Giorgio Vasari (1511-1574) wrote about hundreds of artists in his Lives of the Most Eminent Italian Architects, Painters, and Sculptors, which he published first in 1550, and in a revised edition in 1568.

LIFE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI: Painter and Sculptor of Florence

The greatest gifts are often seen, in the course of nature, rained by celestial influences on human creatures; and sometimes, in supernatural fashion, beauty, grace, and talent are united beyond measure in one single person, in a manner that to whatever such an one turns his attention, his every action is so divine, that, surpassing all other men, it makes itself clearly known as a thing bestowed by God (as it is), and not acquired by human art. This was seen by all mankind in Leonardo da Vinci, in whom, besides a beauty of body never sufficiently extolled, there was an infinite grace in all his actions; and so great was his genius, and such its growth, that to whatever difficulties he turned his mind, he solved them with ease. In him was great bodily strength, joined to dexterity, with a spirit and courage ever royal and magnanimous; and the fame of his name so increased, that not only in his lifetime was he held in esteem, but his reputation became even greater among posterity after his death.

Truly marvellous and celestial was Leonardo, the son of Ser Piero da Vinci; and in learning and in the rudiments of letters he would have made great proficiency, if he had not been so variable and unstable, for he set himself to learn many things, and then, after having begun them, abandoned them. Thus, in arithmetic, during the few months that he studied it, he made so much progress, that, by continually suggesting doubts and difficulties to the master who was teaching him, he would very often bewilder him. He gave some little attention to music, and quickly resolved to learn to play the lyre, as one who had by nature a spirit most lofty and full of refinement: wherefore he sang divinely to that instrument, improvising upon it. Nevertheless, although he occupied himself with such a variety of things, he never ceased drawing and working in relief, pursuits which suited his fancy more than any other. Ser Piero, having observed this, and having considered the loftiness of his intellect, one day took some of his drawings and carried them to Andrea del Verrocchio, who was much his friend, and besought him straitly [sic] to tell him whether Leonardo, by devoting himself to drawing, would make any proficiency. Andrea was astonished to see the extraordinary beginnings of Leonardo, and urged Ser Piero that he should make him study it; wherefore he arranged with Leonardo that he should enter the workshop of Andrea, which Leonardo did with the greatest willingness in the world. And he practised not one branch of art only, but all those in which drawing played a part; and having an intellect so divine and marvellous that he was also an excellent geometrician, he not only worked in sculpture, making in his youth, in clay, some heads of women that are smiling, of which plaster casts are still taken, and likewise some heads of boys which appeared to have issued from the hand of a master; but in architecture, also, he made many drawings both of
ground-plans and of other designs of buildings; and he was the first, although but a youth, who suggested the plan of reducing the river Arno to a navigable canal from Pisa to Florence. He made designs of flour-mills, fullingmills, and engines, which might be driven by the force of water; and since he wished that his profession should be painting, he studied much in drawing after nature, and sometimes in making models of figures in clay, over which he would lay soft pieces of cloth dipped in clay, and then set himself patiently to draw them on a certain kind of very fine Rheims cloth, or prepared linen; and he executed them in black and white with the point of his brush, so that it was a marvel, as some of them by his hand, which I have in our book of drawings, still bear witness; besides which, he drew on paper with such diligence and so well, that there is no one who has ever equalled him in perfection of finish; and I have one, a head drawn with the style in chiaroscuro, which is divine.

And there was infused in that brain such grace from God, and a power of expression in such sublime accord with the intellect and memory that served it, and he knew so well how to express his conceptions by draughtsmanship, that he vanquished with his discourse, and confuted with his reasoning, every valiant wit. And he was continually making models and designs to show men how to remove mountains with ease, and how to bore them in order to pass from one level to another; and by means of levers, windlasses, and screws, he showed the way to raise and draw great weights, together with methods for emptying harbours, and pumps for removing water from low places, things which his brain never ceased from devising.

It is clear that Leonardo, through his comprehension of art, began many things and never finished one of them, since it seemed to him that the hand was not able to attain to the perfection of art in carrying out the things which he imagined; for the reason that he conceived in idea difficulties so subtle and so marvellous, that they could never be expressed by the hands, be they ever so excellent. And so many were his caprices, that, philosophizing of natural things, he set himself to seek out the properties of herbs, going on even to observe the motions of the heavens, the path of the moon, and the courses of the sun.

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He also painted in Milan, for the Friars of S. Dominic, at S. Maria dell Grazie, a Last Supper, a most beautiful and marvellous thing; and to the heads of the Apostles he gave such majesty and beauty, that he left the head of Christ unfinished, not believing that he was able to give it that divine air which is essential to the image of Christ. This work, remaining thus all but finished, has ever been held by the Milanese in the greatest veneration, and also by strangers as well; for Leonardo imagined and succeeded in expressing that anxiety which had seized the Apostles in wishing to know who should betray their Master. For which reason in all their faces are seen love, fear, and wrath, or rather, sorrow, at not being able to understand the meaning of Christ; which thing excites no less marvellous than the sight, in contrast to it, of obstinacy, hatred, and treachery in Judas; not to mention that every least part of the work displays an incredible diligence, seeing that even in the tablecloth the texture of the stuff is counterfeited in such a manner that linen itself could not seem more real.

It is said that the Prior of that place kept pressing Leonardo, in a most importunate manner, to finish the work; for it seemed strange to him to see Leonardo sometimes stand half a day at a
time, lost in contemplation, and he would have like him to go on like the labourers hoeing in his
garden, without ever stopping his brush. And not content with this, he complained of it to the
Duke, and that so warmly, that he was constrained to send for Leonardo and delicately urged him
to work, contriving nevertheless to show him that he was doing all this because of the
importunity of the Prior. Leonardo, knowing that the intellect of that Prince was acute and
discerning, was pleased to discourse at large with the Duke on the subject, a thing which he had
never done with the Prior: and he reasoned much with him about art, and made him understand
that men of lofty genius sometimes accomplish the most when they work the least, seeking out
inventions with the mind, and forming those perfect ideas which the hands afterwards express
and reproduce from the images already conceived in the brain. And he added that two heads
were still wanting for him to paint; that of Christ, which he did not wish to seek on earth; and he
could not think that it was possible to conceive in the imagination that beauty and heavenly grace
which should be the mark of God incarnate. Next, there was wanting that of Judas, which was
also troubling him, not thinking himself capable of imagining features that should represent the
countenance of him who, after so many benefits received, had a mind so cruel as to resolve to
betray his Lord, the Creator of the world. However, he would seek out a model for the latter; but
if in the end he could not find a better, he should not want that of the importunate and tactless
Prior. This thing moved the Duke wondrously to laughter, and he said that Leonardo had a
thousand reasons on his side. And so the poor Prior, in confusion, confined himself to urging on
the work in the garden, and left Leonardo in peace, who finished only the head of Judas, which
seems the very embodiment of treachery and inhumanity; but that of Christ, as has been said,
remained unfinished.

Leonardo undertook to execute, for Francesco del Giocondo, the portrait of Mona Lisa, his wife;
and after toiling over it for four years, he left it unfinished; and the work is now in the collection
of King Frances of France, at Fontainebleau. In this head, whoever wished to see how closely art
could imitate nature, was able to comprehend it with ease; for in it were counterfeited all the
minutenesses that with subtlety are able to be painted, seeing that the eyes had that lustre and
watery sheen which are always seen in life, and around them were all those rosy and pearly tints,
as well as the lashes, which cannot be represented without the greatest subtlety. The eyebrows,
through his having shown the manner in which the hairs spring from the flesh, here more close
and here more scanty, and curve according to the pores of the skin, could not be more natural.
The nose, with its beautiful nostrils, rosy and tender, appeared to be alive. The mouth, with its
opening, and with its ends united by the red of the lips to the flesh-tints of the face, seemed, in
truth, to be not colours but flesh. In the pit of the throat, if one gazed upon it intently, could be
seen the beating of the pulse. And, indeed, it may be said that it was painted in such a manner as
to make every valiant craftsman, be he who he may, tremble and lose heart. He made use, also,
of this device: Mona Lisa being very beautiful, he always employed, while he was painting her
portrait, persons to play or sing, and jesters, who might make her remain merry, in order to take
away that melancholy which painters are often wont to give to the portraits that they paint. And
in this work of Leonardo's there was a smile so pleasing, that it was a thing more divine than
human to behold; and it was held to be something marvellous, since the reality was not more alive

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There was very great disdain between Michelangelo Buonarroti and him, on account of which Michelangelo departed from Florence, with the excuse of Duke Giuliano, having been summoned by the Pope to the competition for the facade of S. Lorenzo. Leonardo, understanding this, departed and went into France, where the King, having had works by his hand, bore him great affection; and he desired that he should colour the cartoon of S. Anne, but Leonardo, according to his custom, put him off for a long time with words.

Finally, having grown old, he remained ill many months, and, feeling himself near to death, asked to have himself diligently informed of the teaching of the Catholic faith, and of the good way and holy Christian religion; and then, with many moans, he confessed and was penitent; and although he could not raise himself well on his feet, supporting himself on the arms of his friends and servants, he was pleased to take devoutly the most holy Sacrament, out of his bed. The King, who was wont often and lovingly to visit him, then came into the room; wherefore he, out of reverence, having raised himself to sit upon the bed, giving him an account of his sickness and the circumstances of it, showed withal how much he had offended God and mankind in not having worked at his art as he should have done. Thereupon he was seized by a paroxysm, the messenger of death; for which reason the King having risen and having taken his head, in order to assist him and show him favour, to then end that he might alleviate his pain, his spirit, which was divine, knowing that it could not have any greater honour, expired in the arms of the King, in the seventy fifth year of his age.