

Eva Colombo, *A tale that can't be told*, second chapter: *Sirah's eyes and her wine*

Look at Sirah's eyes. It isn't difficult, you would run across them watching *The Omega Glory*, a 1968 *Star Trek* episode. But maybe in a sense it is difficult to look at those eyes...So look at her face first, you will notice that on her face the reflectors light doesn't flow with complicity as it is used to do when it flows meekly on the faces of the pretty girls that crowd the *Star Trek* original series. No: on Sirah the reflectors light is a chilly stream which slaps the oxymoron of her oval but angular face, lashes the unruly tip of her nose, exasperates the obstinate imperfections of her skin. Focus your attention on her eyes then: from Sirah's huge dark eyes another kind of light flows, a burning light which daringly sets itself against the chilly reflectors light. It is a torrid light which one that overflows from the dark cavern of her eyes...Yes, Sirah's dark eyes open like an unexpected subterranean passage – way which who knows where it leads...Who is Sirah really? Why the reflectors cold light is hostile to her? *The Omega Glory* has been shut at the end of December 1967, during the period of the winter solstice: no wonder that those reflectors convey all the crudeness of the winter light, no wonder that those reflectors were hostile to Sirah... Sirah of the burning eyes is clearly a relative of Sirius, the burning star that during the period of the summer solstice becomes visible again at dawn and announces the beginning of the hottest period of the year, the very period diametrically opposed to that one during which Sirah's eyes have been exposed on a film at the Californian studios. Out of those very studios, the rows of grapevines *Petite Sirah* that cover California are waiting for the burning Sirius for starting again to warm up the morning light, they are waiting for the warm light of summer morning to fill with burning juice the bunches of *Petite Sirah* grapes... Under the cold reflectors light Sirah is a savage queen who hangs on her beautiful naked legs about the no more understood remains of an highly advanced civilization dramatically regressed because of an

human - induced catastrophe. She is a savage girl who snarls and howls but she is able to lavish biblical precepts – *It is written: good shall always destroy evil* ( It is her only cue in the whole *Star Trek* episode ) – with an enigmatical Pythia’s look. Through the layer of the stage make – up a ruffled girl shines, an hippie girl of the miniskirt and naked navel but through the dark water which floods the huge eyes of this ruffled girl ancestral goddesses shine ready to emerge again...Goddesses to whom humanity deceives itself of believing in them no more, goddesses that are forced to wear stage fancy – dresses to be able to walk again on Earth. Look at Sirah’s eyes when they leave Spock’s eyes to look down at the communicator that she holds in her hand...Those of the Enterprise are been captured by the savages and they have been taken in a sort of throne – hall flooded with the purple light of a night vibrating with the shrieks of nocturnal birds or of some other obscure animal. A large carpet with floral volutes lays at the foot of the throne, two anthropomorphous statues with huge breasts seem to garrison this carpet. There she stays, beside the throne and the “king” of the savages installed in it: Sirah, the savage queen. Captain Kirk and Captain Tracey ( a gone mad starfleet commander who has tried to convince the savages that Spock is a devil ) are forced to a bare - hands fight on that carpet, Sirah looks at them with an enigmatical archaic smile, that smile which arches the lips of the archaic Greek statues...that involuntary smile which seems to be caused by the perception of some hidden reality, of some reality that the smiling deities themselves have buried into the meanders of their unconscious. Kirk and Tracey are fighting to reach a cutlass placed on the edge of the carpet: the first who will be succeed in seizing that cutlass must kill the other with that very cutlass proving in this way that God is on his side. Standing on the edge of the carpet, Sirah looks at them: behind her, the communicator abandoned on a table. It should be sufficient to open it and the Enterprise would save Kirk and his men. Spock too is standing on the edge of that carpet: he is wounded and his hands are tied but his

magnetic eyes are free to intercept Sirah's eyes inducing her to seize the communicator and to go toward him. For few moments Sirah and Spock face each other, one's eyes plunged into other's eyes. Sirah first turns away her eyes to look down to the communicator that she holds in her hand: the communicator suddenly open opening an escape route...Look at Sirah's eyes: those are the eyes of someone who is listening to the echo of something very far and very near, something which is emerging again from the dark cavern of her eyes singing a bitter – sweet song, bitter – sweet as a Petite Sirah grape. Those are the eyes of someone who is listening to the echo of no more understood memories, those are the eyes of a science – fictional savage queen and of a ruffled girl in miniskirt who will never be successful in show – business...but all the same from the dark cavern of those eyes something terrible and marvelous is emerging again, something which is connecting mankind with gods: Ariadne's thread. Yes, no doubt: the floral volutes of this carpet are the meanders of a labyrinth which like that one in the Palace of Knossos, in Crete, is at the same time a prison and a path toward the light of salvation. A salvation that you can reach only with the help of Ariadne, the ancient Cretan goddess known as "The Mistress of Labyrinth". Ariadne, the wife of wine's god Dionysus, Ariadne who hands mankind the salvation as a thread to remind human beings that without the help of gods they will succeed in nothing...Following her very thread the ancient Cretan goddess emerges again from Sirah's eyes, emerges again on the surface of a world which has turned the ancient gods into funny mask – characters. But goddesses like to play and the sexy – savage girl costume suits her...The hypnotic eyes of that actor disguised as a satyr have attracted Ariadne on the surface, it doesn't matter if he were aware of this or not. Well, Ariadne thinks, let's play. She will be Sirah: the name of a kind of wine – grapes fits the wine – goddess perfectly. That one disguised as a satyr magnetizes with his magnetic eyes the burning Sirah's eyes attracting her toward him: the goddess responds in a like manner.

Drink thoroughly the burning light of my eyes, drink thoroughly my wine: its source is inexhaustible. Listen to the echo which surely still resounds into the pointed ears of your satyric mask: it is the echo of a bitter – sweet song, a *mélos epilénion*. Yes, surely your human ears can now listen to the echo that your satyric ears have cherished for such a long time. It is the echo of a bitter – sweet *mélos – epilénion*, one of those “squeezing – songs” that the satyrs used to sing in their goddess’s honor during the pressing of grapes. And Sirah is the name of a kind of wine – grapes, and the wine – goddess now is looking with the eyes of this ruffled girl who is incarnating the goddess under the hostile reflectors and she is unaware of doing such an amazing thing...but maybe she is perceiving something: for a moment a tremble runs through her lips. It is that involuntary tremble which precedes a spontaneous call for Heaven’s help when you see that the weight you have to bear is actually unbearable. Don’t be afraid, the goddess whispers in her ear. You can easily tolerate my weight: it isn’t different from yours, I’m a girl too. My name, Ariadne, means “the extremely pure one”: “the extremely pure one” is also Persephone, the mistress of the Underworld. I’m Ariadne and I’m Persephone...Persephone is known to anyone as the Kore, the Maiden, therefore I’m a maiden too. And that actor disguised as a satyr is a singer too...A singer that now is looking at my eyes and listening to the song which is flowing from me as the must flows from the grapes pressed by satyrs. I am the “extremely pure” wine – goddess and I am a maiden named after a kind of wine – grapes. *Maiden Wine* is the title of the song that he will write, it is the title that he will give to what he will remember of the song he is now drinking mingled with the burning light of my eyes.

*“Take care young ladies and value your wine / Be watchful of young men in their velvet prime / Deeply they’ll swallow from your finest kegs / Then swiftly be gone, leaving bitter dregs...bitter dregs”*

Your wine, young ladies, is precious. It is precious as the rain which slakes Earth’s thirst and the lightning which lightens the night, as the breath of

the wind which sets the stars on fire and the kiss of the sea which soothes the sand...But since this wine is everywhere and everyway, too many men deceive themselves that this wine were worthless, they swallow it and vomit it convinced of going unpunished. They don't know, they don't want to know that when they waste your wine is as if they throw their own blood into the sewer. With the bitter dregs that these men leave you dye your lips so that your lips were excruciatingly desirable when with a mocking smile you will pass beside their thirsty souls.

*“Your time hold precious, for youth is your gold / Your beauty, like silver, will tarnish when old / memories and dreams shall comfort you not / when the flow of your sweetness is gone and forgot...gone and forgot”*

Your time, young ladies, is precious: youth is your gold and beauty is your silver. With this gold and this silver make rings for your fingers: don't give these rings as presents, don't sell them. May these rings adorn only your hands and may everyone sees how they glitter, how precious they are. Nobody will be able to steal these rings if you will model them in a manner that prevents anyone to wear them, that allows only you to wear them. The gold ring of your youth will become so an ouroboros which will grasp your finger forever, an ouroboros which will not be able to live any longer without the warmth of your warm - blood and which will bite its tail forever only in order to keep itself tightly close to you, keeping on forever to adorn your hand. The silver ring of your beauty will become so as the moon which wanes till the complete vanishing...but actually the moon never vanishes: even if the eyes of men are unable to see her she is there anyway, ready to be born again wearing a new dress. The flow of your sweetness will never get exhausted: let the men deceive themselves by believing that this flow will vanish when they will forget it. I am native to an island called Crete: there a cavern is my cavern since the beginning of everything. Every year, during the period of the summer solstice, during the night which precedes the morning rise of Sirius, a burning light breaks forth from this cavern and a sweet honey – beverage overflows.

Then wine overflows. Every year, in this cavern, I patronize the miracle: it doesn't matter that men have forgot it. Until there will be women on the Earth this miracle will be accomplished and I will be its guarantor, until there will be women in this world the burning light of Sirius will make honey and wine overflow from the cavern...even if men have forgot it, even if men induce women to believe that the bludgeon of the linear time has smashed the snake of eternity placed on guard of this cavern. No, girls, it isn't gone in this way: until Sirius will keep on rising at dawn during the time of summer solstice and until there will be women that in this very dawn will open their eyes, honey and wine will overflow from my cavern to flood the world...

*“With smiling words and tender touch / Man offers little and asks for so much / He loves in the breathless excitement of night / Then leaves with your treasure in cold morning light...in cold morning light”*

Man, keep on believing as you like of deceiving me with your smiling words and your tender touch. Keep on believing as you like of cheating me by offering little and asking for so much. During the night suck my breath as you like, at dawn your mind will be imbued with my breath. During the night press me as you like, at dawn your soul will be imbued with my wine. In cold morning light steal away as a thief: when you will think of having reached a safe place where safely enjoying the booty you will find out with bitter amazement that the bunch of grapes you have stolen from me has been dried up by cold morning light...and you will be unable to quench your thirst. And bear in mind that when the burning Sirius will start again to warm up the morning light the burning eyes of Sirah will open again, her honey and her wine will overflow again.