

**Evolution of Arts in Europe: Love or Crime? Write the Story!**

Activity carried through by an English language class

Level:	B1
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### Activity Description

#### Learners' Sheet

**Topic: Love or Crime?**

Step 1: Open the following link: <a href="https://cabs-erasmus.eu/ressources/evolution-of-arts-in-europe/through-the-centuries/">https://cabs-erasmus.eu/ressources/evolution-of-arts-in-europe/through-the-centuries/</a>
Step 2: Select 3 or 4 pictures of several artists and from different countries and download your selected ones.
Step 3: Write a story involving what you see on the pictures. You have the choice between: <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- Writing a crime/suspense story</li><li>- Writing a love story</li></ul>
Step 4: Prepare the story for the next lesson and send it per mail to your teacher so that he/she can correct it. The selected pictures should be included in the presentation.
Step 5: Read the story in class and record it (e.g.mp4). You can do that step together with other students.
Step 6: Bring the recorded story on an USB stick to the next lesson. Your teacher will collect all together with the files of recorded texts to elaborate your class story ebook (e.g. on YouTube or a school channel).

## Learners' Stories

Author	English Course - Volkshochschule Olching e.V. – Ilse Schonath
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1 Yannis Tsarouchis (Greece) Cyclist dressed up (with traditional Greek costume)	2 Edgar Degas The Dance Class	3 Ferdinand von Wright Landscape from Haminalahti

### It's never too late .....

Richard lives in a big German city and works as a journalist and reporter for some newspapers and also for the police. His job is interesting, but also exciting and very stressful. He is always in a hurry and mostly on the road by bike, - so his colleagues gave him the nick name „the racing reporter“.

(1)

Sometimes he comes into bad and dangerous situations and that's the reason why his wife wants to leave him. She can't longer bear this life, being most of the time alone and in permanent anxiety about her husband. Richard feels unhappy too, he loves his wife and doesn't want to lose her.

He knows: Something has to be changed!

One day Richard got a clue from one of his confidential informants in the criminal milieu. Within the next days there would be a burglary into the private house of Mr. Häkkinen who owns a precious art collection. The burglars were exhorted by the head of the gang to have an eye on a picture by Edgar Degas with the title „The Dance Class“.

(2)

This clue turned out to be very helpful for the police so that the thieves could be caught in the act.

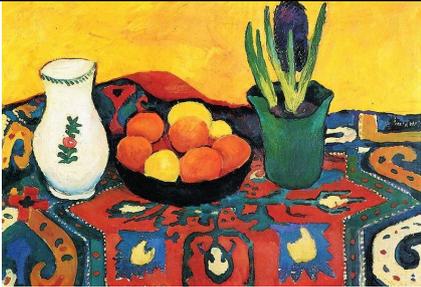
Richard got a distinction from the chief constable himself and Mr. Häkkinen, a business man and an art lover from Finland, was overjoyed that the coup had failed. He invited Richard and his wife to come to his house in Finland and to stay there as long as they wanted. (3)

Richard was convinced: This offer would be a chance to reconquer his wife!

He would ask her to come with him. They would spend some weeks together, enjoy the wonderful landscape, have a lot time to talk, relax - and the best: everything free of charge!  
He would promise her to work less and to reduce or even to give up his activities for the police.

**Everything would be fine!**

Author	English Course - Volkshochschule Olching e.V. – Albert Weber
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1. August Macke Stilleben mit Hyazinthe	2. The Black Sun Nikos Hadjikyriakos	3. Running along the beach Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida

### Jail and adventure

Six years ago I was sentenced to ten years in prison for brutal robbery. I only had wanted to get some money, but the man at the desk in the filling station had tried to defend the cash. I had to hit his head on the desk and it was not my fault that this very stupid old man got a heart attack at the same moment.

Two days ago I was moved from the prison in Stadelheim to the prison in Bernau near Chiemsee. The police van in which I was transported had an accident on the road near the destination. The car slipped on the icy surface, turned round twice and landed finally in the ditch upside down. The policemen were hurt and wretched in the car and could not move. The backdoor was open. There was no alternative for me, I had to escape. I ran through the wood towards the mountains. After some hours I reached a small village in the mountains near the frontier to Austria. What to do? I was unhurt but had nothing except my prisoner clothes. Suddenly I saw a house above the village

and in some distance to the other houses. It was a small one with high bushy fences around. The shutters were closed and it seemed to be an estate only used for weekends and holidays, a particularly good place to hide from the police.

To open the front door was easy for me due to my profession as a locksmith. The rooms were very tastefully furnished. At first I looked for the kitchen because I was starving. There was a big stout table covered with a very artfully produced tablecloth (1). The cloth was homemade with extraordinary colourful embroideries, a real work of art. On the table stood an empty jug, a flowerpot with a blooming hyacinth and a bowl filled with oranges and lemons. I felt at home very quickly in that cosy room. I found something to eat and drink in the fridge and went outside onto the balcony. It was the best place to watch the street if the police or the owner came up.

Time had run quickly since my escape and the sun began to set. Suddenly all skies changed into various kinds of red colour. While lying in a deckchair the marvellous view to the mountains, the lake, trees und fields let me dream and forget all the sorrows. But the sun got suddenly a black touch (2). What did it mean? Maybe it was due to the pollution or a bad sign for me, but I am not superstitious. Late at night I checked all the rooms and finally slept near the front door to be able to hear if the owner came home.

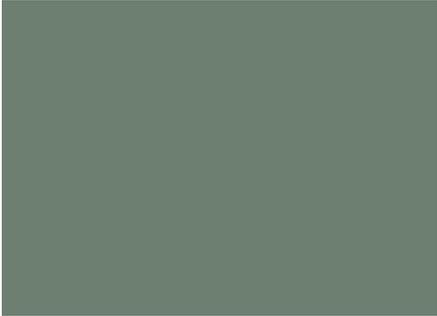
Yesterday I got up very early. In the bedroom I found proper clothes and surprisingly some money. After breakfast and a short shower I had to leave the very comfortable house because the owner could come back at any time. What to do next? Up to then I was very lucky and I hoped it would continue. I needed a car to travel via Austria to Italy. In a car park nearby designed for hikers I found a small selection. Breaking into a car is my special field. I chose the fastest, started the engine and drove away to the south.

Due to the Schengen-agreement I did not need any passport at the frontiers and so I could drive to Italy without any break. Behind Triest at the Mediterranean seaside next to the borders to Croatia I felt suddenly very hungry. I stopped at a take-away at a sandy beach. Having a pizza and mineral water I took place on a bench and watched some children playing and running along the beach (3). What an innocent and happy childhood! I wished I could be among them without getting any troubles. The sea glittered in the sun and the sound of the waves made me feel satisfied and somehow tired.

Suddenly I heard a serious voice asking „your passport please“. I guess I fell asleep before the Italian police approached. I had to accompany the officer to the police station.

After a night in the police station I am sitting now in a police transporter again on the way back to the German prison. It was an exciting diversion in freedom and in happiness.

Author	English Course - Volkshochschule Olching e.V. – Helga Berkemeier
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Picking apples Nicanor Piñole	Café Nocturne Vincent Van Gogh	The Staircase of Knowledge Giò Ponti

## The red apple.

Every year, during the semester break, Mary used to work on a large apple orchard (1). She enjoyed this job and had always a lot of fun, picking the red apples from the tree and put them into the baskets. There were many other young people working on the farm; during their work they were talking in cheerful spirits and laughing.

Mary also used to notice every good looking, smart young men. One day, as she let her eyes wander, she saw one who met her liking particularly well. He also looked at her and waved with one hand and suddenly a red apple flew towards her, she caught the apple and laughed. And they started flirting together.

After work they often went out together and they discovered a small cafe in town, the Night Café (2). It was an old Cafe with a billiard table in the middle and tables with chairs around. There were never many people in this place and so they felt undisturbed while spending some nice moments together there: in fact they were very much in love with each other.

After some time Mark invited Mary to a trip to Italy. She was very excited! They travelled to Pisa in Italy and spent wonderful days there. They strolled through the streets, went to museums and enjoyed the delicious Italian food.

On her last day there Mark said: "I have a surprise for you!" He knew the town they were visiting very well as he had been there before several times. The couple went down a small alley, then suddenly Mark stopped in front of a stairway, it was the Staircase of Knowledge (3). Holding Mary's hand he walked up the stairs.

After reaching the top he took her into his arms, kissed her and asked: “Do you want to marry me?” and she replied full of happiness: “ Yes! Oh! Yes!” At that moment he reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a red apple and gave it to her... Because their love story had begun with an red apple!

Author	English Course - Volkshochschule Olching e.V. – Wilfried Günther
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Gli emigranti Noè Bordignon	Autometáphora Rodolfo Pico	Ragazza con cuero di farfalle Alessio B (Alessio Bedin)

## Escape and Love

Long ago, two communities of people fought each other near Eureka in the state of Nevada in the western United States. They had settled down on the left and right side of a small river.

Due to the increasing temperatures over the previous years, the small river had less and less water, so that the farmers didn't have enough water for their fields anymore. The result was a great hunger. So some families set out and fled north to the Humboldt River(1). The way through the desert was very dangerous. On a wagon made of wood they had loaded the most important things. Jon, twelve year old boy and Mary, an eleven year old, had to collect dry wood for the campfire in the evening on the way. Both were very busy and they got along well.

In the Crescent Valley there was a dispute between the families about the further route and so they separated. Suddenly Mary was gone and Jon was very sad about that.

When Jon arrived with his family in the next town, he walked lonely through the streets. Lost in thought, he came to a large high wall (2). Through a small crack he spied a girl on the other

side and he couldn't believe his eyes, it was Mary! He climbed over the wall - quite dangerous attempt as the stones were very loos. Doing this he injured his right arm. In a final effort he jumped from the wall to the other side and landed in the middle of Mary's arms. They held each other tightly and kissed. From then on they were inseparable.(3)

The families reconciled and looked together for a suitable place to settle at the Humboldt River. A few years later Jon and Mary got married and henceforth they were a very happy couple.

Author	English Course - Volkshochschule Olching e.V. – Gerdi Gundalek-Schrenker
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Die Verführung Paul Ekmann	Retrato de la condesa Mathieu de Noailles Ignacio Zuloaga	Ragazza con cuore di farfalle Alessio Beding	The Black Sun Nikos Hadjikyriakos

### Love Story

It was in the middle of July, the sun was shining in a perfect blue sky. A couple was relaxing in the shadow under a tree on the bank of a nice quiet lake. Egon’s mind was in a great state, reflecting about how to convey his decision to Clara; she had been his girlfriend over 15 years. They had already met at school, had fallen in love and years ago had decided to share their live together.

He was an athletic man, liked to go out to parties and had an active spectacular live. Clara preferred staying at home on the couch and relaxing by good food and television. Egon felt bored about their relationship and had already decided years ago to fresh it up by meeting other girls.

Egon cleared his throat and said: “Clara, I have to tell you that my love to you isn’t anymore as like as it was for years. Sorry, but I am going to move out today”.

Clara started to cry, she didn't understand what the matter with him was. She hadn't any idea about his real feelings; he had never wasted any word to her before that he was unhappy with their life.

She was working in her own company, a Travel agency. On the next day she had to go to Barcelona for an appointment with a new hotel management, a very expensive one. The flight was booked, she had no valid reason to change or delay her trip. She had to fly to Barcelona, was booked to the first morning flight next day. She took the car keys, put her things together, carried all to her car, started the engine and drove off without looking back to Egon. Tears were swimming in her eyes.

In the evening Egon did not come home.

Early in the morning of the following day she drove to the airport and three hours later, she landed at Barcelona. She was already expected by the chauffeur of the hotel. On her ride to the Hotel "Excelsior" she got a nice sightseeing tour through Barcelona. Her appointment with the hotel manager was scheduled later in the afternoon and she decided to visit the brand-new Museum of Art in the middle of the city of Barcelona. After having checked in she dressed in her beautiful sexy white dress and decided to put on her high heels.

At the museum, there was a special exhibition with a very exciting collection of paintings from painters of all over the world. She started with the picture of Paul Ekmanns "Verführung" (1). She was thinking about her relationship with Egon and his behaviour towards her. Her eyes were welling up with tears. At that moment a hand came forth unexpectedly in front of her, giving her a soft cotton handkerchief. A very handsome and attractive man in the middle of his forties was standing next to her. He didn't ask her any question; he only smiled at her and said what a beautiful woman she was.

The way together led them to a further painting from Ignacio Zuloaga – a painting with a lascivious woman on a sofa (2). Clara was attracted to this painting and she slowly felt a soft revival of her lost feelings. Carlos and she started to exchange opinions about paintings in the classical antiquity and the modern period. In front of the "Ragazza con cuore di farfalle" from Alessio B. (3) Carlos invited her to a dinner at his palace near Barcelona. Carla consented. She felt light as a feather, couldn't feel the sorrow and pain due to Egon's separation anymore.

Clara got back to the hotel in a very good mood and kept her appointment with the hotel manager; the agreement that they both reached, was a complete success for her agency.

She dressed into a black seductive evening gown and hastened to the main exit of the hotel where a chauffeur was waiting to bring her to Carlos' palace.

Carlos was waiting for her and led her up the stairs to a terrace with a breath-taking view over

Barcelona and the mountains in the distance.

Carla and Carlos were standing holding hands, happily watching the start of the gradually changing sundown – like in the last painting they had watched together at the exhibition from Nikos Hadjikyriakos “Black Sun” (4).

Author	English Course - Volkshochschule Olching e.V. – Gerda Happel
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Carols Nikiphoros Lytras	Retrato de la condesa Mathieu de Noailles Ignacio Zuloaga	Leslie Howard Reginald Grenville Eves

### The Kids and the Thief

In a small village near London, children were play happily in the calm street (1).

A very nice lady lived in a house in the same street; she used to give treats and sweets to the children when she went out of the house for shopping.

The children liked her and found that she looked like a movie star (2). They thought that she was quite rich as she was always dressed in elegant fashion garments and as she usually wore expensive jewels and precious furs.

Once on a glorious sunny Sunday, the children saw a strange man behaving conspicuously and looking around. Suddenly he was gone. The children immediately suspected something bad. They watched the house and waited. It didn't take long and this strange man came out of the nice lady's house and run across the street. He was carrying a heavy bag!

The children followed him and saw him get into a car in a side street. The waiting car rushed away with squealing tyres. The kids noted the license plate and went to the Police. The Police found the injured woman in her apartment and were soon able to arrest the thief.

The Police thanked the children and in appreciation they were allowed to drive in the police car for a whole day. That was the best gift the boys and girls could imagine!

