



Coimisiún na Scrúduithe Stáit State Examinations Commission

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION 2011

ART

Imaginative Composition and Still Life

Ordinary Level

100 marks are assigned to this paper, i.e. 25% of the overall marks for Art

3 – 13 May Morning 9.30 - 12.00

This paper should be handed to candidates on **Friday, 8 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

There is a merry jangle of bells in the air, an all-pervading sense of jester's noise, and the flaunting vividness of royal colours. The streets swarm with humanity, - humanity in all shapes, manners, forms, laughing, pushing, jostling, crowding, a mass of men and women and children, as varied and assorted in their several individual peculiarities as ever a crowd that gathered in one locality since the days of Babel.

It is Carnival in New Orleans; a brilliant Tuesday in February, when the very air gives forth an ozone intensely exhilarating. The buildings are a blazing mass of royal purple and golden yellow, national flags, bunting, and decorations that laugh in the glint of the Midas sun. The streets are a crush of jesters and maskers, Jim Crows and clowns, ballet girls and Mephistos, Indians and monkeys; of wild and sudden flashes of music, of glittering pageants and comic ones, of be-feathered and belled horses; a dream of colour and melody and fantasy gone wild in an effervescent bubble of beauty that shifts and changes and passes kaleidoscope-like before the bewildered eye.

Down Bourbon Street and on Toulouse and St. Peter Streets there are quaint little old-world places where one may be disguised effectively for a tiny consideration. Thither, guided by the shapely Mephisto and guarded by the team of jockeys and ballet girls, tripped Flo. Into one of the lowest-ceiled, dingiest, and most ancient-looking of these shops they stepped.

"A disguise for the demoiselle," announced Mephisto to the woman who met them. She was small and wizened and old, with yellow, flabby jaws, a neck like the throat of an alligator, and straight, white hair that stood from her head uncannily stiff.

Adapted from '*A Carnival Jangle*' by Alice Dunbar

Passage B

There are some splendid views of the old red sandstone cliffs that run along the length of the headland. Splintered and torn by the pounding sea, they drop down several hundred feet to crumbled, rocky outcrops that stretch up the length of the coastline. In summer these rocks will be crowded with large flocks of auk, guillemot, razorbill and the occasional puffin. These are true marine birds that spend most of their life on the water, far out at sea.

As you approach the peninsula tip, you first pass another fresh water lake, Lake Akeen, on your right. Beyond this the path wanders about the rocks and leads ultimately out to the picturesque lighthouse that hangs precariously above the cliffs on the right.

On reaching the peninsula's end, steps and railings lead down to the lighthouse. The lighthouse was erected in the 1960s by the oil companies in order to facilitate easy movement of the large tankers in and out of the bay.

In the spring and autumn you may be lucky enough to spot cetaceans, as the west coast of Ireland is on the edge of a major migratory route. Shoals of dolphin and porpoise, as well as fin, minke, sperm, pilot, humpback and killer whales are all regularly sighted.

Adapted from *West Cork Walks* by Kevin Corcoran

Passage C

The Spanish do like their vegetables, oh yes. Do not be misled on this account. You'll see shoppers in the market expertly probing Brussels sprouts, squeezing squashes, caressing cauliflower. Eggplant they'll buy by the dozen and scurry home with to create berenjenas salteadas (sautéed eggplants). Broccoli, they'll braise and dress with garlic and oil. With green beans, they'll make a dish so fine it will cause you to sigh for those who will never taste it.

Keeping fruit and vegetables in your diet can be done, although it can take some diligence. Seek and without doubt you shall find enough garden produce to keep you in good shape. Among our favourite vegetables are the onions. You'll find them everywhere. They are so sweet and mild they can almost be eaten like apples. At the Mercado Central in Cadiz look for the sweet and flavourful vine-ripened tomatoes. If all you are used to is the industrial products called tomatoes sold in supermarkets, these will be your epiphany. Spain, is famous, of course for its oranges. Pick up a bag in Seville and enjoy them fresh. Use them in Sangria or have them cooked with duck, the local speciality.

Adapted from '*Where Cork Cooks Stock Up*' by Nicholas Fox Webber

Passage D

The Zephyr team wore uniforms, sort of-matching Vans deck shoes and blue t-shirts emblazoned with their team name. Even so, the Z-Boys, as they would come to be known, seemed wild looking compared to their other competitors. Their shoes were torn and scuffed, and their jeans were missing back pockets, the inevitable result of low-altitude power slides. "Our hair was so long and fluffy that we'd all chopped our fringes off two inches over our eyebrows", says Alva. "It was just a funky, funky look". In addition they carried themselves with an aggressive, streetwise swagger. "We were pretty hardcore when it came to anybody trying to compete with us" he says, "We kind of psyched everyone out there before we even started to skate against them".

In the competition's first event, the freestyle preliminaries, contestants had two minutes in which to impress the panel of judges with their most creative skateboard skills. At that time, state-of-the-art freestyle was a static, tricks orientated endeavour: competitors performed nose wheelies while rolling in perfect circles, popped handstands on their boards, or did as many consecutive 360s as they could manage.

Pushing hard across the platform that had been set up for the event, Adams picked up speed quickly, carving back and forth to generate more forward momentum. As he neared the platform's far end, he crouched low, lower than most of the people sitting on the bench had ever seen anyone get on a skateboard.

The crowd started shouting as Adams pushed closer to the platform's edge - he looked like he was about to shoot right off. But then he lowered his body more and pulled a hard, extremely fast turn. The manoeuvre left his body fully extended, hovering just inches above the platform, with his right arm thrust out for balance and his left hand, palm down, planted on the platform, serving as his pivot. In an instant, he spun 180 degrees and began rolling the opposite direction, even faster than he was before launching into the turn. The bleachers erupted with enthusiastic, disbelieving cheers. "All the kids went ballistic, completely out of their minds; they'd never seen that kind of speed and aggressive style before".

Adapted from '*The Lords of Dogtown*' by G. Beato

Passage E

The little towns slipped past; we stopped at every one; and between the towns, patches of bogland, little lakes and small stone walled fields. As we stopped at the stations the platforms were thronged with people who came to watch the train passing through; it was the social event of the day for most of them.

As we passed across the Shannon, the look of the country began to change, and the dim misty blue shapes of mountains began to show on the horizon. I ran eagerly from one side of the now empty carriage to the other as the strange new country spread out towards the sea. I was as excited as a schoolboy, and I had a strange feeling that this was a homecoming and not merely an adventurous journey into a strange country.

Beyond Westport, the face of the country changed suddenly to bare stony hills, the fields smaller and more rock-strewn, and the blue-mountains showing across the wastes of rock and heather. West lay the island, treeless and stark, where I was to live, on and off, for nearly seven years.

Adapted from '*An Irish Portrait*' by Paul Henry

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