



Coimisiún na Scrúduithe Stáit State Examinations Commission

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION 2013

ART

Imaginative Composition and Still Life Ordinary 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, 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

The place was called Cronin's Yard, and it was somewhere around here – it had to be. Off to my right, past the barbed-wire fences that bordered intense green pastures, rose the first russet foothills of Macgillycuddy's Reeks, the highest mountain peaks in Ireland, swathed in a fog punctured in rare spots by the pale morning sun. In there – somewhere – was the Yard, supposedly the best starting point for hikers in the Reeks, and now, after four days of driving southwest from Dublin to County Kerry without a map, GPS or, really, any sense of Irish geography, I was so close. All I had to do was find it.

I had plenty of time to do so. Although I'd just wasted close to an hour on a needless, if gorgeous, detour down a long, swerving single-lane road to Carragh Lake – thanks for the directions, supermarket clerks – it was not yet even 10 o'clock. And as I drove the rented Fiat back on the tight rural routes, I relaxed enough to enjoy the scenery and the delightfully odd village names without thinking that I might, you know, somehow get lost.

The Irish countryside was remarkable, a constant flow of the expected green hills and greener valleys, and once I got comfortable with the Fiat's flip-flopped controls, I began to enjoy the way the roads snaked tight around corners, through virtual tunnels of trees and bushes. When I'd reach the top of a hill to find a truck barreling my way, I could take a certain pride in the swiftness with which I'd stomp the brakes and find a smidgen of shoulder to pull onto. Then I'd fumble around for the gearshift with the wrong hand.

From glen to glen I drove, and down (and up) the mountainsides, using the sun to keep myself on a rough course and finding new spectacles that diverged from the usual verdant-Ireland clichés. After unexpectedly visiting the Powerscourt Waterfall – about as classic an Irish image as you could imagine, all rocks and woods and fern-furred fields and white rushing streams – I wound up speeding along a high plateau with rows of dense bushes in shades of yellow and purple: as alien a landscape as I could've imagined, especially under a steely sky backlit by a feeble sun. Eventually, I had to pull over and gawk. And then I drove on, the road a growing addiction.

The road led up and up, a single lane that emerged from a tree tunnel onto rockier, wind-swept slopes. Grass grew in the middle of the road, and this green mohawk thickened as I climbed higher.

Within 30 minutes, I was marching up a dry streambed, above the trees, on a ridge matted with magenta shrubs and dotted by boulders. Near the crest, I sat down to a lunch of bread, Irish Cheddar and Spanish chorizo, and looked out at the valley. Apart from a few logging roads that threaded through the trees, there were no signs humans had been here – no cellphone towers, no hikers' refuges. The world was as it might have been 1,500 years ago and I wondered how long I could stay right where I was.

Then it began to rain.

Adapted from *Lost in Ireland* by Matt Gross, courtesy of The New York Times, October, 2010.

Passage B

One of the quickest, easiest and most versatile methods of cooking is to stir-fry in a wok. It takes only a few minutes to assemble the ingredients – a selection of vegetables, to which may be added meat, fish, seafood, tofu, nuts, rice or noodles. The possibilities are endless for ringing the changes with different oils, seasonings and sauces, and the result is a colourful, delicious, healthy meal.

Although the wok can be used for steaming and deep-frying, its main use is for stir-frying. As it cooks, the food is tossed and turned with long bamboo chopsticks, a wok scoop or spatula. Some foods need a slightly longer cooking time than others and, for this reason, stir-frying is often done in stages. This allows the individual ingredients to retain their distinct flavours. As they cook, the foods are removed from the wok, but they are always mixed once everything is cooked, and served as a whole dish.

There is plenty of scope for creativity when choosing the ingredients, even for the simplest stir-fry. A combination of onions, carrots, peppers (green, red, yellow and orange), broccoli and *mange tout* will provide the basis for a colourful dish. Add bean sprouts at the end of cooking and toss quickly for texture, or some canned water chestnuts, which add a delicious crunch. A few cashew nuts or almonds, some cubed tofu or boneless chicken, or a handful of prawns provide protein, while adding some pre-cooked rice or noodles makes a gutsy stir-fry. A ready-made sauce – perhaps oyster or yellow bean – will finish off the dish. Ginger, garlic and chillies are wonderful for flavouring stir-fries.

Chillies come in a wide variety, ranging in heat from very mild to fiery hot. The Thai's favour the small red or green 'bird-eye' chillies, which are very fiery, and their curries are flavoured with ferociously hot chilli pastes. Crushed dried chillies are also useful for seasoning. Some of the 'kick' can be taken out of a hot chilli by removing the seeds and membranes. Cut fresh chillies in half, and scrape out the seeds with the point of a knife. Cut off the end of dried chillies and shake out the seeds. Always wash your hands after handling chillies!

Adapted from *Greatest Ever Wok & Stir-fry* by Papplewick Press, 2009.

Passage C

LAND OF GIANTS is the striking name of one of the biggest outdoor cultural events ever staged in Northern Ireland. Tonight, no matter what the weather, the former slipways of the Titanic Quarter will be the site of a spectacular, free 45-minute show involving 500 performers, eight shipping containers, cranes, cherry-pickers – and an audience of 18,000 people.

Think big. Think loud. There will be 160 drummers. Choirs of 200 people. Aerialists flying between cranes and cherry-pickers. Storeys-high digital animations projected onto the walls of the dramatic new Titanic building.

“When I got the commission, it had already been decided that giants were going to be the theme,” Mark Murphy, artistic director of the project, explains. The show makes reference to places, people and things that feature large in Northern Ireland's landscape and history, such as the Giant's Causeway, the Titanic, and Jonathan Swift's Gulliver.

The show was always going to be site-specific, on the Titanic slipways. While trying to figure out what he was going to create, Murphy paced the area incessantly. “I wanted to have a balance of the intimate and the epic,” he explains. At the time he was doing this, the Titanic building was being constructed alongside the site. A century previously, the people of Belfast had watched the world's biggest ship being built in its docks.

Quite early on, he decided to stage the show above the audience, so that everyone could see everything. From then on, his idea for a vertical, overhead show progressed. Among the performers are a handful of professional aerialists, some of whom have been working for the past few weeks with 18 members of Belfast's Circus School. Those students will also be in the show, and the idea is that the training they will receive will count as part of the cultural legacy of the project. The hope is that the show will be talked about for a long time to come, and that the

slipways hereafter will be associated in the public mind not just with ship-building, but with the arts. The message is clear; the arts can belong anywhere. That is the ultimate aim of the Cultural Olympiad.

The only remaining question is, what happens if it rains tonight? “People will get wet,” is Murphy’s pragmatic reply. Giants aren’t bothered by the rain. And as for the rest of us, well, we’re used to it.

Adapted from *The Irish Times Magazine*, June 30, 2012.

Passage D

In common with most Irish families growing up in the 1970’s, the drug of choice in our house was always ‘the cup of tea’. It was the first response to any minor calamity and an integral part of every celebration. In fact, each significant milestone reached in the day – from arriving home with the shopping, to finishing the ironing – was another reason for someone to suggest, “Stick on the kettle there, we’ll have a nice cup of tea.”

Like the rest of the nation, we happily drank gallons upon gallons of tea, dutifully collected our Minstrels, and emptied our used tea leaves through a strainer into the sink. Then, all of a sudden, everything changed. Tea bags appeared in ads on the telly and arrived in bulk on the supermarket shelves. We shunned them at first, of course – in loyal support of Mum, who had instantly deemed them to be ‘another one of those new-fangled gimmicks’ and ‘an awful waste of good money’. However, in common with the rest of the country’s households, we eventually gave in and then enthusiastically joined ‘the tea-bag generation’. In the years that followed, it became second nature to ‘use’. We used square-shaped bags with extra perforations, round bags with the chimpanzee seal of approval, one-cup bags with clever drawstrings, and we even had a brief dalliance with pyramid shapes. Whatever method was in vogue, we continued to inject ourselves with our daily dose.

When I finally moved away from home and on to college, my first investment in the flat in Rathmines was naturally – ‘a kettle’, turning student digs instantly into a home away from home. My addiction carried me safely through the exam cramming sessions, the late-night parties, and early-morning hangovers of student-life, and then onto the first steps of the career ladder...

Now, as I watch late-night clubbing giving way to the Sunday tea dance, breakfast rolls and three-euro muffins are making way for packed lunches in tinfoil, with a slice of mum’s tea brack for afters. Even the nation’s economists have stopped studying the FT and have taken to reading their tea leaves instead; while our TV chefs cheerfully remind us all just how easy it is to turn out a batch of fairy tea cakes for less than the price of your bus fare to the charity shop. I can’t help feeling a strange sense of *déjà vu*. Perhaps I’ll make that bus journey and invest in a couple of three-tiered cake-plates and a rose-festooned set of Gran’s best china cups and saucers. With invitations to sophisticated dinner parties now about as likely to arrive in the post as a hefty dividend cheque, I fancy it’s time – once again – for some ‘afternoon tea’. Anyone else for a hot drop?

Adapted from *Trouble Brewing* by Fiona Price, RTE Sunday Miscellany 2008-2011.

Passage E

And now the sky was laced with lightning, and then the first almighty crack of thunder hit their eardrums like an axe. Lyra put her hands to her head, and Will nearly stumbled, as if driven downwards by the sound. They clung to each other and looked up, and saw a sight no one had ever seen before in any of the millions of worlds.

Witches, Ruta Skadi's clan, and Reina Miti's and half-a-dozen others, every single witch carrying a torch of flaring pitch-pine dipped in bitumen, were streaming over the fortress from the east, from the last of the clear sky, and flying straight towards the storm.

A flight of angels, armed with spears and swords, had emerged from the Clouded Mountain to meet the witches head-on. They had the wind behind them, and they sped forward faster than arrows; but the witches were equal to that, and the first ones soared up high and then dived into the ranks of the angels, lashing to left and right with their flaring torches. Angel after angel, outlined in fire, their wings ablaze, tumbled screaming from the air. And then the first great drops of rain came down.

As the children looked up, sheltering their eyes from the lashing raindrops, they saw an aircraft unlike any they'd seen before: ungainly, six-legged, dark, and totally silent. It was flying low, very low, from the fortress. It skimmed overhead, no higher than a rooftop above them, and then moved away into the heart of the storm.

Adapted from *The Amber Spyglass* by Philip Pullman, Scholastic Press, 2003.

Blank Page

Blank Page