

Five Missives (2023-2024)

§ So Much Sadness
Appendix: The Beatitudes
§ Concerning JS Bach BWV 118
§ Yuletide 2023
§ Weltschmerz And The Conflict In Gaza
§ One Tree Among Many

So Much Sadness

It all seems so very sad. To watch the same mistakes being made day upon day, year after year, decade after decades. As if the lessons of our thousand of years old human culture of *pathei-mathos*¹ have not been learned or not been presented or more often that so many of us are somehow in *physis*, in our human nature, innately immune to such a learning. For these lessons are the lessons of fairness; of empathy, of tolerance, and of compassion, voiced for example thousands of years ago in *The Beatitudes*.²

But so many, unheeding, continue in their individuality to lie, cheat, steal, use violence and even commit murder to satiate or to express some personal desire. Thus do so many still collectively, often under the guidance of a few or of some elected or unelected demagogic leader sally forth of behalf of some -ism or -ology or on behalf of some modern Nation-State, to wreak havoc upon, to kill, those, the others, declared to be enemies for whatever purpose or from whatever motive.

While some continue to 'hold the line' between individual deeds of fairness and what is unfair³ for how long will that line hold and can it ever cover the impersonal deeds of governments and of modern Nation-States who as evident since 1914 in two world wars, in conflicts such as Korea, Vietnam, Iraq, Afghanistan, Algeria, Yemen, Ukraine, Palestine and now Gaza, continue to wreak havoc upon, to kill, those, the others, declared to be enemies for whatever purpose or from whatever motive?

I have to admit I do not have any answers. All I have is a sadness born of my own *pathei-mathos*; a fallible *weltanschauung* rooted in that personal *pathei-mathos*. But - given how I am still perceived by those who, having judged me and accused me according to my past deeds, declared me to be an enemy, and thus how I am perceived by many others who believe those accusers - such sadness of mine and such a *weltanschauung* seem to have no current value.

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock,
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

TS Eliot: *The Waste Land*

David Myatt
January 27th 2024

1. I define 'the culture of *pathei-mathos*' as the accumulated *pathei-mathos* of individuals, world-wide, over thousands of years, as (i) described in memoirs, aural stories, and historical accounts; as (ii) have inspired particular works of literature or poetry or drama; as (iii) expressed via non-verbal mediums such as music and Art, and as (iv) manifest in more recent times by 'art-forms' such as films and documentaries.

The culture of *pathei-mathos* thus includes not only traditional accounts of, or accounts inspired by, personal *pathei-mathos*, old and modern - such as the *With The Old Breed: At Peleliu and Okinawa* by Eugene Sledge, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, and the poetry of people as diverse as Sappho and Sylvia Plath - but also works or art-forms inspired by such *pathei-mathos*, whether personal or otherwise, and whether factually presented or fictionalized. Hence films such as *Monsieur Lazhar* and *Etz Limon* may poignantly express something about our φύσις as human beings and thus form part of the culture of *pathei-mathos*.

2. See the Appendix.

3. *Holding The Line*, <https://web.archive.org/web/20230809145904/https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2023/08/08/holding-the-line/>

Appendix

The Beatitudes The Learning On The Hillside

Τὸ κατὰ Ματθαῖον εὐαγγέλιον
The Gospel According To Matthew
5:1-10

Text

1 Ἴδων δὲ τοὺς ὄχλους ἀνέβη εἰς τὸ ὄρος, καὶ καθίσαντος αὐτοῦ προσῆλθαν αὐτῷ οἱ μαθηταὶ αὐτοῦ·
2 καὶ ἀνοίξας τὸ στόμα αὐτοῦ ἐδίδασκεν αὐτοὺς λέγων·
3 Μακάριοι οἱ πτωχοὶ τῷ πνεύματι, ὅτι αὐτῶν ἐστὶν ἡ βασιλεία τῶν οὐρανῶν.
4 μακάριοι οἱ πενθοῦντες, ὅτι αὐτοὶ παρακληθήσονται.
5 μακάριοι οἱ πραεῖς, ὅτι αὐτοὶ κληρονομήσουσιν τὴν γῆν.
6 μακάριοι οἱ πεινῶντες καὶ διψῶντες τὴν δικαιοσύνην, ὅτι αὐτοὶ χορτασθήσονται.
7 μακάριοι οἱ ἐλεήμονες, ὅτι αὐτοὶ ἐλεηθήσονται.
8 μακάριοι οἱ καθαροὶ τῆ καρδίας, ὅτι αὐτοὶ τὸν θεὸν ὄψονται.
9 μακάριοι οἱ εἰρηνοποιοί, ὅτι αὐτοὶ υἱοὶ θεοῦ κληθήσονται.
10 μακάριοι οἱ δεδιωγμένοι ἕνεκεν δικαιοσύνης, ὅτι αὐτῶν ἐστὶν ἡ βασιλεία τῶν οὐρανῶν.

Translation

1 Observing the multitudes, he ascended the hill and, having sat down, his disciples approached him.
2 Then, a revelation, for he instructed those there by saying this:
3 Fortunate, those humble with spiritus, for theirs is the Kingdom of Empyrean.
4 Fortunate, those who grieve, for they shall have solace.
5 Fortunate, the gentle, for they shall acquire the Earth.
6 Fortunate, those who hunger and thirst for fairness, for they shall be replete.
7 Fortunate, the compassionate, for they shall receive compassion.
8 Fortunate, the refined of heart, for they shall perceive Theos.
9 Fortunate, the peaceable, for they shall be called children of Theos.
10 Fortunate, those harassed due to their fairness, for theirs is the Kingdom of Empyrean.

Commentary

1. ὄρος. Here a hill, rather than a mountain.

2.

ἀνοίξας τὸ στόμα αὐτοῦ. I take this metaphorically as in a disclosing or a revealing, not literally as in "opening his mouth."

those there. Although the Greek text does not explicitly state the fact, the context suggests that Jesus addressed both the multitude and his disciples.

3.

μακάριος. A difficult word to translate since "blessed" has acquired particular (sometimes moralistic) meanings as a result of nearly two thousand years of exegesis, while "happy" is rather prosaic. The context - as in ὅτι αὐτῶν ἐστὶν ἡ βασιλεία τῶν οὐρανῶν - suggests "fortunate".

πτωχός. Usually translated as "poor" which however has too many exegetical and modern connotations, and does not express the metaphorical sense here which implies being "humble" in respect of τὸ πνεῦμα.

τῷ πνεύματι [...] τῶν οὐρανῶν. In respect of τὸ πνεῦμα as the spiritus (rather than as the Spirit) and οὐρανός as Empyrean (rather than Heaven), qv. my commentary on John 1:32, [1] from which this an extract:

οὐρανός here is always translated as 'heaven' although the term 'heaven' - used in the context of the Gospels - now has rather different connotations than the Greek οὐρανός, with the word 'heaven' now often implying something explained by almost two thousand years of exegesis and as depicted, for example, in medieval and Renaissance Christian art. However, those hearing or reading this particular Greek gospel for the first time in the formative years of Christianity would most probably have assumed the usual Greek usage of "the heavens" in the sense of the "the star-filled firmament above" or in the sense of "the sky" or as the abode of theos and/or of the gods, ἐν οὐρανῷ θεοί [...]

It therefore seems apposite to suggest a more neutral word than 'heaven' as a translation of οὐρανός and one which might not only be understood in various 'classical' ways by an audience of Greek speakers (such

as the ways described above) but also be open to a new, and Christian, interpretation consistent with the milieu that existed when the Gospel of John was written and first heard. That is, before the exegesis of later centuries and long before post-Roman Christian iconography. Hence my suggestion of the post-classical Latin term *Empyrean*, which can bear the interpretation of the abode of theos and/or of the gods, of "the sky", of the "the star-filled firmament above"; and a Christian one suggested by Genesis 2.8 - παράδεισον ἐν Εδεμ (the Paradise of Eden) - and also by *shamayim*.

5. *πρᾶος*. Gentle - in the sense of mild, balanced, temperament - rather than "meek".

6. *δικαιοσύνη*. Fairness. Not some abstract, legalistic, "justice", and not "righteousness" which word has over centuries acquired sometimes strident and disputable moralistic meanings as well as implying a certain conformity to accepted (and disputable or dogmatic) standards.

7. *ἐλεήμων*. The classical Latin term *miser cordia* - used by Jerome, and the origin of the English word *miser cordious* - expresses the sense well, which is of *συμπάθεια* (*sympatheia*, benignity) resulting in compassion. Cf. Luke 11.41 (πλὴν τὰ ἐνόητα δότε ἐλεημοσύνην, καὶ ἰδοὺ πάντα καθαρά ὑμῖν ἐστίν), Acts 10:2, κτλ.

8.

οἱ καθαροὶ τῆ καρδία. Literally, those whose hearts are clean, in the physical sense, as in having undertaken a ritual cleansing of the body. Cf. *Corpus Hermeticum*, *Poemandres* 22, [2] where as in Luke 11.41 - *qv. ἐλεήμων* in v. 7 here - it occurs in relation to compassion, the compassionate:

παραγίνομαι αὐτὸς ἐγὼ ὁ Νοῦς τοῖς ὁσίοις καὶ ἀγαθοῖς καὶ καθαροῖς καὶ ἐλεήμοσι, τοῖς εὐσεβοῦσι, καὶ ἡ παρουσία μου γίνεται βοήθεια, καὶ εὐθὺς τὰ πάντα γνωρίζουσι καὶ τὸν πατέρα ἰλάσκονται ἀγαπητικῶς καὶ εὐχαριστοῦσιν εὐλογοῦντες καὶ ὑμνοῦντες τεταγμένως πρὸς αὐτὸν τῆ στοργῇ

I, perceivation, attend to those of respectful deeds, the honourable, the refined, the compassionate, those aware of the numinous; to whom my being is a help so that they soon acquire knowledge of the whole and are affectionately gracious toward the father, fondly celebrating in song his position.

In respect of *καθαροῖς*, I prefer *refined* here - as in the *Corpus Hermeticum* - rather than 'pure' given the disputable nature of the term 'pure' and the connotations acquired over centuries be they religious, sanctimonious, political, or otherwise.

θεὸς. For reasons explained in my commentary on verse I of chapter one of *The Gospel According To John* - and in my commentaries on tractates from the *Corpus Hermeticum* [2] - I transliterate *θεὸς*.

9. *οἱ εἰρηνοποιοί*. The peaceable ones, which includes pacificators - those who are pacificatory, and thus who are conciliatory and who actively seek peace - and those who have a peaceable disposition.

10. *διώκω*. Harass, rather than "persecuted" which has acquired too many modern and especially political connotations. Cf. John 5:16, καὶ διὰ τοῦτο ἐδίωκον οἱ Ἰουδαῖοι τὸν Ἰησοῦν, ὅτι ταῦτα ἐποίει ἐν σαββάτῳ, "and thus did the Judaeans harass Jesus because he was doing such things on the Sabbath."

My interpretation, based on John 5:16, is that those who are harassed are so on account of (ἔνεκα) their fairness, not because those who are harassing them disparage or hate fairness in general.

David Myatt
30.iii.18

ooo

Notes

[1] My translation and commentary - of chapters 1-5 - is available at <https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2023/08/myatt-gospel-john-1-5.pdf>

[2] D. Myatt. *Corpus Hermeticum: Eight Tractates. Translations And Commentaries*. 2017. ISBN 978-1976452369. Gratis pdf: <https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2023/08/eight-tractates-v2-print.pdf>

ooo

Greek Bible text from:

Novum Testamentum Graece, 28th revised edition, Edited by Barbara Aland and others, copyright 2012 Deutsche Bibelgesellschaft, Stuttgart.

Concerning JS Bach BWV 118

If only, if only, such numinous music - lasting just over eight minutes of Earthly time - could affect for the better those who now in our modern Western world wield such power as affects and governs our societies and causes such persons to once again dishonourably sanction destruction and deaths in other lands as if such destruction and deaths would, could, ensure that such power and governance would continue for they themselves and the societies they in their hubris believed in and represented.

Hubris indeed, for our thousands of year old human culture of *pathei-mathos* reveals how our societies, just as we mere mortals, are organic in *physis* and thus are born, grow, and inevitably decline and pass away.

It is as if the allegory of the message, the persecution, the cruel death, of Jesus - so kept alive for centuries by Julian of Norwich, by others, and by those who even today venture to undertake the Pilgrimage of Compostela - is irrelevant to them. As irrelevant as our thousands of year old human culture of *pathei-mathos* is to them, with its personal experiences of war, persecution, terror, suffering, destruction and death. [1]

But, that such allegories, such numinous music [2] is still remembered by some perhaps presents a few of we mortals with Hope. As Hesiod wrote thousands of years ago,

σὺ δ' ἄκουε δίκης, μηδ' ὕβριν ὄφελλε:
ἕβρις γάρ τε κακὴ δειλῶ βροτῶ: οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλὸς
ῥηιδίως φερέμεν δύναται, βαρύθει δέ θ' ὑπ' αὐτῆς
ἐγκύρσας ἄτησιν: ὁδὸς δ' ἐτέρηφι παρελθεῖν
κρείσσων ἐς τὰ δίκαια: Δίκη δ' ὑπὲρ ὕβριος ἴσχει
ἐς τέλος ἐξελοῦσα: παθῶν δέ τε νήπιος ἔγνω

You should listen to [the goddess] Fairness and not oblige Hubris
Since Hubris harms unfortunate mortals while even the more fortunate
Are not equal to carrying that heavy a burden, meeting as they do with Mischief.
The best path to take is the opposite one: that of honour
For, in the end, Fairness is above Hubris
Which is something the young come to learn from adversity. [3]

David Myatt
January 24th 2024

[1] *qv. Education And The Culture Of Pathei-Mathos*, <https://web.archive.org/web/20230606193740/https://www.davidmyatt.info/education-pathei-mathos.html>

[2] As BWV 118 was for example performed recently by the Netherlands Bach Society.

[3] Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι, vv 213-218. Notes on the translation:

- a. δίκη. The goddess of Fairness/Justice/Judgement, and - importantly - of Tradition (Ancestral Custom). In Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι, as in Θεογονία (Theogony), Hesiod is recounting and explaining part of that tradition, one important aspect of which tradition is understanding the relation between the gods and mortals. Given both the antiquity of the text and the context, 'Fairness' - as the name of the goddess - is, in my view, more appropriate than the now common appellation 'Justice', considering the modern (oft times impersonal) connotations of the word 'justice'.
 - b. Mischief. The sense of ἄτησιν here is not of 'delusion' nor of 'calamities', per se, but rather of encountering that which or those whom (such as the goddess of mischief, Ἄτη) can bring mischief or misfortune into the 'fortunate life' of a 'fortunate mortal', and which encounters are, according to classical tradition, considered as having been instigated by the gods. Hence, of course, why Sophocles [Antigone, 1337-8] wrote ὡς πεπρωμένης οὐκ ἔστι θνητοῖς συμφορᾶς ἀπαλλαγὴ (mortals cannot be delivered from the misfortunes of their fate).
 - c. δίκαιος. Honour expresses the sense that is meant: of being fair; capable of doing the decent thing; of dutifully observing ancestral customs. A reasonable alternative for 'honour' would thus be 'decency', both preferable to words such as 'just' and 'justice' which are not only too impersonal but have too many inappropriate modern connotations.
 - d. νήπιος. Literal - 'young', 'uncultured' (i.e. un-schooled, un-educated in the ways of ancestral custom) - rather than metaphorical ('foolish', ignorant).
-



Yuletide 2023

It is Yuletide in the year 2023 on the Christian calendar and I had the pleasure once again of listening to JS Bach's Cantata BWV 248, Weihnachtsoratorium. [1]

Jauchzet, frohlocket, auf, preiset die Tage,
rühmet, was heute der Höchste getan!
Lasset das Zagen, verbannet die Klage,
stimmet voll Jauchzen und Fröhlichkeit an!

A most beautiful Ode to the numinous, to hope and renewal, capturing the essence of the allegory of the mortal, the causal, life, the persecution, the humiliation, the agonising death, of Jesus of Nazareth, and the message of the redemption, renewal, possible if we as Julian of Norwich, George Fox, and William Penn and so many others did and do feel the individual essence of that allegory, perhaps quintessentially expressed in the sixth part of that Oratorio.

Do those, can those, who now wield power, or who are influencers, in the Western world and other places where such power results in or promises armed conflicts - death and suffering for others in other lands - listen and understand, appreciate, the allegory, the numinous music?

Nun seid ihr wohl gerochen
an eurer Feinde Schar,
denn Christus hat zerbrochen,
was euch zuwider war.
Tod, Teufel, Sünd und Hölle
sind ganz und gar geschwächt;
bei Gott hat seine Stelle
das menschliche Geschlecht.

Apparently such ones in such places do not, or cannot, appreciate such an allegory, such numinous music. Which perhaps indicates something about our human physis and how far we as a species still have to travel toward hope and renewal. If, that is, we as a species now capable of reason, empathy, and compassion, survive.

David Myatt
2023

[1] <https://archive.org/details/j.-s.-bach-foundation-bach-cantata-bwv-248-weihnachtsoratorium>

Image credit:
Icon of Jesus Pantocrator, Δέσις Mosaic
Hagia Sophia, c. 1260 CE

Weltschmerz And The Conflict In Gaza

Question: Given your past, which included anti-Zionist tirades when you were a neo-nazi and then when you were a supporter of al-Qaeda, I would be interested in your view of recent events in Palestine.

Reply: Does the term Weltschmerz express what I feel after decades of experiencing and inciting extremism and a decade of reflexion on and rejection of such extremism? Possibly, at least in some ways; [1] for in respect of the current (2023) conflict in Gaza I feel sadness, and am not surprised that such a conflict has arisen with the subsequent destruction of infrastructure, of homes, and the injuries, the deaths, including of women and children.

Not surprised, given what I understand is our human physis and our seemingly inability to avoid the error of hubris and our obvious ability to favour our own certitude-of-knowing. Will we, can we, as a species learn to develop empathy and thus be compassionate and appreciative of the numinous breeding as such empathy and appreciation of the numinous do a certain personal humility and thus an uncertitude-of-knowing? Will we, can we, as a species learn from our thousands of years old human culture of *pathei-mathos*?

It would seem not since we in the West, en masse, apparently have not learned from the horrors of the First and Second World wars; from the Vietnam war; from the invasions and occupation of Afghanistan and Iraq. Instead, hatred and certitude-of-knowing have triumphed again over personal empathy aided as in all those previous conflicts by propaganda both emotive and cunning.

Contra the *bellum iustum* of Augustine, since adopted as a principle by modern nation-States and others, where some elected or unelected official or President or Prime Minister or Congress or Parliament or potentate or whatever assumes or believe they have the authority to declare war, my understanding is that impersonal war, whenever wherever, whatever the alleged or assumed justification by whomsoever, is contrary to empathy, compassion, awareness of the numinous, and the personal learning that *pathei-mathos* engenders.

For such impersonal war with its necessary obedience to a chain-of-command abrogates personal judgement and what I have described as 'personal honour in the immediacy of the moment'. As I wrote in *One Vagabond In Exile From The Gods*, personal honour

"presences the virtues of fairness, tolerance, compassion, humility, and εὐταξία - as (i) a natural intuitive (wordless) expression of the numinous ('the good', δίκη, συμπάθεια) and (ii) of both what the culture of *pathei-mathos* and the acausal-knowing of empathy reveal we should do (or incline us toward doing) in the immediacy of the personal moment when personally confronted by what is unfair, unjust, and extreme.

Of how such honour - by its and our φύσις - is and can only ever be personal, and thus cannot be extracted out from the 'living moment' and our participation in the moment; for it [is] only through such things as a personal study of the culture of *pathei-mathos* and the development of the faculty of empathy that a person who does not naturally possess the instinct for δίκη can develop what is essentially 'the human faculty of honour', and which faculty is often appreciated and/or discovered via our own personal *pathei-mathos*." [2]

Hence, my fallible understanding now is that honour cannot be abstracted out from a personal moment and enshrined in some supra-personal written or aural code. Which, of course, is the exact opposite of what I believed during my thirty years as a neo-nazi extremist. Such a change of view was a painful, sorrowful, learning from experience:

"There are no excuses for my extremist past, for the suffering I caused [...] No excuses because the extremism, the intolerance, the hatred, the violence, the inhumanity, the prejudice were mine; my responsibility, born from and expressive of my character; and because the discovery of, the learning of, the need to live, to regain, my humanity arose because of and from others and not because of me.

Thus what exposed my hubris - what for me broke down that certitude-of-knowing which extremism breeds and re-presents - was not something I did; not something I achieved; not something related to my character, my nature, at all. Instead, it was a gift offered to me by others..." [3]

A gift, a Phoenix, from the deaths of Sue and Francis who

"died - thirteen years apart - leaving me bereft of love, replete with sorrow, and somewhat perplexed [...] A debt somehow and in some way - beyond a simple remembrance of them - to especially make the life and death of Sue and Fran worthwhile and full of meaning, as if their tragic early dying meant something to both me, and through my words, my deeds, to others. A debt of change, of learning - in me, so that from my *pathei-mathos* I might be, should be, a better person; presencing through words, living, thought, and deeds, that simple purity of life felt, touched, known, in those stark moments of the immediacy of their loss." [4]

In further explanation all I have now are the words of TS Eliot in his poem *Little Gidding*:

And what you thought you came for
Is only a shell, a husk of meaning
From which the purpose breaks only when it is fulfilled
If at all. Either you had no purpose
Or the purpose is beyond the end you figured
And is altered in fulfilment.

In respect of wars and supra-personal conflicts, are we then, as a species, doomed to repeat the errors, the hubris, of the past? Almost a decade ago I asked myself a rhetorical question: what opinion would a hypothetical visiting alien from another star-system form about us? [5] My answer then was that the alien would probably consider us an aggressive, still rather primitive and very violent, species best avoided until such time as we might outwardly demonstrate otherwise.

Have we, since the outbreak of World War One in 1914 to the 2023 conflict in Gaza, demonstrated otherwise?

David Myatt

17th December 2023

Extract from a letter to a personal correspondent.

[1] Postscriptum: "in some ways" as Weltschmerz might be applied to some of the poems and letters of TS Eliot.

[2] *One Vagabond In Exile From The Gods*. <https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2023/12/viator.pdf>

[3] *Pathei-Mathos, Genesis of My Unknowing*. The essay is included in <https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2019/09/reformation-extremism-v3b.pdf>

[4] *Myngath*. <https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2013/04/david-myatt-myngath.pdf>

[5] <https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2022/03/non-terrestrial-view.pdf>



One Tree Among Many

Beside the stone wall that marks one of the boundaries of what has for several years been my home is an evergreen Oak; almost a dome of spreading branches and so tall it might well be an hundred or so years in age. The tallest tree around from near where several other and various and tallish specimens of arboreal life provide perches for those whose Dawn Chorus becomes, was, is, a hymnal to such natural Life as has for centuries pleased us.

Two months ago, the Oak was sad; with leaves dry and dying and infested. But now, as clouds break to reveal sky-blue, bringer of early Summer warmth: the tree has that light green of leaf rebirth, and catkins heralds of acorns an English season hence. So there is joy within as this aged man "his foliage drying up and no stronger than a child, with three feet to guide him on his travels, wanders - appearing a shadow in the light of day." [1]

Would that he might hear one more Dawn Chorus to so remember those, these, simple natural beauties of life which he as so many others so easily forgot enwrapped as he, they, were in believed in, in felt, selfish concerns which all will, must, die with us while the Sun again warms each year as it warms and life-sprouting rain seeds rebirth without any interference from us at all.

So I sit, windows of sky and trees to enlighten again my life, listening to a heartbreaking, suspended moment in my measured out so very limited timespan of causal life: the 12th century Cistercian *Répons de Matines pour la fête de saint Bernard*.

DW Myatt

6th June 2023

[1] τό θ' ὑπέργηρων φυλλάδος ἤδη κατακαρφομένης τρίποδας μὲν ὁδοὺς στείχει, παιδὸς δ' οὐδὲν ἀρείων ὄναρ ἡμερόφαντον ἀλαίνει. Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, 79-82.