

## Reinhard Petrick about Michael Sazarin

In his aphorisms Sazarin describes sometimes artistic creation and the relationship between artist and viewer: "When the view ... loses itself ... then magic starts from ... the unspent insatiable pictures." This, first, indicates his creative way: In the beginning, there might be a feeling, an idea which takes hold of the painter and works on him as an impulse to act, but if the gaze is fixed on a particular target, it would remain there. It would hold the hand which holds the brush, which cramps tools, and then creative flow would soon be suspended. With him, the two coincide: primal power of "painting performance" and the meditative moment on which the ego treads further and further into the background. Then there is the magic, the experience of the unused, of not pleasing usability; there is the challenge of the insatiable, of the never-saturating action, of the always having to look again.

Precisely this seduces the viewer of Sazarin's pictures to follow the lines of the pictures with hand and so to make a groping experience with them. His art, above all, is the art which concerns itself and wants to be taken and which doesn't stay to hang in its frame to rot or which lives in the eyes of the beholder and wins a new life.

It is appropriate that these pictures are not clearly defined. And yet you think, now and again, that you have discovered familiar forms - be it a human figure or a plant or a flower. The fantasy here is excited by the explosions of color and with re-creation wrapped in a spell of thoughts and feelings; you can hardly escape.

The artist joins in this re-creation by giving his paintings usual titles like "Mute" or "Legend" or "Uterus" or "Fire Bird" or "Fly".

But by this a definition is not meant, yet an offer to continue feelings, a challenge to confront the title with your own perception.

How Sazarin plays with words in his aphorisms is something like a game which could be in his titles too: that there is somebody who is exhausted by the creative moment in his work, gives the picture a title which seems to be a volcanic chaos. He paraphrases such a review himself in almost playful words: "Very similar, but what should it be then?"

If you pursue this suggestion further, you could even come to philosophical problems through his pictures: What is reality? Sazarin gives no conclusive answer, because he knows that this is impossible. But he can always drop himself into the creative process whose end and goal he does not know.

