

***Family and Power:
The return of the Bentivolios
and the statue of Julius II***

Giacomo Aldrovandi



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I. Preface

In this short story, which I have chosen to novelize, as a more attractive stylistic choice, the story of the most influential family in medieval Bologna is reconstructed, as well as the tragic end that will befall the only bronze statue produced by Michelangelo, following the return of the nobility to the city. The novel takes place May 27, 1511, after four days of siege at the Rocca di Galliera. Through this little tale, we will enter a bygone era, very different from ours, and therefore fascinating. Therefore, some elements that characterize that historical period, so alien to us, will be indirectly addressed, such as the pervasive presence of God in all aspects of life, even in the enumeration of the calendar. Or else the impressive technological revolution that occurred with the arrival of gunpowder, thus a moment when physical chivalric heroism, with its armors and swords, collides with the efficiency of long-distance weaponry, with its arquebuses. And finally, being part of a family as a large Clan, like a faction that collides and fights united as could have been a nationalist party of the 21st century, in this way different and more visceral family relationships, beyond symbolic.

I would like to specify that some sources report the date of the statue's destruction as December 11, others the 30th, and others still assert that the statue was one of the first things the Bentivoglio attacked after their entry into the city; therefore, in May or June of the same year. In any case, as a personal choice, necessary for the narrative, I have decided to set the fall of the statue on May 27.

At the end, you can find the list of characters who intervene and the places where the story takes place.

Enjoy your reading.

II. Family and Power

It's a gloomy day in late May. One of those typical spring days, characterized by the passing of grey clouds loaded with rain, which at any moment could release a sudden downpour. The clanging of iron, the clattering of armor-clad shoes, beat rhythmically and relentlessly on the wet ground. A seventy-one year old man, robust, with a wrinkled and aged face, from a hooked nose, dressed in armor and a blue beret cap, walks clumsily and limping in the heavy armor. He crosses, escorted by various men, the pieces of artillery made up of the primitive cannons, which, aimed at the Rocca di Galliera, symbol of papal power, echo throughout the city, crashing against the limestone and lime walls. He climbs laboriously a hillock of earth that allowed a raised view, where the headquarters of the war effort is located. Directed to the center of the command group, the various figures welcome him, making him space and arranging themselves in a horseshoe.

– Annibale, – said, after a gesture of greeting, the seventy-one year old breathless from the walk in the armor – the Bishop Vitelli has accepted the surrender, he will evacuate entirely the Rocca in exchange for a sum of 3000 ducats.

– Finally! You couldn't bring me rosier news monsieur Trivulzio – replied Annibale, who, relieved, shook the hand of the old man at arms in a sign of gratitude – go call the notary Teseo Aldrovandi, he will take care of the transaction – concluded the nobleman, dismissing the senior soldier. Then, while leaning over the top of the trench, he shouted:

– Cease fire! – to the armorers who continued to cannonade – the city is ours! – he exclaimed, taking off his cap and raising it to the sky with his right arm extended. From the ranks of the soldiers arose a thunderous unanimous clamor, accompanied by harquebus shots here and there, which sanctioned

– Long live Annibale Bentivoglio, lord of Bologna! – The reinstated gonfalonier is a noble forty-two-year-old man, with a worn face, prominent cheeks, tested by the hardships and marked by them; but always gritty, with pesto colored eyes. Behind his shoulders, the youngest brother, Ermes, reaches him happily, embracing him tightly, banging the two paunches in a metallic sound.

– We did it Annibale! The honor and reputation of the family are preserved – said smiling the youngest son, very similar to the older brother and to the father by reflection, but with a fatter and more youthful face.

– Yes, we did it, we did it – replied Annibale; when to his right, the celebration joined the third and last surviving male, Alexander, the only blonde brother, with a thin nose in the French style, and soft features like those of the mother Ginevra.

– Neither the prospects of the discovery of the New World – confirmed a decade earlier by Vespucci – excited me as much as this day.

– Ah, yes, today is a great day brother – replied radiant Annibale, embracing the relative – today is a day of redemption and rebirth for us. After celebrating with the consanguineous, a little black man, densely bearded despite his young age, nobly dressed and adorned with gold, approached to congratulate the forefather.

– Félicitations monsieur Bentivoglio – he said, offering him a slight bow – j'irai immédiatement rapporter la nouvelle à mon oncle le Roi à Milan (congratulations monsieur Bentivoglio, I will go immediately to report the news to my uncle the King in Milan).

– Grâce à vous Comte de Foix, sans le soutien de la couronne de France je n'aurais jamais réussi l'entreprise (thanks to you Count de Foix, without the help of the French crown we would never have succeeded in the venture) – he said Annibale returning the bow.

Relieved and prosperous from having subjugated the last resistance from the city, he loosens the ties, letting the iron forearm drop; then, he takes off, helped by his brother Alexander, the heavy chest plate above his shoulders. Removed, he shakes the chestnut hair, cut in a scalloped style from the fringe to the end of the neck and puts the low cap back on his head, with a sparrow feather. Removed also the panziera, he shows the garb, composed of a green doublet, short and tight, with ham-like sleeves, which leaves the legs exposed, which are covered by stockings of two different colors, as is the fashion in Italy, one white and the other red, like the colors of the city. Finally, he puts on a brown overcoat, long, that reaches down to his feet, taking care to leave the sword handle free. Alleviated

also from the physical weight of the armor, and joyful for the successful enterprise, he heads towards his horse. He puts the duck-beak shoe on the stirrup, jumps onto the saddle and gallops off, bailing himself out from the garrison of soldiers who were besieging the citadel.

Now, he can enjoy his return to his birthplace as his sovereign, under the care of the French. Walking on his thoroughbred through the deserted streets of the city, due to the state of war, he contemplates its beauty: looking down, he observes the canals, crossing those of the Po, the Rhine, and the Savena, lined with mills that rotate incessantly with the flow of water; while looking up, he scrutinizes the towers, which seem to cut the clouds with their height. Crossing the arch of the little Genoese tower, he enters the heart of the urban territory, inside the walls built in the year 1000. He tries to remember all the names of the families that built the impressive structures "There is the Borromei tower – he thinks – this is of the Salaroli, Milanzoli, Prendiparte" then he observes one on his right, but he really can't remember the name. He observes the beak and the cover cloak, but nothing... while scrutinizing the battlements more carefully he realizes "But of course! It's the Guido zagni. How long I've been away from this city...".

While he continues his stroll, he is taken by a wave of nostalgia and memories of his youth come back to his mind: he remembers when as a child, sitting next to his father, as the eldest and designated heir, he watched with such delight the jousts in Piazza Maggiore, where a hundred knights clashed for the conquest of a banner in front of the festive crowd. Or that other time, always in the jousts, when during a game of football, in the middle of the scuffles, fifty men dressed in green and fifty men dressed in blue, tried to score more points against the other, "How my mother and father laughed and rejoiced, as did everyone else..." he reflects. Or that cold day of January, during his marriage to the young Lucrezia d'Este; three thousand guests who went with a triumphant procession to take the bride at the Osteria della Zucca (Corticella). An incredibly luxurious dinner with thousands of quintals of food – poultry, wine, sweets – on the first day they stayed at the table for seven hours for the beauty of twenty-eight courses. For three days they celebrated with jousts, dances and finally fireworks, "How many happy people there were on the streets in those days" he thinks; but in that moment, the streets are almost deserted, and the only happy one is that leader on the saddle of his purebred.

So, in a wave of proud regret, he gallops at full speed towards the church where his predecessors are enclosed. He dismounts and opens the enormous wooden door, he walks at a relentless pace, crossing the various aisles, towards the back of the cathedral. He arrives in front of a magnificent chapel: the floor is made of hexagonal tiles painted white, above, a blue dome, from which slits, enter warm rays of light that revive the colors of the frescoes that cover all the walls. It is the chapel of his family. In front of this sacred temple of his name, Bentivoglio, the noble man is invaded by a sense of pride and dignity, which arises from being a descendant of a surname, something that not everyone has at the time and that allows you to have political weight, as well as a burden. Well, in front of this emanation of honorary honor, his eyes go to focus on the family shield: two colors, gold and red, divided transversally by a saw-toothed cut. Poetically, his spirit goes back to the mythic and ancestral origin of the name: everything originates when the Bolognese defeated the imperial cavalry at

Fossalta, crossing the Tiepido torrent. They captured Enzo of Svevia, King of Sardinia and son of Frederick II (Emperor of the Romans). Imprisoned for life in the city, a lady made company to the sovereign, Lucia of Viadagola. Soon a relationship was created between the two, where in the moments of intimacy she whispered to his ear «Ben ti voglio» (Love you), and from the relationship between the two a child was born who continued the branch, thus making the descent to royal blood.

Subsequently, the commander's gaze, from the mythological shield, moves to the raw concrete of a tomb. Because the history of this family is a troubled story, made of honor, power games, murders, clashes, and that tomb is the burial place of the noble blood of the founder. A brave man, Giovanni Bentivoglio, who tried the impossible like Icarus, aimed too high, his wings dissolved and he fell. It is him that in 1401, at the call out of «Long live the people, long live the arts», defeated in blood, on the streets of the city, the Gozzadini family, ending the ten-year feud between Guelphs and Ghibellines, proclaiming himself lord of Bologna. This autocratic gesture annoyed the Holy See, which sent against it a coalition of the major signories of northern Italy (Visconti of Milan, Gonzaga of Mantua, Malatesta of Rimini, Montefeltro of Urbino). The seven thousand Bolognese infantrymen were routed by the fifteen thousand cavalymen on the Casalecchio bridge, in June of 1402. Giovanni, captured, was brought in Mantua and lynched by the population that dismembered him so much, that the few remains were collected in a basket.

Taken by an inner fervor, Annibale turns his gaze away from the chapel, turning his back to it. Inevitably his attention is captured by the beautiful bas-reliefs, made by Jacopo della Quercia, on the sarcophagus of the tomb in front of him, in which is contained the body of another character. At the death of Giovanni, his three sons were spared and raised at Castel Malvezzi (Selva Malvezzi). About fifteen years later, the first son Anton Galeazzo, driven by his father's Scacchi faction, was appointed head of the government of the reformers. Also this time, the pope, smelling of Bentivoglio, expelled him and began several years of exile around the European courts, until the death of the pope. The successor, Eugenius IV, granted amnesty to Anton Galeazzo, who returned to Bologna on the day of Saint Lucy (13 December 1431). Soon he was summoned by the papal legate of the city, who through an assassin, to prevent future power grabs, brutally murdered him at night of the eve (23 December). He died bleeding, lying on the ground, exactly as lying down, Quercia portrayed him in the sarcophagus that observes so minutely Annibale.

Taking a few steps, the noble man is placed at the center of the chapel, and his pesto colored eyes move to the right, focusing on a high relief of a man on horseback who brandishes the sword, a character impossible but of enormous value and thickness. Impossible because the Bentivoglio inheritance was entrusted to a dice throw. A few years before that night of the eve, Anton Galeazzo shared a married woman with another lover; at the moment when she was pregnant, not knowing who was the offspring, the two played for the paternity of the baby, and it became Annibale I Bentivoglio (1413). A few years later, the Visconti of Milan were the de facto masters of Bologna and Philip Maria decided to marry his daughter to the twenty-eight-year-old Annibale, adopting and placing him in a high rank. But those were years in which the supremacy over the political adversary was given by the elimination of this last; so, fearing his

growing power, he was captured in an ambush at San Giovanni in Persiceto and taken to a castle in the province of Parma. But this game, turned against him. One night, five Bolognese friends scaled the walls of the Rocca, killed the guards and freed Annibale. Hurrying back from the Grata of the Aposa, they collected the followers and took possession with the blood of the city. Subsequently, Annibale was able to resist various sieges and attempts of reconquest by rival factions, culminating in a scorching day of August 1443 at San Giorgio di Piano, when Annibale I with a fierce surge defeated the Milanese troops, freeing Bologna and becoming its lord. Not for long, because the adversaries are always ready to slither to take your power. Two years later, on the day of San Giovanni (24 June), he was invited as godfather at the baptism of the son of an antagonistic family, the Canetoli. Annibale accepted, always inclined to gestures of reconciliation of disputes. Arriving near the church, he was vilely killed with a stab to the chest. "What an unjust death my grandfather had to suffer – thought the nephew with pesto colored eyes, who like tradition, carries the name – but the people were on our side" indeed, this vile act triggered hell in the city, which closed the doors, massacred the rivals by burning more than fifty houses. The purge was completed with the posting of the heart of Battista Canetoli at the door of the Bentivoglio palace, and his corpse thrown to the dogs and pigs. The survivors fled from the Pratello door, which for a sign of contempt to the infamous was walled up forever.

After the death of Annibale, his son Giovanni, born two years earlier, was an infant and therefore unable to rule; so, was called from Tuscany, through the intercession of Cosimo de Medici, Sante Bentivoglio, natural son of Anton Galeazzo's brother (cousin of Annibale I), as a guardian. Under his careful management, a bicameral diarchy system was established that gave stability to the city, where Bologna recognized the possession of the territory to the papacy, and the Pope granted the reformers freedom in internal politics (system that continued de facto until the unity of Italy). In addition, Sante, a thirty-year-old adult, married the fourteen-year-old Ginevra Sforza, daughter of the lord of Pesaro, niece of the lord of Milan (1454). Also settled in the progeny, Sante wanted his son Ercole to succeed him and so he had invented pretexts to distance the designated ward from the Bolognese, who in addition had fallen in love with his wife who was only three years older than him. But the forty-year-old Sante died suddenly in his bed one morning in October (1st October 1463), opening the way to the nephew.

A month after the twenty-year-old Giovanni II was nominated justice gonfalonier and after the six canonical months he married the widow Ginevra, from whose tight marriage he will have 16 children, 5 died in infancy and 11 grew to adulthood. Annibale's look then moved, from the low relief of the grandfather who stood on the horse, to the fresco immediately to the left, where all four brothers and the seven sisters, along with the parents, were depicted. Annibale's eyes become moist thinking "What a terrible fate you all had!" and growing in him the awareness that he would never have such a moment again, all gathered together. His heart became more melancholic thinking about what happened afterwards. Giovanni began a thin game of diplomacy where he was regent of Bologna on behalf of the Pope, but at the same time, commander of the Milanese troops; despite the Sforza and Rome being very often in open conflict. So much so that in the battle of Riccardina, on the Idice torrent, Giovanni presented his troops only when the battle was already decided one way or the other, in such a

way as not to compromise himself. The following year (1468) peace finally broke out and the golden period for the city began. Bologna was completely restored, architects, painters, sculptors and artists from all the peninsula were called to do the works. The port was built which allowed to reach the sea by boat, unblocking infinite new trade routes, and the construction of the Bentivoglio palace, the Domus Aurea, 60 meters of facade, 140 meters of depth, for 244 rooms, a jewel of Renaissance art. “«I found a city of wood and straw, and I made it of stone» was used to say by my father – thought Annibale observing the hands, placed in a sign of prayer, of the father depicted in the fresco – at that time even Pope Sixtus IV granted me the right of succession... usurpers!” he turned in a sudden gesture, bringing his hands to his mouth and closing his puffed-up eyes, not to look at that faded portrait of a lost past.

As he exited the basilica, looking up at the sky, he noticed that the accumulated clouds had started to rain, a light shower that, despite clouding the day, did not displease the noble man who let it drench and run down his lived face. Mounting again, he galloped, exiting the city walls of the year 1000 once more. Immediately outside, he turned to the left looking for the most magnificent palace in which he had grown up, but all he saw was a massive pile of rubble – marble blocks, beams, columns, arches, all shattered and left in a disordered heap – the noble man with prominent cheekbones had already heard the news, but to realize it in such a horrific, cruel, and ruthless scene that appears in all its shocking truth, fills him with a piercing pain. “How have we come to this point? – he wondered – how can we have come to this? I remember how providence has made things fall, how the people have acted foolishly against the man who brought them wealth and glory”. Towards the end of the century, Giovanni found himself in a vice: in the West, Louis XII of France had conquered Milan and was moving south. To get out of the grasp of conquest, he started paying exorbitant sums that fell on the taxation of the citizens. On the other side, to the east, Cesare Borgia began his conquest of the Romagna, supported by his father, exerting strong pressure. “Against the Valentino and the King of France we have clashed to preserve the city's freedom – remembered Annibale – but discontent was brewing and two conspiracies were thwarted. One of those sly Malvezzi and the other of those usurers of the Maresotti, both were suppressed in blood. In particular, the second, which was carried out under the advice of my mother”. Then, the apparent miracle occurred, Pope Alexander VI, father of the Valentino, died poisoned, making the son's conquest dream fade. It was a futile relief, because a former cardinal of Bologna was elected at the conclave, Pope Julius II of Rovere (1503), who had clearly as an objective the reconquest of the city. “In addition – he remembered frowning while looking at the heap of rubble – the following year was a terrible winter, with a spring full of rain that caused a severe famine. To culminate the curse, the earth shook for the first time on the day of Saint Eugene (30 December) and destroyed all the chimneys of the city. Then it shook again and again, until May; the city came out exhausted and destroyed. And finally, the final blow, Pope Julius II gave the ultimatum, so, on the day of All Saints (1 November 1506) we fled from Porta San Mamolo with the French troops arriving from the Emilia road, the Pope who was moving from the Romagna and the Florentines who were returning from the Tuscan road. I remember my mother's tormented face while trying to give comfort to my sisters...”.

Pope Julius II, before entering Bologna, changed clothes, presenting himself not as the father of the faithful, but as the sovereign of the people and began the harsh government of the Pope, without pity for anyone, less for the Bentivoglio. “We sent him a letter asking him to spare our goods. The Holy father did not even read it, tore it up and gave his consent to the Maresotti to destroy all our symbols – and here a masterpiece of Renaissance art, a jewel of architectural art of the time, was vandalized and reduced to the ground by the people – my mother when she heard the news died of a heart attack and shortly after followed my father... for us children it started a period of escape, hiding in the peninsula. We fled from city to city, excommunicated and with a bounty on our heads; Parma, Ferrara, Mantua, Padua, Ravenna, Venice...”.

The more he observed those rubble, the more a feeling of vengeful anger grew in him, remembering those so painful and indignant events. Taken by a furious feeling of raging anger, Annibale wanted to realize his revenge in the act. After returning at full speed to the besieging field and having collected a group of French knights, he headed for the center of the city.

The French were on his side because, a few years before (1508), a league had been signed at Cambrai formed by a coalition to stop the terrestrial advance of the Serenissima. With the descent of foreign troops from the Alps and the assertion of French power throughout northern Italy, no longer counterbalanced by Venice, the Pope's concerns grew. In particular, he intended to conquer the Duchy of Ferrara, a French ally, and add it to the Church State. So Julius excommunicated Alfonso d'Este and invaded the duchy, in addition he proposed an alliance to the Serenissima, in the attempt to recover the autonomous Italian put in question by the occupation of the transalpines (1510). And here the Bentivoglio returned to be an ace in the sleeve at a political level for the Cambrai coalition. The French forces of Gian Giacomo Trivulzio reconquered Castelfranco Emilia, and the Este defeated the Venetians on the Po, leaving Bologna isolated. Julius II, out of fear of being trapped, moved to Ravenna and on May 23, 1511, the French led by Annibale and Trivulzio were at the gates of Bologna.

Arrived in Piazza Maggiore with his men, the light shower had become denser and more intense. With a fierce and determined look, he observed the bronze statue of Julius II, placed on the main portal of the basilica of San Petronio, thinking “Disgusting usurper, now you're going to pay... you destroyed what was mine, now I'm going to destroy what is yours!”.

With a dry gesture, Annibale orders his men – *Laisse tomber ce gâchis* (throw away this scrap) – and the knights begin to throw ropes over the statue. The ropes wrap around the bronze pope's neck, the horses begin to move away, the ropes stretch and wet themselves under the heavy rain, the hooves of the horses sink into the mud during the effort.

Annibale is more and more irritated and impatient – *Forza! allez les hommes tirez! poussez plus fort!* (Force! pull men! pull harder!) – twitches in gestures that make the rain drops fly. The statue begins to wobble moving forward and protruding from the gable.

“*Encore, encore, tire!* (again, again, pull!)” – he shouted, when suddenly, the heavy statue twists and falls forward, crashing with all its weight towards the ground, where it shatters into various pieces. After the impact boom, the square falls back into silence and the only noise perceptible is the rustle of the rain on

the ground. Annibale approaches and observes, in a satisfied silence, from the height of his horse, the creased face of the pope that drips into the mud. The heavy rain flows over the bronze face of Julius II, as if those drops were tears of pain for what has just happened to him. “You well good derived, fairy tales tellergo outside of my city” he thinks.

Then, turning towards his men, he orders – *Maintenant va faire la même chose avec la Rocca, rase-la jusqu'au sol.* Fate partecipare anche i cittadini, ne saranno contenti (Now go do the same thing with the Rocca, raze it to the ground. Also get the citizens involved, they will be happy) – and the group moves away. That statue was a wonderful work of Michelangelo, the only one made in bronze by the Bonarroti.

It was carefully worked on for two years (1506-08) in a small workshop in the current Piazza Galvani (a sign placed above the Unicredit bank still remembers it). It was about three meters high, depicted Julius II in a beneficent position, and it was clear the political message that was intended: despite the basilica having been created by civil will as a symbol of freedom and autonomy, Bologna was under papal domination. So, inevitably, that was the first thing the Bentivoglio focused on. Later, the remains of the statue were sold to Annibale's father-in-law, Alfonso d'Este, who melted them to create a cannon, called Giulia, which fired projectiles of fifty pounds. Finally, the fate of the papal tyranny was further pursued, as that cannon was used by the lanzichenecchi in the sack of Rome (1527) which plundered the holy seat. Instead, the Bentivoglio saga concluded when Gaston de Foix, the bearded Moroccan, in command of the French troops in Italy, moved towards Ravenna, the last papal fortress, together with Alfonso d'Este. Here they clashed on Easter Sunday, April 11, 1512, it is said that the Duke of Ferrara, allied with the French, bombarded both sides saying «It doesn't matter, they are all foreigners and therefore enemies of the Italians». In the clash Gaston died and his successor, less energetic and reluctant to continue the campaign, withdrew behind the Alps, leaving the Bentivoglio without the essential ally. They lost the city that year and never returned. From here the Bentivoglio exited the stage of History. The last of the family was a character actor, he acted in several films with Totò and died in the second half of the 20th century.

III. Characters

Annibale II Bentivoglio – protagonist and older brother of the Bentivoglio family.

Giulio Vitelli – Bishop and leader who surrenders the Rocca di Galliera.

Gian Giacomo Trivulzio – Seventy-one-year-old Italian soldier, naturalized French, who directs the siege of the Rocca di Galliera.

Teseo Aldrovandi – Father of the naturalist Ulisse Aldrovandi, notary for the delivery of 3000 ducats for the surrender of the Fortress (there is no historical proof of this, I inserted it as a personal whim).

Ermes Bentivoglio – younger brother of Annibale II.

Alessandro Bentivoglio – middle brother, one year older than Hermes.

Gaston de Foix – Marshal of France and nephew of King Louis XII, helper of the Bentivoglio family in the recovery of the city.

Alfonso d'Este – lord of Ferrara, father-in-law of Hannibal II and ally of the French who founded the remains of the statue in the culverin.

From the Bentivoglio family:

Enzo of Swabia (1220 - 1272) – King of Sardinia and natural son of Frederick the Magnificent, imprisoned for life in Bologna at Palazzo Re Enzo.

Lucia di Viadagola – attractive peasant woman who in legend shared a relationship with Enzo from whom the Bentivoglio lineage was born.

Giovanni I Bentivoglio (1358 - 1402) – true founder of the family, great-great-grandfather of Annibale II. Leader and lord of Bologna for barely a year.

Anton Galeazzo Bentivoglio (1385 - 1435) – natural son of John I, great-grandfather of Hannibal II. He headed the government of the reformers from 1416 to 1420.

Annibale I Bentivoglio (1413 - 1445) – perhaps unnatural son of Anton Galeazzo, grandfather of Annibale II. Lord of Bologna from 1443 to 1445.

Sante Bentivoglio (1424 - 1463) – natural son of Ercole Bentivoglio, brother of Anton Galeazzo, third cousin of Annibale II. Lord of Bologna from 1446 to 1463 as guardian for the natural son of Annibale I.

Ginevra Sforza (1440 - 1507) – illegitimate daughter of Alessandro Sforza, lord of Pesaro. Mother of Annibale II. First wife of Anton Galeazzo and then wife of Giovanni II. Mother of 18 children.

Giovanni II Bentivoglio (1443 - 1508) – natural son of Annibale I. Father of Annibale II. Lord of Bologna from 1463 to 1506.

IV. Places

Fortress of Galliera – located in the current Montagnola park, the ruins still present today are the remains of that clash in 1511.

Torresotto of Porta Genovese – in Via Piella, one of the gates of the city wall dating back to the year one thousand.

Bentivoglio's Chapel – in the Cathedral of San Giacomo Maggiore (via Zamboni 15 40100 Bologna). Family chapel, begun under Hannibal I in 1445 and finished with John II in 1486.

Bentivoglio's Palace – the current Guasto garden (not surprisingly, because 'guasto' means 'broke down') and the Municipal Theatre.

Piazza Maggiore – location of the statue of Michelangelo on the façade of the Basilica of San Petronio.

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