

Renoir

Sacre Bleu! A priceless Renoir painting has gone missing from the Nice museum of Art. The museum curator, Pierre Le Pew, discovered the loss on a routine early morning visit to the storage vault, where he makes weekly notes of the treasures that are rotated throughout the year into the main salon. This particular morning, nothing unusual was obvious as he slowly worked his way through the aisles laden with objets d'art. Passing the Rodin sculpture *The Secret*, just received from the Rodin museum in Paris, he expected to see the Renoir close by, only to find an empty space where it had stood. Worriedly, Le Pew glanced about, then frantically pawed behind other paintings, hoping that the Renoir had simply been mislaid, to no avail. Rushing to his office, he picked up the telephone and dialed the police, and then, the Pasmafaute insurance company carrying the policy on the Renoir.

“Mon Dieu! Que faire?” Le Pew sobbed into the telephone. His reputation would be in tatters and he would be fired should the public find out about this shocking incident. He had been employed by the museum for some 20 years, proud of having acquired several highly prized paintings at the expense of other larger, better funded museums. How they would laugh and ridicule him were they to learn of this atrocity in the art world.

At the other end of the telephone line, a grim faced insurance executive listened, mentally calculating the astronomical cost of such a loss, then turned to his Rolodex and looked up the telephone number for the one agency that could likely save everyone's ass.

You and your intrepid team are the investigators for the *Cherchez Lafemme* Detective Agency, hired by the insurance company to recover the painting. Discretion is the byword of the agency, and your incredible successes are mostly unknown to the public, which serves you well as you surreptitiously unravel tangled webs of deceit in pursuit of your quarry. Masters of disguise, skilled at illogical thinking, you are able to go where others cannot in the dark underworld of art thieves. You know well that a precious piece of art, if not quickly found, will disappear into a private collection, never to be seen again. It must be recovered today!

Allez vite!



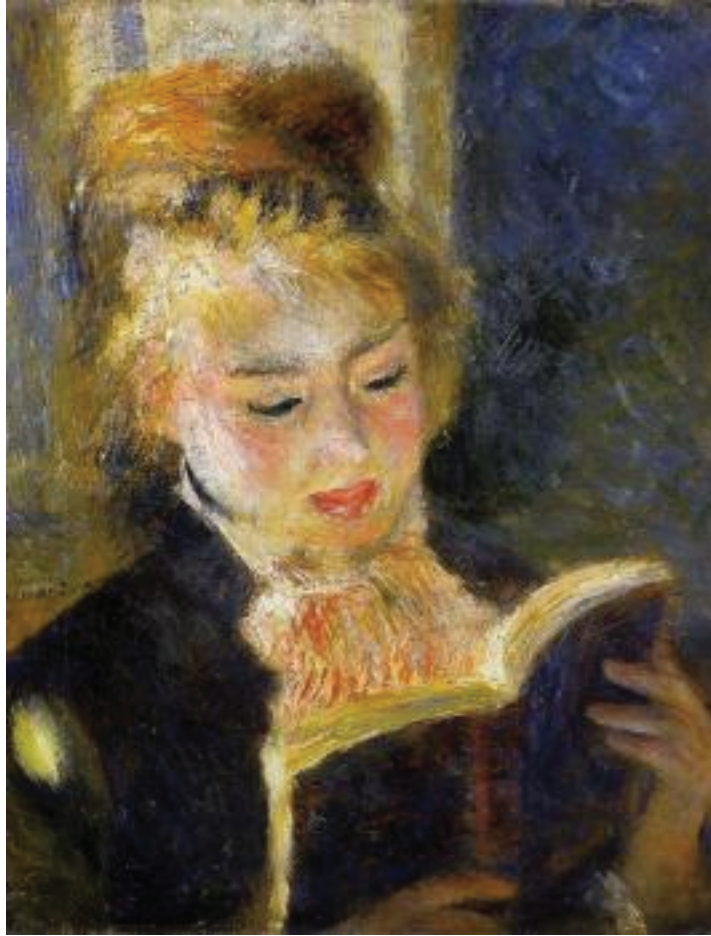
Was a door left unattended, did security get hacked?
This could be the toughest case you've ever had to crack!
You must hurry in pursuit, go on foot to find the way,
Don't let them catch you **napping**, you really cannot stay.
In the street named for a tower, with a clock for all to see
It's too tiny for a **Villa** where the clue is found to be.
In your bag there is a music box that helps you on your way.
Listen very closely to the tune it has to play.
Now rise above the street noise, **Tour** the patio for a view.
That's where the thieves first scurried and left something there for you.



The thieves are sentimental, they are heading for the sea.
That is where Renoir last lived and left his final legacy.
He had once lived up in Paris, with the others of his kind
But as he aged he ventured south in search of peace of mind.
He made his **final homestead** in the hills of Les Collettes
Where he painted and he sculpted until his end was met.
To get to **Les Collettes**, it's a drive out of the city.
Take the exit road from A8 and enjoy the ride, it's pretty.
You have to go to **Cagnes** to turn up toward Renoir's place.
There will be signs to help you be successful in your chase.



Perhaps they'll forge a copy, and then put it up for sale,
There must be a **Galerie** nearby on which they could prevail.
The thieves must find a contact, maybe starting with a shop
With artsy gifts and **cards** and prints where aficionados stop.
They'll chat up someone in the know, maybe make a good connection.
Then practice up on painting skills, until they reach perfection.
You cannot let them get away with bastardizing art
They must be stopped before their evil plan can even start.
Go back near Place Masséna, **Gioffredo** is **la rue**
Your rally bag will help you find the way to your next clue.



Does it seem you go in circles, as you head back to the coast?
Are the thieves so good at thieving that you're following a ghost?
It's another Renoir herring as they bob and duck and weave
Get your car back on the roadway, you are going to **Antibes**.

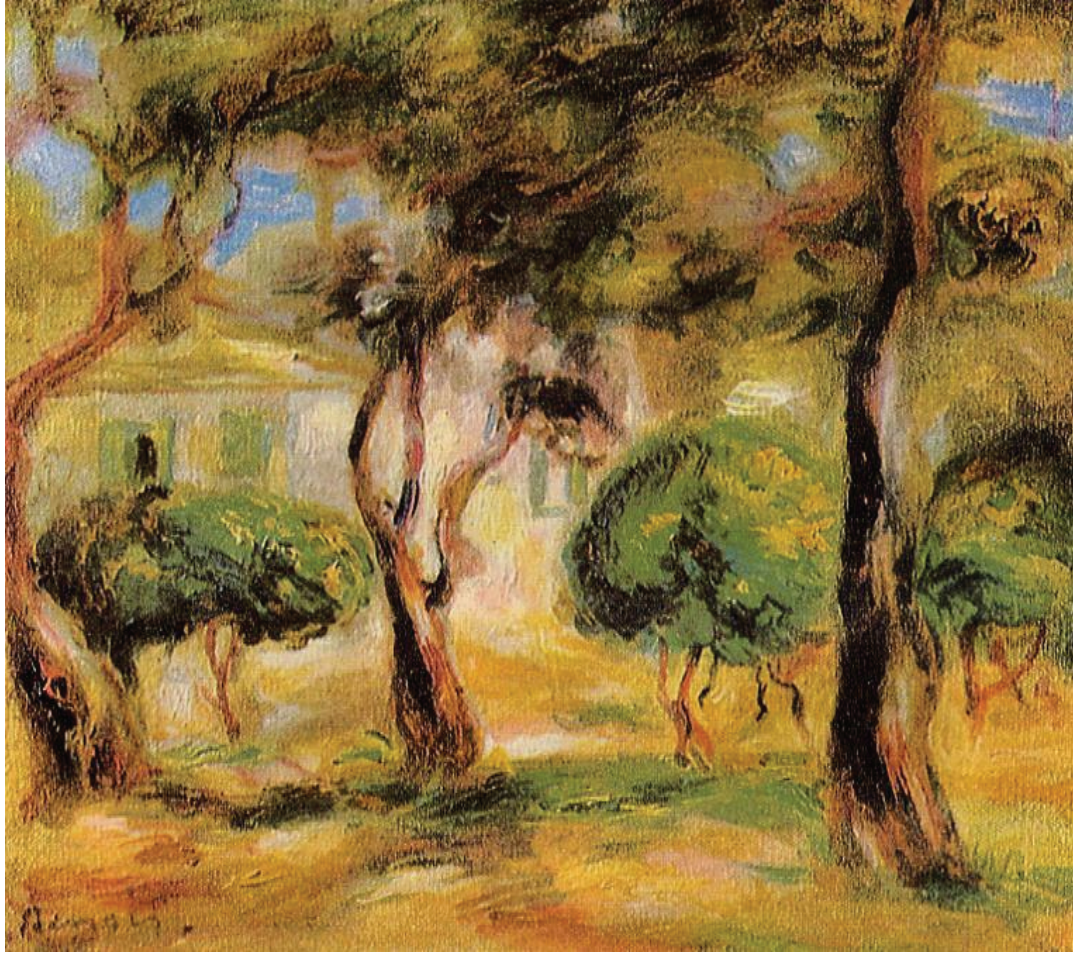
Drive along the Bay of Angels, by the water see the fort,
Renoir came here to paint the town and fishing boats in port.
You want the route Au Bord du Mer, follow signs that take you where
The Old Town walls are by the yachts slipped in the harbor there.
Take a walk up into Old Town, keep an eye out as you look
The information that you seek might be found in a book.



Renoir came here to paint the view, and visit Paul Cezanne,
Aix marks the spot you're aiming for, go as quickly as you can.

Cours Mirabeau is quite the place, the center of attraction.
Les Deux Garçons is where the artists gathered for some action.
Don't dally there, it's not your **scene**, you have to keep on walking.
You're looking for another place where you'll **see people talking**.

It's another form of art, it is not the same as painting.
It's a **vision** brought to life and made to be quite entertaining.
Stay on the **Cours**, don't wander off, or you will miss the sign
That tells you that you have arrived but you won't get in line.



Maître Corbeau, sur un arbre perché, Tenait en son bec un *fromage*.
Maître Renard, par l'odeur alléché, Lui tint à peu près ce langage:
Hé! Bonjour, Monsieur du Corbeau. Que vous êtes joli! Que vous me semblez beau!
Sans mentir, si votre ramage se rapporte à votre plumage,
Vous êtes le phénix des hôtes de ces bois.
A ces mots le corbeau ne se sent pas de joie; Et, pour montrer sa belle voix,
Il ouvre un large bec, laisse tomber sa proie.
Le renard s'en saisit, et dit: Mon bon monsieur, Apprenez que tout flatteur
Vit aux dépens de celui qui l'écoute:
Cette leçon vaut bien un *fromage*, sans doute.
Le corbeau, honteux et confus,
Jura, mais un peu tard, qu'on ne l'y prendrait plus.



The thieves are searching darkness in which they can hide their prize
They're heading up A 54 away from sleuthing eyes.
The route is steep, the road is small, the closer that you get
D 17 leads to the place wherein your **quarry's** set.
Amazing that a hill of rocks could cloak a show so smart
Ingeniously crafted holograms of the Medi's finest art.
It's nothing like you've ever seen, this place where you will go,
The Carrieres des Lumieres are found outside Les Baux.
Timing here is everything, you might have to stay a while
Until you see the **signature** that shows the Renoir style.



Find your way to the A7, to the north and west you'll swing,
To the place of many bridges of which children used to sing.
Across the bridge to the **new town** is where your clue awaits
You'd best be **fortified** to grasp what lies beyond the gates.

Built in the middle ages, by the river Rhone that runs,
It guards the hill where abbeys housed the **Sainted** monks and nuns.
To reach your clue you'll have to climb, you'll probably get tired
But when you see the vista there you will be re-inspired.



You're almost there, go quickly now, consult your driving map
The next and final clue will be in Chateauneuf du Pape.
The land of fine and robust reds, so smooth and satisfying
The French know how to do it right and keep the people buying.
The thieves cannot be far ahead, they're almost out of time
Just one more stop, just one more search, just one more clever rhyme.
Are you getting somewhat thirsty now? Perhaps you need a drink
A glass of wine would be just right, and it will help you think.
But where to stop along the street, which tasting will you have?
There's a **barrelful** of choices, but not all will have a **cave**.