



## POPES

Your position in the world since the days of Christ has rivaled the power of emperors and generals. Julius Caesar would have quaked in his Roman sandals to watch your rise and influence across that part of the world to which Christianity has laid claim. More than philosophers and scientists, your moral authority for centuries has remained second to none; your declarations have carved the boundaries of nations, sent the masses to crusade against the infidels, and caused hundreds to be burned as heretics. The riches that your Vatican has amassed tower over the treasuries of France and England combined. You are the Bishop of Rome, the spokesperson for God, His Holiness. Some just call you the Pope.

By all rights, you more than anyone else should be entrusted with the keys to the pearly gates of Heaven. But *might* does not make *right*. Your reign in its different personifications has spanned the moral spectrum from holiness to greed, from righteousness to corruption. You conspired as much as you inspired, you destroyed as much as you built, and you betrayed as much as you were loyal. The only thing that equaled your treachery was your brazen

hypocrisy. As a result, the dubious work of your disciples, from Boniface VIII to John Paul II, has earned you the position you richly deserve: a place in Hell. Only the famous writer Dante has provided you with a passage of escape: a dark journey through the nine circles of sin which you so comfortably inhabited while alive.

To Hell with You!

1. The tenet “practice what you preach,”  
Is a rule not within papal reach,  
When the Pope declared that heretics be burned,  
It’s his own ashes that should be churned,  
No better example was Pope John XII,  
Who raped female pilgrims and accumulated great wealth,  
He ordained a deacon in a stable,  
And consecrated a ten year old as a bishop able.  
After making a brothel of a Lutheran palace,  
In pagan gods he found some solace,  
Wash your hands of this HERESY,  
In a Bargello basin that’s plain to see,  
Muse upon the frescoes of Giotto’s chamber,  
To the right of which you soon do clamber,  
Mary Magdalene waves you down,  
To the right of Dante who stands in brown.

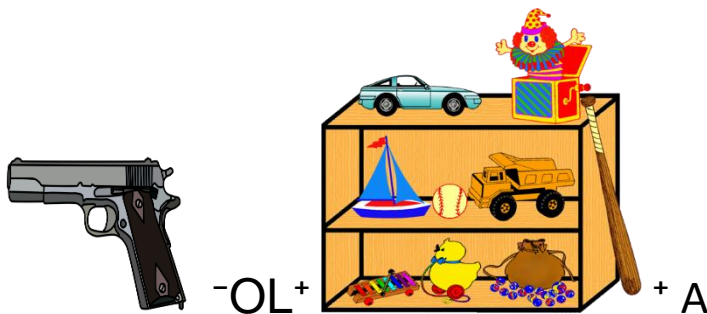
2. It seemed one Pope was never baptized,  
And left himself a bit less prized,  
Pope John Paul lost a finger,  
Because the pontiff did malingering,  
It is time to set things straight,  
For this modern pope who was quite great,  
Near to the Duomo's Bapistero you will glide,  
Lest in Dante's LIMBO you must hide,  
For those not baptized, the fate is hell,  
As you wait at Acheron, forever, for your immortal bell.  
Via Calzaiuoli and **Tiziana** beckons  
With candied goods you'll soon reckon,  
To the patrons with your hats declare:

*From the shadowy sadnesses, not agonies, of multitudes of children and women and men, Virgil said: And don't you ask what spirits are these? Before you go on, I tell you: they did not sin: If they have merit, it can't suffice without Baptism, portal to the faith you maintain...*

3. Where the face of a Pope looms,  
In Casa di Dante's second floor room,  
Is Boniface VII's visage plain,  
Who as Pontiff was so vain,  
That when he dispossessed his Collana rivals,  
And promised Palestrina its survival,

Once by this treaty his words were bound,  
 He razed the sacred city to the ground,  
 For **TREACHERY** Dante reserved a special comeuppance,  
 Boniface was long on promises but short on performance.

4. Popes are seldom known for self-restraint,  
 Lest they be mistaken for monks, all stark and quaint,  
 Guy le Gros was no exception,  
 A France-born **GLUTTON** who loved confections,  
 As Clement IV he devoured cheese and rabbit stew,  
 And boar and pork belly barbecue,  
 In quantities that often scandalized,  
 Even the papal throne had to be resized,  
 What he loved most was spiced baloney,  
 Even more than pasta and maccheroni,  
 A salameria beckons west,  
 On A11/E76 continue your quest,  
 To a town that is read best,  
 By deciphering this test:



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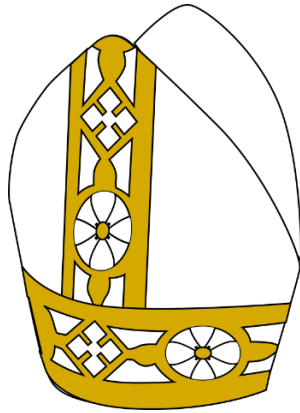
5. The Vatican's penchant for hypocrisy,  
Is made quite clear by its history,  
It opened its doors to crusading knights,  
But to the persecuted Jew it shut them tight,  
While solemnly blessing the world with peace,  
Executions of "heretics" still didn't cease,  
VIOLENCE is your middle name,  
To that circle of hell you've been ordained,  
The voice of Pope Innocent IV was once heard beaming,  
That he didn't hear enough cardinals screaming,  
In his chambers of torture in various positions,  
A singular innovation during the Inquisition,  
How unLucky were clerics behind the scenes,  
When the end justifies the means,  
To Via Fillungo 209 you're sent,  
Kneel, pray and soon repent.

**HOTLINE:**

**MARC (310) 779-3057**

**JEFF (512) 680-4413**

**MICHELE (707) 318-6468**



## DAY TWO

6. At a Place of Miracles find the remains,  
Of a long-ago pontiff who held the reigns,  
Of power over the European masses,  
Pope Formosus' politics incited **WRATH** in the noble classes,  
Once dead and buried in his tomb,  
Pope Stephen VI ordered his body exhumed,  
The pontiff's cadaver was propped on a witness stand,  
Questioned, tried and judged, they took his hand  
And cut the three sacramental fingers off,  
And threw the corpse in Tiber's trough,  
All edicts were invalidated,  
And the public's anger was quickly sated,  
The bones were fished out by a monk,

In the Torre's shadow, find them soon or you're sunk.  
On the northeast edge of the square,  
Lies a walled in cemetery in disrepair,  
In a chapel of bones avenge the pope,  
***Divo Hierunimo Sacrum*** brings some hope,  
On the entrance's opposite hall,  
A righteous cabinet will enthrall.

7. Pope Leo X put the papacy up for sale,  
Promotions, positions, land full-scale,  
He profited dearly from his simony,  
And now inhabits a sub-category,  
Of **FRAUD** in Dante's eighth hellish sphere,  
Marketing indulgences for those in need,  
A cabal of cardinals rebelled against his greed,  
Leo quickly snuffed out this plot,  
By poisoning to death the entire lot,  
Liar! Liar! pants on fire!  
Was his m.o. when things went dire,  
The key you have unlocks the truth,  
In the wooden body of a youth,  
Do not to Santa Maria venture!  
Souvenirs should all be censured!

If you believe these words have that special “ring,”  
Then you will believe anything.  
Under Lucia’s watchful eye,  
It is impossible to lie.

8. In Circle Four, a table with a view was long reserved,  
For Pope John XV who much deserved  
To be boiled in molten gold,  
For spending too freely, the Church was told.  
No Pope was more covetous of filthy lucre and nepotism,  
In 985, John’s papacy was the start of the East-West schism,  
“In these Popes and Cardinals, **GREED** practiced its excess,”  
Were the words that Virgil once expressed,  
Pluto guards this wheel of fortune,  
Beware, security watches for the opportune,  
Discretely find the key off the Arno’s south bank,  
Where florins are encased on the second flank,  
If you need some help in translation,  
Spanish speakers will find adulation.

*For the crime of Greed these souls suffer. Those clerks asquint of mind  
made no measured spending in life. And by contrast, in these Popes and  
Cardinals, greed practiced its excess.*

9. Clement VII was a Medici in his political prime,  
Elected to power in tumultuous times,



The Reformation was on the rise,  
And Henry VIII had severed his ties,  
Emperor Charles the V and Francis I of France  
For control of Italy had started this dance,  
Suleyman of Turkey was on the attack,  
Certainly Rome would not have been violently sacked,  
If Clement's **LUST** for power had not engaged ,  
A choice of allies that was not sage,  
By choosing France against the Empire,  
Rome Renaissance days now looked dire,  
Pillaged, raped and burned,  
Its ruins in Volterra can be discerned.

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## LITTLE CLUES

### 1. At Bargello Popes' basin

Was it an assassin's bullet in '81,  
That disabled the world's favorite Holy One?  
Or was it heaven that rankled from God's decree,  
That Catholic clerics of the See,  
Had to be a baptized mortal,  
From the monument's portal it is not too far,  
Numerically 85R.  
There at Migone's with Rosie, Jan Luca or Delia's aid ,  
A small baptism is prepaid.

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6

## 2. At Migone sweets

At the end room behind his sculpted bust,  
The Pope now writhes in chains so just,  
From paradise, just look to the right  
And soon escape this fiery plight.

(With Pope's finger)

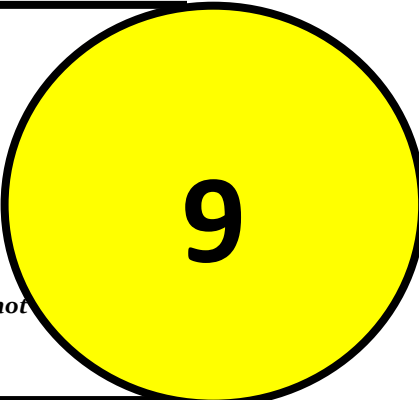
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**1**

### 3. On Inferno chained man sculpture sec floor Casa di Dante

In a square named della Sala,  
Is a sort of salami Valhalla,  
Park and walk to 19-22,  
Salaioli's the right mileu,  
And there instill in Clement a normal diet,  
By reciting your bag's quote, *not one of you quiet.*

<p>In a square named della Sala, Is a sort of salami Valhalla, Park and walk to 19-22, Salaioli's the right mileu, And there instill in Clement a normal diet, By reciting your bag's quote, <i>not quiet.</i></p>	
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“To escape the Great Worm Cerberus,  
Three throated, crimson eyed clawed and murderous,  
Thundering over the gluttons of circle three,  
As a dog who craves barking, we'll see  
That he grows quiet as he snaps up his food,  
Than a thrown salami will soon delude,  
And allow us to pass as he masticates,  
One step closer to the Holy Gates.”

(In clue bag)

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Is a sort of salami Valhalla,  
Park and walk to 19-22,  
Salaioli's the right mileu,  
And there Clement  
Couldn't handle what he  
Ate, Where did he evacuate?

9

4. At Salaoili, Under cheese and salami plate at Salaioli, Piazza della Sala, 19-22 or in WC

"The Book of Souls" was sung by which band?  
Heavy metal describes the matter at hand,  
Let us not belabor its Middle Aged meaning,  
West on the e76/A11 you should be careening.

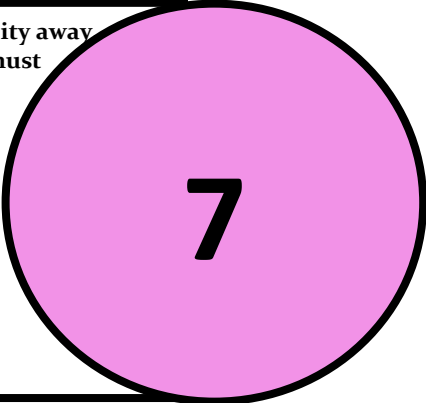
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3

5. Iron Maiden Lucca

Your half way house is just a city away,  
To Grand Hotel Duomo you must now stray,  
In the leaning tower town find a Via  
Now named after Santa Maria,  
In your GPS for parking enter **Via Don Gaetano Boschi 25**  
It's your halfway house but careful in your drive,  
Check in at ninety four,  
At the desk take a picture for your score.  
Lest behind others you'll surely lag,  
Only later get your bags.

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To Grand Hotel Duomo you must  
now stray, In your GPS for  
parking enter  
Via Don Gaetano Boschi 25  
To Grand Hotel Duomo u  
Should arrive  
In the leaning tower town  
find a Via Now named after  
Santa Maria, Check in at 94  
With the hotel marquee take  
a picture for your score.



In Iron Maiden in Lucca (with pacifier?)

6. At Camposanto Popes bones chapel

Pope Formosus is now cleared  
Not excommunicated,  
but revered,  
But Leo's sins you must  
now launder,  
To 145 VSM you must  
now saunter, The more  
you talk the more your  
nose,  
By centimeters grows.



5

Right cabinet in papal bones chapel at Camposanto  
With a euro note/Pinocchio key

7. In Pinocchio

Walk or drive across the water  
But Ponte de Mezzo is good for a promenader,  
The Palazzo Blue across the way,  
Is the place to hold sins at bay.

Walk or drive across the water  
But Ponte de Mezzo is good  
for a promenader,

The Palazzo Blue across  
the way

Is the place to hold  
Sins at bay.

8

8. at florins stand Palazzo Blu In language translation box nest to coin cabinet At Palazzo Blue

The ruins left by Charles' attack,  
Will humble your Popes and set them aback,  
439 south to SP15 don't hesitate,  
80 minutes to a Florentine Gate,  
Off Via Varnacci, find the remains  
Of an amphitheater outside the walled domain,  
A short tunnel's end will signify,  
Where your last mission is soon to lie,  
Position yourself so you can envision,  
The pictured image in your provisions.

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4



9. At Roman ruins

With your circles conquered and sins atoned,  
The Gates of Paradise is your last milestone,  
“ Through a round aperture you shall soon all share,  
Some of the beautiful things that heaven bears,”  
You have known the pathway all along,  
To the wiles of temptation, you must be strong,  
There’s a false bottom in your bag,  
The last journey route is therein flagged.

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2

## FALSE BOTTOM OF BAG

- At almost 10 Km from Volterra ( SR 439 dir Km 6,4) you will find the hotel and restaurant MOLINO D'ERA with a gas station IP (blue sign) on your left.
- Turn to the left and then take your first right (straight after a small bridge) following sign towards COLLE VAL D'ELSA • You are always driving on the

SR 439 dir, after 10 mins you will find the road to COZZANO SENSANO ULIGNANO, take it turning left. • Ignore the first junction to COZZANO and take only the second one indicating also ULIGNANO • Continue on this road that stands out as a paved road and then becomes a dirt road as it starts to wind up the hill. • You will pass yellow signs for “Villa Scop Ricci” and 1.8Km later you will find the sign for Villa di U lignano. • Make a sharp right turn onto this cypress-lined road. • At the top of the road you will find a high boxwood hedge in front of you, at which point turn left into the driveway of the Villa.

## THINGS/IN BAG

Finger

Quote to Valeria at Il Salaiolo

To escape the Great Worm Cerberus,  
Three throated, crimson eyed clawed and murderous,  
Thundering over the gluttons of circle three,  
As a dog who craves barking, we'll see  
That he grows quiet as he snaps up his food,  
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One step closer to the Holy Gates.”

(In clue bag)

Legal tender at popes bones

Map of Church

Pictured image of Ruins

Pinocchio keys

Notes:

CS Marketing indulgences for those in need,  
A pew of cardinals rebelled against his greed,  
Leo quickly snuffed out this plot,  
By poisoning to death the entire lot,  
The Duomo's transept should soon render,  
Penance along with legal tender.

Past a pulpit left you saunter,  
To the 4<sup>th</sup> bench in the section,  
Pietro Mafi MCMXXIV brings perfection,  
If your fate you're to unseal,  
I would suggest you quickly kneel,  
If cordoned off for praying,  
When in Rome? Should we be braying?

