



OPERA SINGERS

There are many of God's followers that are deserving of a place in Paradise; the hard-working peasant, the self-sacrificing nobleman, the Papal disciple. But no one, no King of France or Caesar of Rome, could deny you, of all people, *that* claim, especially after spending an evening in your God-like presence. For there was no holier sound and no purer emanation of love than your singing voice, which even without years of training was a glorious manifestation of beauty at the youngest of ages. At seven you beguiled the citizen folk of Lucca with your voice, and peasants and nobles instantly dropped their harnesses and quills and pricked up their ears to listen to your lovely arias echoing from local townships and country side. Years later, you would bring down the house to the applause of worldly audiences at the Scala in Milan, you would be the most sought after courtesan of the Louis XIV Court at Versailles, and you would gross the highest CD sales of classical music in the Modern Age.

Except, well, life was not that simple. There was an uglier side to your holy countenance, and a darker side to your character, and it was a well-known in many private circles that you could be *a living hell*. You were egotistical, ferocious with your rivals, penurious with the poor, in spite of the ungodly sums of money you had accumulated over years of calculation. You were once quite beautiful, but that was before you became a gourmande par excellence. You can hardly fit into a small capella today. And you did not get to the top by singing Christmas carols, but by unrelenting ambition, evil manipulation, and the same violence that was often stage-left in some of your favorite opera performances.

Face it, you were a *Diva*. You were less revered than feared. When you finally expired on your death bed amidst a sea of mourning sycophants, the light at the end of the tunnel was not the cherub – bordered blue sky of eternity. It was *Hell*. Dante took one quick look at your operatic persona, and declared, “To Hell with You!”

1. In the Basilica di Santa Croce,
Composer Rossini’s whispers *sotto voce*,
“Of my tomb’s advice you should be sure,
When I wrote The William Tell Overture,
My opera buffa was my contribution,
But why do I find God’s retribution?”

“The Italiana in Algeri” shows how rife,
Was the role of food in his life,
To **GLUTTONY** he must confess,
Here’s a place to find redress.

2. Berlioz wrote an opera semi-seria

With an engaging score and beautiful arias,
Its character was a goldsmith and sculptor of great fame,
Perseus with the Head of Medusa brought much acclaim,
But his dismal downfall was due to **LUST**,
His sexual deviance was quite ro**bast**,
Sodomy charges lied in the wake,
Of the reputation of this rake,
As an option the famous statue is on display,
But to **Ponte Vecchio** is your first foray.

3. La Scala was inaugurated,

By a composer of integrity much debated,
Antonio Salieri had poisoned his archrival,
Mozart’s demise was his creative survival,
With Europa Reconsuitta Salieri rebounded,
By **TREACHERY**’s shadow he was still hounded,

Like La Scala, your next visitation,
Is across from a Duomo without hesitation,
There only a musical performance will bring
Redemption if Mozart's lyrics you sing!
The lyrics are in your sack,
And this link will provide a fallback.

7:20 to 8:45

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XPYjqz7nToY>

4. Go to a famous birthplace in your next quest
Of the composer of the *Girl of the Golden West*,
That direction would be apropos,
Down the FI-PI-LI you must now Go!
For all of his merit as a musician,
In one area he was seriously deficient,
His piety was never confirmed with a baptism,
Leaving the path to paradise in schism
Faithless and left to wallow,
In **LIMBO** with no banner to follow.

5. No greater voice graced the operatic stage,
Than Caruso's in the Golden Age,
As an international star at the Met,
His success was not without regret,

Behind the scenes he was known for his anger,
Which put him in the path of danger,
He was extorted for crossing the Black Hand,
And died mysteriously when he refused their demands,
WRATH was his Achilles' heel all the same,
It's time now to play **half** your game,
Pick up the card at this place that looks closed,
And save your arias and order for the morning's pose,
That shade will show when you sing your canto
In the morning glow.
After your **cluesheet 6** challenge is done,
Order a certain pizza for appropriate fun,
Near this miraculous square
At Santa Maria's end in the open air.

Ah Pisa, you shame the people of this fair land.

In your GPS for street parking enter Via Roma 58
It's street parking that gets you closer to Heaven's gate,
Close to your halfway house but don't crash-dive,
Across from it your clue's alive.

Canto (circle 5) for morning fun:

Flegias, Flegias tu gridi a voto,

*Disse lo mio signore, "a" questa volta piu non ci avrai che sol
passando Il loto*

*Tutti gridavano: "A Filippo Argenti!" a il fiorentino spirito bizzarre
in se medesimo si volvea co' denti.*

*Lo buon maestro disse, "O mai, figliuolo, sappresse la cita ch'e
nome Dite,*

Co gravi cittadin, col grande stuolo."

HOTLINE:

MARC (310) 779-3057

JEFF (512) 680-4413

MICHELE (707) 318-6468



DAY TWO

6. The circle of VIOLENCE did not discriminate,
For those inclined to self-immolate,
Divas and divos have taken in stride,
The passion of the dramatic suicide,
You hardly discouraged the rampant habit,
By dramatizing it as something heroics inhabit,
Throwing oneself off a *tower's* top,
Was a perfect Love and Anguish back drop,
The Flying Dutchman and *Dido* too,

Extolled the conduct for all to view.
Not in the bells but just below,
In a place where you might find mistletoe.
There is only one exemption,
That might provide you with redemption,
Up the leaning steps you peel,
And where the top's exit is revealed,
There the light shines in your soul,
Inner peace, not violence, will control.
After your done you'll need to recite,
The canto to the bottega from last night.

7. The "Three Tenors" were quite a charade,
From concertgoers millions were paid,
Radio and television listeners took the event by storm,
Just to hear Carrera, Domingo and Pavarotti perform,
But the FRAUD committed was the big hoodwink,
When the music turned out to be lip synced,
An accompanying pianist knew the score,
On his second floor salon on the Arno's shore,
When he found out the truth his mouth stood agape,
The bad recording he tried to drape.

8. For all that Andrea Bocelli has given
To Lajatico you must be driven,
For **HERESY**'s dictates have not forgiven,
The biggest lie for which he's striven,
Would "Time to say Goodbye" have sold?
If viewers had known how well-controlled
The fact that he was not truly blind,
At a theater his reading glasses now find
To upset this marketing apple cart,
Through town and down would be a start,
If a concert's a'happenin' you have no choice,
But to find the billboard that advertises his voice,
Down that bumpy road for 3 kilometers,
That option might quell your heated thermometer.

9. At Palazzo Minucci Solaini,
An Ecomuseo sits on Via Sarti,
You would probably go considerably faster,
If you knew it was mostly alabaster,
Your most motivating force was not music but **GREED**,
Your tendencies toward avarice you'll always heed,
How many jolts will you need?
How many *volts* can you heed?

It *err* is human, forgive divine,
Then to honesty incline,
Singers marry the men with the art,
Who with marble or diamonds or granite won't part,
43 Kilometers down to a **P-1** Parking garage
Below Piazza Martiri della Liberta you'll be assuaged,
To find *Wassup* you'll need to go down,
Below the library that is just around.

*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.*

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LITTLE CLUES

1. Near Rossini tomb at Santa Croce

A self-aggrandizing memoirist,
Concludes his last bisexual tryst,
Walk to a 16th century mannerist,
An *old bridge* across the Arno will assist,
There unlock the circle of LUST

A self-aggrandizing memoirist
Concludes his last
bisexual tryst,
Walk to a 16th century
mannerist,
An *old bridge* across
the Arno will assist,
There unlock the
circle of LUST,
Your bag's key's a must.

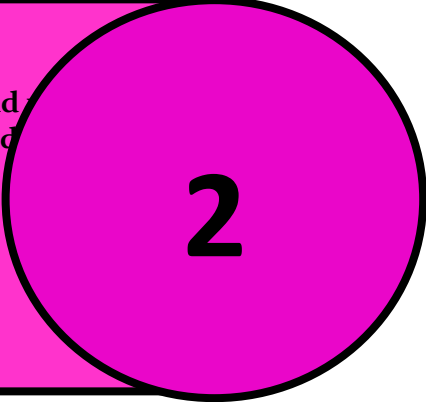


3

2. In Cellini bust on Ponte Vecchio

Across from the Duomo is a Palombella Caffé,
At 62/R Piazza you'll find your next foray,
It is suitably called what you might suppose,
To Giulia or Jacopo sing your bag's prose.
With the link to help you with the song
With Don Giovane you can't go wrong.

Across from the Duomo
is a Palombella Caffé,
At 62/R Piazza you'll find
foray,It is suitably called
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With Don Giovane you
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Guilia serves them tiramisù, croissants etc with clue in it

3. In Croissant at Opera Caffé

This Lucca abode where Puccini was born
Might make a pious man forlorn,
Holy water was never stocked,
To anoint new Christians into the flock
Find a small supply for quick redress,

A museum cabinet should impress,
The Room 3 drawers have secrets to show,
Unless you need a hand in the courtyard below.

This Lucca abode where
Puccini was born, Might make a
pious a man forlorn, Holy water
was never stocked, To
anooint new Christians
into the flock, Find a small
supply for quick redress,
A museum cabinet should
impress, The Room 3
drawers have secrets to show,
Unless you need a hand in
the courtyard below.

9

4. Puccini cabinet

At 145 the Antica Bottega is the place for the pie,
On the Via where a tower leans in the sky,
Vincenzo stands by in the a.m. to take your request,
Now Hold the anchovies if you don't want the zest.

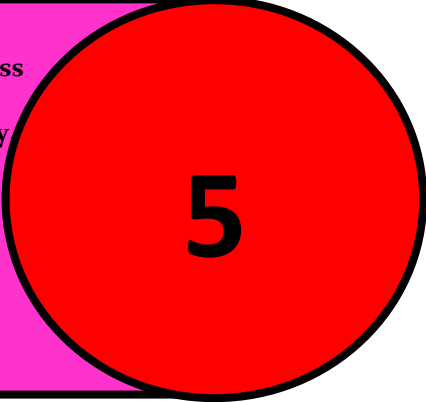
At 145 the Antica Bottega is
the place for the pie, On the
Via where a tower
leans in the sky, Vincenzo
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Now hold the anchovies if you
don't want the zest.

1

5. Under pizza at 145 Via Santa Maria

Your half way house is just a few blocks
To Grand Hotel Duomo you must now stray,
For your last Aria
Head back down Via Santa Maria,
Check in at ninety four,
At the desk take a picture for your score.
And to be precise,
Text it now to Paradise.

Your halfway house is across
the way, To Grand Hotel
Duomo you must now stray
Via Santa Maria,
Check in at ninety four,
At the desk take a picture
for your score. And to be
precise,
Text it now to Paradise.



6. On shelf on Tower of Pisa top

From this perch upon this shelf,
There's no other choice but to help yourself
The lyrics were written with staged appeal,
Not a single aria was actually real,
With sing by number musical notes,
A new arrangement's your antidote.
1 L U 2 P 3 L 6 5 9

From this perch upon this shelf,
There's no other choice
but to help yourself
The lyrics were written
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7

7. At piano drapes in Palazzo Blu

At Teatro del Silencio you might have thought,
A Los Angeles Band might have played
there on microdot,
Their name resounds with a
certain heat, If you're making
chili you might retreat
Their emblem can be seen from afar,
Find where the rocky entrance remains ajar.

At *Teatro del Silencio* you might have thought, A Los Angeles Band might have played there on microdot, A monolith can be seen from afar, in a ring of rocks will sing your star. If no entry is allowed, down to path's freeways T intersection plow.

8

8. Entrance to Teatro del Silencio

Eggs are fried and omelette made,
Poached and hard-boiled once they're laid,
But the best egg yet on which to sup,
Is the one served sunny side up.

Eggs are fried and omelette made,
Poached and hard-boiled once they're laid,
But the best egg yet on which to sup,
Is the one served sunny side up.

6

9. Sunny side up Alabaster statue

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.

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



4

IN 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.

IN BAG/devices

Lyrics

Lock

Holy water

Reading glasses

Program

ALADDIN

Are you angry Mother, now I shall dull and peevish grow,
When I see the sky so bright,
And he feeds so warm with light,
O I feel as I had wings
And the heart within me sings,
Then it may be I am too gay,
But forgive Mother pray,
Be not angry with your boy,
One cross look will mar his joy.

Notes(alternates)

At Camposanto he is buried under another name.

Hail Mary within 25 feet of his tomb,

In a Place of Miracles where a tower looms.

On the side opposite the entry,

Is a corridor without sentry,

Where Pisrtori lies under the floor,

A prayer for Enrico will open the door.

The death date is mislabeled 1933,

1921 is what it truly should be.

Food played a big role in Rossini's life! From drinking the sacramental wine left over from mass as an altar boy, to composing an aria in the time it took his risotto to cook, to weeping over the sight of a truffle-stuffed turkey kicked overboard during a picnic, food and gastronomy was an extreme passion the composer indulged at every opportunity. Many famous dishes have even been conceived thanks to Rossini's fine taste, with Escoffier's cookbooks containing numerous recipes dedicated to the composer and several supposedly created by him. Food was so influential on Rossini that numerous compositions were conceived while waiting or enjoying food, notably composing the famous aria "Nacqui all'Affanno e al Pianto" in 25 minutes at a dinner party. Keep your eyes and ears open for references to fine food in *L'Italiana in Algeri*!

LYRICS TO DON GIOVANE

Schiavo notte e giorno
Per chi non piace nulla,
Pioggia e vento duraturi,
Mangiare male e mal dormire
Voglio fare il gentil uomo
E non voglio piu servir,
Non voglio piu servir, non non non non
Non voglio piu servir!
Che bravo gallant uomo
Gli piace stare dentro con la bella,
Mentre io fuori faccio la sentinela,
La sentinela, la sentinela,
Voglio fare il gentil uomo,
E non voglio piu servir
Mi pare che viene gente,
Mi pare che viene gente,
Ma mi pare che viene gente
Non mi voglio far sentire,
Non non non!
Non mi voglio far sentire,
Non non non!
Non mi voglio far sentire.

7:10 to 8:45

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XPYjqz7nToY>

Vincanso at 00393351025003 v.quirino@hotmail.com Via Santa Maria 145 56126 l'Antica Bottega in
Pisa Pizza with clue under it called *Inferno of Dante* they will play with them!

ADMIT ONE TEAM

Across from the Duomo is a
Palombella Caffé,
At 62/R Piazza is your
next foray,
It is called what you
might suppose,
To Giulia/ Jacopo
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2

Across from the Duomo is a
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