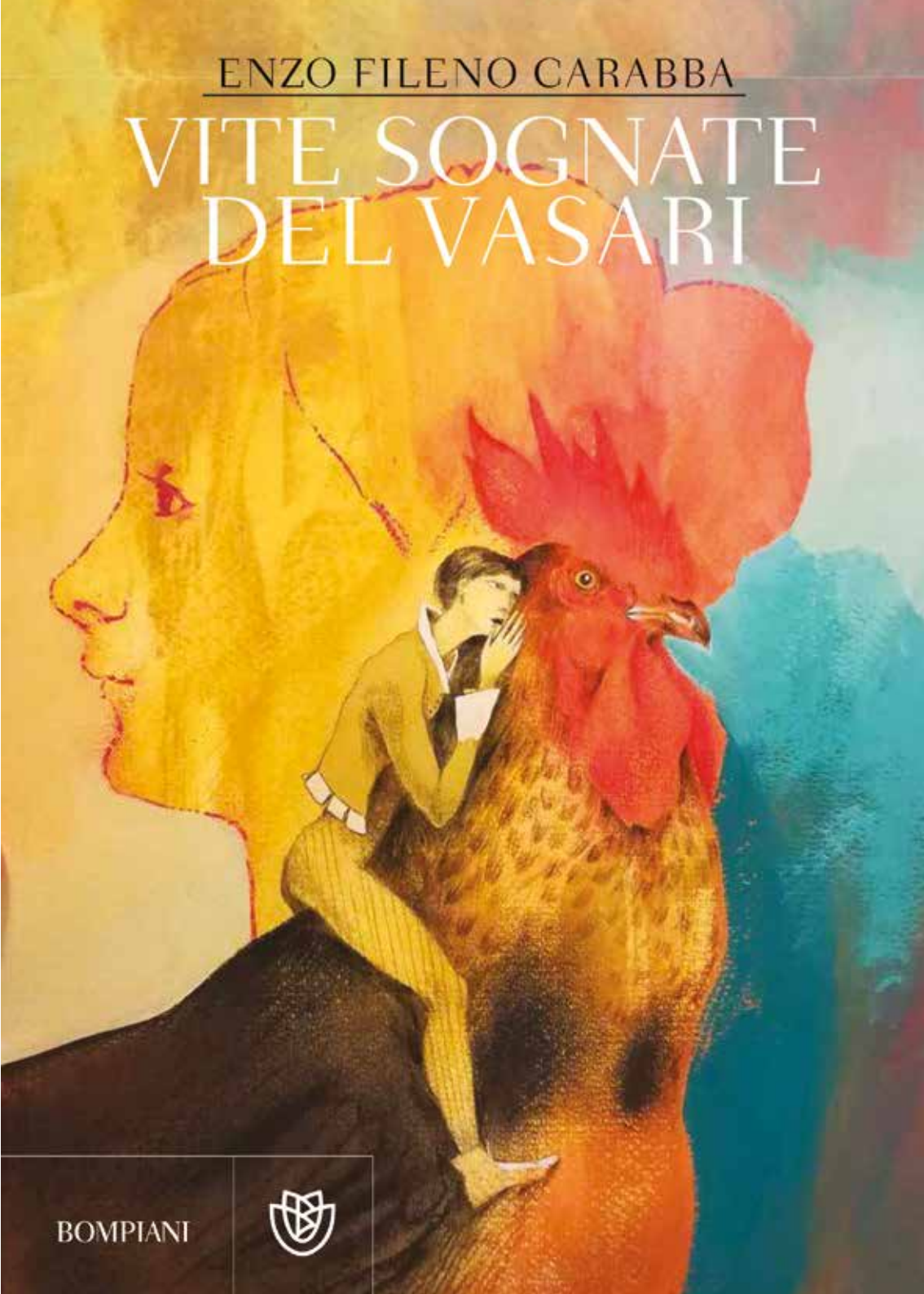
ENZO FILENO CARABBA

VITE SOGNATE DEL VASARI



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ENZO FILENO CARABBA
THE IMAGINED LIVES OF VASARI

translated from the Italian
by Alice Kilgariff

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Initial Note

This book is the result of a marriage of study and invention. It looks like its parents but is not either of them. It would be too complicated to list all these details, so we'll focus on two. Plautilla is described by Vasari but he does not dedicate a 'life' to her (the painter nun appears in that dedicated to Properzia de'Rossi). Vasari does not refer to Nuccio da Sorrettole, perhaps because he never existed. But the people he meets are real.

INTRODUCTION. THE MEANING OF THE LIVES

The Lives of the Most Excellent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects by Giorgio Vasari recounts a whole host of memorable existences that helped form the foundations of our civilisation. However, they are written in an Italian that today is illegible, and as such, not read, leaving that river of knowledge to plunge into the abyss. I have written short stories *based on* Vasari's Lives. I have written them in our language and have respectfully invented new episodes that emerge in a plausible way (this is the idea) from the originals, like leaves from a branch. I call this procedure 'narrative archaeology'. Indeed, much like the archaeologist who upon finding a broken pot deduces a series of things about the life of the community they specialise in, I, with the clues left by Vasari, have rediscovered those episodes that had remained in the shadows.

Every life investigates a state of mind and a state of grace. The lives have passed but the sentiments are very much present, almost as if those single human beings were simply carriers who allowed the feelings to come to life and flourish. Filippo Lippi and his capacity to make himself loved and forgiven. Verrocchio and the dangers of excessive study. Andrea del Castagno and rancour. Botticelli and mental lightness. Leon Battista Alberti and nostalgia. Perugino and his tendency for repetition, and so on. For every artist there is a dominant sentiment.

These short stories do not paraphrase Vasari's Lives, they are "based on" them and aim to be thrilling for a person, even a young one, living today. Given that every story aspires to be plausible, they are also the result of study and discussion with specialists, in particular the art historian Andrea Di Lorenzo. The encouragement received from art critic Sergio Risaliti has been particularly precious. As I have said, each tale contains elements of invention. In fact, it is not an art history text but a narrative work that maintains a peculiar relationship with art history, which acts as its source of stories and sentiments. I will give three examples of almost invented elements. With the Pollaiolo brothers, for example, I imagined that in order to paint they took their inspiration from the cock fights and other exciting chicken-related events that had caught their imaginations when they had been children in their father's shop (a poulterer no less). With Giotto and Cimabue, I imagined they had been fans of fishing. This does not exist in the source, but such a common passion is plausible and would explain a number of famous anecdotes that are otherwise fairly unconvincing. With Andrea Mantegna, I imagined his attraction to nude statues (there is actually no need to generalise, it was one statue in particular) as a true form of love. Furthermore, he was neither the first nor the last person to love a statue. And on it goes. Generally, I believe in the reincarnation of texts and I have tried to write short stories that would amplify something that was already present in the original, be it explicit or unsaid, visible or invisible, but nevertheless active in some area of the tale. Did Buffalmacco really make all those jokes that are attributed to him? Did Filippo Lippi really have all those adventures that we imagine him to have had? Who knows. I certainly don't. But legend is at least as important as history. What's more, Vasari is a historian but also a creator of legends, a fascinating

combination. For all of his documentation, he must have known that some of his anecdotes were false. Perhaps a voice inside him said: "I know full well that Andrea del Castagno was not a murderer, it's just that I feel the need to write about a homicidal artist. It'll be Andrea del Castagno". Sometimes Vasari let himself be guided by the truth, at other times by poetry or malice. The same goes for us. The search for truth shouldn't make us arid but should stimulate our imaginations.

The title of Vasari's work in question is *The Lives*, not *the works*. This is significant. In fact, every chapter spans the entirety of a human existence. Naturally when it comes to artists, running up against a few works is inevitable. But the artist's life remains at the heart of the story. The interest Vasari shows in others is enormous, and this is why he feels he has the right to make minor adjustments. These lives, particularly those of fourteenth century painters, have some very attractive lacunae, as often it is not actually known what happened (not even Vasari knew), and those areas of shadow, that are at times enormous, are an invitation to invention. The art historian Andrea di Lorenzo has been of fundamental help to me, almost a saint, and I have often asked his advice on inventing authentic episodes. Whilst I was writing the life of Cimabue I had a dream: there were some friends of mine who were messing around wearing a terrible mask, but when they removed it their faces remained rigid as if they had become wooden masks. This nightmare fitted my work so perfectly that I am convinced that Cimabue sent it me to describe his relationship with certain, rigid aspects of Byzantine art, and so I had to add it to the story. The closer I got to Giotto, the further that enormous, elusive character rolled away like a mysterious object, smooth, too round. I believe that trying to stop it rolling by blocking it with a few anecdotes was a stroke of genius on Vasari's part. When researching

Arnolfo di Cambio and his father (or the person Vasari describes as his father), I often came up against the theme of a building that encompassed another, which made me think it might be a game they had played when Arnolfo was a boy, not with real buildings but with sticks and rocks. I found the scene was so moving (perhaps because my father would also give me sticks to play with) that it had to be true.

By reliving the Lives existences re-emerge that are, at times, astonishing, often filled with adventure and always passionate, that few people today are familiar with. But the visible traces of these existences are all around us and therefore constitute a precious resource for our everyday enjoyment. It is like leaving the house, walking down a road you always walk down, opening a little door and discovering a marvellous place. In this case we have hundreds of little doors that can bring joy to our lives if only we cross their thresholds.

GIOTTO

Giotto, round and elusive just as legend has it. The most beautiful lives are based on spurious documentation and this tells us a lot about both life and beauty. According to the official story, Giotto was born at Vespignano nel Mugello. His father was Bondone, an expert in agricultural art who worked the land like a jeweller works gold, and to whom this particularly bright child was born. At the age of ten Giotto was sent to watch the sheep on the solitary mountains, which gave him the opportunity to learn from Nature. "This sunset is better that yesterday's" he said, observing the sky. One day, the famous painter Cimabue came to the area. This is the official story. But it probably wasn't Cimabue who found that shepherd drawing a sheep on a rock. It was the shepherd who, from the top of a small hill, saw an old man standing in the Sieve at Sagginale with water up to his calves, elegantly swirling a fishing line. "What are you doing Sir?", he asked. "Go away you ugly child", the fisherman replied. Cimabue had an unpleasant character and Giotto had never been handsome. "Sir, what have you put on the end of your line?" the child asked. "A fly, now go away", said Cimabue but he returned there the next day. The child had made an impression on him. He wasn't able to explain why, but he gave him a sense of balance. Giotto would find ancient pottery in those fields. And that morning – this time it's true – he was drawing a sheep, taking his inspiration partly from the real sheep and partly from the design that had emerged from the earth. Cimabue stared at the image, he had never seen a sheep like that, more real than a living one. He asked Bondone if he could take the child with him to Florence, and Giotto became a painter. Once he painted a fly on the nose of a figure created by Cimabue, and the master tried to bat it away believing it to be

real. This sounds like a typical anecdote invented by Vasari, but it is actually a reference to fly fishing, which Giotto had learned from his master during their first encounter. And anyway, painters at that time were much more prone to humour. There is not nearly enough space here to describe everything that Giotto did. Real art had been buried for years, by wars and ignorance, and yet he singlehandedly managed to bring it back, giving it a new language. No more figures mummified by divine winds, but living people. It had been centuries since this had happened. He looked at the Christ on the cross by Cimabue, a sinuous creature from the abyssal depths, able to calmly swim towards his death, and he painted the Crucifix for Santa Maria Novella, with Christ as a man carrying a burden, a man who is drowning in his suffering. He became friends with Dante, who complained because very few people attended his poetry readings. They spoke about the importance of details: "It must rain inside the imagination", Dante would tell him. "Why don't you write these things down?", Giotto told him. And he made it rain with details that had never before been drawn: the teeth, a bunch of flowers, a tear. In Assisi he painted above and below several times over, so often in fact that it is sometimes suggested that some of the images aren't actually his work. There were no more spectral Byzantine saints, nor were there Cimabue's angry saints, but instead, rotund ones, particularly St. Francis, who was almost one of his contemporaries. And not only the saints were rotund. "Never make a woman too skinny" he advised his students, wrenching them from the fashion for emaciation. As well as physical details he also managed to communicate sensations and things that can't be seen. He painted someone suffering from thirst and two of his students dashed to fetch water. In those figures an order can be seen, a sense of proportion, an energy, an ease. The fact he taught himself all this by observing Nature and sculpture is worthy of perpetual venera-

tion, at least. In Padua he worked on the Scrovegni chapel, financed by a family who by doing so hoped they would avoid hell despite the fact they were moneylenders. It would seem that Giotto also had a number of other activities that some defined as usury. In the Scrovegni chapel he created an even fuller, more profound space that suggested the existence of other dimensions. Hills like those in *Flight to Egypt* are real and yet symbolic, and at the end of days the angels roll up the sky as if it were a parchment, but what lies behind it? What kind of rain might fall from that dimension? The crowds were filled with fear when faced with the terrifying *Universal Judgement*, though few repented. And the kiss between Joachim and Anna (Mary's parents) is one of the most beautiful in the world. They have had problems in their relationship but in that kiss even their halos merge, a corporeal image of divine understanding, or vice versa. Giotto returned to Florence, and an envoy from the Pope arrived asking him for a drawing to show what he was capable of. Giotto, extraordinarily polite but spirited, placed one hand on his hip and with the other, traced a perfect circle. "Here's your drawing". The envoy did not realise he was part of a famous, perhaps false scene and took offence, but the Pope understood and so Giotto went to work in Rome where he created, among other things, the mosaic of the *Navicella*, an incredibly famous work at that time. In it we see a figure fishing with a line and, from the hope depicted on the fisherman's face we see that this passion was shared by Giotto and his Master. It elevated Naples. Then he returned to Florence to fill Santa Croce with stories. On All Saints' Day, he painted the Christ of his maturity, who is visited by almost no one and is suspended in an ultramarine blue, a colour that is "noble, beautiful, the most perfect of all colours". After the devastating flood of 1333, the people of Florence said, "This will never happen again. We will take measures to ensure it." As Giotto was not only a painter, he

was nominated *magister* and *gubernator* of the work on the Duomo, so that he could help guide the work. He designed the bell tower that carries his name. The people of Florence, ever affable, believed it would fall, but it is still there. In his final years, his rotund figures grew longer, he thought once more of Master Cimabue and that lightweight line, a flash of happiness spinning in the sunshine.

PLAUTILLA

The cult of novelty is by no means new, but nothing beats the power of repetition. Since she had been a child, Plautilla had been unpredictable, always seeming new due to the restless excitability of her soul. Her family feared her questions. She asked her old aunt, a majestic woman: "Aunt, why do you always repeat the same stories?" Silence fell. No one had ever been brave enough to ask her such a question before. The aunt looked at her as if for the first time then simply responded, "It's you that pays too much attention. And it's because I like repeating them". This lesson took root so deeply in Plautilla's mind that she forgot it entirely. Her restlessness needed free reign. The old aunt gave her the tools with which to paint. A gesture greeted with a certain level of shock veined with scandal for the family: Plautilla was a woman. She shouldn't be painting. But no one dared contradict that majestic aunt. Many paths were closed to Plautilla, so she looked for others. She taught herself to draw, setting herself on the way to becoming history's first Florentine female painter. Aged thirteen she entered the Florentine convent of Santa Caterina da Siena, and at fourteen she took her vows. She would always draw new figures. They told her: "Don't do it like that. There is a path to follow". The Domenican tradition demanded a particular model be respected.

Images had to be used to assist prayer. Plautilla thundered about, but then she remembered her aunt's words and finally understood them. What had first seemed to her like a restraint now revealed itself to be liberating. Constantly searching for new figures was exhausting, sometimes forced, a form of vanity. She began to imitate the paintings of the great Masters, an act which caused her to have visions. The houses of gentlemen were filled with her paintings. Images painted by a pious woman had a phenomenal effect on the soul. She stayed in the convent fifty years, her entire life. At times she would like to have left, to get away. Then she thought once more of Fra' Bartolomeo whose teachings she was following despite having never met him due to his dying some years before. Fra' Bartolomeo had one day felt the need to leave. He had moved to Rome. But there, with all of those different works, he had felt overwhelmed and his artistic abilities had drained away. So, he left Raffaello to finish some of his works and ran back to the Convent of San Marco in Florence. There he felt the presence of Savonarola, so calming in its reductive fire. Plautilla convinced herself she was happy. She had a career. She was made Prioress three times. She was no longer the headstrong girl of her youth. Her restlessness had transformed into a desire for organisation and leadership skills. It was with a certain satisfaction that she realised she had become like her old aunt. She always asked brazen questions that opened doors in the minds of those who did not take offence. She created and managed an art workshop with artist nuns. They sang simple music because that is what Savonarola instructed. They made statues of Jesus as a child and would rock them to the point of ecstasy. They took up the works of Fra' Bartolomeo but in imitating them, they changed them, the strokes were different. Because their lives were different. They were capable of crying profusely, as can be seen in Plautilla's works. They had no men to model for them. When she had to paint

a semi-naked man, Plautilla based her figure on her colleagues in the convent. They would poke fun at her for painting female Christs. She was the only woman to paint a Last Supper. The nuns posed for her many times, pretending to be apostles and actually eating whilst Plautilla painted. "This supper is the last" they would say, but then they'd hold another. For her *Compianto* (Museo di San Marco) she had used the body of a dead colleague. She was a great collector. She inherited works from Fra' Bartolomeo's collection as well as the tools of his artistic work including a posable mannequin, a model that never gets tired. She read the tales of *Rosvita*, a German nun who had lived in the Xth century B.C., one of the first examples of European theatre. She still had not been officially rediscovered, but the ways of the Church are infinite. And so Plautilla and her colleagues staged those simple and repetitive episodes of sanctity that might seem comical to us. These scenes had a hypnotic effect on Plautilla, sending her into a kind of vision as happened when she was painting. In those same years, in a convent in Prato, lived Caterina de' Ricci, considered a living saint (not to be confused with Santa Caterina of Siena, who lived in the 1300s). Caterina was a torrent of visions and prophetic torments. She had one of Savonarola's fingers and the portrait that Fra' Bartolomeo had made of the preacher. Every week she would be afflicted by terrible suffering because she would relive the Passions of Christ. She was able to appear kilometres away from where she actually was. She bled when she prayed. A lesion appeared on her ribcage and when one of her colleagues was not convinced by the miracle, she thrust her face into the wound three times saying she was Jesus Christ. The ecclesiastical authorities were suspicious, so Caterina's colleagues prayed for the miracles that caused her such suffering to grow less frequent. At least not every week! Their prayers were answered. The mystic raptures lessened, but Caterina de' Ricci's fame had already

spread (just a few seconds after she was officially proclaimed a saint). When Plautilla learned that Caterina also read the works of Rosvita, the harmony reached celestial levels. She couldn't, however, depict her as a saint. So, she took to painting images of Santa Caterina of Siena that were actually (as anyone could tell from a number of details) images of Caterina de'Ricci. And perhaps they were also images of Savonarola. Indeed, the pose used is the same as that found in profile paintings of Savonarola. Depicting Savonarola in any way was strictly prohibited after everything that had happened. In Plautilla's paintings, Savonarola and the two Caterinas were the same person. This practice of depicting an ancient saint with another person's face was a way of overcoming many obstacles. A magnificent tool of disobedience, but also a way of overcoming the illusion of linear time and the labile boundaries between individuals. Thus, in the end, Plautilla became the two Caternias, Savonarola and the always-new child she had once been.

MICHELANGELO

Michelangelo's soul had chosen to be born in Tuscany at the same time as Leonardo da Vinci. A prodigious choice. One day Michelangelo went up Monte Ceceri and as he arrived at a natural terrace, which still exists, he saw a figure on the edge of the precipice. He looked just like the man from his nightmare. He moved closer, it was him. Masterful and still graceful, elegant within the landscape. Standing, naturally. Did that man ever sit down? From the bushes emerged another person, that guy who called himself Zoroastro da Peretola. Leonardo had plenty of friends who were loudmouths, vulgar, even blasphemous, all of which says a great deal

about his real personality. Leonardo, impeccably clean and standing as if about to throw himself into the air, explained to Michelangelo that he was looking for the right place from which to fly. Michelangelo, dirty and sweaty, almost slithering, did not understand but preferred not to take it any further. It wasn't clear whether Leonardo was joking or serious, as was often the case. It was as if he were acting. Michelangelo, who was serious, did not like this ambiguity. Not knowing what to say, he answered: "our burden never sleeps", a phrase used by the quarrymen in the Apuan Alps. Leonardo smiled like one of his paintings and asked: "More importantly, what are you doing here?". The man from Vinci was renowned for being a formidable timewaster, whilst Michelangelo was said to work day and night and that, immersed in the immensity of the human figure, he despised landscapes and anyone who painted them. This actually wasn't true: it was a bold speech he would give in order to make himself stand out from Leonardo. He had gone up there because he had needed to hear the sound of the stonecutters clinking away in the hills. He was being pursued by a sleepless memory. Only the sound of the stonecutters was able to calm him. Leonardo, on the contrary, was noting everything down on scattered sheets because he could never remember anything. Michelangelo didn't know what to say. At that time, they were debating where to place his David, and Leonardo belonged to the commission that had to decide. "Your statue is beautiful. But there's one thing I don't understand. They call him the giant. David is a young boy. Shouldn't the giant be the other one? Goliath?" Leonardo was just trying to be polite, but Michelangelo felt he was making fun of him. Not least because as he was speaking, Zoroastro had been pulling all sorts of faces at him. A short time later they found themselves working in the same place,

the Salone dei Cinquecento in Palazzo Vecchio, as if they were office colleagues, challenging one another with two enormous paintings, one placed in front of the other, of which nothing remains. The most wonderful disaster in the world. But no one who saw them at work was ever the same again. In public they argued, but they influenced one another. Michelangelo had already begun not to finish his statues. And some of his statues, in which the figures struggled to emerge from their shapelessness, have something of the abolition of the black line and boundaries between creatures found in Leonardo's paintings. During the years in which the challenge took place, the two men met in secret on that hillside terrace on other occasions. The days Zoroastro wasn't there to wind them up were better. Leonardo gave advice on how to behave. Certain scenes created by Michelangelo with clients (such as that with Tondo Doni in which he insisted on being paid in order to be respected) were the result of Leonardo's advice. This advice may have been given in jest, but Michelangelo took it seriously. Leonardo also gave him suggestions on how to dress. "You know, sometimes you should take off those dog-skin boots". Michelangelo really did wear dog-skin boots. "This man doesn't miss a thing", he thought. Titanically sensitive, he suspected that advice concealed some kind of criticism of his work, but he took it. He never told anyone. He dared to give artistic advice to Leonardo, who feared this was a criticism of his physical aspect in all its glory, but then he reflected on Leonardo's words. They were good together up there. Then they would go down into the city and argue. It was a wonderful time, one of the best. They would always refer to it to one another as the time of the terrace. "Ah, you know?", Leonardo once said to him, "Your phrase about the burden that never sleeps was of great use to me. Yesterday we flew".

* * *

But his soul's decisive choice was that of taking a body at the time of Giuliano della Rovere, who became pope with the name Julius II. Like when two seas come into contact, theirs was a harmonious clash of two terrible wills. Here the word 'terrible' should be understand in a positive sense, as it was meant by Vasari. An imperious grandiosity that is spiritually violent. The pope calls him to Rome. He referenced the *Tondo Doni* and the *Pietà Vaticana* even if he did not refer to them in that way. He said that they were poetic, moving works. "Delicate", he added. Michelangelo was left speechless. No one had ever described his work as "Delicate". But after spending the night awake pondering it, he understood. The pope was using those adjectives negatively. He wanted grandiose, heroic works like (and more so than) David. He wanted to make the Church a powerful and aggressive state, he had no need for melancholy Madonnas. So, Michelangelo pointed out a wall of little significance and said, "That wall's delicate". The pope laughed because Michelangelo had understood. This created a secret, upside-down language between them in which words such as "poetic, elegant, delicate and moving" meant "to be avoided at all costs". "Pleasing" was the very pinnacle of horror. In this way they could talk among other people without anyone understanding what they were saying. Julius II commissioned Michelangelo to build his tomb, a decadent work that took forty years to complete (well beyond the pope's death) and continually changed shape ("the tragedy of the tomb" as Michelangelo defined it). The sculptor spent eight months in the Apuan Alps choosing marble, he planned to carve Monte Sagro into a head in the sky and today, if you like at the peak, you can still make out what he had imagined. The Pope and Michelan-

gelo were driven by these clashes and their furious arguments secretly filled their souls with joy. Michelangelo wasn't lacking in courage but he often ran away. Once, he grew angry and left Rome, and the Pope had him followed (or chased). The sculptor thought he'd escape to Constantinople where the Sultan wanted him to build a bridge over the Golden Horn, but then they reconciled as the Pope reconquered Bologna and Michelangelo began working for him once more. He had to make a statue of him. "Your Holiness, should I depict you holding a book?" "A book? Forget the book. I want a sword". Bramante suggested to the Pope that he ask Michelangelo to paint the ceiling of the *Sistine Chapel* because Michelangelo didn't have much experience as a painter, and so this way, thought Bramante, he would find himself in trouble. The Pope asked Michelangelo to do it. He said no, because he did not feel himself to be a painter. This refusal exhilarated the Pope, who was desperate to find obstacles that would renew the thrill he got from kicking the artist. He forced the work on him. The anger and the extreme difficulty projected Michelangelo's mind into its ideal state: a long storm. He worked alone in strange positions, with his head tilted back and the colours marking his face. Once he removed the Holy Father by force after he wanted to see what shouldn't yet be seen. Another time Julius II threatened to throw him off the scaffolding. Sometimes he hit him with a club. And the painter – because now he's a painter - threw a stool at him. Over the course of his life Michelangelo argued with many popes, but never as well as he did with this one. Even if it weren't true that their souls had already decided to meet before they were born, it must be said that these two men were very lucky to find one another, because they got the best out of one another. As he painted, Michelangelo separated the light from the shadows. In his *Creation of Adam* we see that it isn't true that he hated

landscapes. In fact, Adam lies on a mountainous profile known as the 'Dead Man', the ridge that links Pania della Croce to Pania Secca. After spending four years with his head tilted back he was unable to read or look at drawings without putting himself into strange poses: he had upturned the position of the world in order to see it better. They say that the shape of the *Sistine Chapel* is reminiscent of Noah's ark. At the end of those four years the Chapel contained stories that were more important for the salvation of humanity. "Terrible", the Pope said, admiring the vault. "But Raffaello, who did a charming portrait of me, is much nicer than you". Michelangelo stared at him with terrible eyes, but was unable to understand whether that "nicer" should be understood as an upturned word from their own secret language, or as the word is usually understood by other human beings.

Enzo Fileno Carabba
The Imagined Lives of Vasari

VITE SOGNATE DEL VASARI

Fra Filippo Lippi and his gift for being forgiven. Verrocchio and the dangers of studying too hard. Andrea del Castagno and the bearing of grudges. Leon Battista Alberti and his nostalgia,,,

Vasari's *The Lives of the Artists* is an extraordinary document recounting the stories of the founding figures of Western art, but for many reasons it is also far from accessible for most contemporary readers. Inspired by Vasari's *Lives*, Carabba has embarked upon a piece of narrative archaeology: in each of Vasari's biographies he has found the seeds of what develops into utterly fanciful (or entirely plausible) episodes via which he reintroduces us to the greatest artists of the Renaissance from a compelling new angle. Each tale explores a state of mind or a state of grace. These are stories from the past, but the emotions they portray are utterly contemporary. From Leonardo da Vinci to Titian to Cimabue and Michelangelo, the history of art becomes an endless source of images and feelings that enrich lives.

ENZO FILENO CARABBA is the author of novels short stories, radio plays, children's books and opera librettos. In 1990 he won the Premio Calvino with the novel *Jakob Pesciolini* (1992), the first volume of a fantasy trilogy which also includes *La regola del silenzio* (1994) and *La Foresta finale* (1997). His subsequent books have included *Pessimi Segnali*, *Attila*, *Con un poco di zucchero* and *La zia subacquea e altri abissi famigliari*, as well as the middle-grade fantasy saga *Fuga da Magopoli* and *Battaglia a Magopoli*. He writes for "Il Corriere Fiorentino" and "Corriere della Sera". His novels have been translated into several languages.

FEATURED ARTISTS:	ANDREA ORCAGNA	FILIPPINO LIPPI	CORREGGIO
	BRUNELLESCHI	POLLAIOLO	BRAMANTE
CIMABUE	DONATELLO	VERROCCHIO	RAFFAELLO
GIOTTO	MASACCIO	PERUGINO	ANDREA DEL SARTO
ARNOLFO DI CAMBIO	GHIBERTI	DOMENICO GHIRLANDAIO	PONTORMO
BUFFALMACCO	LEON BATTISTA ALBERTI	PIERO DI COSIMO	ROSSO FIORENTINO
NICOLA E GIOVANI PISANI	PAOLO UCCELLO	BARTOLOMEO DELLA GATTA	BRONZINO
DUCCIO DI BUONINSEGNA	ANDREA DEL CASTAGNO	LUCA SIGNORELLI.	TIZIANO
SIMONE MARTINI	BEATO ANGELICO	MANTEGNA	PLAUTILLA
PIETRO E AMBROGIO	BENOZZO GOZZOLI	GIOVANNI BELLINI	MICHELANGELO
LORENZETTI	PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA	ANTONELLO DA MESSINA	VASARI
TADDEO GADDI	FILIPPO LIPPI	LEONARDO	NUCCIO DA SORRETTOLE
ANDREA PISANO	BOTTICELLI	GIORGIONE	PROPERZIA DE' ROSSI

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Pages: 256
Publication: May 2021
Price: € 18,00