



Coimisiún na Scrúduithe Stáit State Examinations Commission

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION 2006

ART

Imaginative Composition and Still Life

Ordinary 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. 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

People think that alien spaceships would be solid and made of metal and have lights all over them and move slowly through the sky because that is how we would build a spaceship if we were able to build one that big. But aliens, if they exist, would probably be very different from us. They might look like big slugs, or be flat like reflections. Or they might be bigger than planets. Or they might not have bodies at all. They might just be information, like in a computer. And their spaceships might look like clouds, or be made up of unconnected objects like dust or leaves.

From the Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time by Mark Haddon published by Vintage.

Passage B

It is an irony as towering as Peter Crouch that David Beckham should be sent off after two marginal yellow cards and receive an ovation to rank with that he was afforded here four years ago in wholly different circumstances. Then, having played the game of his life against Greece, the captain hit an equaliser as dramatic as any scored in the fading seconds of such an important match to put England through to the 2002 World Cup finals. The nation went into minor delirium. Here Beckham, 30 now and a more complete if less dynamic presence, played with equal passion and earned the displeasure of the referee in the space of two minutes in the second half. The first booking was for an elbow at the Austria end and the second for bringing down Andreas Ibertsberger just outside the England penalty area.

And Old Trafford, aggrieved for someone crowds here have not always loved, rose to applaud him as he left.

What a curious relationship we have had with the man.

There are those who argue that he shows more invention at the hairdressers than he does on the football pitch, proof of his flightiness and lack of substance. It was always a point of view driven by herd instincts and a refusal to look below the bleach. They will have been quietly gleeful yesterday.

An article by Kevin Mitchell from the Observer, 9th October 2005.

Passage C

Mary Lou and I set the table, although I think it was largely a wasted effort. Everyone descended onto the table in one huge, chaotic flurry, knocking over glasses and sending forks onto the floor and picking up plates (which did not match, Phoebe pointed out to me) and saying ‘That’s my plate. I want the daisy plate’ and, ‘give me the blue one! It’s my turn for the blue plate’. Phoebe and I sat between Mary Lou and Ben. In the centre of the table was a huge platter of fried chicken. Phoebe said, 'Chicken? Fried? I can't eat fried foods. I have a sensitive stomach.' She glanced over at Ben's plate. He had taken three pieces of chicken. 'You really shouldn't eat that, Ben. Fried foods are not good for you. First of all, there's the cholesterol...!' Mr Finney stared down at his chicken. Mrs Finney was rolling her lips around peculiarly. By this time, the beans had been passed to Phoebe, who examined them carefully. 'Did you put butter on these beans, Mrs Finney?'

'Yes, I did. Is there something wrong with butter?'

'Cholesterol,' Phoebe said. 'Cho-les-ter-ol In the butter.'

'Ah,' Mrs Finney said. 'Cholesterol.' She looked at her husband. 'Be careful, dear. There's cholesterol on the beans.'

I stared at Phoebe. I am sure I was not the only one in the room who wanted to strangle her. Ben pushed his beans to one side of his plate. Maggie picked up a bean and examined it. When the potatoes came around, Phoebe explained that she was on a diet and could not eat starch. The rest of us looked glumly down at our plates. There was nothing at all on Phoebe’s plate. Mrs Finney said, ‘So what do you eat, Phoebe?’

‘My mother makes special vegetarian meals. We eat a lot of salads and vegetables. My mother's an excellent cook.

She never mentioned the cholesterol in all those pies and brownies her mother made.

From *Walk two Moons* by Sharon Creech Published by Macmillan Childrens’ Books.

Passage D

Whenever I chance upon Harry I smile. Just seeing him sets me up for the day. Usually I encounter him early in the morning by the river and there he is, with his grey head set into his hunched shoulders, contemplating the day ahead. Later on, Harry is off doing whatever herons do, presumably fishing. Harry is a capital angler.

I like to wake early. I open the curtains, make a cup of tea and go back to bed and read a while.

But my eye is always drawn to the expanse of sky beyond the window. Occasionally I see Harry fly overhead. I call him Harry because the name seems to suit. I cannot name all the birds I encounter because there are too many of them, whereas there is only one Harry. I open the window and listen to birds trilling and chirruping. I leave out food and they reward me with their songs. There's the robin whose warbling is so pleasant to human ears but so threatening to other birds; and an adorable little wren whose voice is incredibly vociferous for so tiny a bird. Then there are the chattering starlings, tenacious blackbirds, skittery pied and grey wagtails, and of course the finches - chaffinch, greenfinch, goldfinch, bullfinch - displaying their virtuoso performances and distracting me as I sit writing at my desk by the window.

And in summer who could not be mesmerised by the aerobatic cavorting of swifts and swallows in pursuit of airborne insects? Once I saw a streak of gold skimming over the canal water and into the dense foliage growing along the banks and realised it was a kingfisher.

Harry makes me Smile by Barbara McKeon From Sunday Miscellany. A selection from 2003 and 2004 published by Townhouse, Dublin.

Passage E

There is a picture of me when I was three or four, the only one from that era that survived the avatars of fate and of Paulina del Valle's decision to erase any trace of my origins. It is a worn piece of cardboard in a travel frame, one of those antique metal and velvet cases that were so in fashion in the nineteenth century but no one uses anymore. In the photograph you see a very small child dressed in the style of Chinese brides, in a long tunic of embroidered satin over trousers of a different shade; she is wearing delicate little slippers on white felt soles protected by a thin layer of wood. Her dark hair is swept up in a topknot too tall for her size and secured by two thick pins, either gold or silver, joined by a small garland of flowers. The child is holding an open fan in her hand and could be laughing, although the features are barely distinguishable; her face is just a pale moon with eyes like two black smudges. Behind the girl can be seen the huge head of a paper dragon and the glittering stars of fireworks. The photograph was taken during the celebration of the Chinese New Year in San Francisco. I don't remember that moment, and I don't recognize the child in that one surviving portrait.

From Portrait in Sepia by Isabel Allende, published by Flamingo.

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