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Africa, Venice, and the posthuman

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ABSTRACT

This essay interprets the role of a single painting by Kenyan artist Wangechi Mutu in the context of several exhibitions held in Venice to mark the 500th anniversary of Jacopo Tintoretto's birth. I read this artistic celebration as a paradigmatic intervention that honours the European cultural heritage while insulating it from contemporary concerns and their historical matrix. Mutu's *Automatic Hip* offers an alternative, posthuman irruption in this seamless Eurocentric context, with a portrait that represents an enigmatic black woman traversed by and intertwined with many non-human presences. In the second half of the article I analyse short texts by Maaza Mengiste, Igiaba Scego and Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o, who reimagine classic artworks from the Venetian canon to highlight their African and colonial themes and characters. Altogether, the essay offers an example of different ways in which African and Afrodescendant artists can enrich our understanding not only of the many ramifications of African history and culture, but also reconfigure the Western canon from a postcolonial and posthumanistic perspective.

Keywords

art, museums, posthuman, postcolonial, Africa, Venice

In October 2018 the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change issued a special report declaring that rapid, far-reaching, and unprecedented changes in all aspects of society are required just to limit global warming to a 1.5° Celsius increase, considered unavoidable, compared to 2° Celsius (IPCC 2018). This half-degree difference would make global sea level rise 10 centimetres lower by the end of the century, sparing vast and vulnerable coastal areas. Rapid transitions in land, energy, industry, buildings, transport, and cities are imperative to drop carbon dioxide emissions by 45% by 2030 and reach zero in 2050. This is a colossal enterprise, indispensable to avoid a point of no return in the historic and geological period that we have learnt to call the 'anthropocene'.[1]

The report had just been released when I visited the exhibition "Contemporary Dialogues with Tintoretto" at the Giorgio Franchetti Gallery at Ca D'Oro, Venice.[2] As part of a series of events celebrating the 500 years since the birth of the Venetian painter, this show featured 21st-century portraits from all continents that directly or indirectly engage with the style, themes, and techniques of the artist. In the section "Faces," I was drawn to the work titled *Automatic Hip* (2015) by Kenyan artist Wangechi Mutu.[3] Arbitrary as it is to generalize on the basis of a small selection of contemporary artworks, I was struck by the fact that nearly all other artists – from Australia, North America, Europe or China – offered portraits of the human face or of the

full body as discrete entities standing out against dark, neutral or abstract backdrops. Maybe this was a tribute of the curator Ludovico Pratesi to the distinct chiaroscuro of Tintoretto's *Portrait of the Procurator Nicolò Priuli* (c. 1549), a black clad aristocrat emerging from – almost merging with – the enveloping darkness of the background, displayed at the show as the benchmark for the contemporary works. Other portraits deconstructed or dissected the body, recuperating old Cubist techniques or ironically playing with art history tropes. Most portraits had a tragic, existential feel to them, and no visitor would conclude that they represent a very optimistic *zeitgeist*. In spite or because of that, many also seemed to resist, if not utterly refuse, any linkage with their broader global context and environment (a Chinese self-portrait of the artist as Napoleon was another clear exception, but the historical-political reference actually corroborates my argument because it reinscribed the subject in a very humanistic tradition). Without any pretence to a proper aesthetic interpretation of the painting, I would like to present a possible cultural reading of Mutu's work that inserts *Automatic Hip* in the conceptual horizon of the Posthuman (Braidotti 2013) and underscores what this specific work arguably does in this specific location, in a form of affective and intellectual response as a spectator and IPCC report reader.

The important premise is that the show was part of a triptych of exhibitions that invited the visitor to the major Venetian museums. *Tintoretto 1519-1594* at Palazzo Ducale and *The Young Tintoretto* at Gallerie dell'Accademia provided a rich overview of this restless painter's life and career but also, I would argue, an experience of consolation to the Western visitor. It makes you feel you are part of an extraordinary heritage; it reminds you of the intimate, if tormented, relationship of the European man with his Christian identity, symbols, and iconography; it communicates the talismanic power of art as a didactic, aesthetic, and spiritual experience and the role of the artist as prophet of his age; it pays tribute to talent even as it documents the network of material practices in which the act of painting was embedded in the early modern era. And while some attention is given to the enigmatic presence of Tintoretto's illegitimate daughter, a painter who was trained and praised by him but cannot claim authorship to any particular work, the two exhibitions shied away from any reference to the theological, political, or social debates of Tintoretto's remarkable time and place. Nothing to suggest how we could make the artist our contemporary, everything to blissfully insulate him from the troubles of the present. We also noticed how the captions elegantly referenced the painters who influenced or were influenced by Tintoretto in *The Abduction of the Body of Saint Mark*, but made no effort to tell the viewer who Saint Mark was, in a city with thirty million tourist visits per year, a growing presence of Chinese, Indian, or Arab visitors who may be as unaware of Christian martirology as your average Italian teenager. An aesthetic and cultural experience such as this, we told ourselves when we left both venues, gives you a temporary reprieve from the painful awareness that the planet is gradually going under water (and Venice sooner than most other cities) or from the challenge of building a more culturally plural society. In that

sense, the museum effectively functioned, in Vincent Normand's definition, as a "global isolator":

> it de-animates previously animated entities by uprooting them from their "milieu", and re-animates "dead" objects by over-determining their signification and projecting them in a restricted field of attention. As such, the museum performs a withdrawal that regulates and purifies the relation of the Cartesian subject with the contents of a world consequently defined as the outside. (Normand 2015, 67)

It is in this generalized traditional, conservative framework that I felt the power of the irruption of Wangechi Mutu's work, subscribing to Claire Bishop's view that "museums with a historical collection have become the most fruitful testing ground for a non-presentist, multi-temporal contemporaneity" (2013, 23). Mutu, it should be noted, is a respected Afropolitan artist who divides her time between New York and Nairobi, comfortably inhabiting the field of contemporary art and its global system. So my focus here is not her production as a whole or the genealogy of this specific art text, as much as "the *encounter* with Mutu's art" (Papenburg 2013, 165); what in my perspective *Automatic Hip* does here and now, in a show centred on Tintoretto.

The Gallerie dell'Accademia happen to be the house of one of the most famous global art icons, Leonardo Da Vinci's *Vitruvian Man*, that has long been seen as the model of universal man, the epitome of an autonomous, powerful individual who sets himself as the centre and measure of all things. In her seminal essay *The Posthuman* (2013), Rosi Braidotti uses this ubiquitous image to deconstruct the Western canonical notion of the human (and the humanities), starting from the well-known feminist critique:

> the allegedly abstract ideal of Man as a symbol of classical Humanity is very much a male of the species: it is a he. Moreover, he is white, European, handsome and able-bodied; of his sexuality nothing much can be guessed, though plenty of speculation surrounds that of its painter, Leonardo da Vinci. (Braidotti 2013, 24)

The harmonious, symmetrical, englobed, frontal, muscular Vitruvian Man, arguably the most famous representation of the human body in Western art, finds in Mutu's *Automatic Hip* an eccentric countermodel. To preliminarily adopt Western categories, the Apollonian boldness and defiant gaze of Leonardo's figure jars with the disturbing Dionysian force of Mutu's hybrid, faceless creature. To move beyond this superficial first impression, I refer to a passage from Achille Mbembe's *Critique of Black Reason*, where he discusses the relationship between Africa, blackness, and the Western concept of identity:

> Africa in general and blackness in particular were presented as accomplished symbols of a vegetative, limited state. The black man, sign in excess of all signs and therefore fundamentally unrepresentable, was the ideal example of these other-being, powerfully possessed by emptiness, for whom the negative had ended up penetrating all moments of existence – the death of the day, destruction and peril, the unnameable night of the world. Georg Wilhelm

Friedrich Hegel described such figures as statues without language or awareness of themselves, human entities incapable of ridding themselves definitively of the animal presence with which they were mixed. In fact, their nature was to contain what was already dead [...] a kind of humanity staggering through life, confusing becoming-human and becoming-animal, and all along "unconscious of their universality" (2017, 11-12).

I read in Mutu's figure a surprising avatar, an uncanny re-configuration and re-semantization of Hegel's negative tropes of Africa, one that illustrates Mbembe's argument and seemingly turns the German philosopher on his head. In this light, as I will try to explain later, this cosmopolitan (or better Afropolitan) artist appears as the author of the most realistic portrait in the whole show. The figure in *Automatic Hip* is indeed a statue without a language, a plastic human figure endowed with all kinds of prostheses, embedded in a complex techno-structure. It reminds us that the human figure, artistically and biopolitically, is a palimpsest, always re-inscribed, as the technique of collage perfectly captures. This woman is beautiful and monstrous, offering the recognizable contour of the human body and indeed the voluptuousness of her sinuous female figure as a reassuring framework but denying us the ultimate sign and locus of individual identity, her face; she is defaced, covered by layers of patriarchal and racial representations, her body littered with fragments and ruins but still vibrating with life. Crucially, this portrait shows the human body as fully imbricated in the non-human (the vegetal, the animal, the technological) world, both as exploited, reified, exoticized, extinct matter, and as incorporated, vibrant, excessive matter, streaming down in the rainbow of colours of the lower half and possibly evoking the perpetual flux of information and data we are entangled in. Adapting Bakthin's category of the grotesque (Bakhtin 1993) to the Western racializing process of African bodies, Bettina Papenburg has offered a very convincing reading of Mutu's poetics. While she focuses on previous works, her analysis applies well to *Automatic Hip*. Glossing the artist's collage technique as a "process of de-assemblage and re-assemblage" (2013, 168), she argues convincingly that "[t]he fragments clash and crash into each other generating a contradictory jumble which unsettles viewing conventions" (2013, 163). She then compares Mutu's engagement with Western stereotypes of Africa to the early example of Josephine Baker's appropriation of trite clichés for transgressive purposes:

> Both Baker and Mutu ironically embrace derogatory representations to confront (neo)colonial structures of the gaze. They redirect the stigmatising definition back towards the offenders by openly displaying its violence in public. What was most debased is now rectified by a self-naming that feeds on the original power of the derisive imagery. (Papenburg 2013, 164)

While Baker's modernist language exaggerated Western neoprimitivist clichés for satirical purposes, in our postmodern and posthuman age and through a different artistic medium, Mutu presents her spectators with a far more unsettling and disorienting spectacle:

> She focuses on the body's openings and extensions, stressing heterogeneity, excess and incomple-

teness as well as the interwoven-ness of the body with other bodies and with objects of the material world. One evocative trope here is the metaphor of 'devouring'. In Mutu's assemblages one body consumes another body, while being simultaneously engulfed by its counterpart; the body 'cannibalises' and is 'cannibalised', both incorporating alien body parts, animals and objects from the material world and being enveloped by these. (Papenburg 2013, 164)

Papenburg concludes that Mutu successfully "absorbs, digests and assimilates the clichéd representations" (165), but I raise the question whether the risk remains, to adopt the discourse of nutrition, of being intoxicated by these representations. Are Papenburg and I unwittingly reiterating the ancient association of the African body – especially the female one – with the concepts of the wild, the savage, the natural? Am I linking her to a colonial lineage that finds its archetype in the "wild and gorgeous apparition of a woman" in Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*?

She walked with measured steps, draped in striped and fringed cloths, treading the earth proudly, with a slight jingle and flash of barbarous ornaments. She carried her head high; her hair was done in the shape of a helmet; she had brass leggings to the knee, brass wire gauntlets to the elbow, a crimson spot on her tawny cheek, innumerable necklaces of glass beads on her neck; bizarre things, charms, gifts of witch-men, that hung about her, glittered and trembled at every step. She must have had the value of several elephant tusks upon her. She was savage and superb, wild-eyed and magnificent; there was something ominous and stately in her deliberate progress. (Conrad 2017, 70)

It seems to me that Mutu's aesthetics is audacious and effective also because she does not shy away from these ancient associations of Africans with their body, and of the African body with the primitive, the wild, the animal, and the vegetative, as I already suggested in reference to Mbembe's quote. Updating Conrad's native woman, Mutu appropriates her transgressive potential, that in the colonial mindset was meant to create a dangerously seductive opposite of the Victorian woman relegated in the domestic sphere and isolated from the brutality of the world, like Kurtz's intended. The already mentioned technique of collage becomes the first material correlate and reminder that this representation of the African woman is unavoidably a cultural construct with ever new layers of meaning literally piled up on her, many of them appearing as inert as archaeological ruins. However, if we place the figure in an additional conceptual horizon, we can find in *Automatic Hip* something more original than the classic denunciation of the imperialism of culture, namely an embodiment of the posthuman direction envisioned by Braidotti: "I define the critical posthuman subject within an eco-philosophy of multiple belongings, as a relational subject constituted in and by multiplicity, that is to say a subject that works across differences and is also internally differentiated, but still grounded and accountable" (2013, 49).

Against the pure isolation and autonomy of the *Vitruvian Man*, we visualize here "the subject as a transversal entity encompassing the human, our genetic neighbours the animals and the earth as a whole, and to do so within an understandable language" (82). We should be wary, however, to cast Mutu's creature as an anti-Leonardo's icon: "Posthuman feminists

look for subversion not in counter-identity formations, but rather in pure dislocations of identities via the perversion of standardized patterns of sexualized, racialized and naturalized interaction" (99). If Conrad's "wild and gorgeous apparition" is the dark, mirror image of the angel in the house that somehow reaffirms the stereotype of the passive, subservient wife; if the various portraits at the Ca' D'Oro exhibit show tormented, alienated, anguished subjects but still reaffirm the unity of the self, Mutu gives us a vision of what Braidotti call a 'becoming-machine':

> The 'becoming-machine' understood in this specific sense indicates and actualizes the relational powers of a subject that is no longer cast in a dualistic frame, but bears a privileged bond with multiple others and merges with one's technologically mediated planetary environment. The merger of the human with the technological results in a new transversal compound, a new kind of eco-sophical unity, not unlike the symbiotic relationship between the animal and its planetary habitat. (2013, 92)

While the portrait as an artistic genre (with Tintoretto as one of its acclaimed masters) is traditionally seen as the site of constitution of the individual subject, Mutu seems to deny to us the certainty of unity:

> This humbling experience of not-Oneness, which is constitutive of the non-unitary subject, anchors the subject in an ethical bond to alterity, to the multiple and external others that are constitutive of that entity which, out of laziness and habit, we call the 'self'. Posthuman nomadic vital political theory stresses the productive aspects of the condition of not-One, that is to say a generative notion of complexity. (2013, 100)

The lethal claws that technologically enhance the arm of the creature recall another dimension, inscribing Mutu's figure within the trope of "techno-Eves of multiple temptations, pointing the way to unsettling futures" (107). Braidotti reminds us that "[t]he evolution of gender roles towards a more egalitarian participation by both sexes in the business of killing is one of the most problematic aspects of contemporary gender politics" (114). Against an old-fashioned brand of feminism that pictured the life-giving mother as incapable of administering death, the prosthetic claws in the picture align Mutu's creature with the "the brutal interventionism of the Chechnya war widows, pregnant female suicide-bombers and the growing role of women in the military 'Humanism' of 'humanitarian' wars" (114).

I now return to the Gallerie dell'Accademia, to suggest that another perspective on the tradition of Venetian painting (and more generally about Western art) is possible, that far from representing an impermeable cultural canon, some of its works allow for a more cosmopolitan and posthuman interpretation by African and Afrodescendant writers. Maaza Mengiste's "A Miracle in Venice" and Igiaba Scego's "Rhinomania and More" are two short pieces that appeared in 2018 in the large-circulation magazine *Venice Review*. They both engage with very famous, canonical Venetian paintings to explore the marginal and under-investigated African elements in these rich visual tapestries, ideally following up on African American artist Fred Wilson's pioneering exhibition at the Venice Biennale *Speak of Me as I Am* (2003).

Ethiopian American Maaza Mengiste, who has been researching Italian colonial history for her forthcoming novel *The Shadow King*, focuses on Vittore Carpaccio's *Miracle of the True Cross at the Rialto Bridge* (1494).[4] In this typically crowded painting, "[i]t is almost as if the eye is supposed to miss the miracle," because the event that the painter was commissioned to represent by the confraternity "is lost in the chaos of daily Venetian life" (Mengiste 2018, 17). Not unlike today, Venice thrives on its religious heritage and symbols, but is more proud of its bustling, diverse, and especially industrious civic life, and showcases its ordinary citizens rather than its saints. In this large canvas, where the Rialto bridge is visible in its ancient wooden structure, the pedestrian traffic on the streets and the intersecting trajectories of the numerous gondolas arguably upstage the religious action occurring on the lodge above. And right at the edge between the walkway and the canal we see "a splendidly dressed black gondolier – one of two in the painting – rowing away from the palazzo, his back to the unfolding miracle, his youthful face turned somewhere we cannot see while his patron gazes at us, checking to make sure that we notice his rower" (18). Mengiste is drawing on the ground-breaking work of historians such as Paul Kaplan and Katherine Lowe, who have uncovered a lot of material on the black presence in Venetian society and art, showing that the ubiquitous presence of blacks in Venetian paintings is not merely symbolic, but represents an actual social phenomenon, even though the written records are few and far between. The few individuals whose lives have been pulled out of oblivion are known only by their first names, Bartolomeo, Cristoforo, Zanetto, Giorgio, Marco, Maria... who were clearly Venetian names meant to replace and erase their lost African identities, a well-known historical circumstance. The ultimate paradox is that art has kept some record of their existence: "[a]ll we have are those brief glimpses in paintings" (20). And now, we add, this precious literary commentary. I am intrigued by Mengiste's remark that the gaze of the anonymous black gondolier, whose multi-coloured dress outshines the sober black uniforms of today's colleagues, is "turned somewhere we cannot see," providing an alternative perspective on this world. This is also what the African author herself does for us: she provides an alternative perspective on a recognized masterpiece of European art. Later in the essay she applies the same perspective to another miracle, painted by Gentile Bellini in 1500, also incorporating a more enigmatic black character in an equally overcrowded scene. In *The Miracle of the Cross at the Bridge of S. Lorenzo*,[5] which shares the same room with Carpaccio:

> We can go almost full circle without noticing the black man standing on a ledge to the far right. Set so far apart from the circular momentum of the action, he is invisible. But there he is, nearly naked, a dark-skinned figure staring reluctantly at the water with what looks like a maid behind him. She is the one who is staring at us, a hand jutting out over the ledge where she stands, perhaps to stop the African's jump or to push him in. Bellini offers a less romantic suggestion of what life might have been like for Africans in Venice. Where Carpaccio's gondoliers are dressed in finery and elegant clothing, the near-nakedness of Bellini's diver is stark, a hard slap against any inclination to romanticize the life of a sub-Saharan African during that time. This man is far from the action, isolated and an outsider: marginal. (Mengiste 2018, 18)

The discourse of Venice as a cosmopolitan city has ancient roots, and the commercial and cultural relations of the Republic with non-Western civilizations has been studied extensively. But Africa has always been conspicuously absent in this analysis (with the exception of Egypt that has a special status and cultural position in the historical relations between Europe and Africa). The black gondolier's marginality however allows us to question the dominant current discourse of migration, which thrives politically by casting the African presence in Europe (and in Italy in particular) as an alien and recent phenomenon. Even a cultural operation such as *Migropolis* (Scheppe 2009), a major exhibition and volume aimed at deconstructing the standard Romantic view of the city and reconfiguring it as a contemporary hub of global migrations, missed out on the much longer history of Venice as a cosmopolitan centre, always absorbing new migrants and creating new international trade networks and routes (Bassi 2011).

Igiaba Scego, an Italian writer of Somali origin, chooses a different museum, a different century, a different painter, and a different angle. In her essay she starts from a seemingly far-flung event, the death of the last remaining male white rhino in the world, Sudan, whose 45-year-old life ended in the Ol Pejeta Conservancy in Kenya in March 2018. The hopes for the survival of the species now rely on two surviving female examples and on Sudan's frozen semen. Ironically, the near extinction of the animal is coinciding with what Scego calls a veritable "rhino-mania" in the arts, one that she has chronicled and promoted herself by dedicating various texts to Clara. Clara was an Indian rhino who was accustomed to sipping tea at 5 o'clock from the cup offered to her by her eccentric first owner, the Dutch merchant Jan Albert Sichterman. Her second owner shipped her to Europe, where she became the star of the Venice Carnival in 1751 and was immortalized by the Venetian painter Pietro Longhi in a 'true portrait' that one can admire at Ca' Rezzonico Museum in Venice[6] and a copy at the National Gallery in London. A black and white print belonging to the Elisha Whittelsey Collection shows the same subject etched by Alessandro Longhi (Pietro's son) accompanied by a curious rhymed caption that reads "Here you see the great Rhinoceros, / brought from Africa to this circle, / and of the Immeasurable Beast in faith / of his horned nose here is the horn." The Rhino has become African and represented under the typical trope of incommensurability. Scego historicizes the fascination with exotic animal as a colonial affair and presents it as a story of persecution. What she achieves here and in the children's book *Prestami le ali* (Scego 2017), where she fictionalizes the vicissitudes of Clara for a younger audience, is both a plea for animal rights, rescuing this topic from a superficial rhetoric of exoticism, and a metaphor and metonymy of colonial exploitation and slavery. I have seen Igiaba Scego address a group of 4th graders, and what is surprising is that the topic of rhino was an incredibly captivating and less intimidating entry point into issues of colonialism, racism, and tolerance. Like Wangechi Mutu's painting at Tintoretto's exhibit, Scego's intervention in the field of Venetian art opens a necessary window on the interconnectedness

between man and animal and demonstrates how the contemporary debates on multiculturalism have ancient roots and should not be confined to recent cultural material.

That cultural pluralism should be studied in a deep historical perspective is confirmed by the poetic view of another African author, Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o, who, visiting the same museum, is struck by the pitch-black statues that line the luxurious walls of the ballroom, where a party is being organized in honour of Ngũgĩ himself and of other writers by the inviting university:

> Chains still around the slaves' legs and necks.
> I ask:
> Are these sculptures here to celebrate slavery or
> To remind people that
> What they now eat and drink are fruits of those
> Once snatched from the mouth of hungry and thirsty slaves?
> (Ngugi 2019, 42)

Mengiste, Scego, Ngugi were all invited at different times as writers in residence precisely to engage with a city that has been overrepresented in the Western (and increasingly global) imaginary and cast an alternative postcolonial look at it. It has been argued, provokingly, that Venice now amounts to little less than a collection of well-honed, if not jaded, clichés, but in his compelling manifesto, cultural historian Salvatore Settis makes a plea for its paradigmatic value: "A city with a long history of cosmopolitanism, Venice [...] is a thinking machine that allows us to ponder the very idea of the city, citizenship practices, urban life as sediments of history, as the experience of the here and now, as well as a project for a possible future" (2016, 170). I argue that the African and Afrodescendant artists whose works I have addressed here reactivate, in their different modes and languages, that cosmopolitan tradition. The three literary authors perform the now classic gesture of foregrounding past stories of oppression and giving voice to the subaltern and marginal non-Western characters in European culture, reimagining our tangible and intangible heritage and looking for documents of injustice and visions of equality.

And then there is something more. Mengiste's black gondolier and black diver are both connected – the former in the mundane dimension of his trade and the latter in the religious gesture of salvaging a relic – to water. Over the centuries, Venice built its fortune on a very careful equilibrium between its own urban development and the safeguard and management of its natural environment, creating the unique figure of the Water Magistrate. Scego creates a powerful link with the animal world, adopting the rhino as synecdoche and metaphor of the colonial exploitation of other continents. Mutu's portrait acquires a particular significance in the context of the tribute to Tintoretto, coming across as the only artist who articulates the interconnectedness of the human and the non-human. Altogether, they seem to perform that act of transposing that Braidotti ascribes to posthuman art:

> By transposing us beyond the confines of bound identities, art becomes necessarily inhuman in the

sense of non-human in that it connects to the animal, the vegetable, earthy and planetary forces that surround us. Art is also, moreover, cosmic in its resonance and hence posthuman by structure, as it carries us to the limits of what our embodied selves can do or endure. (2013, 107)

In conclusion, if I turn to African artists, writers, and intellectuals it is not only to understand Africa; I ask them to help me make sense of a changing Europe. By highlighting African elements they not only expand the canon, giving voice and doing partial justice to marginal and subaltern presences in mainstream culture; they are also reconfiguring the whole world picture.

Notes

[1] See http://anthropoceneprimer.org/. All websites last accessed May 6, 2019.
[2] See http://www.zueccaprojects.org/project/contemporary-dialogues-with-tintoretto/.
[3] See https://www.artribune.com/wp-content/uploads/2017/03/Wangechi-Mutu-automatic-Hip-2015-collage-on-paper-743x584-cm.jpg.
[4] See http://www.gallerieaccademia.it/sale/sala-xx.
[5] See http://www.gallerieaccademia.it/sale/sala-xx.
[6] See http://carezzonico.visitmuve.it/en/il-museo/percorsi-e-collezioni/second-floor/longhi-room/.

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