



Coimisiún na Scrúduithe Stáit State Examinations Commission

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION 2009

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, 8th May Morning 9.30 - 12.00

This paper should be handed to candidates on **Wednesday, 29th 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

"I feel at home here in this chaos because chaos suggests images to me. And in any case I just love living in chaos."(Francis Bacon)

Some two thousand samples of Bacon's painting materials were found in the Reece Mews studio. These include hundreds of used paint tubes, jars of loose pigment, paintbrushes, utensils, tin cans, sticks of pastel, pieces of fabric, empty bottles of turpentine, cans of spray paint and of fixative, tins of household paint and countless roller sponges. No artist's palette was found in the studio and the artist appears to have used just about anything he could find as a substitute. Even the walls of the studio itself were used to mix and test paints. From early on in his artistic career, Bacon tried out various materials in his paintings including aerosol cans of car paint, sand, pastel, dust and cotton wool. He also appears to have applied paint with the plastic lids from paint tubes and the open ends of bottles found in the studio.

Adapted from *Artist's Materials, Francis Bacon's studio*, courtesy of Hugh Lane

Passage B

In the chimney corner farthest from the window, towered the old high clock with its apple-cheeked sun-face rising and setting every day — with the same perpetual smile. Along that side of the room extended the dresser, fashioned by the village carpenter according to traditional curves and furnished with rows of blue willow-patterned plates and dishes. Underneath were soup-tureens, a wooden butter-dish, and large vessels of a deeper blue displayed in open arches. On the shelves above, the smaller plates came first and in front of them were glass, teapots (either bronzed or gaily-flowered) and cups to match. Here also were the wooden egg-cups and the hour-glass with the pewter mustard-pot. On hooks from the edge of each shelf hung the pepper castor, scissors, the button hook, and keys on a string through a reel. On the third shelf came the basins upside down, with rude suggestions of green leaves and damask roses on their sides, and cream jugs adorned the hooks. Still higher were the larger plates and rows of jugs, bronzed and otherwise, were hung in front — about eight inches apart — in progressive scale, beginning from the least unto the greatest. It was among all this domestic paraphernalia that my shipwrecked boats were put to dry.

In another corner (right of the dresser) was a sort of open cupboard, fitting triangularly in it and painted an ivory white. Here were the choicest tea things — a complete set of old cottage ware adorned with interlacing arches of purple lustre, and in each arch a crimson pimpernel with sprigs

of venetian red and touches of green or blue. These were only used on state occasions in my grandmother's days: but, when she was gone, they came into common use and were broken one by one " until none remained " but the capacious tea-pot.

Adapted from *The Ideal Grandmother* by Ellan Vanin

Passage C

With its deep natural harbour and adjacent farmlands, Cork was one of the great food centres and the butter capital of Europe in earlier days. For the perishables that couldn't be shipped – the fresh harvest of Ireland's fields and waters - you had to go to the English Market in Cork City. Today, you can still find an abundance of these foods there.

This is a working person's everyday market. It is where the local people buy the tripe and kidney and other innards that have traditionally nourished the average Cork house-hold to an unusual degree. But it is also a resource for the most discriminating eaters and cooks in search of the freshest local prawns or oysters, or the ultimate rack of lamb or organically grown lollo rosso (curly red lettuce). If you are lucky enough to have rented a holiday cottage in one of the beautiful coastal villages to the south of the city, you can stock your larder here. Or if you are just travelling through and are on your way for a day's fishing on the Bandon River or a tour of some of the local stone circles and dolmens, here is where you can pack your picnic. Smoked wild salmon, spicy dried beef, fresh brown breads, farmhouse cheeses and wedges of barn-brack are all there, ready to go.

Part of the market has cast iron columns and railings, and a barrel vault of great wooden arches punctuated by skylights, which make it resemble a cathedral for fruits and vegetables. Another area, where there are bricks underfoot and modern construction above, is like a renovated warehouse.

On a recent tour of the English Market, my wife and I had the good luck to start at Deirdre Ahern's for fruits and vegetables. Deirdre and her aunt Siobhan, who has the neighbouring stall, have their names in traditional gold stencil lettering overhead. Their produce is picture book: great heads of curly green lettuce that resemble 18th-century porcelain and scab-free Ballymaloe potatoes. A lot of the local vegetables are organic. Carrots, in particular, are a sight. Delivered directly by the farmers after they are picked each morning, these carrots look nothing at all like the uniform, plastic-wrapped specimens we know from American supermarkets. Rather, these are giant, twisted roots of brilliant orange-red just like the ones that show up in the market baskets of kitchen maids in paintings by Chardin.

Our next turn led in the direction of the fish alleyway. "If it swims, we'll sell it." Fish of the day included John Dory, black sole, turbot, sea bass and brill. Among less glamorous specimens are

the mackerel and whiting. It also had some excellent prawns with their roe still on them, but if I wanted sea urchins I would have to order them. But what I couldn't take my eyes off were the 25-pound cods and entire monkfish looking distinctly un-pretty on their bed of seaweed, and the whole skates. No wonder the sight of these sea creatures with their flat wide wings, slimy skin and bizarre faces were irresistible to Rembrandt and Chardin.

Adapted from *Where Cork Cooks Stock Up* by Nicholas Fox Webber, courtesy of New York Times/travel

Passage D

When the eye passed beyond these green surroundings it rested on a wide, blue expanse of sea or lake, which appeared to enclose this enchanting island, within a compass of only a few leagues. Eastward lay a pretty little white seaport town or village, with a few houses scattered around it, and in the harbour of which a few vessels of peculiar rig were gently swayed by the softly swelling waves. Beyond it, groups of islets rose from the smooth, blue waters, but in such numbers that they seemed to dot the sea like a shoal. To the west distant coasts lined the dim horizon, on some rose blue mountains of smooth, undulating forms; on a more distant coast arose a prodigious cone crowned on its summit with a snowy plume of white cloud. To the northward lay spread a vast sheet of water, sparkling and dancing under the hot, bright rays, the uniformity broken here and there by the topmast of a gallant ship appearing above the horizon, or a swelling sail moving slowly before the wind.

Adapted from *Journey into the Interior of the Earth* by Jules Verne

Passage E

Part of the Champs-Élysées' gardens, was built from scratch in the late 19th century by the park designer Jean-Charles Adolphe Alphand. It is a lovely illusion, where nothing is quite what it appears at first sight. The rocks that form the pond and waterfall are sculptured from cement; so is the "wooden" footbridge. But the space — 1.7 acres of semi-tamed wilderness in one of the most urban swaths of Paris — has lured me, over and over again. My only companions are the occasional dog walker and the police woman making her rounds.

On a park bench there, I am enveloped by evergreens, maples, bamboo, lilacs and ivy. There are lemon trees; a Mexican orange; a bush called a wavy-leaf silk-tassel, with drooping flowers that belongs in an Art Nouveau painting; and another whose leaves smell of caramel in the fall. A 100-year-old weeping beech shades a pond whose waterfall pushes away the noise of the streets above. The pond, fed by the Seine, can turn murky, but the slow-moving carp don't seem to mind, nor does the otter that, surfaces from time to time.

You'll find spaces for listening to a concert or watching a puppet show, church gardens, gardens with vegetable patches and oriental gardens. There are gardens with beehives, bird preserves, out-

of-fashion roses, chessboards, playgrounds, menageries, panoramic views, even a rain forest and a farm. Green spaces adjoin cemeteries, embassies, movie theatres and hotels.

On the other side of town, is the garden of the Zadkine Museum, which was once the home and atelier of the 20th-century Russian-born sculptor Ossip Zadkine. The sculpture-filled garden is much the same today as when he worked in wood and granite under its trees. “Come and see my pleasure house, and you’ll understand how much a man’s life can be changed by a pigeon house or by a tree,” he once wrote to a friend.

But gardens are not just museum pieces; they are active, integral parts of neighbourhoods. For a bit of entertainment — even drama — on a sleepy weekend afternoon, I sometimes walk over to the Square Blomet, where games of boules are played with such verve that they continue under spotlights late at night.

The ivy covering the metal walls of the field is so old that the leaves have grown up to six inches wide. At the end of a long park-bench-lined corridor sits a little-known bronze sculpture by Joan Miró, who lived in poverty down the street in the atelier of a fellow Catalan sculptor.

Adapted from *Hidden Gardens of Paris*, courtesy of New York Times, June 19, 2008

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