

# The Lovable Rogue

## THE ROGUE GOES INTO A COMA BY TUX TOLEDO



Critics will tell you that abstract art is simply an exploration of space, form, and color, that it's a mirror into our soul and intellect meant to make us question our perceptions and beliefs. But I don't buy it. I just can't shake the feeling that abstract art is simply a scam meant to separate the gullible from their cash. It was a feeling that would serve me well.

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"No, those are not artists," Mary Bain snapped. "They're construction workers building the new exhibit salon."

"Oh," I said. I honestly couldn't tell. The works on display at the San Francisco museum named the Collection of Modern Art, COMA for short, were barely distinguishable from the materials the workers were using to build the new room, I mean salon. Besides, have you ever seen a modern artist,



*"Style, you either have it or you don't, and if you have it you have it all the time."*

particularly a sculptor, at work? If you haven't then trust me. You would have a hard time distinguishing them from construction workers.

"Come this way," Mary said. She was still smarting from my uncultured mistake. These art types have a very sensitive nature. "I'll show you where the sculpture was." I followed her to a space near the new exhibit room, I mean salon. Her blond hair brushed across the shoulders of a flowing, red Versace dress. The dress swished as she walked and it reminded me of the broad stroke of a wide paintbrush. The small blue and green paint stains on her thumb and index finger did, however, clash with her deep red nail polish. Not very artistic if you ask me.

I was at the COMA to investigate the disappearance of an expensive piece of abstract sculpture. Yes, I know, the race track one day, an art museum the next. A true gentleman must be able to effortlessly and elegantly operate within diverse environments - which means one must have a diverse wardrobe. And if you know me you know my closet holds something for every occasion. An occasion such as a visit to an art gallery demands absolutely impeccable attire. Therefore, I was impeccably attired in an exquisitely tailored gray flannel suit with a traditional English cut augmented by a perfectly starched white shirt and a tie bluer than the waters of Lake Tahoe on an absolutely sunny day.

I was operating in the modern art milieu at the request of Lars Stinquist. Lars was a good friend of mine and a great patron of the arts. He was also the president of COMA's board of directors. He seemed to believe that the missing sculpture was a serious matter. Obviously, I was in no position to disagree.



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According to Lars the theft was a complete mystery. One day the piece was there, the next day it was not. The museum's security system was adequate, with video cameras on all of the doors, but the tapes revealed nothing. The piece had been taken by very good professionals or it had been an inside job. Lars was hoping it was the former.

"It was right there," Mary said, pointing to a gray, wooden platform about three inches high.

"I see," I said, though I saw nothing. "What did it look like?" I asked.

"Here's a photograph." She held an eight-by-ten up to my face. "This is what it looked like."

I gazed at the photo of an L-shaped hunk of concrete, wood, and metal cable.

"I hope you can solve this mystery before the public learns of the work's disappearance. We can't afford to have their confidence in us shaken. We're supported almost entirely by their donations. Any bad publicity would be disastrous."

"I understand." I began to turn away.

She sighed deeply before she spoke.

"I don't want to tell you how to do your job, Mr. Churchill, but don't you think you'd better keep this photo?"

I stared at her the way a jockey stares at a meddling owner who offers too much advice.

"Yes, I suppose I do," I said, although I didn't see what good it would do me.



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She glared at me and stuffed the photo into my left pocket. I'll have to admit that she was quite attractive when she glared. Actually, she was quite attractive when she didn't glare. She was of a nearly imperceptible age with every line and wrinkle expertly covered up to the point where it gave her face the dignity of a Dutch portrait. Pity about those paint stains on her fingers.

"Mr. Stinquist has great faith in you, Mr. Churchill," she said. "I hope his faith is not misplaced."

"I always do my best," I said.

"Let's hope your best is good enough." She turned to leave.

"Oh, by the way," I said to her. "Do you think it could have been stolen during the day?"

"I doubt it," she said. "The security cameras are on all day."

"What about the construction crew? They're here during the day. There's lots of activity going on."

"What on earth would the construction crew want with a work of art?" she asked. "They couldn't distinguish art from their building materials!" She shook her head. "No, Mr. Churchill, I doubt that any of them took it." Her chuckle was sarcastic.

"I wasn't implying that they did. Isn't the back entrance open while they work? Couldn't someone have slipped in and taken the piece?"

"No. The door is always closed and locked. The temperature in the building must be carefully controlled to protect some of our more delicate pieces. We make the workers bring in whatever they need at the start of the day so they won't have to go in and out. Besides, either myself or Fred Nilless



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is here at all times. We would have noticed if someone had come in and taken the sculpture. The piece is very heavy."

"Who's Fred Nilless?"

Mary couldn't believe my question.

"He's the museum's director," she said. "You didn't know that?"

"No," I said.

"He's an important figure in the art world. Anyone who knows anything about art knows Fred Nilless. He was very successful in New York before joining us. We are very privileged to have him."

"I guess I'm not too up on the art world," I said.

"So I gathered." She reached into her inventory of looks and looked at me the way a landowner looks at a serf who unexpectedly appears at the manor door.

Fortunately, James appeared and got me off the hook. Mary stared at him, her eyes a churning mixture of attraction and repulsion.

"Any luck, sir?" he asked me.

"No, James. It's quite a mystery. Where have you been?"

"Looking around."

"See anything?"

"Nothing worth seeing."

Mary continued to stare at James while she spoke to me.

"I have work to do, Mr. Churchill," she said. "If you need me, I'll be around." She slithered off to wherever it is these art types slither off to.



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"You know, James," I said. "If Lars wasn't such a good friend of mine I don't think I would be here."

"Miss Bain is rather snooty, sir."

"She is indeed, James." I pulled the photo from my pocket and handed it to him.

"This is the missing piece?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "It's off the wall if you ask me."

\* \* \*

Fortunately, the house I was staying in was devoid of modern art. One day at the COMA was enough for me. I had managed to find my way into a temporarily vacant Presidio Heights home and I was enjoying its antique splendor tremendously. Presidio Heights, by the way, is one of those old San Francisco neighborhoods that oozes 1890's charm.

I settled into a comfortable chair in front of a comfortable fire and sipped Bass Ale until it was time to dress for dinner - you know how I feel about dressing for the occasion. Lars had invited me to dine with him at the Pacific Union Club, a stuffy club of stifling proportions patronized by washed-up near movers and shakers. Such a venue called for the utmost in conservative attire. I eventually decided to wear a dark blue suit with widely spaced, pale gray stripes, and a predominately silver checked tie. Very sensible, very suave, very Savile Row.

"The Rolls is ready, sir," James said.

"Very good."



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We settled into the Silver Cloud III and he set a course for Nob Hill. He deposited me at the Pacific Union Club then went off to wherever it is he goes off to after dropping me off.

Lars had already arrived at the club and he rescued me from the stuffed doorman who, despite my impeccable attire, was unconvinced of my worthiness to enter the Club.

"What do you think, Winston?" Lars asked after we had been seated. His perfectly sculpted silver hair adorned the top of his head like a flag on a mast pole. He dressed the part of a patriarch with a conservative blue suit, probably Brooks Brothers, penetratingly white shirt with a tasteful foulard print tie sitting symmetrically between a starched straight collar.

"I do not have any ideas yet," I said. "But I wouldn't be surprised if it turns out to be an inside job."

"Lord, I hope not. That would be very bad. That would be the worst scenario. What makes you think it might be?"

"There's no sign of a break-in."

"What about professional thieves? Wouldn't they be extremely careful and leave no trace?"

"I doubt that they would have been perfect. And it looks perfect. Still, with all of the construction going on I suppose it's possible that someone slipped in during the day and stole the sculpture."

"Yes, perhaps someone disguised as a workman or delivery person," Lars said.

"Perhaps. Mary Bain doesn't think so."



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"Mary Bain knows about art, but not much else," Lars said. He brought his napkin to his mouth and looked at me with raised eyebrows.

"And who's this Fred Nilless fellow?" I asked.

"He's the director of the museum. He handles administrative matters, arranges acquisitions, sets up special exhibits, that sort of thing."

"Has he been with the museum long?"

"Five years. That's nearly as long as the museum has been open."

"How are things financially?" I asked.

"Getting by. We have a tight budget, but Fred does a good job. You don't suspect him, do you?"

"I don't think we can afford to overlook anyone," I said. "Maybe you should report this robbery to the police."

"No, not yet, Winston. We've got to avoid the bad publicity if we can."

"I'll do my best," I said.

"I know you will. I appreciate your efforts."

"I'm always willing to do my part for the arts." I lifted my glass of 1982 Chateau Pavie. The wine needed more aging but it is rude to criticize your host's choice. After all, Lars was a man who sometimes rushed things.

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Early the next morning a perfectly good night's sleep was cut short by a telephone call from Lars. Another piece of sculpture had vanished. James quickly readied the Rolls and we returned to the COMA.



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"Mr. Churchill," Mary said as if I had something to do with the latest theft. "I can't believe this." There were almost tears in her eyes. Lars consoled her with a soft pat on the shoulder.

"Show me the scene of the crime," I said.

Mary led us to another empty gray platform not far from the one that had once displayed the other piece.

"It's terrible, simply terrible," she said. She shook her head and stared at the platforms. "How could this happen?"

I joined in the headshaking.

"Perhaps now it's time for the police," I suggested. "I'm not a detective, you know."

"Police?" Mary looked faint. Have you ever noticed how the mere thought of the police sends some people into a tizzy? Maybe you have. Well, Mary Bain was one of those people. I'm sure there's some clinical explanation why perfectly innocent people have such a police phobia but I've never heard it. Apparently it's contagious because Lars also developed the symptoms.

"No," he said. "I told you, Winston, no police. We can't have that. Not until you've done all you can."

"What more can I do?" I asked.

"Investigate," Mary said. "Snoop around. Do something. I've heard you're a very resourceful man."

I gently nodded. She was right, I am a resourceful man. But there were no suspects, no clues, no fun.



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I wasn't too keen on getting further involved, but Lars looked so sad that I had to do it for him. One should never let a friend down, especially when he looks like a sad-eyed puppy.

"What did this piece look like?" I asked.

Mary handed me a photo.

"This is the same one you gave me yesterday," I said. I handed the photo back to her.

"It is not," Mary snapped. She shoved the photo back at me. "The two pieces evoke totally different emotions."

I looked at it again. It still looked like a heap of twisted wreckage to me.

"I see." I said, although I didn't. "Well, I guess I had better snoop around." I leaned toward James. "Off the wall if you ask me," I whispered to him.

He nodded discreetly and I followed him to the back door. The rear entrance seemed the most likely place through which the sculpture would have been removed and was therefore the best place to start snooping around, although the idea of snooping struck me as a bit undignified. Still, I suppose one must make sacrifices for the sake of art.

We examined the door and the surrounding area. The construction workers were making good progress on the new salon (you see, I got it right). The walls were finished, except for painting, and the lights were nearly installed.

"We'd better check the alley," I said to James.

He reached for the doorknob. It turned freely. He raised his eyebrows.



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"This is supposed to be locked," I said.

The door led to a small alley and an even smaller parking lot. A large trash bin took up one of the parking spaces. I looked at James.

"It may be worth a look," he said.

"Go to it."

He frowned in that way he has of frowning without letting on that he's frowning, climbed up onto the bin, and peered inside.

"Is the sculpture in there?" I asked.

"I do not think I could tell, sir. There is a large amount of trash in here."

"It was worth a look," I said.

James dismounted and wiped the dust off his uniform. I felt as if I should look for tire tracks or use a magnifying glass to search for incriminating threads, but it seemed silly, really.

"There's nothing here," I said. "Let's go back in."

We turned but were stopped by a growl that sounded like a snorting bull. A red Lamborghini stormed down the alley toward us. The car slid to a halt and a well-dressed man quickly emerged. He wasn't smiling.

"Who are you?" he yelled. "And what are you doing here?"

"Who are you?" I asked back. "And what are you doing here?"

Sometimes you've just got to take a stand with these self-important types.

He cocked his neck.

"All right, if that's the game you're going to play then I'm going to call the police," he said.

"I've already suggested that," I countered.



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"What?" His demeanor flashed from bewilderment to consternation.

"Who are you?" he again demanded.

"Winston Churchill," I said, extending my hand.

"Churchill?" He tentatively shook my hand.

"Yes."

"Oh, you're the man Lars has asked to investigate the missing sculpture."

"Yes. And who are you?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm Fred Nilless." He shook my hand again.

So this was Fred Nilless.

"Sorry about being so aggressive just now, but with these robberies, well, you know."

"I understand," I said.

"Do you have any clues?" he asked.

"None."

Fred shook his head.

"This is terrible," he said. "How could it have happened again?"

"Seems to me more and more like an inside job."

"No, that can't be," Nilless said.

"Why not?"

"Mary and I are the only insiders."

"And you didn't take the sculpture?"

"Of course not! I'm the director of this museum!"

"What about Mary Bain?" I asked.



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"You can't suspect her. She is an outstanding judge of artistic talent, and a fine artist herself. She's also my right hand man, er, woman. Without her help there would be no museum."

"Maybe she could use some extra cash?"

"I told you, she is above suspicion!" Nilless turned red and charged toward me like one of Senor Romeros' finest *Miuras*. I eluded him with a perfectly executed *chicuelina*. James stepped between us just in case.

"All right, all right," I said. "I had to ask. I'm just doing my job."

Nilless calmed down and straightened his tie.

"Yes, well, I'm sorry," he said. "Shall we go inside?"

We followed him into the museum. Lars stopped pacing long enough to greet us.

"Hello, Fred," Lars said. "I'm glad you're here. Winston, did you find anything?"

"Only Fred," I said.

"I'm going to see Mary," Nilless said. His Allen-Edmunds clicked on the shiny floor as he walked away.

"This Nilless fellow," I said to Lars. "There are no scandals or anything like that in his past, are there?"

"Heavens no," Lars said. "He has perfect credentials."

We were momentarily distracted by raised voices.

"Fred and Mary don't always see eye-to-eye about certain works but that's what makes them such a good team." Lars winked at me.



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I nodded. The argument sounded more like a lover's scrap than artistic disagreement but what do I know? I had already revealed my ignorance of modern art.

"Fred has been here for five years?" I continued.

"Yes," Lars said. "But Winston, you surely don't suspect him, do you?"

"As I told you before, we can't afford to overlook anyone."

"But he has an impeccable record with the museum."

"Does he make enough money to drive a Lamborghini?"

"Mr. Nilless has business interests outside the museum. He must subsidize his income because we certainly cannot afford to pay him what he's worth. His work here is a labor of love."

"Oh, I see."

"Well, I've got to go," Lars said. "I'll be at my office if you need to reach me."



\* \* \*

Several visitors arrived shortly after Lars departed. I followed the voices and found two Asian men talking to Fred.

"It's good to see you again," Fred said to them. He said something else but I couldn't hear it over the noise of the construction crew.

"Yes, we like the Prixley very much," one of the men said.



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"I'm glad you like it," Fred said. "Perhaps you would like to see some of our new works?"

The men nodded. Fred led them to a painting that looked like a burnt pizza. He started to explain it but stopped when he noticed me. He smiled but he didn't seem very happy.

"Please continue," I said. The Asian men politely bowed and smiled.

"I was just finishing," Fred said.

"Enjoying the museum?" I asked the visitors.

"Yes, we always enjoy it," one of them said.

"Do you come here often?"

"Yes. We come here very often."

Fred was perspiring for some reason. It certainly wasn't hot in the climate-controlled museum. Not yet, at least.

"Let me introduce you," Fred said. "This is Mr. Chiu and Mr. Chou. They're from Hong Kong."

"Hong Kong?" I said.

They nodded in tandem and smiled.

"Long way to come to look at pictures," I said.

They looked puzzled and turned to Fred.

"Language barrier," he whispered to me. He then ushered them into another room.

I could tell I wasn't wanted so I stayed behind. Then another man entered the museum. He was dressed as if he hated fashion and his thinning gray hair was combed back in such a haphazard manner that it made him look



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like a billygoat. A pair of dirty rimless glasses clung precariously to the tip of his puffy nose. He looked over his nose and raised his eyebrows then looked at all of the pictures in the main room. He showed special interest in one that was a tangled mass of turquoise. He removed his glasses and used them as a magnifying glass. I stood next to him, hoping to learn a little something about abstract art.

"This is a fraud," he said.

"Really?" I looked more closely at the painting. "How can you tell?" I continued. I anticipated an in-depth treatise on forgery but that is not what I received.

"Because I painted the original."

"What?" Art can be dizzying at times. "Who are you?"

"I am Lucius Prixley." He pronounced his last name "pree-lee". "I painted that picture. Well, the real one, not that phony." He pointed at the messy painting with his glasses.

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that's so," Prixley growled. "Where's Mr. Nilless? I wonder what's happened to the original?"

"Why would Mr. Nilless know that?" I asked.

"Because I donated it to him personally so he could display it here at the museum."

"Is that so?"



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"Yes, that's so," Prixley snapped. He reminded me of a dog going after an annoying flea. He looked at me and frowned. When he frowned his face looked like one of those masks used to denote tragic drama.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Do you work here?"

"Just helping out," I said. I took another close look at the painting. The unmistakable aroma of a scam filled the air. Stolen sculpture, forged paintings, foreign visitors - it all began to make sense.

"Say, how fast can you turn one of these out?" I asked Prixley, nodding at the copy of his painting.

"I don't know," he fidgeted. "Good art cannot be rushed."

"Could you finish one by tomorrow morning?"

Prixley shrugged.

"Why, do you want to buy one?" he asked.

"I know somebody who does."

"In that case..."

I arranged to meet Prixley the next morning, shuffled him out the back door, and went for James.

"Any progress, sir?" he asked.

"Yes. These thefts have something to do with forged paintings and those Hong Kong visitors," I said.

"Sir?"

I told him of my encounter with Lucius Prixley.



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"I've got it all figured out," I said. "And I'm setting a trap. You see, those Hong Kong visitors are not here to look at art, they're here to buy it! Nilless must be selling them forgeries," I concluded.

"But sir, the forgeries are hanging on the museum walls!"

Okay, so I may have gotten a few of the details wrong but I was still convinced Nilless was up to some hanky panky. My theory was that he was trying to impress Mary Bain and Mary Bain appeared to be the kind of woman who had a finely developed appreciation for wealth.

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The next morning we called for Prixley at his studio. He stumbled down the stairs and stared at my Rolls Royce. Even an abstract artist can appreciate a Silver Cloud III.

"Is that your new painting?" I asked.

"Yes. I stayed up all night painting it."

"Let me see," I said.

He held up the canvas.

"Very nice," I said. "Despite the coffee stains."

"I don't drink coffee," he growled.

"Oh. Anyway, I want you to offer this painting to Fred Nilless," I said to Prixley. "When he accepts it, leave."

"Will Mr. Nilless pay me?" Prixley asked.

"No, I'll pay you."

"When?"

"After you deliver the painting. I'll wait for you outside."



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"Fine."

Prixley enjoyed his ride in the Rolls. He sat pompously in the back seat, looking out of the windows through the corners of his eyes. He was visibly disappointed when the ride came to an end.

"Here we are," I said.

"Already?" Prixley asked.

James parked the Rolls around the corner from the COMA. Prixley reluctantly climbed out and carried his painting into the museum. Several minutes later he returned empty-handed.

"Did he accept it?" I asked.

"Of course. They think very highly of me there."

"Is Mary Bain in the museum?"

"Yes, I think so. I didn't see her, but I smelled her perfume on Mr. Nilless's coat."

"I see." I slyly grinned at James.

"When do I get paid?"

"Very soon."

James restarted the Rolls and drove to an alley about a block away from the COMA. The Peking Penguin was there waiting for us.

"Hello, Mr. Churchill," he said.

"Hello," I said. "Glad you could make it. I appreciate your help."

"When you say it's important, Mr. Churchill, I believe you."

"You're a good man," I said.



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James hid a small radio transmitter in the Penguin's tie clasp and gave me the receiver.

"Say something," I said to the Penguin.

"Hello, Mr. Churchill," he said.

"It's working fine," I nodded.

"What's that?" Prixley asked.

"Bait," I said.

"Oh." He put on his smudged glasses and stared at the transmitter.

Lars arrived and parked his Lincoln behind my Rolls.

"I'm glad you could make it on such short notice," I said to him.

"What's this all about, Winston?" he asked.

"The mystery of the lost sculpture will soon be revealed," I said.

Lars stared at me. Then he noticed Prixley.

"Lucius Prixley, what are you doing here?" Lars asked.

"He's helping us out," I said. "Would you mind writing him a check for a few thousand dollars?"

"Why?"

"Trust me. It's for a good cause."

Lars scribbled a check and gave it to Prixley. Prixley brought the check to within an inch of his glasses, grinned, and stuffed the check into his jacket.

"And who is that man?" Lars asked, pointing at the Penguin.

"He's a good man. He's also helping us out." I nodded to the Penguin and he started for the COMA.



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"Listen to this receiver," I said to Lars. I ushered him into the back seat of the Rolls. James took his station behind the wheel.

"I'm almost there," the Penguin said. His voice came through the receiver strong and clear.

"Winston, what's going on?" Lars asked. "Is this some kind of a gag? I appreciate a good joke but I'm very busy today."

"Just listen," I said. "All will soon be revealed."

We heard the Penguin open the door and walk into the museum. His heels clicked on the floor. The clicking occasionally stopped and when it did I assumed he had stopped to look at a painting. I think I heard him gasp once or twice but that could have been my imagination. Then we heard another set of footsteps.

"Those sound like Allen-Edmunds to me," I said.

"Who?" Lars asked.

"Hello," someone said over the receiver.

"That's not Allen Edmunds," Lars said. "That's Fred Nilless!"

"Hello," the Penguin answered.

"I don't think I've ever seen you in the museum before," Fred said.

"No, this is my first time. My friends told me about it. You know, perhaps, Mr. Chiu and Mr. Chou?"

"Why, yes." Fred became excited. "Are you a collector also?"

"Yes." The Penguin was nervous.

"Do you wish to add to your collection?"

The Penguin didn't speak. He must have nodded.



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"Good," Fred said. "Your friends have just purchased some fine works from us. They were here yesterday, but you probably know that."

"Yes. I am interested in purchasing a Prixley."

"You are? Well, you're in luck. We have just received one this morning. It is his latest work. It will make an outstanding addition to your collection."

Lars turned to me. He didn't look very well.

"He's selling my painting!" Prixley said.

"That's it," I said. "Tally ho, James!"

James immediately started the Rolls and drove briskly to the COMA. He brought the Silver Cloud to a quick but dignified stop in front of the museum. We poured out of the Rolls and stormed into the COMA.

"What's going on here, Fred?" Lars demanded.

"Nice job," I said to the Penguin. I stuffed a few Cubans into his pocket and pulled the tiny transmitter from his tie clasp.

"We heard the entire conversation," I said to Fred.

"What do you think you heard?"

"I heard a scam." I also heard noise from behind an office door. We all looked at each other. James silently went to the door.

"Don't open that!" Fred said. "That's a private office."

James opened the door and exposed Mary Bain putting the finishing touches on a copy of Prixley's latest painting.

"So you're in on it, too?" I said.

"What are you talking about?" I gave her credit for playing it cool in the face of such incriminating circumstances.



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"Is that another Prixley you're forging?" I asked. "Let's take a look." The easel contained a nearly complete forgery of Prixley's latest work. Makes you wonder why it took so long to paint the Sistine Chapel.

"What?"

"We know all about the forgeries," I said. "We caught Fred in the act."

Mary's eyes widened until they looked like golf balls. Then she drove them at Fred.

"I knew you'd be the one to do us in," she screamed. "I knew you'd crack."

"They tricked me!" he pleaded.

"An ass could trick you!" Mary yelled.

"Mary..." Poor Fred's feelings were hurt.

"I suppose you're responsible for this," Mary said to me. "I knew you were going to be trouble. You can't trust people who know nothing about art."

"You shouldn't have stolen those pieces of sculpture," Lars said.

"Otherwise, I wouldn't have called on Winston for help. I would never have found out about this."

"We didn't steal them," Fred said. "Unless Mary did it on her own."

"I wouldn't touch those pieces of trash. You're the one who acquired them for the museum. You never did have any taste."

Lars turned to me.



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"Then what happened to the sculpture?" he asked.

"They really must have been stolen," I said.

"The works were not stolen, sir," James discreetly interrupted.

"What?"

Everyone turned to James.

"I found them in the new salon," he said.

"What?"

We followed him to the new salon where he directed us to the far corner of the room. And there they were: the missing sculpture. The pieces were neatly embedded in the wall. The construction workers had obviously mistaken the sculpture for building material and had used it to build the wall!

Lars' mouth hung open and he couldn't close it. Pity, his astonished look did not go well with his Brioni double-breasted suit.

"What have they done to those priceless works of art?" Fred cried.

"Put them to good use," I said. "It looks as if they weren't so off the wall after all. Home, James."