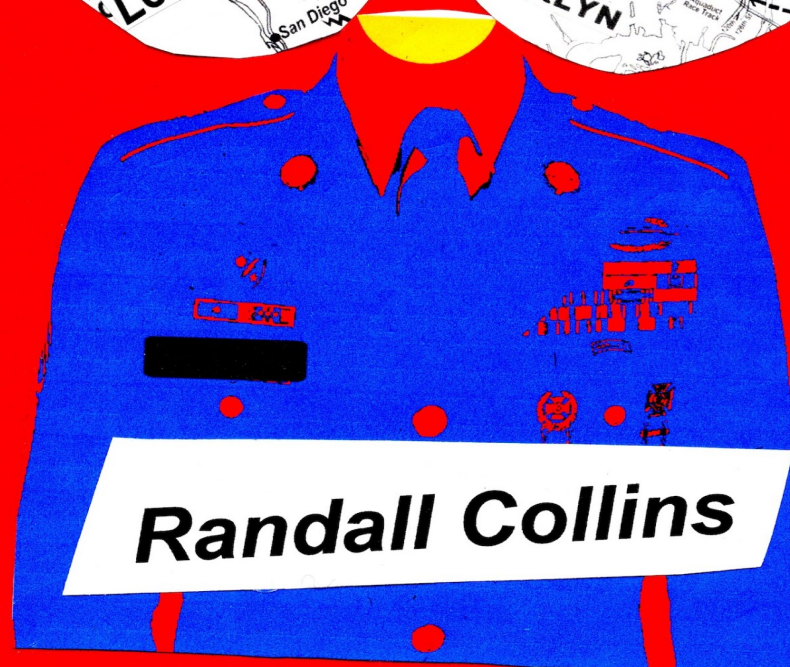


CIVIL WAR

TWO

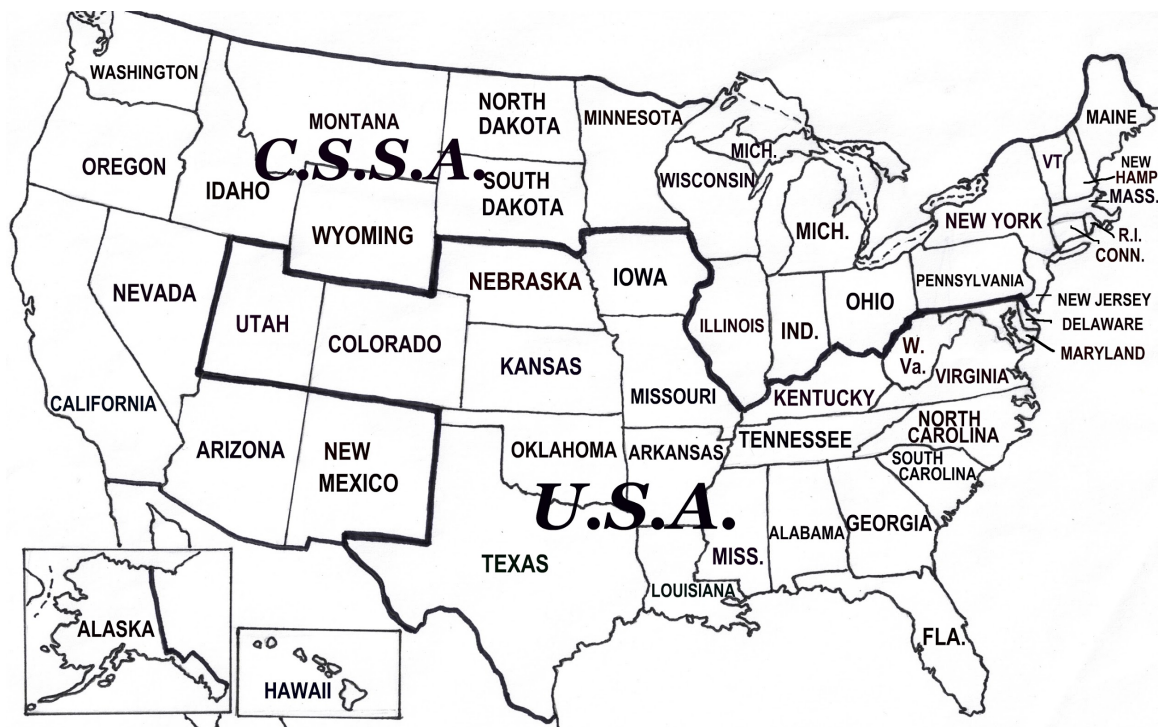


CIVIL WAR TWO

America Elects a President Determined to Restore Religion to Public Life,
and the Nation Splits--

A novel by Randall Collins

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C.S.S.A: Coalition of Secular States of America

U.S.A: United States of America

MAIN CHARACTERS

U.S.A.

President Joshua Maccabee Jennings, elected on a program to restore religion to public life in America

Secretary of Defense Robert Madigan, crusader for centralized computer control of the military

Deputy Secretary of Defense Thaddeus Wolf

General Curtis Harris, US Air Force, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff

Achilles Cruz, the most aggressive and persistent of the Union generals

John Gandhi Park, Korean orphan, old-style boots-on-the-ground soldier, opposed to computerization

Major Debra Zielkowski, Pentagon security officer

Capt. Tom Napoli, attack helicopter pilot

C.S.S.A.

Everett Rosenfeld, Governor of New York, Chairperson of the C.S.S.A.

"Big Bill" O'Leary, Mayor of Chicago, Vice-chairperson of the C.S.S.A.

Jordan Duplessis, Governor of California, former film star

Tim Birkenstock, Senator for Minnesota, secularist leader

Don Blastings, motorcycle-riding Governor of Montana, former talk-show host

General Jefferson Gray, most respected officer in the U.S. Army, but loyal to his home state Illinois

General Mark McConnell, Marine Corps commander, he'd rather rebel than let the Corps be abolished

Ironman Johnston, health fanatic, commander of a brigade of former rehab boot-camp inmates

Newton Crawford, former street gang leader, moving up through the ranks

Lt. Gabriel Napoli, former musician, in the midst of events

Marisa Santa-Ana, sex worker, spy, political climber

time: an alternative universe, early 21st century

CIVIL WAR TWO

Prologue: Second Battle of Gettysburg
Friction, or the Fog of War

Year One. A Nation Divides

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2. Revolution in Military Affairs
3. Secession
4. Fort Sumter in Montana
5. Hackers' War
6. McConnell's Missouri Raid
7. Gathering Forces
8. Battle of I-95

First Battle of Bull Run 1861

Year Two. Techno-war

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Shiloh 1862
3. Battle of St. Louis
Chancellorsville 1863
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Chickamauga 1863

Year Three. Attrition War

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Vicksburg 1862-3
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Battle of the Crater 1864
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Sherman's March to the Sea 1864
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Chattanooga 1863

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Grant and Lee in Virginia 1864
3. Return of the Nukes
4. Appomattox in Minnesota

Glossary of military terms

PROLOGUE: SECOND BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

In the soft gray pre-dawn came the sounds of birds waking. Lieutenant Gabriel Napoli, Army of the Coalition of Secular States of America (CSSA), rolled over on the grass and raised up on one elbow, listening.

High-pitched chirps and twitters in the upper sound register.

Lieutenant Napoli, a musician before the war, thought: three octaves above middle C. Notes so high they'd be almost indistinct on a piano.

Another sound in the middle octave, a cool contralto, doves calling *whoo, hooo, hooo*, the pure breathy sound of blowing with one's lips across the mouth of a bottle.

Then lower down, a faint sound of wings flapping, a toneless drone, an army of birds all taking off at once from faraway trees. The sound grew, resolved itself into two, the dull bass drone joined by a high clattering, wavering slowly upwards and downwards a quarter note.

The whirling of wings, becoming less and less musical as it grew louder.

Napoli sat bolt upright. Helicopters, flying in formation.

Whose?

Ours would be coming from the east, back towards Harrisburg. These were coming from west and south, from the hills beyond Seminary Ridge.

From Hagerstown and the Chambersburg Road where Robert E. Lee had marched his army one hundred fifty years ago.

Lt. Napoli commanded a battery of SAMs-- Stinger surface-to-air missiles. Last night his troops had dug pits alongside the Taneytown Road in the dark.

Now the dim light revealed where they had slept: a few yards from the cannon of the Gettysburg National Battlefield Park, pointing at the open field where the Confederate charge had come.

In those days a Napoleon Twelve Pounder could reach almost a mile with solid roundshot. The classic cannon-balls were now piled up around the monuments in little pyramids of black iron globes. A Napoleon loaded with hollow shells filled with explosive or shrapnel was more dangerous, but its range was much shorter.

The Napoleons made a hell of a noise but mostly missed, unless advancing troops got within a few hundred yards, sprinting across the narrow killing zone to bayonet the gunners before they could reload.

Lt. Napoli's Stingers had a range out to three miles and were guided by infrared sensors that could spot an enemy helicopter by the heat it emitted even through smoke and bad weather. They weren't infallible but they were a lot more lethal than Civil War One artillery.

If I were firing those old cannon, it would be a lottery chance if my shells killed anyone. Now, a pretty good chance. Not a guaranteed killer. But better than fifty-fifty.

Napoli's troops were rolling out of sleep, stumbling for the SAM pits, prodded by sergeants. Some things never change. There was a voice at his elbow. Major Emerson checking the line in person.

"Morning, Napoli." Trying to sound calm. Knowing it was the first fight for

Gabriel Napoli. "Looks like their first wave is coming in. A dozen Apaches heading this way. Maybe just a visit. Maybe a prelim to armor on the ground. Any which way, be ready."

Napoli nodded. Tightlipped he asked: "Sir, any info what unit that is over there?" Gesturing with his shoulder in the direction of the helicopters droning.

"Eighty-second Airborne," Emerson said. Napoli thought his collar looked three sizes too big. "Up from Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Funny how the army of the USA is based in the old South. Now the North is the Rebels, they're the Union."

Lt. Napoli said nothing, staring into space. The Major went on. "Know anyone over there?"

"Sort of."

"Well, get used to it, kid. Plenty of guys I knew at West Point are on the other side. They're probably saying the same thing about us. Just like Civil War One -- Grant and Lee were in the same outfit in the Mexican War, and all that."

Gabriel Napoli was thinking of a day he was nine years old, wrestling with his brother in the backyard. The older boy, quick and aggressive, always went all out to win.

Gabriel winced again, his face again ground into the gravel on that bare spot in front of the shed where Dad kept the lawnmower.

The boys were together a lot. For some reason they didn't play with other kids. Mom and Dad were always hovering around, protecting, looking for reasons to keep them away from the neighborhood kids.

Or maybe they just didn't fit in.

Mom and Dad didn't allow them to watch TV. Dad was a music teacher, very high-toned, disapproving of the modern world. They did a lot of jigsaw puzzles, made airplane models. They knew every plane from every war of the twentieth century, most of them hanging on threads around their bedroom with the double bunk beds.

When Tom, the older Napoli boy, was a teenager he gave up military toys and went in for the real thing. When personal computers came in, Tom was online, not just surfing the web but running his own business-- buying and selling guns.

Tom was always a hardass, Gabriel thought.

Major Emerson was talking, filling the silence that he took for nervousness. "Strange to be fighting on top of an old battlefield. They crammed in a lot more troops back then, we have fewer and spread them out further. Attacking head-on against our firepower would be suicide."

In the pits behind sandbag walls, Napoli's men were preparing the Stinger tubes for firing. Napoli wondered if they were even close to ready, but pushed the thought away, exhaling it out and away.

Each two-man team had a metal tube six feet long, like a section of sewer pipe. The operator held the pipe on his shoulder, most of it sticking out behind him to keep the fiery exhaust away from his body. The forward end had a bird-cage-shaped antenna on top, that sent signals to the operator's eye scope.

The whole thing weighed about thirty pounds and it took a muscular man to hold the launcher while his spotter helped with the loading. The missile itself was a long thin

cylinder with surprisingly small three-inch fins steering it from the front. Once the missile was launched to a safe distance from the operator, the bottom stages dropped off as it accelerated to Mach 2-- twice the speed of sound.

Stingers were finicky, fired by inserting a chemical unit into the handguard; the danger being that the unit could lose gas and malfunction.

Like so much high tech weaponry, it was awesome when it worked, which wasn't all the time.

The two soldiers in the launch team nearest to Lt. Napoli were fumbling, their fingers strangely cottony and unfeeling. Not practicing any more. At last they were firing to kill. Lt. Napoli felt himself breathing harder.

They were dug in along the ridge road where the Union encampment had been. Armored vehicles were spaced along Cemetery Ridge for two miles down to Little Round Top. Abrams tanks, 60-ton monsters, covered with layers of steel and ceramic protecting against armor-piercing and high-explosive anti-tank rounds, parked next to chiseled stone monuments memorializing the *Forty-first New York Regiment* and dozens of others.

Park Headquarters was just north of Gabriel Napoli's position, its postcards and exhibits frozen in time. Now the parking lot was crowded with military vehicles covered by camouflage netting. Behind them, the cemetery where Lincoln had made his Gettysburg address was mounded with hastily bulldozed dirt berms and the tents of the CSSA army.

Half a mile to the north, Gettysburg itself, the least changed thing in the whole environment: a little town then, a little town now, business dying in rural America, the agricultural crossroads replaced by a tourist attraction.

"Pickett's charge started over there, in those trees," said the Major, pointing across the shallow valley, living in history like so many professional soldiers, the past dignifying the present. "Fifteen thousand men kept their marching formation, over a mile of open ground, under fire all the way. They ended up here--" scarcely a hundred yards in front of them-- "the ones who made it that far."

Napoli spoke. "I had an ancestor who died here."

"Did you? Who?"

"Brigadier General Garnett. He led the first brigade of Pickett's attack. He got all the way to that fence. They never found his body-- there were too many dead piled up and torn to pieces."

"Oh yeah, General Garnett. There was a story about him, wasn't there?"

"Stonewall Jackson accused him of cowardice, because he pulled back from an impossible position at Chancellorsville two months before." The younger man looked all at once tired, as if he remembered not to tell the story too late to stop. "But Jackson was killed at the end of the battle. So Garnett could never have the court martial to clear his name."

"So he welcomed leading a suicide charge. Better death than dishonor."

Lt. Napoli did not answer, thinking: Yes, he had seen where Pickett's charge had taken place, had walked across it from the Confederate side of the National Park to the Union side, with Mom and Dad. Tom was excited, slapping his younger brother's head

and running away, himself chasing, unable to catch up. A nine-year-old boy chasing and an eleven-year old striking like a cavalry raid and racing off jeering across the empty summer field.

As they had approached the Union guns, Mom had stopped, seemed to choke. What's the matter, Mom? Gabriel had said.

It makes me so angry, she said. She had a clear feminine voice with the softness of an old Virginia accent, so unlike the drawl of the deep South. From an old Richmond family, not like Dad. She was a small woman, very intense in her movements. Usually quiet, but when she spoke she always got her way.

Angry, he had said, at what?

All those lives. All those young men killed, fighting, for what? Her fists were clenched. The image was still in Gabriel's mind. He had not understood then. But now.

A thread from the past, twisting the present. A Faulkner novel seventy years after Faulkner. And stretching back seventy years before Faulkner, the Garnett connection. Mom's great-great-grandfather. A woman who didn't like the twentieth century, let alone the twenty-first. Emily Dickinson watching shadows marching slowly across the lawn.

Major Emerson was gone. Lt. Gabriel Napoli was alone with his battery of Stinger SAMs, the USA helicopters coming in.

Flying point at the front of the formation, the helicopter pilot was calling out orders to his troop. His voice, intermittent and laconic, punctuated a flow of unspoken thoughts. Gettysburg again. Ironical. Everyone must be thinking that. In those days, both sides moved almost blind. Met here by accident, where all the roads converge. Had virtually no intel. Jeb Stuart's cavalry, swinging wide to the east, circling the whole Federal army, out of touch with Lee for days. The eyes and ears of the army, fifty miles away, leaving Lee blind. Now we'd cover the distance in twenty minutes, radio the report in instantly, he thought, glancing around the arc of helicopters.

Our trouble is fighting troops with the same equipment, same training, same communications. Johnny Reb and Damn Yankee both spoke English. We both speak with the same electronics. We both used the same computer codes. Better to keep radio silence. Never know when they're hacking into our net.

As if on cue, CSSA voices broke in on the radio band. *"Hey, Red State rednecks! Come on and get wasted by somebody with a brain."* Another voice, a chorus: *"Jesus freaks."* *"Right-wing bigots."* *"Crazy religious fanatics."*

The helicopter pilot, unloquacious by nature, despising talkative people, kept silent. Other voices answered for the USA side: *"Blue State wimps."* *"Meet some real men, you liberal perverts."* *"Un-American traitors. Go back where you came from."*

And a deeper voice, more threatening: *"May God have mercy on your souls."*

The helicopters were traveling low, terrain masking by skimming the hills and treetops. They dodged up and down, as low as 100 feet, 50 feet.

The big danger was clearing the obstacles that masked them from the enemy. It

was like road racing in a car, exhilarating to wait til the last minute to pull up before you hit the tree. Harder to do in formation with a dozen helicopters flying over 100 mph. A lot of helicopter casualties came from collisions in maneuvers like this. The pilot was not worried. He had done it all before. Training was almost as dangerous as combat.

Enemy fire wasn't the main problem, yet. Trees and hills masked infrared sensors, and laser tags were no good against rapidly shifting targets.

Under five miles, he thought. We could hit CSSA tanks right now with our Hellfire missiles. Better to wait. Hellfires are radar guided. The other side was probably radar jamming, just like they're trying to jam our electronic communications. They're jamming ours, we're jamming theirs. And if we turn our radar on, it will set off their HARMs -- these were high speed anti-radiation missiles, homing in automatically on radiation emission sources. Don't know how many they've got on this front. We could probably evade most of it. But wait, get in closer.

What else can they fire at us? Biggest danger is Stinger SAMs. They've got to be all over the place down there, cheap and mobile, man portable and vehicle mounted. Almost in their 3-mile range now. Infrared guided, can't jam that. As soon as we get past these hills and trees, it'll be a race, us against them.

Hit them with our 70mm rockets. They're unguided so the enemy can't interfere with the guidance system. Just aim and fire. Old-fashioned warfare.

The pilot ordered his squadron to increase their altitude as they cleared the last trees. From the air, the row of tanks dug in along Cemetery Ridge looked like tines of a giant zipper lying open. The pilot had the sensation that the opposite row of the zipper was about to close.

At the north end of the zipper was a cluster of buildings surrounded by trees. Probably using the old Park Headquarters for military functions. Put some rockets in there. Should be a parking lot where those fake camouflage woods are. His memory flickered to a visit years ago to the Park Headquarters, with its exhibits, its big indoor 360 degree panorama painting of the battle of Gettysburg in 1863. The big round building was right where it should be. They're probably using it for munitions or something, thinking we would spare it. Give it a hit, he thought, hating the hold of the past. One battle obliterates another.

Bearing in on the enemy, his thoughts raced. Why attack here at Gettysburg again? Same strategic problem as Civil War One. Avoiding a direct attack along the coastal urban corridor. Hit Philadelphia and New York from the flank. Aren't we making Pickett's charge again? Not really; my helos have more firepower than all of Lee's army. But then, so do they.

The helicopters were at the edge of the trees. Seeing the field open up below, his memory flickered. Where we walked with Mom and Dad. Wonder where that little punk Gabriel is today.

He swooped the helicopter upwards, banking to the left. Gave orders to fire on the tanks, while he took out the buildings and missile pits at the north end of the line.

The thought flashed in his mind: General Garnett, who Mom was always talking about. Six generations back from me. They say he wanted to die. Bad attitude, makes you

a loser.

Make the other guy die.

It's a calculated risk. No more frontal assaults. All high speed maneuver now. But you have to meet the enemy somewhere. Be willing to take some casualties, take the risk in order to break them.

Rockets exploded on the battlefield, shaking the helicopters in the air. Captain Tom Napoli expertly rode the blast, veering towards Park Headquarters and the embankment just beside it.

Lieutenant Gabriel Napoli crouched beside a Stinger launcher, dug in along the Taneytown Road. Called out orders to his battery, peering into infrared scopes: "Track the lead helicopter, then get the others." The first missile fired, and was lost in the crash of battle.

Friction, or the Fog of War

In war, General von Clausewitz wrote, everything is simple, but carrying it out is hard. He should know; he was with the Russian army beaten by Napoleon on the way to Moscow in 1812, and he watched Napoleon's army dwindle away on the long march back through the Russian winter.

This difficulty Clausewitz called friction, the grinding of heavy forces as they move across the surface of the earth, rubbing against each other every step of the way.

In another metaphor, this is the fog of war. Originally it was the smoke of gunfire that covered the battlefield and made it impossible to see where anything was. No general could be sure his orders would be carried out or if the foe would be where he was supposed to be; no soldier could be sure who he was firing at, and a sizable portion of casualties came from accidents and being hit by one's own side. The victories and defeats of the Civil War of 1861-65 were fought under a dense fog of war.

Twentieth century wars had better intelligence and communications, but friction did not disappear. Planes still bombed civilians; unanticipated enemies popped up in sudden maneuvers. Tanks ran out of fuel and rumbled to a halt on the fields of France or the deserts of North Africa. Ammo was exhausted in the midst of battle. Helicopter strikes aborted for lack of repairs or from sand in their engines.

To this physical friction and informational fog must be added a third kind, the emotions of human beings. Soldiers under stress of combat did not always fire and didn't often hit their targets when they did fire. Officers did not always give realistic orders and troops did not always carry them out. Soldiers would forget to bring drinking water with them into combat, and supply officers could fail to provide warm clothes in the winter cold.

The idea gathered momentum that science and technology could do a better job of fighting than human beings.

Already in the Viet Nam war, Secretary of Defense McNamara used statistical controls to calculate air strikes and enemy body counts. By the 1990s the transformation of the U.S. military was under way. Precision bombs and missiles were guided to their targets by computers in their noses.

If humans were fallible, satellites with global positioning coordinates, transmitting intercontinental messages, and hooked to an array of sensors and weapons could hit targets with great accuracy, while their operators sat thousands of miles away out of the danger and stress of combat. The 2003 invasion of Iraq was run from an Air Force base in Florida.

The fog of war was disappearing. Though enemies hid and adopted guerrilla tactics of hit-and-run, their cloak of invisibility was being penetrated. Soon the murky battlefield would be fully revealed in the clear electronic light of day.

YEAR ONE. A NATION DIVIDES