

THE RED DONKEY SHARK

In the middle of the space a shark rests on the back of a trestle. There are sharks that need other animals to bear their name: Zebra Sharks, Crocodile Sharks, and also Tiger Sharks. And there is an additional shark: the Trestle Shark. Or to be precise - a Donkey Shark (in Hebrew, a trestle means a donkey). And lest we be mistaken, it's imperative to add color to the shark: alas, the Red Donkey Shark. Such a shark is found at the heart of a dry expanse. The entire gallery is like an empty aquarium. The waterline is marked on the black engine hood hanging on the wall. The water (Formalin?) has leaked out, the tap is disconnected and there is no lifeguard on duty.

The Red Donkey Shark is always planted in the ground. It's a tree. It neither floats nor suspends in the air. The shark is not a dolphin and the donkey is not a hoop. The Donkey Shark is no entertainer, but is rather the obstacle. It takes a stand, immersing itself in the midst of confrontation. Its color verifies its location on the map. Its many encounters with humans have been documented throughout the years at the outbreak of failed revolutionary attempts and futile demonstrations of power (In Berlin, 1968, a Red Donkey Shark devoured a blue cop).

The dry expanse allows the sound waves to pass back and forth and reverberate. The engine hood, once removed, reveals the mechanism. Above the water, the noise is harsh. Those arriving equipped with binoculars (how good it looks!) have forgotten their earplugs and fled. The fight isn't fair. Eight against one. But the shark is borne on the back of two donkeys. Eight against three. And the shark is actually two sharks. Eight against six. And the shark is a she-shark. In its belly, another she-shark. Eight against eight. And on the hood is inscribed the memory of water.

- *Asaf Hazan*