

## Scene 5

*Artemis's house. The wall painting is a battle between animals. Three stag antlers. Five stone temple dogs.*

*Birds pluck the seeds from pomegranates.*

*Artemis's swimsuit is hung out to dry on the temple dogs, as are some towels, a swim cap and diving goggles.*

ARTEMIS

Your daughter wishes to fall in love.

AGAMEMNON

What concern of yours is Iphigenia?

ARTEMIS

And what concern of yours is the war?

AGAMEMNON

I am off to help other daughters.

That place is hell.

ARTEMIS

You will not go there in the name of peace.

AGAMEMNON

My contingent will bring justice.

It will take back what belongs to it.

ARTEMIS

You sought to conquer that land, Paris provided the pretext.

AGAMEMNON

Send me down the wind, I shall bring you victims from Troy, dragged from beds in their nurseries, Tuesday's lesson plan struck out with blood from the wrist of a mother raped on top of scattered physics notebooks, and from the perpetrators' sweat, also soaked into her torn skirt.

Send me down the wind, I shall rescue children doused in petrol and splattered with sperm.

They have launched the war, they have plucked out our eye.

ARTEMIS

War is an endless organism of corpses. Should you want to ship your army from the port of the impotent to Troy, land of the Apocalypse, Agamemnon, send me your daughter, Iphigenia, as a sacrifice.

AGAMEMNON

She is not yet out of high school!

ARTEMIS

Just right for a sacrifice.

AGAMEMNON

What will I tell Clytemnestra?

ARTEMIS

That's your business. What do I care.

AGAMEMNON

In Troy, the death toll of soldiers is soaring. Wrapped in flags, they cannot return to the cemetery in Hellada, and I cannot aim between Priam's eyes.

ARTEMIS

Sacrifice me your daughter, then the exchange of war prisoners shall begin. Your army shall not hound you. You shall maintain command. You shall save face.

The ships will do your bidding.

Oh, father of the nation, you long to be a statesman. In a true revolution heads must roll and victims fall, so that newspapers may have their headlines.

Bring Iphigenia to my altar.

AGAMEMNON

You drive a hard bargain, Artemis.

CHORUS

The morgue is at the end of the hall.

Excerpt translated by Soren Gauger



© Jerzy Wojciechowski

**ANTONINA  
GRZEGORZEWSKA**

Born 1977

*Ifigenia i inne dramaty (Iphigenia and Other Dramas)*

**Publisher:** Księgarnia Akademicka, Kraków 2021

ISBN 9788381385053, 271 pages

**Translation rights:** Antonina Grzegorzewska

antoninagrzegorzewska@wp.pl

**Essay**

*Teatr i morze, 2021*

**Plays staged**

*La Pasionaria, 2020*

*Tauryda. Apartado 679, 2012*

*Migrena, 2010*

*Ifigenia, 2008*

*On, monolog, 2005*

Antonina Grzegorzewska is also a visual artist, theatre director and stage designer.

**Foreign language translations**

Selected plays have been translated into: German (*Ifigenia, Za mato*), French (*Migrena, Martwe*), Hungarian (*Migrena*), Hebrew (*Ifigenia*; in preparation).