



JULIUS CAESAR

The year was 44 B.C. The place was a world basking in the glory of an empire that stretched from the rocky coast of Spain to the barren reaches of Asia Minor, from the desert of North Africa to the highlands of Scotland. Rome pulsed at the center of a vast civilization that had been conquered, tamed, and brought under the rule of law. The city-states of Carthage and the province of Gaulle had succumbed to the march of countless Roman legions, and trade, shipbuilding, and architecture prospered. At the center of this epoch of military glory and might stood one man who had changed the face of civilization: Julius Caesar, General, military strategist, historian and now dictator. It was only four years ago that Caesar, who shared his power in a triumvir with Pompeii and Crassus, had stood on the banks of the Rubicon and vowed, against Pompeii's orders, to march into neutral Rome with the Roman army, victorious from its campaign in Gaulle. Pompeii, leader of the Republican faction, was apprehensive of losing ground to the popularity of his military colleague that was sweeping like wildfire through the streets of Rome. But Caesar declared "Alea Jacta Est!". With the die cast, and the plebeian will behind him, Caesar not only entered Rome with his immense legions, he proceeded to chase Pompeii and his supporters halfway around Eastern Europe and Africa to Pompeii's ignominious defeat at the Battle of Farsallus in Greece. With Crassus, the third triumvir, dead in an expedition to Asia Minor, the emperor's crown was finally within reach.

And it was a fine time to rule, an era of glory and abundance. When Roman soldiers grew weary of toppling tribes and overtaking entire civilizations, Caesar reveled the masses by organizing exciting recreational events, offered under the rubric Rallycon Romana. There was nothing quite like emceeing the duels of rally gladiators, and exercising the right to life with an up or down-turned thumb. Such was often the fate of cohorts who refused to tow the rally line.



When Caesar ran out of ways to divide and conquer such parvenus, there were always a handful of rally participants ready to search the Coliseum for their next clue, typically hidden in the mouths of several hungry lions. And no one could resist the chariot races, where the contestants - usually slaves - were forced to drive around in circles serenading the crowd with ridiculous songs until their wheels fell off.

The winner invariably received the freedom to host such an event, and the loser was exiled to wander the Saharan desert - completely clueless. There was always honor to be garnered in shameless humiliation.

The Rallycon Romana had so become the key to Caesar's popularity that it fomented dissension in the ranks of would-be rivals; in fact, a loose cabal of embittered conspirators, offended by Caesar's arrogance, his dictatorial bent and his imperious ambitions, were in the process of hatching a murderous plot. In Caesar's great shadow, there you stood, Marc Antony, in awe of your mentor, and concerned for his well-being. . .

1. O Great Caesar that conquered Gaulle,
Upon him darkness may soon fall,
For Cassius and Bruta now conspire,
To sabotage his Rally Empire,
Rallycon Romana did stick in their craw,
They'll now undermine the rule of law,
For arrogance and tyranny,
Do not sit well with the peasantry,
Though Caesar refused the crown thrice,
Humility he was quick to sacrifice,
His new rally plans abrewing,
Set Roman senators astewing,
North to Marsh they now congregate,
Where they plot to save Rome's fate,
Accusations run quite Broad,
A plot brews behind their stony facade,
A courtyard call might save the day,
Near a Garden you must foray,
Don't drain yourselves with too much effort,
A political disaster remains to avert.

2. Around and round the plotters debate,
How best to kill the regal ingrate,
The wheels of conspiracy continue to churn,
Antony's fate is the next concern,
For Marc Antony may be a shrewd contriver,
If he's left as Caesar's sole survivor,
But Bruta proclaims he can do no harm,
Though Antony is Caesar's right arm,
What strength has a limb when it's connected,
To a body whose head has been resected?
But upon Caesar's death they're resolute,
Hesitate now and the plot bears fruit,
Of a type you might imbibe,
But what direction is prescribed?
3. Always a dollar short and one day late,
Marc Antony tends to procrastinate,
But Bruta left a trace of their destination,
The sure locale for assassination,
Now it's time to truly reference,
This honorable-dangerous consequence,
Poor Portius was left in the dark,
But Calpurnia warns the patriarch:
" O Caesar, call in sick today,
Your trip to the Senate you should delay,
I dreamt that upon the second floor,
Something murderous is in store!
But if you persist against my pleas,
Then Iva's advice you should soon seize."
It's time to take these plotters to tasc,
But what direction you may ask?
For it truly seems the die's been cast,
With warnings that leave your wife aghast,
Purple + (Purple + Orange) + Green + Blue,
Is the place you must go to,
Santa Lucia is the road,
Where the way of traffic will unload,
A northern advance won't be replete,
Without the wheel to complete.

4. Caesar's pride was his death knell,
 Cassius and Bruta slew him well,
 If he had taken Iva's advice,
 Heron he'd have stopped this roll of the dice,
 But Marc Antony was not too late,
 To revive Caesar's legacy intestate,
 The conspirators are now in flight,
 The masses your speech did rebelliously incite,
S But to justify Caesar's bequest,
 On the One you must head northwest,
O S. B. Boulevard to S. P. Road,
 The assassins' defeat is soon bestowed,
 A whip exposed what Cassius did fear,
 Antony's final words will help you steer.
 To fly with Roman aggression,
 Ambush your quarry with discretion.
5. Ionic columns erected in your behalf,
 Conceal Bruta's well-meaning epitaph,
 The contests had in years past evolved,
 With Coliseum duels that were resolved
 With a loser who often met torturous ends,
 Rally Caesar was never heard to make amends,
 The brutal nature of the game,
 Pitted helpless players in acts of shame,
 The party animals were no longer clues,
 But rally members who paid no dues,
 The Rallycon Romana clearly went too far,
 With Roman orgies that turned bizarre,
 Bruta had meant to mellow its thrust,
 But could not compete with the public's bloodlust,
 On public grounds in full view,
 For once her declarative words were few,
Contright upon her sword she fell,
 Following Cassius' own farewell,
 Octavius and Antony's rule takes shape,
 But to where did our noble Roman escape?
 Familiar haunts you must not shun,
 Go east on **L - X + I.**

6. While Octavius holds down the Roman fort,
Towards Egypt now you do cavort,
Of dreams of conquest you're confident,
Particularly when poised towards the Orient,
Exotic romance is soon ensured,
'Tis Antony now that Cleo has lured,
Of Caesar's love much has been written,
But you now find yourself more smitten,
You're set to cross the Mediterranean,
In a boat that's less than Odyssean,
To your love you now set sail,
A filmy image will lead the trail
Two score and one leads south to Lago,
It's no time to act like Iago,
Neither sail nor motor can quite compare,
To paddling to the Ramses' lair,
One such barc has been reserved,
For a journey well-deserved.
7. Octavius is prepared to let Antony slide,
Your differences can be set aside,
For unity of the new triumvir,
A Pompeiian invasion must soon deter,
The dead hero's son prepares for battle,
Antony's saber must join in the rattle,
Enobarbus, Antony's right hand,
Tells his commander to take a stand,
Cleopatra will have to wait,
For herr mann to settle affairs of state,
Between fourth and fifth after a northerly course,
Marcia and Fritz await your discourse,
Your bag contains your melody,
To plan your wartime strategy,
Though to Rome your troops you've shipped,
You've left your heart in the sands of Egypt.

8. The rivals meet in the theater of war,
Where young Pompeii sets out to deplore,
Caesar's part in his father's end,
So Julius could the throne ascend,
Antony, Octavius and Lepidus,
A peaceful settlement soon discuss:
"Catch pirates and take Sicily!
And foes are henceforth family!"
To celebrate this Roman cease-fire,
To Pompeii's galley they soon retire,
Where our leaders wine and dine,
A secret grows there on the vine,
Tara a servant with much taste,
Will help you tour with undue haste,
Through the crowd you must appease her,
Just tell her you're guests of Rally Caesar,
And thereafter make this curious pitch,
If you are to find your niche:

"Come thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne,
In thy fats our cares be drowned,
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned,
Cup us 'til the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!"

9. Though the legions left Misenum in peace,
Antony's obsession with Cleo won't cease,
Octavius Caesar draws a line in the sand,
But you still disobey this clear command,
Octavia you dump unceremoniously,
An offense that her brother takes seriously,
Antony's visions of an Arabian empire,
Spur the flicker of Octavian ire,
You enthrone yourself in Egypt,
With Cleopatra as your queenship,
Was it Caesar who said " I came, I saw, I ate the brie,"
Or is this simple reverie?
Octavius now prepares for war,
The battle of Actium will settle the score,

To the superiority of the Roman fleet,
Antony's Egyptian ships soon call retreat,
Like a dotting mallard he flees in shame,
Back to the arms of his exotic dame,
Once again the die are thrown,
Mainsails and jib to Alexandria flown,
White, green, purple and gray,
A little rattle will give them away,
Thanks to that foul slut of Egypt,
Enobarbus sees his leader's whipped,
But still throws reason to the wind,
Down the **XLVI** he joins his friend,
There's more inspiration in store,
At passage number four three four.
At the place where you now coast,
Antony must consult Rally Caesar's ghost,
Moved by rally melancholy,
Where he rests you decry your folly,
His surname a battle signifies,
But what shades the light now from your eyes?
Rally Caesar can empathize,
The same beauty did he idolize,
Advice to save you from disgrace,
Soon comes forth from the carapace.
A certain address you might not see,
And parking's a mess near antiquity.

10. With Caesar's advice Antony is quite despondent,
To the call of battle you're nonrespondent,
Against your men Octavian victory was soon claimed,
Immediately turncoats they all became,
Even Enobarbus your loyal mate,
To the enemy's flanks did abdicate,
He soon kills himself from chagrin,
For selfishly saving his own skin,
Antony learns of his dying bride,
But fails to properly commit suicide,
Wounded on Eros' blade,
One more visit can still be made,
If from your wounds you don't die sooner,
You might still find her at a schooner,

Where pirates guard her at the front,
For your prey you should soon hunt,
Towards the water and on the drag,
Your waterway goes zig and zag,
In order to capture the evil eel,
It's best that you avoid the wheel.

11. You've lost your love and all your power,
In Rally Caesar's finest hour,
Now your blood boils to dispense,
The justice of right vengeance,
It's finally time to join Bruta's faction,
In conspiracy lay the plans for action,
South you wander with murderous zeal,
To seaside soon you'll quickly wheel,
And then to destiny you'll quell this parch,
O Beware, Caesar, the Ides of March!

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LITTLE CLUES

1. At Forum 751 Marsh in drainpipe in courtyard

In Bruta's orchard in the night,
Seven conspirators expedite,
Their plot's bloody orchestration,
Of Great Rally Caesar's assassination,
No more gladiator duels to the death,
Or rally hosts sighing their last breath,
Or clueless Christians in the Coliseum,
Chased by lions that would eat 'em,
Bruta's seven say "Enough!",
Marc Antony must quicken to call their bluff,
He can spy their plotting on Monterey,
To the orchard don't delay,
Past spice and state northeast you lead.
To soon nip the bud of murder's seed,
Under tracks and past a man of cloth,
Do not succumb from lazy sloth,
To truly undermine their will,
You can catch them at the mill.



2. On waterwheel at Apple Farm Mill;

Iva's address in Atascadero

6945-H Santa Lucia

6945 is from the dice with its colors, hidden in water wheel casing;
H is wandering around on the wheel (magnet)

3. Video : Museum of Natural History in Morro Bay, museumpiece,
" please, don't send me to the museum " (Cassius)
Birds, Birds of a feather, ravens, nevermore (Antony)

Iva: Morro Bay is indicated in 5-minute Tarot card reading

4. In wings of both herons at Morro Bay Museum of N.H.

Cassius and Bruta have a spat,
A lover's quarrel, imagine that!
Cassius' bribes mark honor's descent,
Upon victory Antony's hell-bent,
The battle of Phillipi rages 16 miles near,
And the public will is abundantly clear,
Impending news of the traitors' defeat,
Resides on the grounds of a government seat,
Between two malls Bruta calls retreat,
Off a Spanish trail where the battle foes meet.

5. On right column

Photo of bush from where hangs Cleopatra doll
with arrow pointing to it (scan)

6. In doll

Cleopatra's beauty mesmerizes,
Leaders to scuttle their enterprises,
You the great Marc Antony soon lose track,
Upon great Rome you turn your back,
Octavius angers over this charade,
And your failure to render him aid,
With his sister a marriage is arranged,
But your attitude seems to have changed,
Back to Italy you must set sail,
Against temptation you must prevail,
Cleo, jealous, does opine,
That Octavia reminds her of overweight swine,
Dwarfish and ridden with cellulite,
To a haven of sweets a path you beat,
At such a Temple on the Main,
Is the place to reclaim your reign.



7. Song to be performed to Marcia and Fritz
to tune in jambox

King Smut, King Smut

Now I am a young man,

Who never though he'd see,

People stand and whine,

Because I had a fling,

King Smut, King Smut

How'd they get so funky?

I'm not doin' it with a monkey!

Born in good 'ol Roma,

Moved in with Cleopatra,

King Smut, King Smut

Now if I had known,

That I'd pissed off old Octavian,

I'd have dropped my Egyptian honey,

To stay out of a museum,

King Smut, King Smut

Why are they so cranky?

I love my hanky-panky

Born in Good 'ol Roma,
Moved in with Cleopatra,
King Smut, King Smut
Cleo's on the Nile,
The lady loves my style,
I'm no pedophile,
King Smut
I give my life for orgasm,
When I die now, don't think that I'm a slut,
Don't want some fancy funeral,
Just one for 'ol King Smut,
Octavia is so clammy,
She reminds me of my grammy,
Born in good 'ol Roma,
Moved in with Cleopatra,
I got a condom made of stonah!
King Smut!

as compared to :

Veni vidi vici!
Don't fault us if we sound preachy,
We're still enamored with Cleo,
Back to her arms we will not slow,
The name of a vineyard will help us best
Pompeiiian forces in great conquest,
Alea Jacta Est!

which won't be used

In Chocolate pyramid
at Herrmann's chocolates

Letters: E B E R L E

C E L L A R S

each word in different colors

8. In grapes at Eberle winery

Santa Rosa cemetery

Either as subwords/sentences

that's it!! : or mini dice that are 2353

or (probably)

Where Rally Caesar was laid to rest,
A battle surname he did request,
Which symbolized the defeat
Of conspiracy's deceit.

No. I like the dice, I really like the dice.

9. In bark of tree at Cambria cemetery

"O Antony you are a fool,
To have sacrificed your Roman rule,
Your name in the empire has turned to stench,
For consorting with that Egyptian wench,
Only this sword can cure your remorse,
So impale thyself with all your force,
For Cleopatra I have heard,
Has just said her last dying word,
She had herself bitten by an asp,
Where water trickled in her grasp,
She refused Octavius' pine,
To become his concubine,
Cayucos beckons in the South,
Find you now this cottonmouth!"



10. In cobra in water drain

A last look in her blue-green eyes,
Gives you much to analyze,
" Seek your honor and safety in Caesar" you pled,
" They do not go together," she said,
Cleopatra then quickly passed,
To the south her eyes are cast,
What was signified by her last phrase?
Which Caesar meant she by her dying gaze?
Your deductions suspicions foster,
That assassinated Caesar was some impostor,
For Caesar's ghostly rebukes had certainly tried,



To trigger your own attempted suicide,
Your weakness this spirit did exploit,
To cause your impaling so maladroit,
And Cleo's death was not by herself consigned,
The asp's bite clearly came from behind,
And Octavius in his belligerence,
Shares with Caesar great resemblance,
Was the assassination feigned,
Because rally popularity had waned?
And in Octavius a new image was created,
To renew his power that had abated,
Your coupling with Cleo could have never withstood,
If Caesar couldn't have her, nobody could,
Rally now to Studio MMMCDLXXXVIII,
And Rally Caesar assassinate,
He cannot have more than two lives,
If you stab him with your trusty knives!