



## THE NOBLES

On the year that one of your statesman discovered the New World, you lay in your death bed ay your villa in Careggi, comforted by the thought that in a few moments your soul would begin its irrefutable ascent to the gates of Paradiso. On your right was your beloved wife, Clarice Orsini, still beautiful, stemming a growing tide of tears that flowed down her pallid cheeks with a handkerchief made from your trademark wool. On your left, stood your less than trusted banking associate Tomaso Portinari, who was perusing a banking

ledger for ways to cover up his banking misdeeds, peering through his monocle, and checking his watch. At the foot of the bed was Savanorola, the ascetic religious leader who was secretly damning you in muted words. It was reported that he spat on you before you expired. No papal consort was in sight.

You are Lorenzo de Medici, aka Lorenzo the Magnificent, and you and your supporting cast of nobles and bankers had been the de fact rulers of the Florentine Republic for already a century. Your progeny would go on to marry kings and sire Popes. But primarily, history will remember you as the wealthy leader of the most prosperous banking family of Europe in the 15<sup>th</sup> century, a patron of the arts that ignited the Renaissance, and an arbiter of conflicts between local ruling elites. Your protegés included Botticelli and Michelangelo, who you supported and harbored from their youth.

It is said that at the time of your death, the dome of the [Florence Cathedral](#) was struck by lightning, and ghosts appeared, and the lions at Via Leone kept fighting one another.<sup>[35]</sup>

But the truth be known, as benevolent as your motives were, you effectively reigned as an unelected despot, ruling the local councils through threats, payoffs, and secret marriages. The freedoms of ordinary citizens were curtailed, and your banks from London to Lyon failed one by one due to corruption and liberal lending practices. Magnificent? Not so much.

If your soul is lucky enough, with your cabal of venal nobles to even be considered as a candidate for Heaven, it will be *by way* of a detour.

A detour through the nine circles of Dante's Hell.

To Hell with you!

1. The problem with your decline,  
Was due to lax monetary guidelines,  
There was too much money Lindt,  
To folks who carried on and spent,  
Edward the VI was a bad account,  
The demise of London's branch you could not surmount,  
Bruges fell and then Lyons, through bad accounting,  
The **GLUTTONY** of money is astounding,  
The Duomo stands catty corner from this shop,  
A typical chocoholic drop,  
Just north of the Baptistry,  
You'll go to Luca with great glee,  
He wears a chef's hat all the time,  
And will help investigate the crime,

But not until you recite:

This famous quote to the plebiscite:

**In the dangerous circumstances in which our city is placed, the time for deliberation is past. Action must be taken... I have decided, with your approval, to sail for Naples immediately, believing that as I am the person against whom the activities of our enemies are chiefly directed, I may, perhaps, by delivering myself into their hands, be the means of restoring peace to our fellow-citizens. As I have had more honour and responsibility among you than any private citizen has had in our day, I am more bound than any other person to serve our country, even at the risk of my life. With this intention I now go. Perhaps God wills that this war, which began in the blood of my brother and of myself, should be ended by any means. My desire is that by my life or my death, my misfortune or my prosperity, I may contribute to the welfare of our city... I go full of hope, praying to God to give me grace to perform what every citizen should at all times be ready to perform for his country.**

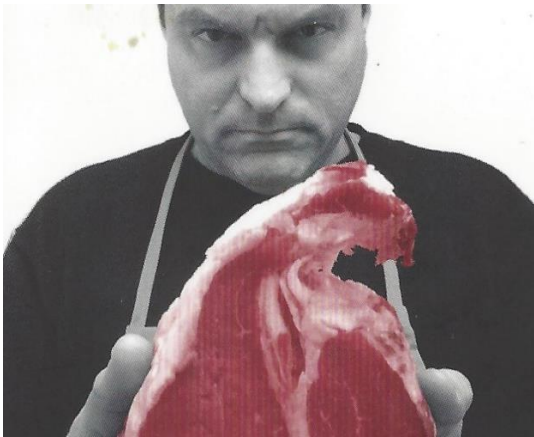
*Lorenzo de' Medici, 1479.*<sup>[17]</sup>

2. Clara was a beautiful wife,  
But you had a penchant for marital strife,  
Your playboy ways were quite well-known,  
Long past the time of wild oats sown,  
You have sired children outside of marriage,  
Your reputation was soon disparaged,  
LUST has its consequences dire,  
On the first (*ital.*) floor peasant offspring you chose to sire,

Just inside the noble's bedroom,  
Where the Pope watched, salivating, in the anteroom.

3. You have sported many a *mask*,  
When the Florentines took you to task,  
Art patron, civic leader, and banker too,  
Which was the face that rendered true?  
Your **FRAUD** was a public conundrum,  
Was it painting or alum?  
Did you give much thought to finance,  
While the art world you romanced?  
The Piazza Signoria is where Priors ruled,  
One of whom you never fooled,  
You might find a bit of solace,  
In what's left of an old Palace.
  
4. The humanist paganism of many a work,  
Made Savanorola go berserk,  
He was an ascetic who wanted to reform,  
The **HERESY** of the cultural norm,  
That was the circle of sin that you embraced,  
Catholicism with its icons made the heart race,

Nudity in sculptures pruriently displayed,  
To Panzano the path is laid,  
It's the famous road to Chianti,  
Virgil yells to you, "Avanti!"  
It's worth your salt to elocute,  
If the next circle you're to uproot.  
Once at the location get the chart,  
The cow's anatomy would be a start.



5. To Gaiole town your circles beckon,  
20 Kms northeast of the Palio's haven Dante reckons,  
You've been noncommittal in all pursuits,  
And Faith is the least of your good suits,  
How long will you remain in **LIMBO**?  
The Acheron awaits when all's akimbo,

There *take your meat map* and decide,  
If Number 3 (*eng.*) will provide,  
The way to fill in your life's blanks,  
Is it in your carnivorous flanks?  
The letters' numerical sequence,  
Will help you with your delinquency.

20 3 6 16 5 11 11 7 D I B R 7 12 I 7

*Was there ever a people as vain as the Siennese? Certainly not the French by far.*

**HOTLINE:**

**MARC (310) 779-3057**

**JEFF (512) 680-4413**

**MICHELE (707) 318-6468**



## DAY TWO

6. Top of the morning to the nobility!  
At ten a.m. you should get mobility,  
Take a pic of your timed departure,  
That the hotel marquee will ensure,  
You raided state treasures when your bank failed,  
Your theft of a dowry fund was off the scale,  
When you raided your son's estate,  
Your **TREACHERY** almost sealed your fate,



And caused it to come back in kind,  
With the Pazzi conspiracy and the Pope behind,  
Bank rivals that threatened the Medici power base,  
Because government abuses had become commonplace,  
Your brother was stabbed to death at mass,  
These plotters were all snakes in the grass,  
Though you were saved by the public wrath,  
An education in public office is your path,  
The Palazzo Pubblico awaits to teach,  
On the second to top floor a town's in reach,  
At different ends of a model city,  
Security stares with eyes of pity,  
Bench it now and be aware,  
That strange gestures will impair,  
Your path to honest governing,  
I can feel the eyes of guardsmen burning,  
A she wolf guards the hall.  
So your leaders won't be AWOL.

*As frogs lay croaking with their muzzles above water, at the time  
when peasant women often dream of gleaning, so the shadows sat in  
the ice, lived to where the blush of shame appears, chattering with  
their teeth, like storks.*

7. Though respected as a patron of the arts,  
Your **GREED** was known to top the charts,  
While your managers cooked your books,  
You continued to hire a staff of crooks,  
Portinari and De Rossi were corrupt,  
Your bank collapse would be abrupt,  
And your expenditure of thousands of florins a year,  
Caused you steal from the public sphere  
In a place in a Medieval Manhattan 46 kms far  
Your hands were found in the cookie jar,  
A brother's female sibling is a word,  
That with an "n" you should be spurred.

*For avarice like yours distributes grief, afflicting the Lord by  
trampling on the good and raising the wicked.*

8. Renaissance Justice was like the old west,  
Torture was used as tool to test  
The guilt or innocence of the suspect,  
False confessions was the effect,  
Public executions without evidence,  
By excited mobs were prevalent

The Medici's persecuted the Ghibellines,  
And believed that the end justified the means,  
You embraced cruel methods of **VIOLENCE**,  
The strappado, rack and maiden were often dispensed,  
On San Giovanni there's a public display,  
Penance there might judgement sway.

*But fix your gaze on the valley, because we near the river of blood,  
which those who injure others by violence are boiled.*

9. The **WRATH** that spurred the rivalry,  
Between Guelphs and Ghibellines was clear to see,  
Your politics gave the war its seed,  
Playing Pope against Emperor was your creed,  
The Bianchi and Neri slaughter,  
Was a way to divide and conquer your political fodder  
Dante tried to broker peace,  
At a common hall with his expertise.

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## LITTLE CLUES

1. In chocolate bar bearing signature Dante Allighieri

All of Portinari's banking books,  
Your intervention has now uncooked,  
But your unbridled libido must be reigned in,  
Your affairs have left a trail of sin,  
At Dante's house you'll make amends,  
On the second floor your fate portends.

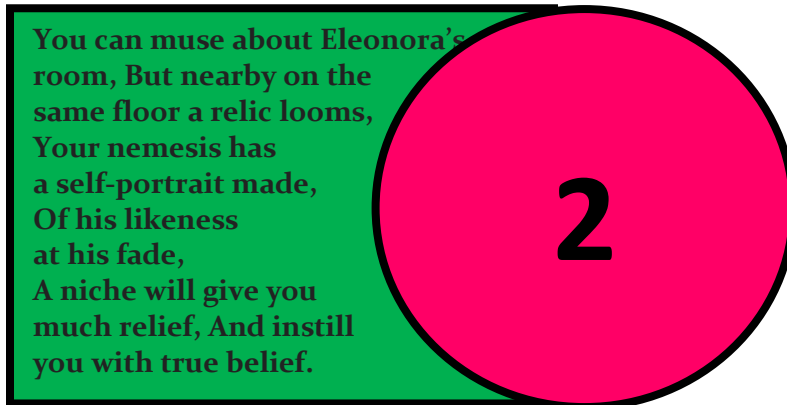
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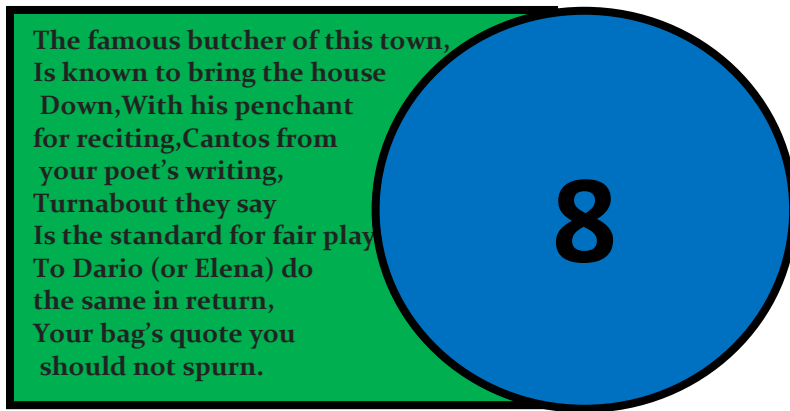
2. At Dante's house in side window to Nobles' room

You can muse about Eleonora's room,  
But nearby on the same floor a relic looms,  
Your nemesis has a self-portrait made,  
Of his likeness at his fade,  
A niche will give you much relief,  
And instill you with true belief.



3. Near Dante mask

The famous butcher of this town,  
Is known to bring the house down  
With his penchant for reciting,  
Cantos from your poet's writing,  
Turnabout they say  
Is the standard for fair play,  
To Dario (or Elena) do the same in return,  
Your bag's quote you should not spurn.



### QUOTE TO DARIO:

“Master who are these people entombed in these vaults who make themselves known by tormented sighing?”

Response (if possible, in ital.): “Here are the arch-heretics with their followers, of every sect. And the tombs contain many more than you might think. Here like is buried with like, and the monuments differ in degrees of heat.”

#### 4. In salt container

The barons knew how to pull your chords,  
When the pope sewed public discord,  
Ricasoli was no exception,  
At his place you will find salvation,  
The second pew or a hallucinogenic trip,  
San Jacopo's chapel is a good tip,  
The holy water is in the back,  
Porcini or shitake, there's a pack.

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if you search there in the back.

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5. Under mushroom at Brolio; holy water bottle

From lack of faith you must repent!  
To the Hotel Athena you are next sent,  
A Siena abode by this very name,  
Stands at Via P. Mascagni 55 if you are game  
Your halfway house is off the SS674,  
Come around through the San Marco door.  
Do not take the SR 22,  
You will circle the town 'til you're blue,

Massetana to Mascagni is your route,  
A liberal turn on Via Nuovo Asila will leave no doubt,  
In three hundred meters find your space,  
In front of the hotel sign your team will grace,  
A photo of your middle stopping place,  
Send it Asap to your hosts to stay in the race.

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A liberal turn on N. Asila 300 m. to  
your space, In front of the front sign  
a photo you'll grace.

1

## 6. In Hall of Good and Bad government (sign)

**SG** has a reputation,  
For the flocks of tourist migration,  
**P<sub>3</sub>** should have a carriage space,  
To Piazza Cisterna you'll have to race,  
You are equipped with tools to do some fishing,  
At this place of public wishing.

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9



7. In cistern

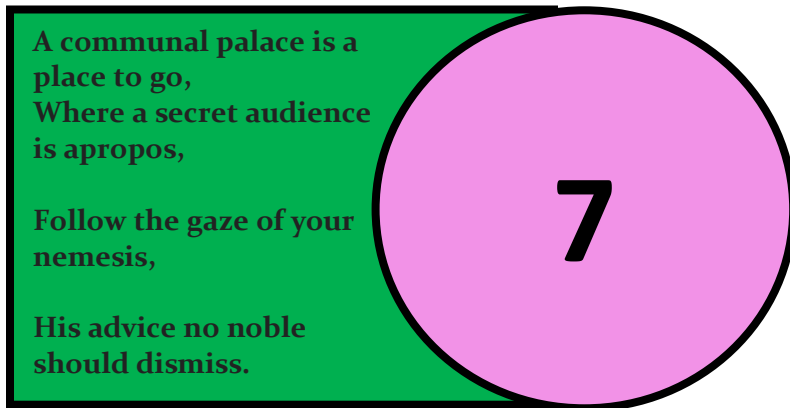
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Is to extract confessions from everyone,  
Bad to Worse consequences are only due,  
When justice is faced with the turn of the screw.  
The returns in terms of agony inflicted,  
On an upper floor is well depicted.

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4

## 8. In thumb screw

**A communal palace is a place to go,  
Where a secret audience is apropos,  
Follow the gaze of your nemesis,  
His advice no noble should dismiss.**



## 9. Sala di Dante – Secret Audience

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 is therein flagged.

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5



IN CLUE BAG

Quote to Dario  
Magnet device

## ***THE WAY TO PARADISE***

*Villa di Ullignano Localita' Ullignano 56048 Volterra (Pisa) N 43.  
24.448 E 010. 51.592*

*The Villa is in the locality of Ullignano, town of Volterra, in the Province of Pisa Not to be confused to the town of Ullignano to the north of San Gimignano (Province of Siena)*

*From San Gimignano estimated time 25 minutes • Drive around San Gimignano to the north-end, following signs for GAMBASSI on the SP 69 • At the roundabout keep on following direction GAMBASSI • Go along this road till the junction for VOLTERRA on the SP 62 and take it • Go along this road (the SP 62 will become SP 53) till Km 6 of the SP 53 where you will find a farm on your left and a big dirt country road on your right with cypresses with indicated Villa di Ullignano white sign • Once on the unpaved road follow yellow signs for Villa di Ullignano, pass Escaia and Cafaggiolo before finding the driveway of the Villa on your left*