, emboldened by their generosity: 'So when are you going to record "Hexriviervallei" properly, a complete track? That song deserves it.'

He began to unwind, chatting here, laughing there, wondering what he had been so worried about. He felt almost proud of himself, and then Alexa tugged at his arm and he turned around and saw Anton Goosen *and* Lize Beekman, side by side, right in front of him, conspiratorial, a moment of silence that opened up in the hubbub and it was too sudden and too much and his brain shut down and his heart beat wildly and he grabbed for the tall, beautiful, blonde singer's hand, completely star-struck, and all that came out of his mouth, the word idiotically long and drawn-out and clear in the silence, was: '*Fok*.'

And then his cellphone began to ring in his jacket pocket.

He just stood there. Frozen. He dropped Lize Beekman's hand. Shame and humiliation burning through him, he mumbled, 'Excuse me.' He fumbled for his phone, turned away, pressed the instrument to his ear.

'Hello.' Even his own voice sounded strange to him.

'Benny, I need you,' said Brigadier Musad Manie, commanding officer of the Hawks. 'Like *now*.'

Pages 12-14:

He knew there was big trouble when he saw the three senior officers of the DPCI – the Directorate for Priority Crime Investigations – *and* General John Afrika, Western Cape head of Detective Services and Criminal Intelligence.

The burly Brigadier Musad Manie, commander of the Hawks, sat in the middle with a face of granite. On either side were Colonel Zola Nyathi, head of the Violent Crimes Group, and Griessel's immediate boss, and Colonel Werner du Preez, group head of Crimes Against the State (CATS). Afrika was on the opposite side of the table.

They greeted him, Manie invited him to sit down. Griessel saw there were files and documents in front of each of the senior officers.

'Sorry to interrupt your evening, Benny,' said the brigadier. 'But we've got a problem.'

'A nasty problem,' said Afrika.

Colonel Nyathi nodded.

The brigadier hesitated, holding his breath, as if there was a lot more to say. Then he reconsidered, pushed a sheet of paper across the table. 'Let's start with this.'

Griessel pulled the paper towards him, began to read, conscious of the four sets of eyes on him.

762a89z012@anonimail.com

Sent: Saturday 26 February 06.51

To: j.afrika@saps.gov.za

Re: Hanneke Sloet – you were warned

Today it is precisely 40 days since Hanneke Sloet was murdered. That is 40 days of cover-up. You know why she was murdered.

This is my fifth message but you don't listen. Now you leave me no choice. Today I will shoot a policeman. In the leg. And every day I will shoot a policeman, until you charge the murderer.

If you don't have a report in the newspaper tomorrow that says you have reopened the Sloet case, the next bullet will not be in the leg.

No name. Griessel looked up.

'As you can see, this was sent this morning,' said the brigadier. 'And tonight Constable Brandon April was shot by a sniper in the leg in the parking lot of the Claremont Station. Just before seven.'

'Long distance shot,' said Afrika. 'They're still looking for the bastard's vantage point.'

'The knee is bad,' said Nyathi. 'Shattered.'

'A young man,' said Afrika. 'Won't ever walk normally again. This crazy bastard…' and he pointed at the email in Griessel's hands, 'has written to me four times. Very confused emails, they don't make sense.' He tapped the file in front of him. 'You'll see.'

The brigadier leaned forward. 'We would like to announce that you will be leading the reopened investigation into the Sloet case, Benny.'

'I personally asked the brigadier if we could give it to you,' said Afrika.

'Cloete is currently working on the Sunday papers, he says there's a chance we can get something into the *Weekend Argus* and *Rapport*'s Cape section,' said Manie. Cloete was the liaison officer of SAPS who handled the press.

'We are going on radio as well, but I don't know if that will help,' said Afrika.

'It's a bit of a mess,' said Nyathi, his frown deepening. 'To say the least.'

'If you're willing, Benny. We will back you up. All of us.'

Griessel put the sheet of paper down on the table, straightened his new, fashionable black jacket and asked: 'Hanneke Sloet… she was the lawyer?'

Pages 28-34:

He jogged to the car with the files in his arms and the knowledge that it is *his* fault. He had embarrassed her, left her alone, kept her in the dark. She had been sober for a hundred and fifteen days and now he had driven her back to drink.

He opened the rear door of the BMW 130i, put the files on the back seat, slammed the door shut in frustration, got in the front and drove away.

He should have known that Alexa used to drink because she suffered from stage fright, and tonight was a sort of stage, her first interaction with the music people in years, her timid return to the

limelight. He should have thought, should have controlled his language and his reactions. He should have told brigadier he couldn't come right away, he should have taken Alexa home first. But no, all he could think of was his own humiliation. He was a dolt, a fucking idiot policeman.

What was wrong with him?

Doc Barkhuizen's warning flashed through his head: 'Careful, Benny, you haven't been dry a year yet. Two alcoholics… that's double the risk.'

He had protested and said they were only friends, he could support her, encourage her, they could attend AA gatherings together. And Doc had just shaken his head and said, 'Careful.'

How had he supported her tonight?

He should have listened to Doc. Doc knew the 'just friends' explanation was a smokescreen. Doc could see he *liked* Alexa. More and more.

Why did he always do that? Why was his life never simple? Never fucking ever. He was forty-five, the age at which you are supposed to reach inner calm and wisdom and resignation, the age at which you are supposed to have all your life shit sorted out. But not him. His life was constant chaos. An endless stream of trouble, a never-ending struggle to cope. But he just could not win, it was one thing on top of another. You could never get ahead.

He had only just, this past month, started to get used to the whole divorce thing, tried to make peace with the fact that he and Anna were over. Totally, irretrievably over. He still struggled with the fact that she was ever more seriously involved with a lawyer. A fucking lawyer. But he was working on that, fuck knows, he was trying.

He had cut back to pay the maintenance, and his contribution to Carla's studies, and he could almost live with that, though he felt he was being ripped off, he paid far more than Anna, and they earned about the same.

He'd worked hard the past weeks to fit in with the Hawks, the new relationship, the new structures, the new ranks. Everybody's rank had changed, back to the military hierarchy of the old days. Everybody's except his own, because a captain was still a captain. But he had accepted that too.

He had got back into a routine with his children. Carla, who was studying drama at Stellenbosch. Drama, as though she hadn't had enough drama in her life with an alcoholic policeman father and the whole divorce disaster. And his son, Fritz, who might or might not pass Matric, because he was playing guitar for Jack Parow's band. Jack Parow. Hip hop or rap or whatever you called it, swore worse than a policeman. But what could he do? Fritz had talent – Jack had approached him personally, come and play for me. Griessel had made peace with the fact the world had changed, that children had choices today, that their approach to careers was different.

Peach with many things. On the brink of getting things straight.

And now in one night he had made a complete arse of himself in front of three people for whom he had immense respect: Anton Goosen, Lize Beekman, and Alexa Barnard. And driven the last one to drink.

He would just have to accept it. He was a fuck-up.

The words hung for a moment in his thoughts and he realized it: it was the swearing. That was the problem, the thing that had caused all the trouble tonight. Here, now, it had to end. He was through with swearing. Finished. For the rest of his life. The same way he had stopped drinking, he would stop fucking swearing too.

And tomorrow, when she was sober, he would explain to Alexa about the Sloet case and ask her forgiveness, and get her to phone the other two, so she could tell them, it was all due to admiration and nerves, maybe it happened to other people too, maybe he wasn't the first.

And then he thought how beautiful Alexa had looked and his fleeting hope, at her house, that he would get lucky tonight, and he snorted in disgust at himself, at *this* world, in this Hawks BMW on the N1. And he thought, life is never fu – Damn. Life is never *flipping* simple.

He found no pleasure in his new word.

He stopped at the Artscape. His cellphone rang. It must be the centre manager again, about Alexa. He answered hastily, to say he had arrived.

'Griessel.'

'Captain, it's Tommy Nxesi from Green Point.' There was a wary note his voice.

It took a moment to register – it was the warrant officer who had originally investigated the Sloet case.

'Yes, Tommy.'

'Captain, do I still have to come in?'

'No…' he realised the detective had been waiting for him to call, at the request of John Afrika. 'Sorry, Tommy, I should have let you know …' Griessel thought of what lay ahead, with Alexa. 'You don't need to … Can we talk tomorrow?'

'So you don't need me tonight?'

'No, thanks a lot …'

'OK,' said Tommy, relieved.

'Thanks…' then he remembered, he wanted to have a look at the scene of the crime. 'Tommy, do you still have the keys to Sloet's apartment?'

'Not here with me.'

'No, I mean tomorrow morning – can we take a look tomorrow morning?' And then he hurried to add – knowing how Nxesi would feel about it, he had been in the same position himself, 'You're the expert on this one. I want to hear what *you* think.'

'Sure, Captain. What time?

'Nine o'clock?'

'See you there, thanks. Captain.'

Griessel put the phone back in his pocket.

He would have to keep his wits about him.

He was shocked when he saw her in the manager's office. Her make-up was smudged, her hair hung over her face, a mess, the neckline of her dress had slipped down too far, a sandal lay to one side, the other on her foot. She sat on a chair with her legs apart, elbows on her knees, swaying from side to side.

'Alexa…'

She looked up slowly. He could see she was very drunk. She battled to focus. Then slowly her face crumpled. She tried to straighten up, but it was hard. She began to cry.

He went to her, helped her up, tried to pull her dress higher, but she wrapped her arms around him. She smelled of liquor and perfume.

'I'm here,' he said. 'I'm sorry.' He put his arms around her, held her tightly.

Her face was in his neck and he felt the hot, wet tears trickling down him. 'I'm such a loser, Benny.'

'You're not,' he said.

The manager stepped around them, bent and picked up her sandal and her little evening bag that was hanging over the arm of the chair. He held them out the Griessel, the shoe by one finger, as though it was contaminated, disgust on his face.

Benny took the shoe and the bag. Alexa sagged against him.

'Come,' he said gently. 'Let's go home.'

In the car she talked disjointedly, her head against the window.

'Intruder, Benny. That's all I am… they know…' She struggled to open her bag, took out her cigarettes, dropped the lighter.

He didn't want to see her like this, because it was his doing. He searched for words to repay, to console her, but all he could manage was: 'I'm so terribly sorry.'

It was as though she didn't hear him. She grabbed for the lighter on the floor, surrendered the battle, fell back in her seat and began a chorus: 'They saw *through* me.' Repeating it over and over, the maudlin tone of drunken self-pity.

His cellphone rang, *Jissis*. What *now*? He answered it.

'Benny, this is John Afrika. Cloete says a small article will appear on page fourteen of the *Weekend Argus*, and on the internet, we were too late for anything else. It's a mess, Benny, I'm telling you. Anyway, I just wanted to let you know, you'll have to produce results. Pull out all the stops.'

'Yes, General.'

'OK, Benny.' Afrika concluded the call.

‘They saw through me,’ said Alexa.

He parked in front of her house, found her key in the evening bag. He got out.

‘Don’t leave me,’ she pleaded, the voice of a child.

He got back in. ‘I won’t leave you. I just want to unlock the door,’

She looked at him uncomprehendingly. ‘I’m an alcoholic, you know.’

He nodded, got out again, walked quickly to the front door, unlocked it. Jogged back to the car, opened the passenger door. ‘Let’s get you in the house.’

She didn’t respond, just sat there, swaying again.

‘Please, Alexa.’

She lifted her left arm slowly. He bent, pulled her arm over his back, pulled her up and out. She was unsteady. He shuffled through the gate with her, up onto the veranda. Inside he struggled to find the light switch, then he helped her slowly up the stairs. Her other sandal came off, rolled down two steps. They shuffled down the passage, into her room. He sat her down on the bed. She toppled sideways, her head on the bedspread. He switched on the bedside light, stood a moment undecided.

He had to fetch her bag, in the car. Had to lock the vehicle.

Her lips moved, she murmured something.

‘Alexa…’

He brought his head close, so he could hear what she said. But she didn’t speak. She sang. The song that made her famous. ‘Soetwater’, Sweet Water. Softly, nearly inaudible, but perfect, in tune, in her unique, rich voice.

A small glass of sunlight,
A goblet of rain
Pour sweet water
A small sip of worship,
A mouthful of pain
Drink sweet water.

‘I’m just going to lock the car,’ he said.

No response.

He walked fast. On the way down the stairs he remembered she had tried to commit suicide, the last time she had been drunk. When her husband died.

He would have to stay here tonight.

He fetched the handbag, her cigarettes and lighter, then the stack of files, locked the car, and jogged back.

Pages 71-76:

He drove to the Bo-Kaap, only four blocks away, to the home of the caretaker, Faroek Klein, in Bryant Street. His mind was in too many places at once, he wanted to think about how to approach the man, about Mbali's parting words, but the new emails haunted him. *You know who it is*. This one addressed to him personally now.

In the very first one it was, *You know very well who murdered Hanneke Sloet*. In one of the others, *You know why she was murdered*. Between all the variation in singulars and plurals and Bible verses, this repetitive theme.

He had read the case file, he had been to the scene, he knew enough to be able to say that is was nonsense. There was no obvious suspect.

Mbali had said, 'Unless he *is* crazy.' What he could add was, 'Maybe he's even crazier than we think.' In normal circumstances he would have ignored the emails – just another lunatic.

The rifle, the scope and the silencer were the problem. You couldn't be too crazy if you could put all that together with a long-distance shot and get away with it. And the latest email, there was a new tone to it, self-satisfied, a certain awareness of power. *I hope not, because then I would have to escalate things*. This was a man who could force the SAPS to reopen a case, a blackmailer who had to be taken seriously.

This was trouble. It fuelled his frustration. He still knew too little. About everything.

He struggled to find parking, had to cross Bloem Street for a bay in front of the St. Paul Primary School. Griessel got out and walked back, between the brightly-painted little houses. Coloured people sat on their porches, their eyes following his progress with a certain wariness. He thought of Mbali back at the street café. Just before she walked away, she'd said, 'Thanks, Benny, for not asking about Amsterdam.' She had a vulnerability about her he had never seen before. And she was subdued this morning, not her old, obstreperous self.

Now he too was curious about what happened in Holland.

Klein's home was a yellow terraced house with white pillars, and a tree that dominated the small front garden. Griessel reached to open the red garden gate. His cellphone rang.

He paused, saw an unfamiliar number, and answered simply. 'Yes.'

'Hey, Benny, it's Vaughn, where are you?' Captain Vaughn Cupido.

'I'm still in the city, Vaughn.'

'I thought you were going to call me?'

'Call you?'

'*Jis*. The Giraffe said you would phone me. About the Sloet case.'

Griessel tried to remember what Colonel Nyathi had said the night before. 'As far as I know, you are just on standby, Vaughn, nobody said I had to phone you.'

'*Jissis*, the brass… always mixed messages. Anyway, I'm keen to help, Benny. Can I come and get the files, get myself up to speed?'

'I'm still busy with it myself. Listen, I'm standing in front of a…' If he said 'suspect', Cupido would definitely broadcast the news that Griessel had made great progress. '… witness's house, I'll call you as soon as I have something. Thanks, Vaughn, I appreciate your offer.'

Silence over the line. Then, 'Cool,' his tone unenthusiastic.

Griessel ended the call. Cupido was not his favourite detective. He was one of those men who knew everything, and was extremely pleased with the fact that he was a Hawk. Vaughn was with the former Organised Crime Unit, which had been directly incorporated in the DPCI. Cowboys.

He put his phone away and opened the garden gate.

She was as slim and sleek as a cat, with long black hair and big dark brown eyes, beautiful, and not much older than sixteen. She looked Griessel up and down critically and then called over her shoulder into the house: 'Dadda, the Boere are here again.'

She tossed the cascade of straight hair over her shoulder with a gesture of disdain, turned and stalked off, as if he didn't exist.

Heavier footsteps on the wooden floor, as a man walked into the small hallway. 'Can I help?' Surely.

'Mr Klein?'

'That's right.'

Griessel held up his SAPS identity card. Klein glanced at it. He was taller than Griessel, with manicured stubble on his upper lip and chin, the thick black hair combed, a strong face. Early forties. He said, 'What do you want this time?'

'Is there a place we can talk?'

'Here is good.'

A woman appeared behind Klein, middle-aged, with the same enchanting heritage of Malay genes as her daughter, the same antipathy on her face. 'Invite him it,' she said, turned and walked away.

Griessel could see Klein was not in the mood. He stood patiently waiting.

'Come in.'

They were a united front on the sofa, Klein in the middle, the wife and two teenage daughters beside him.

Griessel sat opposite, in an easy chair, his notebook in hand. He didn't get the chance to ask a question, before the wife began. 'I am Noor, this is Laila, and this is Asmida. I am Faroek's second wife. He is the stepfather of my children. You can ask them, he is a good stepfather. Faroek's first wife was a bad apple. He caught her sleeping around, and not only once. When he couldn't stand it any more, he smacked her, and she laid a complaint and they made a case. He pleaded guilty, he

got a suspended sentence, he divorced her. Last year she got married for the fourth time.' Everything said with a factual tone, without judgement.

The two daughters glared. Klein sat there with a hidden, satisfied smile, encircled by three pretty women.

Griessel nodded, drew a breath to say something, but she didn't give him a chance.

'The evening the Sloet woman was murdered, Faroek was here at home. With all three of us. We ate at seven o'clock, like we do every night, and then the girls sat in the kitchen doing homework, and Faroek and I watched TV. These two went to bed around ten, and Faroek and I at about half past ten, because we are both gainfully employed and we take our responsibilities seriously. We love each other very much. We aren't white, we aren't rich, but we have our values. And they do not include lying if any one of us commits murder. Is there anything else you would like to know?'

He closed his notebook. There was one question remaining, but he suspected the answer would not come without more chastisement. 'Mr Klein, are you … communist in your politics?'

They laughed at him, all four of him.

'No,' said Klein. And they laughed again.

The tall, beautiful woman stood up. 'We are about to have Sunday lunch, would you like to join us?'

He drove home, wanting to get rid of the pressure inside, the urge to curse and beat the steering wheel. There were times he didn't want to be a policeman – to go knocking on the door of a house on a Sunday morning, to disturb the peace, the carry trouble across the threshold with him. The Klein family, standing united against him, had upset him in a peculiar way. And the undisguised reprimand, *We aren't white, we aren't rich, but we have our values*. He wanted to protest, wanted to say it had nothing to do with colour, it was about who had keys and a criminal record. They wouldn't have believed him – that's what frustrated him. Only in this country … Colour, everything revolved around colour, all the time, every which way you looked, it was there. *Jissis*. He just wanted to do his job.

We have our values. They were actually implying that he didn't, that his very presence proved it. And when he left with his tail between his legs, he wondered fleetingly, if Anna married the lawyer, would they sit on a couch like that with his children, such a new, happy family, so communally pious, free of the struggling alcoholic policeman? Anna who would sit and explain, 'My first husband was a bad apple, a drinker and a wife-beater.' Would he ever get away from the consequences of his weakness?

He pulled in at the Engen garage near his flat to buy lunch at the Woolies food. Without any appetite he looked at the sandwiches and the microwave meals, angry all over again at Steers, for discontinuing their Dagwood burger. 'It takes too much time, sir, the clients don't want to wait that long, sir.' What was happening to the world – people didn't want to wait for decent food any more. Everything had to be fast: tasteless, ugly, but fast.

Nothing was ever simple.

He remembered the dream he had repeatedly a month or so ago, four nights in a row. He was playing with Roes, he couldn't get the notes of the bass guitar to keep to the tempo, he buggered into the wrong key, and the band members gave him sidelong glances with questioning worried faces.

That's how he'd felt, since yesterday. Out of rhythm with the world. Out of tune.

One the other hand, in the last ten years had he ever felt any other way?

Pages 92-96:

He could find nothing. No spare key, no new insights or clues.

In the sitting room, out of desperation, he examined the telescope and decided it was ornamental, the magnification unimpressive, the interesting peeping tom possibilities outside the window just too far away.

Griessel walked to the door, stopping in frustration and indecision beside the pool of dry blood. He understood why Nxesi's investigation had yielded nothing, because there were only shadows of possibilities, vague spectres that evaporated when you looked more closely. Communists? The shooter had the wrong end of the stick – there were no communists in her life, just a Big Boy vibrator in the bedside cupboard. A whole day wasted and he had made no progress, and tomorrow the bastard would blow another policeman's leg.。

He bit off the F-word with considerable effort.

He would phone Cupido and tell him he was leaving the case files at the DPCI office, see if *you* can find anything. He reached out to turn off the light and suddenly came to realization, the thing that had been in his subconscious since his visit to Villette: the contrast between the two apartments. Villette's was personal, with obvious signs of life – the framed photographs of fruit on the wall, the coffee table in the sitting room strewn with books and magazines and newspapers… But Sloet's was too bare, too neat, too impersonal.

Before he could consider the meaning of this, his cellphone rang – the DPCI office number.

He answered.

'Benny, can you come down here?' asked Brigadier Manie, and Griessel knew this spelled trouble.

He said he was in the city, he could be there in fifteen minutes. He hastily locked the apartment, waited impatiently for the lift, jogged to the BMW and drove with sirens and lights flashing through the sparse Sunday traffic. It took him twenty minutes anyway, because Durban Road was, as usual, a traffic light mess.

He found them in the brigadier's office. Manie, Nyathi, du Preez, Mbali Kaleni, and Cloete, the liaison officer. No John Afrika.

'The bastard sent emails to the papers,' said Manie.

'The sniper?' Griessel asked, and sat down in a vacant chair.

‘Yes. And now there are two stories. One about how he is going to shoot policemen until the Sloet case is solved, the other about how the SAPS tried to keep it quiet.’

‘Three,’ said Cloete. ‘They are asking if we only reopened the Sloet case because someone was shooting at us.’

‘It’s a mess,’ said Nyathi.

Manie shoved the email towards Griessel. ‘How are you getting on, Benny?’

‘Badly, Brigadier,’ he answered, because he had learned to stick to the truth. It didn’t help to say what your boss wanted to hear.

Manie’s granite face revealed nothing. He merely nodded, as if it was what he had expected.

Griessel read.

762a89z012@anonimail.com

Sent: Sunday 27 February. 16.07

To: jannie.erlank@dieburger.com

jannie.erlank@dieburger.com

Re: why haven’t SAPS told the media about wounded policemen?

Yesterday at 18.45 I shot a policeman yetserday at Claremont police station. This morning at 11.50 I shot a policeman at Green Point police station. Why haven’t the SASP told the media about that?

Becuase they are hiding something. They know who the murderers of Hanneke Sloet are. Why has no one been arrested yet? I will keep on shooting policeman in the leg until they charge the murderers of Hanneke Sloet.

‘He doesn’t say anything about a communist,’ Griessel said.

‘Thank God,’ said Manie.

‘He was in a hurry. Or he’s feeling the pressure.’

‘How do you mean?’

‘The spelling. He made a lot of mistakes this time,’ said Griessel.

The brigadier’s phone rang on his desk. ‘The pressure,’ said Manie, ‘is on us. That is the general. Calling from Pretoria.’

From where he sat, Griessel could hear the lieutenant general from Pretoria’s agitation, his shrill, angry tone, tinny, like an enraged electronic insect.

He listened to Brigadier Manie’s stoic ‘Yes, General,’ and ‘No, General, we will formulate and release a statement, General.’ He looked at Nyathi, sitting with his chin in his hands, deeply worried, and Colonel Werner du Preez of CATS, twirling his cigarette lighter around and around in his fingers. At Cloete, always so astonishingly patient, but the nicotine stains on his fingers and dark rings under his eyes testified that it came at a price. He was the one between the devil of the

media and the deep blue sea of the SAPS. And Mbali Kaleni, with her scowl and body language, which said she had no time for this tripe, they had work to do. He felt anger stirring inside. Why were the press and the top management always at it? Why the extra pressure, as if this job wasn't hard enough already.

Griessel's phone rang loudly in the room, which had been quiet for a second. He quickly rejected the call, turned it off. When Manie eventually returned to the table, and he and Cloete and Nyathi planned the press release word for word, Griessel thought it was a good thing he had drunk away his career prospects. He wouldn't want to be a boss, he couldn't play the game. He would tell the press, you sit and wait like vultures for us to mess up, so you can make a hysterical fuss about it. But where are you when we do something right? When a murderer or a robber or a rapist is found guilty, where's the piece about 'thanks to the good work of the SAPS'? Why do you think the jails are full? Because the bastards turned themselves in? So fuck you all, write what you want.

It took half an hour to finish the release:

A decision to transfer the Sloet case to the Hawks for further investigation was already at high level two weeks ago, and was subject to standard evaluation and transfer procedures. On Saturday 26 February it was placed on a fast track, due to a possible link between the case and sniper attacks on members of the SAPS.

Any allegations that the guilty parties are already known to the investigating officers is devoid of any truth. DPCI task teams to investigate the Hanneke Sloet murder and the sniper case have recently been set up, and the SAPS will spare no effort to bring the guilty parties to justice.

The possible link between emails threats that have been sent to the SAPS and a sniper, were only finally confirmed on Sunday 27 February. That, together with considerations about the safety of the public, and priorities in the investigation of the sniper, prevented the SAPS from issuing a statement earlier.

In the course of high profile criminal investigations, the SAPS receives many telephonic, postal and email messages. While some useful information from responsible members of the public is often acquired this way, unfortunately there are also many communications that are of no value. Due to the incoherent, seemingly religious extremist, homophobic (Mbali's word contribution) and racist nature of the sniper's earlier correspondence about the Sloet investigation, the SAPS view its credibility as suspect.

When they at last began to discuss the case, Mbali said firmly and confidently, 'He is shooting from a car.'

She could see the men were skeptical. 'There is no other explanation. At Green Point they only secluded vantage point is from the Civic Centre across the road, where everything is locked. I went back to Claremont to look at the scene again, and it is the only thing that makes sense. That parking area, it faces a quiet little street.'

'A car is very visible,' said Colonel Nyathi, still not convinced.

'I know. But do you remember the Beltway Sniper in America, in 2002? Two men who shot people from a car?'

Pages 122-127:

Mbali was immediately offended by the way the constable sat behind the weathered desk at the SAPS armoury. He was leaning back in the chair, his long legs stretched out in front of him, his nose buried in the *Soccer-Laduma*.

'*Molo*, Mama,' he said after a swift glance.

'*Hayi*,' said Mbali, and her tongue clicked through the room. 'Mama? Is that how you address an officer?'

He focused on her, astonished, saw the identity card around her neck, screwed up his eyes to decipher it. Only then did he spring to his feet, still holding the magazine. '*Uxolo*, Captain,' he said, and saluted.

'Do not speak Xhosa to me.'

'Sorry, so sorry, Captain, how can I help you?'

'I am looking for Giel de Villiers.'

'Ah. *Icilikishe*. He is in the back.'

'*Icilikishe*?'

'You will see, Captain. Come with me, I will take you to him.'

He was very keen now.

She walked after him crossly. That was the trouble with the young ones. No work ethic, no respect for women, senior officers or colleagues.

Giel de Villiers, in a blue oil-stained police overall, was stooped over a lathe with a can of lubricant in his hand. He didn't hear them come in, and the constable had to tap him on the shoulder. He looked up, saw Mbali, and gave a slow double blink. For a moment it confused her, she thought the look was critical, superior. But then she saw the strange eyelids that blinked from below, like a lizard. She immediately understood his nickname.

'Gooday, sergeant,' she called above the noise of the lathe.

He raised his hand in greeting, turned the lathe off carefully, put down the can, and wiped his hands on a cloth. His bald head gleamed in the sunlight that shone through the window. His eyes blink-blinked again.

'Sarge, this is Captain Mbali Kaleni, from the Hawks,' the constable said.

'I'm sorry, Captain, my English is not good,' said de Villiers.

'Captain Benny Griessel said you could help me,' she said slowly, so he could follow.

'OK. I hear he is a Hawk now.'

'I would really appreciate your help. We need information on silencer. For a rifle.'

‘Suppressors,’ he said.

‘Excuse me?’

‘A firearm, you cannot silence it,’ he said slowly and carefully, the Afrikaans accent heavy on the ‘r’ sounds. ‘It can only be suppressed. That is why it is called a sound suppressor.’

‘I see…’ She realized the constable was standing behind her, wide-eyed and fascinated. ‘You can go and man your pose,’ she said.

He drew himself to attention, saluted smartly. ‘Yes, Captain!’ Clicked his heels, turned, and walked out briskly.

She turned her attention to de Villiers. ‘We have reason to believe that the man shooting members of the SAPS is using a rifle with a telescope and a suppressor. Where can people buy a suppressor?’

“You mean like in a shop?’

‘Yes.’

‘There’s a gun shop in Jo’burg … But they don’t sold many.’

‘So they’re not illegal?’

‘No. A lot of hunters use them.’

Mbali’s scowl deepened. ‘So, if a lot of hunters use them, but this shop does not sell many … I don’t understand.’

‘This gun shop … how you say … imports the suppressors from Vaime in Finland. They are too …’

He shut his eyes while trying to find the English words. ‘… expensive. So people have them made by … gunsmiths.’

‘In South Africa?’

‘Yes.”

‘Where do I find these gunsmiths?’

‘In *Wild en Jag*. Game and Hunting. It is a magazine. They advertise.’

‘All of them?’

‘I don’t know. But I think all of them.’

Mbali opened her massive handbag, took out her notebook and pen, and wrote in it. ‘So I just go to these people and ask them to build me a suppressor?’

‘Yes,’”

‘Is it expensive?’

‘Not very.’

‘How much?’

‘Depends on the type of the suppressor. About one thousand eight hundred, or two thousand rand. For the … how you say … screw-on.’

‘How many types are there?’

‘*Basies*, uh, basically two. The screw-on, that’s the one for hunters. And the sleeved, the one that sleeves back halfway over the rifle. It is the type military snipers use. Because it does not make the rifle that much longer. It is easier to … how you say … manoeuvre it.’

‘And these gunsmiths build both types?’

‘You will have to ask them. Some do both.’

‘Why would a hunter want a suppressor?’

De Villiers’ peculiar eyes never stopped blinking.

‘Game farms. They have tourists, and they have hunters at the same time. So they don’t want to have noise from the hunters’ shots. And the hunters want to shoot more bucks. If you hunt springbuck in the Karoo, and they hear the shoot, they all ran away. If you use a suppressor, they stand longer. And you can shoot more.’

‘I don’t like the killing of animals,’ said Mbali dubiously.

Giel de Villiers shrugged.

‘Are there any of these gunsmiths in Cape Town?’

‘No. There is one in Villiersdorp.’

‘Do you have his contact details?’

‘It is in *Wild en Jag*.’

‘Do you have it?’

‘Yes, in my office. I will give you all the numbers.’

‘Thank you. You said suppressors can be imported from Finland?’

‘Yes.’

‘And some hunters do that?’

‘Maybe.’

‘Will there be some sort of record? ’

‘Yes. At customs. Anything … *geklassifiseer* … how you say … classified as firearm things must be inspected. That is why it is too much trouble.’

‘Do you need a permit to have a suppressor built over here?’

‘No.’’

She wrote, then asked, ‘Just how much of the noise is suppressed?’

‘Depends on the rifle.’

‘How quiet? If I shoot a rifle from a car in a street, how far can the shot be heard?’

‘A good suppressor can make it very quiet.’ He unfolded his arms, clapped his hands together hard. ‘About like that. Eighty-five per cent more quiet.’

Mbali nodded. ‘OK,’ she said. ‘Can you get the contact details?’

De Villiers began walking to the door. Then he stopped and looked at her. His eyes closed as if he was having deep thoughts. ‘You can also build your own suppressor.’

‘Oh?’

‘You just need to make a space for the gasses to … How you say?’ He gave up: ‘You need a pipe, some rubber … disks, and washers. And other things. You can buy it all from a hardware store. There are plans on the Internet … You can even just use a PVC pipe and a sponge, if you want to …’

‘*Hayi*,’ sighed Mbali.

De Villiers opened his eyes.

Pages 131-133, 143-146:

They drove to Stellenbosch. Griessel was at the wheel. Cupido sat with the photos of Hanneke Sloet in his hands. ‘*Jissis*,’ he said. ‘What a fucking waste. Bloody majestic jugs.”

Griessel was angry with himself for forgetting the envelope on the back seat of the car. Cupido spotted the word Sloet in blue ink and homed in on it.

‘Where did you get this?’ Cupido asked.

‘In her bedroom. Beside cupboard.’

‘*Fokkit*. Little porn star. How come she didn’t have a boyfriend, at the time of death? I mean, a chick like *this*, body to die for, and she flaunts it. I’m telling you, Tommy Nxesi missed something. That’s the problem with the new *mannetjies*, they don’t do footwork any more.’

‘Her cellphone records don’t show anything. There were no other men.’

‘That’s the problem. Cellphone is yesterday’s technology. I mean, did they check her Facebook account?’

‘Nxesi said he did … ’

‘Did she have Gmail? Was she on Twitter?’

‘Twitter?’

‘*Jissis*, Benny, you’re so *fokken* old school, it’s scary…’ Cupido, ten years younger than Griessel, pulled out his cellphone. ‘This, my friend, is the HTC Desire HD, runs on Android. TweetDeck at the tap of an icon ...’ He showed Benny. ‘That’s Twitter. You have to motor, Pops, to keep up, there’s a new tweet every second.’

Griessel was driving, he stole a quick glance at the screen of the smartphone. ‘A *twiet*?’

‘Tweeeet,’ Cupido stretched the vowel to correct the pronunciation. ‘It’s social media, Pops. You broadcast yourself.’

‘What for?’

‘It’s the new way. You tell the world what you’re doing.’

‘But why?’

‘For the fun of it, Benny. To say: Check me out, I am here.’

‘That’s what Sloet did. With the photos.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘It was her way of saying: Check me out.’

‘But for who?’

‘For herself. That’s what the photographer said. It’s a woman thing.’

‘And you believe that shit?’ Cupido worked his phone again. ‘Let us see if Sloet had a Twitter account …’

‘Forensics report says Lithpel checked the computer.’

Reginald ‘Lithpel’ Davids was Forensics’ lisping computer whizz, small and frail, with the face of a boy, two missing front teeth and a big Afro hairstyle.

‘OK. Lithpel doesn’t miss much. Canny coloured, that bro’ … Nope. No account, not under her own name anyway. Big tits, not tweets … So what were you and Giraffe and the Camel doing just now?’

The Hawks’ bush telegraph, lightning fast as usual. ‘Politics,’ said Griessel. ‘You don’t want to know.’

‘*Fokken* politics.’ Cupido picked up the photos again and stared at them. ‘What a waste. Majestic jugs …’

‘He’s lying,’ Cupido said when they got back in the car. ‘Egan. What kind of name is Egan? How do you come by a name like that? Do you look at the baby, your *laaitie*, and say, “*nooit*, this is an Egan?”Sounds like the name an alien in a Spielberg movie. Fucking Egan. Egan the Vegan. I’m telling you, that whitey is lying, *Jissis*, that attitude … I’m a handsome bugger, I work on a wine estate, I make oak barrels, actually I’m fucking cool. Pisses me off. But what pisses me off most, is that he thinks we are fucking fools. He saw those tits, he felt those tits, he *njapsed* her, and he wanted it again. And she said to him, sorry, mister, it’s all over, you had your chance, you blew it.

And then he thinks, if I can't have it, nobody will. Those jugs must have kept him awake at night, middle of the night. So he lay there and schemed, he was anyway going to Oo-la-laa, so the *man makes a plan*. Thinks we are fucking fools, I'm telling you, the air hostess story is a lot of *kak*, she's going to say "Who?". I scheme he got hold of the name, must have chatted her up when was flying over, heard she was one the same aeroplane on the nineteenth, one of those short blanket alibis, don't cover the feet, now he thinks because he can cover his head … But I'm gonna nail him, pappie, I'm telling you. *Fokken* barrel maker. Egan. What kind of name is Egan anyway?'

Griessel did not entirely share Cupido's assurance. There was also much quiet bravado in Roch's 'Call the office of Air France'. And Home Affairs would be able to confirm when his passport was registered again on his return. But they would have to follow up, because Cupido was right, the man hadn't told Nxesi the whole truth.

'We will have to get a two-oh-five,' said Griessel. The SAPS could only request cellphone records if they had a two-zero-five subpoena. 'See if he phoned her at work.'

'IMC handles that whole process. And we get a search warrant. We've got enough. He lied to Nxesi, a month before her death he fucked her, he's got these *moerse* big irons in his barrel shop. And I'm telling you now, *fokken* "shop", my arse, where do they get off on that?'

'Vaughn, you'll have to handle it.'

'Right. Captain Cupido will nail him.' And after a moment to reflect. 'Because you have other fish to fry?'

Griessel nodded. 'Politics.'

'Is that why you asked him about the communists?'

'Yes.'

'So? What's the story?'

'Can't talk about it yet.'

'Fuckin' politics. Which reminds me: have you found out what the Flower got up to in Amsterdam?' Cupido asked, because Mbali's name meant 'flower' in Zulu.

'No,' said Griessel. And in that instant, inexplicably, he knew what was bothering him about the sniper's last email.

He would have to go and tell the Flower.

Major Benedict Boshigo, member of the Statutory Crimes Group of the Hawks' Commercial Crimes Branch in the Cape, was sitting behind his chaotic desk when Griessel entered. Boshigo's nose was almost pressed to the printouts that covered the whole surface of the desk.

'Hi, Bones.'

'Hey, Benny. You got something here, né,' said Bones as he looked up. His eyes had always made Griessel feel somewhat uncomfortable, prominent and vulnerable in the very thin face, like a famine victim.

Boshigo was something of a legend, a long distance athlete, a man who had finished the Comrades seventeen times, and the Boston and New York marathons once each. Thanks to those events and a frightening training regime, he was a walking skeleton, literally skin and bone, and that was why his friends called him 'Bones'.

'Did you find anything?'

Bones grinned. 'BEE deals are always full of tricks, *ne*. Always full of tricks. What we have to ask, is whether this one has any illegal tricks. So far, not, everything above board, it's not Kebble style corporate raiding, it's just run-of-the-mill stuff. I think it's too early, Benny, BEE companies only start flirting with the limits of the Companies Act and the Broad-Based Socio-Economic Empowerment Charter when the contracts are signed…'

'Bones…'

'I know, I know, when I worked with Vusi, he used to tell me all the time: "Speak English, Bones".'

Griessel had already heard that one of Boshigo's favourite saying was 'when I worked with Vusi'. With the Scorpions, then part of the national prosecuting authority, Bones had worked with the legendary Advocate Vusi Pikoli. The other saying that his colleagues good-naturally teased him over was: 'When I was studying in the States… ' Boshigo was very proud of the Bachelor's degree in economics he had earned at Boston University's Metropolitan College.

'Bottom line, Benny, I looked at the detailed joint cautionary announcement of Ingcebo and Gariep. That's the announcement they made about the whole deal, November 2009, that's the blueprint for the transaction, how they plan to do the whole thing. A road map. I looked at where they are now, how they adhered to the plan. There's no motive for murder. I looked at Ingcedo, at the registration documents, at the company charter, at the appointment of directors, it's all clean. There's nothing.'

'And the communist?'

Again the cynical smile. 'Benny, Benny, there are no communists in Azania any more, *ne*. only lip service. A.T. Masondo is Ambrose Thenjiwe Masondo. In exile till ninety-three, he was a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, Treasurer of the National Union of Mineworkers, and on the National Congress of COSATU. Mbeki made him Deputy Minister of Mining, he retired along with his boss in 2007, he became a director of Ingcebo in 2009, and managing director of Ingcedo Bauxite. Only interesting thing is…'

Boshigo shuffled through the documents until he found the right one, and held it out to Griessel.

A printout of the corporate web page. The caption read Minister Masondo at AGM. Underneath was a photograph of four white men, and a black man in the middle, smiling at the camera. All in suits and ties.

'That's Masondo, along with the directors of Gariep Minerals. Taken in 2006, when he was minister. He was the guest speaker at their AGM.'

'What does it mean, Bones?'

‘It looks like he’s the one who brought in the Gariep deal for Ingcedo. It was his ticket for a seat on the gravy train. Problem is, that’s no crime. It’s all in the public domain.’

Griessel sighed. ‘What do we do now?’

‘We dig a little deeper, *n*é. Maybe it’s an iceberg.’

Pages 212-214:

At ten past one he knocked on Prof Pagel’s office door at the University of Stellenbosch’s Health Sciences faculty next to the Tygerberg Hospital.

‘Come in,’ called the well-modulated voice.

Prof Pagel, with his long, aristocratic face, sat behind the desk. As usual he was flamboyantly dressed. He was tanned and fit for his close to sixty years.

‘Nikita,’ said the pathologist as if he were genuinely happy to see Griessel. Pagel had been calling him ‘Nikita’ for thirteen years. He had given Griessel one look back then and said, ‘I am sure that’s what the young Khrushchev looked like.’

‘Afternoon, Prof.’

‘Come in, take a seat. And how was your evening with the rich and famous?’

He had forgotten he had asked Pagel’s advice about the cocktail party. ‘*Ai*, Prof,’ he said now. ‘Not too good,’

‘Whatever happened?’

Griessel told him. The whole truth.

Pagel threw back his big head and laughed. And Benny, burning with shame, could only smile weakly, because he knew it would have been funny, if it weren’t about himself.

‘Let me tell you,’ said Pagel once he had calmed down, ‘about my great faux pas, Nikita. You know who Luciano Pavarotti was?’

‘That fat guy, Prof? With the handkerchief?’

‘The very one, Nikita, in my opinion the best tenor in history. Phenomenal voice. I’m not talking about his later years, the more popular work, I am talking about his prime. Perfect pitch. He sang so unselfconsciously, so effortlessly. Incredible. In any case, to say I was a fan was an understatement. I had every recording, I listened to them over and over, it was my dream to hear him in real life, just once. And then, in 1987, he and Joan Sutherland held a concert at the Met in New York. Sutherland, Nikita. La Stupenda. The soprano of sopranos. And my good friend James Cabot of Johns Hopkins let me know he hadn’t just got tickets, he could get us into the dressing room afterwards. I could meet Pavarotti. To cut a long story short, Nikita, for the first time in my life I had the money and the time, and we went over, to New York. Sat and listened to the concert. Overwhelming, indescribable. The quartet from *Rigoletto*, magnificent, I shall remember it all my life. Anyway, afterwards, we went backstage. Now you must know, I had been practicing my little

bit of opera Italian for two weeks, I wanted to express my admiration for the man in his own language. I wanted to say: '*Voi siete magnifici. Sono un grande fan*." You are wonderful, I am a huge fan. But I went blank, Nikita, just like you did with the lovely Miss Beekman. Totally star-struck, overwhelmed by the moment, I told the man I admired so much: "*Sono magnifici*." I am wonderful.' And Phil Pagel laughed heartily again.

'Genuine, Prof?' asked Griessel in amazement.

'Genuine, Nikita. The man gave me an astonished look, turned away and began to talk to someone else. By the time I realised the extent of my faux pas, it was too late. For months afterwards I still blushed and regretted it and reproached myself. But all you can really do is laugh. And know your intention was true. And still enjoy the delight of his voice.'

Griessel felt the relief slowly spread through him. If something like that could happen to Phil Pagel, this man for whom he had such admiration…

'A *vopah*, prof?'

'Faux pas,' Pagel spelled the word. 'French. For making an idiot of yourself. It takes the sting out of the concept somewhat.'

'Faux pas,' Griessel tested it. He liked it.

'Happens to all of us. But you're not here to listen to embarrassing stories, Nikita…' He pulled a thick file closer. 'As a consequence of your call I took another look at my Sloet notes. Reminds me of our assegai case a few years back. Do you remember, Artemis, the vigilant murderer?'

'I remember it well, Prof.'

'That was the last time I saw similar wound pathology, Nikita. Not identical. Similar. The single stab wound in Sloet is problematic, it offers much less data. So, any conclusion by definition must be speculative. But you're here because you want me to speculate.'

Pages 234-237:

They were all sitting around the big table in Musad Manie's office – the brigadier himself, Zola Nyathi, Werner du Preez of CATS, Philip van Wyk of IMC, Cloete of Public Relations, Mbali and Griessel.

The voice of Captain Ilse Brody, criminal behaviour analyst of the Investigative Psychology Section in Pretoria, came clearly over the conference phone in the centre of the table. 'You all know a profile is a moving target,' she said. 'But this is what I have: male, white, and Afrikaans. His terminology and ideology betray that, and his age. He is fond of the word "communist". He also uses "communist bedfellows". That strongly indicates to me someone who grew up under the previous dispensation. He could be anything between forty and seventy years old. But it takes a certain amount of physical ability to do what he is doing, so he would most likely fall in the age bracket between forty and mid-fifties. If I take everything into account, my best guess is that he is in his mid to late forties.

‘He has a hunting rifle at his disposal, scope and ammunition, and therefore most likely a gun licence. He has the means and space to adapt to his specific purpose. He has access to the Internet, knowledge of anonymous email servers, quotes in Latin, and has relatively good language skills. All that, along with the timing of the police attacks, indicates to me a white collar worker who is not unemployed.

‘I’ll come back to timing later, because it has more interesting implications. But let’s look at the religious and political references first. There is a degree of self-justification in those, but my instinct tells me we are working with someone who is on the right of the political spectrum. Probably not far right, he isn’t fanatical enough for the Boeremag, but he would have sympathy with them. And if I may interject here: the long hair that the eye witness saw, does not fit *this* picture. The anti-communist, the religious right would have short hair, probabaly a moustache, beard, or both. The chances are good that he was wearing a wig.

‘He is religious, but I don’t think he belongs to an extremist or charismatic group. To tell the truth, I don’t think he is in any way a community or group person. He sees himself as the white knight, the lone wolf, the solitary protector of moral values and justice. There are no psychoses, but most likely a personality disorder – perhaps a kind of Messiah complex.’

They could hear the rustle of paper over the line. Then she went on: ‘This offers us some possibilities. He is on the social and professional fringes, not the sort of come-and-braai-at-my-place-tonight kind of guy. An introvert, living just a little secretly, very serious about himself and life. He might be married, but will not be loving towards or involved in his wife’s life, rather cold and aloof. The kind who believes he is head of the house, he makes the decisions.

‘The most interesting thing for me is the temporary regression of his correspondence. His first emails are short and powerful, careful and full of confidence, and without spelling or grammatical errors. It seems he spent time on them, went to some trouble. He knew he had the upper hand, he was writing from a position of strength. He is busy positioning and justifying himself, as though he is preparing the stage for the media attention to come. That brings me back to the megalomania and the Messiah complex. Make no mistake, that is how he sees himself: he occupies the moral high ground, the SAPS does not. But then, in the email of February twenty-seventh to the press, it changes. Not spelling mistakes, but typos. Suddenly he’s in a hurry and nervous, as though the moment is greater than he anticipated.

‘I think the email of February twenty-seventh is important, because it tells us he experienced pressure and tension. I can speculate and say it was because he was announcing himself to the media with that message, but things didn’t play out exactly as he expected. He missed, but it may have been because he was nearly discovered, that he had some kind of narrow escape. You might well look into that. A speeding fine? Ran a red light? Or perhaps it was merely a case of his initial motivation decreasing, so that he began to wonder about the moral justification behind it all. He clearly knows the difference between right and wrong – the Bible verses are good evidence – but to shoot someone in reality is a traumatic experience. What I am trying to say, is that he is not a hundred per cent stable. But highly motivated – it takes an enormous amount of faith in your cause to prepare a vehicle and weapon, to wait in ambush and shoot a policeman. And that combination

makes him dangerous. The dilemma is, the more policemen he shoots, the less he has to lose. Mbali, you asked me this morning to take the calibre and the missed shot into account…'

'Yes, please,' said Mbali.

'If you consider the calibre along with the missed shot and the stress of the email, you can deduce that he has not had specialized military training. I know men of the apartheid era all did military service, but this man was most likely in a support unit, and did not have combat experience.'

'Thank you,' said Mbali, taking notes.

'For what it's worth,' the psychologist said. 'Now, I promised to say something more about the timing: the conclusion that he is a white collar nine-to-fiver, is naturally easy. But it could also mean that he has to work among other people, that he's not alone in an office, with a door that he can lock. Given the fringe personality profile, I believe he is not popular at work, at most in a middle management job, but more likely in a lowlier position. For a man of his age and intellectual ability it must be a frustration and an insult, and might form part of his motivation to regain power and self-respect in this way.

'But there is another alternative. We know that a crime committed after five o'clock in the afternoon usually results in less accurate eye-witness accounts. People are tired, they are hurrying home, they are reluctant to become involved. Now, the question is: does Solomon know that?'

'What are you saying?'

'You know it's all conjecture, Mbali, but it could mean that he has knowledge of the nature of police investigations. He may have worked for, or with the SAPS. There is also the fact that he is specifically shooting members of the Service. It could be that he has a grudge. Probably not a policeman, if we look at the calibre and the bad shooting, but you never know. I would look at dishonorable discharges of administrative personnel or reservists, people who were arrested or investigated for misconduct.'

'In the past year or so?'

'In the past ten years.'

Colonel Werner du Preez of CATS sighed audibly.

'I'm sorry, but that's the reality,' the forensic psychologist said. 'If he has a grudge, it could have taken years to progress this far.'

Pages 361-363:

The clock on the IMC wall ticked past six o'clock.

The team members sat ready at their computers. On the various screens, the databases waited for input: the national population register, the SAPS record centre interface, the vehicle registration system.

Cupido was talking. He was the only one. He was going on about it would be someone from

Silbersteins. He listed the reasons. They were the spider, right in the middle of this web. They connected Kotko and Sloet and Afrika and the shooter. They were in minerals and stuff. He was sure they did business up there in Vosburg too, what with the oil in the Karoo.

Nobody was listening to him.

Quarter past six.

The telephone remained silent.

Griessel dashed out to go and relieve himself. He knew the telephones would ring as soon as he left the room.

When he hurried back, at nineteen minutes past six, still nothing had happened.

At twenty-one minutes past six the phone rang in the stifling silence. '*Hayi*,' Mbali said, jumping.

Griessel pressed the button.

'Griessel.'

'Captain, this is Sollie, Captain.' Despite the static on the line they could hear the tone of his voice, the note of apology, as though he was conscious he was about to disappoint them all.

'What have you got, Sollie?'

'Captain, I don't know if the Oom is so *lekker* in the head.'

'How so, Sollie?'

'Captain, he's seventy-six, his glasses are as thick as the bottom of a Coke bottle… I think he must have seen wrong, it can't be right.'

'Please,' whispered Mbali.

'What does he say, Sollie?'

'He says it's that *ou* who got off in the Chev case.'

'The Chev case?'"

'No, the Chev case. The cook. The woman who cooked food.'

'The chef?' asked Cupido loudly, he couldn't help it.

'That's right. The cheffff,' the sergeant over-corrected. 'What was her name?'

'The Steyn case?' asked Griessel. 'Estelle Steyn?'

'That's him, Captain. The Oom says it's that *mannetjie*.'

Griessel's mind wanted to discount what he'd just heard, it didn't make any sense.

'No, man,' said Cupido disappointed. 'It can't be. He was a consultant. At KPMG.'

'KPMG are CAs,' said Bones. 'Chartered accountants.'

‘Bookkeepers,’ said Mbali, and the hope and excitement penetrated her voice. ‘Auditors. What was his name?’

‘Brecht,’ said Griessel.

‘His first name? ’

‘I’ll Google it quickly,’ said an IMC member.

‘He hates the police,’ said Mbali. ‘Very much.’

‘He was Eric or something,’ said Cupido, still skeptical.

‘He hates…’ said Griessel and looked at the spot where Fanie Fick usually sat. Fick was the investigating officer in the Steyn case. Fick, with his hangdog tail-between-the-legs-bloodhound-eyes who was a daily reminder of the massive errors of the case.

‘Erik Brecht,’ said the one who had been Googling. ‘Erik *Samuel* Brecht.’

‘Where’s Fanie?’ asked Mbali.

‘At the Drunken Duck,’ said Griessel. Where Fick went every afternoon after work. Benny knew the place. In the past he had frequently drowned his own sorrows there.

And then he remembered the shooter’s email. *Today I will shoot a Hawk*. And it all fell into place. ‘*Jissis*!’ He sprang up and ran to the door, then realized he had no car, he had no idea where the flat-tyre BMW was. He stopped in his tracks. ‘Vaughn, *he’s* the Hawk who’s going to be shot. Come!’

Fick drank another Klipdrift and Coke. One last one.

They hadn’t even said thank you.

He was the one who had thought further, who had looked at de Vos’s records from after his death. Noticed the calls. Looked up the number. *He’d* thought of all that.

But no ‘thank you’, no ‘good work, Fickie’, no ‘of course you must stay until we find out what’s going on’. No, just pack it up, stack it up, and bugger off. Go to bed, see you in the morning.

Because he was Fanie ‘Fucked’ Fick. No one really wanted to know him.

He hoped they didn’t find anything.

Appendix B: Chinese translation

Pages 3-4, 9-11:

不管发生什么，他只是不想让自己出洋相。

侦探队长本尼·里塞尔正穿着一套他几乎支付不起的新衣服。副驾驶上有一束花，他握着方向盘的双手汗津津的，而且他全身心渴望着酒精那治愈般平静的力量。今天晚上他千万不能让自己出丑，千万不能在亚历克沙·巴纳德和音乐节所有明星面前出丑，不能在上周花了一整周的时间计划和准备之后出丑。

他从周一开始，剪头发。周二，马特·朱伯特的妻子，玛格丽特，是他在泰格谷购物中心罗门斯男装专卖店的时尚顾问。“着装要求是正式休闲装，本尼，你只需一条休闲裤和一件讲究的衬衫，”她用她迷人的英式口音耐心地说道。

“不，我还要一件外套。”里塞尔一心坚持，生怕自己的穿着太过“休闲”而不够“正式”。那里肯定会有一些穿着讲究的人。

他还想要一条领带，但是玛格丽特坚决反对。“过犹不及。不要领带。”他们最终买了卡其色休闲裤，一件浅蓝色纯棉衬衫，黑色皮带，黑色鞋子，一件时髦的黑色外套，这因此产生的信用卡账单让他心惊。

周三开始他一直在精神上为自己做准备。他知道这个事情，这个活动，可能会完全压垮他。他最大的恐惧就是他会说脏话，因为他一感到压力就会这么做。他将不得不管好他的舌头，整个晚上都要管好。不能像警察一样讲脏话，不能使用粗鲁的语言，要好好说话，保持冷静。他在脑海中将这一切都过了一遍，把这一切形象化了，就像他在匿名戒酒会的赞助者巴凯森医生说的那样。

对于安东·拉莫尔他会说：“《冷火》这首歌的吉他乐真棒。” 这就够了，不要再越说越来劲然后就瞎扯了。对于提恩斯·约旦他会说：“我很喜欢你的作品”。这是好话，充满了敬意和欣赏，也有尊严。天，如果斯佳克·朱伯特也在，本尼·里塞尔将会深吸一口气，跟他握手然后只是说：“很高兴认识你，我感到很荣幸”。然后他最好走开，不然他对他英雄式的崇拜，对他精通低音吉他演奏的敬佩的滔滔之情就会冲破他小心的防线。

然后，他最大的担心：莉泽·比克曼。

要是能在见她之前喝一杯就好了。好让他的神经不失去控制。他将不得不在他的新裤子上把手擦干，他可不能用他汗津津的手向莉泽·比克曼问好。“比克曼小姐，我真是太荣幸了。我很喜欢你的音乐。”她会说“谢谢你”，然后他就不再说话，而是去找亚历克沙，因为这是唯一让他不出洋相的方法。

里塞尔盯着 Artscape 剧院中心水晶吊灯大厅入口处巨大的海报。上面用大字写着安顿·顾森生日音乐会，3 月 4 日，周五，大竞技场表演馆，下方是一张照片，照片上是一周后参加演出的所有明星。亚历克沙是照片的焦点，就在正中间，她的上方用稍小的字体写着：桑德拉·巴纳德正式回归!

这里，穿着新外套的他，臂弯里正挽着那个传奇。他用力地吞了吞口水，让自己振作起来。

里面有很多人。他迅速地扫了一眼那些男士，他们都穿了什么。他感到一阵轻松，因为很多人都穿了夹克。他放松了一些。一切都会好的。

人们转向亚历克莎，呼喊着她的名字，突然间他们就被人群包围了。亚历克莎放开他的手臂，开始跟人们打招呼。格里塞尔站在后面。他想到过这样的情况会发生，而且十分高兴亚历克莎受到这样的欢迎。上周她一直很紧张，她告诉他说：“我已经很久没有参加过这样的活动了，本尼[5]。还有亚当的死…我不知道该期待什么。”

[5] 即前文的里塞尔，本尼是他的名，里塞尔是他的姓。

亚当是她死去的丈夫。本尼调查了他的谋杀案：他们就是这样认识的。

“你是保罗·艾勒斯，那个演员，”有人在他旁边说道。然后他意识到这位年轻漂亮的女士在跟他讲话。

“不，”他说道。“我是本尼·里塞尔。”

“我敢发誓你就是保罗·艾勒斯，”她说道，有点失望，然后她就离开了。

他认出了一些音乐节的明星。劳莉卡·劳赫握着亚历克沙的手，很温柔地说着什么。卡伦·佐伊德和吉安·格伦在聊天。伊莫·亚当斯让索尼娅·赫霍尔德笑得很大声。

莉泽·比克曼在哪里？

一名侍应生在人群中穿梭，举着一个装满了香槟酒杯的托盘，问他要不要来一杯。他盯着这金色的液体以及那缓慢上升的气泡，感觉到内心的涌动。他恢复了理智，摇了摇头。“不了，谢谢。”

他已经戒酒二百二十七天了。

也许他应该给自己拿一杯饮料，手里有点东西可握，而不是傻站在这里，像是闪闪发光的海洋中的一座孤岛。看看亚历克沙，她真是宾至如归，如鱼得水，她的脸上散发着光芒。

天。他到底在这里干嘛？

当他见到斯佳克·朱伯特的时候，那一刻对他来说简直太过重大了。

“斯佳克，这是本尼·里塞尔，他也玩贝斯，”亚历克沙介绍了他，他可以感觉到他的脸变红了。他伸出颤抖的手，“很高兴见到你，我真是荣幸死了。”他的声音有点嘶哑，被自己这不小心说出的脏话吓了一跳。

“啊，一位志同道合的兄弟。十分感谢，认识你才是我的荣幸呢，”斯佳克·朱伯特轻松又愉快的说道，他的声音带走了里塞尔的害怕，使他放松下来。斯佳克称呼他为“志同道合的兄弟”，这样巨大的恭维使里塞尔心中充满了感激，以至于在亚历克莎充满鼓励的笑容下，他有了跟提恩斯·约旦和安顿·拉莫尔聊天的勇气。他问他们《冷火》这首歌是怎么组到一起的。然后，被他们的慷慨大方所鼓舞，他问道：“所以你们什么时候才会录制一首完整的《海克斯河谷》？那首歌值得录一次。”

他开始变得放松，在这里聊几句，到那里笑几下，还怀疑自己之前在担心什么。他几乎为自己感到骄傲，然后亚历克莎拉了拉他的手臂，他转过身看见安顿·胡森和莉泽·比克曼并肩，心照不宣地就站在他面前，那一瞬间，周围的喧闹似乎都安静了下来。这一切来得太突然太难以承受，他的大脑停止运转，他的心跳变得剧烈，他抓住这个高高的、漂亮的金发歌手的手，满是对她的崇拜之情，然而他嘴里说出来的，那个在安静中格外长又很清晰的字却是“靠”。

然后他夹克口袋里的手机响了起来。

他只是站在那里。像定住了一样。他放下莉泽·比克曼的手。羞愧和难堪在他体内燃烧，他含糊地说道，“不好意思。”他摸索着寻找手机，转过头，把手机贴在耳边。

“喂，”甚至他自己的声音听起来都很陌生。

“本尼，我需要你，”飞鹰组[6]指挥官穆萨德·马尼准将说道，“现在。”

Pages 11-14:

当他看到优先犯罪调查局的三位高级警官，和西开普省刑侦局长约翰·阿弗利卡上将时，他知道有大麻烦了。

[6] 飞鹰组（Hawks）又名南非优先犯罪调查局，负责打击调查和预防严重有组织犯罪，严重商业犯罪和严重腐败等重大犯罪。

魁梧的穆萨德·马尼准将——飞鹰组的指挥官——正一脸严肃地坐在中间。在他两边分别坐着暴力犯罪小组组长佐拉·尼亚蒂上校和里塞尔的顶头上司，反国家犯罪小组的组长维尔纳·杜普利尔上校。阿弗利卡坐在桌子的另一边。

他们跟他打了招呼，马尼请他坐下来。里塞尔看到每个高级警官的面前都放着文件资料。

“本尼，很抱歉搅了你的夜晚”，准将说道，“但是我们遇到了个问题。”

“一个恼火的问题”，阿弗利卡说道。

尼亚蒂上校点了点头。

准将有些犹豫，他屏住呼吸，好像还有更多要说似的。然后他重新考虑了一下，把一张纸推到桌子的对面，“让我们从这个开始吧。”

里塞尔将这张纸拉向自己，开始读起来。他意识到有四双眼睛正盯着自己。

发件人：762a89z012@anonimail.com

发送日期：2 月 26 日，周六，06：51

收件人：j.afrika@saps.gov.za

主题：汉娜克·斯鲁特——我警告过你们

今天正好是汉娜克·斯鲁特被谋杀的第 40 天，也是你们掩盖事实的第 40 天。你们明明知道她为什么会被谋杀。

这是我发的第五封邮件，但是你们不听。现在你们让我别无选择。今天我会射伤一位警察，我会射击他的腿。而且每天我都会射伤一位警察，直到你们对谋杀犯提起控诉。

如果明天的报纸上没有你们已经重启了斯鲁特案件的报导，下一发子弹瞄准的就不会是腿了。

没有署名。里塞尔抬起头。

“像你看到的那样，这是今天早上发的，”准将说道，“今天晚上，布兰登·阿普丽尔警员在克莱蒙特派出所的停车场被一位狙击手射中了腿。就在快七点的时候。”

“长距离射击，”阿弗利卡说道，“他们还在寻找这混蛋的射击点”。

“膝盖很糟糕”，尼亚蒂说道，“粉碎了。”

“一个年轻人”，阿弗利卡说道，“再也不能正常行走。这个疯狂的家伙……”，他指着里塞尔手里的邮件，“给我写了四封邮件。都是很混乱的邮件，它们完全讲不通。”他敲了敲他面前的文件，“你看了就会明白的。”

准将向前探出身子，“我们想宣布你来领导对斯鲁特案件的重新调查，本尼。”

“我亲自问了准将我们是否可以把这个案子交给你”，阿弗利卡说道。

“克卢特目前正与周日发刊的报纸合作，他说我们可能可以在《周末守卫者报》和《报道报》的开普板块上发表，”马尼说道。克卢特是南非警署与媒体打交道的联络官。

“我们也要上广播，但我不知道这会不会有帮助，”阿弗利卡说道。

“情况有点糟，”尼亚蒂紧皱着眉头说道，“毫不夸张地说。”

“如果你愿意，本尼，我们，我们所有人会支持你。”

里塞尔将这张纸放到桌子上，平了平他新买的、时髦的黑色夹克问道：“汉娜克·斯鲁特…她生前是个律师？”

Pages 28-34:

他臂下夹着文件夹慢跑到车子那里，心里知道这是他的错。他让她难堪了，把她一个人留在那里，让她不知道发生了什么事。她已经戒酒一百一十五天了，现在他又让她重新酗起酒来。

他打开宝马 130i 的后门，把文件放到后座上，沮丧着猛地关上了门，坐到前面的座位上开车离开。

他应该知道亚历克莎以前酗酒是因为她上台时会怯场，今天晚上从某种意义上说也是一种舞台：她多年来第一次与音乐界人士的互动，她羞怯的回归到镁光灯下。他应该想到的，应该控制好他的语言和反应的。他本应该告诉准将说他不能立刻前来，他本应该先送亚历克莎回家的。但是没有，他所能想到的只是他自己的丢脸。他是一个蠢货，一个该死的白痴警察。

他是哪里不对劲？

巴凯森医生的警告在他的脑海里闪过："小心，本尼，你戒酒还不到一年。两个酒瘾者……那是双倍风险啊。"

他表示抗议说他们只是朋友，他可以支持她，鼓励她，他们可以一起参加匿名戒酒会。医生只是摇了摇头说，"小心。"

他今天晚上是怎么支持她的呢？

他应该听巴凯森医生的。巴凯森医生知道"只是朋友"的解释是一个烟雾弹。巴凯森医生能看出来他喜欢亚历克莎。一天更胜一天。

他为什么总是这样做呢？为什么他的生活从来都不简单呢？从来都他妈没有过。他 45 岁了，这个年纪的人应该能达到内心的平静，富有智慧，听天由命，这个年纪的人应该能理清楚生活中那些乱七八糟的事了。但是他没有。他的生活总是一团糟。无休止的麻烦，永远都是在挣扎着应付。但是他就是没办法，永远都是一件事接着另一件事。你永远都没办法打败生活。

上个月他才开始习惯了离婚这件事，试图接受他和安娜已经结束了，完全地、不可挽回地结束了的这个事实。他努力接受她与一个律师走得越来越近的事实。一个该死的律师。但是他在努力，天知道，他在努力了。

他得减少自己的开支来支付抚养费和给卡拉的学费，他几乎能接受这一点。尽管他感觉自己被坑了，因为他支付的比安娜多上很多，但是他们赚的却差不多。

过去的几周他十分努力地融入飞鹰组，和这里新的关系，新的架构，新的警衔。每个人的警衔都变了，变成了以前军队里的等级。每个人的都变了，除了他，因为队长还是队长。但是他也接受了这一点。

他和他的孩子们回归到了一种常规。卡拉，在斯泰伦博斯大学学习戏剧。戏剧，就好像在她的生活里有一个酒鬼警察父亲和经历了离婚风波，还不够戏剧性似的。还有他的儿子弗里茨，可能能也可能不能通过高中毕业考试，因为他在杰克·帕罗的乐队中做吉他手。杰克·帕罗，一个搞嘻哈或是说唱或是随便你怎么称呼它的人，说的脏话比一名警察还多。但是他能做什么呢？弗里茨有天赋——杰克亲自来找的他，跟他说"来为我演奏吧"。里塞尔接受了世界已经改变的这个事实，现在的孩子自己做决定，他们发展事业的方式也不一样了。

很多事情都接受了。尽量把所有事情都理清楚。

现在，在一天晚上，他在他十分尊敬的三个人面前出了丑：安顿·胡森，莉泽·比克曼和亚历克莎·巴纳德，还使得亚历克莎·巴纳德又开始酗酒。

他不得不接受这个事实。他搞砸了。

这些话在他的思绪中停留了一会，然后他意识到：都是脏话惹的祸。就是这个问题，这个问题造成了今天晚上所有的麻烦。这里，现在，这必须结束。他已经受够了说脏话。结束了。这辈子再也不会了。就跟他停止酗酒一样，他也会停止说脏话。

明天，当亚历克莎清醒的时候，他会跟她解释斯鲁特案件并请求她的原谅，然后让她给另外那两个人打电话，这样她就可以告诉他们，这都是因为他对他们的崇拜和他的紧张，可能别人身上也发生过这样的事情，可能他并不是第一个。

然后他想到亚历克莎今天晚上有多漂亮，以及他在她家时有过一瞬间的希望，希望今天晚上能有幸跟她共度良宵。他坐在飞鹰组分配给他的宝马里，行驶在 N1 公路上，厌恶地对

自己，对这个世界嗤之以鼻。他想，生活从来都他妈——靠。生活从来都难得要命。

在这个新词里他找不到任何快感。

他在 Artscape 剧院前停下来。他的手机响了。肯定是中心经理，关于亚历克莎的。他急忙接通了电话，说他已经到了。

“我是里塞尔。”

“队长，是我，绿点区的汤米·内斯。”他的声音里有一丝小心翼翼。

里塞尔花了一点时间才反应过来——这是当初调查过斯鲁特案件的准尉。

“汤姆，你好。”

“队长，我还要过来吗？”

“不用……”他意识到警探汤姆应着约翰·阿弗利卡的要求，一直在等他的电话。“不好意思，汤姆，我应该提前告诉你的……”里塞尔想到他即将面对的亚历克莎的情况。“你不用……我们能明天说吗？”

“所以你今天晚上不需要我？”

“不需要，十分感谢……”

“好”，汤姆说道，松了一口气。

“感谢……”然后他想起来，他想去看一下犯罪现场，“汤姆，你还有斯鲁特公寓的钥匙吗？”

“我这会没有。”

“不，我是说明天早上——我们明天早上能去看一下吗？”然后他匆忙地加了一句——他知道内斯是什么样的感觉，他自己也有过相同的处境，“你是这件案子的专家。我想听听你怎么想。”

“当然可以，队长。几点？”

“九点？”

“谢谢，到时见。队长。”

里塞尔将手机放回口袋。

他将不得不时刻保持机警。

当他在经理办公室看到她的时候，他吓了一跳。她的妆容花了，头发扑在脸上，她看起来一团糟，裙子的领口滑得太低，一只凉鞋躺在一边，另外一只在她脚上。她双腿分开在一张椅子上坐着，手肘支撑在膝盖上，晃来晃去。

“亚历克莎……”

她缓缓地抬起头。他能看出她喝的很醉。她努力地想集中精神。然后慢慢地她的脸挤成一团。她想要站起来，但是这太难了。她开始哭泣。

他走向她，扶着她起来，他试图把她的裙子拉高点，但是她的手臂绕在在他身上。她散发着酒精和香水的味道。

“我在这里，”他说道，“我很抱歉。”他的手臂围绕着她，紧紧地扶着她。

她把脸埋在他的脖子里，他感觉到湿热的眼泪顺着他的脖子往下流。“我真是一个失败者，本尼。”

“你不是，”他说道。

经理站在他们旁边，弯下腰捡起她的凉鞋和她那挂在椅子扶手上的小晚宴包。他伸出手把它们交给里塞尔，他用一个手指挑着鞋子，好像它被污染了似的。他的脸上是厌恶的神色。

本尼拿过鞋子和包。亚历克莎摇摇欲坠的身体紧靠着他。

“来，”他温柔地说道，“我们回家吧。”

在车里的时候她的头靠着车窗，说的话前言不搭后语。

“不速之客，本尼，这就是我……他们知道的……”她挣扎着打开她的包，取出香烟，

弄掉了打火机。

他不想看见她这样，因为这都是他造成的。他试图说些话来回复她，来安慰她，但是他能说出的只是：“我十分抱歉。”

她好像没听见他似的。她捡起地上的打火机，放弃了挣扎，倒在座位上，开始重复地说道：“他们看穿了我。”她重复着一遍又一遍，是醉酒者自我伤怀的口吻。

他的手机响了。靠。现在又怎么了？他接通电话。

“本尼，是我，约翰·阿弗利卡。克卢特说会在《周末守卫报》第十四页上发表一小篇文章，网上也会，做其他别的事都为时已晚了。本尼，我跟你说，这真是一团糟。不管怎样，我只想你知道，你要产出结果，结束这一切。”

“是的，上将。”

“好，本尼。”阿弗利卡结束了通话。

“他们看穿了我”，亚历克莎说。

他把车停在她家门前，在晚宴包里找到了她的钥匙。他下了车。

“不要离开我”，她请求道，是孩童般的声音。

他回到车里，“我不会离开你。我只是想去开门。”

她不大理解地看着他，“我是个酒瘾者，你知道的。”

他点点头，又下了车，迅速地走到前门，开了门。他慢跑回车那里，打开副驾驶侧的车门，“我们进去吧。”

她没有回复，只是坐在那里，又开始晃来晃去。

“求你了，亚历克莎。”

她缓慢地抬起左臂。他弯下腰，将她的手臂放在他的背上，扶着她起来并下了车。她不是很稳。他和她一起慢慢走过大门，上了游廊。进去后他挣扎着找到了灯的开关，然后她扶着她缓慢地上了楼梯。她另外一只凉鞋掉了，滚下了两级台阶。他们慢慢地走入走廊，进了她的房间。他让她坐在床上。她的身体向两边晃动，头枕在床罩上。他打开床头灯，拿不定主意地站了一会。

他得去拿她放在车里的包。得去锁车。

她的嘴唇动了动，在嘟囔着什么。

“亚历克莎……”

他把头靠近，好听见她在说什么。但是她并没有讲话，而是在唱歌。是她的那首成名作《甜美的水》。她唱得很轻，几乎听不见，但是曲调完美，是她那独特而又丰富的嗓音。

一小杯阳光

一觥雨水

一小口的崇拜

满嘴的苦痛

喝下甜美的水吧

“我去锁车”，他说道。

没有回应。

他走得很快。下楼梯的时候他记起来，上次她酗酒的时候曾试图自杀，就是当她丈夫去世的时候。

他今天晚上得留在这里。

他拿了她的手提包，香烟和打火机，一叠文件，锁了车，慢跑回去。

Pages 71-76:

他开车去仅四个街区之外的马来人聚居地波卡普，前往居住在布莱恩街的看门人法鲁克·克雷恩的家中。他的思绪同时出现在太多的地方，他想思考怎么去接近这个人，以及姆巴莉分别时说的话，但是新的邮件却困扰着他。你知道是谁。这封邮件是发给他个人的。

第一封邮件中写的是，你们非常清楚地知道是谁谋杀了汉娜克·斯鲁特。在另外一封邮件中写的是，你们知道她为什么被谋杀。除了变换的单复数和《圣经》经文，就是这个重复的主题。

他看过卷宗，去过犯罪现场，他掌握了足够的信息，以至于他可以说这是胡说。并没有明显的嫌疑人。

姆巴莉说过，“除非他是疯了。”他能补充的是，“可能他比我们想象的还要疯狂。”正常情况下他会忽略这些邮件——又一个疯子而已。

步枪，显微镜还有消音器是问题所在。如果你能够想到这些，成功完成远距离射击还不被抓，你不可能太疯狂。还有这封最新的邮件，它有一个新的语气，即自我满足和一定程度上对权力的意识。我希望不要这样，因为这样的话我将不得不将事情升级。这是一个能强迫南非警署重启案件的人，一个必须被认真对待的敲诈者。

这就是麻烦所在。这麻烦使他更加沮丧。他知道的还是太少，对于一切他都知道的太少。

他没能找到停车位，因此不得不穿过布鲁姆街到圣保罗小学前面的停车场停车。里塞尔下了车，在这些彩色的小房子之间往回走。有着混合血统的人们坐在门廊上，他们的眼光带着一定的谨慎，跟随着他前进的步伐。他想起之前在街角咖啡店的姆巴莉。就在她离开之前，她说，“谢谢你，本尼，谢谢你不问在阿姆斯特丹发生了什么事”。她有一种他从未见过的脆弱。她今天早上很克制，与以往桀骜不驯的她很不一样。

现在他也好奇在荷兰发生的事了。

克雷恩的家是有白色柱子的黄色排屋，一棵大树覆盖了门前小小的花园。里塞尔伸手打开红色的花园大门，这时他的手机响了。

他停下来，看见手机屏幕上不认识的号码，简单地答道，“喂。”

“嘿，本尼，是我沃恩，你在哪？”是沃恩·库皮多队长。

“我还在城里，沃恩。”

“我以为你会给我打电话？”

“给你打电话？”

“是啊。”沃恩说道，“‘长颈鹿’说你会打电话给我，关于斯鲁特案件的事情。”

里塞尔试着回忆尼亚蒂上校前一天晚上说过的话。“据我所知，沃恩，你只是待命，没有人说我必须给你打电话。”

“靠，这领导总是把消息搞混。不管怎样，我很想帮忙，本尼。我能过来拿文件，了解情况吗？”

“我自己还在看呢。听着，我正站在一位……”如果他说“嫌疑人”的话，库皮多肯定会大肆宣扬说里塞尔有了重大进展，“……目击证人家门前，一旦我有什么消息我就打电话给你。多谢，沃恩，感谢你主动提供帮忙。”

电话那头一片沉默。然后，“好”，他的语气里毫无热情。

里塞尔结束了通话。库皮多不是他最喜欢的警探。他是那种什么都知道，而且对自己身为飞鹰组一员十分高兴的人。沃恩之前是有组织犯罪科的一员，有组织犯罪科后来被直接合并到了优先犯罪调查局。一群无法无天的家伙。

他放下手机，打开了花园的门。

她像一只猫一样又瘦又光滑，长长的黑发和大大的深棕色眼睛，很漂亮，看起来不超过16岁。她批判性地上下打量了里塞尔，然后转过头朝房子里喊道：“爸爸，白鬼子又来了。”

她以一种不屑的姿态，将那瀑布般又长又直的头发甩过肩膀，转身趾高气扬地走开，仿佛他不存在似的。

当一个男人走入这小小的走廊时，木质地板上响起了更沉重的脚步声，“有什么事吗？”当然。

“克雷恩先生？”

“是的。”

里塞尔出示了他的南非警署身份卡。克雷恩瞥了一眼。他比里塞尔高一些，长着一张坚毅的脸，上嘴唇和下巴上还有修剪过的胡茬，浓密的黑发有精心梳理过。看起来刚四十出头的他说道：“这次你想要什么？”

“有什么地方我们可以谈谈吗？”

“这里就挺好。”

克雷恩身后出现了一个中年女人，她有着和她女儿一样马来妇人的美貌，脸上也是一样的反感。“请他进来吧，”她说完就转身走开了。

里塞尔能看出克雷恩不想请他进门。他站在那里耐心地等着。

“进来吧。”

他们坐在沙发上，形成了统一的战线，克雷恩在中间，他老婆和两个未成年女儿在他的两边。

里塞尔坐在对面的安乐椅上，手里拿着笔记本。在克雷恩的老婆开口之前，他没有问问题的机会。“我叫努尔，这是蕾拉，这是爱丝米达。我是法鲁克的第二任妻子。他是我孩子的继父。你可以问她们，他是一个很好的继父。法鲁克的第一任妻子不是个好人。他抓到她乱搞男女关系，而且不止一次。当他忍受不了了的时候，他打了她，她提出控告，就有了那桩案子。他承认有罪，被判缓刑，跟她离了婚。去年她第四次结婚了。”这一切都是以实事求是的口吻说的，并无评判之意。

克雷恩的两个女儿怒视着里塞尔。克雷恩坐在那里，被三个漂亮女人围绕着，脸上露出满足的微笑。

里塞尔点了点头，深吸一口气想说点什么，但是她没有给他机会。

“斯鲁特女士被杀的那个晚上，法鲁克在家，跟我们三人一起。我们跟往常一样，在七点的时候吃了饭，然后孩子们在厨房里做功课，法鲁克和我在看电视。这俩在十点左右上床睡觉，法鲁克和我是在 10 点半左右，因为我们俩都是领工资的上班族，我们很认真对待我们的责任。我们非常爱对方。我们不是白人，我们也不是很富有，但是我们有自己的价值观。它们不包括如果我们其中某一人犯了谋杀罪，另外一个人撒谎来包庇他。还有别的什么是你想知道的吗？”

他合上笔记本。还有一个问题，但是他想这答案里肯定会带着更多的指责。“克雷恩先生，在政治上你是……共产党吗？”

他们四个人嘲笑起他来。

“不是，”克雷恩说道。然后他们又笑了起来。

这个高大美丽的女人站了起来，“我们要吃周日午餐[7]了，你想和我们一起吗？”

他开车回家去，想摆脱内心的压力、想骂人和捶打方向盘的冲动。有时候他并不想当一名警察——在周日早上去敲门，打破那份平静，给别人带去麻烦。团结一致针对他的克雷恩一家，用一种奇怪的方式让他心烦。还有那不加掩饰的指责，我们不是白人，我们也不是很富裕，但是我们有我们的价值观。他想表示抗议，想说这跟肤色没有任何关系，而是跟谁有斯鲁特家的钥匙和犯罪记录有关。他们不会相信他——这才是让他沮丧的地方。只有在这个国家……肤色，一切都围绕肤色，任何时候都是，不管你看向哪个方向，都逃不开肤色的问题[8]。靠。他只是想做他的工作而已。

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[7] 周日午餐是南非一项传统的大餐，通常是周日全家人坐在一起吃烤肉和蔬菜。

[8] 南非的肤色问题跟南非的历史密不可分。经历过种族隔离的南非，白人和深肤色人种有着不可调和的矛

我们有我们的价值观。他们真是在暗示他没有，他的出现就证明了这一点。当他灰溜溜地离开时，他曾在一瞬间想过如果安娜跟那个律师结了婚，他们会不会像这样和他的孩子们坐在沙发上，作为一个幸福的新家庭，同样的虔诚，没有苦苦挣扎的酒鬼警察的困扰？安娜会坐在那里解释道，“我的第一任丈夫不是个好人，他是一个酒鬼，还打老婆。”他会摆脱他的弱点所带来的后果吗？

他在他公寓附近的恩根加油站停了下来，去伍尔沃斯超市食品部买午饭。他毫无胃口地看着三明治和微波食品，又对斯蒂尔斯汉堡快餐店停售多层汉堡生起气来。“多层汉堡花的时间太长，先生，顾客不想等那么久，先生。”这个世界是怎么了——人们不再想花时间等得体的食物了。一切都得快；难吃，难看，但是要快。

什么都不简单。

他想起了他一个月前左右接连四晚重复做的梦。梦里他在鲁斯乐队演奏，他没办法让低音吉他的调子跟上节奏，他按错了键，乐队成员们带着疑问和担忧的表情，在旁边看着他。

这就是他从昨天起的感觉。与世界脱节。格格不入。

不过，在过去十年来他有过不同的感觉吗？

Pages 92-96:

他什么也没找到。没有备用钥匙，没有新的看法或者线索。

在客厅，出于绝望，他检查了望远镜，确定它只是装饰性的：放大效果不佳，即使是用它透过窗户来偷看别人都很困难。

里塞尔走到门口，半是沮丧半是犹豫地停在干涸的血迹旁边。他理解为什么内斯的调查没有产生任何结果，因为本就只有隐约的可能性和模糊的感觉，当你仔细的调查后，这些可能性和感觉就消失不见了。共产党？狙击手误解了——她的生活中没有共产党，只有一个放在床头柜的 Big Boy 牌震动棒。浪费了一整天的时间，他没有取得任何进展，明天那混蛋又会毁掉一名警察的腿。

他用了相当大的努力才忍住想说脏话的冲动。

他会给库皮多打电话，告诉他，他把文件留在优先犯罪调查局办公室，看看你能不能查出什么。在他伸手关灯的时候，他突然意识到自他去维莱特家后就一直在他潜意识里的事：两个公寓的对比。维莱特的公寓很私人化，有明显的生活气息——墙上挂着裱框的水果照片，客厅的咖啡桌上摆满了书籍，杂志和报纸……但是斯鲁特的太空荡，太干净，太没有人情味。

他还没来得及考虑这背后的含义，他的手机响了——是优先犯罪调查局办公室的号码。

他接通了手机。

“本尼，你能过来吗？”马尼准将问道，里塞尔知道这代表有麻烦了。

他说他在城里，在十五分钟后到。他匆匆地锁上了公寓，不耐烦地等着电梯，跑向他的宝马，打开警笛和闪烁的警灯，驶入周日稀疏的交通中。他还是花了 20 分钟，因为德班路跟往常一样，红绿灯不能正常工作。

他在准将的办公室里看到了马尼，尼亚蒂，杜普利尔，姆巴莉·卡列尼和联络官克卢特。约翰·阿弗利卡不在。

“这混球给报纸发了邮件”，马尼说道。

“狙击手？”里塞尔问道，并在一张空着的椅子上坐了下来。

“是的。现在有两个故事了。一个说他将怎样在斯鲁特案件结案之前对警察进行射击，另一个是南非警署是怎样试图对此只字不提的。“

“是三个，” 克卢特说，“他们问是不是因为有人在对着我们开枪，我们才重启斯鲁

盾。1994 年南非种族隔离结束后，有色人种开始登上政治舞台，但是白皮肤和其他肤色的种族间的矛盾依然存在。

特案件的。”

“这真是一团糟”，尼亚蒂说道。

马尼把邮件推向里塞尔，“你进行地怎么样，本尼？”

“不怎么样，准将，”他回答道，因为他学会了坚持事实。说你领导想听的话并没有用。

马尼花岗岩一样的脸上什么也没透露。他只是点了点头，仿佛他期待的就是这样。

里塞尔读起了邮件。

发件人： 762a89z012@anonimail.com

发送日期：2 月 27 日，周日，16：07

收件人：jannie.erlank@dieburger.com

主题：为什么南非警署没有对媒体提到受伤的警察？

昨天 18：45，作天[9]在克莱蒙特派出所，我射伤了一名警察。今天上午 11：50 我在绿点派出所射击了一名警察。为什么南非警蜀[10]没有跟媒体提起这些？

因未[11]他们在隐藏着什么。他们知道是谁谋杀了汉娜克·斯鲁特。为什么还没有人被逮捕？我会一直射击警察的腿，直到他们控告汉娜克·斯鲁特的谋杀犯。

“他没有说关于一名共产党的事情，”里塞尔说道。

“谢天谢地，”马尼说道。

“他当时很着急。又或者他感到了压力。”

“你什么意思？”

“拼写。这次他犯了很多错误，”里塞尔说道。

准将桌子上的手机响了起来。“压力”，马尼说道，“是在我们身上。这是上将，从比勒陀利亚[12]打来的。”

从他坐的地方，里塞尔能听到比勒陀利亚中将的怒火，他不依不饶、气急败坏的语气，尖声尖气，就像是上了发条的电动玩具。

他听到马尼准将隐忍的“是的，上将”和“不，上将，我们会制定并发表声明。”他看到尼亚蒂双手撑着下巴十分忧虑地坐着，以及反国家犯罪小组的维尔纳·杜普利尔上校在手指间把玩着他的打火机。他看到总是特别耐心的克卢特，但是他手指上的尼古丁痕迹以及眼下的乌青表明他的耐心是有代价的。他是那个周旋于媒体和南非警署之间左右为难的人。还有姆巴莉·卡列尼，她的皱眉和肢体语言，都在说她没有时间废话，他们还有工作要做。他感觉到内心涌动的愤怒。为什么媒体和管理层总是这样呢？为什么要给额外的压力，仿佛这工作还不够艰难似的？

里塞尔的手机响了起来，在这安静了一瞬间的房间里很是大声。他迅速地拒绝了来电，关了机。当马尼最终结束通话回到座位上，和克卢特还有尼亚蒂一字一句地安排新闻发布内容时，里塞尔想到他因为酗酒毁掉了他的前程反而是一件好事。他不会想当领导，他可玩不起这游戏。他会跟媒体说，你们就坐在那里像秃鹫一样等着我们搞砸，这样你们就可以对此大惊小怪。但是当我们做好了的时候你们在哪里呢？当谋杀犯，抢劫犯和强奸犯被判罪的时候， “感谢南非警署出色的工作”的文章在哪里呢？你们觉得为什么监狱会爆满？因为这些混球自首了？所以去你妈的，你们想些什么就写什么吧。

他们花了半个小时完成了新闻发布内容：

两周前高层已经决定将斯鲁特案件转交给飞鹰组做进一步的调查，这一决定当时正处于标准评估和转移程序中。由于案件与狙击手对南非警署成员的攻击之间可能存在联系，2 月 26 日星期六时我们加快了对这一决定的进程。

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[9] “昨天”，翻译成“作天”是为了体现原文的拼写错误。

[10] “南非警署”，译为“南非警蜀”是为了体现原文的拼写错误。

[11] “因为”，译为“因未”是为了体现原文的拼写错误。

[12] 比勒陀利亚（Pretoria），是南非的行政首都。

任何关于调查人员已经知道有罪方的指控都不符合事实。优先犯罪调查局最近已经设立任务小组来调查汉娜克·斯鲁特谋杀案和狙击案，南非警署将不遗余力地将有罪方绳之以法。

发送给南非警署的电子邮件威胁与狙击手之间的可能联系最终在 2 月 27 日星期日才得到确认。 这一点，加上对公众安全的考虑以及狙击手调查的优先，使得南非警署没能早点发表声明。

在备受瞩目的刑事调查过程中，南非警署收到许多电话，邮件和电子邮件消息。虽然我们通常以这种方式从负责任的公民处获得一些有用信息，不幸的是，也有许多通信是毫无价值的。 由于狙击手在之前关于斯鲁特案件调查的邮件中所表现出的前后不一致，疑似宗教狂热分子，同性恋（姆巴莉的文字补充）以及种族主义者的性质，南非警署认为其并不可信。

当他们最终开始讨论案件时，姆巴莉坚定而自信地说，“他是从一辆车里射击的。”

她能看出来这些男同事对此表示怀疑，“没有其他的解释。在绿点他们只发现射击点是来自对面的市政中心，那里一切都是锁着的。我又回去克莱蒙特勘察过现场，这是唯一合理的解释。那里的停车场正对着一条安静的小街道。”

“一辆车太打眼了，”尼亚蒂上校说道，他还是不相信。

“我知道。但是你记得 2002 年美国的华盛顿狙特区击手吗？两个人从一辆车里对路人开枪？”

Pages 122-127:

姆巴莉立刻被在南非警署军械库褪色桌子后面警员的坐姿冒犯了。他靠在椅子上，长长的腿伸在前面，脸埋进了《拉杜马足球》里。

“Molo[13]，女士”，他快速扫了一眼后说道。

“Hayi[14]”，姆巴莉说道，舌头的咔哒声在房间里听得清楚。“女士？这就是你称呼一名警官的方式？”

他震惊地注视着她，看到了她脖子上的身份卡，并眯起眼睛看上面的内容。这时他才猛地站起来，手里还拿着杂志。“Uxolo[15]， 队长，”他说道，同时还敬了个礼。

“别跟我说科萨语。”

“对不起，真对不起，队长，我能为你做些什么？”

“我要找希尔·德·维利尔斯。”

“哦，Icilikishe[16]。”他说道， “ 他在后面。”

“Icilikishe？”

“你会明白的，队长。跟我来，我带你去找他。”

现在他十分热心了。

她十分恼怒地跟在他后面走着。这就是年轻人的麻烦。没有职业道德，也没有女性、资深警官或同事的尊敬。

希尔·德·维利尔斯穿着一件有油渍的蓝色警服，手里拿着一罐润滑剂，正弯着腰对着一架机床。他没有听见他们进来，警员不得不在他肩膀上拍一下。他抬起头看见姆巴莉，然后慢慢地眨了两下眼睛。在一瞬间这让她很困惑，她以为这目光代表着挑剔和他的优越性。但是然后她看见他的眼睑很奇怪地从下往上眨，就像蜥蜴一样。她立即明白了他这个绰号的来源。

“你好，中士”，她在机床的嘈杂声中大声说道。

[13] 科萨语中表示问好，“你好”。
[14] 科萨语，表示不相信，常译为“真的吗？”或者“不敢相信”。其发音时有明显的搭嘴音（click consonant）。
[15] 科萨语：“对不起”。
[16] 科萨语：“蜥蜴”。

他抬手示意，小心地关掉机床，放下罐子，并用布擦了擦手。他的光头在透过窗户的阳光里发着微光。他的眼睛又眨了两下。

“中士，这是飞鹰组的姆巴莉·卡列尼队长，”警员介绍道。

“不好意思，队长，我的英语不是很好”，德·维利尔斯说道。

“本尼·里塞尔队长说你可以帮我，”她缓慢地说道，好让他能跟得上。

“好的。我听说他现在在飞鹰组了。”

“如果你能帮忙我真的会很感激。我们需要步枪消音器的信息。”

“声音抑制器”，他说道。

“你说什么？”

“一件武器，你不能消除它的声音”，他缓慢又仔细地说道，带着浓重的非洲荷兰语口音，“它的声音只能被抑制，这就是为什么它叫做声音抑制器。”

“我知道了……”她意识到那位警员正站在她身后，睁大眼睛一副着迷的样子。“你可以回你的位置去了，”她说道。

他将他们的注意力吸引到自己身上，伶俐地敬了个礼，“是，队长！”他吧嗒了一下脚跟，转过身，轻快地走了出去。

她将注意力转到德·维利尔斯身上。“我们有理由相信，射击南非警署警员的那个人使用的是带望远镜和声音抑制器的步枪。哪里可以买到声音抑制器呢？”

“你是说像在店里买？”

“是的。”

“在约翰内斯堡有一家售卖枪支的店……但是他们买得不多[17]。”

“所以它们不是非法的？”

“不是。很多猎人使用它们。”

姆巴莉的眉头皱得更深了，“所以，如果很多猎人使用声音抑制器，但是这家店卖的不多……我不是很明白。”

“这家售卖枪支的店，嗯，是从芬兰瓦伊梅公司进口的声音抑制器。它们太……”

他闭上眼睛，试图寻找合适的英语单词。“……贵。所以人们找……制枪工人定做”。

“在南非？”

“是的。”

“在哪里可以找到这些制枪工人？”

“在《野外和打猎》里有。野生动物和打猎板块。它是一本杂志。他们会打广告。”

“他们所有的人？”

“我不知道，但是我想是他们所有的人。”

姆巴莉打开她巨大的手提包，取出笔记本和笔，在上面做记录。“所以我直接去找这些人，让他们给我做一个声音抑制器？”

“是的。”

“很贵吗？”

“不是很贵。”

“多少钱？”

“取决于声音抑制器的种类。对于，嗯，拧上的那种，大约 1800 或 2000 兰特[18]。”

“有多少种类？”

[17] 这里指“卖的不多”，故意用错别字是为了体现中士的英语不好。

[18] 兰特（Rand），南非货币单位。

“嗯……基本上……有两种。拧上的那种，是给猎人的。和套上的那种，就是套在步枪上遮住一半枪口的那种。就是部队狙击手使用的那种。因为它使步枪不那么长。更便于……嗯……操作。”

“那些制枪工人两种都做？”

“你得去问他们。有些两种都做。”

“为什么猎人会想要声音抑制器？”

德·维利尔斯那双奇怪的眼睛总是不停地眨着。

“野生动物农场。他们有游客，同时他们有猎人。所以他们不想有猎人放枪的声音。猎人们也想捕获更多的羚羊。如果你在卡鲁地区捕猎跳羚，它们听到枪声，它们就全跑了。如果你使用声音抑制器，它们站得久一点。你也可以捕获更多。”

“我不喜欢猎杀动物”，姆巴莉半信半疑地说道。

希尔·德·维利尔斯耸耸肩。

“开普敦有制枪工人吗？”

“没有。菲利斯多普有一个。”

“你有他的联系方式吗？”

“《野外与打猎》杂志上有。”

“你有吗？”

“有，在我办公室。我会把所有的号码都给你。”

“谢谢。你说声音抑制器可以从芬兰进口？”

“是的。”

“有些猎人这么做？”

“可能。”

“会有记录之类的吗？”

“有。在海关。任何……嗯……被归为枪支的东西，这些东西都必须进行检查。这就是为什么这太麻烦了。”

“在这里制造声音抑制器需要许可证吗？”

“不需要。”

她把这写下来，然后问道，“能抑制多少声音？”

“取决于枪支本身。”

“声音被抑制后有多安静？如果我从大街上的一辆车里射击，多远处能听到枪声？”

“一个好的声音抑制器可以让它变得非常安静。”他张开手臂，用力地拍了拍手。“大概就像这样。能安静 85%。”

姆巴莉点点头。“好，”她说道，“你能给我他们的联系方式吗？”

德·维利尔斯动身走到门口。然后他停下来看着她。他闭上眼睛，仿佛是在沉思。“你也可以自己做声音抑制器。”

“噢？”

“你只需有空间让气体……嗯……”他放弃了：“你需要一个管道，一些橡胶……磁盘和垫圈。还有其他东西。这些你全部可以从五金店购买。因特网上有教程。你甚至可以仅仅用一个 PVC 管和海绵，如果你想……”

“Hayi”，姆巴莉叹了叹气。

德·维利尔斯睁开了双眼。

Pages 131-133, 143-146:

他们驾车前往斯泰伦博斯。里塞尔坐在驾驶座上。库皮多手里拿着汉娜克·斯鲁特的照片坐在车里。“靠，”他说道，“真他妈浪费。多大的奶子。”

里塞尔气自己忘了车里后座上的信封。库皮多看到了上面用蓝色墨水写着斯鲁特，就自己打开了。

“你从哪拿到这的？”库皮多问道。

“在她的卧室里，床头柜旁边。”

“我靠。小黄片明星啊。她死时怎么可能没有男朋友呢？我的意思是，像这样的小妞，让男人为之一死的身体，她在炫耀呢。我跟你说，汤米·内斯错过了些东西。这就是这些新来的小伙子们的问题。他们不肯跑腿了。”

“她的手机记录没有显示什么。没有别的男人。”

“这就是问题所在。手机已经过时了。我是说，他们查过她的脸书账号吗？”

“内斯说他查过了……”

“她有谷歌邮箱吗？她有推特吗？”

“推特？”

“靠，本尼，你真是太他妈老古董了，这很吓人啊……”比里塞尔年轻十岁的库皮多，拿出他的手机，“我的朋友，这是 HTC Desire HD，在安卓系统上运行。点击推特图标.....”他给本尼展示，“那是推特。你得行动起来，老大爷，跟上潮流，每秒钟就会有一条新的推文。

里塞尔正在开车，他迅速瞄了一眼智能手机的屏幕，“颓特？”

“是推特，”库皮多纠正了里塞尔的发音，“它是社交媒体，老大爷。你在上面推广你自己。”

“为什么？”

“这是新的方式。你告诉全世界你在做什么。”

“但是为什么呢？”

“因为有意思啊，本尼。你跟大家说：快来看我，我在这里。”

“斯鲁特就这么做了，用那些照片。”

“你什么意思？”

“这是她说‘快来看我’的方式。”

“但是为了谁呢？”

“为了她自己。摄影师是这么说的。女人喜欢这么做。”

“你相信那鬼话？”库皮多又捣鼓起他的手机，“让我们来看看斯鲁特有没有一个推特账号……”

“法医报告说利斯贝尔检查过电脑。”

雷吉纳尔德·利斯贝尔·戴维兹是法医科的电脑高手，他有点口齿不清，小小的个子，看起来很脆弱的样子。他长着一张娃娃脸，门牙少了两颗，顶着一个爆炸式发型。

“好，利斯贝尔并没有错过多少。那黑白混血老兄还挺聪明嘛……没有，没有账号，至少是没有她名字的账号。大奶子，没有推特……你、‘长颈鹿’还有‘骆驼’之前在忙什么呢？”

飞鹰组的消息还是一如既往的传得很快。“政治”，里塞尔说，“你不想知道的。”

“去他妈的政治。”库皮多又拿起照片，盯着它们看，“真是浪费啊。多大的奶子……”

“他在撒谎，”当他们回到车里的时候库皮多说道，“伊根，伊根是个什么破名字？你怎样会想到这样一个名字？你看着这个小孩，你的小孩，然后你说，‘不，这是我们的伊根？’听起来像斯皮尔伯格电影里外星人的名字。去他妈的伊根。伊根提鞋都不配。我跟你说，那白佬在撒谎。靠，那态度……‘我是个英俊的家伙，我在酒庄工作，我制作橡木酒桶，我他

妈酷极了’。气死我了。但是最让我生气的是，他认为我们都他妈是傻瓜。他看到了那对奶子，他感受了那对奶子，他跟她发生了关系，然后他还想要。然后她告诉他，不好意思，先生，一切都结束了，你有过机会，但你搞砸了。然后他就想，如果我不能拥有它谁也不能。那对奶子肯定使他在晚上难以入睡，特别是半夜。所以他躺在那里谋划，他反正也要去法国，所以这人就制定了一个计划。以为我们都他妈是蠢货，我跟你说，那空姐的故事就是胡扯，她会说‘谁？’。我猜他知道了这个名字，肯定在他飞往法国的时候跟她搭讪了，听到她十九号也在同一趟飞机上。就是那种站不住脚的不在场证明，他认为能盖住头，但其实脚都露在外面了……但是我跟你说，老伙计，我会给他定罪的。去他妈的造酒桶工人。话说回来，伊根是个啥破名字？”

里塞尔并不像库皮多一样有把握。劳赫的那句“给法国航空打电话”里面有太多的冷静。而且内政部能够确定劳赫回来时护照是什么时候再次登记的。但是他们会继续跟进，因为库皮多说得对，劳赫没有跟内斯交代全部的真相。

“我们得申请 205 传票，里塞尔说道。只有他们有 205 传票时，南非警署才可以要求查看手机记录，“看看他有没有往她上班的地方打电话。”

“资讯管理中心会处理这整个流程。我们去申请搜查证。我们有足够的信息。他对内斯说了谎，她死前一个月他上过她，他的木桶店里有这些巨大的烙铁。现在我跟你说，去他妈的‘店铺’，放屁，他们哪来的权力这么做？”

“沃恩，你得来处理这个事情。”

“没错。库皮多队长会揭穿他。”他停了一分钟想了下，“因为你有别的事要做？”

里塞尔点点头，“政治。”

“这就是你为什么问他关于共产党的事？”

“是的。”

“所以呢？有啥故事？”

“还不能说。”

“去他妈的政治。这倒提醒我了：你找出‘小花’在阿姆斯特丹发生了什么了吗？”库皮多问道，因为姆巴莉的名字在祖鲁语的意思是“花”。

“没有，”里塞尔说道。就在那一瞬间，莫名其妙地，他知道了狙击手最后一封邮件中让他困扰的是什么了。

他得去告诉“小花”。

当里塞尔进来时，飞鹰组开普商业犯罪分部法定犯罪小组贝内迪克特·博希赫少校正坐在他那乱成一团的桌子后面。博希赫的鼻子几乎埋进了覆盖整个桌面的打印资料里。

“嗨，‘骨头’。”

“嘿，本尼。你这里有点东西，是吧，”“骨头”抬起头时说道。他的眼睛总是让里塞尔感到有点不舒服，它们在他那十分瘦削的脸上显得突兀又脆弱，就像是饱受饥荒折磨的人。

博希赫可以算得上是一个传奇，一个长跑运动员，一个跑完了十七次同志超级马拉松[19]和波士顿及纽约马拉松各一次的人。由于那些活动和令人恐惧的训练制度，他成了一个行走的骨架子，真正意义上的除了骨头就是皮，因此他的朋友们叫他“骨头”。

“你发现什么了吗？”

“骨头”咧嘴一笑，“跟黑人经济振兴政策[20]相关的交易总是充满了诡计，是吧。我们必须要问的是，这个黑人经济振兴政策下的交易有没有不合法的诡计。到目前为止没有，一

[19] 同志马拉松是位于德班和彼得马里茨堡的超级马拉松，距离约 89 公里，跨越南非境内五座大山，是世界上规模最大，历史最悠久的超级马拉松赛。其路线每两年一循环，第一年从下往上跑，第二年则从上往下跑，其难度可见一斑。

[20] 黑人经济振兴政策是南非统治政党非洲人国民大会 1994 年初步提出的。在南非的种族隔离期间，黑人饱受压迫，因此导致白人很富裕，黑人却很贫穷的现象。1991 年种族隔离结束，1994 年非国大上台，提出

切都光明正大，它不是凯布尔[21]那种恶意收购，它就是普通的公司合并。我想这还太早了，本尼，享受黑人经济振兴政策的公司只有在签完合同后，才会开始在《公司法》和《黑人经济振兴法案》的边缘游走……”

“ ‘骨头’……”

“我知道，我知道，我以前和武西一起共事的时候，他总是跟我说：‘说人话，‘骨头’’。”里塞尔已经听说博希赫最喜欢说的话就是“我以前和武西一起共事的时候”。在当时还属于国家检查机关的蝎子组工作时，“骨头”曾和传奇律师武西·比克利共事过。另外一句让他总是受同事善意地嘲笑的就是：“当我在美国读书时……”博希赫对他在波士顿大学大都会学院所获得的经济学学士学位十分自豪。

“底线，本尼。我看过内博公司和哈里普公司详细的联合股份声明。那是他们 2009 年 11 月做出的关于整个交易的声明，是交易的蓝图，即他们计划如何做好整件事。一份行动指南。我查看了他们现在所处的位置，以及他们如何按照计划来的。这里面并没有谋杀的动机。我看过内博，看过他们的注册文件，公司章程，董事任命，这一切都是干干净净的。没有任何可疑的地方。”

“那么那个共产党呢？”

又是那个冷笑，“本尼，本尼，在阿扎尼亚[22]没有共产党了，是吧。只有空口白话。A.T.马松多指的是安布罗斯·藤吉韦·马松多。在 93 年前的流亡生涯中，他曾是南非共产党中央委员会委员，全国矿工联合会财长，以及南非工会大会全国会议的一员。姆贝基[23]任命他为矿业部副部长，2007 年他和他的老板一起退了休， 2009 年他成为了内博的董事，内博铝矿的董事总经理。唯一有意思的是……”

博希赫翻动着文件，直到他找到了他需要的那份文件，并将它交给了里塞尔。那是一张公司网页的打印件。标题为马松多部长参加年度股东大会。标题下面是一张照片，照片上有一个黑人站在中间，两边是四个白人对着镜头微笑。所有人都穿着西装，打着领带。

“这就是马松多，和哈里普矿物公司的董事们在一起。这是 2006 年他还是部长时拍的。他当时是他们年度股东大会上的特邀发言人。”

“这意味着什么，‘骨头’？”

“似乎他是那个为内博带来哈里普交易的人。那是他发横财的机会。问题是，这不是犯罪。这都是合法的。”

里塞尔叹了口气，“我们现在怎么办？”

“我们挖得更深一点，是吧。可能这只是冰山一角。”

Pages 212-216:

1 点 10 分时他敲响了斯泰伦博斯大学科学院裴戈尔教授办公室的门，科学院旁边就是泰格山医院。

裴戈尔教授有着一张长长的贵族式的脸，正坐在桌子后面。跟往常一样，他打扮得很华丽。他的皮肤晒得黝黑，正符合他接近 60 岁的年纪。

“尼基塔”，这位病理学家说道，好像他真的很高兴见到里塞尔似的。十三年来，裴戈尔一直叫他“尼基塔”。当时他给了里塞尔一个眼神并说道，“我相信赫鲁晓夫[24]年轻的时候看起来就是这个样子。”

黑人经济振兴政策，即通过在经济政策上给予黑人以优先扶持，确保黑人经济地位的切实提高，从而解决南非种族、贫富差距。

[21] 凯布尔全名为 Roger Brett Kebble，是南非的一位矿业巨头，曾被指恶意收购，于 2005 年被杀身亡。

[22] 种族隔离时期，反对白人政府的一些党派为南非拟的别名。

[23] 姆贝基(Mbeki)，1999 年至 2008 年的南非总统。

[24] 赫鲁晓夫，全名为尼基塔·赫鲁晓夫，是上世纪 50 年代和 60 年代苏联的领导人。

“下午好，教授。”

“进来，坐下吧。那天晚上你和那些名利双收的人过得怎样啊？”

他忘记他曾询问过裴戈尔教授关于鸡尾酒晚宴的建议了，“唉，教授”，他说道，“不怎么样。”

“发生什么事了?”

里塞尔告诉了他全部的事实。

裴戈尔仰起他硕大的头，笑了起来。一脸羞愧的本尼只能勉强挤出一点笑容，因为他知道如果这事不是发生在他身上的话，肯定会很好笑。

“让我跟你讲讲，”裴戈尔冷静下来后说道，“发生在我身上的 faux pas[25]，尼基塔。你知道卢恰诺·帕瓦罗蒂是谁吗？”

“那个胖子，教授？拿手帕那个？”

“正是他，尼基塔，对我来说他是有史以来最好的男高音。非凡的嗓音。我说的不是他晚年那些更受欢迎的作品，我说的是他的巅峰时期。绝对的音高。他唱得如此自然，如此毫不费力。太了不起了。无论如何，说我是他的粉丝都说轻了。我有他所有的录音，我听了一遍又一遍，我的梦想就是能在现实生活中听他演唱，哪怕一次也行。然后，1987 年，他和琼·萨瑟兰[26]在纽约大都会歌剧院开演唱会。萨瑟兰啊，尼基塔。La Stupenda[27]。女高音中的女高音。我一个约翰霍普金斯大学的好朋友詹姆斯·卡伯特给我说他不仅有票，他还可以在音乐会结束后带我们去更衣室。我可以见到帕瓦罗蒂了。长话短说，尼基塔，在我生命中第一次我有钱也有时间，所以我们去了纽约，听了音乐会。音乐会让人震撼，无法形容。意大利歌剧《弄臣》四重唱，十分了不起，我一辈子都不会忘记。话说回来，音乐会结束后，我们去了后台。现在你得知道，去音乐会的前两周我一直在练习我自己的一点点意大利歌剧，我想用他自己的语言表达我对这个男人的钦佩。我想用跟他说‘Voi siete magnifici. Sono un grande fan.’‘你很棒。我是你的忠实粉丝。’但是我当时头脑一片空白，尼基塔，就像你跟你那位可爱的比克曼小姐时一样。我满心都是对他的崇拜之情，那一刻让我无法承受，我对这个我无比钦佩的男人说道：‘Sono magnifici.’‘我很棒。’”菲尔·裴戈尔再次开怀大笑起来。

“真的吗，教授？”里塞尔震惊地问道。

“真的，尼基塔。他惊讶地看了我一眼，转身开始跟别人说起话来。当我意识到当时有多糗的时候，已经太迟了。这件事之后的好几个月里我仍然会脸红后悔并责怪自己。但是其实你真正能做的只有付之一笑，并知道你的意图是真的。我仍然很享受他的声音带给我的喜悦。”

里塞尔感到一阵轻松慢慢在他身上蔓延开来。如果这样的事会发生在菲尔·裴戈尔，这个他非常崇拜的人身上……

“‘佛怕’吗，教授？”

裴戈尔说道：“faux pas，这是法语。意思是让自己出丑。用法语说在某种程度上使这个概念没那么难堪了。”

“Faux pas，”里塞尔尝试了一下。他喜欢这个词。

“这种事谁都会发生。但是你不是来这里听这些尴尬的故事的，尼基塔……”他抽出一份厚厚的文件，“你打电话后我又看了一遍关于斯鲁特案件我的笔记。它让我想起了我们几年前的长矛案件。你还记得那个很谨慎的凶手阿耳忒弥斯吗？”

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[25] 法语：“糗事”。

[26] 澳大利亚歌剧女高音歌唱家。

[27] 意大利语，即“漂亮的女人“。这里指”绝代美声“，是琼·萨瑟兰的昵称。萨瑟兰于 1960 年在意大利威尼斯演唱格奥尔格·弗里德里希·亨德尔的正歌剧后，被媒体冠名为 La Stupdenda（绝代美声）。

“我上次看到类似的伤口病理学就是那次，尼基塔。不是一致，是类似。斯鲁特身上的单次刺伤很麻烦，它提供的信息要少得多。因此，任何结论从定义上来说都只是推测。但是你来找我就是因为你想让我做出推测。”

Pages 234-239:

他们——准将自己，佐拉·尼亚蒂，反国家犯罪小组的维尔纳·杜普利尔，资讯管理中心的菲利普·范维克，公共关系的克卢特，姆巴莉和里塞尔——都围坐在穆萨德·马尼办公室的大桌子旁。

比勒陀利亚调查心理学的犯罪行为分析家伊尔莎·布罗迪上尉的声音，清晰地从桌子中间的会议电话中传来。“你们都知道侧写并不能帮助确定目标，”她说道，“但是这是我有的信息：男性，白人，以及南非荷兰语。他使用的术语和他的意识形态说明了这一点，以及他的年龄。他喜欢‘共产党’这个词。 他也使用了‘共产党同志’。这对我来说明显意味着在前制度下长大的人。他可能介于四十岁和七十岁之间。但是做到他做的事得有一定的体力，所以他的年龄段很可能在四十到五十五之间。如果我把所有的情况都考虑在内，我认为他在四十五到五十岁之间。

“他有一把可供他支配的猎枪，望远镜和弹药，因此他很有可能持有枪支许可证。他有适应他特别目的的资金和空间。他能够上网，了解匿名电子邮件服务器，拉丁语的引用， 还有相当好的语言能力。这一切，再加上袭警的时间，表明他是一名有工作的白领工人。

“我晚点再讲时间的问题，因为它有更多很有意思的含义。但是让我们首先来看看他邮件中提及的宗教和政治引文。在这些引文中有一定程度的自我辩解，但是我的直觉告诉我，我们要找的人是右翼分子。可能不是特别右翼，他狂热的程度还够不上成为布尔马格的一员的成员，但是他会和他们志气相投。如果我能在这里插入一点：目击证人看到的长发，与这个描述不一致。反共产党和宗教右派会有短头发，可能还有一个小胡子，或者络腮胡，或者两者都有。所以他很有可能带了假发。

“他有宗教信仰，但是我认为他并不属于极端主义分子团体或灵恩派[28]。说实话，我认为他不属于任何社区或团体。他视自己为白衣骑士，独狼，道德观和正义孤单的保护者。他不是精神病，但是很可能有人格障碍——可能是一种弥赛亚救世主情结。”

他们能听到电话那头纸上的摩擦声。然后她继续说：“这给我们提供了一些可能性。他处于社交和职场的边缘，不是‘晚上来我家烧烤’的那种人。他很内向，生活得有点私密，对自己和生活都十分认真。他可能结婚了，但不会喜欢或参与妻子的生活，而是很冷漠，冷淡。他是那种认为自己是一家之主，做决定的人。

“对我来说最有意思的事是他的邮件有短暂性的倒退。他最初的邮件简短有力，细致又充满了自信，而且没有拼写或语法错误。他似乎花了些时间来写它们，做了一些努力。他知道他处于上风，处于有利位置。他忙着给自己定位，证明自己有理，就好像他在为即将到来的媒体关注准备舞台似的。这让我想起狂妄自大和弥赛亚救世主情结。不要犯错误，他是这样看待自己的：他占据了道德制高点，南非警署却没有。但随后，在二月二十七日发给媒体的邮件中，这一切都变了。不是拼写错误，而是打印错误。突然间他变得匆忙又紧张，就好像这一刻比他想象得更重大似的。

“我认为二月二十七日的邮件很重要，因为它告诉我们他在经历压力和紧张。我猜这是因为他用这个信息向媒体宣布自己的存在，但是事情并没有像他期待的那样发展。他打偏了，但是这也可能是因为他差点被发现了，他侥幸逃脱了。你们可能要查查这一点。超速罚款？闯红灯？或者可能只是他最初的动机减弱了，以至于他开始质疑这一切背后的道德理由。他

[28] 灵恩派（charismatic group），是基督新教的一种，他们相信上帝能赐予人类特殊的能力，如治病神迹和说方言等。

清楚地知道正确和错误的区别——《圣经》经文就是很好的证据——但是在现实生活中射杀别人是一种很不愉快的经历。我想说的是，他并不是百分百稳定。但是动机却很强——你要有很大的信心才能准备一辆车和武器，埋伏起来射杀警察。这种组合让他很危险。现在的困境是，他射伤的警察越多，他能失去的就越少。姆巴莉，你今天早上让我把弹径和打偏的子弹考虑进去……”

“是的，拜托，”姆巴莉说道。

“如果你将弹径，打偏的子弹和邮件的压力结合在一起考虑，你可以推断出他并没有接受过专业的军事训练。我知道种族隔离期间[29]的男性都接受过军事训练，但是这个人很有可能是在后勤部，没有实战经验。”

“谢谢”，姆巴莉边说边做着笔记。

“这只是我的个人意见，不一定正确，”这位心理学家说道，“现在，我说过会讲一讲关于时机的问题：得出他是一位朝九晚五的白领这个结论很容易。但是这也可能意味着他必须要和别人一起工作，他并不是一个人在办公室，他没有可以锁上的门。鉴于这种边缘人格的侧写，我相信他在工作上并不受欢迎，最多处于中级管理职位，但是更可能处于更低的职位。对于一个像他那个年纪和智力的人来说，这肯定是一种沮丧和侮辱，并且有可能会成为他以这种方式重获权力和自尊的一部分动机。

“但是也有另一种可能性。我们知道下午五点之后的犯罪通常会导致不够准确的目击证人说词。人们都累了，他们急着回家，他们更不愿意卷入到是非中来。现在，问题是：所罗门[30]知道吗这一点吗？

“你想说什么？”

“你知道这一切都是推测，姆巴莉，但是这可能意味着他了解警察调查的性质。他可能在南非警署工作过，或者与南非警察警察局合作过。还有一个事实，就是他专门射击警察。这可能是他心怀怨恨。可能不是针对警察，如果我们查看弹径和打偏的子弹，但是这很难说。是我的话，我会查看被开除军籍的行政或预备役人员，以及那些因失职被逮捕或调查的人。”

“过去一年左右的？”

“过去十年的。”

反国家犯罪科的维尔纳·杜普利尔上校大声叹了口气。

“很抱歉，不过这就是事实，”法医心理学家说道，“如果他心怀怨恨，可能需要十年时间才能发展到如此地步。”

Pages 361-363:

资讯管理中心墙上的钟敲响了六点。

资讯管理中心小组的成员们都端坐在他们的电脑前。在不同的屏幕上，数据库正等着输入：全国人口登记，南非警署记录中心界面，车辆注册系统。

库皮多正在说话。他是唯一一个讲话的人。他正说着狙击手可能是西尔伯施泰因家族的人。他列举了原因。他们就像是蜘蛛，位于这张网的正中间。他们把柯特科，斯鲁特，阿弗利卡和狙击手联系在一起。他们参与了采矿和其他类似的行业。他很肯定他们在福斯堡也有生意，跟卡鲁地区石油有关的生意。

没有人听他讲话。

六点过一刻。

[29] 种族隔离（Apartheid）为 1948 年至 1991 年间在南非共和国实行的一种种族隔离制度，Apartheid 是南非语引自荷兰语的词，区分隔离制度之意。 这个制度对人种进行分隔（主要分成白人、黑人、印度人和其它有色人种）。

[30] 所罗门，以色列一代帝王，以智慧著称。

电话还是没有响。

里塞尔冲出去上厕所。他知道他一离开这个房间电话就会响。

当他在六点十九分匆忙地赶回来时，电话还是没有响。

六点二十一分的时候电话在令人窒息的寂静中响了起来。“Hayi，”姆巴莉说道，并跳了起来。

里塞尔按下了接听键。

“我是里塞尔。”

“队长，是我索利，队长。”尽管电话那头传来静电的声音，他们还是可以听到他的声音中有一丝抱歉，仿佛他知道他会让他们所有人失望似的。

“你有什么信息，索利？”

“队长，我不知道老叔头脑还好不好使。”。

“为什么这么说，索利？”

“队长，他七十六了，他的眼镜片就跟可乐瓶底一样厚……我想他肯定看错了，这不可能的。”

“拜托了，”姆巴莉低声说道。

“他说了什么，索利?”

“他说是大出案件中无罪释放的那个老人。”

“大出案件？”

“不，大出案件。厨师。做饭的那个女人。”

“那个大厨？”库皮多禁不住大声问道。

“是的，那个大厨。”中士过度纠正了自己的发音。“她叫什么名字？”

“斯坦恩案件？”里塞尔问道，“埃丝特尔·斯坦恩？”

“就是他，队长。老叔说是那个人。”

里塞尔的大脑想忽略他刚刚听到的话，这没有道理嘛。

“不，伙计，”库皮多失望地说道，“这不可能。他是一名顾问，在毕马威工作。”

“在毕马威工作的都是特许会计师，”“骨头”说。

“簿记员，”姆巴莉说道，她的声音中透着希望和兴奋。“审计员。他叫什么名字？”

“布雷赫特，”里塞尔说道。

“他的名呢？”

“我迅速谷歌一下，”资讯管理中心的一个人说道。

“他憎恨警察，”姆巴莉说，“十分憎恨。”

“他叫埃里克还是什么，”库皮多说道，仍然半信半疑。

“他讨厌……”里塞尔说道，并看着法尼·菲克平时坐的地方。菲克是调查斯坦恩案件的警员。菲克长着一双丧家之犬一般的惭愧的眼睛，每天都提醒着他这案件的重大失误。

“埃里克·布雷赫特，”一直在谷歌的这个人说道，“埃里克·塞缪尔·布雷赫特。”

“法尼在哪里？”姆巴莉问道。

“在醉鸭酒吧，”里塞尔说道。菲克每天下午下班后都去这里。本尼知道这个地方，以前他经常在那里借酒浇愁。

然后他记起了狙击手的邮件。今天我会射杀一名飞鹰组成员。这样就合理了。“靠！”他跳起来冲向门口，然后他意识到他没有车，他不知道他那辆爆胎的宝马在哪里。他突然停下来，“沃恩，他就是狙击手要射杀的那个飞鹰组成员。跟我来！”

菲克又喝了一杯白兰地加可乐。最后一杯。

他们甚至都没有说声谢谢。

他才是那个进一步考虑的人，那个查看了德福斯死后的记录的人。注意到了那些电话，

查了电话号码。是他想到了这一切。

但是没有“谢谢你”，没有“菲克，做得好”，没有“你当然必须留下来，直到我们查明情况”。什么都没有，有的只是让他收拾东西走人，“睡觉去吧，明天早上见。”

因为他是“倒霉的”法尼·菲克。没有人想真的去了解他。

他希望他们什么也没有查出来。

Glossary:

冷火：南非语为 Kouevuur，即“cold fire”。
海克斯河谷：南非语为 Hexriviervallei，即“Hex river valley”。
天：表感叹，南非语为 jissis，即“Jesus”。
靠（干）：表感叹，南非语为 fok，即“fuck”。
甜美的水：南非语为 Soetwater，即“sweet water”。
去他妈的（靠）：南非语为 fokkit 或 fokken，即“fuck it”或“fucking”。
小伙子：南非语为 mannetjies（复数）。
小孩：南非语为 laaitie。
绝不：南非语为 nooit。
做爱：南非语为 njaps，是做爱比较通俗的说法。
屎：南非语为 kak，即“shit”。
大：南非语为 moerse。
是的：南非语为 ja，即“yes”。
食物好吃或体验很好：南非语为 lekker，即“nice”。
老：南非语为 ou，即“old”。
拉杜马：南非语为 laduma，意为进球。