



Coimisiún na Scrúduithe Stáit State Examinations Commission

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION 2006

ART

Imaginative Composition and Still Life

Higher Level

100 marks are assigned to this paper, i.e. 25% of the overall marks for Art

Friday, 5 May Morning, 9.30 - 12.00

This paper should be handed to candidates on **Friday, 28 April**

Instructions

- You may work in colour, monochrome, mixed media, collage or any other suitable medium. However, the use of oil paints or perishable organic material is not allowed. You are not allowed to bring aids such as stencils, templates, traced images, preparatory artwork or photographic images into the examination.
- Write your Examination Number clearly in the space provided on your A2 sheet. Write the title – ‘Imaginative Composition’ or ‘Still Life’ immediately below your Examination Number.
- If you wish to work on a coloured sheet, **the superintendent must sign this sheet before the examination commences** stating that it is blank. Maximum size of sheet: A2.

Choose one of the following

1. Make an **Imaginative Composition** inspired by one of the descriptive passages: A, B, C, D, E, F. Your starting point and the rationale for your Imaginative Composition should be stated on the reverse side of the sheet indicating their relevance to the descriptive passage you have chosen.
2. Make a **Still Life** work based on a group of objects suggested by, or described in one of the descriptive passages: A, B, C, D, E, F. You are required to bring relevant objects to the examination centre for the purpose of setting up **your own individual** still life composition. This must be done in time for the commencement of the examination. Your starting point and the rationale for your Still Life should be stated on the reverse side of the sheet indicating their relevance to the descriptive passage you have chosen.
3. Make an **Abstract Composition** inspired by and developed from one of the descriptive passages: A, B, C, D, E, F. Your starting point and the rationale for your abstract composition should be stated on the reverse side of the sheet indicating their relevance to the descriptive passage you have chosen. State clearly whether your Abstract Composition is following 1 above – Imaginative Composition, or 2 above – Still Life.

Descriptive Passages

Passage A

Corelia was mounting the steps quickly, her skirts gathered up in either hand, her slippers soft and sound-less on the stone, the slave woman running on ahead. Atrilius loped behind them. “A few hundred paces,” ‘he muttered to himself, “no distance at all” - aye, but every foot of the way uphill!’ His tunic was glued to his back by sweat. They came at last to level ground and before them was a long high wall, dun-coloured, with an arched gate set into it, surmounted by two wrought-iron dolphins leaping to exchange a kiss. The women hurried through the unguarded entrance, and Attilius, after a glance around, followed - plunging at once from noisy, dusty reality into a silent world of blue that knocked away his breath. Turquoise, lapis lazuli, indigo, sapphire - every jewelled blue that Mother Nature had ever bestowed - rose in layers before him, from crystal shallows, to deep water, to sharp horizon, to sky. The villa itself sprawled below on a series of terraces, its back to the hillside, its face to the bay, built solely for this sublime panorama. Moored to a jetty was a twenty-oared luxury cruiser, painted crimson and gold, with a carpeted deck to match. He had little time to register much else, apart from this engulfing blueness, before they were off again, Corelia in front now, leading him down, past statues, fountains, watered lawns, across a mosaic floor inlaid with a design of sea creatures and out on to a terrace with a swimming pool, also blue, framed in marble, projecting towards the sea. An inflatable ball turned gently against the tiled surround, as if abandoned in mid-game. He was suddenly struck by how deserted the great house seemed and when Corelia gestured to the balustrade, and he laid his hands cautiously on the stone parapet and leaned over, he saw why. Most of the household was gathered along the seashore.

From *Pompeii* by Robert Harris, Arrow Books 2003.

Passage B

I have a particular memory — though memory is not the word, what I am thinking of is too vivid to be a real memory - of standing in the lane that goes down beside the house one late spring morning when I was a boy. The day is damp and fresh as a peeled stick. A broad, unreal clear light lies over everything, even in the highest trees I can pick out individual leaves. A cobweb laden with dew sparkles in a bush. Down the lane comes hobbling an old woman, bent almost double, her gait a repeated pained slow swing around the pivot of a damaged hip. I watch her approach. She is harmless, poor Peg, I have seen her often about the town. At each lurching step she shoots up sideways at me a sharp, speculative glance. She wears a shawl and an old straw hat and a pair of rubber boots cut off jaggedly at the ankles. She carries a basket on her arm. When she draws level with me she pauses and looks up at me eagerly with a lopsided leer, her tongue showing, and mumbles something that I cannot make out. She shows the basket, with mushrooms she has picked in the fields, which perhaps she is offering to sell to me. Her eyes are

a faded, almost transparent blue, like my own, now. She waits for me to speak, panting a little, and when I say nothing, offer nothing, she sighs and shakes her old head and hobbles painfully on again, keeping to the grassy verge. What was it in the moment that so affected me? Was it the lambent air, that wide light, the sense of spring's exhilarations all around me? Was it the old beggar-woman, the impenetrable thereness of her? Something surged in me, an objectless exultancy.

From *Eclipse* by John Banville Published by Picador.

Passage C

Kieren Fallon's mercurial career has always been one of contrasting extremes, but a Group One treble at Longchamp yesterday, highlighted by a truly stunning Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe success on Hurricane Run, will always have its special place.

Fallon's momentous first season as jockey to the Coolmore empire came to a rapturous climax with victories for the Aidan O'Brien-trained pair of classic hopes Horatio Nelson and Rumpelstiltskin, but, even more importantly, a first Arc win on a potential giant of modern turf history.

Hurricane Run really did look that good, conjuring up memories of his sire, Montjeu, the 1999 Arc hero, with a dramatic surge from the rear of the field to overcome a less-than-clear run and demolish a quality field with total authority. "I don't think I've ever ridden a horse with a turn of foot like he has got," beamed Fallon. "I got shuffled back at the start, further back than I wanted to be, but I was lucky to have the horse. The inside is the shortest way around, but I could have gone anywhere on him and won."

By Brian O'Connor from *The Irish Times*.

Passage D

'It is a simple matter. I know your name, and you know mine, once upon a time: Eiji Miyake. Yes, *that* Eiji Miyake. We are both busy people, Ms Kató, so why not cut the small talk? I am in Tokyo to find my father. You know his name and you know his address. And you are going to give me both. Right *now*.' Or something like that. A galaxy of cream unribbons in my coffee cup, and the background chatter pulls into focus. My first morning in Tokyo, and I am already getting ahead of myself. The Jupiter Café sloshes with lunch-hour laughter, Friday plottings, clinking saucers. Drones bark into mobile phones. She-drones hitch up sagging voices to sound more feminine. Coffee, seafood sandwiches, detergent, steam. I have an across-the-street view of the Pan Opticon's main entrance. Quite a sight, this zirconium gothic skyscraper. Its upper floors are hidden by clouds. Under its tight-fitting lid Tokyo steams - 34°C with 86% humidity. A big Panasonic display says so. Tokyo is so close up you cannot always see it. No distances.

Everything is over your head - dentists, kindergartens, dance studios. Even the roads and walkways are up on murky stilts. Venice with the water drained away. Reflected airplanes climb over mirrored buildings. I always thought Kagoshima was huge, but you could lose it down a side alley in Shimjuku. I light a cigarette - Kool, the brand chosen by a biker ahead of me in the queue - and watch the traffic and passers-by on the intersection between Omekaido Avenue and Kita Street. Pin-striped drones, a lip-pierced hairdresser, midday drunks, child-laden housewives. Not a single person is standing still

From *Number 9 Dream* by David Mitchell Published by Hodder and Stoughton.

Passage E

A great swirl lifted curtains of snow aside, and into the cleared area leapt Iorek Byrnison, with a clang and screech of iron on iron. A moment later and those great jaws snapped left, right, a paw ripped open a mailed chest, white teeth, black iron, red wet fur-

Then something was pulling her *up* powerfully, *up*, and she seized Roger too, tearing him out of the hands of Mrs Coulter and clinging tight, each child's daemon a shrill bird fluttering in amazement as a greater fluttering swept all around them, and then Lyra saw in the air beside her a witch, one of those elegant ragged black shadows from the high air, but close enough to touch; and there was a bow in the witch's bare hands, and she exerted her bare pale arms (in this freezing air!) to pull the string and then loose an arrow into the eye-slit of a mailed and louring Tartar hood only three feet away -

And the arrow sped in and halfway out at the back, and the man's wolf-daemon vanished in mid-leap even before he hit the ground.

Up! Into mid-air Lyra and Roger were caught and swept, and found themselves clinging with weakening fingers to a cloud-pine branch, where the young witch was sitting tense with balanced grace, and then she leant down and to the left and something huge was looming and there was the ground.

They tumbled into the snow beside the basket of Lee Scoresby's balloon.

"Skip inside," called the Texan, "and bring your friend, by all means. Have ye seen that bear?"

Lyra saw that three witches were holding a rope looped around a rock, anchoring the great buoyancy of the gas-bag to the earth.

"Get in!" she cried to Roger, and scrambled over the leather-bound rim of the basket to fall in a snowy heap inside. A moment later Roger fell on top of her, and then a mighty noise half way between a roar and a growl made the very ground shake.

"C'mon, Iorek! On board, old feller!" yelled Lee Scoresby, and over the side came the bear in a hideous creak of wicker and bending wood....

Directly above them the balloon swelled out in a huge curve. Above and ahead of them, the

Aurora was blazing, with more brilliance and grandeur than she had ever seen. It was all around or nearly, and they were nearly part of it. Great swathes of incandescence trembled and parted like angels' wings beating; cascades of luminescent glory tumbled down in visible crags to lie in swirling pools or hang like vast waterfalls.

So Lyra gasped at that, and then she looked below, and saw a sight almost more wondrous. As far as the eye could see, to the very horizon in all directions, a tumbled sea of white extended without a break. Soft peaks and vaporous chasms rose or opened here and there but mostly it looked like a solid mass of ice.

And rising through it in ones and twos and larger groups as well came small black shadows, those ragged figures of such elegance, witches on their branches of cloud-pine. They flew swiftly, without any effort, up and towards the balloon, leaning to one side or another to steer. And one of them, the archer who'd saved Lyra from Mrs Coulter, flew directly alongside the basket, and Lyra saw her clearly for the first time.

She was young - younger than Mrs Coulter; and fair with bright green eyes; and clad like all the witches in strips of black silk, but wearing no furs, no hood or mittens. She seemed to feel no cold at all. Around her brow was a simple chain of little red flowers. She sat her cloud-pine branch as if it were a steed, and seemed to rein it in a yard from Lyra's wondering gaze.

"Lyra?"

"Yes! And are you Serafina Pekkala?"

"I am."

Lyra could see why Farder Coram loved her, and why it was breaking his heart, though she had known neither of those things a moment before. He was growing old; he was an old broken man; and she would be young for generations.

From *Northern Lights* by Philip Pullman published by Scholastic.

Passage F

Katie looked forward to arriving on the island and treating herself to a cup of coffee. Would she have a latte or a cappuccino or maybe a double espresso? Outside the cafe stood an old cart bursting at the seams with geraniums lobelia and petunias. The tables outside were flanked by huge blue glazed pots full of gorgeous blooms.

It was a little chilly so Katie went inside. There were several old dressers groaning with beautiful antique china; cups, saucers, plates and a huge collection of teapots. The coffee was served in blue ceramic mugs which were stacked in shelves behind the counter.

What would she eat with her coffee? Scones fresh from the oven with homemade jam and cream, or apple crumble, or lovely nutty brown bread. She would probably choose her favourite, a chocolate and orange muffin served warm with cream.

Courtesy of Mary Dowling.

Blank Page