

Life, even among the bombs, the bullets of snipers, fear, devastation. Life, even in the war. Waiting for a rebirth of a peace that here in the Western world, we now take for granted. Beirut. Indelible memories that became implanted in the memories of Ali Nassareddine, becoming the key element of his entire artistic production. The art works of the Lebanese artist, exposed in the art gallery Amy-d Arte Spazio of Anna d' Ambrosio, have the value of witnessing, describing a piece of the individual and collective life, telling about a community and about a beautiful but war-torn country. The creative process of Nassareddine is itself a therapeutic vehicle, a maturation and growth resource. During the timeless fixation, Ali, in a own manner, questions himself on the self training and experience, on the individualism and on the social cohesion. He starts with a personal story about the relationship between individual and collective history, to investigate with his work the opportunity to represent the Lebanese wars and their consequences in Beirut, the city in the center of his imagination. He reflects on the memory mechanism through reminiscences and the re-implementation of a dramatic event. His approach is not realistic but fantastic with the transformation of dramatic situations into dream states.

I WAS THERE

If they were thunder and lightning! No, it was not. The buildings were shaking, burning smell, people were fearful. We were looking for a refuge, a basement, the central room of an apartment. Everybody was coming down from the upper floors of the buildings and the ground floor became at the same time the home of everyone and nobody, because, suddenly, it could be swept away. Some adults were discussing and they felt like experts at military tactics.

And they really were expert.

Understanding when was the right time to get out was necessary, to escape from the house that was on the red line between East Beirut and West Beirut. Men, fathers, checked the intensity of the blasts and they waited for the right time to bring out the families one at a time, when on our side the response from fire increased. Finally our turn came. Me, my brothers, my father, my mother crossed in a jiffy the parking lot, to reach the red Chevrolet that my father had protected with sandbags on the windshield and in the trunk. We reached the car and then we watched for the appropriate moment. Then we drove at full speed going zig zag a little over 200 meters.

THE SNIPERS DIDN'T HIT US

My parents looked themselves into their eyes while the tension was getting to ease and we could again begin to breathe. I was trying to understand. But what? There was a roar, it was a bomb, the car elevated itself off the ground. My father shouted "grocer" and my mother "the grocer?". "I should go back to see what happened to him," my father said.

My mother implored my father not to go, but he had already decided. He got out of the car and rushed into a building, where there was an alternative road. In the walls of the buildings there were some holes to make fast the moves. He went to our house and he saw that the bomb had fallen in the parking lot, in the same place where there was our car a few minutes before. Only a few minutes before and....!

He was crippled, shocked. . His eyes looked around and he saw a dead body:

The ARMENIAN grocer.