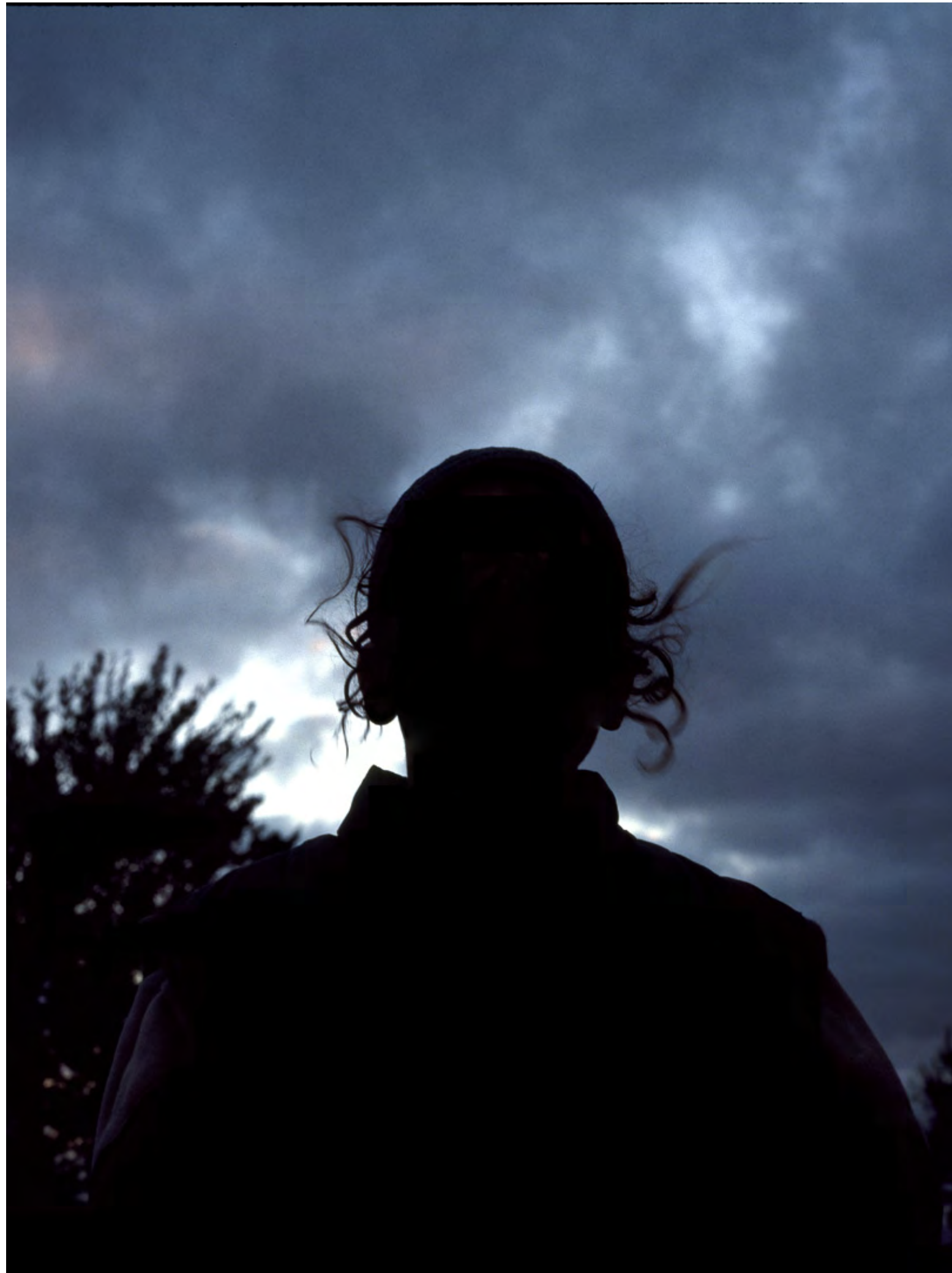


BENYAMIN REICH
WHAT'S YOUR NAME? I ASKED.
ISRAEL
GERMANY
POLAND
JORDAN
2006 - 2013







MON AMOUR LOINTAIN

This is a ballad to a childhood friend I will never forget. He is the one whom I promised eternal love. He is the one I think of every time I hear the word "friend". He is the one whom I promised that no matter how far I would go, I would come back to his love.

But life built a wall between us, and a sea of differences separated us forever.

It was a companionship that symbolized adolescence and could only exist in it. He was my Narcissus and I was his Goldmund.

Where did you go, my beloved friend? Will you ever return with me to our youth?

Sometimes I see a little of you in the faces of other boys. They stand in front of my camera, exhibiting their beauty with an innocent trust, displaying their youth with a childlike confidence. Their faces express a desire to know the unfamiliar, the world, art, themselves...







PORTRAIT IN PROSE

Srulik,
Or, perhaps, I had better say Israel
And not call you by a pet name.
Hear, O Israel.
I look at the picture we took
In the ruin on Emek Refa'im Street,
And there you are, in my mind,
Going up the steps to my apartment,
Knocking on my door.
What's your name? I asked.
Israel, you answered.
On the next morning,
You said I could call you Srulik.
On the next morning,
I said you were the prettiest boy
I had ever seen.
I said I wanted to draw your beauty
Into my darkroom,
To see you through my fixed lens,
To record you on the emulsion
Of my negative.
You asked to come out of my room,
Onto the main street.
You wore black,
And we walked, far from each other,
Not to be seen together in public.
You turned into the ruin,
And I followed.
You stood in front of me,
I kneeled.



