War on Ash Wednesday: A Brief Christological Reflection

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At perhaps no time in recent memory has the temptation to hopelessness been so great or the relative powerlessness of most of the world's humanity so obvious. As I sit to write this essay, safely complicit in the "protection" afforded by the world's richest and most powerful nation and yet strangely imprisoned by it, we appear to be careening ineluctably toward war—or escalating an ongoing war largely invisible to the public eye—against a country half of whose population is under the age of fifteen. Vast opposition in the United Nations is greeted with incredulity and incomprehension by President Bush on our half-willing behalf, and massive protests worldwide are countered simultaneously with piety about the blessings of free expression and an indifference which shows that such liberty is countenanced, such displays encouraged even, because sovereign power and a bland pluralism of purely private opinion have drained these expressions of any weight. This impotence is what we have learned to call freedom. In Washington, war protesters dutifully apply for permits to register their dissatisfaction. Could there be a clearer example of modern democracy's ingenious capacity to domesticate dissent simply by permitting and embracing it?

It is particularly appropriate, as we are plunged helplessly and headlong into war, that we are also invited by the Ash Wednesday liturgy and the season which it announces to contemplate this powerlessness, to offer sacrifices of repentance worthy of it, by dwelling on the fact and meaning—or perhaps the meaninglessness—of our deaths. "Remember that you are dust, and to dust you shall return." Here, surely, is a statement of such cold, hard nihilism as to make even a Darwinian fundamentalist like Richard Dawkins smile and nod in agreement. Yet as Christians, we understand that our deaths and the nothing that attends them assume their significance in our baptism, that is, in our participation in the death of Jesus. Bearing the weight of our self separation from God, descending uniquely into the

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abyss of hell, Jesus "spares [us] the integral experience of death so that a heavenly shimmer of light, of faith, love, hope, has ever illuminated the 'abyss'."[1] In taking the measure of a hell beyond all human experience, Jesus becomes the measure of our death. God utters those words of dereliction from Psalm 22 both as one of us and as more than one of us, as one *more human* than we are. He can utter them because he is superlatively human, fulfilling the divine image in loving obedience to the Father and in self-giving solidarity with his brothers and sisters. He alone can endure them because he is God. In this paradoxical moment of utmost humanity, because utmost love, Jesus is *less* than dust. He is sin.[2]

By the time this essay reaches publication, fierce fighting may well be underway, or if the confident predictions of Pentagon officials are correct, the fighting may even be over, with light Allied casualties and of course uncounted Iraqi losses. If the first scenario holds true and war is raging, then this essay will reach you as citizens in allied nations, particularly the United States, are rallied in support of the cause with the exhortation that freedom demands sacrifice in every generation. (Though the freedom promoted here is presumably not the freedom to make empty petitions to the deaf ears of an inattentive government.) If the second prevails and our attention spans endure, then this essay will reach you amidst the praise and celebration of hopefully a small band of heroes who died valiantly in a noble cause against the forces of evil and tepid regret over the uncounted whose deaths, anonymous and invisible to the world watching the war on television, were an unfortunate by-product of the ever-forward march to freedom and justice.

Each of these rhetorical gestures, in whichever case, will be reinforced by a rich treasure of public symbols: admiring recollections of past triumphs, sentimental (and sometimes commercial) expressions of gratitude and grief, patriotic anthems, solemn salutes, and a profusion of flags attached to all manner of sites consecrated as holy by popular mourning. These symbols and sentiments adamantly deny that those who die in war die for nothing. Instead they imbue war and death with a kind of sacred, sacrificial meaning by taking them up within a larger story of the triumph of "democracy."[3] By locating death within the story of national, world, and human progress these symbols, bordering on the liturgical, give death *purpose* that borders on the providential. In so doing, they use death to celebrate and underwrite the sacred power that calls forth these sacrifices in the name of national security and a better future. Yet as an attempt to give meaning and significance to death, as a story of sacrifice, as a symbolic order

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eliciting the devotion of the social body, this story is a rival to the Christian claim that it is Jesus' death which defines death and omnipotence displayed as weakness in the cross that unmasks and exposes the pretensions of human power.

In this essay I wish to consider how Jesus' death determines the meaning of our own deaths and how this understanding might help Christians recover a kind of strength in our very powerlessness, through a liturgy that refuses to divinize the power of violence. In other words, if the capacity of sovereign power to inflict war depends upon its command of symbols that underwrite its power, the church's best weapon in response is the only one at its disposal: the truth, ritually performed in liturgies of repentance, of the God who empties himself unto death, even death on a cross.[4] But we must discover afresh both the difference between this liturgy and those of civil religion and how our liturgy speaks to our own day. To that end, I will return to the theme of Ash Wednesday to contrast our liturgical participation in Jesus' death with the state's liturgy of war.

When we ask "why did Jesus die?" we are in fact asking a question with several senses. The first concerns the details of the Gospel narratives. On the one hand, it is clear that both the religious authorities and the Roman functionaries were unnerved by Jesus' signs and wonders and by his claims to authority. In the very instant Jesus audaciously declares himself the fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy of Jubilee, "all in the synagogue were filled with rage."[5] As he embodies and displays this fulfilment, healing a man with a withered hand, those in attendance "were filled with fury and discussed with one another what they might do to Jesus."[6] The works he performs and the kingdom he proclaims are a threat to both establishments, to every establishment. On the other hand, as the drama of the Passion unfolds, each participant passes Jesus to the other, like a ball, with no one finally claiming responsibility. The High Priests and the Sanhedrin, unable to impose death under their law, seek the aid of Pilate and the Roman juridical machine, justifying their plans by branding Jesus an enemy of the state. Pilate, deeply unsettled by his confrontation with Jesus, tries to pass him off in one account. In another, Pilate sends Jesus to Herod who promptly returns him. Pilate then curiously allows this machine to do its work while simultaneously attempting to wash his hands of the whole affair, with the mob taunting him and challenging him to do his civic duty. In the end, Jesus is tortured, abandoned, and left, as Herbert McCabe put it, to suffer "death by public helplessness...as a living and dying symbol of the power and domination of the rulers." [7] Yet, amidst these signifiers and this

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maelstrom of political machinations, Jesus is somehow executed by no one in particular and everyone in general, signaling for Balthasar Christ's unique status as bearer of human sin and the fact "that all of humanity's representatives, considered theologically, are integrated from the outset into guilty responsibility for Jesus' death."[8] Despite the various motives that the Gospels impute to the co-conspirators and the apparent threat that Jesus and his community represent to every faction of human society, the lack of claimed responsibility plagues the whole affair with a gnawing sense of pointlessness. This sense is compounded by the Gospels' insistence, particularly that of Luke, that at this level the crucifixion *was* pointless. "Surely this man was innocent," attests the centurion.[9] Surely, despite whatever perverse desire and distorted vision compels us to such a deed, there could, in retrospect, be no *good* reason to go through with it.

It is important to keep this pointlessness in mind when considering a second sense of the question. In what sense was Jesus' death required by the Father? The Gospels give a clear sense of the inevitability of the crucifixion. "The Son of Man must undergo great suffering, and be rejected by the elders, chief priests, and scribes, and be killed, and on the third day be raised."[10] But here we run into some trouble. If the Father only loves us after Jesus' death appeases his wrath, a view that has enjoyed a long career in western Christian thought despite its rejection by Augustine and others, then the incarnation itself has no motive.[11] Why would a God burning with anger toward us condescend to human flesh on our behalf? And why would such appeasement be necessary? My sin cannot harm God who is impassible and immutable; nor can any recompense add to him. Furthermore, if the Father somehow *requires* the crucifixion of the Son, does this not make Judas, who puts those events in motion, the true saviour of humanity and hero of the story? Does this not then grant to the actions of the political authorities, the temple authorities, and the mob the very justification that the Gospels deny them? Does it not give our crimes a point by making God's goodness dependent upon human wickedness?

We can only avoid these conundrums if we understand Jesus' self giving in the cross—"Father, into your hands I commend my Spirit"—as exemplifying the pre-crucified glory of the Transfiguration, as the terminus of the self-giving of the incarnation itself that makes gloriously visible the relationship of *immutable* love between the Father and the Son. I mean this formulation as a contrast to Moltmann and other contemporary proponents of patripassianism, who argue that "if God were incapable of suffering in every respect, he would be

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incapable of love."[12] To the contrary, it is only because God is *perfect* self giving, perfect self-same delight, that he can suffer *as one of us* (rather than as God in us), and give himself into our hands to the point of our ultimate estrangement from him.[13] The demonstration of God's immutable glory is thus proportional to its appearance as weakness. In this sense, as the manifestation of infinite generosity and not as an expression of divine *pathos* or an arbitrary demand laid upon the Son by the Father, we can perhaps say that Christ's death is necessary or inevitable. To give himself to us without remainder even in our rejection of him—both being the only ways God *can* give—is to join us in death; our nethermost point of alienation from light and life. We therefore understand Jesus' obedience, his willingness to accept a cup he did not and should not want, as the Son's love for the Father who gives life to the Son. We understand the resurrection as manifesting the Father's love and solidarity for the Son, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, even in humanity's nihilistic attempt to destroy the image of God in itself through the abandonment of its kin and refusal of divine love.[14] The Spirit that the Son gives to the Father is itself the gift of the Father, binding the Father to the Son even in the infinite distance of their separation; for in the Spirit, this distance is itself God.[15] This drama does not appease the Father, wound the Father, or make up some deficiency necessary to complete God, but rather expresses the ineffable, immutable love that God is as Trinity.

Notice how God's immutable self-gift, manifest in Jesus' passion, both disfigures the civic celebration of war and transfigures the meaning of our death. The nation simultaneously mourns and legitimates its sacrifices by celebrating them as valiant moments in the triumph of justice and democracy. In fact, such festivities are *neither* genuinely mournful *nor* genuinely celebratory. Triumphant celebrations of military victory and national purpose trivialize life by rationalizing its loss; they banalize death by giving it purpose and meaning. These gestures fail truly to rejoice or weep because, in spite of their pretense to combat evil with goodness, they fail to take seriously either goodness *or* evil. Insofar as the greatness and strength we celebrate depends upon the enemies who occasion their exercise, evil becomes intrinsic to the realization of a goodness now dependent on it.[16] This sort of logic is finally Manichean and a parody of Jesus' true sacrifice rather than a participation in it. By treating evil and goodness as real opposites, this reasoning makes each integral to the meaning of the other, denaturing the good and ennobling the privation of evil.

The Son's sacrificial descent into the abyss is alone the true

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sacrifice, not primarily because God is the recipient, but because he is both priest and offering.[17] Jesus gives himself in love to the point of our deepest loss as the expression of a goodness which, knowing no variation yet remaining ever new, has no opposite even in the privation of suffering and the non-being of death.[18] (This is why the Church must recover the traditional insistence on God's impassibility *as a practical and pastoral matter*; though imagine how this would transform the comfort we dispense.) Becoming sin, the origin of death, bearing the full weight of our self-separation from God, Jesus' sacrifice alone empties death of its false meaning, precisely because it refuses to rationalize it either from the side of his opponents or his followers. But for the presence of the two Marys, the faithful remnant, Jesus dies alone, abandoned by the crowds who hailed him and the friends who promised him their undying devotion. Having refused both the sword and the legion of angels, a denial of a piece with his rejection of the Devil's kingship in the wilderness, the kingdom he proclaimed lies in apparent ruin.[19] Instead he willfully gives himself into the hands of his enemies, suffering on their behalf. "Forgive them Father, for they know not what they do."

Jesus' own actions then, his kenotic refusal to fight death with death, thus defeats the devil "not by the power of God, but by justice" which refuses to let violence and death rob creation of its goodness.[20] But this justice, knowing no opposite and dependent upon no prior evil for its manifestation, coincides with the sense of pointlessness that pervades the Gospels. Jesus' death is not one moment in the realization of a "greater good" in the resurrection. Neither the crucifixion nor the resurrection gives death meaning and purpose that would covertly legitimize the animosity of Jesus' persecutors. "For I have no pleasure in the death of anyone, says the Lord God."[21] Rather the resurrection manifests both the Father's *delight* in the glory which the Son had "from the beginning" and his delight, "before the foundation of the world," in the goodness of a creation now united to the Son by the incarnation.[22] And delight, as Augustine realized, serves no point, no end beyond itself.[23] The crucifixion would be a crime were it not for the sanction of law. As it is, it is worse than a crime, a deed so devoid of being, and meaning and light, that it shakes the earth and blots out the sun.[24] In allowing himself to be handed over, in assuming our dereliction, Jesus' death does not give meaning and purpose to death, as it would were we to ontologize evil by making suffering intrinsic to God. Rather he willingly joins himself to the meaninglessness that we have brought upon ourselves in our absurd attempts to be God. Jesus finally saves us because, like all of us but more than any of us, he died

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for nothing. Only because Jesus dies for nothing does he die "for the nation." [25] Jesus dies like all those made both a spectacle and invisible by the death machinery of the state—the criminal whose death is theatre, the anonymous peasant tortured by currents of electricity shot through her genitalia, the unwary villager erased from a remote distance by a computer guided cruise missile, the starved shell of a human being incinerated in an oven—for no good reason whatsoever. As God in solidarity with them, refusing to fight death with death, Jesus unmasks death and our love of it as the nothing that they are. Jesus' immutable love exposes the vacuity and purposelessness of death; only this love entitles us to hope. Only this hope in a goodness without opposition frees us from the tyranny of our love and fear of death.

Just as we individuals soothe themselves with comfortable thoughts of a "better place," nations cannot confess that their victims die for nothing. For this would expose the void at the heart of our commitment to our own strength. Yet it is precisely this void and our perverse commitment to it that Ash Wednesday and the season of Lent compel us to consider and confess. It is this contemplation and this work to divest ourselves of our attempts to be God, our *kenosis* of humility and penitence, that unites Christ's Body, the Church, to Jesus in his death and sacrifice.[26] "The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit;" the psalmist declares, "a broken and contrite heart, O God, you will not despise."[27] Let us pray.

Only with this brokenness, this grief, this lament over our complicity in the foolishness of the cross is a genuine celebration of Good Friday possible. Only confessing our foolishness may we celebrate God's foolishness, the pointlessness of a love powerful enough to endure and transcend its own rejection.[28]xxviii As a corporate work of the people, an act of liturgy, this confession of meaninglessness inverts and disfigures our personal and national attempts to displace God's foolishness with our own. The work of lament and celebration which this season calls forth is an affront to the false grief and celebration of the state; for genuine grief and genuine celebration would deprive state power of the engine for its own accumulation by denying sacrifice and death their nobility and their meaning.

Provided, of course, that the Church takes care to distinguish its liturgy, its hope, and its comfort from those pervasive public rituals and stories that celebrate and sacralize a history of sin and war. As the Church contemplates its sins in this season, it is not enough to contemplate how we might be enclosed by our own fat, to ponder our

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complicity in those structures of military and economic exploitation that lead us to war and implicate us in the violence done to us by our enemies—as monumental and agonizing and necessary a task as this may be.[29] We must also ask whether we have allowed the Word entrusted to us to be co-opted for purposes antagonistic to the Gospel. If we are to heed the annual chastisement we receive from the prophet—"Such fasting as you do today will not make your voice heard on high"—then we have no choice but to pose this question.[30]

For how many decades has the Church lent its sanctuary to the flag, that totem of the sacrificial unity of the nation, or its liturgy to the celebration of "our" triumph over the evil of fascism, a story perpetually invoked as justification for amassing the power that now threatens to destroy us?[31] How much more difficult might it have been to amass this force had all the churches followed the lead of those penitents who, carrying a cross across England to its resting place at the shrine of Our Lady in Walsingham, lamented the "good war" as the shame of a divided Christendom? When prelates pronounced the World Trade Center site "Ground Hero" or compared the ruins in New York to the ruined cities of Judah—a deeply misleading prooftext lifted from the same passage that contains Isaiah's warning—when we admitted color guards and patriotic anthems to Masses, did we help make straight the paths for the cruise missiles now poised for attack?[32] Did we capitulate, in the wake of September 11, to therapeutic comforts that see grief as a psychological state to be managed and "gotten over" instead of a moral *work* to be performed *appropriately*? Have we forgotten the prophets' own witness on this day, that true comfort and repentance are inseparable? Are "hero" and "sacrifice," terms of consolation that imbue death with purpose and nobility, theologically adequate to describe genuine acts of charitable self-donation? Do we not paradoxically do more justice to the nature of such generosity—and the nature of our hope in Christ— by having the courage to lament our virtue, fraught as it is with the need to delimit vice, and declare that those who die in war die for nothing?[33] For death is wages of sin, and sin was always nothing.

Only by resisting the ontology of violence proffered by our civic liturgies can we claim to be faithful to our hope. Only by taking seriously the nature of Jesus' sacrifice can the Church resist the ontology of war proffered by our civic liturgies. Only by taking stock of our own complicity in the violence—in full display on the cross—that would glorify itself in the name of tragic necessity, by mourning rather than subtly celebrating that violence, can we take seriously the nature of Jesus' sacrifice and celebrate the utter, pointless gratuity of

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Good Friday.[34] For this same violence which denies that gratuity is unmasked by it. In our sacrifice of a broken heart, a *work* and a mutual labour of body, speech and imagination at once mournful and celebratory, we are incorporated into Christ's own sacrifice of charity and constituted as his Body. Lent compels us to this brokenness on the eve of our threat to break the backs of the helpless. I suspect that were the Church truly to embrace this sacrifice, to proclaim its pointlessness in pointed contrast to the hubris of the nations and their sacral order of death, we would find that we are neither so hopeless nor so powerless as current events tempt us to believe.

1 Hans Urs von Balthasar, *Mysterium Paschale: The Mystery of Easter*, translated by Aidan Nichols, O.P. (San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 1990), p. 168.
2 II Cor. 5.21. "For our sake he made him to be sin who knew no sin, that we might become the righteousness of God."
3 See Carolyn Marvin and David W. Ingle, *Blood Sacrifice and the Nation: Totem Rituals and the American Flag* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999). For a fuller theological critique of American civil religion in the light of Augustine's *City of God*, as well as a fuller explication of the Trinitarian and Christological position articulated here, see my forthcoming article: Michael Hanby, "Democracy and its Demons," in Kim Paffenroth, Kevin Hughes and John Doody (eds.), *Augustine and Politics* (London: Rowman and Littlefield, 2003).
4 Phil. 2.8.
5 Lk. 4.28.
6 Lk. 6.11.
7 Herbert McCabe, *God Matters* (London: Geoffrey Chapman, 1987), p. 97. Though there are obvious and profound differences which it is not my concern to sort out, my account is also influenced by Balthasar, *Mysterium Paschale*, pp. 112-17 and John Milbank, "Christ the Exception," available at http://www.ctinquiry.org/publications/milbank.htm.
8 Balthasar, *Mysterium Paschale*, p. 114.
9 Lk. 23.47.
10 Lk. 9.22, See Mk. 8.33, Mt. 16.21.
11 Augustine, *De Trinitate*, XIII.11.15. For an important new interpretation that frees St. Anselm from the burden of this sort of propitiation account, see David B. Hart, "A Gift Exceeding Every Debt: An Eastern Orthodox Appreciation of Anselm's *Cur Deus Homo*," *Pro Ecclesia* 7 (Summer, 1998), pp. 333-49.
12 Jürgen Moltmann, *The Trinity and the Kingdom* (Minneapolis: Fortress Press, 1993), p. 23.
13 "To replace the phrase 'the Impassible suffers' with 'the Passible suffers' immediately purges the suffering of all incarnational significance." Thomas Weinandy's explication of Cyril of Jerusalem's Christology relative to the question of impassibility is helpful here. See Thomas G.

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Weinandy, O.F.M., Cap., *Does God Suffer?* (Notre Dame: University of Notre Dame Press, 2000), pp. 204-05.

14 "[A]ll infidelity to the divine image that man bears in him, every breach with God, is at the same time a disruption of human unity." Henri de Lubac, *Catholicism: Christ and the Common Destiny of Man*, translated by Lancelot Sheppard and Sister Elizabeth Englund OCD (San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 1998), p. 33.

15 See my *Augustine and Modernity* (London: Routledge, 2003), pp. 47-55.

16 See Augustine, *City of God*, IV.15.

17 Commenting on the sacrificial theology of the Letter to the Hebrews, John Howard Yoder notes, "It is not that he is a better victim because he is a divine victim, but he is a better priest because it is himself that he gives." Yoder, *Preface to Theology: Christology and Theological Method* (Grand Rapids: Brazos Press, 2002), p. 119.

18 Herein lies the real problem with Moltmann's understanding; it renders God finite. He writes, "In order to be completely itself, love has to suffer. It suffers from whatever contradicts its own nature" *The Trinity and the Kingdom*, p. 33. But the fullness of God is not a *thing* to be opposed; it is beyond contradiction. Failure to see that can only result in a dialectic that grants providential purpose to evil and thus aids and abets a secular economy of sacrifice.

19 For a wonderful interpretation of the continuity between Jesus' temptations in the desert, Gethsemane, and his arrest, see John Howard Yoder, *The Politics of Jesus: Behold the Man! Our Victorious Lamb* (Grand Rapids: Eerdmans, 1994), pp. 45-48.

20 Augustine, *De Trinitate*, XIII.13.17.

21 Ez. 18.32.

22 Jn. 17.5, Eph. 1.4. Thomas' conclusion, that God created a multitude of creatures because no one could give adequate expression to the divine goodness, is important for this understanding. The resurrection is central to an "aesthetics of the cross," and aesthetics are central to its meaning. The resurrection is God's refusal to let our sin mar the beauty of his creation. His "pointless" self-giving affirms his delight in that beauty. See Aquinas, *ST* I, 47, resp.

23 Augustine, *De Doct.* I.4...4; see also *De Trin.*, VI.10.12. I would argue that it is in the context of this eternal delight that we should interpret the testimony of 2 Peter 1.16 to the Transfiguration and the Father's joy in the Son at Jesus' baptism. Jesus' obedience and submission in the Jordan and on Calvary are the consequence and expression of this delight and only the "cause" of it to the extent that they manifest the eternal glory of the Son, the eternal delight of the Father—an analogue to the Son's "causing" the Father simply in being the Son and an indication that Father and Son are terms of relation. For once again, only this delight supplies a "motive" for the incarnation, though D.C. Schindler rightly argues that delight contains an element of novelty, of surprise, that is irreducible to "motive" and yet not arbitrary. This is because delight entails the intrinsic "co-action" of consent. See Schindler, "Freedom Beyond our Choosing:

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Augustine on the Will and its Objects," in *Augustine and Politics* (forthcoming), op cit.

24 Matt. 27.51, Luke 23.45.

25 Jn. 11.51-52.

26 See Augustine, *De Civ.*, X.6. "Since, therefore true sacrifices are works of mercy shown to ourselves and to our neighbours, and done with reference to God; and since works of mercy have no object other than to set us free from misery and thereby to make us blessed; and since this cannot be done other than through that good of which it is said, 'It is good for me to be very near to God': it surely follows that the whole of the redeemed City—that is, the congregation and fellowship of the saints—is offered to God as a universal sacrifice for us through the High Priest who, in his Passion, offered even Himself for us in the form of a servant, that we might be the body of so great a Head." Augustine cites Ps. 73.28 and Phil. 2.7.

27 Ps. 51.18, the recitation of which is a staple of the Ash Wednesday liturgy.

28 I Cor. 1.25. "For God's foolishness is wiser than human wisdom, and God's weakness is stronger than human strength.

29 See Ps. 17.10, KJV, though admittedly I have not placed us in the position of the Psalmist.

30 Isa. 58.4. See 58.1-12.

31 Gillian Rose, who served as a consultant to the Polish Commission for the Future of Auschwitz, drew the following conclusions after witnessing the sad spectacle of American Holocaust museums engaged in a bidding war for the last wooden barracks from Auschwitz-Birkenau. "The Holocaust has become a civil religion in the United States, with Auschwitz as the anti-city of the American political community." Counter-identification with this anti-city, reinforced through countless productions of the military-entertainment complex, then justifies the accumulation of power, once again demonstrating the Augustinian insight that imperial power is dependent upon the evil it claims to deplore. (See pgs. 42-50 for a devastating critique of Spielberg's *Schindler's List* in this regard; one could add *Saving Private Ryan* in the interim.) See Rose, *Mourning Becomes the Law: Philosophy and Representation* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1996), pp. 26-31.

32 Isa. 58.12.

33 The "regret" of virtue, or the entailment of grief within theological virtue, I take to be the conclusion of Augustine's arguments against the sufficiency of pagan virtue in *De Civ.*, XIV.8-9 and XIX.4. Consider how this argument applies to war at XIX.7.

34 For an account of how this understanding would affect the Christian conception of just war, see my "Democracy and its Demons" *op cit.*

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