

Lift off to Torre del Tartufo

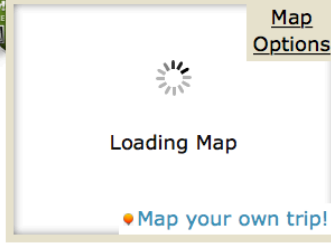
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Trip Start

Apr 28,
1011 [Chiaverreto, Tuscany, Italy](#)
Sunday, May 2, 2010

Trip End

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Rain. Rain. And more rain. The sweet mistress of Katti house loans me her umbrella, and I check my map, and head off to the Accademia to see David. It is a fairly short walk from the B&B, with only a small jog in the road... that is if you start off on the RIGHT road, which I didn't. So, after walking a good 16-20 minutes in the rain with nothing to eat and no coffee, I realize I can't find anything on my map, and decide to circle back around this

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fortress thing I am alongside. And, since I've seen this side, I may as well see the other side, right? Yeah. It's a fortress alright, and it turns out, it's oval, and I came around the short curved side. SOOOO another 20 minutes later, I see an interesting ramp ahead, and decide to check that out... and wouldn't you know it, somehow I've brought myself to the train station, which is a 5 minute walk away from the B&B on the OTHER side. I'm telling you, sometimes I have MAD skills... and [Florence](#) hates me.

After recollecting at a quickie caffe, I head off on the RIGHT street to the Accademia (this time I have signs to prove I am headed in the right direction. It's still raining, so I figured this would keep the line down a bit. And again, [Florence](#) hates me. While I imagine the line is longer in the summer, I begin over 2 hour wait in the rain to get into the building. The reservation line is long too, but they seem to be getting in a bit faster than us. Perhaps it would have been worth the extra 4 euros to reserve ahead of time. I'm sure part of this is because of the holiday.



Inside the Accademia is a mixture of religious art, a room of antique musical instruments (mostly string and harpsichords) a room full of plaster casts used to model marble carvings. The main promenade of Michaelangelo's work is flanked with a set of unfinished carvings, called "prisoners" because they are caught in the marble forever. They are a bit eerie, and it is fascinating to see the works in progress, but a bit sad, too, knowing we will never see his vision for these pieces.

David, however, is standing there in all his glory at the end of the hallway. He is taller than I expected, and at first, I thought "well, yup,

looks just like the pictures." Then you stand still for a moment and keep looking up, and you realize you can see everything... the veins in the crook of his elbow, the way the muscles pull across his ribs, the tightness of tendons in his lower legs. While the face is definitely well done, it is antique and stone- but the rest of his body is surreal, and you only get that by seeing it in 3D, able to adjust the light just minutely to get the view you need to breathe life.



A professional guide is speaking near me, and she mentions that this is one of his earliest commissions, before he had been recognized as a demigod. He needed to make this piece stand out. The marble was flawed, but because he was relatively unknown, he had to work with what was available, and hope it didn't break. The piece was also not quite big enough for his vision, so he had to do the entire statue at an angle to get as much out of the slab as possible. Honestly, [Florence](#) has not been my favorite place- too many people, cars, vendors, cheap restaurants... but this one moment is so worth it.

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