



Coimisiún na Scrúduithe Stáit State Examinations Commission

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION 2007

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, 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

Nancy's bedroom was the smallest, most personal room in the house - girlish and as frothy as a ballerina's tutu. Walls, ceiling, and everything else except a bureau and a writing-desk, were pink or blue or white. The white-and-pink bed, piled with blue pillows, was dominated by a big pink-and-white Teddy bear, a shooting-gallery prize that Bobby had won at the county fair. A cork bulletin board, painted pink, hung above a white-skirted dressing table; dry gardenias, the remains of some ancient corsage, were attached to it, and old valentines, newspaper recipes and snapshots of her baby nephew.

From *In Cold Blood* by Truman Capote courtesy of Random House 1966

Passage B

There was a slight elevation in the middle of the common and as they approached it they saw boys and girls and some men racing down it to give their kites a start and catch the wind. Sometimes they didn't and fell to the ground, but when they did they would rise, and as the owner unravelled his string to go higher and higher. Herbert looked with rapture.

'Mum, can I have a kite?' he cried.

He had already learnt that when he wanted anything it was better to ask his mother first.

'Whatever for?' she said.

'To fly it, Mum.'

'If you're so sharp you'll cut yourself,' she said.

Mr. and Mrs. Sunbury exchanged a smile over the little boy's head. Fancy him wanting a kite. Growing quite a little man he was.

'If you're a good boy and wash your teeth regular every morning without me telling you I shouldn't be surprised if Santa Claus didn't bring you a kite on Christmas Day.'

Christmas wasn't far off and Santa Claus brought Herbert his first kite. At the beginning he wasn't very clever at managing it, and Mr. Sunbury had to run down the hill himself and start it for him. It was a very small kite, but when Herbert saw it swim through the air and felt the little tug it gave his hand he was thrilled; and then every Saturday afternoon, when his father got back from the City, he would pester his parents to hurry over to the common. He quickly learnt how to fly it, and Mr. and Mrs. Sunbury, their hearts swelling with pride, would watch him from the top of the knoll while he ran down and as the kite caught the breeze lengthened the cord in his hand.

From: *The Kite* by W. Somerset Maugham courtesy of Oxford University Press 1972.

Passage C

The hat is found, a straw cartwheel corsaged with velvet roses out-of-doors faded: it once belonged to a more fashionable relative. Together, we guide our buggy, a dilapidated baby carriage, out into the garden and into a grove of pecan trees. The buggy is mine; that is, it was bought for me when I was born. It is made of wicker, rather unravelled, and the wheels wobble like a drunkard's legs. But it is a faithful object; springtimes, we take it to the woods and fill it with flowers, herbs, wild fern for our porch pots; in the summer, we pile it with picnic paraphernalia and sugar cane fishing poles and roll it down to the edge of a creek; it has its winter uses, too; as a truck for hauling firewood from the yard to the kitchen, as a warm bed for Queenie, our tough little orange and white rat terrier who has survived distemper and two rattle snake bites. Queenie is trotting beside it now.

Three hours later we are back in the kitchen hulling a heaping buggyload of windfall pecans.

... We eat our supper (cold biscuits, bacon, blackberry jam) and discuss tomorrow. Tomorrow the kind of week I like best begins: buying. Cherries and citron, ginger and vanilla and canned Hawaiian pineapple, rinds and raisins and walnuts and whisky and oh, so much flour, butter, so many eggs, spices, flavourings: why, we'll need a pony to pull the buggy home.

From *Breakfast at Tiffany's* by Truman Capote, courtesy of Penguin Classics.

Passage D

Slowly the land arose from the sea. From a black line it became a line of black and a line of white - trees and sand. Finally the captain said that he could make out a house on the shore. 'That's the house of refuge, sure' said the cook. 'They'll see us before long, and come out after us.'

The distant lighthouse reared high. 'The keeper ought to be able to make us out now, if he's looking through a glass,' said the captain. 'He'll notify the life-saving people.'

'None of the other boats could have got ashore to give word of this wreck,' said the oiler in a low voice, 'else the life-boat would be out hunting us.'

Slowly and beautifully the land loomed out of the sea. The wind came again. It had veered from the north-east to the south-east. Finally a new sound struck the ears of the men in the boat. It was the low thunder of the surf on the shore. 'We'll never be able to make the lighthouse now,' said the captain. 'Swing her head a little more north, Billie.'

'A little more north sir,' said the oiler

Whereupon the little boat turned her nose once more down the wind, and all but the oarsmen watched the shore grow. Under the influence of this expansion doubt and direful apprehension were leaving the minds of the men. The management of the boat was still most absorbing, but it could not prevent a quiet cheerfulness. In an hour, perhaps, they would be ashore.

From: *The Open Boat* by Stephen Crane courtesy of Oxford University Press.

Passage E

Goodwood did it, Magny Cours did it and now Donnington is doing it. That's to say, celebrating the centenary of grand prix racing.

The Derbyshire circuit is taking the red route and calling their event 'GP100 at SeeRed'. This mercifully has nothing to do with heavy metal bands but everything to do with racing cars, and features competitive racing from every significant era beginning with the Edwardians and running through to near-contemporary Formula 1. The two-day programme is crammed full of racing and plenty of sideshows. On the Saturday there is a motorcycle race, demo laps by grand prix cars, a historic race for 1960s Sports and CT Prototypes and a team relay race for pre-war sportscars. Now, that's variety for you.

On the Sunday there are no fewer than nine races including HGPCA grand prix cars, Thoroughbred GP machines, and another eight-lapper for the motorcycles. The main feature is the VSCC Williams Trophy race, named after the gentleman racer Grover Williams who won the Monaco Grand Prix in 1929. This is for pre-1934 grand prix cars and is the first time the Williams Trophy race has run at Donnington. This means a lot of Bugattis and Alfa Romeos. See red, and blue in this one, And some British Racing Green.

Covering a century of racing in just two days is a tall order but the VSCC is using maximum revs to make this a weekend to remember.

Courtesy of *Motor Sport*, October 2006.

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