

# Appendix I

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Pages 125–131 of

**Challenging the Traditional Axioms: Translation into a non-mother tongue**

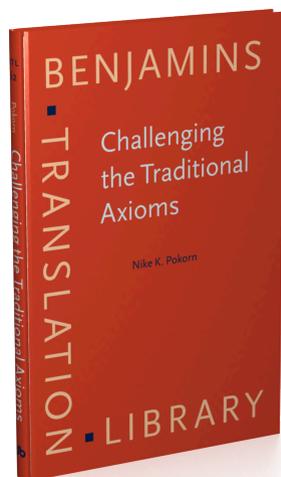
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## APPENDIX I

# Questionnaire

If you feel that any of these questions will identify you in a way you do not wish to be identified, feel free to avoid the answer.

1. Your name (optional):

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2. Native language(s):

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3. Age: 15–20      20–30      30–40      40–50      50–60      60–

4. Major area of study (specialization):

B.A.: \_\_\_\_\_

M.A.: \_\_\_\_\_

Ph.D.: \_\_\_\_\_

If you are currently preparing for a degree, specify the field and year of study:

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5. The following passages are taken from different translations of two short stories and a novel by Ivan Cankar (1876–1918). The original texts were written in Slovene (i.e. the language spoken by approx. 2 million speakers in Central Europe). The date in the brackets indicates the time when the translations were made. Read the passages and answer the questions:

I. One day I craved black coffee. I don't know how it came to my mind; I simply wanted some black coffee. Perhaps because I knew that there was not even a slice of bread in the house, and that much less coffee. Sometimes a person is merciless, cruel. Mother looked at me with her meek, surprised eyes but would not speak. After I informed her that I wanted some black coffee, I returned to the attic to continue my love story, to write how Milan and Breda loved each other, how noble, divine, happy and joyful they were... "Hand in hand, both young and athrob with life, bathed in morning dew-drops, swaying –"

Then I heard light steps on the stairs. It was mother, ascending carefully, carrying a cup of steaming coffee. Now I recall how beautiful she was at that moment. A single ray of sun shone directly onto her eyes through a crack on the wall. A divine light o' heaven, love and goodness were there in her face. Her lips held a smile as those of a child bringing one a gift. But – “Oh, leave me alone!” I said harshly. “Don't bother me now! I don't want any coffee!” (1926)

– Indicate the translator's presumed native language:

- a) American English
- b) English English
- c) some other English (Scottish, Canadian, Australian, etc.)
- d) some other language, not English

– What was your decision about the translator's native language influenced by? Describe briefly.

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– How many translators were involved in the translation?

- a) one
- b) more than one
- c) I could not tell how many.

II. One day I thought I should like to have some black coffee. I don't know why such an idea came into my head, but I just thought I would ask for some. Perhaps it was that I knew perfectly well there was not even bread in the house, much less coffee.

Lack of imagination can make a man cruel and wicked.

When I asked for a cup of coffee, my mother looked at me with big, shy eyes and made no reply.

Peevishly and grumpily, I left the room, without another word, and went up to my garret, where I wrote of “Milan and Breda who loved each other”; people of rank, happy, and serene, who went “hand in hand, young and gay, through the morning dew and rising sun.”

And now I heard soft steps on the stairs. It was my mother, walking slowly and carefully and in her hands was a cup of coffee.

I remember now that she had never seemed to look so lovely. The slanting rays of the setting sun fell through the door of my garret on to her eyes which were big and clear, and as if filled with a heavenly light; love and kindness were reflected in them.

Her lips smiled like those of a child who wants to surprise you with a pretty gift.

But I turned away, and in a cold, cruel voice said, "Leave me in peace; I do not want your coffee." (1933)

– Indicate the translator's presumed native language

- a) American English
- b) English English
- c) some other English (Scottish, Canadian, Australian, etc.)
- d) some other language, not English

– What was your decision about the translator's native language influenced by? Describe briefly.

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– How many translators were involved in the translation?

- a) one
- b) more than one
- c) I could not tell how many.

III. And then, once I craved black coffee. I don't know how it came to my mind; I merely wished to have it. Perhaps it was because I knew there was no bread in the house, not to speak of coffee. A man is in his very thoughtfulness malicious and cruel. Mother looked at me with big, timid eyes and did not answer. Ill-humored and peevish, without a word I returned under the roof in order to write how Milan and Breda loved each other and how they were so happy and gay.

"Hand in hand, together, young, illuminated by the morning sun, washed in the dew..."

I heard quiet steps on the stairs. It was Mother; she was treading slowly and cautiously. In her hand she was carrying a cup of coffee! I recall now that she was never so beautiful as in that moment. Thru the door shone a sloping beam of the noon sun, straight into my mother's eyes; they were bigger, purer, all heavenly light was reflected from them, all heavenly nobleness and love. She smiled as if to a child to whom she was bringing a joyful gift.

Yet I looked around and said in a withering voice: "Leave me in peace! ... I don't want it now!" (1957)

– Indicate the translator's presumed native language

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- b) English English

- c) some other English (Scottish, Canadian, Australian, etc.)
- d) some other language, not English

– What was your decision about the translator’s native language influenced by? Describe briefly.

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- How many translators were involved in the translation?
- a) one
  - b) more than one
  - c) I could not tell how many.

IV. Once I felt a strong craving for a cup of coffee. I do not know how this came to my mind; but I wanted it. Perhaps simply because I knew that we had not even bread at home, let alone coffee. Out of pure inadvertence man may be evil and pitiless. My mother looked at me wide-eyed and timid and gave no answer. Sour and full of ill humour, without as much as a word I went up to my loft to write about the love of Milan and Breda, and how noble, fortunate, happy and gay they both were.

“Hand in hand, the two young people, in the full glow of the morning sun, bathed in dew...”

At that moment I heard a quiet step on the stairs. It was my mother; she was treading slowly and carefully; in her hand she carried a cup of coffee. I recall now that she was never as beautiful as at that moment. Through the door came a shaft of midday sun, right into my mother’s eyes. They were larger and purer, all the light of heaven shone out of them, all heaven’s love and tenderness. On her lips there was a smile like that of a child bringing a happy gift.

But I turned and said nastily:

“Leave me alone! ... I don’t want it now!” (1971)

- Indicate the translator’s presumed native language
- a) American English
  - b) English English
  - c) some other English (Scottish, Canadian, Australian, etc.)
  - d) some other language, not English

– What was your decision about the translator’s native language influenced by? Describe briefly.

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– How many translators were involved in the translation?

- a) one      b) more than one      c) I could not tell how many.

V. Her mother got up and kissed her. As her cheeks began to smart with her mother's tears a sudden feeling of tenderness came over her. She raised her hand to touch her mother's face, which was all hot and damp. She saw that face close up before her and it was as if she was seeing it for the first time, broad, flushed and furrowed with tears. The eyes were terrified, swollen, dulled with grief, the lips quivered.

Sister Cecilia led her mother to the door.

“Is she never going to come away from here again?” her mother asked the sister with a strange look in her eyes, like a child begging for a present.

“God's will be done!” Sister Cecilia said quietly. The door closed and the footsteps died away along the corridor. (1968)

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c) some other English (Scottish, Canadian, Australian, etc.)  
d) some other language, not English

– What was your decision about the translator's native language influenced by? Describe briefly.

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– How many translators were involved in the translation?

- a) one      b) more than one      c) I could not tell how many.

VI. The children were in the habit of conversing before they went to sleep. They sat for awhile on a broad, flat stove and told each other what happened to occur to them. Evening dusk peeped into the room through dim windows, with its eyes full of dreams; the silent shadows writhed upward from all corners and carried off their extremely wonderful fairy tales.

They related whatever entered their minds, but their thoughts were only of beautiful stories spun out of the sun and its warmth, out of love and hope woven of dreams. All futurity was just one long, splendid holiday; between their Christmas and Easter came no Ash Wednesday. There somewhere behind the variegated curtains silently overflowed all life, twinkling and flashing from

light to light. Their words were half-understood whispers; no story had either a beginning, nor distinct images, no fairy tale an end. Sometime all four children spoke at the same time, and nobody disturbed another; they all gazed fascinated at that wondrously beautiful celestial light, and there every word rang true, there every story had its own pure, living and lucid visage; every tale its splendid end. (1933)

– Indicate the translator’s presumed native language

- a) American English
- b) English English
- c) some other English (Scottish, Canadian, Australian, etc.)
- d) some other language, not English

– What was your decision about the translator’s native language influenced by? Describe briefly.

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– How many translators were involved in the translation?

- a) one
- b) more than one
- c) I could not tell how many.

VII. The children were in the habit of talking together before they went to sleep. They sat for awhile on a broad, flat stove and told one another whatever happened to occur to them. The evening dusk peered into the room through dim windows, with its eyes full of dreams; the silent shadows writhed upward from every corner and carried away with them their marvellous fairy tales.

The children related whatever entered their minds, but their thoughts were only of beautiful stories spun from the sun and its warmth, from love and hope woven of dreams. All their future was just one long, glorious holiday; between their Christmas and Easter came no Ash Wednesday. Somewhere behind variegated curtains all life silently overflowed, twinkling and flashing from light to light. Their words were half-understood whispers; no story had either a beginning or distinct images; no fairy tale had an end. Sometimes all four children spoke at once, yet no one of them disturbed another; they all gazed fascinated at that wondrously beautiful celestial light, and in that setting every word rang true, every tale had its splendid end. (1934/35)

– Indicate the translator’s presumed native language

- a) American English
- b) English English

- c) some other English (Scottish, Canadian, Australian, etc.)
- d) some other language, not English

– What was your decision about the translator’s native language influenced by? Describe briefly.

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– How many translators were involved in the translation?

- a) one
- b) more than one
- c) I could not tell how many.

6. According to you, a translation should be:

- a) easy to read, fluent in the target language, i.e. in English.
- b) as close to the original as possible, even if the structure of sentences in the target language (i.e. English) sounds awkward.
- c) other (specify)

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7. Which of the translated passages do you like best?

- I.
- II.
- III.
- IV.
- V.
- VI.
- VII.

8. If you have any further comments, please provide them overleaf.