

Nome e cognome:

Matricola:

## **CORSO DI TRADUZIONE EDITORIALE INGLESE**

### **SSLMIT TRIESTE 2025-26**

### **Appello I**

→ Tradurre il seguente testo, aggiungendo eventuali note a margine se necessario, e inviarlo a [CAMILLA.PIERETTI@units.it](mailto:CAMILLA.PIERETTI@units.it) salvandolo come segue: CognomeNome\_AppelloI\_2026.docx

Tipologia di testo: Saggistica divulgativa, biografia di Stefan Zweig

Late on a November morning in 1941, Stefan Zweig, one of the world's foremost literary celebrities—a wealthy humanist who'd considered himself friends with the likes of Sigmund Freud, Albert Einstein, Thomas Mann, Herman Hesse, and Arturo Toscanini, a Viennese cosmopolitan just shy of his sixtieth birthday who wrote with violet ink and rarely traveled without his tails, awoke on a narrow black iron bed beside the iron bed of his wife, Lotte, drew his teeth from a glass, and pulled on his rumpled slacks and shirt. Pack animals clopped by on the stones below. Birds screeched in the canopy of trees while insects crept over his skin.

Lighting the day's first cigar, he walked out the door of their moldy little bungalow, descended the steep stairs overgrown with hydrangeas, and crossed the road to the Café Elegante. There, in the company of dark-skinned mule drivers, he enjoyed a delicious coffee for half a penny and practiced his Portuguese with the sympathetic proprietor. It was difficult; his Spanish interfered continuously. Then he remounted the steps and seated himself for a few hours of work on the covered veranda that functioned as his living room, gazing off now and again over the emerald fans of palm fronds toward the splendid panorama of the Serro do Mar mountains. Lotte, who was twenty-seven years his junior and had once been his secretary, worked nearby, correcting a draft of the manuscript of a short story he was writing about chess—the royal game. Inside, the maid struggled with their smoky wood-burning stove.

After a rather primitive lunch—chicken, rice, and beans were staples—Stefan and Lotte played through a contest from a book of master chess games. Following the match, they took a long walk away from the main streets of Petrópolis, the town in the hills above Rio where they'd come to rest, onto an old path that led into a picturesque jungle rife with wildflowers and little streams. And then back to the bungalow for more work. Correspondence. Notetaking from a dusty Montaigne he'd found in the cellar. (“Then as today the world torn apart, a battlefield, war raised to the apotheosis of bestiality,” he wrote: “in such times the problems of life for man merge into a single problem: How can I remain free?”) Then sleep. And so it went. Day after day. Week after week.

But on this day, the sheer implausibility of his situation overcame him. In a letter to Lotte's family, he burst out in astonishment: “I would not have believed that in my sixtieth year I would sit in a little Brazilian village, served by a barefoot black girl and miles and miles away from all that was formerly my life, books, concerts, friends, conversation.”