



Coimisiún na Scrúduithe Stáit State Examinations Commission

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 2013

ART

Imaginative Composition and Still Life

Higher Level

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

Monday, 29 April – Friday, 10 May Morning, 9.30 - 12.00

This paper should be handed to candidates on **Tuesday, 16 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

The Antarctic has a long reputation as a difficult place to live. ‘Great God! This is an awful place,’ wrote Robert Scott, before dying in a blizzard on his return from the South Pole. He and his four companions had trudged to the centre of a continent buried deep beneath layers of ice, kilometres deep. They had felt like trespassers in the alien world, so cold that their fingers froze in their mitts and their feet turned black in their boots.

We have it much easier now. With breathable fabrics and prefabricated buildings, *sno-cats* and *skidoos*, people are able to live in Antarctica all year-round. The White Continent has research stations dotted around its edge, and even at the Pole itself. The British Antarctic Survey’s Halley Base is built on an ice shelf, and has to be ratcheted up on telescopic legs each year to keep it above the accumulating snow and ice.

Here on Bird Island, at the edge of the Antarctic region, we have it easier still. The temperature rarely drops below -10°C (and rarely exceeds $+5^{\circ}\text{C}$). In fact, our summers are a lot like the Irish winter: lots of damp, mist, drizzle, and low overcast skies, with the occasional nice sunny day. The winters are colder, and deep snow covers the island, but unlike the barren snowscapes further south, there is life everywhere - tens of thousands of seals, birds of all shapes and sizes, and even tiny insects and mites live in the tall tussock grass.

Elsewhere on the island, I can walk up to nesting albatrosses and penguins who show little fear and remain sitting on their eggs as long as I don’t startle them. Their trusting behaviour is typical of many island-dwelling birds, probably because they have evolved in the absence of predatory mammals. The seals are a bit more wary of people, almost as if they retain some racial memory of the slaughters of the nineteenth century.

Life on base revolves around social events such as theme parties, film nights, games, and after-dinner drinks at the Wanderer and Widge bar (in the corner of the lounge). There’s barely enough time left to fit in skiing (in winter), football (in summer), photography, whale-watching, playing music, climbing and walking, not to mention keeping the base running smoothly.

We are a thousand miles from civilisation, and it can feel isolated. But somehow, it rarely does. With modern satellite communications, we can talk to family and friends on the other side of the world, write emails, and read the news. It’s a different world to the one Scott left behind in 1912, but still as wild and beautiful as it was then. And just a little bit easier to survive in.

Adapted from *Wild Ireland* Ireland’s wildlife and environmental magazine’s Antarctic report - with Brian Phalan.

Passage B

Lunch time on a muggy afternoon in Istanbul. The early morning calm precipitated by the evocative sound of an Imam's call to prayer has been replaced by the more typical hustle and bustle of this cosmopolitan city. I'm standing at a spice stall in a huge market behind the New Mosque (so called even though it was built in the 16th Century) at the corner of Eminönü Square. Suddenly there's a deafening screech of tyres as a Land Rover chases a black Audi A5 at high speed through the centre of the market, skittling the stalls of spices, cloth and turbans in their wake. As both vehicles come to a crashing upturned halt, a man in a silver-grey suit vaults from the stricken Land Rover, ducks behind a crate of oranges and fires his hand-gun a Walther PPK, at the shaven-headed and bloodied Audi driver. While various passers by duck for cover, there's a moment of silence and then a loud

cry of "cut". Welcome to the world of James Bond. Its day 103 of the 133-day shoot on *Skyfall* the 23rd (official) screen outing of Ian Fleming's super-spy. The man in the silver-grey suit is Daniel Craig, here taking on the 007 mantle for the third time, following the brilliant *Casino Royale* (2006) and its frankly mediocre follow-up *Quantum of Solace* (2008). He shares a joke with his adversary, Ola Rapace, and fellow agent Naomie Harris, before moving behind a stall where (it transpires, later) Rachael Weisz has been watching her new hubby in action.

Without missing a beat the props crew emerge from all quarters, a flurry of denim shorts, headsets and gaffer tape, to reassemble the set (for it is a set; even the red peppers hanging in front of my face are polystyrene). Stalls are put to right; the extras many of whom are genuine local traders who have been paid 750 Turkish Liras (roughly €300 a day) to cover loss of business on their own nearby stalls, assume their original positions and four giant digital cameras are primed for the next take under the watchful eye of director Sam Mendes and cinematographer Roger Deakins.

Today's set up is a complex operation involving 500 extras, 300 crew memos and a lot of takes. Little wonder that four weeks have been set aside to capture a scene that will occupy no more than four minutes on screen. But what a four minutes, as our hero chases the bad guy through Istanbul, first on four wheels then on two, as both hop on motorbikes discarded at the market and tear along the top of the Grand Bazaar and out across the roof-tops of Istanbul. Eventually it becomes a foot chase along a train that ends in a major explosion which, unless I miss my guess will presage the first few bars of Adele's title song.

Adapted from *The Name is Bond James Bond*, by Michael Doherty, The RTE Guide, 2012.

Passage C

Every evening the young Fisherman went out upon the sea, and threw his nets into the water. When the wind blew from the land he caught nothing, or but little at best, for it was a bitter and black-winged wind, and rough waves rose up to meet it. But when the wind blew to the shore, the fish came in from the deep, and swam into the meshes of his nets, and he took them to the market-place and sold them.

Every evening he went out upon the sea, and one evening the net was so heavy that hardly could he draw it into the boat. And he laughed, and said to himself, 'Surely I have caught all the fish that swim, or snared some dull monster that will be a marvel to men, or something of horror and putting forth all his strength, he tugged at the coarse ropes till, like lines of blue enamel round a vase of bronze, the long veins rose up on his arms. He tugged at the thin ropes, and nearer and nearer came the circle of flat corks, and the net rose at last to the top of the water.

But no fish at all was in it, nor any monster or thing of horror, but only a little Mermaid lying fast asleep.

Her hair was as a wet fleece of gold, and each separate hair as a thread of fine gold in a cup of glass. Her body was as white ivory, and her tail was of silver and pearl. Silver and pearl was her tail, and the green weeds of the sea coiled round it; and like sea-shells were her ears, and her lips were like sea-coral. The cold waves dashed over her cold breasts, and the salt glistened upon her eyelids. So beautiful was she that when the young Fisherman saw her he was filled with wonder, and he put out his hand and drew the net close to him, and leaning over the side he clasped her in his arms. And when he touched her, she gave a cry like a startled sea-gull, and woke, and looked at him in terror with her mauve-amethyst eyes, and struggled that she might escape. But he held her tightly to him, and would not suffer her to depart.

Every evening the young Fisherman went out upon the sea, and called to the Mermaid, and she rose out of the water and sang to him. Round and round her swam the dolphins, and the wild gulls wheeled above her head. And she sang a marvellous song. For she sang of the Sea-folk who drive their flocks from cave to cave, and carry the little calves on their shoulders; of the Tritons who have long green beards, and hairy breasts, and blow through twisted conchs when the King passes by; of the palace of the King which is all of amber, with a roof of clear emerald, and a pavement of bright pearl; and of the gardens of the sea where the great filigrane fans of coral wave all day long, and the fish dart about like silver birds, and the anemones cling to the rocks, and the pinks bourgeon in the ribbed yellow sand. She sang of the big whales that come down from the north seas and have sharp icicles hanging to their fins; of the Sirens who tell of such wonderful things that the merchants have to stop their ears with wax lest they should hear them, and leap into the water and be drowned; of the sunken galleys with their tall masts, and the frozen sailors clinging to the rigging, and the mackerel swimming in and out of the open portholes; of the little barnacles who are great travellers, and cling to the keels of the ships and go round and round the world; and of the cuttlefish who live in the sides of the cliffs and stretch out their long black arms, and can make night come when they will it. She sang of the nautilus who has a boat of her own that is carved out of an opal and steered with a silken sail; of the happy Mermen who play upon harps and can charm the great Kraken to sleep; of the little children who catch hold of the slippery porpoises and ride laughing upon their backs; of the Mermaids who lie in the white foam and hold out their arms to the mariners; and of the sea-lions with their curved tusks, and the sea-horses with their floating manes.

Adapted from *The Fisherman and his Soul* by Oscar Wilde, Harper Collins, 1994.

Passage D

We arose early because El Mercado is open for business and usually filled with people by 8 a.m., stopped in at the tiny restaurant-bar La Churrasquita (at the edge of the market) for some thick Spanish coffee and the heavy, local version of croissants; then we began our walk through the buildings, each aisle of which is entered through giant iron-grill doors.

We thought we were early but scores of housewives with knitted shopping bags were there before us, and so was Avelino Gomez, the chef of Santiago's finest hotel, who does all of his own shopping each morning, then has his selections delivered back across the Plaza Obradoiro to his kitchen. He vied with the women as they inspected squid and octopus, hefted heavy bunches of grapes and dug their hands through mounds of fresh shallots. Long braids of garlic, holding anywhere from one to three dozen bulbs, hung everywhere it seemed. There were mounds of white and red beans, lentils and fresh peas. Green, red and yellow apples were piled in pyramids; pears, peppers, tomatoes, onions and cucumbers sat in the open wood boxes that had become produce showcases. Deep-coloured turnip greens are a popular ingredient in Galician cooking.

There are 387 different stands in El Mercado, selling everything from fruit, vegetables and seafood to fresh eggs, fresh or cured pigs' feet, fresh-killed or still-live chickens, kids and lambs, spiced sausages called *salchichon* or those made only from pure pork, called *longanizas*. Round homemade breads, some dusted with flour, sit in some stands along with local pastries and cookies and with the packages and bins of corn flour. Corn flour is another Galician staple, used as the base for *millo cos xoubas*, a local pudding.

There were many variations of the local cheese, dome-shaped *queso tertilla*, and in front of St. Feliz's Church there was a small vending cart, shaped like a locomotive, that was selling hot, fresh roasted *castanas*, chestnuts, that were delicious.

The market is actually a set of eight broad aisles, four to each building, allowing shoppers to go up one aisle and down another, repeatedly, so they will not miss any of the seemingly infinite variety of Galician seafood, vegetables, fruit and meat.

In one white-tiled bin after another, for example, there will be piles of *vieiras*, the sweet scallops of the Galician coast, or the huge spider crabs known as *centollos*, the rock barnacles that Spaniards call *percebes*, and those relatives of the shrimp, *langostinos* and *gambas*, baby eels called *angulas* as well as tiny, sweet mussels called *mejillones*.

The Galicians are justly proud of their seafood, send much of it off to the markets of Madrid every day, but keep a good deal of it for themselves. And so El Mercado is piled high with fresh cod and turbot, with hake, red mullet and sea bream, with flat, fan-shaped oysters, tiny, silvery eels, some no more than an inch long.

Outside sheltering under the awnings, weary porters huddle and swap stories as fashionable ladies hurry by. School children jostle and make shapes on the plaza. Musicians arrange themselves at a prime corner ready to entertain the passing parade. Casual street traders suddenly appear selling counterfeit goods such as bags, watches and sunglasses. They melt into the crowd as soon as a policeman is sighted.

Adapted from *Food Market in Galicia* by Fred Ferretti, The New York Times, 1983.

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