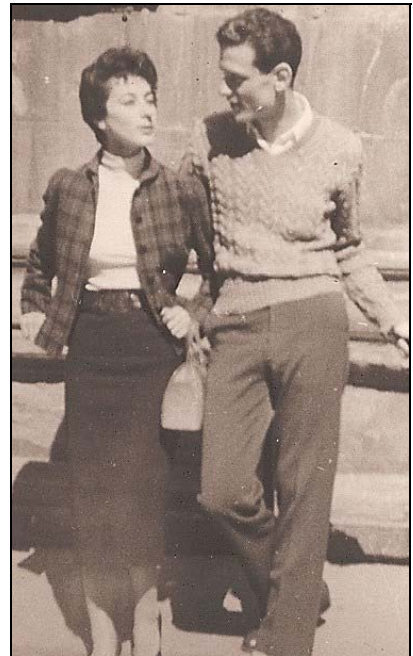


*PERSONAL STORY by Artist Wife--Michele*

*When, I arrived to live with David at some ungodly hour at the train station in Florence, no one was waiting for me. Yet, I did not overreact, and simply grabbed my luggage.. which if I remember well contained a roast pork or similar fare... and trotted myself to Via San Zanobi. I yelled "David" in the street, and his face appeared at the window... which of course might not have happened. In those days the new umbilical cord called a cell phone had not yet woven its net of slavery around every moment, every move a person made. After all, the artistic drive might have sent him racing to the Sistine, or any other shrine to his devotion...I did have faith in his sense of commitment. This day mapped out a schema for our relationship to come. At lunch that day, already sharing one dish between the two of us, at Taverna Medici, because we arrived at Florence with his 80 remaining dollars...he started to warn me, after giving me as a present an ancient copy of "The Taming of the Shrew", that he was there to acquire his craft and sculpture and drawing were to be his priority, that I would have to entertain myself and not expect him to join me in fun activities. It was O.K. with me since I had not been brought up on a menu of leisure or frivolities. Plus, let's face it, he was very handsome, and his art already extremely mature. He drank mostly milk and water, that was another winning point. So I embarked enthusiastically upon my new career...Artist's Mate, assistant, model, muse and caretaker, and it turned out to become a very full plate.*



*David and his sculptures*



*David and Michele - Florence*