

THE STORY OF A BILLIONAIRE ART THIEF

CRIME & CANVAS

SUZANNE KENNEY

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DEDICATED TO TRUTH

Everyone deserves their voice; to be heard and believed.

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CHAPTER 1

The Stranger in the Market

Nothing can prepare you for a helicopter hovering above your home and an undiscovered Van Gogh on your desk staring back at you. If anyone would have told me thirty-something years ago that I'd have meetings with FBI agents and solve a few crimes in my free time, I would have said they were crazy.

Funnily enough, crazy actually isn't the half of it. My real life became a scene from a movie. News stories I'd read about like art heists became a reality and my family was thrown into a whirlwind of drama and suspense I thought only existed in books. My life as I knew it became a Daniel Silva novel, or sometimes I even like to think of it as the Audrey Hepburn 1966 comedy *How to Steal a Million* because of how implausible this all really feels. Except, unlike the *How to Steal a Million* movie, my family's story has no fake art and it isn't a joke. If you were to ask anyone, in reality this story shouldn't be true, but it is and it's ours.

And to think it all happened because a stranger grew a conscience and sold my mother art he shouldn't have. I sometimes ponder that if he'd found someone else or hid the artwork away in some mansion overlooking the Atlantic that we wouldn't be here. Like if one thing had been different—just a single

thing—I wouldn't be here writing this book.

That if he'd gone one table over this would be someone else's problem. I wouldn't have to fight to be taken seriously or spend my time creating websites, contacting the authorities including FBI agents, billionaires and news agencies, creating booklets and a presentation mailed to the White House, news stations, and museums around the world. All of it in an attempt to be heard.

This has taken quality time away from my two beautiful grandchildren, my husband of 33 years, and even though my kids have become adults, those relationships haven't been as attended to as they should have been. From 2011 to 2018, I was consumed by this story and the research. Since then, I've been able to reduce the time I've spent on it, but still, there's a tension in my family. We don't talk about the art much anymore. Usually when I bring it up, it's shut down at family gatherings and family members have let me know they don't share my drive or determination for my mother's story and the history behind her art.

People who know me say they believe that I've solved the mysteries of our family's past, but they grow uninterested, and their support has dwindled over time. It brings to the front a new pain—instead of being able to share these fantastic discoveries and be excited with someone, I'm alone in this. So, while it

has taken quality time away from my loved ones, I've felt like the only reason I've slowed down the pursuit of the truth is because people have continuously told me to stop. It's just rich people's art after all, who really cares about some billionaires and their feuds?

I, of course, care and just know that this story does not go without sacrifice. I have put quite literally a lot of time, money, and many exhausted nights that have occasionally included some tears. I obviously never had to go on this quest, but the unknown has a way of playing with you. It always has for me. I've always been fascinated with how things work and why people do what they do and why things are the way they are. **And I needed to know. I had to.**

Even though we could have given up or ignored the truth, I knew, deep down, we had to fight for this. I don't necessarily believe in fate, but I do believe that things happen for a reason and this story belongs out there—it needs to be told.

And it all started on a breezy, yet warm day in November of 1991. My mother, Mary, found a passion for collecting treasures after her divorce and made a living selling these treasures at a weathered, off-balance table at the Trading Post Flea Market in Lake Okeechobee, Florida. Not only was Okeechobee once one of the largest locations for fishing competitions in the United States, but it was also a little country town that was home to less than three-thousand people

that rarely got much lower than 65 degrees Fahrenheit no matter the season. In the early 90s it was known for its three flea markets, and though only two remain today, people still come to shop from as far as Miami and even Tampa and Fort Myers on the west coast of Florida. It just so happens to sit 45 minutes from Palm Beach where the billionaires live, including some that I'll definitely mention by name.

That very table at the Trading Post Flea Market became the common ground between a struggling market seller and an unusual stranger for months. From November of 1991 to around March of 1992, this male stranger would frequently visit my mother, Mary.

He was a scruffy looking man with a peppering of gray and light stubble on his face. He was animated and loved to talk, especially about the finer things in life, which included many things Mary couldn't even fathom being a part of her life; like private yachts and banquets that had fancy gold-plated plates.

It was sometimes strange though, because when he did speak of this rich, luxurious lifestyle he usually wore battered—very inexpensive looking—clothes, but Mary had always assumed some rich people were like that. Maybe he didn't like to wear his wealth? She didn't really think that hard about it. Mary would sit at her booth and smile and nod like she

understood as he spoke of traveling on yachts, disputes amongst his brothers, a love of art shared with his mother, and trips to Miami. He would rant on and on about lawsuits between him and his brothers and their issues.

“There was always something,” he told her once, and again she had bobbed her head in understanding, like she and her siblings sued each other over simple family matters. Like such a thing was normal to her.

When he talked about his family though it was usually about how he and his mother shared a deep appreciation and adoring love for art. He could talk for hours about brushstrokes and what paper Jane Peterson used, or how he and his mother opened a museum in the Miami area together.

It was clear— art wasn’t just a topic he loved, it was his life. He breathed and slept art like it was a part of him. There were days he’d use her whole business hours talking about art and Mary never minded. She enjoyed the company after all.

He even told her how his name is in bronze on a door at the Department of Indian Artifacts in the Denver Museum, as written in one of the notes from his visits (see resource on page 93).

To help her remember everything, he would dictate notes for her to write down and occasionally he’d write on her notes too (see resource on pages

88-96). Most of their notes were filled with knowledge on artwork by famous artists like Pablo Picasso, Alexander Calder, Jane Peterson, and Vincent van Gogh. Mary knew nothing about art so she took this as an opportunity to learn something new, never expecting for this information to become valuable in ways she'd never imagined.

On the very first day they met, he sold her art; a Jane Peterson Snowy Egret painting to be specific (see resource on pages 85,88,89,124,125). She told him to sell it to someone else because art wasn't her forte. She didn't know if she could sell it and she certainly couldn't afford it. In a compromise, the man let her have it for a day to try and sell it.

When he returned, and she hadn't been able to sell it as she had predicted, he asked her how much she could pay for it; she showed him the only three dollars in her pockets. He said, "Three dollars it is."

He could definitely get more money from other vendors and they would have had a better chance of being able to resell the paintings too. But the stranger would continue to refuse whenever she told him to sell the art to someone else. He wanted Mary to sell the art. He refused to go to anyone else at the market even though he'd just met her that day and owed her nothing.

Now, if this man had left their conversations to non-tangible artwork or art by artists whose names no

one in a town like Okeechobee had ever heard, this wouldn't be a story at all. But when he brought my mother millions in artwork there was no going back. These paintings and drawings were not just fun facts and conversations, they were real—she could hold them in her hands and see exactly what he was talking about.

However, most of the artwork was in worrisome condition (see resource on pages 80-87). Some pieces had water damage and others looked as if they had been cut around the edges, like they'd been removed hastily from a frame. The man had said the damage on the art was from it being saved from a fire at an art storage warehouse. From then on, the stranger continued to sell Mary artwork a few pieces at a time. The pieces he brought to her at the market in total came out to several millions of dollars—money she didn't have and could never afford in her lifetime. Had this man not seen where she worked? People like her didn't just own a famous Dutch painting by Vincent van Gogh from the late 1800s that was noted to be worth over sixty million dollars.

However, instead of charging her what they were worth, he sold them for only a couple dollars each and asked her to sell the artwork and retire to get out of the flea market business. Just as you probably can't now, Mary couldn't believe her luck. Of course, she'd asked why, but his answers were

always evasive and stuttered half-truths.

Nonetheless, since she believed that she was entertaining his need for friendship, she didn't worry much about the details at the time. It was less that he wouldn't tell her the truth than maybe he couldn't and so she decided not to press him. Although, if you thought about this harder, you'd see where I've come into a predicament. Why would a seemingly rich stranger offer her something like this? Out of the goodness of his heart? Or was it something far more nefarious?

This was the first itch I had to scratch. I had to figure out why this man would do such a thing because a painting or two could be checked off as a good Samaritan—donating your belongings to the poor kind of task—but selling more than fifteen paintings and drawings worth millions of dollars to a woman for some change in her pocket?

That's unheard of, no matter how wealthy you are!

However, after selling her the artwork for nearly nothing, things grew to be truly suspicious after Mary took one of the pieces to a well-known, extremely prestigious gallery in Palm Beach called Sotheby's to have it authenticated. There was lots of hope and maybe even a little fear as she stood in the lobby of the Sotheby's gallery in Palm Beach that February day. The stranger she'd slowly become friends with had said it was a Jane Peterson Snowy Egret worth

more than everything she owned. He said he had got it from the Washington Art Gallery in Miami, but had he bought it from there? Was it only stored there? Is that where he usually kept it before he decided to take it on a little drive up to Okeechobee?

My mother told me how she'd been so scared driving with the art anywhere and would often check to see if she was being followed. The last she saw him, he sold her the van Gogh (see resource on pages 80, 90, 93, 94, 97-104) and explained that people would kill her for some of this art and she needed to be careful. So not only was she nervous about selling the artwork she had no business owning, but she was also afraid for her life.

She didn't invite this into her life, she'd tried to push it away actually. The other flea market vendors had come over a few times to see what she'd acquired from the stranger and were envious, but she hadn't asked for this. Though, she wouldn't have continued to get artwork from him if she knew she'd be in danger because of it.

It wasn't until Sotheby's confirmed it was in fact an authentic Jane Peterson painting that day that Mary was left speechless. She knew the stranger didn't seem like he was lying about this, but how? Why?

Why had someone she hadn't even known a year ago bestow with her such valuable art? And

most of all, who was this man and how was he able to own such art in the first place?

A part of her hadn't wanted to put so much hope into someone she barely knew. There was always a chance that all the artwork was fake, that all her talks with the mysterious man were for nothing or that he was only there to help her pass the time at work. In a way, she almost wanted it not to be real. Real meant that it was all true and staring down at an authenticated Jane Peterson's Snowy Egret made butterflies flutter in her stomach and her heart beat faster.

It meant the dangers were real too. This was real art.

My mother said a thought she had in that moment was, "What have I got myself into?" And I have to say I had a similar question. What was my mother involuntarily brought into? Why her? Why couldn't he sell this art to someone else?

She probably should have pushed harder for information about him now looking back, but on that day at Sotheby's, reality hit her that maybe the illusive man calling himself Ed Koch might not have told her the complete truth. That there was something she was missing. That if this was all truly real then there were questions that needed to be answered, things she needed to know.

CHAPTER 2

The Departure

Even though in February of 1992 Sotheby's valued the painting at two to three thousand dollars and that was a lot back then, the painting Mary brought to Sotheby's was the Snowy Egret by Jane Peterson, which was supposed to be worth \$37K. Much more than a few thousand. Mr. Koch had told her so (see resource on page 88). Just like he'd told her how he'd got it from Washington Gallery, an art storage warehouse in Miami.

From the notes written between this man and my mother, we believe he referred to the Washington Gallery in Miami, Florida. I found it on Sunbiz and in newspaper articles (see resource on pages 88, 94, 138-142). It was owned by a man named Ned Mathews and his brother, as the notes state, so it lined up. The articles also prove the Washington Gallery sold Jane Peterson paintings. Though when I looked further into the Washington Gallery, there was no proof or news reports of there being any fire there, which is what Mr. Koch had told my mother.

He had said the damage on the artwork was due to a fire at an art storage warehouse, so if it wasn't damaged at the Washington Gallery in Miami, then where had it been in a fire? Most importantly, Sotheby's said it was a real Jane Peterson painting

because the watercolor was done on a special Kodak cardstock paper just like Mr. Koch had told Mary. Jane Peterson's husband was an attorney for Kodak and he helped create the special paper for his wife, so this lined up as well. Then why didn't the value? If only my mother had known then that this was going to be the easiest to authenticate.

After that first day at Sotheby's, she'd waited for Mr. Koch to show up at the market. She wanted to tell him about the artwork he'd sold her, she needed some advice on whether or not she should sell it there or get it looked at someplace else. Selling art of this caliber was nothing she was used to—this was way too far out of her comfort zone. She needed his expertise.

So that's what she did. She waited. And then she waited some more. She looked both ways down the aisle of booths set up at the market for weeks. Every average looking man with receding graying hair and an average broad stature was him at a glance. She had no way of contacting him outside of seeing him at the market and even then, it was always on his time—she never knew when he was going to appear, he just always did. Except for this time. This time was different. Mary had even asked the vendors if they'd seen him or if they even knew who he was and how to contact him. It was always an exaggerated shrug or an, "I'm sorry."

She was starting to give up. She did get some

information from a vendor who told her that Mr. Koch was staying in an airstream camper at a RV park just down the street, but she didn't know which one was his or if she even should go and try to find him. She was a stranger to him just as he was to her, so obviously they owed each other nothing, but for the last few days before she went to get the Jane Peterson painting authenticated, she'd almost thought of him as a friend. There were times she would go through McDonald's and bring them both breakfast and coffee and there were other days they talked more than she worked. She wouldn't like to admit it, but she was a little hurt he never said goodbye if this really was it. They had become friends through all of this, and she couldn't help but feel hurt by his sudden disappearance.

However, he put so much work into teaching her about art and for him to not return to see how she'd done... well... it felt off. Something about this was too weird to ignore. Mary waited even longer for Mr. Koch to magically appear at the market, but he never did. He disappeared like he was never even there in the first place. She had all this art with no answers, no goodbye, and no explanation to why she had it or how to proceed.

While he was away, Mary had continued on with her life, and one day while she was looking for new trinkets to sell at her booth she found a small Picasso

bowl for twenty-five cents at a yard sale. She recognized the Picasso signature from her own artwork and was excited to get the bowl and hoped to eventually show it to Mr. Koch.

However, just as she had about given up, another stranger appeared at her table at the market to tell her Mr. Koch was at the St. Mary's Hospital in West Palm Beach, Florida. This lady stated he had an aneurysm and was trauma hawked from Raulerson Hospital in Okeechobee over to St. Mary's Hospital in West Palm Beach and that Mary needed to see him. At that very moment, Mary closed her spot at the market to go find the man who had become less of a stranger and more of a friend. Even though she still had so many questions, she was worried.

She grabbed the Picasso bowl and rushed over to the hospital to find her friend connected to a respirator, unable to speak. He was alert and seemed happy to see her. He smiled his usual smile and was completely coherent during Mary's visit. They tried to talk a little, but it was cumbersome to converse when he could only give nods or thumbs up and thumbs down replies and she didn't want to tire him out too much. He gave her a large thumbs up though when she showed him the Picasso bowl she had got from the yard sale. She knew how much he loved art and thought it might lift his spirits knowing that if she hadn't learned so much from him, then she wouldn't

have even given the bowl a second glance.

Years later we were able to sell that exact Picasso bowl on eBay for a very good price, but none of that would have happened if it weren't for Mr. Koch.

As she was leaving the hospital, Mary was pulled aside by a nurse who spotted her in there with Mr. Koch. She'd asked my mother if she knew of his family because they didn't have any information on him.

Mary was surprised into silence at first. She assumed Mr. Koch and his family had sent for her. At the minimum, she had thought his family at least knew he was there since Mr. Koch was definitely well enough to write on paper to give the nurses his family's contact information. Why would they ask her when the man in the hospital seemed fine enough to provide the answers himself? And how had they found her? She was forty-five minutes away from the hospital. How could they contact her and not his family?

She might have considered him a confidant and even a friend, but she still knew very little about him. All she could give the nurse was his name and that he had spoken of an estranged twin brother. Mary had hoped in some part of her that this visit to the hospital would solve some of the mystery of Mr. Koch. Maybe he would tell her everything because his near-death experience made him realize that holding in the

secrets wasn't worth it anymore. Or maybe she would run into his family and they would explain he really was sick and he sold her the art because he was preparing for his last days and wanted to do a good deed. The possibilities were endless, as were her forever growing list of questions that were still left unanswered. Mary left that day with the promise to herself that she'd come back to figure everything out. But when she called the hospital the following day, she was astonished to be told by a nurse that he was gone.

Mr. Koch was dead.

It wasn't that much later that his obituary came out in the Miami newspaper stating that an Edward F. Koch Jr. of Okeechobee died at sixty-eight on March 24th, 1992, (see resource on page 129) which seemed to match up with what she knew of this Mr. Koch. It also stated he would have no funeral service either, which seemed strange to Mary since she knew he had lots of loved ones still living, but he did say some of the relationships between he and his family were turbulent so maybe that was why. However, even if you were mad at some of your siblings, who would really hold that much spite as to never claim your deceased relative? Mary had heard that he was going to be buried in what they called a paupers grave, which is a burial place for the unknown or indigent people.

So not only was his passing a mystery, but his arrangements after his death seemed even more bizarre. Yet, Mary struggled to let this go. The suddenness of his death, the lack of acknowledgement of his death, and everything Mary already knew wasn't sitting right in her stomach.

A few weeks after Mr. Koch's death, on a sunny day in April of 1992, Mary decided to continue her agreement to sell the paintings. She returned to Sotheby's to officially sell the Jane Paterson painting and also get the rest authenticated (see resource on page 124,125). Needless to say though, Mary was shocked when Sotheby's wouldn't authenticate the remaining artwork. The man at Sotheby's said they'd sell the Snowy Egret as previously agreed, however nothing else would be auctioned at that gallery. They had absolutely no interest in working with her.

Therefore, with an armful of art worth far more than she'd ever seen in her forty-something years and a heavy heart, she'd made her way home. Not only was her friend gone, but apparently so was her chance to follow his wishes of selling the art. Whether it was her financial status and lack of wealth or something else far more nefarious happening behind the scenes preventing her from selling the artwork, she didn't know.

All she was sure of is that she had four Pablo Picasso's, an Eduardo Manet, a Vincent van Gogh,

five Alexander Calder's, three Jane Peterson's, a Camille Bombois and more in her possession and that one day, even if it was years from then, she'd eventually get answers... even if it wasn't what she was expecting.

Later that year, the Jane Peterson painting failed to sell at an auction, and afterwards my mother was told that there was a private bidder offering a thousand dollars, which was even lower than the authenticated price. At the time she thought it would be wrong to sell it for such a low price considering that Mr. Koch had told her it was worth much more and declined them. She was on a mission to honor the late Mr. Koch and the artwork—or at least she was going to try. She felt like Sotheby's was trying to get her to sell the painting under value to them so they could resell it for more. She always told me she never really trusted them, though she had never worked with an auction house and didn't know if that was something that was common practice to do.

Years later, we started to wonder if this "private bidder" was someone that knew about the art, maybe a Koch.

CHAPTER 3

The Koch Brothers

Years of trying, giving up, and then trying again persisted. We pursued every possible way to get the artwork authenticated and sold, but it was much harder than anticipated. No one would spare a moment to listen or bother to help us.

This wasn't just a story, this was our lives. My mother had millions of dollars worth of art and no one, not even the authorities, would give her the time of day. And for what? Why? Why couldn't we sell the artwork? After trying for so long and not being close to successful, it began to eat away at me. Just as my mother had struggled with the unanswered questions, so was I. There was so much I wanted to know, so many whys that kept me up at night.

For a while, we came to the conclusion that we'd never know what actually happened. Due to the lack of technology during the first half of the years spent searching, it made things much more difficult. We had to search physical newspapers, go to the library, or go by word of mouth. I couldn't just pull out my smartphone and type in Koch and get an instant response. No list of all the articles his family has been in or where he lives or a page of his achievements would pop up after a second of typing. It wasn't that easy back then, not like it is now.

Because of this and being constantly told “No” by seemingly everyone who could have answers, I really believed we had settled on just owning some pretty artwork. It wasn’t until July of 2010 when my mother gave me the Calder drawings for my birthday and asked me to put the remaining artwork on eBay and sell it for her. We’d already sold a Picasso and a Jane Peterson on eBay in 2002 so it didn’t seem that difficult to do it with the rest.

That’s when I asked her if we could continue the search—just one more time. I wanted to make sure we’d actually done everything we could to figure out Mr. Koch’s story and you couldn’t blame me. I wanted her to be able to finally celebrate the truth of her story. **She wasn’t ready to completely give up either and agreed.**

We had hoped to find out who this man was. So as to let his family and the world know the generosity of the man. At this point, my kids were much older and I had a bit more time, and technology was beginning to prove more helpful in our research so I was excited.

We began a website called Looking-For-Ed-Koch.com, which was intended to find out whoever this Koch guy actually was and to display pictures of the art to see if anyone had information on them. This website went on to become TheArtworkStory.com.

From 2010 to 2012 I devoted most of my free

days to searching for the truth. Who was the mysterious stranger really? Why does his death seem so strange? Why can't we sell the artwork? Why did he even decide to sell the artwork in the first place? Why did he sell her the pieces that he did? What do these handwritten notes mean? And why had he sold them to my mother of all people?

However, just a few months after putting up the website, in September of 2010, my son and daughter came across some information online about a wealthy Koch family with twin brothers. But these brothers were all alive. My mother reminded me that when Mr. Koch had visited her at the market many years ago, he'd told her about a twin brother he didn't get along with and how there were lawsuits between them (see resource on page 144, #53).

We had assumed it was the wrong family because all the brothers were alive, but we decided to look more deeply into the family since there were twin brothers. After some research, we found out they also didn't get along and had lawsuits between them. Was it possible it could be the same family after all?

I showed my mother pictures of the brothers and she said only one brother looked familiar, but it was an older photo of him and she wasn't sure. It wasn't until I found a younger photo of Frederick Koch that my mother was totally overcome with joy. She jumped up and down, as she pointed at the once mysterious

stranger in her hands who had sold her all the artwork (see resource on page 130-132).

All she could say was, “I can’t believe you found him,” over and over.

It was Mr. Koch—the man from the market. We had found him. We even found his family. Which had to mean the newspaper obituary that had read Edward F. Koch Jr. was fake. He, in fact, did not die at sixty-eight. Edward, who is actually Frederick R. Koch, was not dead. He was alive according to articles and information online. And he wasn’t some guy who would hang out at markets selling artwork, he was a billionaire in a family of very rich and powerful men that seemed to have connections everywhere.

Picture a one hundred and fifteen billion-a-year company owned by two brothers with thirty-seven thousand miles of pipelines, forty-five hundred thousand acres of cattle-ranch land, and two huge refineries that refine about 4% of gasoline produced in the U.S. Two of the brothers have tied for sixth place as Forbes Richest People Alive and all four brothers estimated wealth range is over a billion each.

This of course raised even more questions; like why would such a rich and well-to-do man fake his death? If he wasn’t dead, why hadn’t he gone back to visit my mother? Why had he seemingly given up on her and their endeavors to sell the artwork if he cared

so much about it in the first place?

It took weeks, but I did everything I could to get in contact with him. Eventually my son found contact information for him and I emailed the address, but nothing was ever reciprocated by Frederick. It was only his contact, John Olsen, who made it clear Frederick Koch had no interest in speaking with us. This brought our spirits down again. We were at a loss, however now my mother was hurt yet again. It had been years, but she wanted to talk to him again, if not for answers then just to see how he was doing, and he denied her like they never had a history—as if they had never been friends. It made her question things.

Even if Frederick wouldn't acknowledge us, we had to keep fighting. We had to find the answers ourselves.

CHAPTER 4

The Fire

End of January 2011, the last email from John Olsen sent on Frederick's behalf stated and I quote, "He (Mr. Koch) has never owned or possessed works by Calder or Picasso, Jane Peterson, etc. He has never been fond of, let alone collected, works of this period." and that "Mr. Koch has never been to Okeechobee, FL." Oh, and he also stated that they have a database that keeps all their purchases, sales, and donation records going back forty years and that none of the artists I emailed about are on there (see resource on page 134).

This is the first mention of a database. John and I had emailed back and forth several times by this point. The first email I sent included photos of the artwork. The first email response from John was that Fred was out on a yacht somewhere, and John sent Fred a fax.

Looking back now on this statement, Fred never traveled without John.

Why would we believe a database they themselves created? Especially if they want to cover this whole thing up like it never happened. Creating the database, they figure, is a perfect fix. Unless an insurance company (Lloyds of London) has insured specific pieces, but we can't get anyone to help—so

proving that isn't going to happen.

If Fred never liked or collected artwork from the artists that Mary claims was sold to her, why would you need to check your database? And why not just say that in the first email instead of the "off on a yacht and needing to fax him" story?

I knew this obviously wasn't true, so I researched some more.

First there was the statement from John Olsen stating that Mr. Koch didn't own any art from the artists I mentioned, but I got my hands on an article that claims, "After 1980 buyers, led by Wendell Cherry, Fred Koch and the Getty Museum, elevated French Impressionism, van Gogh, Picasso and early 20th Century Europeans to the summit and ensured that on the auction houses' current list of the Top 100 Pictures Ever Sold, no fewer than 92 are works since 1870" (see resource on page 196). John also mentioned that he'd forwarded the images of my mother's art to the vice chairman of Sotheby's in New York for examination. And an email to Mr. Rower (from the Calder Foundation). Later, when I told a former FBI agent turned art specialist, Robert Wittman, about this specific email he was stunned.

It seemed like such an odd way to go about not believing, yet also weirdly entertaining, my mother's story. That's when I decided to google any variation of Frederick Koch and art, and upon my search for

“Frederick Koch and Sotheby’s”, I found a strange connection. The title of the article was “Art market: Victorian values: Official objections and a disastrous fire ended an American millionaire’s plans for a museum here to show his splendid 19th-century paintings. Now he is giving—and selling—up.” (see resource on page 144, #49)

After reading just the headline, I knew there was something special about it. Up until this point we had no answers before I clicked on that page and now here it was, staring back at me. I had found the art storage warehouse fire. This article talked about a fire in 1991 at an art storage warehouse in London. We’d been so focused on the Washington Art Storage in Miami that Mr. Koch had mentioned in his notes to my mother, however after reading more about the London fire, it all seemed too perfect to ignore. The article uses Frederick Koch by name and explains that he never speaks to the press and doesn’t allow the auction houses to use his name. It even stated, “Identifying the paintings that belong to him [have been] a little problematic,” which has been proven to be true over and over again. Like when trying to prove he sold my mother the artwork.

The dots were slowly starting to connect.

I truly believe that many of the pieces of art Frederick Koch sold my mother were from that specific fire that happened at the James Bourlet

Storage in London on October 7th, 1991. The fire was ruled suspicious and remains unsolved. There was no document found stating the specific pieces that were destroyed in the fire there, but it made sense with the timeline. The fire happened barely a month before Frederick first showed up at the market in Okeechobee. According to the news article, art was being stored in that London storage space to eventually be put in a mansion he bought to convert into a museum. Unfortunately, the production was stalled to a stop when the London historical committee started fighting against him and denied almost all of his requests. Even though he complied with all their unnecessary and confusing rules, they still made him undo work costing him millions of dollars he would never get back.

To make matters worse, he lost even more when the fire consumed artwork, furnishings and collectibles, but some of what was left we believe is what he sold to my mother for a couple dollars each. Again, it raises the question that if he had lost so much from the London historical committee and the fire, then why sell it so cheaply to my mother and make nothing off it himself? He could have just sold the art and made up for some of the money he had lost.

Did a guilty conscience have something to do with it?
And if so, what had he done that was so bad he

would get rid of millions of dollars worth of art and seemingly not care about it at all? I guess that's something only a billionaire could do.

The article about the London storage fire stated that Lloyds of London was the insurance company so I emailed them, and as they were my only lead at the time, I prayed that there was some sort of connection they could give me. Information was so hard to come by that another rejection might just be too much.

After an exchange of emails, Lloyds of London referred me to Julian Radcliffe who was the insurance adjuster on the 1991 London fire. As a result of that very fire, Mr. Radcliffe had eventually gone on to create a company called The Art Loss Register (ALR) and was still in the art business when he reached out to me about our family potentially possessing some of the art from the James Bourlet Storage incident. I sent him several emails explaining my mother's story. To be honest, Mr. Radcliffe communicated back as if he hadn't even been reading the emails I sent at all. His responses were dismissive, like my reporting this was a waste of his time. Because, well, it was just art owned by a rich guy. Who really cared if it was recovered and now trying to be sold? He didn't even care when he implied that the art could be forgeries.

His response to one of my emails left me with a pit in my stomach; he told me, "known destroyed art

has been known to be forged.” Julian Radcliffe’s statement implied that the art I had sent him photos of was, in fact, destroyed.

Nonetheless, after this I got some notifications on my website TheArtworkStory.com that secured my belief that I was on the right track. There were a series of visits from searches on Google with different variations of “Frederick R. Koch,” “Sutton Place,” “Art Fraud,” and “Frederick R. Koch John Olsen Art Fraud.” What art fraud are they looking for? Now, this could have been anyone, but over several months there were over sixty visits from an iPad in Monaco, where Frederick owns a home. Google no longer provides such keyword data.

For some random person in Monaco to come in and type those keywords, it seemed far too unlikely to be a coincidence.

It all was too much of a coincidence.

CHAPTER 5

The Meeting

Early January 2011, a few weeks prior to communicating with Mr. Radcliffe, I was watching TV when a show came on featuring a man named Robert Wittman. He was the former Senior Investigator and Founder of the Federal Bureau of Investigation's National Art Crime Team. He now owns a security and recovery consulting firm to help recover lost or stolen artwork and artifacts. The TV show he was on discussed his success in recovering artwork.

So, I contacted Robert Wittman through his website. He seemed to be the best and most reliable option at the time. We exchanged emails over the next several months, then in December of 2011 I saw on his website that he was going to be speaking at an event on February 11th, 2012, about forty-five minutes south of where I lived. I emailed and asked him if we could meet at the event and though he didn't reply, I went to the event regardless (see resource on page 137).

Not long into arriving at the event with my husband and adult son, we found out not just one, but three of the Koch brothers were also there. Charles and twins David and William Koch. Of course, there was no Frederick in sight. Seeing his brothers made me hesitate. I'd been looking at photos and thinking

about this family for so long and now three of the Koch brothers were just somehow at the same event as me—I almost couldn't believe it. Things turned even stranger when I spun to go back down the path we just came from and nearly collided with David Koch himself.

Fear and shock took hold—it all felt like it was in slow motion as I mumbled a sorry even though he'd been the one to run into me. David Koch never said a thing, he just laughed. He quickly continued on his way, leaving no time for a conversation. My husband had said something about it being such a strange accident, but it didn't seem that much like an accident to me. Out of the thousands of people attending, he ran into me? The person who has his brother's art and has been digging into their past? No, this was no accident. He wanted his presence to be known. He wanted us to know that he was there, that he and his brothers were there and that they saw us. After that we went on into the exhibit and looked at all the vendor's art displays from the Museums and other artist's collections. The three Koch brothers remained near the exhibit room exits. Making sure we saw all three of them were there.

When we went to Mr. Wittman's talk, it was packed with people standing against the walls just to squeeze in to hear this man speak. I'd been saving a seat for my son who was coming from another exhibit

because he wanted to hear Mr. Wittman too, though some lady wanted the seat more. I kept explaining that the seat was for my son, but she would come back every few minutes to ask if she could sit there. I finally gave it up to an elderly woman. After Mr. Wittman's speech, I used the bathroom and I saw that lady again—the one who wanted my son's seat. I didn't think much of it then though, not until we were in a short line to talk to Mr. Wittman and I saw that woman for the third time.

I was with my son in line waiting to speak with Mr. Wittman as a younger man walked up out of nowhere and was acting extremely nervous. He'd had an accordion-style briefcase on wheels and seemed to be struggling with it. He then placed it in front of us and walked off without it. My son and I were standing about maybe twenty feet away from Mr. Wittman and a foot away from the briefcase. I wondered if it was left there for Mr. Wittman since there had been no one else in line around us and it seemed like very strange behavior. I looked over at my husband to see if he saw what just happened. He was standing in front of the window and there beside him was another man staring at me with the most hate I've ever seen. It was making me uncomfortable. He looked so angry I will never forget it. I even motioned for my son to look at how the man was glaring at me. However, slowly it all started to come together. The Koch brothers were

there, so this man must have been John Olsen. The man I had conversed with over email about Frederick. Thinking it might be him, I straightened my stance and kept my arms at my side and stared back in a gesture to let him know I was not going to be intimidated.

And that's when I saw her again. The lady who had wanted my son's seat so badly was rushing to the angry man and ushered him away hastily, like he wasn't supposed to be there, almost like she had heard me even though she had been in another room. Why had not one, but three people in the span of an hour acted so strange? Later, I even considered that the briefcase might have had a listening device and that's why it was left there in front of us like he could catch us saying something that might contradict our story and maybe that woman had been listening from it, but we'll never know if that's true.

I didn't let any of this stop me though. I still spoke to Mr. Wittman. While we had previously talked over email, I still explained my mother's story in detail and showed him printed out photos of the Koch brothers that I had shown to my mother. The photos included older and younger ones of Frederick and I told him my mother recognized Frederick as the man from the market who'd sold her the artwork. Mr. Wittman still seemed suspicious when he asked me if it was the younger photos that my mother recognized, and I confirmed it was. I also showed him a printed

copy of the eBay listing for one of the Picassos I'd sold in 2002, which he'd snatched from my hands to look at. It almost felt like he'd tried to catch me in a lie, like maybe he thought I had bought the painting from eBay and I'd accidentally brought the wrong paper. I hadn't though. There was nothing to hide and nothing I was saying was untruthful. I took the eBay document back so I could show him where in the eBay listing's description it was stated the painting was sold to my mother in 1991/1992 by a man named Mr. Koch to show him that even in 2002 we were telling the same story.

I wasn't here to waste his time with a fake story.

He was then curious how much I'd been able to sell it for, which I'd told him was not nearly enough, and showed him the price on the eBay document; it was just over a thousand dollars. I explained how we almost sold the rest of the artwork on eBay, but I really felt like it deserved more, just like Mr. Koch had wanted—that they needed to be authenticated and sold properly. He nodded in agreement. I also had the printed out photo copies of the artwork and had them laid out on the floor before him and he looked them over and asked if I'd sent the photos of the artwork to him. Of course I had. I then showed him the Sotheby's authentication documents for the Jane Peterson Snowy Egret and how the 1992 date proved the time period and he again nodded in agreement. I

explained how we think the London fire is connected to the damage on the paintings and what my mother remembers from the hospital visit with Mr. Koch. I told him everything and his response in a stern voice was, **“Look, there are no crimes with your mother’s artwork!”** It was like a slap in the face.

Again, another person telling me my own family’s story is wrong. I made sure to add how I’d already spent several thousand dollars at this point between travel fees, hiring experts to give their opinion on the artwork, getting the Calder’s scientifically tested (which resulted in an inconclusive answer), and so forth. I wanted him to know that this wasn’t about money, it was about the lengths we have gone to get this artwork authenticated. During our conversation I’d also told him that John Olsen had said in an email that he sent pictures of the artwork to the vice chairman at Sotheby’s, to which Mr. Wittman narrowed his eyes and asked why he would do that. Of course, my answer was, “I don’t know.” I didn’t really know all of it at this point. That’s why I was wanting his help, though his only responses were stares off into the distance while he was thinking.

I’d said all this, even with the Koch brothers walking around because I wanted answers, I wanted help. I wanted someone to finally be on my side and see all the hard work I had put into this. I was fully prepared to confront the Koch brothers at that event,

and I'd hoped they were there to get answers from me, but to my dismay they never tried to talk. They were only there to intimidate me. With the FBI's assistance.

It all seemed so surreal. Running into the Koch brothers. Seeing John Olsen. Talking to Mr. Wittman. It made it so much more real than it had been, and I knew I couldn't give up. This story had to be solved, if not for my mother, then for me. I had to keep going.

A few weeks after my February 11, 2012 meeting with Mr. Wittman, I found an interesting article, one dated on March, 3rd, 2012 that starts out saying that, "Of all the storied paintings in William Koch's collection of Western art, his favorite, the one he would rush into a burning building to save, is not a Remington, not a Russell, not a Wyeth. It is, rather, one of the most obscure works in his collection." (see resource on page 144, #51)

I know this might seem like a perfectly normal quote, but after the run-in with the Koch brothers and having talked to Robert Wittman specifically about the art that my mother had and how the man arrived in her life just barely a month after this fire... Saying the damage was from it being saved from a fire at an art storage warehouse... Well—it seemed too weird of a coincidence to ignore. They've used newspapers to send a message before, like the obituary and then the art heist letter written to the Isabella Gardner Museum

in 1994, which I talk about in the following chapters.

So why wouldn't they use an interview from the Palm Beach Post as a convenient way to send a message? A message to my family that they know I reported their brother? The specific painting that they refer to in the interview is a Philip Goodwin that Koch calls "The Marlboro Man," though the real title is "A Pause on the Journey," which might be symbolic for wanting to put a roadblock in our journey to solve the potential crimes of his family. Or it could really just be his favorite painting—we might never know.

CHAPTER 6

The Why

Again we're all left saying why? So many what ifs paired with what abouts and it was starting to make our heads spin. In 2011, I had an entire wall filled with newspaper clippings, pictures, and a marker board filled with notes. It was an early 90s crime police board that came to life in my office. It took a long time, but the web of strings slowly began to connect the pieces to the Koch family and their lies and I finally felt like I had enough evidence in 2011 when I called the FBI.

I explained everything I knew over the phone call and yes, to some it might sound absurd, however I potentially had physical evidence that could link Frederick Koch to everything. There's no way they could pass this up—an opportunity to solve an art storage fire, find an undiscovered Vincent van Gogh, and connect ties to one of the richest families in America? They couldn't ignore us like the art community had.

Over the phone I told the FBI that we have a print in a file folder that was in a manilla envelope that's only been opened a few times and likely still had fingerprints of the original owner on it. I also explained how our family came to own several pieces of artwork by world renowned artists. I told them our

struggles of getting the work authenticated and how I think everything is connected. I never imagined that when I was done the lady I spoke with would laugh. She told me I was wasting my time and that the FBI wouldn't be wasting their resources on trying to recover twenty plus year old fingerprints. Apparently not the Federal Bureau of Investigation. They didn't have time for solving London's art fire or discovery of millions of dollars in artwork. |

Or if the artwork is forged, investigating who forged it.

Yet on May 11th of 2012, an article was released that the FBI agents were digging in someone's backyard using ground penetration radar and bomb-detection dogs searching for the stolen artwork from the 1990 Boston Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum art heist. I thought the FBI said they didn't waste their time on art crimes from over twenty years ago? Now they're questioning a seventy-five year old Robert Gentile—sworn mafia member and con-artist—like they care? It was disheartening. They could spend time and money on this twenty-two year old art crime, though not on my mother's twenty-one year story? I doubt they believed she even had the artwork to begin with—it's not like they ever checked.

Just as I thought they didn't care about my mother's story, three weeks after that article came out about the stolen museum artwork, we had the police

at our home. It could have been for someone else, but when I walked out into the backyard, there looking down at me was an armed police officer with a rifle in the open door of a helicopter that stayed hovering over our backyard. My husband left to drive around the neighborhood just to see if there were any more officers or some sort of accident nearby and when he returned, he stated he saw two officers walking along a canal on a side street near our house simply just talking. He explained they weren't anxious or rushed, they were just there walking, nowhere near the helicopter. Not much later the helicopter left as did the rest of the officers—we never figured out why.

We decided to look online for incidents in our area that could explain what just happened, yet there was nothing. Something within me said to research more about the Isabella Gardner Museum heist since the authorities were on that case again. It was a long shot, however I pulled up an article that described the stolen artwork from the museum and as I read my way down, there was a click.

It all began to line up like a key fitting into its lock.

There were five pen and pencil drawings by Edgar Degas, a famous French artist whose specific work was explained as haphazard doodles and drawings in the article. A weird coincidence because my mother also had five pen and pencil drawings she often described as doodles as well. Hers were from

American sculpture Alexander Calder though, so not the same ones, but still something felt off.

The next was an Édouardo Manet Chez Tortoni painting. My stomach turned. My mother has an Édouardo Manet painting. I quickly googled to see what this Chez Tortoni painting looks like and saw it was a man in a hat. My mother's Édouardo Manet painting is a View of a Beach.

Not the same painting, but it was the same artist. Strange.

I thought, hmm, the van Gogh painting she has is a man in a hat.

I kept reading... The eagle finial from Napoleon's Imperial Flag.

I quickly thought we have the three paintings of birds by Jane Peterson.

Butterflies took over my stomach when I made yet another connection. Too many connections, it just seemed too strange to ignore.

Next there were three stolen Rembrandt paintings. We didn't have any Rembrandts, but my mother had gotten four Pablo Picasso paintings. Thoughts started forming in my mind like puzzle pieces fitting together — you could trade four Picassos for three Rembrandts. **And that's when a**

checklist began to form.

Even with all this though, I still wasn't completely sure with where this information was taking me until I saw the last one on the list. A Johannes Vermeer painting.

It wasn't until I looked at the painting on my computer, contemplating everything, taking it all in one piece of artwork at a time. My jaw dropped. I was so stunned I began crying. The reason why Frederick Koch had sold my mother all the artwork was starting to make sense. I solved Fred's checklist. Over the years I had told myself when I solve the Cassel print, I will have solved her story.

Many years ago, I recall sitting there looking at genuine artwork by van Gogh, Picasso, Manet, etc. I knew nothing about artwork. I had heard of these artists, but I never thought they'd become a huge part of my life. You're supposed to see artwork by artists like these by visiting a museum, not my home in a small town in Florida. So, imagine sitting there surrounded by this amazing artwork in your own home. Looking at it, going over the story of how your mother came to be in possession of such famous artwork. You pick up a torn and tattered print by Jim Cassel. You tell your mother that she should throw the print away, assuming it's worthless since it was so battered.

Your mother states firmly, "**No! That is the most valuable piece**". Which made you confused since there was no way the print could be more than the van Gogh and Picassos. Your mother further explains that the man was emotionally and visually attached to the print and how his hands shook when he gave it to her. It was the only item he didn't sell her.

Twenty years ago I remember sitting there holding that print and thinking, "This print is going to solve something huge one day. It has an emotional meaning."

The Cassel print I'm referring to was the one in the folder we tried to give to the FBI for fingerprints. The picture itself is a portrait of a man sitting and looking at a painting. And the stolen Johannes Vermeer picture is of a man that is sitting and looking at a painting. There was also the connection that Vermeer was taken from a Dutch room since he's a Dutch artist, as is Vincent van Gogh. There were just way too many little coincidences for me to let it go on that evening on June 18th, 2012.

I knew right then that I had figured out why Frederick Koch had sold my mother that artwork.

Below is a photo of the torn and tattered Cassel print.



This October, 2022, I was contacted by someone who had the full picture of the print, not just a section of it like we did. **I was shocked to discover we didn't have a copy of the full print.** After seeing the full print, I truly believe if my mother had had the full print, I wouldn't have made the same connection I made when solving this story. The part of the print my mother received, only has the man looking at the canvas. I solved the Isabella Stewart Gardner

Museum art heist after I connected to the five pen and pencil drawings, a Manet painting, and the Bird finial connections to my mother's artwork. It was then, when I connected the Vermeer painting to the Cassel print, that I knew I had truly solved my mother's story. A man seated looking at a painting, connected to the Vermeer painting of a man seated looking at a painting (see resource on page 87). You can see in the full print below that it is of a man painting a lady.



So while the number one question has always been, why did this billionaire do what my mother claims he did? But I am always wondering why he selected the pieces he selected to sell her and why give her this Jim Cassel print with such emotion? Now knowing the full print, you know the print this billionaire gave my mother was worthless. Yet, it is mentioned in the notes between Fred and my mother twice. Seeming to validate the print had an emotional purpose behind it and proving it was selected for a purpose.



CHAPTER 7

The Heist

I truly believe Frederick R. Koch and John Olsen were the men who robbed the Isabella Stewart Gardner museum for many reasons.

The theory is that he sold my mother the artwork to right his wrongs. He sold the artwork like he was checking them off from a list. He had a reason he selected each piece that he sold her. Even though they were not the stolen artwork, most matched up with another to the Isabella Gardner museum heist artwork in some way like a Manet for a Manet, five doodles for five doodles, a bird finial for three bird paintings, a Dutch painting for a Dutch painting, and a man staring at a painting for a man staring at a painting.

My theory behind the reasoning for a billionaire art thief selling artwork for nearly nothing to a random woman at a market in Florida is because of grief and guilt.

There were lawsuits and terrible feuds that pitted brother against brother and even twin against twin; Frederick and William versus Charles and David. Their mother, also named Mary (full name Mary Robinson Koch), grew angry with her sons for their infighting before she passed from a stroke on December 21st, 1990, only a few months after the

museum heist.

Most tragedies bring families closer, however after their mother's death the brothers were still divided. The family lawyer even went as far to say, "The callousness of counsel and of the plaintiffs is almost beyond my experience." Apparently after her first stroke in 1989, their mother was called to testify in the brothers' legal battles against each other even though she was still recovering and ended up disinheriting Frederick and William due to their nonstop lawsuits with their brothers.

Frederick had once said he got his love of art from his mother, so had her passing triggered something in him? Had that moment been a tipping point in his life? Was he trying to rectify his past for his mother? His mother, named Mary to then find my mother named Mary to right his wrongs?

There was also the murder of Robert Donati discovered on September 24th 1991, who was accused of taking the art from Isabella Gardner museum (see resource on page 135). However, if it was actually Frederick who robbed the museum, wouldn't he feel guilty that a man died for what he did? Something like that could weigh heavily on the shoulders of a man with a decent conscience.

My thought is that Frederick's brother William put him in an airstream camper in Okeechobee, Florida to let him recover from a possible breakdown

after committing these crimes. His brother William was busy focusing on winning the March 1992 America's Cup. He didn't have time for his brother's breakdown. However, at some point Frederick must have decided he had to make right with the art world. His mother would never forgive him until he did. So he did it the best way he thought how; sell it to a nice woman who has the same name as his mother and have her sell it back into the art world.

I, of course, asked why hadn't he just sold it himself? But that wouldn't be "gifting" it to the art world. He had to find a way that was "gifting" it. A way that didn't leave him being figured out. He had to do a "good art deed" by selling the artwork in a way that seemed to make right for his crimes. And he needed it to be anonymous.

There was also a sketch done of the two men who robbed the Isabella Stewart Gardner museum and neither looked like Robert Donati (see resource on page 143). However, they did resemble Frederick Koch and the man I'd seen just a few months before—John Olsen. Even though they were disguised as police officers for the robbery, the resemblance was there.

They look way more like the culprits did than Donati.

I reported what I believed to be the involvement of Frederick R. Koch and John Olsen with the Isabella Stewart Gardner museum on June 20th, 2012. I

received no response back and figured I wasn't taken seriously, yet nine months later on the next anniversary of the art heist, March 18th, 2013, the FBI came out and stated that they now know the names of the two men who did the heist back in 1990, but refused to release the names.

It's been twenty-three years since the heist happened and they still wouldn't say who did it?

Weird timing? Possibly. The FBI just happens to solve the heist nine months after my email. Without giving away any details? When you read news articles on the 1990 art heist and see the theories being reported, all of the theories are based on hearsay and authorities don't support the reported theories. So how can these unproven theories be reported on? You never see the art heist theories that I share about my mother's encounters (since 2011) in the news. They are just as worthy to be reported on as the reported statements from mobsters or people who deal with mobsters. Seems as if these mafia-mobster statements are the only statements the news wants to report on. Statements that can't be fact checked any better than the statements I am sharing.

Let's review an article from the Daily Mail titled, "REVEALED: Mobster criminal suspected of biggest unsolved art theft in US history - where \$500M in treasures, including a Rembrandt, were taken - asked friend to appraise 'stolen' bronze eagle a year before

his '91 murder.” (see resource on page 144, #52)
An article about the Isabella Stewart Gardner museum heist in Boston that happened March 18th, 1990. Now, many years later Paul Calantropo comes forward to tell of when Bobby came in to get advice on a bronze eagle ornament known as a finial. Paul had known Bobby from a young kid and knew he was a thief for the mafia. His exact words were, “Jesus Bobby, why didn’t you steal the Mona Lisa?” because in the artworld known stolen artwork is worthless. Everyone knew the infamous finial was taken from the top of a silk flag that was carried by Napoleon’s First Regiment of Imperial Guard during the Boston 1990 heist. Selling it in that area or even so close to the time of the heist was sure to get him caught.

According to the media, Bobby Donati and several of his buddies were each pre-paid \$100k to do the heist. It was around a total of \$500k supposedly paid to these mobsters to do this heist. If that is the case, why would Donati still be in possession of any of the artwork? Why would he have buried it? Why would he have the bird finial? There are also claims Donati did the heist for leverage to get his buddy out of prison. But which is it? Him and several others were paid \$100k each or they planned the heist for leverage? The media reports such conflicting information and ignores my theories totally.

There is also the fact that there were fingerprints

found on Napoleon's flag pole that don't match Bobby or any of his buddies who had spent a lot of time in and out of prison. The fingerprints weren't even in the FBI database. On top of that there was a letter sent to the museum in 1994, two years after my mother tried and failed selling the artwork at Sotheby's she got from Frederick and four years after the art heist. In the letter the author used words like "archival conditions," and had extensive knowledge of the paintings and the international art trading world.

The writer proposed that if the museum was open to negotiating a deal that in The Boston Sunday Globe they insert a numeral "1" into the US-foreign dollar exchange listing for Italian lira on May 1st, 1994 in exchange for \$2.6 million dollars and full immunity from prosecution for the thieves and everyone who held the paintings. It was also explained that they needed to act quickly because the artwork was being held in another country and could be purchased by a buyer who, if they did not know they were stolen, could get full legal ownership of the artwork.

And if you're still thinking that Bobby could have written this letter, then let me remind you that on September 24th, 1991 Robert (Bobby) Donati was discovered murdered mafia-style shortly after being questioned by the FBI for being a part of the Isabella Gardner museum heist.

Plus, the letter was sent from New York, not

Boston. Bobby Donati and his buddies lived in Boston, but Frederick Koch had a home in New York and his brothers had gone to MIT in Boston for school. And if the police thought it was Donati, why didn't they just say it instead of keeping it a mystery? He was a known criminal and he'd passed away long before the authorities came out to say they solved the heist. If you think that's odd, the discovery of Donati's murder was thirteen days before the London art fire at the James Bourlet Storage which was just a few short weeks before Frederick Koch showed up in my mother's life to sell her damaged artwork with the damage being said to have come from a fire at an art storage warehouse.

I also want to reiterate the fact that Mr. Koch made sure to charge my mother two to three dollars a piece for the art. I know people ask, "Why would he sell it to her for so cheap when he could have just given it to her?" and it really comes down to the fact he was smart—he was being strategic. He always made sure a transaction occurred so that the sale would be legal and binding. The person who wrote the museum the letter had to have known a lot about art and how that world worked, unlike Donati who nearly outed himself because he tried to sell the finial.

As mentioned above, the 1994 letter to the museum stated that the author had "knowledge of international art trading." They claimed the art was

being stored in a country that if it was sold to a person that wasn't aware of any crimes, could legally own the stolen artwork. And upon my Miami research I had found a company connected to Ed Koch called International Art Trading and an Art Restoration company. Both company addresses were in a parking lot for the North Miami Art Gallery, now known as the MOCA (see resource on pages 126-129). The connections just seem too perfect.

My theory comes from my mother's encounters and lots of research; knowing what I know from my mother's encounters and what the media has reported on. Remember that the heist was supposedly ordered by someone very wealthy. From my mother's encounters I found the wealthy person and his questionable art behavior prior to ever discovering the art heist. I solved the art heist from the artwork sold to my mother by Mr. Koch. So if you put together the story of my mother's encounters with a billionaire and with the media reports of the mobsters connection one could make the following theory:

The mobsters were paid to do the heist and the billionaire that hired them decided he shouldn't risk his precious artwork in the hands of the mobsters. Maybe the dealings started to go south before the heist. He might have grown concerned that they might decide they want more money or some other concern of dealing with mobsters. Frederick either did the heist

for one of his brothers or he wanted the artwork for himself. According to the media, the bird finial wasn't the target, it was the flag the finial was attached to. The flag of the first regiment of the Imperial Guard of Napoleon I. "They began removing screws from a frame displaying a Napoleonic flag, likely an effort to steal the flag. They appeared to have given up partway through..."

If Donati did in fact have the finial, a theory could be if the Koch brothers carried out the heist themselves and didn't let the mobsters do the heist, the mobsters might not have been too happy their street cred would look bad if anyone found out they didn't do the heist—so Donati was given the finial as a peace offering. Go show you have the finial and the streets will believe you did the heist. This also keeps investigative eyes on Donati and the billionaire worries less about being caught.

CHAPTER 8

The Challenges

Some of this story is speculation, however the facts align and the story is undeniable. There is too much that can't just be a coincidence. I'd also like to mention that we found out later that one of the drawings my mother traded while she was working at the market was actually able to be sold.

It was a Picasso I never got a photo of, but she'd traded it for a painting from a local artist and at the time she hadn't fully understood the value of it and really didn't like it since it was an ink drawing of a beast that she found off-putting. She was glad to see it gone, but when we found out that the man went on to get it authenticated and sold it with Christies for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, we were... may I say jealous? They wouldn't authenticate her artwork, but they'd sell his and for a decent price? If my mother had managed to sell that Picasso or a larger known piece like the Vincent van Gogh painting, then her story would be told everywhere and the Koch family and their deeds would have been discovered. My mother knew too much compared to the vendor she'd traded artwork with. We'd even tried to contact him regarding how he was able to sell that Picasso, however unfortunately he had passed from

cancer before we could get any information.

Just this fact alone proves how my mother was and never will be allowed to sell any of this art.

While Sotheby's was her first challenge, they wouldn't be the last. My mother had gotten an attorney and the attorney was going to take the van Gogh painting to the Vincent van Gogh Museum in Amsterdam, but the day Mr. Koch sold her that painting was the day he told her that it was one of the most valuable pieces of artwork—that it was extremely dangerous to own. She was afraid to travel so far with it and didn't trust the attorney to take it overseas and so it stayed tucked away.

However, around 1995 she did visit experts. She saw a lady in Palm Beach who strongly believed all the paintings were real and even placed the Alexander Calder drawings in some acid free paper to protect them. My mother even kept the artwork in a dark, sealed location as well to preserve them as much as possible. When I eventually brought the artwork to the Calder Foundation in 2002, one of the reasons they had no interest in authenticating the drawings was that they didn't look old enough—likely because of how well my mother stored them.

In 2011 I took the Calders again to the foundation and this time we had the note written between Mr. Koch and my mother. The note states

the Calders came from the Hokin Gallery in Palm Beach and had belonged to Calder's housekeeper, Mrs. Clifford (see resource on page 89). Mr. Rower from the foundation still refused to authenticate the drawings. When they were age tested around 2012, it was explained that the paper was the correct age, but the ink was inconclusive, which proved difficult when trying to get them authenticated.

Between that and Lloyds of London, Julian Radcliffe, Robert Wittman, and the FBI I was faced with many roadblocks. Even the Isabella Stewart Museum wouldn't cooperate. I sent out so many newsletters, called so many people, researched and read so many articles. It was endless and still my journey to have my mother's art story be known was not done.

I never imagined there might be other methods that Frederick attempted to use to make right with the artworld until I stumbled upon a news article about a former long-haul truck driver from California named Teri Horton. She was in her early seventies when she bought a painting at a thrift shop for five dollars as a gift to cheer her friend up. The painting wouldn't fit into her friend's trailer so Teri put it out during a garage sale. An art teacher who'd stopped by the garage sale told Teri she should try to look up the painting because it resembled a Jackson Pollock and it might be worth a lot more than the five dollars she

bought it for. She asked the teacher “Who the #\$&% Is Jackson Pollock?” Teri had a partial fingerprint tested from her painting to a paint can owned by Pollock along with some canvases by a forensic specialist and was told it was a match, yet no one would authenticate the painting. She’d gone through multiple attempts to get it authenticated and like my mother, no one would authenticate the painting.

Eventually in 2006 a documentary came out titled “**Who the #\$&% Is Jackson Pollock?**” and it explained everything she’d gone through to try and get it authenticated. If you’re not going to watch the documentary, I’ll spoil the ending and tell you she unfortunately passes before she can ever authenticate and sell the painting. Even with fingerprint confirmation and a lineup of connections and facts she still couldn’t get it authenticated as an actual Jackson Pollock painting. It really shows how difficult it is for a regular, normal person to get real artwork authenticated.

The reason for me bringing this up is Teri purchased the painting around 1992. Around the same time period as my mother’s encounters with Mr. Koch. It was definitely a painting Frederick would own and the person who donated the Jackson Pollock painting never came forward even though the painting was all over the news and had a full documentary about it. Of course I have no proof, but the idea that

maybe, just maybe, Frederick Koch donated it to a thrift store knowing my mother was never going to be allowed to sell the artwork and have her story told... Her story being told ends his anonymity. He needed to accomplish his mission to make right with the art world without the risk of getting caught. He would want to do it states away from where he did the transactions with my mother. It seemed like it could have been the next option for him. Again, I could be very far off, but you never know. I never thought I'd be where I am now writing a book about my connections to famous artwork. Anything is possible.

CHAPTER 9

The Timeline

Timeline wise, it all started with an art heist...

March 18, 1990, Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum art heist

The Artwork Stolen:

- The Concert – Vermeer (Dutch artist and of a man seated looking at paintings)
- Édouardo Manet
- 3 Rembrandt's
- 5 pen & pencil Degas drawings
- Bird Finial
- Flinck painting
- Chinese Gu

September 24, 1991, Robert Donati is discovered murdered by the mafia because of the art heist.

(13 days later)

October 7, 1991, James Bourlet & Sons in London warehouse art storage fire.

(2-3 weeks later)

November 1991, Stranger calling himself "Ed Koch" arrives in Mary's life selling her artwork (some with damage).

Mr. Koch tells her the damage is from the artwork being saved from a fire at an art storage warehouse.

Artwork sold to Mary:

- Vincent van Gogh painting (Dutch artist)
- Édouard Manet
- 4 Picasso's
- 5 pen & pencil Alexander Calder drawings
- 3 Bird paintings
- Jim Cassel print (of a man seated looking at a painting)
- Several other pieces including pieces never photographed.

In 1994 someone wrote a letter to the Isabella Stewart Gardner museum in an attempt to return the artwork that was stolen.

With knowledge of “international art trading”. I find an Ed Koch in Miami at a company called “International Art Trading”.

2002

- Sold the Picasso Femme Assie ink drawing on eBay.
- Sold the Jane Peterson Pelican on eBay.
- Took the Alexander Calder drawings to the Calder Foundation in New York.

2010

- My mother gifted me the Alexander Calder drawings.
- We discovered Ed Koch was Frederick Koch.

2011

- Found the October 7, 1991 James Bourlet & Sons art storage warehouse fire.
- Called the FBI for assistance and was laughed at.
- Hired a Chicago art expert.
- Took the Alexander Calder drawings to the Calder Foundation in New York again (Mr. Rower).
- Contacted Robert Wittman.
- Reported possible connection to the artwork and the James Bourlet & Sons fire to Lloyds of London.
- Lloyds of London had Julian Radcliffe of the Art Loss Register follow up.
- Mailed Vincent van Gogh application to the van Gogh Museum in Amsterdam.
- Submitted Picasso painting to Picasso Foundation for authentication.
- Mailed the Calder drawings to Julian Radcliffe and he still refused to help, so he mailed the drawings back to me.

2012

- Helicopter incident occurred.

- Saw Robert Wittman at Art Event in West Palm Beach.
- Solved the March 18, 1990 Isabella Stewart Gardner Art heist.
- Had scientific testing done on the Alexander Calder drawings.

2013

- Nine months after my email to the FBI, they state art heist is solved. They know the names of the two men but refuse to release their names.

2020

- Discovery of Charles Darwin stolen notepads possible connection.

2022

- Wrote Crime & Canvas book.
- Full Jim Cassel print discovery, we only had a partial Jim Cassel print.

CHAPTER 10

The Artwork & Handwritten Notes

In this chapter, is a list of artwork and how they connect to the notes. The handwritten notes have both Mr. Koch and Mary's handwriting. He is trying to tell her where he got some of the artwork. But the methods of selling artwork would be different for Mr. Koch than it would be for a flea market person. Most likely, Mr. Koch didn't realize this. So, let's run down what we think the notes tell us (see resource on pages 88-96).

Vincent van Gogh

One painting - Sultan of Morocco

Handwritten notes state:

The Moroccan

Gallery van Nuys, 13 Rue de Missionnaire, Paris France. Madam Corne - Proprietor. Paris Period.

Pablo Picasso

One painting - View of Martigues

One ink drawing of a beast - no photographs available

One ink drawing in Femme Assise

One pencil drawing of a man

Handwritten notes state:

Formerly from the collection of H. Leed. Femme Assise. Purchased from Marlborough House Gallery in London, 1953 catalog #22, #28, 33, 41.

Éduardo Manet

One painting - View of a Beach

Handwritten notes state:

He was from Spain and was an impressionist artist.

Alexander Calder

5 Pencil & pen drawings - Circus scenes

Handwritten notes state:

Alexander Calder drawings came from the Hokin Gallery in Palm Beach and belonged to Mr. Calder's housekeeper Mrs. Clifford.

Jane Peterson

Three paintings - Snowy Egret (see resource on page 85), Pelican (see resource on page 86), 3 Parakeets (see resource on page 86).

Handwritten notes state:

Washington Gallery Washington Ave, Miami, Ned Mathew and his brother.

Kees van Dongen

One drawing - Lady in a Hat

Handwritten notes state:

Purchased from Marlborough House Gallery in London, 1953 catalog #22, #28, 33, 41.

Camille Bombois

One small painting river scene

Handwritten notes state:

Naivete period.

Artwork mentioned in the notes that was never photographed.

- **Maurice de Vlaminak** - he was supposed to bring her this piece next.
- **Fernand Léger** – my mother sold this before I could photograph it.
- **Joan Miró** – my mother sold this before I could photograph it.

In the notes, Mr. Koch also tells Mary to contact different Museums that deal in the specific artwork he is selling her. He tells her these addresses from memory.

Colorado State Museum
200 14th Ave.
Denver, Colorado

Metropolitan Museum of Art
Fifth Ave. and 82nd St.
Manhattan, New York
van Gogh

Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd St.
New York City, NY
Picasso

Mr. Koch tells her to write to the Picasso Museum in Paris. States there is also a book in the Frick Library in New York. Frederick R. Koch was on the board of directors at the Frick Library and his home in New York was walking distance away.

The blue note states "Photo & dimension & provenance Guy Wildenstein, Wildenstein Institute, 57 Rue de la Boetie, 75008, Paris, France" again another address Mr. Koch gave Mary from memory.

Mr. Koch also states that at the Denver Museum, Department of Indian Artifacts has his name in Bronze on the door. The Denver Museum, when contacted stated that department was under construction and the door was gone.

For the notes on the artwork that came from the Marlborough House Gallery in London. Unfortunately, we have been unable to locate any Marlborough House Gallery auction catalogs. Mr. Koch explained to Mary that he would receive a Marlborough House Gallery catalog in the mail and would purchase from that catalog.

CHAPTER 11

The Conclusion

So— is your head twirling and your thoughts spinning yet? Because mine is and this is my own family's story! We've had no further contact from any of the Koch family members and my mother's artwork is still not authenticated. No one seems interested enough to help us and the FBI refuses to believe what I say.

I hope at this point you can understand our frustration. There's no doubt that there are more stories like my mother's or Teri Horton's. Stories where regular people have to jump through impossible hoops to try and get their art authenticated. And in a case like my family's story, these hoops are multi-billion dollar brothers attempting to keep their crimes a secret.

My mother's name is **Mary**. Frederick R. Koch's mother's name is **Mary**. Frederick's mother **Mary** passed away eleven months prior to when Mr. Koch arrived at the flea market to sell my mother Mary the artwork. He also arrived in my mother's life just a few weeks after the art fire in London. And with all that, my theory as to why Mr. Koch sold the artwork to my mother isn't really that complicated. In fact, it's very simple. He felt guilty.

People do seemingly strange acts all the time due to guilt and their emotions. From the outside it was strange at first, but once I connected everything it started to make sense. I've had so much time to connect the pieces, think it over, and lay it out to see the full picture. Fred just wanted to right his wrongs in a way that was considered a "good deed." He sold off the artwork like he was doing so from a checklist of his crimes. Probably to fix disappointing his mother, participating in the heist, feeling responsible for Robert Donati's death, and likely other things we don't even know about. Of course, this is only a theory, but could it really be far from the truth? This was the one thing that made perfect sense in a story where nothing else did.

There is a chance that the information I am providing might actually be helpful in solving these art crimes. Because at the end of the day these art crimes did happen and there is an answer to who did the crimes. Including the high likelihood they were done by a **billionaire**. I am providing real, factual information that can all be proven and backed up with legal documents connecting to an art loving **billionaire**. I am not providing you with a "theory" based on internet research, like other "internet researchers" who have written books on the Isabella

art heist and are published in news articles as a source of information. When not one of the published books on this art heist comes from firsthand art encounters. I will close with some background on Frederick R. Koch taken from online news articles (see resource on page 144)

“At one point when their father was alive, his family list with everyone’s name—including the sons—and Frederick was removed from that very list. Something happened that for a time in his life, Frederick was not recognized as part of the family.”

“During the Koch brothers’ childhood, discussion of Frederick caused noticeable discomfort among his brothers. *“They just didn’t want Freddie’s name brought up,”* said one family friend. *“They knew there was something different about him. You didn’t hear much about Freddie at all . . . It was almost like he wasn’t part of the family.”*”

“In the 1960s, mention of Frederick even vanished from one of his father’s bios: *“He and Mrs. Koch have three sons,”* it read, *“Charles, William, and David.”*”

“When their father, Fred Koch died in 1967, he left his eldest son out of his will (though he had previously provided for him, with the creation of two trusts).”

“According to court testimony from Charles, their father removed Frederick from his will because he had repeatedly stolen from him in the years before his death and then lied about it when confronted with the evidence.”

“Frederick lifted traveler’s checks, cash, and an air travel card from their dad”, Charles said; he also alleged in court records that his older brother forged his signature on their father’s Brooks Brothers charge account. Charles’s contempt for his bon vivant brother was apparent in court. *“Over the years,”* he testified, *“I had accepted my father’s analysis of Freddie of not really being a whole person, of being a person who was amoral and not capable of true feelings towards other people.”*

These articles back up the character of the person I am claiming did these crimes. You have this billionaire, struggling with righting something that is beyond one’s imagination; things just aren’t going his way, his money can’t fix this the way he is used to. A man who has never had to work a day in his life (see resource on page 144). His only reason for visiting with my mother and doing what he did was to make himself feel better. Feel better for some art crimes he committed; crimes that most don’t really care about.

But to this man it was different. He left my mother to struggle with selling artwork beyond her comprehension and then hid from the truth when reality came calling. It takes a very selfish person to leave my mother and our family to go alone what we've been through while trying to stand up for this story. No one should have to go through that. This man's actions and the consequences thereof and how that wove itself into an unsuspecting family's lives is the core of this amazing story that I have just shared with you.

BIBLIOGRAPHY & RESOURCES

The Artwork

1. Vincent van Gogh - painting



2. Pablo Picasso – painting



3. Pablo Picasso – ink drawing



4. Pablo Picasso – pencil drawing



5. Édouard Manet - painting



6. Alexander Calder – 5 drawings



Calder 30

We lost the above drawing so above is a scan.

Below are the 4 drawings I still have.



7. Jane Peterson – watercolor



8. Jane Peterson – painting



9. Jane Peterson – painting



10. Kees van Dongen – drawing



11. Camille Bombois – painting



12. Jim Cassel – print



The Notes

13. Note 1

Kodak card stock
watercolor
Jane Petersen. ^{Clare}
Surd
Washington gallery - in
exhibition in 1947 ^{miami}
Miami Herald
Oct. 22, 1947 → picture
of her holding the
Painting - purchased
from ^W Ned Mathews
Washington storage -
ask him if he
sold Jane Petersen's

purchased
Marbous House Gallery
in ~~the~~ New York. London
Picasso's - 1953
from their catalog
E V2W DODGER

15. Note 3

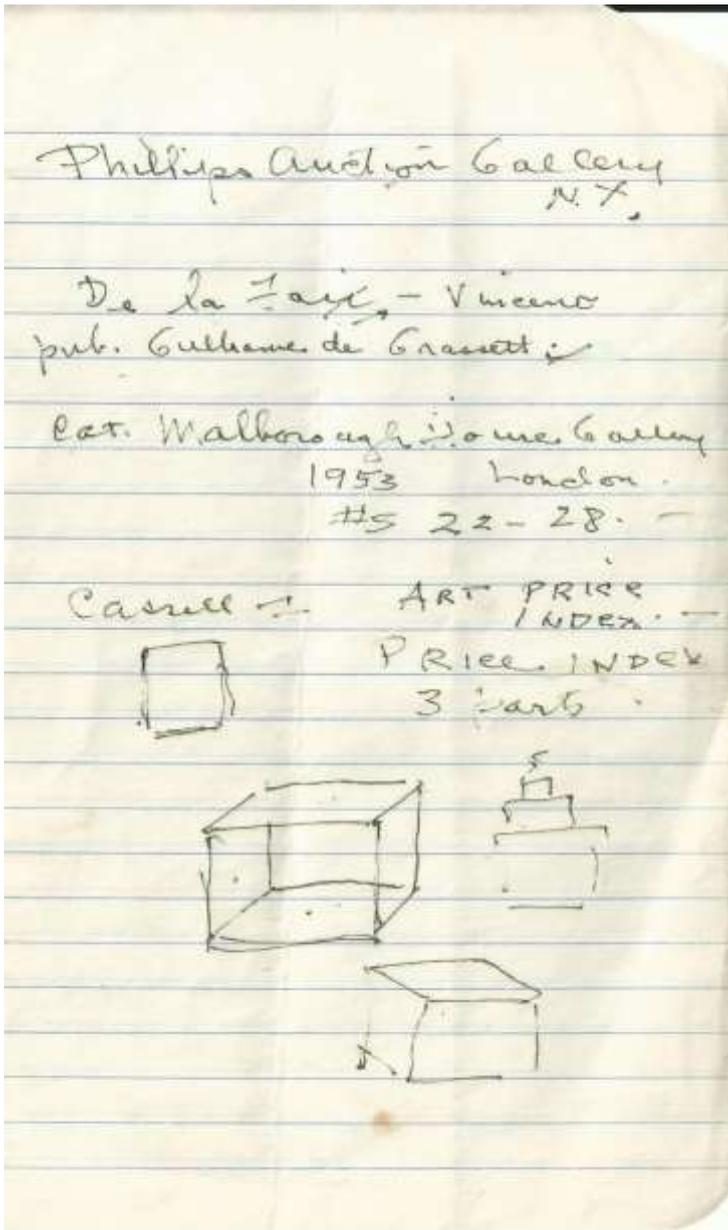
Van Gogh - Moroccan
Gallery VAN NUYS
13 Rue de Missionaire
(Madam Corne) Proprietor
Paris, France

de Vlamingh
Maurice de Vlamingh ~~Book~~
Catalog-resume
Sothebys has this book

signature book - shows
signature of Artists

wrong Dr.
Pr. Kullman St. Landerdale
~~305~~
~~1-566-9752~~
Another Dr.

16. Note 4



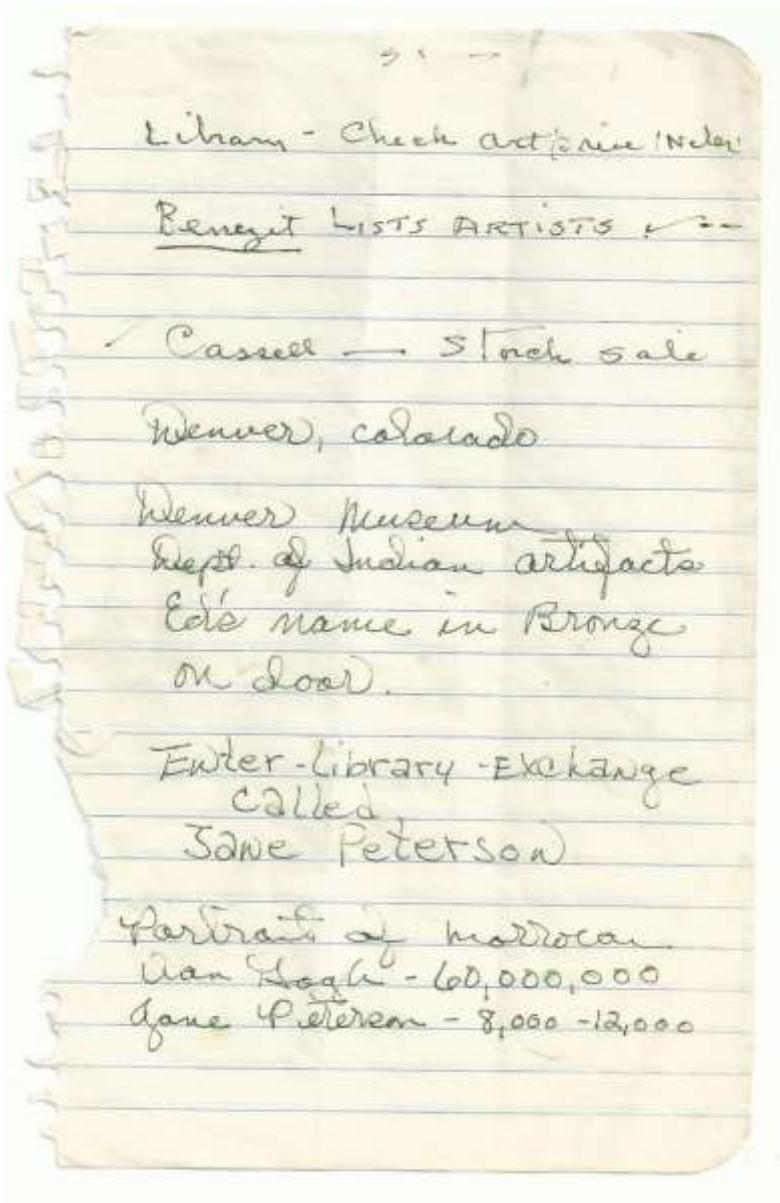
17. Note 5

Picassos were formerly
Collection of H. Reed
reproduced in
write to picasso Museum
in Paris - ask them
to send me photograph
↓ Clear copy of book
is in Frick library
in New York

Midwest Gallery Chicago
Hosea

Van Dongen
offer 10,000 15,000 to 30,000

18. Note 6



19. Note 7

Marlborough Home Gallery -
Coat - 1953 - No's 22 - 33 - 41 -
Washington Gallery Miami

Call Washington Storage
Washington Ave Miami
Fred Matthews or Brother

20. Note 8

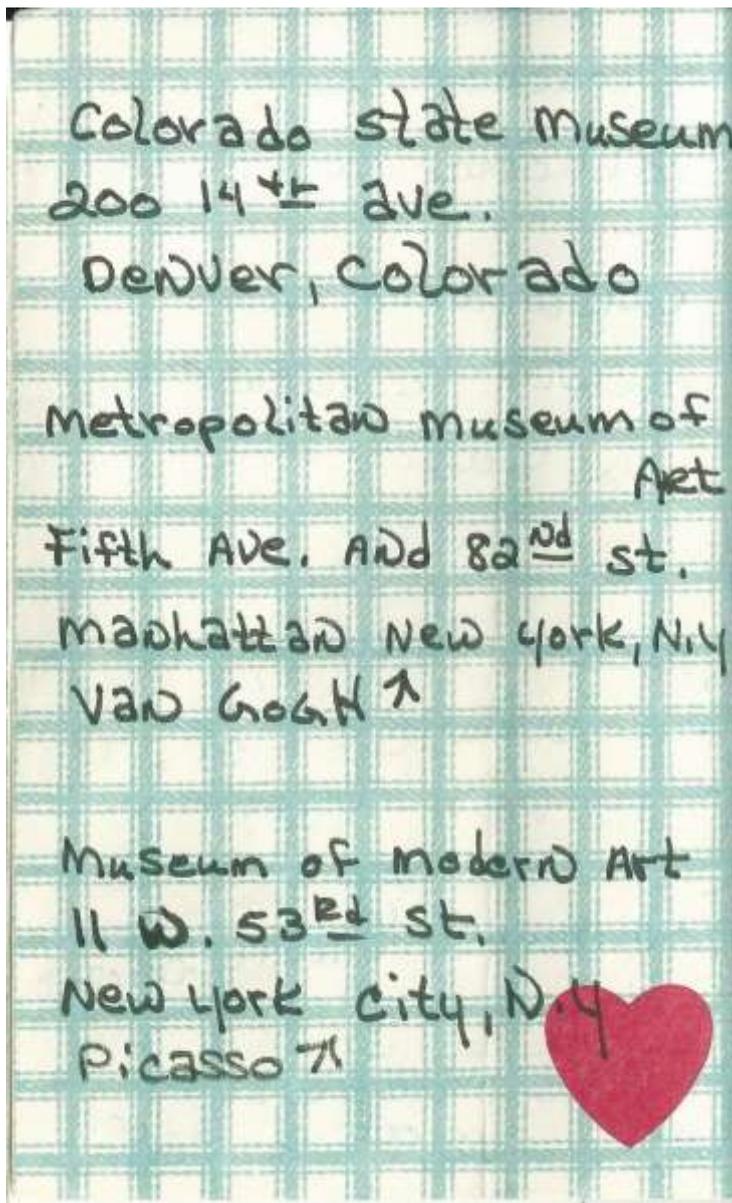
Marlborough Home Gallery London
Dinner Femme Assoc -
Van Gogh - Paris Period -
Stained by J Philip Reed.

(Georgia O'Keefe
Angelina Kaufmann DC
Jane Peterson)

Keyes Van Dongen
Camille Bombois - Naivete'

style was the lady
Drawing
Femme Assoc

21. Note 9



22. Note 10

Photo è dimension
providance
Guy Willdenstein
Willdenstein Institute
57 Rue de la
75008 Boetie
Paris,
France

The Booklets

23. Vincent van Gogh

Vincent



"The Moroccan"

The Sultan of Morocco?

Moulay-Hassan I (born 1831); ascended to the throne in 1873; died in 1894
(a couple years after van Gogh died).



Vincent

Vincent van Gogh (1853 – 1890) was a Dutch post-Impressionist painter whose work, notable for its rough beauty, emotional honesty, and bold color, had a far-reaching influence on 20th-century art.



Title: "The Moroccan"; measures 17-1/2" (45.5 cm) x 18" (46 cm) and is oil on canvas. If you're an art enthusiast then please read through the information provided in this booklet.

We believe this *might* be a painting of Moulay-Hasan I (born in 1831; eldest son of Sultan Sidi-Muley Mohamed), the Sultan of Morocco during van Gogh's painting career. He ascended to the throne in 1873, and died in 1894 *only a couple of years after van Gogh's death.*





Look closely the shoulder was covered and re-angled.



Below: Painting under a black-light showing restoration work by a previous owner.



Quick Facts:

- If this was painted in 1889 or 1890 the age of the Sultan would be 58 or 59 years old (matching the age of the man in our painting).
- The Sultan died in 1894, only four years after Vincent van Gogh.
- The painting's style appears to be inspired by Eugène Delacroix, who also painted a prior Sultan of Morocco in 1845. Vincent van Gogh was deeply inspired by Eugène Delacroix. See following page.
- Van Gogh liked to paint a night sky in the background - Google "van Gogh and the colors of the night".
- You can view nearly 100 van Gogh paintings and drawings done in a similar style to our painting at our website.
- The person in the painting does resemble the Sultan at the time van Gogh was painting. See artwork of the Sultan below by other artists:



The Influence of Theo van Rysselberghe and Eugène Delacroix.

According to his Wikipedia page, **Theo van Rysselberghe** (1862 - 1926) was influenced by Eugène Delacroix. He not only painted many Moroccan paintings, he even did a drawing of the same Sultan of Morocco in 1887.

Two direct quotes from Theo's Wikipedia page are:

"In December 1887 he was invited, together with Edmond Picard, to accompany a Belgian economic delegation to Meknès, Morocco. During these three months he made many color pencil sketches. He also drew a portrait of the Sultan Hassan I."



"In Paris he had a meeting with Theo van Gogh and managed thus to invite Vincent van Gogh to the next exhibition in Brussels. That is where van Gogh sold Vigne Rouge in Montmajour to Anna Boch, the only painting he ever sold."

Left: Painting by Theo, titled: Maria Sethe at the Harmonium, 1891. This painting has similar color tones (purple and burgundy) as ours; van Gogh could have borrowed paint from Theo.

Note: There are several paintings online Theo painted of Morocco. We have been unable to locate a copy of the Sultan drawing mentioned on his Wikipedia page.

Eugène Delacroix (1798 - 1863) is who we believe influenced the style of our painting. He painted many Moroccan paintings, including the Moroccan Sultan of his time.



Artwork by Eugène Delacroix

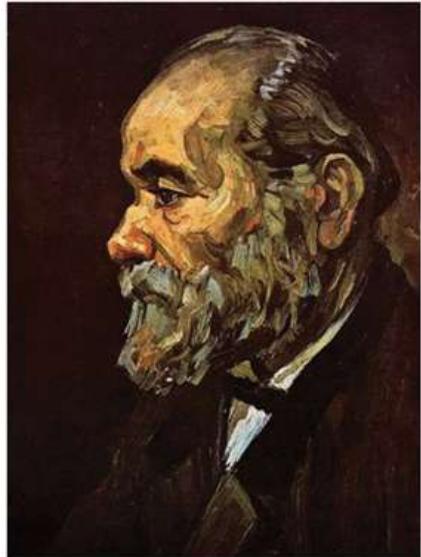
Left: Moroccan Sultan Right: Moroccan Military
Below: one of the Sultan's Guardsmen, a Moroccan saddling his horse, and a Moroccan Sheikh.



Included with this booklet is a double-sided postcard of our painting; full color on one side and black and white on the other. This has been provided to use in comparison to the other artwork depicted in this booklet.

The following couple of pages show known van Gogh paintings and drawings that are similar in technique to our painting. This artwork is from "The Works of Vincent van Gogh: His Paintings and Drawings" by J-B de la Faille. The book is considered the Catalogue Raisonné for van Gogh's works.

The portraits below depict similar faces:



The artwork below depicts van Gogh's attention to the folds of the fabric:



IMAGE CREDITS:

- [The Works of Vincent van Gogh: His Paintings and Drawings by J-B de la Falie](#)
- [1st-Art-Gallery.com](#)
- [Diomedea.com](#)
- [Gettyimages.com](#)
- [WikiPaintings.org](#)

RESEARCH CREDITS:

- [Wikipedia.org](#)
- [Google.com](#)
- [Google Images](#)

FRAME IMAGE:

- [Free-Photo-Frames.com](#)

PRINTING:

- [MGX.Copy](#)

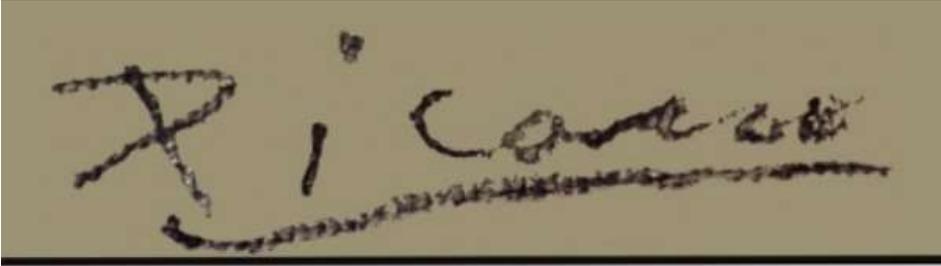
24. Pablo Picasso

Picasso



"Paysage, vue d'un village XXXVII"
Landscape view of a village 1937

by:
Pablo Picasso?



TITLE:
Paysage, vue d'un village XXXVII
Landscape view of a village 1937

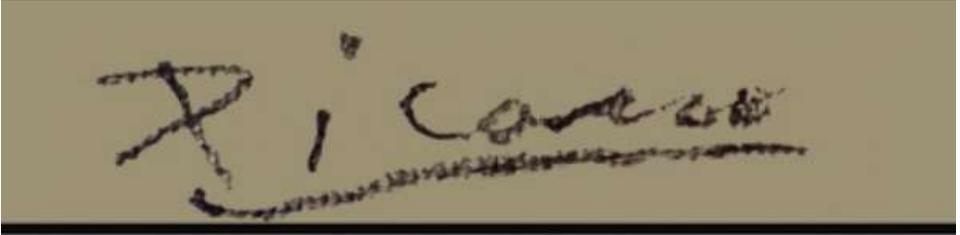


Painting is an oil on canvas and measures 15" wide x 12-1/2" tall.

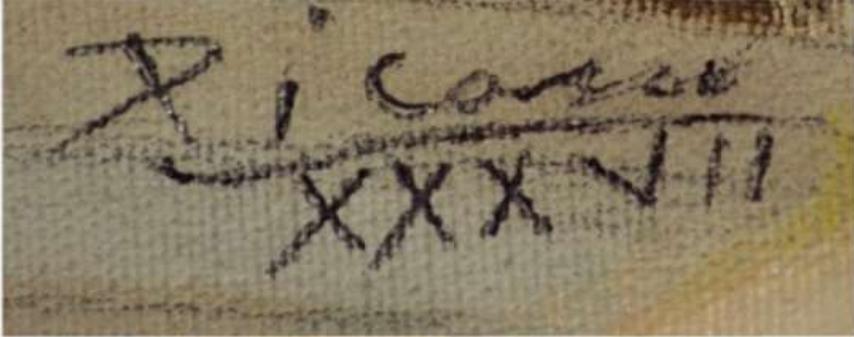


2





Above shows ink signature only - with underlying pencil signature digitally removed.



Pablo Picasso (1881-1973) was a Spanish painter, sculptor, printmaker, ceramicist, and stage designer. One of the greatest and most influential artists of the 20th century, he is widely known for co-founding the Cubist movement.

Below: Picasso signatures that are similar to our painting.

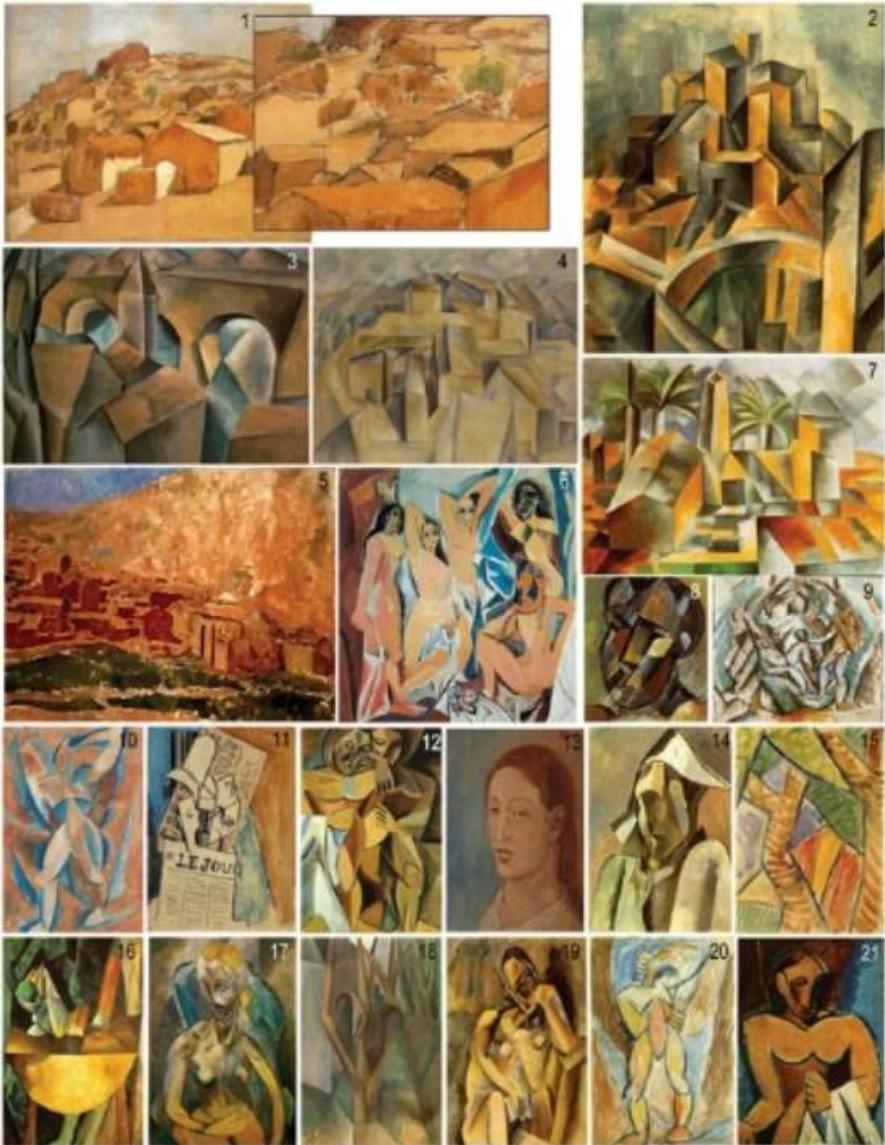


Below: Pieces by Picasso that appear to have unfinished areas.





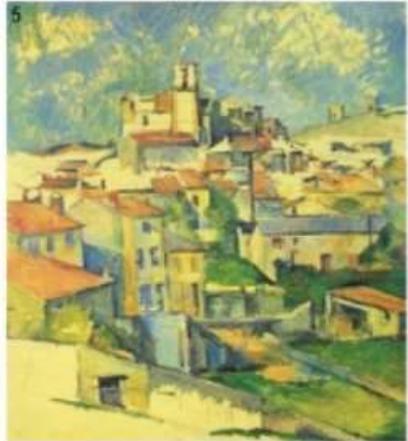
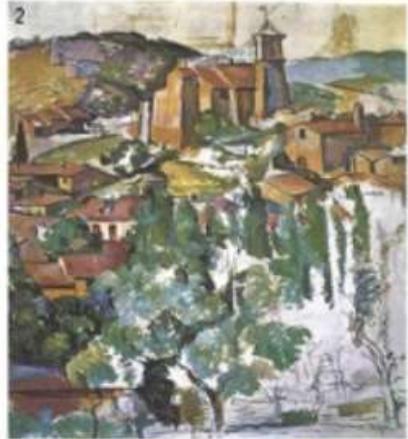
6



The Paul Cézanne Influence

According to his Wikipedia page, Paul Cézanne (1839–1906) was a French artist and Post-Impressionist painter. Cézanne can be said to form the bridge between late 19th century Impressionism and the early 20th century's new line of artistic enquiry, Cubism. The line attributed to both Matisse and Picasso that Cézanne "is the father of us all" cannot be easily dismissed.

Cézanne's work demonstrates a mastery of design, colour, tone, composition and draughtsmanship. His paintings convey Cézanne's intense study of his subjects, a searching gaze and a dogged struggle to deal with the complexity of human visual perception.



The Georges Braque Influence

According to his Wikipedia page, Georges Braque (1882 – 1963) was a major 20th century French painter and sculptor who, along with Pablo Picasso, developed the art style known as Cubism. In 1907, poet Guillaume Apollinaire introduced Georges and Picasso, both of whom were deeply influenced by Cézanne.



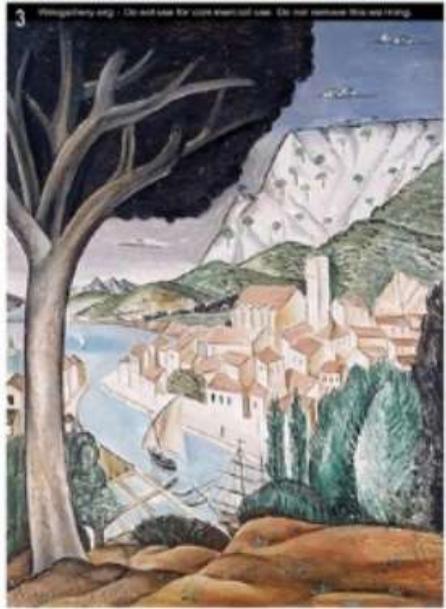
9

The André Derain Influence

According to his Wikipedia page André Derain (1880 - 1954) was a French artist, painter, sculptor and co-founder of Fauvism with Henri Matisse. While Derain was a fundamental leader in the Fauve style, he often bounced from one style to another, from Fauvism, to Cubism to African art and towards the end of his career, Classicism.

In 1907 art dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler purchased Derain's entire studio, granting Derain financial stability. He experimented with stone sculpture and moved to Montmartre to be near his friend Pablo Picasso.

Below: Three paintings by Derain which display similar buildings and possibly the same location of our painting.





Below: Two paintings by André Derain, Martigues, 1913 and Landscape, 1930.



Above: Perspective lines to match the ones in the Google Maps screenshot below. Close up of a feature similar to one in our painting.



We believe Landscape, 1930 is of Martigues painted from a similar angle as our painting. Our own painting is dated 1937. Comparing similarities between Landscape, 1930 and today's Google Maps, we have tried to illustrate the location of both Landscape, 1930 and our painting.

Above: Close up of a similar shape from our own painting. It may be a wall, road, or bridge.

Below: Possible angle for Derain's 1930 painting



CREDITS AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

Image Credits:

Page 5:

1. Oiseau - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.37.060
2. Massine, Bakat et Daughlery - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.17.239
3. Portrait d'Olga Kakhlova - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.17.105
4. Femme assise dans un fauteuil - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.15.196
5. Homme nu Observant... - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.22.218
6. La famille de Napoléon II - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.19.013
7. Arlequin assis - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.23.021
8. Projet de costume pour le torero - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.19.208
9. Costume de trois matelots porteurs... - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.19.180
10. Vue d'une fenêtre - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.20.035
11. Parade - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.17.017

Page 6:

1. Les paysans OPP.06.013
2. Portrait de Fernande Oliver - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.06.030
3. La coiffeuse (Fernande) - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.06.075
4. Femme nue au bord de la mer - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.08.020
5. Portrait de Max Jacob - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.07.005
6. Portrait de Marie-Fernandez de Soto - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.01.008
7. Baignade - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.05.170
8. Femme debout - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.19.085
9. Saint-Astome et Arlequin - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.09.051
10. Tête de femme sur fond de montagnes - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.09.022
11. Cinq femmes - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.08.010
12. Compotier et guitare sur une table - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.20.224
13. Femme - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.09.192
14. Famille de bouffon - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.05.281
15. Paysage à nu Mirocmeurs - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.07.363
16. Hommage à Gertrude - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.09.180

Page 7:

1. Paysage (Maisons à Gósas) - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.06.123
2. Le réservoir - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.09.030
3. Paysage avec un peuplier - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.09.027
4. Maisons sur la colline - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.09.029
5. Paysage de Gósas - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.06.045
6. Les Demoiselles d'Avignon - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.07.091
7. Pressoir d'olive à Horta de Sant Joan - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.09.025
8. Tête d'homme - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.08.025
9. Nains dans un paysage - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.08.272
10. Nu debout - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.06.237
11. Homme lisant un journal - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.14.138
12. L'amitié - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.07.027
13. Tête de Fernande - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.06.103
14. Buste d'arlequin - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.09.057
15. Arbres - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.08.260
16. Pains et compotier aux fruits... - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.09.001
17. Femme nue assise... - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.09.015
18. Paysage - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.06.007
19. Femme avec un livre - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.08.008
20. Nu debout. Trois femmes - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.08.047
21. Nu à la senyeta - Picasso.sfsu.edu OPP.07.024

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2. View of Gardanne, 1886 - Wikispaintings.org
3. Neston Chateau and Village, 1885 - Wikispaintings.org
4. Mont Sainte - Victoire, 1890 - Wikispaintings.org
5. Gardanne, 1889 - Wikispaintings.org

Page 9:

1. View of L'Estaque, 1908 - Wikispaintings.org
2. Road near Estaque, 1908 - Wikispaintings.org
3. Houses at Estaque, 1908 - Wikispaintings.org
4. View of L'Estaque, 1908 - Wikispaintings.org
5. Harbor in Normandy, 1908 - Wikispaintings.org
6. Castle at La Roche, Guyon, 1909 - Wikispaintings.org

Page 10:

1. House on the Waterfront, 1910 - Arthenitage.org
2. Landscape with a boat at the Bank - Heritage Collection
3. Marignas, 1913 - Wikigallery.org

Page 11:

1. Landscape - Wikitravel.org
2. Vista de Saint Paul de Vence, 1910 - Wikispaintings.org
3. Landscape at Cadaques, 1913 - Wikispaintings.org
4. The Grove, 1912 - Wikispaintings.org
5. Bathing Women, 1900 - Wikispaintings.org
6. Lands near Chateau, 1904 - Wikispaintings.org
7. Landscape, 1920 - Wikispaintings.org

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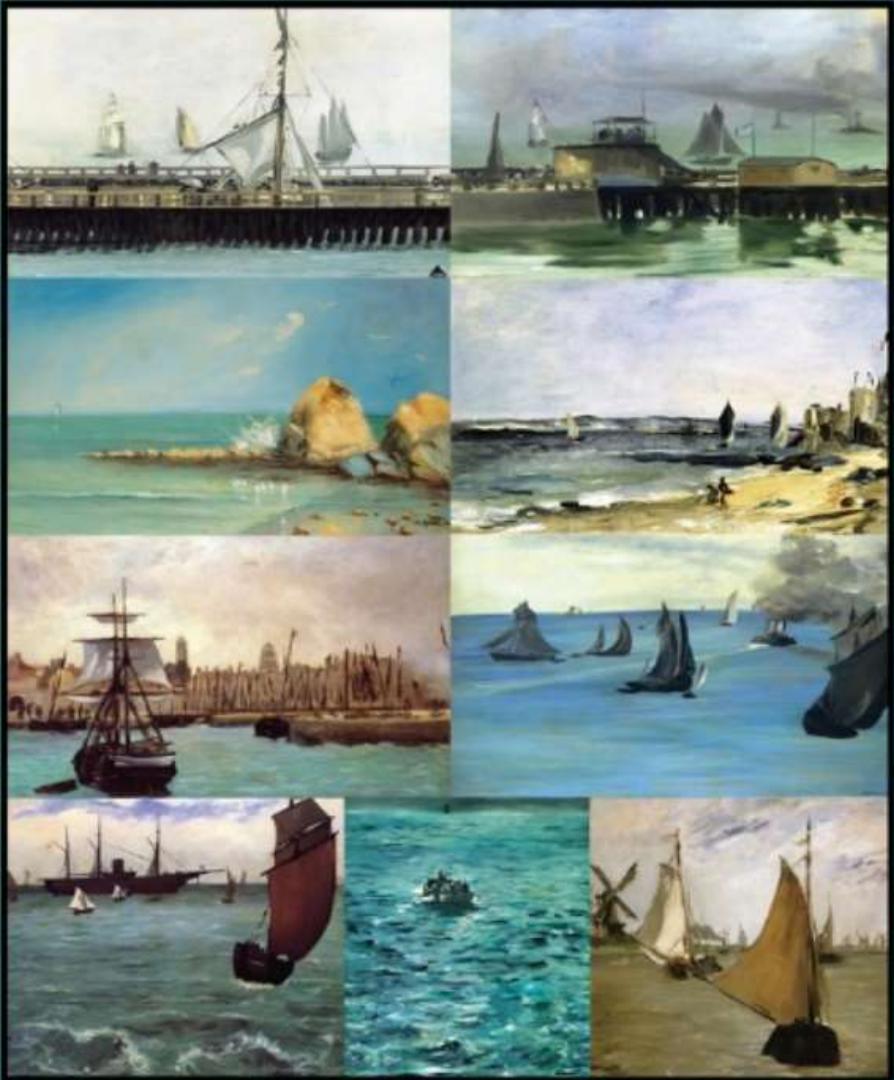
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25. Eduardo Manet

Paintings by Édouard Manet; which is ours?





View of Beach by Édouard Manet?





Painting is an oil on canvas and measures 15' wide x 12 1/2' tall - small portable canvas size.



Edouard Manet (1832 -1883) - was a French painter. One of the first 19th-century artists to approach modern-life subjects, he was a pivotal figure in the transition from Realism to Impressionism. Below: Our signature along with a couple known variations.

ed. Manet

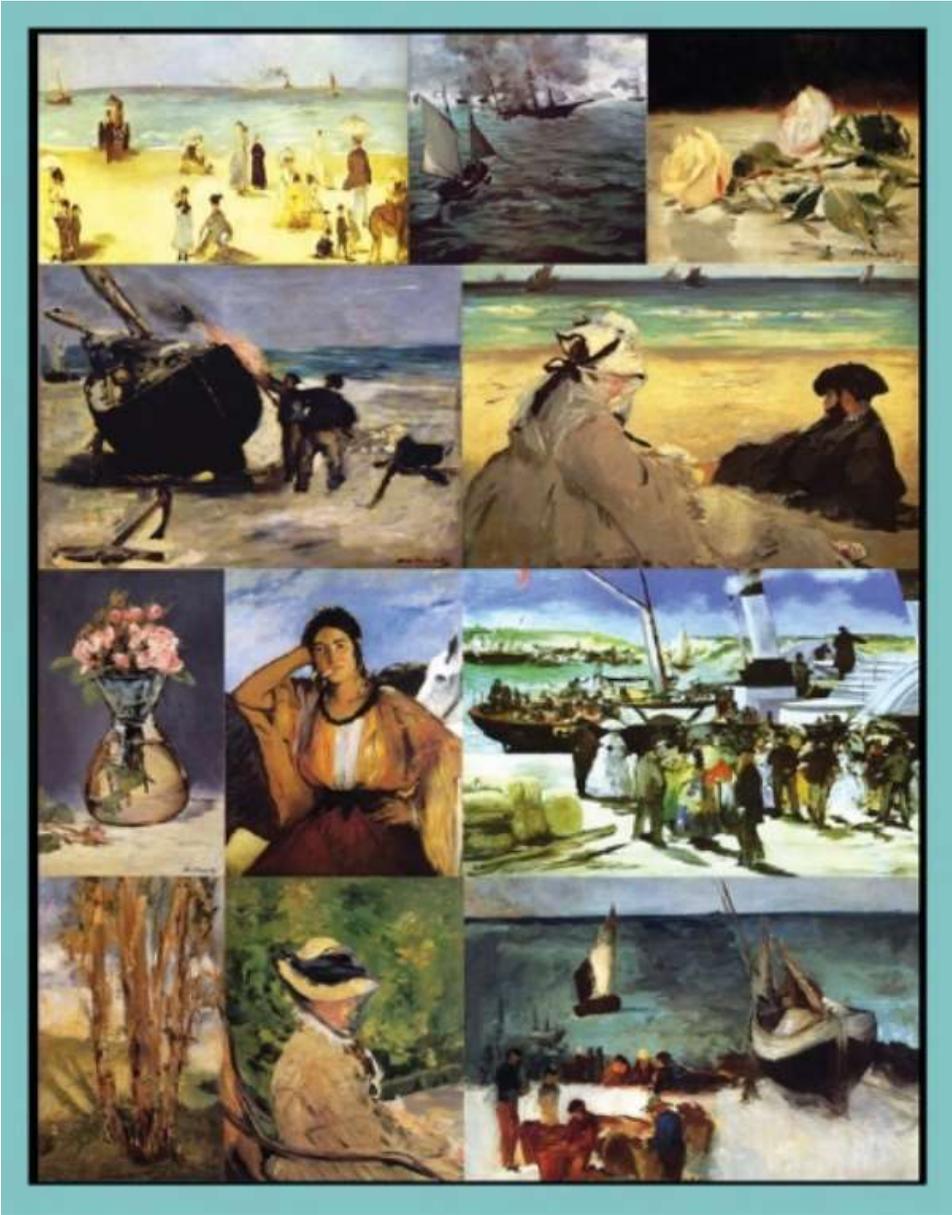
manet

MANET

Manet

ed. Manet





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Jetty at Boulogne, 1868 - WikiPaintings.org
Our Painting
The Port of Bordeaux, 1871 - WikiPaintings.org
Fishing Boat Coming in before the wind, 1884 - WikiPaintings.org
Jetty at Boulogne, 1883 - WikiPaintings.org
Seascape at Arcachon, 1871 - WikiPaintings.org
Swanboat Leaving Boulogne, 1864 - WikiPaintings.org
Rochfort's Escape, 1881 - WikiPaintings.org
View of Holland, 1872 - WikiPaintings.org

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Two Roses on a table cloth, 1883 - WikiPaintings.org
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On the Beach, 1873 - WikiPaintings.org
Study of Trees, 1959 - WikiPaintings.org
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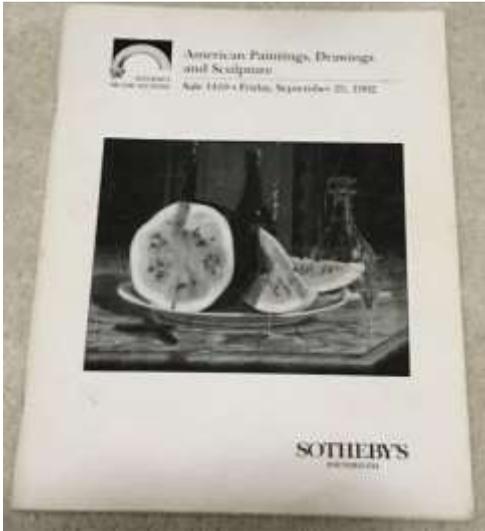
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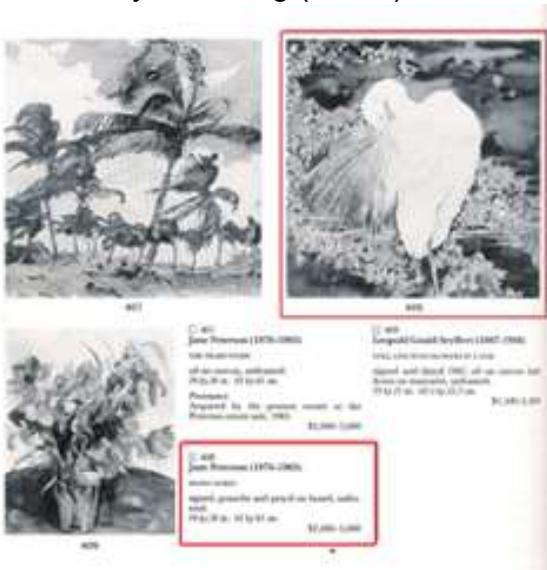


Sotheby's Documents

26. Sotheby's Catalog (cover)



27. Sotheby's Catalog (inside)



Miami Documents

29. Art Restoration Corp. Sunbiz Document

90 DAY NOTICE OF INTENT TO DISSOLVE

CORPORATION ANNUAL REPORT 1984

FILED

Nov 20 12 46 PM '84

Read Notice and Instructions on Other Side Before Making Entries
Filing Fee of \$20 Required - Make Checks Payable To: Secretary of State

1. Name and Address of Corporation Principal Office: **ART RESTORATION CORP. 620538
2000 TOWER SIDE TOWER #709
QUAYSIDE, Miami, FLA 33138**

2. Date Incorporated or Qualified in State of Florida: **1974**

3. Name and Street Address of Each Office and Director, and Location of Division (if any):

Name of Officer and Director	Title	Street Address of Office	City and State
SAUL R. JACOBS	Pres	2000 Tower Side Tower #709	Miami, FLA 33138
ER KUCH	V.P.	11370 N.W. 8th Ave	N. Miami, Fla.
	Secy		

4. Name and Address of Current Registered Agent:

**SAUL R. JACOBS
2000 TOWER SIDE TOWER #709
MIAMI, FLA 33138**

5. Signature of Registered Agent:

Saul R. Jacobs Date: **11/17/1984**

6. Signature of Officer or Director:

Saul R. Jacobs Date: **11/17/1984**

7. Should you need a certificate of status check the box below:

CERTIFICATE OF STATUS DESIRED \$5 additional fee required for certificate

\$5 additional fee required for a Certificate of Status

30. International Art Trading, Miami Document



 DR 78
M ON 81

888 MAY 12 PM 2 08 85R152706
 # 12885-1932
 23-18-238678-2178
 Account Number

STATE OF FLORIDA
DEPARTMENT OF REVENUE

WARRANT FOR COLLECTION OF DELINQUENT SALES AND USE TAX
 THE STATE OF FLORIDA, TO
 ALL AND SINGULAR, THE CLERKS OF THE CIRCUIT COURTS AND
 ALL AND SINGULAR, THE SHERIFFS OF THE STATE OF FLORIDA

WHEREAS, under Chapter 212, Florida Statutes, EDWARD KOCH,
D/R/A INTERNATIONAL ART TRADING, 12330 N.E. 7TH AVENUE,
 of NORTH MIAMI, 33161, County of DADE
 Florida, is indebted to the Department of Revenue, State of Florida, in the following amounts:

Tax	\$ 800.00
Penalty	100.00
Interest	14.18
Total	\$ 914.18
Filing fees	10.00
GRAND TOTAL	\$ 924.18

WHEREAS, said total amount due and unpaid is now delinquent and subject to collection as provided by law, and
 WHEREAS, under the law, it is the duty of the Department of Revenue, State of Florida, to issue a warrant for the collection of the delinquent taxes, together with penalties, interest and costs of collection,
 NOW, THEREFORE, you and each of you are hereby commanded to levy upon and sell the real or personal property, or both, of the named taxpayer sufficient to pay the total amount due for which \$924.18 is liable to the State of Florida, together with costs of executing this warrant and your proceedings thereon, and that you make return of this warrant to me, as Executive Director of the Department of Revenue, State of Florida, at my office in the Carlton Building in Tallahassee, Florida when satisfied, and pay me the money which you collect thereon.

HEREIN FAIL NOT
 Witness my hand and official seal in this City of MIAMI
DADE County, Florida, this 5TH day of MAY, 1981.

Randy Miller, Executive Director
 Department of Revenue, State of Florida
 BY: _____

Below is a closeup

ALL AND SINGULAR, THE SHERIFFS OF THE STATE OF FLORIDA

WHEREAS, under Chapter 212, Florida Statutes, EDWARD KOCH,
D/R/A INTERNATIONAL ART TRADING, 12330 N.E. 7TH AVENUE,
 of NORTH MIAMI, 33161, County of DADE
 Florida, is indebted to the Department of Revenue, State of Florida, in the following amount:

31. MOCA

miamidade.gov

ACTIVE TOOL: SELECT



Show Me:

Property Information

Search By:

Select Item

[Text only](#)

[Property Appraiser Tax Estimator](#)

[Property Appraiser Tax Comparison](#)

Summary Details:

Folio No.:	06-2230-019-0010
Property:	776 NE 125 ST
Mailing Address:	TOWN OF NORTH MIAMI
Address:	FINANCE DEPT PO BOX 810847 NO MIAMI FL 33261-

Property Information:

Primary Zone:	6000 COMMERCIAL: DANCE HALLS
CLUC:	0040 MUNICIPAL
Beds/Baths:	0/0
Floors:	3
Living Units:	0
Adj Sq Footage:	67,628
Lot Size:	5.57 ACRES
Year Built:	1951

Legal Description:	GRIBBLES SUB PB 7-75 LOTS 1 THRU 8 BLK 1 & S132FT OF E330FT OF LOT 6 & N150FT FEET E330FT OF LOT 7 OF PB B-21 & ALL OF BLKS 1 THRU 3 OF PB 22-61 LOT SIZE 242725 SQ FT
--------------------	--

Assessment Information:

Year:	2010	2009
Land Value:	\$2,427,250	\$3,155,425
Building Value:	\$8,413,842	\$8,413,842
Market Value:	\$10,841,092	\$11,569,267
Assessed Value:	\$10,841,092	\$11,569,267



Aerial Photography - 2009

0 163 ft

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If you experience technical difficulties with the Property Information application, or wish to send us your comments, questions or suggestions please email us at [Webmaster](#).

Web Site
© 2002 Miami-Dade County.
All rights reserved.

32. Miami Map



33. Edward F. Koch 1992 Obituary

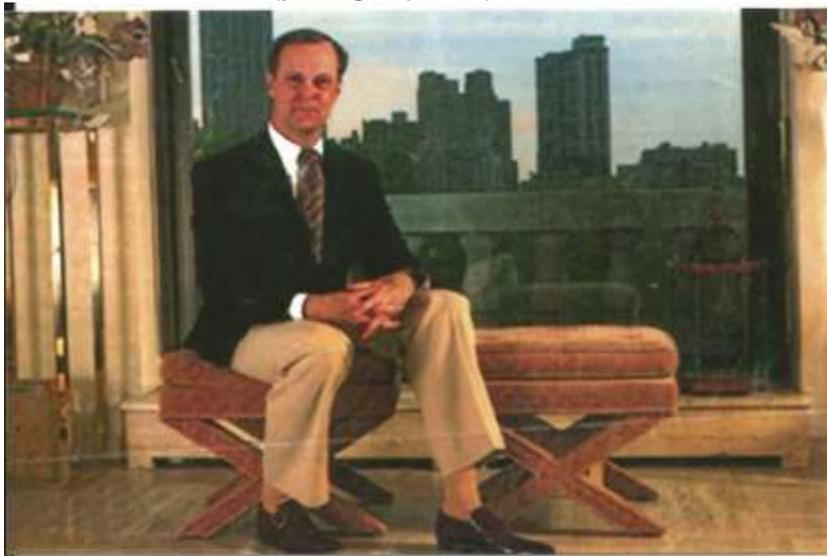


Photos of Frederick

34. Frederick R. Koch (older photo)



35. Frederick R. Koch (younger photo)



36. Frederick R. Koch (younger photo)



37. Frederick R. Koch (with Queen Elizabeth)



Other Resources

38. John Olsen's last email response

Content-type: multipart/related;
boundary="----=_NextPart_000_0000_01CBBBF0.31B67F60"
X-Mailer: Microsoft Office Outlook 11
Thread-index: Acu7ATIYfdlj585PTNqcgu6sTHZMvgBFx8sg
In-reply-to: <4D3C2C42.1080502@att.net>
X-MIMEOLE: Produced By Microsoft MimeOLE V6.00.2900.5994

There would be no reason for him to "deny these transactions" if they had ever occurred but I'm sorry, he has no memory whatsoever of this matter. He has never owned or possessed works by Calder or Picasso, Jane Peterson, etc. Mr. Koch has never been to Okeechobee, FL where you told me earlier these alleged transactions occurred and has never been fond of, let alone collected, works of this period. We have a database and comprehensive supporting purchase/sale/donation records going back nearly 40 years in which none of these artists appear.

Having said all that, I have a call in to Mr. Rower and forwarded your images below to the Vice Chairman of Sotheby's in New York for examination. Finally, legitimate works of art are bought and sold all the time with "holes" in their provenance. It never hurts value of course to have it, but not having it does not erode all value of great works. If these pictures were authentic, any of the major auction houses would gobble them up and sell them for you.

From: [REDACTED]
Sent: Sunday, January 23, 2011 8:25 AM
To: Office of Frederick R. Koch
Subject: Re: Frederick Koch

Dear John,

39. Robert Donati's Wikipedia page information

Robert Donati

American criminal



Robert Donati, who went by Bobby and was known by the nickname Bobby D, was an American career criminal associated with the New England-based Patriarca crime family, along with his twin brother Richard. [Wikipedia](#)

Born: June 4, 1940, Boston, MA

Other name: Bobby D

Body discovered: September 24, 1991

Allegiance: Patriarca crime family

Known for: Possibly masterminding the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum theft

40. Godfrey Baker Van Gogh & Frederick R. Kocj Article

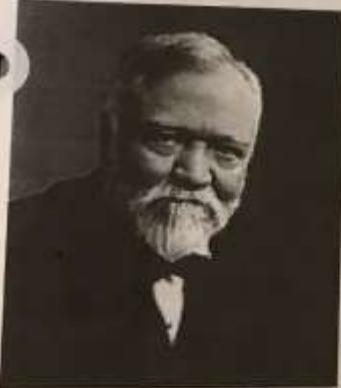
REAL ESTATE : art market

America Rules - OK?



GODFREY BARKER

Scions of the almighty dollar



Andrew Carnegie

IT WAS ALL EYES on New York in May as Van Gogh sold at Christie's for \$40m, Picasso sold at Sotheby's for \$95m and the contemporary art market went wild across the board. America is the main 'fact' about the art market in 2006 and it has been for 100 years. Until 1980, America and the mighty dollar had only one role on stage, as the world's number one buyer. But in the 21st Century, America has become a seller too. This is not because Americans are poor, but because the US art buyers, who had the market to themselves from 1910 to 1980, are dying and their descendants are selling.

So at the top of the world league table, the \$95m Picasso portrait of Dora Maar au Chat came from the collector Ian Woodner in Chicago. The \$104.1m Picasso Garçon avec Pipe, which is currently the world's dearest picture at auction, came from the estate of Mr John Hay Whitney in Massachusetts. The \$82.5m Van Gogh Portrait of Dr Paul Gachez which is now relegated to third slot, came from the estate of Lola Kramarsky in New York. America dominates buying and selling on the art market with a weight unequalled since Great Britain was the world's supreme art power from 1760 to 1880. Guessing where American taste will head in the 21st Century is a leading question for art dealers and for art collectors everywhere.

Since 1900, American buyers have done a complete somersault. In the 1910s and 1920s, the generation of Pierpont Morgan, PAB Widener, Henry Clay Frick, Henry Huntington and Andrew Mellon made 17th and 18th Century British painting the most expensive school of art in history. After 1980 buyers, led by Wendell Cherry, Fred Koch and the Getty Museum, elevated French Impressionism, Van Gogh, Picasso and early 20th Century Europeans to the summit and ensured that on the auction houses' current list of The Top 100 Pictures Ever Sold, no fewer than 92 are works since 1870.

It is the Americans who dumped Old Masters to lift high the Modern Movement on the art market. And not just modern. It is the US which led the millionaires' surge into contemporary art after 1980, with its

41. Robert Wittman February 11, 2012 Meeting

Availability Art Crime Investigation Seminar Contact

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eadlines
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ONE-DAY PASS - \$15

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL FINE ART FAIR
February 3-12, 2012
Palm Beach County Convention Center

22144

information

the museum for additional information.

Indianapolis, Indiana, open to the public.

42. Washington Gallery, Ned Mathews – Newspaper Article

news.google.com/newspapers?id=FnczAAAAIBAJ&sjid=GewFAAAAIBAJ&pg=1361,966598&dq=wa

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ws.. May 18, 1958 [Browse this newspaper](#) [Browse all newspapers](#)

At Lowe Gallery

Thirty-four awards in seven categories have been presented to University of Miami students, recent winners of the seventh annual campus art competition at Joe and Emily Lowe Art Gallery.

Jury included Alfred Browning Parker, nationally known architect; Dr. George Ross of the New York University art faculty; and Ned Mathews, director of the Washington Gallery, Miami Beach.

by Carole Winston's "Paper Balloons."

The commercial art and design category first prize was awarded to Richard Ohrbach for his magazine advertisement. Tom Zarroanandia's advertisement for Bronatan copped the second prize award. Roger Rogers Deibill advertisement won third place.

Peter Mansfield was given a \$15 purchase award for the best color print. Arthur Adelman won the same prize for his

43. Washington Gallery, Jane Peterson – Newspaper Article

a luncheon at the Kent residence, Mi Encanto. . . and a few familiar landmarks here and there. . .

Washington Square will come to Palm Beach for three days, beginning Tuesday. . . when all the local artists hang their wares on lines about the Worth Avenue Gallery. . . up and down Via Parigi and on Worth Avenue. . . for the annual Clothesline Show. . . Much missed will be Marguerite Idell, one of the guiding spirits in establishing it. . . for though she's left Guatemala where she and her author husband, Bert, now live, they're in New York at the moment. . . Speaking of artists, Jane Peterson, one of the Palm Beach Art League's charter members, came up from Miami Beach for the Pells' party. . . went back for the opening Friday of her one man show at the Washington Art Galleries there. . .

Sidelight on the New Look Ball. . . to which all roads will lead next Friday night to the Everglades Club. . . The comment of the wife, on hearing her husband praised for his generosity in donating

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44. Washington Gallery, Jane Peterson – Newspaper Article

The Miami News - Mar 21, 1948 [Browse this newspaper »](#) [Browse all newspapers »](#)

EN HOODMAKER
Beach Art Center

Offers lywood

th music by Leo Delibes,
y in Hollywood Central

ewly formed ballet group
uropean Dancer Bernard
Miami dance teacher.



tingler are almost too well known to describe. In the current show, they have on view a number of water colors and oils, most notable of which is Klinkenberg's gold-toned "Key West" and Tingler's colorful "Horse-show."

The work of these two artists forms the bulk of the show with scatterings of canvases by Cowan, Hoodmaker, Ottinger and Terry. Most intriguing of the Terry group is a light-spirited paper titled "The Puddle"—a gay-ninety bell with hiked skirts. We also liked Cowan's "Morning Light"; "Light Patterns" by Hoodmaker, and "Negro Head" by Ottinger.

* * *

The works of Jane Peterson at Washington gallery supply a long-drawn-out need for adept still-lives in oil. It's been quite some time since work of this caliber has been seen here in the realm of feathers and flowers.

Named the outstanding individual of the year by the American Historical society in 1938, Miss Peterson has on view myriads of gaily colored parrots, white cockatoos, golden-crested cranes, flamingos and gulls.

The Miami Beach center show will remain on view through March 31 and the Washington gallery exhibit may be seen through March 26.

45. Washington Gallery, Jane Peterson – Newspaper Article

It would take a fair sized book to cite all the artists one will find represented at the Washington galleries, but the following names are usually identified with the galleries in this part of the country—Jane Peterson, Johannes Schieffer, Franz Bueb, Gatto, Cavallero and Maxim Kopf (husband of Dorothy Thompson) to mention those who do not reside in Miami. Carl Sahlin (soon to leave for a protracted visit to Mexico) Chester Tingler and John Klinkenberg, whose local scenes are increasing in

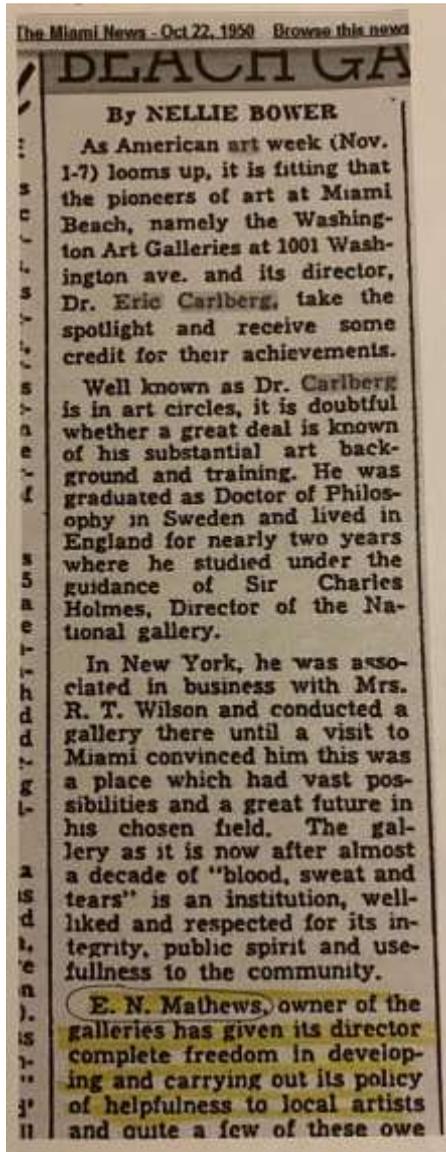
46. Washington Gallery, Jane Peterson – Newspaper Article

The works of Jane Peterson at Washington gallery supply a long-drawn-out need for adept still-lives in oil. It's been quite some time since work of this caliber has been seen here in the realm of feathers and flowers.

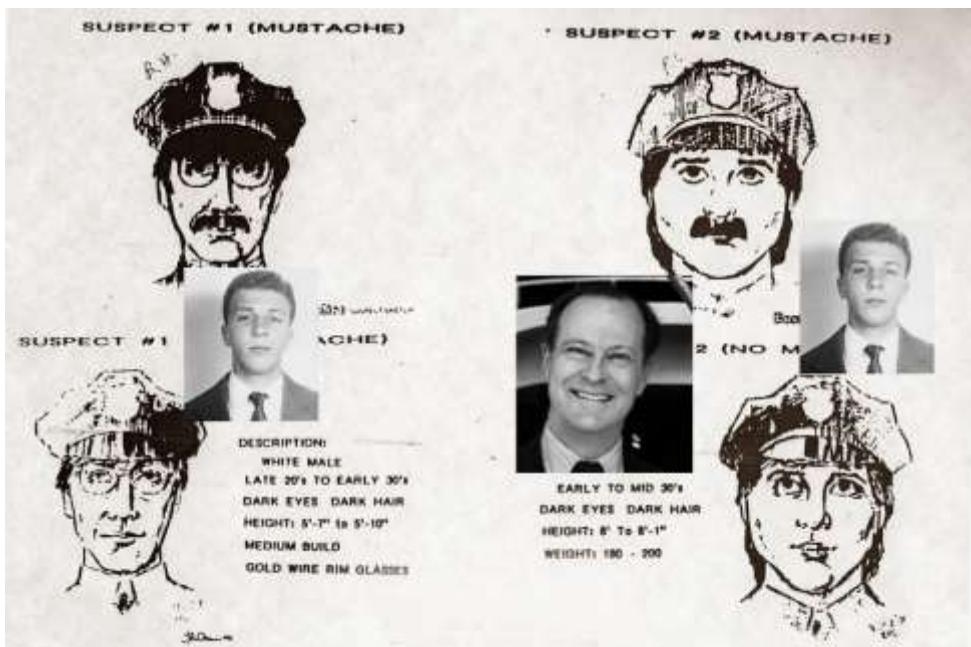
Named the outstanding individual of the year by the American Historical society in 1938, Miss Peterson has on view myriads of gaily colored parrots, white cockatoos, golden-crested cranes, flamingos and gulls.

The Miami Beach center show will remain on view through March 31 and the Washington gallery exhibit may be seen through March 26.

47. Washington Gallery, E. N. Mathews, Eric Carlberg



48. Isabella Stewart Gardner – FBI Sketch with possible suspects images imposed for comparison purposes.



News Article Links

49. Article on London Fire.
<https://www.independent.co.uk/arts-entertainment/art-market-victorian-values-official-objections-and-a-disastrous-fire-ended-an-american-millionaire-s-plans-for-a-museum-here-to-show-his-splendid-19thcentury-paintings-now-he-is-giving-and-selling-up-1489906.html>
50. Article about their father disinheriting Frederick.
<https://www.vanityfair.com/style/society/2014/05/frederick-koch-brothers>
51. March 3, 2012 William Koch Article
<https://www.palmbeachpost.com/story/entertainment/local/2012/03/04/palm-beach-william-koch-s/7422867007/>
52. Mobster Daily Mail Article
<https://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-10261665/Suspect-Gardner-Museum-heist-asked-friend-appraise-stolen-work-murdered-1991.html>
53. Articles on the Koch family lawsuits
<https://www.esquire.com/news-politics/news/a26734/luckiest-man-in-america/>
<https://www.motherjones.com/politics/2014/05/koch-brothers-family-history-sons-of-wichita/>
<https://www.nytimes.com/1998/04/28/business/brother-versus-brother-koch-family-s-long-legal-feud-is-headed-for-a-jury.html>
https://archive.fortune.com/magazines/fortune/fortune_archive/1997/02/17/222188/index.htm
<https://www.forbes.com/sites/danielfisher/2013/03/04/the-billionaire-the-playboy-bunny-and-the-tangled-affairs-of-the-marshall-family/?sh=714ca1d51f70>
54. Article Fred Koch is one of the richest people in the world. He does not own a company. He has not created a product. You've probably never heard of him.
<https://www.esquire.com/news-politics/news/a26734/luckiest-man-in-america/>
55. My YouTube video of another possible connection
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=a1Y4JjObhzY>

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Suzanne Kenney....

I am a 53-year old mother, grandmother, wife, and web developer. I am married and have two beautiful children who have given me two wonderful grandchildren. After, my daughter was diagnosed at the age of 6 with severe systemic JRA, I became a stay-at-home mother. I supplemented our income by selling on eBay for at least 10-15 years as a Power Seller.

In June 2019, I decided to take the knowledge I had learned over the years and build WordPress websites for clients with my daughter who works for me part time. Since we started, we have built more than 100+ websites. I am in no way a writer, but I knew I had to share this amazing story and am so glad my life has brought me to it.