



# Coimisiún na Scrúduithe Stáit State Examinations Commission

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION 2008

## 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, 9 May Morning 9.30 - 12.00**

This paper should be handed to candidates on **Wednesday, 30 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. 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. 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. 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

As the mini Cooper wends its way upwards on the twisty, rather steep dirt track – right, then left, then right again – the pungent smell of ripe fruit floods into our car. Either side of us are the most breathtaking orchards, boasting row upon row of heavily laden apple trees. Luscious red fruits crowd every leafy branch, falling and scattering themselves messily over the grass and soil below, squishing under the tyres of the constant tail-back of festival traffic. Enough apples to keep my nana in crumble pies and turnovers for a hundred more lifetimes.

And just as apples become vaguely passé, we move on to acres and acres of large juicy pears. Apparently I snored like a gurgling drain all the way through the plums.

‘Marmaduke Orchards!’ I gasp. ‘I just totally didn’t expect there to be...’

‘Aha! You’re alive!’ laughs Claude. ‘No, we didn’t expect actual orchards either!’

‘Baron Marmaduke owns the land’, chips in Daphne, nudging her brake as a lady with flapping flamboyant pink angel wings on the back of her rucksack cuts in front of our car.

‘He’s one of those eccentric millionaire types, isn’t he?’ laughs Claude. And I mean he’d have to be eccentric to let a hundred and twenty thousand strangers have a party in his back garden...’

In the green valley before us, literally thousands and thousands of tents are pitched up already. Hosanna! Tents, tents and more tents as far the eye can see! Orange tents, blue tents, green tents, red tents, yellow tents plus a zillion other hues and tones, crowd the two square miles of festival site. Teensy-weensy one-man bivouacs, massive hulking ten-men ‘field hotels’, swanky Winnebagos with blacked out windows, battered camper vans covered in spray paint and sprawling makeshift hippy communes fashioned from wood and tarpaulin. And dotted throughout the site are smoky bonfires, yellow twinkling night lights and occasional exploding fireworks.

From *LBD, The Great Escape* by Grace Dent.

### Passage B

Dear Theo,

Did I write to you about the storm I watched recently? The sea was yellowish, especially close to the shore. On the horizon a streak of light, and above it immensely dark grey clouds, from

which one could see the rain coming down in slanting streaks. The wind blew the dust from the little white path among the rocks into the sea and shook the hawthorn bushes in bloom and the wallflowers that grow on the rocks. To the right, fields of young green corn, and in the distance the town, which, with its towers, mills, slate roofs, Gothic-style houses and the harbour below, between two jetties sticking out into the sea, looked like the towns Albrecht Durer used to etch. I watched the sea last Sunday night as well. Everything was dark grey, but on the horizon the day was beginning to break. It was still very early and yet a skylark was already singing and the nightingales in the gardens by the sea. In the distance, the light from the lighthouse, the guard ship, etc. That same night I looked out of the window of my room at the roofs of the houses you can see from there, and at the top of the elms, dark against the sky. Above the roofs, a single star, but a beautiful big friendly one. Enclosed is a little drawing of the view from the school window through which the boys follow their parents with their eyes as they go back to the station after a visit. Many a one will never forget the view from that window. You really ought to have seen it this week, when we had days of rain, especially at dusk when the lamps are lit and their light is reflected in the wet streets...

You're loving Vincent.

From *The Letters of Vincent Van Gogh* published by Penguin.

### **Passage C**

I grew up in the West of Ireland, in a grey cut-stone farmhouse, which my father inherited from his father. My father came from lowland, better off farming people, my mother from the wind-swept hungry hills above a great lake. As children, we played in a small forest of rhododendrons – thickened and tangled and broken under scratching cows – around the house and down the drive. The avenue up from the front gates had such great potholes that cars had to lurch off into the field and out again.

But though all outside was neglect, overgrown with ragwort and thistle, strangers were surprised when they entered the house; my father might fritter his life away watching the slates slip from the outhouse roofs, but, within, that safe, square, lowland house of stone was my mother's pride and joy. It was always spotless. It was stuffed with things – furniture, china dogs, toby mugs, tall jugs, trays, tapestries and whatnots. Each of the four bedrooms had holy pictures on the walls and a gold overmantel surmounting each fireplace. In the fireplaces there were paper fans or lids of chocolate boxes. Mantelpieces carried their own close-packed array of wax flowers, holy statues, broken alarm clocks, shells, photographs, and soft rounded cushions for sticking pins in.

From *The Genius and Other Irish Short Stories: The Rug* by Edna O'Brien.

## Passage D

Celebrity cats, pet lions, rappers at breakfast, Estefan for dinner: Dom Joly indulges in America's celeb-soaked Riviera.

I can just make out the beach itself with its pastel-coloured lifeguard towers over the grassy dunes 100 yards ahead. Meanwhile, directly in front of me is the main attraction: Ocean Drive or Ocean as it's known here in SoBe. It's a beachfront stretch of art-deco hotels to which it feels like the whole of hip America has come to pay homage. Obviously, this being the States, they didn't walk here. Enormous Hummers pursue little red Corvettes, gloriously customised orange-and-chrome choppers cruise past Hispanics in low-riders, their arms hanging loose out of the open windows that channel their ear-splitting soundtrack in my direction.

All this, and the first time I came down for breakfast, the rapper Jah Rule was sitting at the table next to me, with his pet lion lounging contentedly at his feet.

South Beach is that kind of place. It's the American Riviera. It's like Cannes run by hipsters and everyone's invited, no jacket required. It's a place where yellow Porsches make complete sense. It's where I can become someone else.

From *Star-struck on Miami's South Beach*, courtesy of The Times Online July 31, 2005

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