

The following is the textual part of the HONEYMOON IN POMPEII test conducted on December 5th 2020. It consisted of chosen passages from an English version of Wilhelm Jensen's "Gradiva" (1902) translated to Danish. To present the artistic research project in English, here's my Danish (in no way perfect) translation side by side with Helen M. Downey's translation (1918) from which I translated. The first paragraphs describing it as a translation of a translation would have no meaning if the text had been presented in English in the test and my conceptual idea of reproductions/adaptations being part of the overall transmedia project would have been lost.

In the test, the text (Danish version) was simply presented as 5 A4-pages stapled together at the corner.

<p>Som aftalt har jeg oversat et par passager af Helen. M. Downey's engelske oversættelse af Wilhelm Jensen's tyske "Gradiva" fra 1902 – altså en oversættelse i andet led.</p> <p>Passagerne er markeret med sidetal ud fra forlaget Moffats udgivelse af Downeys oversættelse fra 1918, hvor den egentlige fortælling udgør siderne 3-118.</p> <p>Jeg har inkluderet åbning og slutning.</p> <p>Kh Sven</p>	<p>As agreed, I've translated some passages of Helen M. Downey's English translation of Wilhelm Jensen's German "Gradiva" from 1902 – that is, a translation of a translation.</p> <p>The passages are marked with page numbers from the Moffat edition of Downey's translation from 1918 in which the actual story ranges from the pages 3 – 118.</p> <p>I've included the opening and ending.</p> <p>Best regards, Sven</p>
<p>Fra side 3-5</p> <p>På et af sine besøg til de store antiksamlinger i Rom havde Norbert Hanold opdaget et basrelief, der havde en så exceptionelt attraktiv virkning på ham, at han med stor tilfredshed fik udarbejdet en gipsafstøbning af det efter sin hjemkomst til Berlin. Kopien havde nu hængt en del år på hans arbejdsværelse, der hovedsagligt var indrettet med reoler til hans mange bøger. Her strejfede aftenssolen det fint, når den stod lige ind i værelset. Relieffet forestillede en gående kvinde i ca. en tredjedel af naturlig størrelse: Hun var stadig ung, ikke et barn, men dog ikke en fuldbyrdet kvinde. Der var nok tale om en cirka tyveårig romersk jomfru. Hun mindede på ingen måde om de mange portrætterede Venuser, Dianas eller</p>	<p>From pages 3-5:</p> <p>On a visit to one of the great antique collections of Rome, Norbert Hanold had discovered a bas-relief which was exceptionally attractive to him, so he was much pleased, after his return to Germany, to be able to get a splendid plaster-cast of it. This had now been hanging for some years on one of the walls of his work-room, all the other walls of which were lined with bookcases. Here it had the advantage of a position with the right light exposure, on a wall visited, though but briefly, by the evening sun. About one third life-size, the bas-relief represented a complete female figure in the act of walking; she was still young, but no longer in childhood and, on the other hand, apparently not a woman, but a Roman virgin about in her twentieth year. In no way did she remind one of the numerous extant bas-reliefs of a Venus, a Diana, or other Olympian goddess,</p>

andre olympiske gudinder og lige lidt om en psyke eller nymf. Der var noget almenmenneskeligt ved hende - ikke på nogen kedelig vis – men som var hun levende her og nu; som om kunstneren, i stedet for at lave en hurtig kulskitse, som man gør i dag, havde fikseret hende i ler, øjeblikkeligt, som gik hun der på gaden; en høj, slank figur, hvis fine, bølgende hår var løst sat op under et tørklæde. Hendes ansigt var ikke særligt iøjefaldende, og det var åbenlyst, at hun ikke søgte en sådan effekt. I hendes delikate form og bevægelse lå en nærmest nonchalant ligeegyldighed overfor hendes omgivelser. Den unge kvinde vakte altså ikke sin fascination i en klassisk plastisk skønhed, som man ofte så afbilledet i antikke skulpturer, men i en meget realistisk og simpel ynde, der nærmest indgød relieffet liv. Denne effekt opstod i den antydede bevægelse; hendes hoved var bøjet forover og hun løftede sin foldede kjole let, så man kunne se hendes sandalklædte fødder; den venstre forrest og den højre, der netop ville følge, berørte kun lige jorden med det yderste af tærerne, mens dens hæl og sål var rejst nærmest vertikalt. Denne form gav et indtryk af selvsikker bevægelse og samtidig iøjnefaldende ynde.

Hvor kom hun fra og hvor var hun på vej hen?

Fra side 8-13

Det blev stadig mere magtpåliggende for Norbert at vide om kunstneren havde portrætteret Gradivas gang ud fra en levende model. Han kunne ikke vide det med sikkerhed og hans store samling antikke værker hjalp ham ikke. Den højre fods vertikale position virkede overdreven; i alle eksperimenter han udførte med sig selv, løftede han ikke sin fod så stejlt. På et matematisk sprog, ville man sige, hans fod bøjede sig til en vinkel af femogfyrre grader fra underlaget. For Norbert virkede det også som den mest hensigtsmæssige måde at gå. Han spurgte en ung ven, der studerede anatomi til råds men denne kunne ikke svare entydigt. Vennen havde ikke lavet den slags forsøg. Han bekræftede dog Norberts iagttagelser ift.

and equally little of a Psyche or nymph. In her was embodied something humanly commonplace — not in a bad sense — to a degree a sense of present time, as if the artist, instead of making a pencil sketch of her on a sheet of paper, as is done in our day, had fixed her in a clay model quickly, from life, as she passed on the street, a tall, slight figure, whose soft, wavy hair a folded kerchief almost completely bound; her rather slender face was not at all dazzling; and the desire to produce such effect was obviously equally foreign to her; in the delicately formed features was expressed a nonchalant equanimity in regard to what was occurring about her; her eye, which gazed calmly ahead, bespoke absolutely unimpaired powers of vision and thoughts quietly withdrawn. So the young woman was fascinating, not at all because of plastic beauty of form, but because she possessed something rare in antique sculpture, a realistic, simple, maidenly grace which gave the impression of imparting life to the relief. This was effected chiefly by the movement represented in the picture. With her head bent forward a little, she held slightly raised in her left hand, so that her sandaled feet became visible, her garment which fell in exceedingly voluminous folds from her throat to her ankles. The left foot had advanced, and the right, about to follow, touched the ground only lightly with the tips of the toes, while the sole and heel were raised almost vertically. This movement produced a double impression of exceptional agility and of confident composure, and the flight-like poise, combined with a firm step, lent her the peculiar grace.

Where had she walked thus and whither was she going?

From pages 8-13:

For him it was a question of critical judgment as to whether the artist had reproduced Gradiva's manner of walking from life. About that he could not become absolutely certain, and his rich collection of copies of antique plastic works did not help him in this matter. The nearly vertical position of the right foot seemed exaggerated; in all experiments which he himself made, the movement left his rising foot always in a much less upright position; mathematically formulated, his stood, during the brief moment of lingering, at an angle of only forty-five degrees from the ground, and this seemed to him natural for the mechanics of walking, because it served the purpose best. Once he used the presence of a young anatomist friend as an opportunity for raising the question, but the latter was not able to deliver a definite

relieffet. Men Norbert var usikker på, om man sådan kunne sammenligne en mand og en kvindes måde at gå - og spørgsmålet stod ubesvaret.

Til trods for dette havde snakken med hans ven ikke været forgæves, for den førte til en erkendelse, Norbert ikke tidligere havde overvejet, nemlig hvor væsentlig egentlige iagttagelser var for yderligere afklaring af spørgsmålet. Dette medførte noget, han aldrig havde forsøgt tidligere – for Norbert havde det feminine køn altid været et koncept formet af bronze og marmor, og han havde aldrig ofret sine kvindelige bekendtskaber den mindste opmærksomhed – men hans nyvundne appetit førte ham i retning af en metode, han vurderede var en absolut nødvendig i hans søgen på svar. Denne var noget hæmmet af den almene påklædning i storbyen og han kunne kun gøre sig forhåbninger om et frugtbart resultat i de mindst befærdede gader. Men ak, selv der, vanskeliggjorde lange kjoler generelt, at man kunne iagttage, hvordan kvinder gik. Kun stuepiger bar korte skørter, men deres tunge sko gjorde dem uegnede for hans undersøgelse. Til trods for dette, fortsatte han ihærdigt sin søgen i tørt som vådt vejr. Han følte sidstnævnte var bedst, for netop i vådt vejr løftede kvinderne deres skørter. Mange subjekter for undersøgelsen bemærkede hans søgende blik; nogle sendte ham bebrejdende blikke - de fandt ham uopdragen og grænseoverskridende - andre var modsat mere imødekommende – ja, selv opfordrende. Han var jo en ung og attraktiv mand. Men han kunne ikke differentiere mellem den ene og den anden type af blikke.

Efterhånden bar hans ihærdighed frugt og han endte med en god samling iagttagelser: Nogle gik langsomt, nogle hurtigt, noget plumpt, andre let. Mange lod blot deres såler glide over jorden; få rejste dem til mere en let hævet position. Ikke én gik som Gradiva. Dette fyldte ham med tilfredshed over ikke at have taget fejl med hensyn til sin arkæologiske vurdering af relieffet. Men samtidigt stod han trist tilbage, for han beundrede den vertikale position af Gradivas højre fod og var skuffet over at vide, den var skabt af en kunstners arbitrære fantasi og ikke forholdt sig til virkeligheden.

Ikke lang tid efter at hans daglige gåtursundersøgelser havde resulteret i denne indsigt, havde han, en nat, en foruroligende og

decision, as he had made no observations in this connection. He confirmed the experience of his friend, as agreeing with his own, but could not say whether a woman's manner of walking was different from that of a man, and the question remained unanswered.

In spite of this, the discussion had not been without profit, for it suggested something that had not formerly occurred to him; namely, observation from life for the purpose of enlightenment on the matter. That forced him, to be sure, to a mode of action utterly foreign to him; women had formerly been for him only a conception in marble or bronze and he had never given his feminine contemporaries the least consideration; but his desire for knowledge transported him into a scientific passion in which he surrendered himself to the peculiar investigation which he recognized as necessary. This was hindered by many difficulties in the human throng of the large city, and the results of the research were to be hoped for only in the less frequented streets. Yet, even there, long skirts generally made the mode of walking indiscernible, for almost no one but housemaids wore short skirts and they, with the exception of a few, because of their heavy shoes could not well be considered in solving the question. In spite of this he steadfastly continued his survey in dry, as well as in wet weather; he perceived that the latter promised the quickest results, for it caused the ladies to raise their skirts. To many ladies, his searching glances directed at their feet must have inevitably been quite noticeable; sometimes a displeased expression of the lady observed showed that she considered his demeanour a mark of boldness or ill-breeding; sometimes, as he was a young man of very captivating appearance, the opposite, a bit of encouragement, was expressed by a pair of eyes. Yet one was as incomprehensible to him as the other. Gradually his perseverance resulted in the collection of a considerable number of observations, which brought to his attention many differences. Some walked slowly, some fast, some ponderously, some buoyantly. Many let their soles merely glide over the ground; not many raised them more obliquely to a smarter position. Among all, however, not a single one presented to view Gradiva's manner of walking.

That filled him with satisfaction that he had not been mistaken in his archaeological judgment of the relief. On the other hand, however, his observations caused him annoyance, for he found

the vertical position of the lingering foot beautiful, and regretted that it had been created by the imagination or arbitrary act of the sculptor and did not correspond to reality.

Soon after his pedestrian investigations had yielded him this knowledge, he had, one night, a

skræmmende drøm. Han befandt sig i Pompeii den 24. august i det herrens år 79, hvor Vesuv havde sit skæbnesvangre udbrud. Himlen holdt den fordømte by låst i et sort tæppe af røg; kun glimtvist oplyste udbruddets flammer byen og dens flygtende borgere i et blodrødt lyst. Skræmt fra vid og sand søgte nogle ly alene, andre i forvirrede grupper. Sten og aske faldt ned på Norbert selv, men, som det ofte er i drømme, havde de ingen indvirkning på ham. Han lugtede de dødelige sulfodampe, men de hæmmede ikke hans vejtrækning. Som han stod der ved kanten af Forum nær Jupitertemplet, så han pludseligt Gradiva lidt væk. Han havde indtil da ikke skænket hende en tanke, men følte nu, at det var naturligt, når nu hun var fra Pompeii, at hun var tilstede i sin fødeby og samtidig med ham. Han genkendte hende med det samme; stenrelieffet var korrekt på alle punkter, selv i hendes gang, som han ufrivilligt døbt 'lente festinans'. Hun virkede selvsikker og i besiddelse af en indre ro, der udtrykte en overlegen ligegyldighed overfor hendes omgivelser, som hun gik over stenfliserne ved Forum til Apollos tempel. Hun virkede indifferent overfor byens skæbne og nærmere opslugt i egne tanker – og på grund af dette, glemte han også helt, om end et kort øjeblik, katastrofen, der havde ramt byen. Han frygtede, at det hele skulle forsvinde for hans syn og forsøgte ivrigt at fastholde øjeblikket, men pludseligt forstod han den overhængende fare, Gradiva befandt sig i, og at hun, hvis hun ikke straks flygtede, ville forgå i flammerne. Han råbte en advarsel til hende. Hun hørte ham, vendte sig et kort øjeblik så hendes ansigt var rettet mod ham dog stadig med dette indifferente og rolige blik – og uden at ofre ham yderligere opmærksomhed, fortsatte hun sin gang i samme retning som før. Samtidigt ændredes hendes teint sig og blev hvid som marmor; hun trådte op på templets trappe og der, mellem søjlerne, satte hun sig op af et trin og lænede nænsomt sit hoved mod det. Nu vældede vulkanens sten og aske ned fra den sorte himmel og mørklagde alt. Det lykkedes dog Norbert at finde frem til det sted, han havde set hende sætte sig - og der lå hun, i ly under templets tag, udstrakt på det brede trin som i en dyb søvn, men hun trak ikke længere vejret – hendes ånde borte i sulfodampene. Vesuv kastede et rødglødende skær over hendes

dream which caused him great anguish of mind. In it he was in old Pompeii, and on the twentyfourth of August of the year 79, which witnessed the eruption of Vesuvius. The heavens held the doomed city wrapped in a black mantle of smoke ; only here and there the flaring masses of flame from the crater made distinguishable, through a rift, something steeped in blood-red light ; all the inhabitants, either individually or in confused crowd, stunned out of their senses by the unusual horror, sought safety in flight; the pebbles and the rain of ashes fell down on Norbert also, but, after the strange manner of dreams, they did not hurt him, and in the same way, he smelled the deadly sulphur fumes of the air without having his breathing impeded by them. As he stood thus at the edge of the Forum near the Jupiter temple, he suddenly saw Gradiva a short distance in front of him. Until then no thought of her presence there had moved him, but now suddenly it seemed natural to him, as she was, of course, a Pompeian girl, that she was living in her native city and, without his having any suspicion of it, was his contemporary. He recognized her at first glance ; the stone model of her was splendidly striking in every detail, even to her gait; involuntarily he designated this as "lente festinans." So with buoyant composure and the calm unmindfulness of her surroundings peculiar to her, she walked across the flagstones of the Forum to the Temple of Apollo. She seemed not to notice the impending fate of the city, but to be given up to her thoughts; on that account he also forgot the frightful occurrence, for at least a few moments, and because of a feeling that the living reality would quickly disappear from him again, he tried to impress it accurately on his mind. Then, however, he became suddenly aware that if she did not quickly save herself, she must perish in the general destruction, and violent fear forced from him a cry of warning. She heard it, too, for her head turned toward him so that her face now appeared for a moment in full view, yet with an utterly uncomprehending expression; and, without paying any more attention to him, she continued in the same direction as before. At the same time, her face became paler as if it were changing to white marble; she stepped up to the portico of the Temple, and then, between the pillars, she sat down on a step and slowly laid her head upon it. Now the pebbles were falling in such masses that they condensed into a completely opaque curtain; hastening quickly after her, however, he found his way to the place where she had disappeared from his view, and there she lay, protected by the projecting roof, stretched out on the broad step, as if for sleep, but no longer breathing, apparently stifled by the sulphur fumes. From Vesuvius the red glow flared over

legeme, der, med hendes lukkede øjne, syntes præcist som en smuk skulptur.

Fra side 21-22

Det er kun de få forundt personligt at opleve den udsøgt smukke rejse fra Tyskland til Italien om foråret og særligt som ung, velhavende og fri. Selv de, der besidder alle tre egenskaber, er ikke altid åbne for den type skønhed. Det gælder særligt hvis de (og ak, det er flertallet) rejser parvis i dagene efter deres bryllup, for de tillader intet at passere uden overdreven påskyndelse og talrige overgjorte superlativer, iagttagelser, de bringer med hjem som var der tale om trofæer, trods de ligeså godt kunne have oplevet tilsvarende derhjemme. I foråret trækker sådanne dualister mod syd og krydser alperne – i modsat retning af trækfuglene. Under hele rejsen befandt Norbert sig blandt sådanne svansende og kaglende par og, for første gang i sit liv, var han presset til at observere sine medmennesker på nært hold. Trods han, ud fra deres sprog, forstod de alle kom fra det tyske rige, følte han ingen samhørighed med dem og da slet ikke stolthed, nærmere en bekræftelse af, at han havde gjort kloget i at holde sig så lang væk fra disse homo sapiens af Linnæisk klassifikation - og da særligt med den feminine halvdel. For første gang så han par bragt sammen af parringslyst, en tiltrækning, han ikke kunne forstå var gensidig. Det var aldeles uforståeligt for ham, hvorfor kvinderne havde valgt disse mænd og, om muligt, mere absurd at mændenes valg var faldet på disse kvinder.

Fra side 32-33

Og således endte Norbert Hanold, modsat alle forventninger og intentioner, med at gennemføre rejsen fra det nordlige Tyskland til Pompeii på blot et par dage. Han fandt hotellet Diomed forholdsvis tomt for gæster, men derimod stærkt overrendt af musca domestica communus, den gængse husflue. Han havde aldrig været offer for overvældende følelser men i hans indre brændte et inderligt had mod disse tovingede bæster. Han vurderede dem som

her countenance, which, with closed eyes, was exactly like that of a beautiful statue.

From pages 21-22

Not very many personally experience the beauty of going from Germany to Italy in the spring when one is young, wealthy and independent, for even those endowed with the three latter requirements are not always accessible to such a feeling for beauty, especially if they (and alas they form the majority) are in couples on the Jays or weeks after a wedding, for such allow nothing to pass without an extraordinary delight, which is expressed in numerous superlatives ; and finally they bring back home, as profit, only what they would have discovered, felt or enjoyed exactly as much by staying there. In the spring such dualists usually swarm over the Alpine passes in exactly opposite direction to the birds of passage. During the whole journey they billed and cooed around Norbert as if they were in a rolling dove-cot, and for the first time in his life he was compelled to observe his fellow beings more closely with eye and ear. Although, from their speech, they were all German country people, his racial identity with them awoke in him no feeling of pride, but the rather opposite one, that he had done reasonably well to bother as little as possible with the homo sapiens of Linnaean classification, especially in connection with the feminine half of this species; for the first time he saw also, in his immediate vicinity, people brought together by the mating impulse without his being able to understand what had been the mutual cause. It remained incomprehensible to him why the women had chosen these men, and still more perplexing why the choice of the men had fallen upon these women.

From pages 32-33

Thus Norbert Hanold, contrary to all expectations and intentions, had been transported in a few days from northern Germany to Pompeii, found the Diomed not too much filled with human guests, but on the other hand populously inhabited by the musca domestica communis, the common house-fly. He had never been subject to violent emotions; yet a hatred of these two-winged creatures burned within him; he considered them the basest evil invention of Nature,

den ækleste af naturens opfindelser, og på grund af dem foretrak han vinter frem for sommer, ja, anså faktisk kun vinteren for egnet for menneskeligt liv. I fluerne så han et åbenlyst bevis for, at der på ingen måde kunne være tale om et rationelt intelligent design bag jordens hemmeligheder. Og nu stod han overfor dem flere måneder før han ville, hvis han var i Tyskland. De var straks over ham, summede i hans ører, kravlede over hans hår, kildede hans næse, pande og hænder. De mindede ham om parrene på bryllupsrejse og han tænkte de måske på deres eget sprog udbrød deres "Min egen Augustus" og "Min skønne Gretchen".

Fra side 51

Norbert lod sit blik vandre rundt og han lyttede intenst. Men intet bevægede sig og der var absolut stilhed. Ingen vejrtræning mellem disse sten; hvis Gradiva var gået ind i Meleager's hus, var hun igen forsvundet i den bare luft. Bagest i den cirkelformede bygning var et andet rum, en oecus, hvad der tidligere havde været spisestue. Denne var også omkranset af træ vægge med gulmalede søjler, som glimtede i lyset som var de dækket af guld.

Fra side 53

Uventet - og blot fem skridt fra ham, i den smalle skygge kastet fra det øverste af spisestuens porticus, som stadig var bevaret, på det lave trin mellem to af de gule søjler sad en lyst klædt kvinde, som nu løftede sit ansigt. På den vis afslørerede hun sit fulde ansigt til den nyankomne, hvis skridt, hun tilsyneladende havde hørt, og dette syn indgød en dobbelt følelse i ham, for ansigtet virkede på en gang fremmede og så samtidigt så velkendt, allerede set eller forestillet. Men midt i sin afbrudte vejrtrækning og kraftige hjerteslag, genkendte han umiskendeligt hvem ansigtet tilhørte. Han havde fundet hvad han søgte, hvad der ubevidst havde draget ham mod Pompeii; Gradiva fortsatte sin magiske genkomst midt på dagen som i drømmen, hvor han havde set hende på trappen foran Apollos tempel.

on their account much preferred the winter to the summer as the only time suited to human life, and recognized in them invincible proof against the existence of a rational world-system. Now they received him here several months earlier than he would have fallen to their infamy in Germany, rushed immediately about him in dozens, as upon a patiently awaited victim, whizzed before his eyes, buzzed in his ears, tangled themselves in his hair, tickled his nose, forehead and hands. Therein many reminded him of honeymoon couples, probably were also saying to each other in their language, "My only Augustus" and "My sweet Gretchen"

From page 51

Norbert's gaze passed around, and he listened. Yet nowhere about did anything stir, nor was the slightest sound audible. Amidst this cold stone there was no longer a breath; if Gradiva had gone into Meleager's house, she had already dissolved again into nothing. At the rear of the peristyle was another room, an oecus, the former dining-room, likewise surrounded on three sides by pillars painted yellow, which shimmered from a distance in the light, as if they were encrusted with gold.

From page 53

But there again suddenly, unforeseen — only about five paces away from him — in the narrow shadow cast down by a single piece of the upper part of the dining-room portico, which still remained in a state of preservation, sitting on the low steps between two of the yellow pillars was a brightly clad woman who now raised her head. In that way she disclosed to the unnoticed arrival, whose footstep she had apparently just heard, a full view of her face, which produced in him a double feeling, for it appeared to him at the same time unknown and yet also familiar, already seen or imagined; but by his arrested breathing and his heart palpitations, he recognized, unmistakably, to whom it belonged. He had found what he was looking for, what had driven him unconsciously to Pompeii.

Fra side 55

Norbert Hanold opdagede at han ubevidst havde taget sin panamahat af, og han sagde nu på græsk, "Er du Atlanta, Jasons datter, eller er du en efterkommer af poeten Meleagers familie?"

Uden at svare, betragtede den tiltalte ham med et roligt og vist udtryk i øjnene og to taker for gennem hans hovede; enten kunne hendes genopståede skikkelse ikke tale eller også var hun ikke af græsk herkomst og kendte ikke sproget. Han skiftede derfor til latin og spurgte, "Var din far en velstående Pompeijansk borger af latins oprindelse?"

Hun var fortsat stum, men et kort træk over hendes læber insinuerede, at hun undertrykte et udbrud af latter. Nu ramte nervøsiteten ham. Hun var tilsyneladende bare et stumt billede, et spørgsmål for hvem tale var nægtet. Hans ansigt afslørede tydeligt hans bange anelser.

Men så, som kunne hun ikke længere holde det tilbage, smilede hun til ham og fra hendes læber lød, "Hvis du ønsker at tale med mig, må du gøre det på tysk".

Dette var noget bemærkelsesværdigt for en kvinde, der havde levet for to millenier siden*, eller det ville have virket sådan for en person, der hørte det i en anden sindstilstand end hans. Men det undrede ikke Norbert.

Fra side 117-118

De var kommet tilbage til Hercules porten, hvor man i begyndelsen af Strada Consolare, havde anlagt de store trædesten til at krydse gaden. Norbert Hanold stoppede ved dem og sagde med en mærkværdig klang i stemmen, "Værsgo', gå endelig først". Et sødt, forstående og lattermildt træk formedes om hans kompagnons læber, og, i det hun løftede sin kjole en anelse med hendes venstre hånd, kastede Gradiva, rediviva Zoe Bertgang, ham et drømmende blik og krydsede med hendes lette gang over trædestenene, gennem solskinnet, til den anden side af gaden.

*i den engelske oversættelse står 'two centuries', men det må være årtusinder.

From page 55

Norbert Hanold dimly perceived that involuntarily he had raised his hand to his soft Panama hat and removed it; and now he said in Greek, "Are you Atalanta, the daughter of Jason, or are you a descendant of the family of the poet, Meleager?"

Without giving an answer, the lady addressed looked at him silently with a calmly wise expression in her eyes and two thoughts passed through his mind; either her resurrected self could not speak or she was not of Greek descent and was ignorant of the language. He therefore substituted Latin for it and asked: "Was your father a distinguished Pompeian citizen of Latin origin?"

To this she was equally silent, only about her delicately curved lips there was a slight quiver as if she were repressing a burst of laughter. Now a feeling of fright came upon him; apparently she was sitting there before him like a silent image, a phantom to whom speech was denied. Consternation at this discovery was stamped fully and distinctly upon his features.

Then, however, her lips could no longer resist the impulse; a real smile played about them and at the same time a voice sounded from between them, "If you wish to speak with me, you must do so in German."

That was really remarkable from the mouth of a Pompeian woman who had died two centuries before, or would have been so for a person hearing it in a different state of mind.*

From page 117-118

They had arrived again at the Hercules gate where, at the beginning of the Strada Consolare, old stepping-stones crossed the street. Norbert Hanold stopped before them and said with a peculiar tone, "Please go ahead here." A merry, comprehending, laughing expression lurked around his companion's mouth, and, raising her dress slightly with her left hand, Gradiva rediviva Zoe Bertgang, viewed by him with dreamily observing eyes, crossed with her calmly buoyant walk, through the sunlight, over the stepping-stones to the other side of the street.

*

In the English translation it says 'two centuries'. However, it must be millennia.