

Translation Methodologies:
Reverse Translation and Translation Orientation

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Abstract

The purpose of this Capstone is to create a formula to the right way of translating prose. The method of coming up with such a formula has involved reverse translation; that is, the Armenian translation of chapter XI of Oscar Wilde's novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray (1891)* has been translated back into English for the purpose of comparison between the original, the Armenian translation and the second English version. In order to determine which of the two famously-offered translation methods is to be preferred, the English translation of the Armenian has been conducted in two methods: in a writer- and reader-oriented ways. Furthermore, various translation theories have been viewed and applied to the translation process; the Armenian translation has also been analyzed from such a perspective. The writer- and reader-oriented translations of the Armenian translation have been compared to each other in the result of which, it has become obvious that the latter method ought to be used in prose translation. Additionally, it has been suggested that the domesticating practices currently in wide usage, are to be abandoned.

Introduction

At first sight translation seems like a simple and straightforward practice which is unlikely to become the center of much debate. However, for centuries, the discipline of translation has provoked innumerable disputes from various linguists, translators and translation theorists. A few of the works of these theorists are worth to discuss in order to reveal the gaps in already-existing research and identify issues needing more research.

To grasp the complex nature of translation, it is worthwhile to consider a short story written by Armenian writer and translator Ghukas Sirunyan titled *Babylon, Babylon*, which depicts the distortion that a tiny text undergoes as a result of *reverse translation* (that is,

translation from the original into the foreign and then from the foreign back into the original). If translation from the original into a foreign language did not distort it, then reverse translation would be quite similar to the original. The present study aims to demonstrate the extent to which the original is distorted in the result of *direct* (from English into Armenian) and *reverse* (from the Armenian back into English) translation. Translating an Armenian-translated text back into its mother English is likely to reveal a number of such patterns of distortion as can be witnessed in the story.

Of central importance is the argument revolving around the methodology of translation. It has been famously suggested that translation should be done either in a writer-oriented or reader-oriented way. By no theorist ever has it been clarified which of these two is the ideal method and should be chosen over the other one. In a famous writing of his, Barthes argues against the importance of the author's self. This provokes issues contradicting some translation theories as well as backs up other translation theories.

In the concluding part of the story *Babylon, Babylon* the word "mystery" is used to describe what happened to the original text in the result of that extreme experiment. But mystery was not just created; it initially existed within the national essence of each of the translators. This national essence and the mystery that it creates can be demystified by thorough consideration of the compounds of translation – the text, the language, and the culture.

Literature Review

A great many translation theories created in different time periods suggest deep insights into the practice of translation, each of them either explicitly or implicitly insisting on "the right way" of doing translation and pinpointing the wrong ways of doing translation. Many of these theories contradict and dispute one another. The various aspects of translation process and the

nuances of those are analyzed in the works discussed below. These works suggest deep insights into language and translation; however, they are at the same time superficial due to being plainly theoretical and lacking directions towards practical utilization.

The short story by Armenian writer and translator Ghukas Sirunyan titled *Babylon*, *Babylon (1999)*, is about an experiment conducted by representatives of seven different nations. The experiment includes word-for-word translation of a Japanese haiku into different languages and back into its original. After the experiment the text had its meaning completely distorted: the haiku had lost its aesthetics, its sentimental features, to say nothing of its meaning. The importance of this story lies in the way it manifests the complex and dangerous nature of translation. Its implication is that every language represents a world of its own, the transfer of which into another linguistic setting requires utter caution and mastery.

In his article *If This Be Treason: Translation and Its Possibilities (1984)*, distinguished American literary translator from Spanish and Portuguese, Gregory Rabassa, defines translation as some sort of an intermediate form, and, since most analyses have failed to give this practice an exact definition, it is most certainly an art, moreover, a bastard one. Rabassa identifies the basic problem of a writer to be the search for “the most right word” to name objects, ideas and actions. And while the writer is the lord of his/her work and can, at any time, stop the search for the most right word, the translator is not granted such freedom; s/he has to find the most right word out of his/her own bag of possibilities to replace the most right word that the writer, in turn, has picked out of his/hers (Rabassa, 1984, p. 22). The author poses the ever-present question of what exactly translation is or should be. The same question concerned Schleiermacher, who, in his short paper titled *On the Different Methods of Translating (1815)*, demonstrates to the reader what kind of unrealistic goal the practice of translation chases. He describes this practice as “a method that

insists on breathing into the translated work the spirit of a language foreign to it”
(Schleiermacher, 1815, p. 61).

Schleiermacher suggests that there are two distinctive approaches to translation: writer-oriented – when the translator leaves the reader alone as much as possible and sticks to the writer; and reader-oriented – when the translator leaves the writer alone as much as possible and focuses on the reader. The author’s position is that only one of the two methods ought to be applied to one particular translation (p. 42-43).

In his article, Rabassa does end up giving an answer to his earlier-posed question of what translation should be; he says, "a translation ought to be the closest possible reading of a work” (Rabassa, 1984, p. 23). And for this purpose, Rabassa notes that the translator must have some understanding of the author and his/her ways. This is where French literary critic and theorist Roland Barthes comes into play. In his revolutionary text *The Death of the Author* (1967), Barthes claims that the author’s biographical facts and intentions regarding the text s/he has written should not have any weight in the assessment of that very text because to give the text an author is to define the text, to explicate it. What is more, Barthes calls the writer the “scriptor” and claims that no author is the original author of a text; rather, the scriptor is the one who combines different kinds of writing. The author justifies his view by suggesting that the meaning of a text is created not within the author but within the reader. Therefore, for the reader to be born, the author must die.

Barthes’ paper is crucial for translators with regard to the two translation methods introduced by Schleiermacher: Barthes’ point of the unimportance of the author’s self begs the question of who the translator is to translate if the author has died to give birth to the reader (who, in case of a foreign text, is the translator, in the first place) – the author or the authorless

text? Schleiermacher's 'writer-oriented' translator has a sacred responsibility of preserving the peculiarities of the writer's culture and authority which Barthes claims unimportant and not worthy of consideration.

Apart from Schleiermacher's two approaches to translation, there is a bigger set of methodologies about which theorists actively argue. Translation is viewed as an art by a number of theorists one of whom, Gregory Rabassa, was already discussed above. Another big name in the domain of translation is that of German philosopher, literary critic and translator Walter Benjamin. Like Rabassa, he considers translation an art and signifies its aesthetic and expressive character.

Specifically, in his essay *The Task of the Translator* (1923) published in a selection of Benjamin's writings of 1913-1926, the author argues that a text is never written for the reader; likewise, no text ought to be translated for the reader. He holds that the primary feature of a literary text is not the meaning but the language. He discusses the topic of linguistic aesthetics more profoundly in his other work titled *On Language as Such and On the Language of Man* (1916) which is also published in the same selection of Benjamin's writings. Here, Benjamin suggests a view of language that is not plainly instrumental, but is also expressive. Same goes for translation. As he denies the instrumental view of language and emphasizes its aesthetic quality, Benjamin labels as "bad" any translation that attempts to transmit meaning. "It is the task of the translator to release in his own language that pure language which is under the spell of another" (Benjamin, 1923, p. 261). Furthermore, his unconventional theory on language opens up a whole new perspective towards the act of translating. He holds that any language does not just express meaning, but it also expresses itself. And this expression of itself is so unique to each language that it is never possible to recreate it through a foreign linguistic entity. In a situation where

translation ought not to transmit meaning but rather, linguistic value, but, on the other hand, it cannot reproduce this very linguistic value, what remains for the translator to do is recreate the language of the original text in his/her own language.

Another discussion of the aesthetic aspect of translation is led by American translation theorist Lawrence Venuti in his relatively new work called *The Translation Workshop and Its Limitations* (2012) where the author discusses the belletristic approach to translation emerged in the 1960's. This approach improved the cultural status of translators as it described the act of translation as a creative writing process. The belletristic approach considers the focus of translation to be the aesthetics rather than the content. However, Venuti shows more support for the writer-oriented approach. In his translation studies book *The Translator's Invisibility: A History of Translation* (1995), he notes that the translated text is acceptable by most critics and the public when it gives the impression as though it is not a translation but the original text itself. This has led to an environment where foreignness is not accepted and gets erased. Venuti argues against this practice and encourages translators to put an end to domestication and allow the features of foreign texts to be conveyed to the reader. French translator and theorist Antoine Berman is a supporter of this perspective. In his work called *Translation and the Trials of the Foreign* (1985) he argues that the job of the translator is to present the original text in its foreignness. He presents twelve common deforming tendencies in the translation of literary prose – rationalization, clarification, expansion, ennoblement and popularization, qualitative impoverishment, quantitative impoverishment, the destruction of rhythms, the destruction of underlying networks of signification, the destruction of linguistic patternings, the destruction of vernacular networks or their exoticization, the destruction of expressions and idioms and the

effacement of the superimposition of languages – and encourages translators to try to avoid these as much as it is possible.

It can be endlessly argued whether literary translation should make the linguistic-aesthetic value its number one priority or strive to preserve the contextual meaning; whether it should utilize domesticating practices in order to make the text more appealing for the reader or do justice to the text's original author and maintain his/her cultural peculiarities. The translation theorists discussed above emphasize many significant nuances of the translation process, but, nonetheless, leave some crucial issues uncovered – issues which need to be manifested through practice, not theory.

Research Question

This study focuses on the area of literary translation and seeks to define the way that literary texts ought to be translated. The central issue of the study is which method of translation – writer- or reader-oriented – is to be preferred in case of literary prose.

Another central question is whether translation should make the linguistic-aesthetic value its number one priority or strive to preserve the contextual meaning.

Any written material, be it literary prose, a poem or a scientific text, has a particular kind of impact to make on its reader. The reader, in his/her turn, as opposed to Barthes who states that the author should not be considered, has to be aware of the rudimentary truths about the circumstances of the text's production process – the author's persona, nationality, the place and time period of production of the text – in order to have at least minimal consciousness regarding the, in many cases, implicitly offered, information that he/she is about to consume as well as be

able to grasp the stylistic and cultural nuances while translating: the translator cannot translate an authorless text.

There is a necessity for a formula to the right way of doing literary translation. This capstone suggests such a formula based on implications from both doing practical literary translation work, and from close witnessing of the changes occurring in the result of reverse translation.

Methodology

This research attempts to test the practicality of the methods suggested by Schleiermacher, and is thus conducted by means of textual analysis. Specifically, both the writer-oriented and the reader-oriented methods of translation have been applied to the chapter translated within this paper. The Armenian translation of the original, in turn, has been viewed from this methodological perspective – that is, it has been revealed which method the Armenian translator has followed and what consequences it has brought forward.

This research has integrated both theory and practice. More specifically, various theories have been applied to the practical translation work conducted in the framework of this research project in order to derive new theories through the refuting and approving of this or that existing theory.

A chapter (specifically, chapter XI) of Oscar Wilde's novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891) translated into Armenian was translated back into English and then compared to the original to prove or disprove a number of theories as well as record new discoveries in the result of this experiment. Some aspects of the Armenian translation of the English text have also been analyzed and taken into account for a productive comparison between the three versions.

Findings

Part 1

The present section of this Capstone consists of three parts. The first part is a comparison of the Armenian translation with the original text of Wilde in order to see which method of translation (introduced by Schleiermacher) can be applied to it; to critically analyze the translation with application of the various theories discussed in the Literature Review section; to identify the overall focus/direction of the translation.

In his analytical text *Translation and the Trials of the Foreign* (1985), Berman discusses the twelve deforming tendencies of translation. The author further notes that his analysis is based on his own experience as a translator of Latin American literature into French, and to be complete, it requires the contribution of translators from other languages, linguists as well as psychoanalysts as the application of these deformative techniques is unconscious (p. 286). Some of the twelve deforming tendencies of translation were viewed in scope of the Armenian translation.

Specifically, the following deforming tendencies have been spotted: rationalization, clarification, expansion, ennoblement and popularization and qualitative impoverishment.

Rationalization is mainly concerned with syntax and punctuation: “Rationalization recomposes sentences and the sequence of sentences, rearranging them according to a certain idea of discursive order” (p. 288). The author suggests that rationalization means destroying the concreteness of the text by not stressing what was meant to be stressed by the original author in the result of not only changing the syntax, but other rationalizing features like replacement of a verb with a noun or choosing out of two nouns the one with a more general meaning (p. 289).

This implies that the very attempt to translate is already destruction of the original.

At many places, the translator has used a common technique of breaking the English sentence down into two parts in the Armenian translation because of syntactic reasons. For instance, the original sentence reads: “He procured from Paris no less than nine large-paper copies of the first edition, and had them bound in different colours, so that they might suit his various moods and the changing fancies of a nature over which he seemed, at times, to have almost entirely lost control.” The translation of it looks like this: «Փարիզից նա պատվիրեց այդ գրքից ինը օրինակ և կազմել տվեց տարբեր գույներով: Այդ գույները պետք է համընկնեին նրա փոփոխական տրամադրություններին և երևակայություններին, որոնց գրեթե չէր կարողանում տիրապետել»: Not only have sentences been broken down into smaller ones, but also big paragraphs have been broken down into smaller paragraphs where the logic of the text have allowed to do so. “The hero, the wonderful young Parisian in whom the romantic and the scientific temperaments were so strangely blended, became to him a kind of prefiguring type of himself. And, indeed, the whole book seemed to him to contain the story of his own life, written before he had lived it.” Connected in the Armenian version: «Գրքի հերոսը՝ երիտասարդ փարիզեցին, որի մեջ զարմանալիորեն միահյուսվել էին ռոմանտիկությունն ու գիտնականի սթափ միտքը, Դրոիանին թվում էր, թե իր նախատիպն է, իսկ ամբողջ գիրքը՝ նրա կյանքի պատմությունը, որը գրված էր ավելի շուտ, քան ինքն ապրել էր»: These are all acts of rationalization.

Clarification is the tendency whereby the original text is explicated or given a more complete form in the translated language. The negative consequence of clarification is spreading light on what was meant to stay hidden (p.289).

The following sentence - “He was quite conscious that this would tell them nothing.” - comes after a paragraph where it is talked about how Dorian feared that someone might gain access to the room where he kept his portrait. In the Armenian version, «Ասէնք, նա լրիվ համոզված էր, որ եթէ սենյակ էլ մտնեն, միևնույն է, դիմանկարից ոչինչ չեն կռահի», the tendency of clarification has been practiced: the implication of “this” has been explicated into “եթէ սենյակ էլ մտնեն”, and “դիմանկարից” has been added – all this in order to make it complete.

The deforming tendency of ennoblement is expressed by “rhetorization” in literary texts. That is, the creation of sentences that Berman describes as ‘elegant’ on the basis of the source sentence (p. 290).

Berman notes that all translations are longer than the original due to the deforming tendency called expansion. The theorist describes expansion as the result of rationalization and clarification, whereby an unfolding takes place of what, in the original, is folded (p. 290).

The sentence “So much had been surrendered!” has been translated as «Ինչքա՛ն շատ բան է բաց թողված, ինչքա՛ն զիջումներ է արված»:

“Gradually white fingers creep through the curtains, and they appear to tremble.” The author is describing morning routine in the passage where this sentence is, and the translator has decided to translate this sentence in the following way, «Աստիճանաբար լուսաբացի սպիտակ մատները սահում են վարագույրների վրայով, և թվում է, թէ վարագույրները թրթռում են»: This has at once added clarity and ruined the mystery through the addition of the word “լուսաբացի.”

The first sentence of a paragraph after the one where the author talks about Dorian's collection of stones, starts with the following sentence: "He discovered wonderful stories, also, about jewels."

It was expanded and made more complete in the Armenian translation: «Դորիանն ամենուրեք փնտրում էր ոչ միայն թանկագին քարեր, այլև այդ քարերի մասին եղած ամենահետաքրքիր լեզենդները»: There is something in almost every sentence of this translation that exposes the evident reader-oriented nature of it; in the present sentence, it is the transformation of "wonderful stories" into «ամենահետաքրքիր լեզենդները».

The translator has omitted the word "wonderful" for absolutely no reason. "With a vermilion-and-gold ceiling" has become "որի առաստաղը ոսկեգույն էր". Now, vermilion is a vivid red color and omitting it impoverishes the visual perception of the reader. The translator has exercised the authority they granted themselves; they have made omissions of words they did not feel like incorporating into the Armenian text. This would be allowed in a reader-oriented translation if doing so was justified, i.e. if it was better not to translate them as the Armenian audience would not perceive them correctly or at all, due to cultural peculiarities. However, none of the omitted words fall into this category of being culturally peculiar to the audience it was originally written for.

According to Schleiermacher, translating is the process whereby the reader is provided with the same experience as the reader of the original for whom the language of the original is foreign but understandable (p. 44). In other words, the reader of a translation must be able to enjoy the text while being aware that it is a translation and not the original. Schleiermacher perceives the translator not solely as a conveyer of a text to an audience foreign to it, but as a cultural ambassador that educates his/her audience on both the lifestyles of the people belonging to

foreign cultures and their peculiar way of self-expression, their habits, character and worldview. The translations of Schleiermacher's time tended to be domesticated paraphrases that only conveyed the plot of the story but did not convey the cultural nuances. Schleiermacher, on the other hand, is a supporter of promotion of xenophilia through translation. He suggests that there are two distinctive approaches to translation: writer-oriented – when the translator leaves the reader alone as much as possible and sticks to the writer; and reader-oriented – when the translator leaves the writer alone as much as possible and focuses on the reader. The author's position is that only one of the two methods ought to be applied to one particular translation. The translator of the Armenian version has made creative alterations to the text which is good ground to consider this translation reader-oriented.

The translator of the Armenian version has omitted the word “fantastic” again, for no reason.

“Somewhat grotesque dread” has been translated “սհավոր սարսափ.” The definition of “grotesque” is “comically or repulsively ugly or distorted.” This word creates a special kind of image related to the deformed body of Dorian and ridiculing it, not just being horrified by it, as the Armenian text would make us think.

In the translation of the following sentence, it is unclear what the author refers to with “նա” at the end: «Գրեթե դաժան ուրախությամբ ... Դորիանը կարդում էր գրքի վերջին գլուխը, որտեղ իրական ողբերգությամբ, չնայած փոքր-ինչ չափազանցրած, նկարագրվում էին մարդու վիշտն ու հուսահատությունը կորցրածի համար, որն աշխարհում բոլորից բարձր էր նա գնահատում»: Here it seems as though it addresses Dorian, and so was it translated by me. However, in the original version it becomes clear that “նա” refers to the

Parisian: “It was with an almost cruel joy ... that he used to read the latter part of the book, with its really tragic, if somewhat overemphasized, account of the sorrow and despair of one who had himself lost what in others, and the world, he had most dearly valued.”

«Այո՛, Դորիանը հրճվում էր, որովհետև նրա հրաշալի գեղեցկությունը, որ դյուբել էր Բեզիլ Հոլլուորդին և շատ շատերին, երբեք չպետք է խամրեր»: “Այո՛, Դորիանը հրճվում էր” is an addition made by the author since in Armenian it would not make sense if the sentence was translated word for word: the sentence would look incomplete.

“... escaped the stain of an age that was at once sordid and sensual” has become «...խուսափել խայտառակ դարի զգվելի կրքերից»: This is a nice way of conveying the sense to the Armenian audience, although the word “sensual” was not translated and the distinction of “sordid” and “sensual” was not shown.

In the Armenian translation of the following “... he himself would creep upstairs to the locked room, open the door with the key that never left him now, and stand, with a mirror, in front of the portrait that Basil Hallward had painted of him, looking now at the evil and aging face on the canvas ...” the part “that Basil Hallward had painted of him” which expresses an important detail, is omitted for unknown reasons.

Qualitative impoverishment is described by Berman as the translation of iconic terms into ones that do not contain the richness of the original, an iconic term being one that creates a particular image. The following are a few examples of this tendency found in the Armenian translation.

“With a monstrous and terrible delight” is translated as “մի տեսակ անբնական հիացմունքով” monstrous and terrible have become մի տեսակ անբնական which in no way conveys the horror that it does in the original.

The part “the misshapen body and the failing limbs” was translated into «այլանդակված ու մաշված մարմինը» leaving out “failing limbs” which expresses a visual image.

A common tendency of the translator is omission of details for no apparent or justified reason. The details enhance the underlying visual senses of the text and not conveying them is impoverishment of the literary work.

“Lying sleepless in his own delicately scented chamber” was translated «երբ նա անքուն պառկած էր լինում իր ննջարանում՝ լցված օծանելիքների բուրմունքով». There are a few things wrong with this line. First, it would be more correct to say «պառկած էր լինում իր՝ օծանելիքների բուրմունքով լցված ննջարանում» since the syntax used by the translator would be more suitable to be used in case Dorian himself was filled with perfume scents.

Second, the translator has omitted the word “delicately” and also written plural

«օծանելիքների» making it seem like the room was filled with several perfume scents (which causes the reader to have a headache from merely reading about it) and not a single delicate one.

“... a type of which they had often dreamed in Eton or Oxford days...” is translated as «այն իդեալը, որի մասին երազել էին ուսանողական տարիներին»: “Eton or Oxford days” would not make sense to the Armenian audience, therefore, it has been domesticated to «ուսանողական տարիներ»:

“There are few of us who have not sometimes wakened before dawn...” has been translated into «Մեզանից ո՞վ չի երբեմն արթնացել...» which can be viewed as domestication; however, it could not and should not have been translated word for word. Making this line sound Armenian has involved change in the mood of the sentence from indicative to interrogative.

Part 2

The second part of this Capstone is a comparison of my both translations (writer- and reader-oriented) with each other. Examples of the changes I made in the reader-oriented version are provided here.

The creation of the reader-oriented version has consisted of reviewing the writer-oriented version and making necessary changes to it so that the whole text would sound more natural in English and read more smoothly, not reminding the reader of being a translation with every other sentence. In case of an English language text, the audience does not just consist of native speakers, but of English speakers of any nationality. So, cultural peculiarities of no one particular nation ought to be considered during such translation. What should, nonetheless, be taken into account and adhered to are the rules of the English language.

One by one, I will present a sentence from the writer-oriented version, and then provide the reader-oriented version of the same sentence. The changed parts or words will be marked in italics and explanation will be provided as to why the changes were made.

“Henry had awakened in him *a curiosity* towards life...” of the writer-oriented version was made into “Henry awakened in him *some sort of curiosity* towards life...”

“Indeed, for Dorian, life was the most *important* and the greatest of all types of art, with all the other *variations of art* being nothing but an entry point into life” became “Indeed, for Dorian, life

was the most significant and the greatest of all types of art, with all the other types being nothing but an entry point into life” in the reader-oriented one.

The part “... even the memories of happiness *have* some bitterness, and *the memories of past pleasure hurt*” of the writer-oriented version has been moderated into “even the memories of happiness *contain* some bitterness, and *all that the memories of past pleasure do is hurt.*” The first version sticks by the original text but does not sound natural or congenial. The ending part in the second version contains a hint of exaggeration in the result of the addition of the word ‘all’ but it sounds natural and acceptable for an English reader.

“Dorian was captivated by fuming censers like big golden flowers which were fumigated by solemn boys with serious faces *wearing lacey red clothes:*” this is a word for word translation and strictly adheres to the syntax of the Armenian version. I made syntactic changes in the reader-oriented version, and this is how it looks: “Dorian was captivated by fuming censers *looking* like big golden flowers which were *being* fumigated by solemn *lacey-red-clothed* boys with serious faces.” I took “lacey red clothes” to the middle of the sentence in the reader-oriented version because in the writer-oriented one it seemed as though the serious faces (not the boys) were wearing lacey red clothes. Apart from syntactic improvements, I added the word “looking” to express the similar appearance of censers to flowers; before this change it seemed as though the big golden flowers themselves were censers and did not plainly *resemble* censers. I added “being” in the second version to convey the constant nature of the action; in the given case, “were fumigated” makes it sound like a onetime act.

The changes in the following sentence, “*Summer followed summer*; the yellow narcissus *had* blossomed and wilted many times; the crazy nights *had been repeated* time and again *along with their shame*; Dorian, however, *was unchanged*” were mainly syntactic: “*One summer was*

followed by another; the yellow narcissus blossomed and wilted many times; the crazy nights—*along with their shame—were repeated* time and again. Dorian, however, *stayed the same.*” The sentence was divided into two in the second version. The past perfect tense of the first version was replaced with past simple in the second one in order to free the sentence of unnecessary heaviness and make it read more smoothly.

From the sentence “Hence, for a whole year, Dorian enthusiastically collected *and created a collection of* rare embroideries and fabrics” I have completely omitted the italicized part as the root ‘collect’ was repeated twice and made the idea sound banal. The changed version, “Hence, for a whole year, Dorian enthusiastically collected rare embroideries and fabrics,” makes perfect sense even after the omission and does not contain any loss of meaning.

In the following sentence, “According to *Dorian*, human beings *were* complex and multiform creatures with numerous lives and numerous senses, within whom an unreachable inheritance of human thoughts and passions *existed*; moreover, even their bodies *were* contaged with the demonic diseases of dead ancestors” the author mentions Dorian’s name after having mentioned it again in the previous sentence. For this reason, the reader-oriented version has “Dorian” replaced with “him.” The Armenian version of this sentence is written in past simple form and so, of course, is the writer-oriented one. I thought that it was more proper to put the sentence in present form in the reader-oriented version as the past tense does not sound natural in English and would confuse the reader making them wonder why facts about Dorian’s life are written in past form and not present. In Armenian, it was in past form because the story is about a person that does not live at the time of writing; in English, however, even if the person is dead, it is proper to write in present tense to stay away from unnecessary complications. The reader-oriented version of the sentence, therefore, looks like this: “According to *him*, human beings *are*

complex and multiform creatures with numerous lives and numerous senses, within whom an unreachable inheritance of human thoughts and passions *exist*; moreover, even their bodies *are* contaged with the demonic diseases of dead ancestors.”

“Dorian *thought* whether his life was the repetition of Herbert’s life; whether an odd toxic microbe, *transferring from one body to the other*, had reached him; whether it was not the vague desire of his faded beauty that had, suddenly and unreasonably, awakened a mad prayer in *Dorian* at Basil Hallward’s studio and, *thus*, changed his whole life.” Among other minor changes, a syntactic change took place in the second version of this sentence: “Dorian *wondered* whether his life was the repetition of Herbert’s life; whether an odd toxic microbe had reached him *by way of transferring from one body to another*; whether it was not the vague desire of his faded beauty that had, suddenly and unreasonably, awakened a mad prayer in *him* at Basil Hallward’s studio and changed his whole life.” ‘*Transferring from one body to another*’ was placed at the end of the idea to get rid of interruption mid-sentence and thus make the reading of it smoother. Although this sentence is long, it contains the name of Dorian at the beginning and one more time at the ending part. Again, I replaced ‘Dorian’ with ‘him’ at the ending to avoid repetition that, contrary to the Armenian text, will not please the reader of the English one.

Part 3

The third part of the Findings section involves a critical comparison of my reader-oriented translation of the Armenian translation of Wilde’s writing for the assessment of changes, distortions and losses that can place in the result of reverse translation. Two things should be taken into account here:

1. I have translated a translation. This means that the final product is going to be way more distorted than it would have been in case of direct translation. While translating, I did not

consult the original text written by Wilde. There have been distortions and deviations from the original in the Armenian translation and I have translated those without knowing that they are quite different from what was written in the original. In this section, I will make comparisons not only between my translation and Wilde's text but will occasionally view the Armenian text to reveal where some distortions are coming from.

2. Out of the two versions of translation, the reader-oriented one will be used in the comparison with the original as it is my preferred version. If I were to translate for the purpose of publication, I would present the reader-oriented version as my final work. Additionally, I believe the reader-oriented method to be the proper way of doing literary translation and will talk about it in the conclusion part of this Capstone where I present a formula to the right way of literary translation.

The two texts - Wilde's and mine, are of course very differently worded and numerous minor distortions of the original are undoubtedly and naturally present in my translation. For this reason, I will only view and analyze the changes in the result of which the meaning has changed completely. Like in the previous section, here, too,

“The worship of the senses...” was translated to «Աղայությունների պաշտամունքը...» which was reversely translated as “The worship of lavishness...”

The entire following sentence - “The flameless tapers stand where we had left them, and beside them lies the half-cut book that we had been studying, or the wired flower that we had worn at the ball, or the letter that we had been afraid to read, or that we had read too often” - is written in first person plural, but the translation looks like this: «Հանգած մումերը շարունակում են մնալ այնտեղ, որտեղ թողել էինք, իսկ կողքին՝ ընդհատված գիրքը կամ թռչնած ծաղիկը, որ զարդարել էր պարահանդեսում Ձեր կուրծքը, կամ էլ նամակը, որ

վախեցել էինք կարդալ կամ կարդացել անթիվ ու անհամար անգամ»։ The translator has translated one “we” as “Ձեր” which can be justified: translating it as “մեր կուրծքը” would sound funny, to say the least.

To my surprise, distortions of meaning were few in the result of reverse translation. What this means is that the Armenian translation did not change the meaning of the original text, and my translation of the Armenian, in turn, strictly followed the text as well. Many translation theorists claim that translation must not strive to preserve meaning but must strive to recreate the linguistic-aesthetic quality of the original. Benjamin, for instance, puts it this way: “It is the task of the translator to release in his own language that pure language which is under the spell of another, to liberate the language imprisoned in a work in his recreation of that work.” Of course, the aesthetics of the text were maintained to a small extent in the result of reverse translation.

Perhaps one could claim that the Armenian language does not contain the pompous vocabulary with which Wild has written; as a result, the translation was impoverished. It is still a good translation and aesthetically pleasing for an Armenian to read. However, translating the impoverished Armenian text back into English cannot recreate the high aesthetics of the English text, especially if it is the text of someone like Wilde and especially if the translator him/herself is not a writer possessing his/her own creative vocabulary.

Talking about the aesthetics of translation, it is worth to recall Rabassa who states that the basic problem of the author is that s/he must name objects, actions ideas often having to choose among possibilities and synonyms for the most right word, but since it is his/her creation, at some point s/he can sit back and stop searching. Meanwhile, the translator must find the most right word for the most right word from his own bag of possibilities in a different language. The original

pondering is still there with the translator's own added to it. Presented below are cases of aesthetic impoverishment that took place in the result of reverse translation.

This line of the original text – “And so, for a whole year, he sought to accumulate the most exquisite specimens that he could find of textile and embroidered work” was translated the following way from the Armenian translation: “Hence, for a whole year, Dorian enthusiastically collected rare embroideries and fabrics.” The translation of the Armenian resembles statement of facts, while Wilde has obviously put much emphasis on the aesthetic side of his text.

This sentence of the original text, “He had a special passion, also, for ecclesiastical vestments, as indeed he had for everything connected with the service of the Church” was translated as “Dorian had a soft spot for church clothing as well as everything that had to do with religious ceremonies.” ‘Ecclesiastical vestments’ have become ‘church clothing’ simply because the Armenian translation of it was ‘եկեղեցական հագուստ.’

“Sometimes when he was down at his great house in Nottinghamshire, entertaining the fashionable young men of his own rank who were his chief companions, and astounding the county by the wanton luxury and gorgeous splendour of his mode of life, he would suddenly leave his guests and rush back to town to see that the door had not been tampered with and that the picture was still there” was translated as “Sometimes, when he hosted noble young people—among whom he had many friends—at his large apartment in Nottinghamshire, and amazed the whole county with lavish luxuries and glorious feasts, he would suddenly leave the guests, head to London to check if the room had been broken into, if the portrait was in place or not.” Apart from eye-catching aesthetic impoverishment, there is also an example of meaning error here: ‘Splendour of his mode of life’ has become ‘glorious feasts.’

Undoubtedly, language is a living organism and the way we use it undergoes constant changes. Wilde wrote this work in the 19th century; the English of that time was not quite the one used today. Had Wilde lived today, he would certainly not use the same pompous wording that he used. Part of the impoverishment is the result of this change of linguistic usage over time.

Conclusion

Reverse translation is a bad idea and so is translation from a different translation into another language. It is a common practice in Armenia to translate English texts, be it prose or a movie, through its Russian translation – this practice is an example of reverse translation. The first translation will, as a rule, include minor alterations that have been undertaken for the sake of smoothness and naturalness in the translated language; however, translating this altered text is going to distort the final product. For instance, translating something from English into Russian might require the Russian translator to change “we” into “you”; but if this very English text were to be translated directly into Armenian, the “we” might have better been translated into “սխիս” without needing to change the original; meanwhile, translating it from Russian would cause us to have “դուք” in the final product. This kind of distortions are innumerable, and it is always necessary to translate directly from the original language into the target language. Translation is already a deforming exercise; reverse translation leads to more unnecessary distortion.

This implies that the very attempt to translate is already destruction of the original.

Hence, the preferred method for literary translation should be the reader-oriented one as the writer-oriented translation sounds “translated” and the reader-oriented translation is the way the text would sound were it written in the target language by a target-language-speaking author.

However, reader-oriented should not mean domesticated. The practice of domestication in prose must be abandoned for domestication implies repression of foreign features and expressions of

foreign cultures, habits and lifestyles. The reader of a foreign text should be able to be educated on the peculiarities of that very culture. The reader of the Armenian translation of an English text must not get the impression as though the text was written by an Armenian author.

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Appendices

Writer-oriented translation of Chapter XI

Dorian Gray could not free himself from the influence of that book for years. Or, perhaps, more precisely, he himself did not ever want to be free from it. He ordered nine copies of that book from Paris and made the cover of each to be a different color. Those colors were to match his changeable moods and fantasies which he was hardly able to control.

The protagonist – a young Parisian within whom romanticism and the sober mind of a scientist had strangely intertwined – was Dorian's prototype, he thought, and the whole book – the story of his life which had been written earlier than he lived.

One thing made Dorian luckier than the character in the novel: never had he experienced and never was he to experience terrible horror looking at mirrors, sheen surfaces of metals and temperate waters; horror, which the young Parisian had experienced at an early age when he suddenly lost the astonishing beauty of his. With almost a cruel joy (although, cruelty does have its place in joy as well as in delight) was Dorian reading the last chapter of the book which, truly tragically, although a little exaggeratedly, described the human sorrow and despair resulting from loss. This he valued more than anything in the world.

Yes, Dorian was delighted for his marvelous beauty, which had enchanted Basil Hallward and many others, was never to fade. Even those who heard the worst news about him (from time to time some shocking news would be floating around in London becoming gossip material at the clubs), after seeing Dorian, could not believe a single rumor. He made the impression that not a single bit of impurity had touched him. The indecent gossipers would immediately become silent when Dorian Gray would walk in. There was something in the brightness of his face that scolded them. The presence of Dorian was enough for the slanderers to recall their lost purity. They would even be surprised at how this attractive and graceful young man had avoided the disgusting passions of an age so disgraceful.

Often, returning home after long and mysterious absences—ones which made for odd assumptions by friends, or people who called themselves “friends”—Dorian would secretly climb upstairs, open the locked door with a key which he always carried with him, would stand before the portrait with a mirror in his hand, and glance first at the evil, aging face on the canvas, and then, at the handsome young man smiling at him from the mirror. The eye-catching contrast would increase his pleasure. He fell more and more in love with his own beauty and watched the destruction of his soul with bigger interest. With deep attention—sometimes, even with unnatural admiration—would he explore the ugly lines that made grooves in his wrinkling forehead or crawled around his sensual mouth wondering which was more terrifying – the imprint of sin or of age? He would compare his hands with the coarse, sere hands on the canvas, and smile, making fun of his deformed and shabby body.

In fact, during some nights Dorian Gray would lie sleepless in his perfume-filled bedroom or in a cell of some infamous den where he would sometimes show up disguised, and would think, with sorrow and anguish, about the destruction of his soul. However, moments of this kind did not

occur very often. Henry had awakened in him a curiosity towards life at the moment when they sat in the garden of their common acquaintance Basil Hallward. Dorian felt this kind of curiosity for the first time; and the more satisfaction this curiosity met, the greedier it became. The more he learnt, the thirstier for knowledge he became. The more he fed those crazy desires of his, the hungrier they became.

Nevertheless, Dorian was not unwise at least in matters concerning his relations with the society. A couple of times during winter, and every Wednesday during other seasons, the most popular musicians used to fascinate his guests with musical wonders inside the open doors of his luxurious apartment. His dinner parties, with the organization of which Lord Henry always helped Dorian, were famous among his guests with their exquisitely laid tables which harmonized beautifully with the exotic flowers, embroidered tablecloths and gold and silver antique tableware. Many people, especially young newcomers, saw in Dorian the ideal they had dreamed of during their student years – the ideal which combined the politeness of a true scientist and all the charm and courteous manners of a noble person. Dorian resembled one of those characters who, like Dante puts it, “strive to uplift the soul through adoration of the beautiful;” one, whom this world—according to Goethe—was made for.

Indeed, for Dorian, life was the most important and the greatest of all types of art, with all the other variations of art being nothing but an entry point into life. Of course, Dorian paid much attention to fashion – something that can make any imagined thing real, and to dandyism – something that strives toward the achievement of absolute contemporary beauty. His innovative clothing style with which he was fascinated from time to time, made a discernible influence on the young dandyists at the Mayfair balls and Pell-Mell clubs who, trying to recreate Dorian’s gracious charm, were copying even those details about which he was nonchalant.

With great pleasure did Dorian take the position he was offered in the society as he reached adulthood: he was endlessly delighted with the thought that he could become for contemporary London what the author of “Satyricon” had become for Rome in the times of Emperor Nero. But deep inside he had a desire to be more than just an “arbiter elegantiarum” with whom people discussed matters like how to wear accessories, how to tie their neckties or how to carry a walking stick. He dreamed of creating a new philosophy of life which would have its definition, its principles, and for which the ultimate meaning of life was to bring feelings and sensations to life.

The worship of lavishness was often justifiably criticised because people were instinctively terrified of passions and sensations which could be stronger than themselves, and, as we know, were typical of creatures of lower class. But Dorian Gray thought that the true nature of sensations had never been perceived correctly, they had remained beastly and unrepressed as people had always preferred not to contribute to its development, had killed those sensations with struggle instead of seeing in it elements of new spiritual life—one, the dominant trait of which must be the highly developed striving towards beauty.

When he threw a glance at the historical past of the humankind, he was immediately filled with a feeling of bitter sorrow: so much had been missed, so many things had been given away; all of that for what kind of a goal? How many crazy, stubborn refusals, what kind of monstrous forms of self-torture and self-deprivation, the reason of which is the horror, and the consequence of which is perversion (that is much more horrible than imaginary perversion), which people have ignorantly tried to avoid. With its magnificent ridicule, the nature has driven hermits out into the deserts to subsist with beasts.

Just as Lord Henry was anticipating, a new form of hedonism will make an appearance and will provide for a new life free of harsh and mutable puritanism the old followers of which have been reborn in our times. Of course, this new hedonism will serve the common sense, but will never establish a theory changing the diverse experience of passion. The goal of hedonism is this very experience and not whether its outcomes are good or bad. There must be no place in life for asceticism—that, which kills the emotions, and for vulgar unruliness—that, which abates the emotions. Hedonism will teach people to grasp each moment of life since life itself is one passing moment.

Who among us has not sometimes waken up before sunrise from a sleep so sweet, when the eternal sleep of death seems desirable, or after a night's horror and perverse joy when the brain creates images more horrible than reality, bright and alive, like any fantasy filled with the imperious power that provides the gothic art with an everlasting cheerfulness, as though this art was created specifically for those who suffer from daydreaming. The white fingers of the dawn gradually slide over the curtains making the latter seem to be vibrating. The bizarre black shadows silently crawl towards and hide at the corners of the room. Outside, among the leaves, the chirping of birds can be heard, and from the streets come the sounds of people going to work. Then you hear the moaning of the wind crawling over the hills and wandering among the peaceful houses scared to wake the sleeping people, but, at the same time, having to expel the sleep from its surroundings. The lightweight veils of the dark lift one after the other restoring the true forms and colors of things; before our eyes, the dawn returns to the world its usual form. The vague mirrors receive back the reflection of life. The faded candles remain in the place we left them, near them lay the unfinished book or the dead flower that decorated your chest at the ball, or the letter that we were afraid to read or had read a thousand times. Nothing seems to have

changed. Our usual reality returns from inside the shadows of the night. We need to start where we left off; we are filled with the awful sense of necessity to continuously struggle over the same boring and monotonous habits. Sometimes, during such moments, we feel the urge to open our eyes and see a different new world, which has been transformed overnight for our enjoyment: a world where things have taken on new forms, colours and secrets; one where the past has very little place, if any, and even if it is there, it does not bear the form of regret or necessity, as even the memories of happiness have some bitterness, and the memories of past pleasure hurt.

Dorian was captivated by fuming censers like big golden flowers which were fumigated by solemn boys with serious faces wearing lacey red clothes. When leaving the church, Dorian would curiously look at the confessors, and sometimes even sit by their vague shadows listening to people whispering the true stories of their lives from inside the old cages.

Nevertheless, Dorian realized that formal acceptance of any religion would be limiting his mental development and he never made such a mistake. He did not want to consider the tavern his permanent shelter which he could use only for a night or a couple of night hours when the stars do not give light and the moon has not yet appeared. There was a time when Dorian was captured by mysticism, its wonderful feature of making things mysterious and the complex paradoxes ever accompanying it. In another phase of his life he had been into the materialistic theory of German Darwinism and greatly enjoyed connecting all of human thoughts and passions to some cells of the brain's grey mass or the activity of white nerve tissues. So attractive was the idea of the absolute independence of the spirit depending on physical—sick or healthy, normal or abnormal—conditions. However, as was stated at the beginning, no theory concerning life was significant to Dorian. The significant thing was life itself. He deeply acknowledged how unfruitful abstract conclusions are when disconnected from reality and experience; he knew that

humans' sensual life—as well as the spiritual one—has its holy secrets which wait to be discovered.

He now started to explore the effects of different kinds of fragrances and the secrets of making fragrant substances. By squeezing and burning aromatic oils and the fragrant eastern resin, he came to the conclusion that there is no psychological mood that is not connected to some sensual perceptions and so he decided to discover their true ratio. He wanted to know which component of incense filled one with a mystic mood; what was there in the ambergris that arouses the person. Why does the fragrance of the violet rouse memories of dead love, the musk - torture the mind, the cotton - deprave the imagination? Dreaming of establishing a science of the psychological effects of fragrances, Dorian explored the effects of various fragrant roots, aromatic plants and polins, the balm, sweet-smelling trees, the lavender that makes one relax, the aloe which, they say, cures the soul of melancholy, and the hovenia which drives one crazy.

There was also a period in Dorian's life when he was fully absorbed by music. At that time, in a long hall with grated windows, golden ceiling and olive-colored walls, he used to organize extraordinary concerts: wild music resounded from the small zithers of crazy gypsies; gorgeous Tunisians in yellow shawls bumped the tight cords of the enormous lute. The Negros, exposing their teeth, monotonously hit the copper drums, and the skinny Indians in turbans blew reeds or brasses alluring or pretending to allure the big rat snakes and horrifying venomous horned vipers. At times like this, the abrupt interruptions of the barbarian music and the acute disharmony moved Dorian while the ecstasy of Schubert, the wonderful moaning of Chopin and even the powerful symphonies of Beethoven had no effect on him. From different parts of the world he had collected such amazing musical instruments that could only be found in the graves of extinct peoples or the successors of wild tribes who had survived in the result of their interaction with

Western civilization. Dorian likes to touch the instruments; he tried to play them. He had the mysterious jurupari of the Rio Negro Indians in his collection, which women were forbidden to see; he even did not allow young boys to see it. People were only allowed to look at it after fasting and being whipped. There were Peruvian clay jugs the sound of which resembled the screaming of birds, reed pipes made of human bones that Alfonso de Ovalle listened to in Chile, and sonorous green jaspers found near Cuzco which had inimitable sonority. Dorian also had painted pumpkins full of cobbles that rumbled, and a long Mexican trumpet the playing of which required one not to blow the air but rather to drag it in. He also had a touré of Amazonian tribes that had a sharp sound and which watchmen played all day long sitting on tall trees, and the sound of which, they say, can be heard from a distance of three miles. He had a teponaztli with two palpitating tongues which was hit by sticks greased with the plant milk resin. Finally, in his collection there was an Aztec yotl that had bells lookin like a bunch of grapes and an enormous cylindrical drum which was covered with snake leather: Cortés' companion Bernal Díaz had seen it in a Mexican cathedral and so vividly described its plaintive sound. Those instruments fascinated Dorian with their uniqueness and he felt incredible pleasure from the thought that art, like nature, has its devils with monstrous and disgusting voices.

However, soon Dorian became bored with that too. In the evenings, sitting in his opera box alone or with Lord Henry, he listened to Tannhäuser with fascination and seemed to hear the tragedy of his own soul in its prelude.

Then, he found a new obsession: gems. Once, at a masquerade, he showed up in the costume of French admiral Anne de Joyeuse, the jacket of which had 560 pearls on it. This obsession of his lasted for years, even till the end of his life. He often sorted out and arranged his collections of gems into boxes all day long. He had olive-colored chrysoberyls that received a red hue under

lamp light; a silver-striped chymophen; pistachio-colored peridot; topazes with rose and gold wine hues; fiery garnets in which four-angled stars and flaming glows were flashing; orange and purple spinels; amethysts shining like a ruby, and other times - like a sapphire. He liked the red gold of the heliotrope, the pearl-like whiteness of the moonstone, the rainbowy sparks of the creamy saddle. He had acquired three colorful emeralds of unusual size from Amsterdam, and a rare turquoise provoking jealousy in all the scientists.

Dorian looked everywhere not only for gems but also the most interesting legends about those gems. In Alphonso's "Clericalis Disciplina" there is a mention of a snake with real hyacinth eyes, and in Alexander's romantic story, it is said that the conqueror of Emathia had seen snakes in Jordan Valley "on the backs of which real emerald necklaces grew."

In the dragon's brain, as Philostrate tells, there is a gem called gemma, "and if the dragon is shown golden letters and a crimson cloth, it will fall into a magic sleep after which it can be killed."

According to great alchemist Pierre de Boniface, the diamond can make a person invisible, and the Indian agate - eloquent. The sardius can soften one's anger, the hyacinth - make one fall asleep, the amethyst cures from hangover, the garnet draws the evil spirit out of a person, the aquamarine bleaches the moon. The moonstone gets smaller and bigger simultaneously with the moon, and the melanite which is used to find thieves, loses its power only from the blood of a lamb.

Leonard Camille has seen a white gem taken out of the brain of a just-killed toad which serves as an antidote. The onix, that can be found in the heart of the Arabic deer is a miracle that can cure

plague. The aspilates could be found in the nests of Arabic birds. According to Democritus, the carrier of this gem is safe from fire.

On the day of his coronation, the king of Ceylon walked around the capital with a big ruby in his hand as a coronation ritual. The fences of priest Johan's palace were made of sardius, and contained the horns of horned snake which prevented poison from being carried inside the palace. On the triangle-shaped pediment of the palace there were "two golden apples, and inside them - two garnets; at daytime shone the gold, at nighttime - the garnet." In the outlandish novel called "America's Pearl" Lodge describes how, in the queen's bedroom, one could see "the reflection of all of the world's virtuous women looking in the mirrors made of chrysolite, garnet, sapphire and green emerald." Marco Polo has seen how the inhabitants of Jipangu put rose pearls into the mouths of their dead people. A sea dragon falls in love with a pearl. When the pearl-seeker gets the pearl for King Pherose, the dragon kills the thief and mourns its loss for seven moons. Then, as Procopius tells, when huns tempted King Pherose and trapped him, he threw away the pearl which was never found afterwards although Emperor Anastasius had promised 500 pounds of gold for it.

The king of Malabar had shown to a Venetian a bead made of 304 pearls: it was the number of gods that he worshipped.

When Alexander VI's son, "Duke de Valentinois visited French King Ludovicus XII, his horse, as Brantom told, was fully covered by golden leaves, and the duke's hat was decorated with double-layered rubies which radiated a blinding light."

Four hundred twenty one diamonds were hanging from the stirrup of English King Carlos' horse. Richard II had a red coat decorated with rubies costing thirty thousand marks. Hall describes

Henry VIII's costume on the eve of his coronation in the following way. Heading to the Tower "he was wearing a waistcoat made of golden zerbab the breastplate of which was embroidered with diamonds and other gems, and the shoulder belt - with massive rubies." The mistresses of Jacob I wore golden gratings and emerald earrings. Edward II had given Piers Gaveston a plain gold armor decorated with hyacinths the wide turquoise-ornamented collar of which was made of gold roses, and the hat was covered with pearls. Henry II used to wear elbow-length gloves decorated with gems; and his hunting mittens were braided with 12 rubies and 52 pearls. The last duke of the House of Burgundy, Charles the Bold had a hat from which pear-shaped pearls were hanging.

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Nevertheless, he had avoided it. Summer was followed by summer: many times had the yellow narcissus blossomed and wilted; again and again had the crazy nights been repeated along with their shame; Dorian, however, was unchanged. No winter spoiled his face or deadened his blooming youthfulness. Meanwhile, how different was the fate of objects-ones which people had created.

Where had they gone? Where is the saffron-colored clothing braided by black girls for the enjoyment of Athena, on which the gods' fight with giants was depicted? Where is the gigantic

velarium stretched over the Colosseum in Rome by the order of Nero—that enormous red sail depicting a sky full of stars, where Apollo was riding the chariot of horses with golden bridles. He desired to see the napkins embroidered for the priest of the Sun which depicted all the fine dishes which are desirable for a feast. Or the burial blanket of Kilperic with 300 gold bees on it, or the extraordinary clothes provoking the anger of bishop Pontus where “lions, leopards, bears, dogs, forests, rocks, hunters” were depicted - everything that an artist could see in nature. Where is the clothing of Prince Charles of Orleans on the sleeves of which were embroidered the following first words of a song: “Madame, je suis tout joyeux:” these words and their melody was embroidered with golden thread, and every note (that was a square at the time) with four pearls.

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the Turkish camp near Vienna. Under its gold-plated dome the flag of Prophet Muhammad was placed.

Thus, for a whole year Dorian enthusiastically collected and created a collection of rare embroideries and fabrics. He had Indian exquisite muslin that he had found in Delhi on which golden bay leaves and rainbow-shaped wings of dung beetle were braided. He had tulle from Daqqa which was called etheric fabric, water jet, evening dew in the East because of its transparency; he also had extraordinary illustrative fabrics from Java; he had yellow Chinese curtains created by the subtle effort of hand; satin umber or sky blue books on which “flearus be lys,” birds, and other images were depicted. He had veils of Hungarian lace, Cicilian zarbab and Spanish firm velvet, Georgian gold-plated fabrics and Japanese “fukusa” with a gold shine that had birds of a marvelous color on it.

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After a few years, Dorian could not leave England anymore for a long time. He abandoned the luxurious summer house in Trueville which he had rented with Lord Henry as well as the white-fenced cottage in Algeria where they had spent many winters together. He couldn't part with the portrait which took up a huge space in his life. Besides that, he was also afraid that someone

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Nonetheless, he was afraid. Sometimes, when he hosted noble young people at his large apartment in Nottinghamshire, among which he had many friends, and amazed the whole county with lavish luxuries and glorious feasts, he would suddenly leave the guests, head to London to check if the room had been broken into, if the portrait was in place or not. What if the portrait gets stolen? He was terrified from the mere thought of it. The secret would then be spread all over the world. Maybe they had already started to suspect.

Yes, he had charmed many, but there were also many who did not trust him. He nearly got a black vote at the West End Club although, based on origin and social status, he had the absolute right to be a club member. They say, when, on one occasion, one of Dorian's friends took him to the smoking room of Churchill-club, duke Cervick and some other gentleman stood up and demonstratively left the club. Strange news circulated about him when he was already twenty-five years old. They told that somebody had seen him at one of the brothels of the faraway district of Whitechapel, having a fight with foreign sailors, and that he was somehow connected to thieves and coiners, and knew the secrets of their profession. Many people knew about his odd absences, and when he appeared in the society again, men gossiped at the corners, passed by him

with a grin on their face, or looked at him with a cold examining face as though wishing to at last find out the truth about him.

Dorian, of course paid no attention to such disrespect and indifference; as for the opinion of the majority of people, his genuine benevolence, politeness, his charming childish smile and the infinite enchantment of his perennial youthfulness were enough to deny the so called gossips around him.

Nevertheless, the high-class environment started to notice that many people close to Dorian's had started to avoid him. Women once madly in love with him who had ignored decency and social opinion for the sake of his love, were now getting pale with shame and horror when Dorian entered the room.

However, the dark whispers about Dorian only added to his strange and dangerous charm in the eyes of many. In fact, his wealth, too, provided for his security to some extent. The society—the civilized one, at least—never easily believes everything that is said to discredit wealthy and charming people. This society intuitively senses that manners are more important than virtue, and, it evaluates the most respected individual much lower than the one with a good cook. After all, when one offers guests bad dinner or useless wine, it is a pathetic consolation to say that he or she has a pure private life. Even the great virtues, as Lord Henry once mentioned discussing that topic, don't redeem a human's crimes if he or she does not offer his or her guests warm enough dinner. Much can be said as a defense of that view. Because the same laws that apply in art also apply or must apply in a good society: the most essential is exclusively the form. The form needs to be given considerate solemnity and ceremonial theatricality; form has to combine the insincerity of a romantic play with the wit and beauty which attract us so much in those

plays. Is pretending that big of a sin? I think no. It is simply a means of giving diversity to the human personality.

At least that is what Dorian Gray thought. He was amazed by the limited psychology of people who considered the human Self plain, permanent, reliable, and monotone in nature. According to Dorian, the human creature was a complex and multiform creature with numerous lives and numerous senses, within whom an unreachable inheritance of human thoughts and passions exists; moreover, even the body is contaminated with the demonic diseases of dead ancestors.

Dorian loved to wander in the cold and gloomy gallery of his countryside apartment, watching the portraits of the people whose blood flowed in his veins. Here is Philip Herbert about whom Francis Osborn in his book “Memorials on the days of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth and King Jacob” says that “he was the favorite of the palace but his beauty did not last for long.” Dorian thought whether his life was the repetition of Herbert’s life; whether an odd toxic microbe, transferring from one body to the other, had reached him; whether it was not the vague desire of his faded beauty that had, suddenly and unreasonably, awakened a mad prayer in Dorian at Basil Hallward’s studio and had changed his whole life.

Reader-oriented translation of Chapter XI

Dorian Gray could not free himself from the influence of that book for years. Or, perhaps, more precisely, he did not ever want to be free from it. He ordered nine copies of that book from Paris and made the cover of each to be a different color. Those colors were to match his changeable moods and fantasies which he could hardly control.

The protagonist of the book – a young Parisian within whom romanticism and the sober mind of a scientist had strangely intertwined – was Dorian’s prototype, he thought, and the whole book – the story of his life written earlier than he lived.

One thing made Dorian luckier than the character in the novel: never had he experienced and never was he to experience terrible horror looking at mirrors, sheen surfaces of metals and temperate waters; horror, which the young Parisian had experienced at an early age when he suddenly lost the astonishing beauty of his. With almost a cruel joy (although, cruelty does have its place in joy as well as in delight) was Dorian reading the last chapter of the book which, truly tragically, although a little exaggeratedly, described the human sorrow and despair resulting from loss. This he valued more than anything in the world.

Yes, Dorian was delighted for his marvelous beauty, which had enchanted Basil Hallward and many others, was never to fade. Even those who heard the worst news about him (from time to time some shocking news would be floating around in London becoming gossip material at the clubs), after seeing Dorian, could not believe a single rumor. He made the impression as though not a single bit of impurity had touched him. The indecent gossipers would immediately become silent when Dorian Gray would walk in. There was something in the brightness of his face that scolded them. The presence of Dorian was enough for the slanderers to recall their lost purity. They would even be surprised at how this attractive and graceful young man had been able to avoid the disgusting passions of an age so disgraceful.

Often, returning home after long and mysterious absences—ones which made for odd assumptions by friends, or people who called themselves “friends”—Dorian would secretly climb upstairs, open the locked door with a key that he always carried with him, stand before the portrait with a mirror in his hand, and glance first at the evil, aging face on the canvas, and then,

at the handsome young man smiling at him from the mirror. The eye-catching contrast increased his pleasure. He fell more and more in love with his own beauty and watched the destruction of his soul with increasing interest. With deep attention—sometimes even with unnatural admiration—he explored the ugly lines on his wrinkling forehead and around his sensual mouth, and wondered which was more terrifying – the imprint of sin or of age. He compared his hands with the coarse, sere hands on the canvas, and smiled, making fun of his deformed and shabby body.

In fact, during some nights Dorian Gray would lie sleepless in his perfume-filled bedroom or in the room of some infamous den where he used to show up disguised, and would think, with sorrow and anguish, about the destruction of his soul. However, moments of this kind did not occur very often. Henry awakened in him some sort of curiosity towards life when they were sitting in the garden of their common acquaintance Basil Hallward. Dorian was feeling this kind of curiosity for the first time; and the more satisfaction this curiosity met, the greedier it became. The more he learnt, the thirstier for knowledge he became. The more he fed those crazy desires of his, the hungrier they became.

Nevertheless, Dorian was not unwise at least in matters concerning his relations with the society. A couple of times during winter, and every Wednesday during other seasons, the most popular musicians used to fascinate his guests with musical masterpieces inside the open doors of his luxurious apartment. His dinner parties, with the organization of which Lord Henry always helped Dorian, were famous among his guests with their exquisitely laid tables that harmonized beautifully with the exotic flowers, embroidered tablecloths and gold and silver antique tableware. Many people, especially young newcomers, saw in Dorian the ideal they had dreamed of during their student years – the ideal which combined the politeness of a true scientist and all

the charm and courteous manners of a noble person. Dorian resembled one of those characters who, like Dante puts it, “strive to uplift the soul through adoration of the beautiful;” one, who this world—according to Goethe—was made for.

Indeed, for Dorian, life was the most significant and the greatest of all types of art, with all the other types being nothing but an entry point into life. Of course, Dorian gave much importance to fashion – something that can make any imagined thing real, and to dandyism – something that strives toward the achievement of absolute contemporary beauty. His innovative clothing style with which he was fascinated from time to time, made a discernible influence on the young dandyists at the Mayfair balls and Pell-Mell clubs who, trying to recreate Dorian’s gracious charm, were copying even those details toward which he was nonchalant.

With great pleasure, Dorian took the position he was offered in the society as he reached adulthood: he was endlessly delighted with the thought that he could become for contemporary London what the author of “Satyricon” had become for Rome in the times of Emperor Nero. But deep inside he had a desire to be more than just an “arbiter elegantiarum” with whom people discussed matters like how to wear accessories, how to tie their neckties or how to carry a walking stick. He dreamed of creating a new philosophy of life which would have its definition, its principles, and for which the ultimate meaning of life was the realization of feelings and sensations.

The worship of lavishness has often been justifiably criticised because people have been instinctively terrified of passions and sensations which could be stronger than themselves, and, as we know, were typical of creatures of lower class. But Dorian Gray thought that the true nature of sensations had never been perceived correctly, that they had remained beastly and unrepressed as people had always preferred not to contribute to its development, had killed those

sensations with struggle instead of seeing in it elements of new spiritual life—one, the dominant trait of which must be the highly developed aspiration of beauty.

Looking at the historical past of the humankind, Dorian would immediately be filled with a feeling of bitter sorrow: so much had been missed, so many things had been given away, and for what purpose? How many crazy, stubborn refusals, what kind of monstrous forms of self-torture and self-deprivation, the reason of which is horror, and the consequence of which is perversion (that is much more horrible than imaginary perversion), which people have ignorantly tried to avoid. With its magnificent ridicule, the nature has driven hermits out into the deserts to subsist with beasts.

Just as Lord Henry anticipated, a new form of hedonism will make an appearance and will provide for a new life free of harsh and mutable puritanism the old followers of which have been reborn in our times. Of course, this new hedonism will serve the common sense, but will never establish a theory changing the diverse experience of passion. The goal of hedonism is this very experience and not whether its outcomes are good or bad. There must be no place in life for asceticism—that, which kills the emotions, and for vulgar unruliness—that, which abates the emotions. Hedonism will teach people to grasp each moment of life as life itself is one passing moment.

Who among us has not sometimes waken up before sunrise from a sleep so sweet, when the eternal sleep of death seems desirable, or after a night's horror and perverse joy when the brain creates images more horrible than reality, bright and alive, like any fantasy filled with the imperious power that gives gothic art its everlasting cheerfulness, as though it was created specifically for those who suffer from daydreaming. The white fingers of the dawn gradually slide over the curtains making them look like they are trembling. The bizarre black shadows

silently crawl towards and the corners of the room and hide there. Outside, among the leaves, the chirping of birds can be heard, and from the streets come the sounds of people going to work. Then one can hear the moaning of the wind crawling over the hills and wandering among the peaceful houses scared to wake the sleeping people, but, at the same time, having to expel the sleep from its surroundings. The lightweight veils of the dark lift one after the other restoring the true forms and colors of things; before our eyes, the dawn returns to the world its usual form. The reflection of life is given back to the vague mirrors. The faded candles remain in the place you left them. Near them lie the unfinished book or the dead flower that decorated your chest at the ball, or the letter that you were afraid to read or had read a thousand times. Nothing seems to have changed. Our usual reality returns from within the shadows of the night. We need to start where we left off; we are filled with the awful sense of necessity to continuously struggle over the same boring and monotonous habits. Sometimes, during such moments, we feel the urge to open our eyes and see a different new world, which has been transformed overnight for our enjoyment: a world where things have taken on new forms, colours and secrets; one where the past has very little place, if any, and even if it is there, it does not bear the form of regret or necessity, as even the memories of happiness contain some bitterness, and all that the memories of past pleasure do is hurt.

Dorian was captivated by fuming censers looking like big golden flowers which were being fumigated by lacey-red-clothed solemn boys with serious faces. When leaving the church, Dorian would curiously look at the confessors, and sometimes even sit by their vague shadows listening to people whispering true stories of their lives from inside old cages.

Nevertheless, Dorian realized that formal acceptance of any religion would limit his mental development, so he never made such a mistake. He did not want to consider the tavern his

permanent shelter which he could use only for a night or a couple of night hours when the stars do not give light and the moon has not yet appeared. There was a time when Dorian was captured by mysticism, its wonderful feature of making things mysterious and the complex paradoxes always accompanying it. In another phase of his life, he was into the materialistic theory of German Darwinism, and greatly enjoyed connecting all of human thoughts and passions to some cells of the brain's grey mass or the activity of white nerve tissues. So attractive was the idea of the absolute independence of the spirit depending on physical—sick or healthy, normal or abnormal—conditions. However, as was stated at the beginning, no theory concerning life was significant to Dorian. The significant thing was life itself. He deeply acknowledged how vain abstract conclusions are when disconnected from reality and experience; he knew that humans' sensual life—as well as the spiritual one—has its holy secrets waiting to be discovered.

He now started to explore the effects of different kinds of fragrances and the secrets of making fragrant substances. By squeezing and burning aromatic oils and the fragrant eastern resin, he came to the conclusion that there is no psychological mood that is not connected to some sensual perceptions and so he decided to discover their true ratio. He wanted to know which component of the incense fills one with a mystic mood; what is there in the ambergris that arouses the person. Why the fragrance of the violet rouses memories of dead love, the musk – tortures the mind, the cotton – depraves the imagination. Dreaming of establishing a study of the psychological effects of fragrances, Dorian explored the effects of various fragrant roots, aromatic plants and polins, the balm, sweet-smelling trees, the lavender that makes one relax, the aloe which, they say, cures the soul of melancholy, and the hovenia which drives one crazy.

There was also a period in Dorian's life when he was fully absorbed by music. At that time, in a long hall with grated windows, golden ceiling and olive-colored walls, he used to organise extraordinary concerts: wild music resounded from the small zithers of crazy gypsies; gorgeous tunisians in yellow shawls bumped the tight cords of the enormous lute. The negros, exposing their teeth, monotonously hit the copper drums, and the skinny Indians in turbans blew reeds or brasses alluring or pretending to allure the big rat snakes and horrifying venomous horned vipers. At times like this, the abrupt interruptions of the barbarian music and the acute disharmony moved Dorian, while the ecstasy of Schubert, the wonderful moaning of Chopin and even the powerful symphonies of Beethoven had no effect on him. He had collected such amazing musical instruments from different parts of the world that could only be found in the graves of extinct peoples or the successors of wild tribes who had survived in the result of their interaction with the Western civilization. Dorian liked to touch the instruments; he also tried to play them. He had the mysterious jurupari of the Rio Negro Indians in his collection, which women were forbidden to see; he did not allow even young boys to see it. People were only allowed to look at it after fasting and being whipped. There were Peruvian clay jugs the sound of which resembled the screaming of birds, reed pipes made of human bones that Alfonso de Ovalle listened to in Chile, and sonorous green jaspers found near Cuzco which had inimitable sonority. Dorian also had painted pumpkins full of cobbles that rumbled, and a long Mexican trumpet the playing of which required one not to blow the air but rather to drag it in. He also had a touré of Amazonian tribes that had a sharp sound and which watchmen played all day long sitting on tall trees, and the sound of which, they say, can be heard from a distance of three miles. He had a teponaztli with two palpitating tongues which was to be hit by sticks greased with the plant milk resin. Finally, in his collection there was an Aztec yotl that had bells looking like a bunch of grapes

and an enormous cylindrical drum covered with snake leather: Cortés' companion Bernal Díaz had seen it in a Mexican cathedral and vividly described its plaintive sound. Those instruments fascinated Dorian with their uniqueness and he felt incredible pleasure from the thought that art, like nature, has its devils with monstrous and disgusting voices.

However, soon Dorian became bored with that too. In the evenings, sitting in his opera box alone or with Lord Henry, he listened to Tannhäuser with fascination and seemed to hear the tragedy of his own soul in its prelude.

Then, he found a new obsession: gems. Once he showed up to a masquerade in the costume of French admiral Anne de Joyeuse, the jacket of which had 560 pearls on it. This obsession of his lasted for years, even till the end of his life. He would often sort out and arrange his collections of gems into boxes all day long. He had olive-colored chrysoberyls that received a red hue under lamp light; a silver-striped chymophen; pistachio-colored peridot; topazes with rose and gold wine hues; fiery garnets in which four-angled stars and flaming glows flashed; orange and purple spinels; amethysts shining like ruby, other times – like sapphire. He liked the red gold of the heliotrope, the pearl-like whiteness of the moonstone, the rainbowy sparks of the creamy saddle. He had acquired three colorful emeralds of unusual size from Amsterdam, and a rare turquoise provoking jealousy in all scientists.

Dorian looked everywhere not only for gems but also for the most engaging legends about those gems. In Alphonso's "Clericalis Disciplina" there is a mention of a snake with actual hyacinth eyes, and in Alexander's romantic story, it is said that the conqueror of Emathia had seen snakes in Jordan Valley "on the backs of which real emerald necklaces grew."

In the dragon's brain, according to Philostrate, there is a gem called gemma, "and if the dragon is shown golden letters and a crimson cloth, it will fall into a magic sleep after which it may be killed."

According to great alchemist Pierre de Boniface, the diamond makes a person invisible, the Indian agate – eloquent. The sardius softens one's anger; the hyacinth causes one to fall asleep; the amethyst cures from hangover, the garnet draws the evil spirit out of a person, and the aquamarine bleaches the moon. The moonstone gets smaller and bigger simultaneously with the moon, and the melanite – used to find thieves – loses its power only from the blood of a lamb.

Leonard Camille has seen a white gem taken out of the brain of a just-killed toad which serves as an antidote. The onix, that can be found in the heart of the Arabic deer, is a wonder that cures one of plague. The aspilates could be found in the nests of Arabic birds. According to Democritus, the carrier of this gem is protected from fire.

On the day of his coronation, the king of Ceylon walked around the capital with a big ruby in his hand as a coronation ritual. The fences of priest Johan's palace were made of sardius, and contained the horns of a horned viper which were used to prevent poison from being carried inside the palace. On the triangle-shaped pediment of the palace, there were "two golden apples, and inside them – two garnets; at daytime the gold shone, at nighttime – the garnet." In the outlandish novel called "America's Pearl" Lodge describes how, in the queen's bedroom, one could see "the reflection of all of the world's virtuous women looking in the mirrors made of chrysolite, garnet, sapphire and green emerald." Marco Polo has seen how the inhabitants of Jipangu put rose pearls into the mouths of their dead people. A sea dragon fell in love with a pearl. When the pearl-seeker got the pearl for King Pherose, the dragon killed the thief and mourned its loss for seven moons. Then, as Procopius tells, when the huns tempted King Pherose

and trapped him, he threw away the pearl which was never found afterwards although Emperor Anastasius had promised 500 pounds of gold for it.

The king of Malabar had shown to a Venetian a bead made of 304 pearls: it was the number of gods that he worshipped.

When Alexander VI's son, "Duke de Valentinois visited French King Ludovicus XII, his horse," as Brantom told, "was fully covered by golden leaves, and the duke's hat was decorated with double-layered rubies radiating a blinding light."

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with pearls. The funeral bed was placed in the living room from the walls of which the black velvet emblems of the queen hung on the silver zarbab. In Ludovicus XIV's room one could find 15 feet tall embroidered gold statues. The luxurious funeral bed of Polish King Jan Sobieski was placed under a tent of Izmirian gold zarbab on which a couple of lines from the Qur'an were embroidered with turquoise. The wonderful gold-plated silver columns holding it were splendidly decorated with enamel- and gem-covered medals. The Polish had taken this tent from a Turkish camp near Vienna. Under its gold-plated dome the flag of Prophet Muhammad was placed.

Hence, for a whole year, Dorian enthusiastically collected rare embroideries and fabrics. He had Indian exquisite muslin that he had found in Delhi, on which golden bay leaves and rainbow-shaped wings of dung beetle were braided. He had tulle from Daqqa which was called etheric fabric, water jet, or evening dew in the East because of its transparency; he also had extraordinary illustrative fabrics from Java; he had yellow Chinese curtains created with the subtle effort of hand; satin umber or sky blue books on which "flearus be lys," birds, and other images were depicted. He had veils of Hungarian lace, Cicilian zarbab and Spanish firm velvet, Georgian gold-plated fabrics and Japanese "fukusa" with a gold shine that had birds of a marvelous color on it.

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golden chasuble with a repeating pattern: golden seeds of pomegranate tree, a crown with six-petal flowers, and pineapples embroidered with tiny pearls.

After a few years, Dorian could not leave England for a long while. He abandoned the luxurious summer house in Trueville which he had rented with Lord Henry as well as the white-fenced cottage in Algeria where they had spent many winters together. But he could not part with the portrait which took up a huge space in his life. Besides that, he was also afraid that someone would creep into the room where the portrait was, although he had commanded for a secure latch to be placed on the door.

However, he was completely sure that even if they did enter the room, they would not guess anything from the portrait anyway. It is true that the portrait had maintained his similarity behind the disgusting ugliness, but what clue could they have of it? Dorian would laugh at anyone trying to threaten them. After all, it was not him who had painted the portrait. So what if the portrait was loathsome? Who could blame him for that? Even if he told the truth as it was, would anyone believe it?

Nonetheless, he was afraid. Sometimes, when he hosted noble young people—among whom he had many friends—at his large apartment in Nottinghamshire, and amazed the whole county with lavish luxuries and glorious feasts, he would suddenly leave the guests, head to London to check if the room had been broken into, if the portrait was in place or not. What if the portrait got stolen? He was terrified from the mere thought of it. The secret would then be spread all over the world. Maybe they had already started to suspect.

Yes, he had charmed many, but there were also many who did not trust him. He nearly got a black vote at the West End Club although, based on origin and social status, he had the absolute

right to be a club member. They say, when, on one occasion, one of Dorian's friends took him to the smoking room of Churchill-club, duke Cervick and some other gentleman stood up and demonstratively left the club. Strange news circulated about him when he was already twenty-five years old. According to those, somebody had seen him at one of the brothels of the faraway district of Whitechapel, having a fight with foreign sailors; they also said that he was somehow connected to thieves and coiners, and knew the secrets of their profession. Many people knew about his odd absences, and when he appeared in the society again, men gossiped at the corners, passed him by with a grin on their faces, or looked at him with a cold examining face as though wishing to finally find out the truth about him.

Dorian, of course paid no attention to such disrespect and indifference; as for the opinion of the majority of people, his genuine benevolence, politeness, his charming childish smile and the infinite enchantment of his perennial youthfulness were enough to deny the so-called gossips around him.

Nevertheless, the high-class environment started to notice that many of Dorian's close people had started to avoid him. Women, once madly in love with him, that had ignored decency and social opinion for the sake of his love, would now become pale with shame and horror when Dorian entered the room.

However, the dark whispers about Dorian only added to his strange and dangerous charm in the eyes of many. In fact, his wealth, too, provided for his security to some extent. The society—the civilized one, at least—never easily believes everything that is said to discredit wealthy and charming people. This society intuitively senses that manners are more important than virtue, and it evaluates the most respected individual much lower than the one with a good cook. After all, when one offers guests bad dinner or useless wine, it is a pathetic way of consolation to say

that he or she has a pure private life. Even great virtues, as Lord Henry once mentioned discussing that topic, don't redeem a human's crimes if he or she does not offer his or her guests warm enough dinner. Much can be said as a defense of that view. Because the same laws that apply in art also apply or must apply in a good society: the most essential is exclusively the form. The form needs to be given considerate solemnity and ceremonial theatricality; it has to combine the insincerity of a romantic play with the wit and beauty which attract us so much in those plays. Is pretending that big of a sin? I don't think so. It is simply a mode of giving diversity to the human personality.

At least that is what Dorian Gray thought. He was amazed by the limited psychology of people who considered the human Self plain, permanent, reliable, and monotone in nature. According to him, human beings are complex and multiform creatures with numerous lives and numerous senses, within whom an unreachable inheritance of human thoughts and passions exist; moreover, even their bodies are contagued with the demonic diseases of dead ancestors.

Dorian loved to wander around the cold and gloomy gallery of his countryside apartment, watching the portraits of the people whose blood flowed in his veins. Here is Philip Herbert about whom Francis Osborn, in his book "Memorials on the days of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth and King Jacob," says that "he was the favorite of the palace but his beauty did not last for long." Dorian wondered whether his life was the repetition of Herbert's life; whether an odd toxic microbe had reached him by way of transferring from one body to another; whether it was not the vague desire of his faded beauty that had, suddenly and unreasonably, awakened a mad prayer in him at Basil Hallward's studio and changed his whole life.