

Director's Note

Men at War
In ancient Greece
Gods at play
Just as today
Men for victory
Gods for sacrifice
Men hungry for power
Gods thirsty for blood

Who could satisfy them all?
The women--
 Their mothers,
 Their sisters,
 Their wives,
 --They cry.

Generals often lie,
Soldiers the ones to die
Generals make the deals
Soldiers follow their will
Generals increase their might
Soldiers?
 It's dust they bite

Who will feel the loss?
The women--
 Their mothers,
 Their sisters,
 Their wives,
 --They cry.

An army at war.
A woman paves the path

A general, a father
Will sacrifice his daughter,
 An innocent girl.
In pity he has a change of heart
But he's a man and needs to
 Command other men.
He sends his daughter to the Altar.
Freedom is his excuse.

A general, a husband to be,
Outraged, on earning of his role
 Promises to save her.
In fear he has a change of mind
'cause he's a man and needs to
 Camp with other men.
He leads the girl to the altar.
Respect is his excuse.

A woman, too young to die,
Begs and pleads for life,
 But she was born a girl
To protect her father,
To save her champion,
 She submits to the men.
She walks to the altar.
Fatherland is her excuse.

This is the story of Iphigenia,
Told some twenty five centuries ago.
She lives in a girl I know.