





“The architecture of peace
relies on the entire world.”
Paul Éluard and Pablo Picasso, *The Face of Peace*, 1951.

For Ireneo and his peace-bearing name.

G. E.

For Tom.

Z.

© for the French edition: L'Élan vert, Saint-Pierre-des-Corps, 2017
Title of the original edition: *Les Deux Colombes*
© for the English edition: Prestel Verlag, Munich • London • New York, 2017
A member of Verlagsgruppe Random House GmbH
Neumarkter Strasse 28 • 81673 Munich
© for the work by Pablo Picasso: Succession Picasso, 2017
© Photo: Parisienne de photographie / Pablo Picasso / Musée d'Art moderne

Prestel Publishing Ltd.
14-17 Wells Street
London W1T 3PD

Prestel Publishing
900 Broadway, Suite 603
New York, NY 10003

In respect to links in the book, the Publisher expressly notes that no illegal content was discernible on the linked sites at the time the links were created. The Publisher has no influence at all over the current and future design, content or authorship of the linked sites. For this reason the Publisher expressly disassociates itself from all content on linked sites that has been altered since the link was created and assumes no liability for such content.

Library of Congress Control Number: 2017938211
A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Translated from the French by Agathe Joly
Copy-editing: Brad Finger
Project management: Melanie Schöni
Production management and typesetting: Corinna Pickart
Printing and binding: TBB, a.s. Banská Bystrica
Paper: Condat matt Périgord

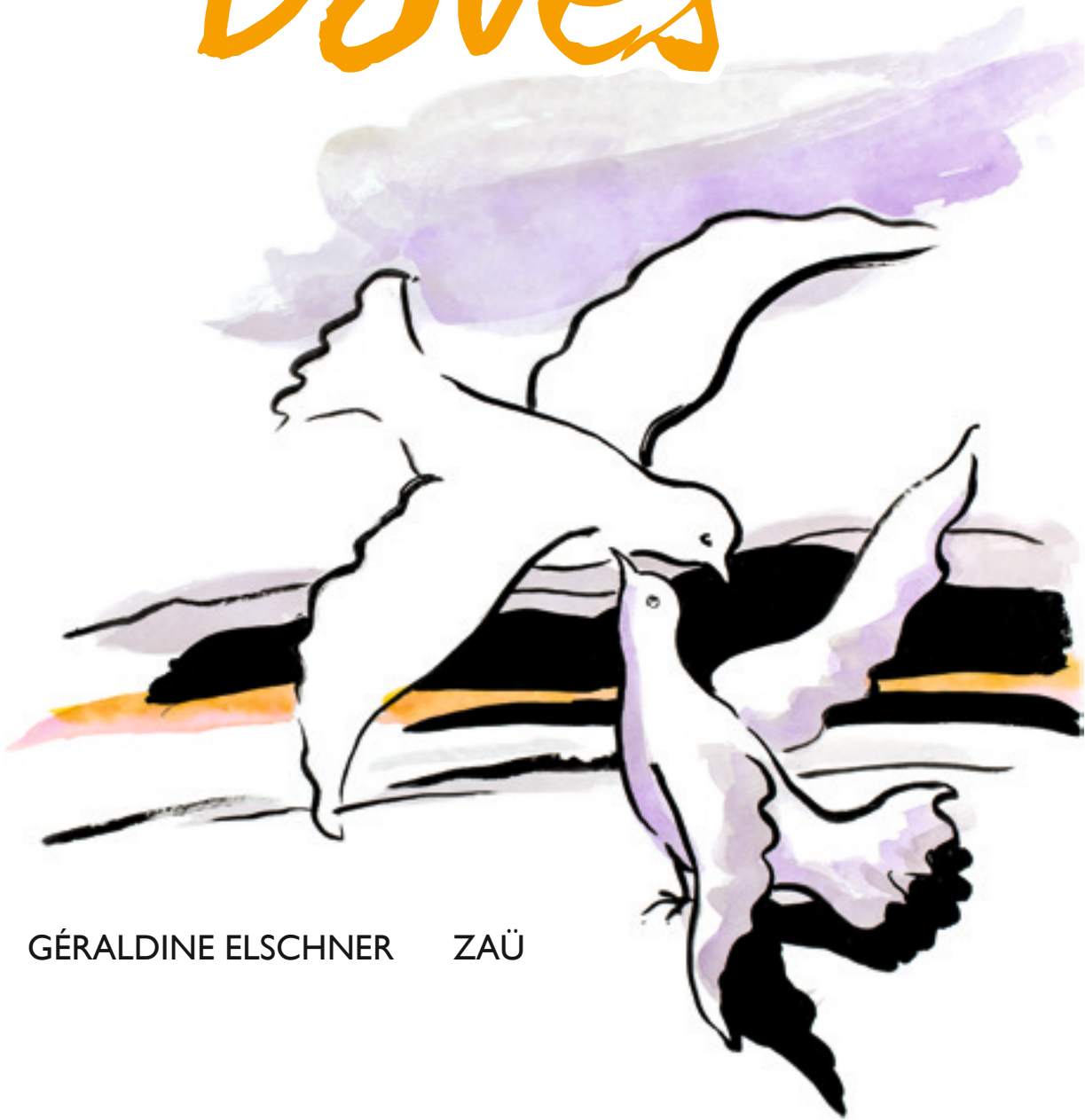


Verlagsgruppe Random House FSC® N001967

Printed in Slovakia

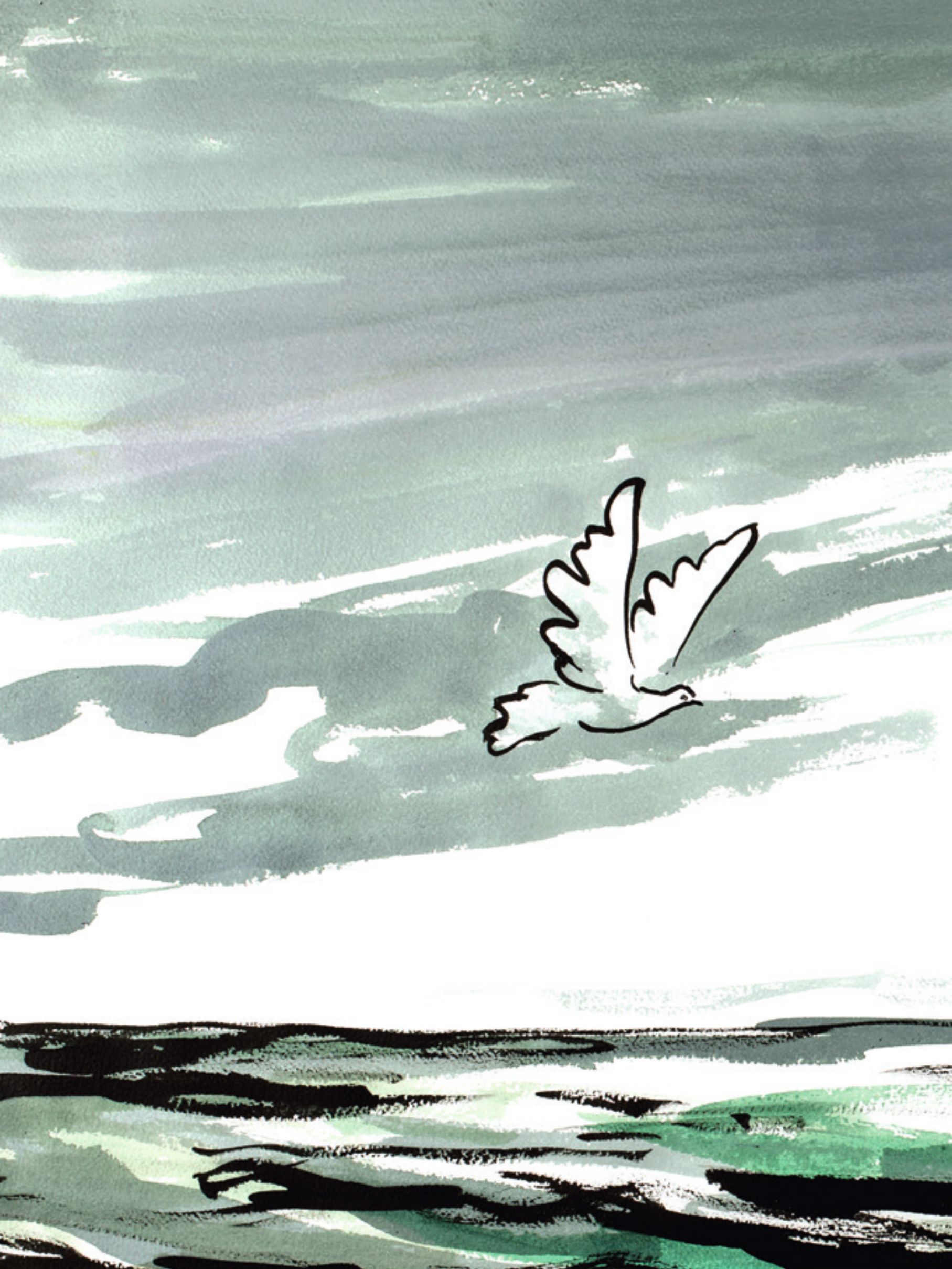
ISBN 978-3-7913-7330-0
www.prestel.com

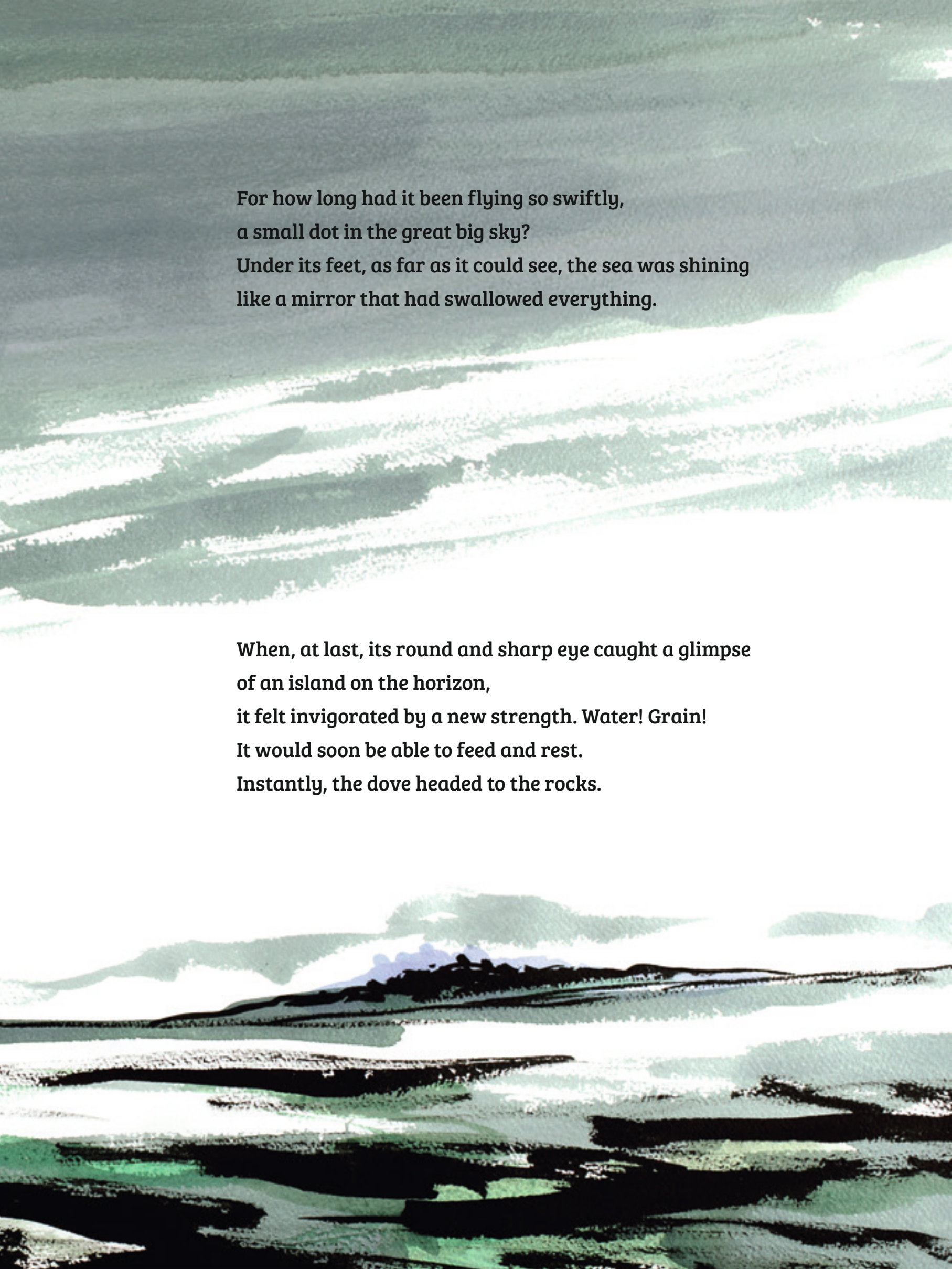
The Two Doves



GÉRALDINE ELSCHNER ZAÜ

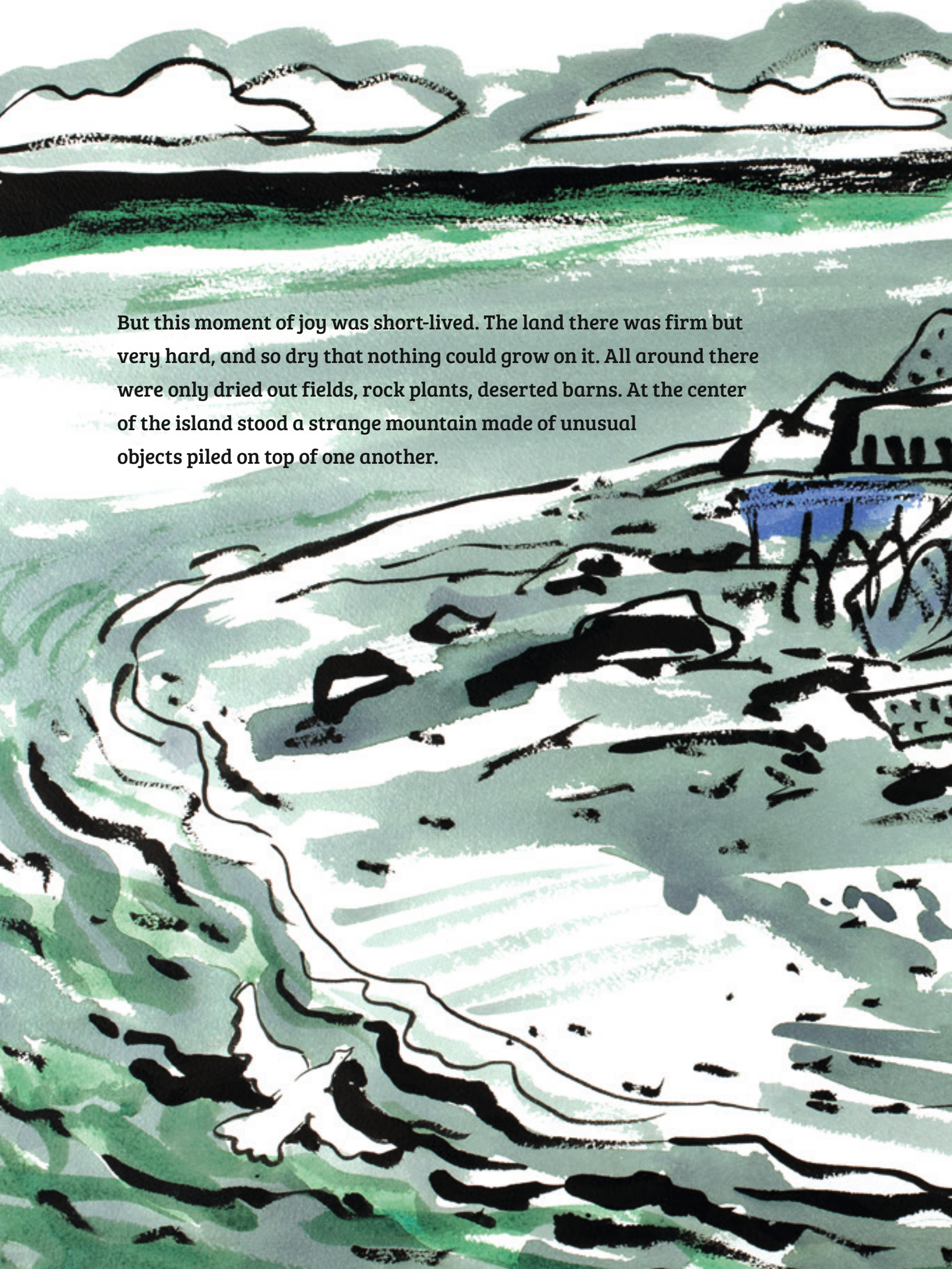
PRESTEL
MUNICH · LONDON · NEWYORK



A dramatic landscape painting of a coastline. In the foreground, dark, jagged rocks are partially submerged in the sea. A large, white-capped wave is crashing over the rocks, creating a massive spray of white water. The middle ground shows a calm sea reflecting the sky. In the background, a range of dark, forested hills or mountains stretches across the horizon under a cloudy sky. The overall mood is powerful and somewhat somber.

For how long had it been flying so swiftly,
a small dot in the great big sky?
Under its feet, as far as it could see, the sea was shining
like a mirror that had swallowed everything.

When, at last, its round and sharp eye caught a glimpse
of an island on the horizon,
it felt invigorated by a new strength. Water! Grain!
It would soon be able to feed and rest.
Instantly, the dove headed to the rocks.



But this moment of joy was short-lived. The land there was firm but very hard, and so dry that nothing could grow on it. All around there were only dried out fields, rock plants, deserted barns. At the center of the island stood a strange mountain made of unusual objects piled on top of one another.



On what planet had it landed?
A lifeless planet without grass or water,
covered in garbage, which suffocated the ground ...
Disappointed, the dove resumed its flight.



The second island seemed smaller but beautiful,
surrounded by multicolored flags flapping in the wind.
They led to an immense big top: a circus!
The dove flew up to it. The ring was empty ...
On a chair there was only a forgotten guitar
placed atop a Harlequin's costume.
But where were the performers? The clown with the red nose?
The tightrope walker? The acrobats?