



Max Laniado Fine Arts



Vanessa LONGO

Mida, the queen who turned the virus into art(?)

2021

Acrylic and copper foil on wooden panel

40 x 24 inches (101.6 x 61 cm)

A tale by Vanessa Longo

Mida, the queen who turned the virus into art(?)

Mida knew that she would have only one daughter and that her name would be Dunja. What she did not suspect was that she would be a star.

Mida had married in the church with her lifelong companion, Gigliolo. They had seven cats, one bat, two crows, and three earthworms purifiers.

That year, the Ciu-fi entertainment company, a telecommunications leader, generously offered to those who had at least seven cats, a bat, two crows, three standard earthworms or purifiers, and a child (existing or in progress) ten super mega food vouchers worth 10 euros.



Blinded by the lust for money, Mida decided that the time had come to give birth to her only child.

Along with her, another 12,000,000 people applied for the super mega food vouchers worth 10 euros, but only seven fulfilled the requirements to receive the super mega food vouchers worth 10 euros.

Mida and the other very fortunate families met at the place where the vouchers were collected. The other six women who received the coveted award and Mida were all in a baby expectation.

The mayor of the city did the honors and gave the pregnant women the fabulous award. A little to celebrate the event, a little by the affinity of thought, the lucky future mothers continued with the celebrations. They also drank a bit of champagne that dissolved their inhibitions, so it was that the girls were scented in candid and warm hugs, becoming good friends.

After a few months of living harmoniously, thanks to the super mega food vouchers worth 10 euros, it was almost time to give birth to the new creature. Mida was over the moon and went to the hospital in labor but excited to become a mother.

While she was pushing, pushing, and pushing, she saw that beautiful little head come out first, followed by one arm. Then two. Then that tender little body. Here come out the right leg and then...a peanut. A PEANUT?!? A peanut instead of a baby leg? How could it happen!! Shaken and indignant, Mida went home with the little creature.



After a first period of loneliness, to cheer up, Mida decided to hear the super mega food vouchers' friends worth 10 euros; she discovered that even to them had happened the same cruel fate.

Altogether, they went to a team of specialists who, unanimously, decided that the little creatures, for convenience nicknamed “babies super mega food vouchers worth 10 euros,” were the unfortunate result of a very rare disease caused by a virus released from the ink used to print the super mega food vouchers worth 10 euros.

Coincidentally, the magnanimous giver of the super mega food vouchers worth 10 euros, Renatino, was also the auspicious owner of the super mega nutcracker for unlucky baby legs (plus).

Renatino was a straight and generous man and offered the ill-fated families to buy the super mega nutcracker for unfortunate legs (plus) at the modest and repeatable figure of 3,999 euros.

Practically a gift.

All of the families respectfully accepted the unmissable gift except for Mida. Mida had other great projects for Dunja. Her daughter will not spend her entire existence under the power of a peanut. I'll have her studied, she thought.

Culture will be her social redemption, OUR social redemption.

When she started a second job and forced Gigliolo to sell matches outside the discotheques to study Dunja, of course, she could not have imagined that the little girl was chasing the dream of being a dancer, with that bit of leg. But when little more than a baby, she solemnly declared: "Mom, Dad, I don't want to crush my peanut with a nutcracker, I want to DANCE Nutcracker ballet!" Poised between



pain and sorrow, Midas agreed to help the daughter in every possible way.

Crush your little peanuts!

The only way for Dunja to dance was to get a prosthetic. But the good ones were very expensive. The only model Mida could afford was a solid body, with fixed articulation, in a kick upside-down position. Yes, because the leg was explicitly created for a football talent only pointing upside down. Gigioniño. Then Gigioniño quarreled with the coach and no longer wanted to wear a t-shirt n.11.

Mida gave Dunja her new leg and a super mega food voucher worth 10 euros.

Dunja did not stop thanking her mother for the marvelous gifts and began to attend dance lessons. Contrary to all expectations, Dunja became a great dancer, indeed, the best, the school's first dancer. She was the only one who could dance for an entire hour with her leg in grand jete without ever having to pose or change position; thanks to her, male partners could easily fly as graceful as female colleagues using Dunja's leg as a springboard. Finally, at the dance lessons' peak, Dunja's leg also served as a bar for the students, hosting up to three students.

Dunja was the pride of Midas and Gigliolo. Through their daughter's path, they finally saw their dream of redemption from their humble origins realized thanks to art, commitment, and super mega food vouchers worth 10 euros. But you know, being number one generates envy.



Before the Nutcracker's premiere, chorus girls convinced naive Dunja to follow the theater's basement. They said they had a toast in her honor.

With a heart full of joy, Dunja accepted the invitation.

When the dancers went down to the basement, with the complicity of a pupil who from the outside locked them in a room, little calculator truces ended in dismay and fear, then begged Dunja to use her leg to climb up to the high window that led to the outside.

When the entire dance group, except for the dancer from the solid wood leg, was safely out of the basement, it was then that time.

One took the lighter, the other the gasoline, a third loosened the shoe dance from the prodigy leg and soaked the laces with flammable liquid. All of them started the fire so that it was not just one of them to take credit for it.

The prosthesis burned that it was a pleasure.

No More Ballet

no more Nutcracker

no more pink tutu and pirouettes

No more proud mom and dad

No more Social Ransom

But Dunja was smiling in flames.

It didn't matter.

Because she had the super mega food vouchers worth 10 euros