

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 2002

This paper should be handed to candidates on 3 May, 2002.

**ART**

**IMAGINATIVE COMPOSITION AND STILL LIFE - HIGHER LEVEL**

FRIDAY 10 MAY - 9.30 - 12.00

100 marks are assigned to this paper.

**INSTRUCTIONS**

Write your Examination Number clearly in the space provided on your drawing sheet. Write the title - "Imaginative Composition" or "Still Life" on your drawing sheet immediately below your Examination Number. If you choose the Imaginative Composition option, your starting point must be stated on the reverse side of the drawing sheet. If you choose the Still Life option you are required to bring objects relevant to the descriptive passage to the examination centre for the purpose of setting up your own Still Life composition. This must be done in time for the commencement of the examination.

You may use colour, monochrome, mixed media, collage and/or any other materials you require to complete your composition.

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**ONE QUESTION ONLY TO BE ATTEMPTED**

Select a starting point from one of the descriptive passages that follow and

1. Draw or paint a picture you have in mind after reading the descriptive passages.

**or**

2. Draw or paint a Still Life group of objects inspired or suggested by the descriptive passages.

**or**

3. Make an abstract composition suggested by the descriptive passages.

**OVER→**

## **DESCRIPTIVE PASSAGE**

Tall as a cliff, but more genial, the hotel overhangs the ornamental landscape of trees, grass water; overtopping all other buildings round it. It gains by having this open space in front; row upon row its windows receive sunshine, reflect sky, gaze over towards the Dublin mountains. The red brick façade, just wider than it is high, is horizontally banded with cream stucco; there are cream window mouldings. Ample bays, two floors deep, project each side of the monumental porch – above, all the rest of the way up, the frontage is absolutely flat. The cocktail bar rightly calls itself Georgian, for it is set in the former dining room, running right through the house; and this room is beautifully unchanged. No connoisseur of eighteenth-century Dublin fails to dwell on the lyrical oval medallions on these walls, or on the cornice, or on the subtle marbles of the chimney-piece, or on the classical settings of the polished blond mahogany doors. At six o'clock or so of a summer evening, breeze fans in through the muslin blinds of the open windows; a gold-green glow is reflected from the trees outside on the eggshell gloss of the walls. And after dark, curtains drawn and concealed lighting soft on panels against which once many candles burned themselves out, the Georgian Cocktail Bar, deeply dreamy and snug, becomes the scene of long, lingering, low-voiced talks.

The hotel is in its functioning a self contained unit, a world revolving upon itself. Under this roof proceeds a comprehensive organic life. Locatable, where one looks for it, is the laundry, inside which one passes through wreaths of steam, between turning rollers and wringers and simmering tubs, into dry inner regions redolent of hot linen.

You and I, though quiet and model guests, leave behind us a long trail of wear and tear, not to speak of major or minor damage. The hotel's electrician – shadow about the corridors, character when one meets him face to face – knows few idle moments, upstairs or down; the plumber is not less busy or less adept. One room of the mezzanine is a furniture hospital, from which chairs, tables, and other sufferers of their kind emerge with legs reinforced, castors tightened on, stains polished out, veneers renewed – the surgeon being the hotel's cabinet maker. And near by on the same hidden floor till lately worked the upholstress, overhauling springs and stuffing, making good cigarette burns by an invisible process of patching over, refitting covers, rebinding edges of curtains – or sometimes tailoring for the chairs and sofas something handsomely new. The diverse repair departments are kept supplied and, moreover, brought into action promptly thanks to the expert vigilance of the housekeeper – making her rounds, checking over, reporting on all that is in any of these small rooms.

(The Shelbourne, *Elizabeth Bowen*) Courtesy of Vintage Classics



Maeldun and his companions sailed westward for many days, and it was not long before they found themselves in uncharted waters. By now, their store of food and drink was almost exhausted, and it seemed as if their voyage would end before it had truly begun.

Then, on the seventeenth day, one of the sailors sighted land. Gratefully, the party went ashore to look for provisions. All they could find was a single building, a gleaming white palace. Maeldun entered this with his companions, proceeding towards a large, central chamber. There, they witnessed a sight that rendered them speechless. The room was a glittering treasure-store. Cordoned off behind a row of four stone columns, piles of golden torcs, silver rings, and jewelled brooches lay heaped upon the floor. Amazingly there was no one there to guard these riches. Indeed, the only living creature in the palace was a tiny white cat, which was amusing itself by leaping from one column to the next. As the men walked into the room, the cat looked across at them for a moment, but soon lost interest and returned to its play.

Before they could examine these treasures more closely, one of Maeldun's followers noticed something else. 'Look!' he said, pointing to the far end of the room. There, on a long trestle table, a magnificent feast awaited them. There was roast ox and pork, fruit of every kind and, beside the table, a fountain where ale and wine flowed freely. The famished sailors needed no further invitation. Casting caution aside, they rushed to the table and gorged themselves on the food. Then, once they had eaten their fill, they fell into a deep, satisfied sleep.

Next day, Maeldun instructed his companions to gather up any remaining food, so that they could take it back to their vessel.

'What about this treasure?' asked one of the men. 'Should we bring it too?'

'By no means,' replied Maeldun. 'We have feasted well. Let us be grateful for that. Besides, it seems suspicious to me that such jewels should be left unguarded. We know what curse may hang over them.'

All of the mariners obeyed these orders with one exception. The youngest of the crew was unimpressed by Maeldun's words of wisdom and, as they were leaving the palace, he slipped a large, golden torc into his coat. No one noticed, apart from the little white cat, which followed him out of the building. It trailed behind him for a few moments, until suddenly it leaped up at the thief, its body glowing like a flaming arrow. In an instant, it had passed right through the sailor, reducing him to a heap of ashes. Then, resuming its original colour, it turned around and loped back into the palace.

The voyagers were shocked and some of them wanted to attack the cat, but Maeldun held them back. Instead he picked up the torc and returned it to its rightful place, in the treasure chamber. The cat appeared pleased with this and licked his hand. Then Maeldun gave orders that their comrade's ashes should be gathered up and cast into the sea. After this, they continued on their way, silently mourning the loss of their companion.

(The Book of Irish legends, *Iain Zaczek*). Courtesy of Cico Books



The historic Khyber bazaar is one of the main attractions of Peshawar. One time here you could be regaled with stories by professional storytellers sitting cross-legged outside their shops. Today you can enjoy refreshment in one of the many tea shops that adorn the bazaar front, with their large brass saucepans and numerous hanging teapots. Traders will sell you all sorts of handicraft – engraved embossed jars, jewellery and Persian carpets. Cobblers sit on the pathways making and repairing shoes.

There are food stalls everywhere serving breads and samosas. Rickshaws and horse and carts, known as Tangas, blend with cars and people in the general mayhem and chaos on the narrow choking streets in this bazaar area.

Tall creaking old buildings appear to be leaning to one side.

Courtesy of the Irish Times.

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‘Hush,’ warned our Mother. ‘Keep quiet. Don’t move...’ Her face was screwed in alarm.

The girls hung their heads and waited, shivering. The chains rattled nearer and nearer. Up the lane, round the corner, along the top of the bank – then with a drumming of feet, he was here... Frantic, the girls could hold out no longer, they leapt up with curious cries, stumbling their way across the firelit kitchen, and clawed the dark curtains back.

Proud in the night the beast passed by, head crowned by royal horns, his milky eyes split by strokes of moonlight, his great frame shaggy with hair. He moved with stiff and stilted strides, swinging his silvered beard, and from the tangled strength of his thighs and shoulders trailed the heavy chains he’d broken.

‘Jones’s goat! – ‘ our Dorothy whispered; two words that were almost worship. For this was not just a straying animal but a beast of ancient dream, the moonlight-walker of the village roads, half captive, half rutting king. He was huge and hairy as a Shetland horse and all men were afraid of him. Yet when nights were bright with moon or summer neither spike nor chains could hold him. Then he snorted and reared, tore his chains from the ground, and came trailing his lust through the village.

I had heard of him often; now I saw him at last, striding jerkily down the street. Old as a god, wearing his chains like a robe, he exuded a sharp whiff of salt, and every few steps he sniffed the air as though seeking some friend or victim. But he walked alone; he encountered no one, he passed through an empty village. Daughters and wives peeped from darkened bedrooms, men waited in the shadows with axes. Meanwhile, reeking with power and white in the moon, he went his awesome way...

*(Adapted from Cider with Rosie by Laurie Lee)* Courtesy of Penguin Books