



# Coimisiún na Scrúduithe Stáit State Examinations Commission

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION 2007

## 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, 4 May Morning, 9.30 - 12.00**

This paper should be handed to candidates on **Friday, 27 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. 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. 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. 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

Take a look round the market in the morning and the spectacle is thoroughly reassuring. The fish is particularly beautiful in its pale, translucent northern way. Delicate rose pink langoustines lie next to miniature scallops in their red- brown shells; great fierce skate and sleek soles are flanked by striped iridescent mackerel, pearly little smelts and baskets of very small, very black mussels. Here and there an angry looking red gurnet waits for a customer near a mass of sprawling crabs and a heap of little grey shrimps. Everywhere there is ice and seaweed and a fresh sea smell.

Outside, the vegetable stalls are piled high with Breton artichokes, perfectly round with tightly closed leaves; long, clean, shining leeks; and fluffy green-white cauliflowers. At the next stall an old country woman is displaying carefully bunched salad herbs, chives, chervil, sorrel, radishes and lettuces.

From: *French Provincial Cooking* by Elizabeth David courtesy of Penguin books 1964.

### Passage B

Exhausted by the stifling air in the fir plantation and covered in cobwebs and fir-needles, Meliton Shishkin, the bailiff from Dementyev's farm, was wearily making his way, rifle in hand, to the edge of the wood. His dog, Lady, a cross between mongrel and setter, unusually thin and heavy with young, her wet tail between her legs, was plodding behind her master and trying her hardest not to get her nose pricked. The morning was dreary and overcast. A heavy spray fell from the trees that were thinly veiled in mist, and from the bracken, and the damp wood gave off a sharp odour of decay.

Ahead, where the plantation ended, stood silver birches and between their trunks and branches the misty horizon was visible. Beyond the birches someone was playing a rustic shepherd's pipe. The player produced no more than five or six notes, lazily dragging them out with no attempt at a tune – and yet in that shrill piping there was something utterly joyless and mournful.

When the plantation thinned out and small firs mingled with young birches, Meliton caught sight of the herd. Hobbled horses, cows and sheep wandered among the bushes, making the twigs crackle underfoot as they sniffed the grass in the wood. At the edge of the wood, leaning against a wet birch tree, stood an old shepherd, gaunt, bareheaded and wearing a coarse tattered smock. Deep in thought, he was gazing at the ground and to all appearances was playing his pipe quite mechanically.

'Good morning, gaffer! God be with you,' Meliton greeted him in a thin, hoarse voice which did not in the least match his enormous stature and large fleshy face. 'You'e pretty good on those pipes, aren't you! Whose herd are you minding?'

from *The Steppe and other Stories* by Anton Chekhov, courtesy of Penguin Classics, 2001.

### Passage C

It was a secluded spot in the shade of a coral tree, next to a wall that was covered with bougainvillea. Along the length of the wall was a row of potted poinsettias. The bougainvillea had also crept through the tree. The contrast between its purple bracts and the red flowers of the tree was very pretty. And when that tree was in bloom, it was a regular aviary of crows, mynahs, babblers, rosy pastors, sunbirds and parakeets. The wall was to my right, at a wide angle. Ahead of me and to my left, beyond the milky, mottled shade of the tree, lay the sun-drenched open space of the yard. The appearance of things changed, of course, depending on the weather, the time of day, the time of year. But it's all very clear in my memory, as if it never changed.

From *Life of Pi* by Yann Martel courtesy of Canongate books 2001.

### Passage D

The crew NASA chose for this landmark mission consists of Neil Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin and Mike Collins, and they're a peculiar trio. The flight plan called for Collins to orbit the Moon in exalted frustration, tending to the ship that would provide their ride home, the Command Module Columbia, while his colleagues dropped to the surface in the Eagle lander. He is a communicative character; enjoys fine wines and good books; paints, and grows roses. But Armstrong is remote and self-reliant – Collins likes him, but can't find a way through his defences – while live-wire Aldrin just strikes him as dangerous.

The build-up to the mission was insane. On one occasion the astronauts went on a geology trip to the mountains, but couldn't hear a word their instructors were saying for the sound of media choppers jostling and whirring overhead like ravenous giant mosquitos. No one knows for sure what's up there, so newspapers and TV current-affairs programmes have been assuring audiences that Moondust on the astronauts abominable snowman suits will ignite the moment it comes into contact with oxygen back in Eagle's cabin, if it doesn't simply explode underfoot. Another warns that the surface may be composed entirely of dust, into which the craft will sink embarrassingly the moment it touches down, never to be seen again. Still more experts worry over the prospect of inadvertently bringing back an alien bacterium that will destroy all life on earth, as in the Sci-fi movies the Quatermass Experiment or The Andromeda Strain. Magazines contain drawings of what strange, subterranean creatures may lurk below the surface, hungry for roly-poly white snowmen from Earth.

From *Moondust* by Andrew Smith, courtesy of Bloomsbury, 2006.

## Passage E

Howard moved away to the other side of the kitchen-diner to attend to a singing kettle. There was only this one high note – the rest was silence. Their only daughter, Zora, sat on a stool with her back to the room, her earphones on, looking up reverentially at the television. Levi, the youngest boy, stood beside his father in front of the kitchen cabinets. And now the two of them began to choreograph a breakfast in speechless harmony: passing the box of cereal from one to the other, exchanging implements, filling their bowls and sharing the milk from a pink jug with sun yellow rim. The house was south facing. Light struck the double glass doors that led to the garden, filtering through the arch that split the kitchen. It rested softly upon the still life of Kiki at the breakfast table, motionless, reading. A dark red Portugese earthenware bowl faced her, piled high with apples. At this hour the light extended itself even further, beyond the breakfast table, through the hall, to the lesser of their two living rooms. Here a bookshelf filled with their oldest paperbacks kept company with a suede beanbag and an ottoman upon which Murdoch, their dachshund, lay collapsed in a sunbeam.

‘Is this for real?’ asked Kiki, but got no reply.

Levi was slicing strawberries, rinsing them and plopping them into two cereal bowls. It was Howard’s job to catch their frowsy heads for the thrash. Just as they were finishing up this operation, Kiki turned the papers face down on the table, removed her hands from her temples and laughed quietly. . . . She reached for an apple and began to cut it up with one of their small knives with the translucent handles, dividing it into irregular chunks. She ate these slowly, one piece after another.

From *On Beauty* by Zadie Smith, courtesy of Penguin, 2006.

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