

This paper is to be handed to Candidates on: 7 May, 1998.

ART

DESIGN - HIGHER LEVEL

THURSDAY 14 MAY, MORNING 10.45 - 1.15

100 marks are assigned to this paper

INSTRUCTIONS

- a) You are allowed to use tracing paper, coloured papers, texturing materials and other materials normally required to answer the questions.
 - b) Write your **Examination Number** clearly in the space provided on **all drawing sheets**.
 - c) Beneath your Examination Number clearly state the following:
the **title** of your paper i.e. - Design
the **level** of your paper i.e. - Higher
the **craft** for which you are designing, and
the **starting point** you have chosen.
 - d) Candidates are reminded that where they have brought preparatory sketches into the examination centre as a memory aid, they must include them in the envelope with their completed work.
 - e) Preliminary sketches of your design idea must be submitted with your design piece.
- NB** The preliminary sketches referred to above are to be carried out during the examination period and are distinct from the preparatory sketches which candidates are allowed to bring into the examination centre as a memory aid.

DESCRIPTIVE PASSAGE CONTAINING STARTING POINTS

BENEATH THE VOLCANOES

In the arrivals hall at Denpasar INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, I meet my old friend, jet lag. A Styrofoam cup slips straight through my fingers, splashing scalding coffee onto somebody else's shoes. I fumble in my bag for cigarettes, forgetting it's been months since I stopped smoking. All I have left after 24 hours in long-haul limbo is a couple of blurred images. A rain-slicked, neon-lit Dublin street. A flutter of veiled women dipping jewelled fingers into trays of pearls in the duty-free at Dubai. A jumbled dream about an inflight movie. Or was that a jumbled inflight movie about a dream?

Through the open window of the taxi, we watch our first Balinese sunrise. The dark sky opens slowly, like a flower. There are narrow ribbons of water-colour on the horizon. Viridian green. Cerulean blue. Alizarin pink. At every traffic-light, we are surrounded by restless scooters driven by young, clean shaven Balinese men, crisp in their white short-sleeved shirts and dark pressed pants. Perched side-saddle on the backs of their scooters are girls in smart, western-style suits. They are slender and golden-skinned with kohl-rimmed eyes and painted lips. But, by the time we've reached the outskirts of the city, the scooters are outnumbered by chickens and the blurred shapes in the deep storm-drains that line the narrow streets have resolved into figures washing themselves in the brackish water. The Balinese live in TWO WORLDS: *Niskala*, the unseen world and *Sekala*, the seen world. Sensing that this private ritual belongs to the first, we look away.

We turn inland towards the hill village of Ubud, away from the block-booked high-rise hotels of Kuta and Sanur where the neatly packaged tourists sleep in their air-conditioned cells. The sun rises huge, gold, full of itself over the wrinkled baize of the rice and terraces and the fragrance of jasmine and frangipani drifts in through the windows. The radio plays a song in heavily accented English.

The hotel rooms are set in lush gardens that tumble down the sides of a steep gorge. We follow the security guard along the narrow winding pathways. The turquoise eye of a swimming pool winks seductively through the trees. We find our bungalow half-hidden among flowering trees, heavy with blossom.

The arched entrance is guarded by two grimacing stone statues with bulging eyes and bared fangs, their fingers outstretched to catch any evil spirits that might enter our room. Inside, where the slow circling of the ceiling fan stirs the moist, faintly musty air, there are crimson hibiscus flowers tucked into the intricately carved headboard and into the doors of the wardrobe. These are not just for decoration. Religion, a comfortable marriage of animism, ancestor worship and Hinduism, is a seamless part of everyday life in Bali. There are spirits everywhere and they must be honoured and placated with offerings of flowers, incense, rice and holy water at dawn, midday and dusk.

The pool, when we find it, is deserted but for two Japanese tourists lying on immaculate white towels reading beautifully bound back-to-front books. I slide into the water and come up for air in an eddy of star-shaped white frangipani petals. We take a walk through the village of Ubud, past the main temple with its mysterious pavilions and shrines. Past small, crumbling palaces and traditional Balinese homes surrounded by high stone walls. Through the carved wooden gates, we catch tantalising glimpses of courtyards shaded by huge trees, flower-decked shrines and the slender trunks of coconut palms. The most sacred part of a house, the ancestral shrine, must always point towards Mount Agung, the highest of Bali's two holy volcanoes.

A young woman comes out of one of the houses and reverently places an offering made of rice and intricately woven flowers on a low stone outside the gate. She lights a stick of INCENSE. As she turns to go back inside, a scavenging dog knocks the offering into the road and devours the rice. A small bus rattles by, squashing what remains into the gutter. It will have taken her an hour to make it but that's not important. There is no past or future tense in the Balinese language, there is only now. In a dark craft shop, I find a round-bellied Buddha made of fragrant sandalwood that fits exactly into the palm of my hand. A small oriental Santa Claus with angel's wings. A bone-coloured ceramic dish with tiny gold fishes stamped around the rim. The old lady who owns the shop wrings her hands in melodramatic horror when we try to bargain her down.

In the morning, we hire leaking masks and clumsy fins and walk a half a mile or so up the white sandy beach to explore the blue coral garden. We stagger backwards into the water, float out a few feet to where the reef begins, then lie, face down, letting the warm current carry us slowly back down the beach. Below, angel fish with iridescent scales and pouting lips flap their gauzy fins. The long black needles of the sea urchins have luminous tips. The rattling noise I hear above my heartbeat is made by the gaudy parrot fish, nuzzling among the small stones. Further out, a shoal of electric blue fish with day-glo yellow spots drift languidly by. A school of two or three thousand crimson tiddlers turns left, then right, then left again, as one. Then, suddenly, we're at the steep drop-off. Floating over the edge of a reef is the closest you'll get to flying outside of a dream. The water is an infinite blue. Shafts of sunlight are reflected up from hundreds of feet below. It's like swimming into the sky.

Somebody has told us there's a gamelan orchestra at the LOTUS CAFÉ, in the garden of a ruined palace. We arrive as dusk is falling. The five musicians, dressed in crimson with gold brocade cummerbunds, climb into a canopied pavilion with their *tingklis*, hollow bamboo xylophones. The low, resonant music is punctuated by soft cymbal crashes and high silvery bell-sounds. Frogs and toads call each other across the long, narrow pond. The lotus flowers are closing their waxy white petals into tight pointed buds and hundreds of tiny oil burners are sending flickering fingers of flame up into the balmy air. The Balinese believe that they live in a PARADISE ON EARTH. I am beginning to understand why.

[adapted from an article by Gai Griffin in Cara Magazine]

Choose ONE of the following:

EMBROIDERY:

Make a design suggested by the descriptive passage. Your design should be suitable as a wall-hanging for display behind a hotel reception desk in an exotic resort such as the passage describes.

WEAVING:

Using a starting point from the descriptive passage, design

- (a) a woven textile for a holiday rug-sack or beach bag

OR

- (b) a tapestry suitable as a wall-hanging for a holiday apartment.

POTTERY:

Taking a starting point from the descriptive passage, design either:-

- (a) A free-standing sculpture entitled 'Jet Lag'. (Height 26cms approx.)

OR

- (b) A circular dish - slip or underglaze painting to be used. (Diameter 28cms approx.)

LETTERING OR CALLIGRAPHY:

Design a notice based on a suggested theme in the descriptive passage.

OR

If you would rather carry out a piece of calligraphic writing, design a layout and write any part of the passage which appeals to you. Your design may incorporate images, decorative motifs and/or expressive words or letters.

LINOCUTTING AND PRINTING:

Make a design for a print suggested by the descriptive passage. You should choose the size of your print according to your subject, and use at least three colours.

FABRIC PRINTING:

Take a starting point from the descriptive passage and design a pattern for fabric, to be suitable for use as a bath-robe or beach-wrap.

Your design may be suitable for screen printing, block printing, or batik or a combination of these.

PUPPETRY:

Design a dressed puppet figure suggested by the descriptive passage.

BOOKCRAFT:

Design a book-cover or end-papers for a book on a Japanese theme or any other theme suggested by the descriptive passage. Briefly indicate the materials and construction to be used.

ADVERTISING DESIGN:

Design a poster or showcard based on any theme, or some remembered topic, suggested by the descriptive passage or a logo for a travel company called Off The Beaten Track.

MODELLING OR CARVING:

Make a design for a piece of sculpture suggested by the descriptive passage suitable for modelling or carving in the round or in relief.

STAGE SETS:

Take a starting point from the descriptive passage and design a stage-set, back-drop or costumes for a play or theatrical event.