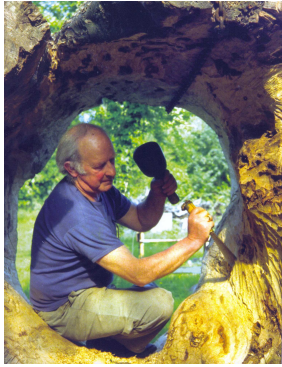
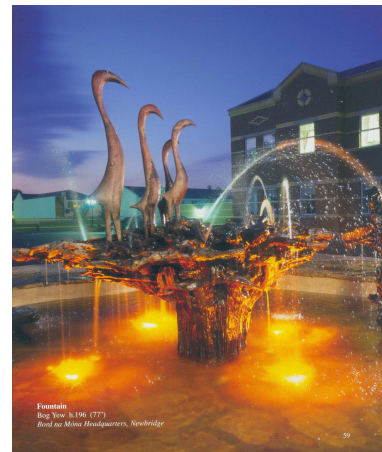


THE SCULPTURES OF MICHAEL CASEY



The metals from which some of the most precious artefacts that adorn our human world are fashioned lie first for ages entombed in ordinary rock which meets many of the common needs of our lives: such as making the walls with which we organise and enclose our everyday living. In just this way the precious timbers from which Michael Casey fashions his wonderful sculptures have been entombed for millennia in the depths of the peat that has provided warmth for Irish homes since the dawn of history. But there is a great difference between Michael

Casey and the sculptor in bronze or gold, who can mould his metal to any form he chooses. In the case of bog timber the artistic form is already there. What any piece of entombed wood can become as art is pre-determined by a uniqueness of form which is hidden within, and which has been shaped by the responses of the once living tree to the unique conditions in which it grew. The sculptor as he stands in contemplation before the silent timber must become like a shaman or druid, attuned to hidden meaning in a way that is increasingly rare, because the acquisition of such tuning takes interior silence and requires you to listen with those senses that hold the familiar five senses together, for what is beneath.



Fountain, Bog Yew, h 196cm (77") - Bord na Móna Headquarters, Newbridge



Mother and Child, Wych Elm, h 201cm (79") - Mater Private Hospital Dublin 1996

He is like the landscape architect in this: no landscape architect can impose something on landscape that is not a response to something that is already there. The sculptor in bog wood must be able to divine this hidden form, able to summon again the wind and sun of vanished summers so that he can respond and develop with his shaping tools the human metaphor in which this unique form can express itself. No sculptor in our time has done so with greater insight than Michael Casey. Should it be a swallow that emerges, its wings may be lifted by the winds of a summer four thousand years gone. If it is a hurler, the strength of his arm may come from the energy of a sun that warmed the Bronze Age. If it is an altar or lectern cut to carry the books in which the word of god is

written, its revealed inherent beauty is all the more appropriate, for it is fitting the revealed word should rest upon the shoulders of so venerable a

symbol of the natural world that is the first and most profound and fundamental revelation of the world's ultimate meaning.

From '**Michael Casey, Sculptor – Sculpture 1974-2004**' Published by The John Keegan Casey Society 2004 (ISBN: 0954328019)

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Foreword by John Feehan



The Dance of Life, Bog Yew, h 198cm (78") - Sellhurst, West Sussex, 2003