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Michael Fellman, *Citizen Sherman, A Life of William Tecumseh Sherman* (New York: Random House, 1995).

Emory M. Thomas, *Robert E. Lee, A Biography* (New York: Norton, 1995).

GRANT'S DEAD AND GONE; Lee's petrified, silent; Sherman lives on. He flies helicopter gunships in Vietnam and loves the smell of napalm in the morning. He looks like Clint Eastwood. He looks like Bruce Willis. Inside Atlanta in 1864, ripping up tracks, smashing machinery, he says to General John Bell Hood, commander of the opposing Confederate Army, "Make my day." Sherman is Lincoln's repressed. He is what happens to civilian Georgia, to civilian South Carolina, to the aristocratic planter, his big house, his monkey nigger, his piano. September 12, 1864, to the petitioning Mayor of Atlanta and the City Council, Sherman writes: "War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it, and those who brought war into our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out."[1] Postbellum Sherman, crushing Indian resistance in the West, delivers this famous flip remark. "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."[2] He comes right into our categories: proto-fascist, genocidal racist, manic/depressive, espousing a totalitarian Unionist discourse.

Michael Fellman's unforgiving *Citizen Sherman* is a stern postmodernist reading of Sherman. It doesn't do military assessment, isn't interested in battles. It is interested in the psychodynamics of Sherman's rage, "its applications and complex moral meanings."[3] It is interested in Sherman's marriage, its long march. It specifies Sherman's Indian hat-

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ing, his negrophobia, his anti-Semitism. Fellman's acerbic reading is a long way from B. H. Liddell Hart's admiring exculpatory *Sherman, Soldier, Realist, American* (1929), and still some distance from John Marszalek's *Sherman, A Soldier's Passion for Order* (1993), which extends the courtesies and explanations of the classical modernist reading, which still soldiers Sherman. Fellman's *Citizen Sherman* effectively strips Sherman of his stars, of his storied importance, of his military alibis. Leaving Atlanta, cutting his wire, abandoning his rail connection, Sherman, Fellman argues, silenced Conscience (Lincoln), got away from Caution (Grant), was free to operate on his own terms, to use terror. Was Sherman guilty of war crimes? James Reston, Jr.'s 1984 *Sherman's March and Vietnam* and Francis Ford Coppola's 1979 *Apocalypse Now!* put Sherman down in the midst of American atrocity in Vietnam. Burning plantations, destroying the local agriculture, Sherman's junior officers, Fellman shows us, agonized. Writing on the Indian problem in the postwar period, Sherman would actually use the term "final solution." *Rage*, the cold ideological kind Melville describes in "The Metaphysics of Indian Hating," Slotkinian Regeneration Through Violence *Rage*, is Sherman's postmodernist caption.

How might Orson Welles have shot *Citizen Sherman*? Wellesian touches are all over Fellman's *Citizen Sherman*. Chapter 1 is entitled "Rosebud: A Truncated Patrimony." Fellman's Sherman narrative often has the look and feel of Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane* (1939). As a child, Sherman lost his father, went to live as a dependent in the house of the baronial Thomas Ewing. He was in that odd oedipal structure, would marry Ewing's cherished daughter, Ellen. Early in the war, unhappily in command at Louisville, feeling ignored by the War Department in Washington, D.C., wildly overestimating the Confederate forces opposing him, Sherman would suffer the humiliating scandal of an incapacitating nervous breakdown. Ellen Sherman, personally interceding with Lincoln, using Ewing family power with the press and in the government, would save Sherman's career, if not his life. Who might play Ellen Ewing Sherman opposite Eastwood's or Willis' Sherman in the movie version of Fellman's book? Fellman's elder Sherman lives a luxurious cosmopolitan life in New York, feasting, banqueting, frequenting showgirls. Here he meets and falls in love with the singer/sculptor, Vinnie Ream. He is in public life, a national figure, a celebrity. Fellman keeps Sherman's marriage constantly before us. Often separated, always

contesting, the Shermans battle through the years to the very end, legally separated, emotionally divorced. There is as much on the redoubtable fiercely Roman Catholic Ellen Ewing Sherman in *Citizen Sherman* as there is on Sherman's principal Confederate adversaries, Joe Johnston and Hood. Sherman does not put down the Roman Catholic rebellion in his family, is roundly outgeneraled by his wife. He has pious Roman Catholic daughters, must deal with a weird crazed Jesuit son, Thomas. Fellman does the domestic narrative better than any previous biographer. As for Vinnie Ream, as she entertained Sherman, Fellman tells us, she was also seeing an ex-Confederate general, Albert Pike.

There is a postmodernist reading of Sherman. Is there a postmodernist reading of Lee? Emory M. Thomas calls his *Robert E. Lee, A Biography* a post-revisionist study, though he is somewhat hard put to define what the revision was, citing two scholarly books, Tom Connelly's *The Marble Man: Robert E. Lee and His Image in American Society* (1977), William T. Nolan's *Lee Considered: General Robert E. Lee and Civil War Memory* (1991), and one novel, Michael Schaara's *The Killer Angels* (1975). None of these, it might be argued, came up with a new Lee. Like Fellman, wanting to get at the citizen, the ordinary emotional person, Thomas turns to Lee's early childhood, to Lee's marriage, trying to explain the mystery of Lee's reticence. Lee's father was the celebrated Revolutionary War general, Lighthorse Harry Lee, an irresponsible antic absent father, dead, disgraced, in 1818, Robert then eleven. Lee would marry Mary Anne Custis, of the Martha Custis/George Washington line. Sherman and Lee are disfathered sons who suffer their loss and abandonment in early puberty. Both marry into powerful families. Fellman studies Sherman's rage. Thomas plumbs the mystery of Lee's reticence. His post-revisionist Lee indeed finally looks a lot like the classical Lee, Hero of the Confederacy.

The coincidence of major biographies of Sherman and Lee in 1995, Sherman unheroic, Lee still heroic, bears some remarking. Unionist discourse, which opened our nineties with a bang, producing at once Ken Burns' *The Civil War* (1990), nine episodes, eleven hours, and the *Heath Anthology of American Literature* (1990), two thick volumes, is presently somewhat embattled, somewhat confounded. Its subject positions, its statement resources, seem unalterably fixed (Daniel Webster, Abraham Lincoln, Sherman, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Walt Whitman, Frederick Douglass) unable to test phrases, project solutions. Confeder-

ate discourse, with its governmental theories of protected minorities, of power sharing, of local sovereignty, its championing of the particular against the universal, everywhere revives, rephrasing its conservative libertarian arguments. Here again is John C. Calhoun, master-planner of an ingenious postcolonial institutional praxis. "Concurrent voice," he murmurs in Louis Farrakhan's ear, "concurrent voice." Sherman speaks to us and we promptly see the fascist emphasis in his statement: "Obedience to law, absolute—yea, even abject—is the lesson that this war, under Providence, will teach the free and enlightened American citizen."[4] There is always a deal to read in Sherman's discourse. That Lee has so little to say, this curious salient fact, might take us toward a postmodernist reading of Lee, one that undertakes him outside the canons of heroism.

Lee left no journals, no memoirs, no political or poetic writings, nothing that justified his Confederate nationality, that lovingly described his Confederate country. He said, accepting command in 1861: "Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever draw my sword."[5] That pretty much was it, Lee's declaration, this very constrained and conditional pledge of allegiance. Is there a Lee who fights the Civil War in bad faith, fights serving his glory, and if there is such a Lee, what then about the expenditures at Gettysburg, after the fall of St. Petersburg, after the retreat from Richmond? In *Everybody's Autobiography* (1937), Gertrude Stein wrote, "I had always thought not thought but felt that Lee was a man who knew that the South could not win of course he knew that thing how could a man who was destined by General Scott to succeed him in command of the American armies who knew that was dependent upon arms and resources and who knew all that how could he not know that the South could not win and he did know it of that I am completely certain, he did know it, he acted he always acted like a man leading a country in defeat, he always knew it but and that is why I think him a weak man he did not have the courage to say it, if he had had that courage well perhaps there would have been not just then and so not likely later that Civil War but if there had not been would America have been as interesting. Very likely not very likely not. But this man who could knowing it lead his people to defeat it well any way I could never feel that any one could make a hero of him."[6] Postwar, Lee was so

noncommittal, he was at times almost Bartlebian. In 1866, testifying before the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, Lee was asked whether he might ever again support Virginian secession. "I have no disposition now to do it," he replied, "and I never have had."[7] As Lee had it, Lee would have preferred not to.

In his *Memoirs*, two editions, the first in 1876, a slightly revised second in 1886, Sherman is everywhere attentively ideological, justifying his decisions, criticizing Confederate thought and expression, writing policy papers, promptly reading and evaluating Lincoln's speeches. There is indeed a trailing sequence of Lincolnian reference that stresses Lincoln's agreement with Sherman on matters of policy and expression. He has the document, Lincoln's congratulatory letter, December 26, 1864, praising the "important new service" Sherman had discovered for his army on his march to the sea. He has the supposition: "I had received a letter from General Halleck, at Washington, a letter warning me that there were certain influential parties near the President who were torturing him with suspicions of my fidelity to him and his negro policy; but I shall always believe that Mr. Lincoln, though a civilian, knew better, and appreciated my motives and character."[8] What was Sherman's negro policy? He wouldn't accept African-American regiments. He did not suppose that "the former slaves would be suddenly, without preparation, manufactured into voters, equal to all others, politically and socially."[9] Here, too, is Admiral David Porter's account of the March 27, 1865, war council (Lincoln, Porter, Grant, Sherman) at City Point. As Porter had it, Lincoln came to City Point with "the most liberal views towards the rebels," explained his peace terms, and got quick agreement from Grant and Sherman. The lenient terms of capitulation Johnston first got from Sherman at Durham's Station, North Carolina, April 18, 1865, terms immediately revoked by Secretary of War Edwin Stanton, were, Porter argued, "exactly in accordance with Mr. Lincoln's wishes."[10] In his *Memoirs*, Sherman is always politically correct, insisting his march to the sea, his purge of fire, was merely the continuation of Lincoln's policy.

How should we read Sherman's *Memoirs*? Fellman scans the text for revealing statements, for its anxieties, its blind spots. He reads it prosecutorially, just as Sherman intended it to be read, as testimony, though Fellman's questions are not the questions Sherman anticipated. Sherman wrote in the preface to the second edition: "I wish my friends and

enemies to understand that I disclaim the character of historian, but assume to be a witness on the stand before the great tribunal of history, to assist some future Napier, Alison or Hume to comprehend the feelings and thoughts of the actors in the grand conflicts of the recent past, and thereby to lessen his labors in the compilation necessary for the future benefit of mankind."[11] In his 1991 *The Destructive War, William Tecumseh Sherman, Stonewall Jackson, and the Americans*, which is also very critical of Sherman, not a classical reading, not a modernist appraisal, Charles Royster reads the *Memoirs* as a cautionary text, a presentation of the lessons of the Civil War. "Sherman's pages," Royster writes, "reverted to his favorite themes: the value of order and strong government, the disasters that arose in their absence, and the influence of the regular army in sustaining government and forestalling disaster."[12] Is it possible to get somewhat around this present hard criticism of Sherman, without denying its application, to reclaim some measure of the modernist reading, to read the *Memoirs* in the context of American literature, as a personal narrative in the same classical series with the *Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin* and the *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass*, as an epitome of Unionist discourse, especially in its designation of the Confederate South?

The celebratory modernist reading primarily read Sherman's ur-text, his battles and campaigns, read the reports, studied the maps, went over the ground. Liddell Hart, George S. Patton, Heinz Guderian, strategists, mobile field generals, saw in Sherman's strategies a way of not fighting World War I's stalemated battles. World War I was a bad war for generals. On both sides, generals did frontal assaults on fixed positions. Hart, Patton, Guderian, saw blitzkrieg in Sherman's march to the sea. They saw mounted generals in productive action. On a month's leave in the thirties, with Liddell Hart's *Sherman* in hand, Patton would retrace Sherman's march to the sea. "A very good guide," he told Hart in 1944. Sherman broke the frame, shattered the structure inside, wasn't interested in battle and occupation, was interested in movement, in posing dilemmas to resisting forces. Where are his mobile columns going? What are his objectives? A sort of military Picasso, Sherman. He was a general and he didn't do battles. The modernist reading wasn't interested in Sherman's politics, his negro policy, his Indian policy. It wasn't interested in his domestic life. It was interested in Sherman's pri-

mary text, his military performance, the march to the sea, Sherman's masterpiece.

An epic intention sings in Sherman's line. Alexander leaving Persepolis behind, Hannibal crossing the Alps, Napoleon marching on Moscow, Sherman leaving Atlanta. D. W. Griffith gave it epic scale in *Birth of a Nation* (1915), the camera looking down from a mountainside at Sherman's marching columns. "About 7 A.M. of November 16th," Sherman writes in the *Memoirs*, "we rode out of Atlanta by the Decatur road, filled by the marching troops and wagons of the Fourteenth Corps; and reaching the hill, just outside of the old rebel works, we naturally paused to look back upon the scenes of our past battles. We stood upon the very ground whereon we fought the bloody battle of July 22d, and could see the copse of wood where McPherson fell. Behind us lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in the air, and hanging like a pall over the ruined city." A band strikes up "John Brown's Body." The marching men begin to sing: "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" "Then we turn our horses' heads to the east; Atlanta was soon lost behind the screen of trees, and became a thing of the past." Herman Melville, Walt Whitman, F. Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner, do similar rhapsodic passages in their fiction: coming into Moby Dick's waters, Hudson discovering Long Island, New York, Pickett at Gettysburg about to give the signal. This is Sherman's personal narrative. This was his day. "The day was extremely beautiful, clear sunlight, with bracing air, and an unusual feeling of exhilaration seemed to pervade all minds—a feeling of something to come, vague and undefined, still full of venture and intense interest. Even the common soldiers caught the inspiration, and many a group called out to me as I worked my way past them, 'Uncle Billy, I guess Grant is waiting for us at Richmond.'"[13] The modernist reading had the pleasure of this passage so easily.

As a text, how does Sherman's *Memoirs* operate? What are its objectives? Not writing history, doing memoirs, Sherman is free to give "his own thoughts and impressions," "his own version of facts," be mobile. He is comfortably in the lesser discourse, "a witness on the stand before the great tribunal of history,"[14] addressing the masters of the greater genre and subgenre: continental history [Archibald Alison, *History of Europe From The Fall of Napoleon* (1854)], national history [David Hume, *History of England* (1754–56)], military history [William Na-

pier, *History of the War in the Peninsula* (1828–40)]. It is a tactic, a ruse. Sherman's personal narrative summarily treats childhood, youth, and marriage. "Time passed with us as with boys generally."[15] That does Sherman's adolescence. Sherman memorialist, Sherman witness, is also Sherman historian, Sherman defense lawyer, whose "aim is to establish the true *cause* of the *results* known to the whole world."[16] So one's gaze moves back and forth from recollection/commentary to memoranda/documentation, from the present (1873–74) to that present (1861–65), follows the presentation and the proof, follows the juridical cast of the narrative. The trial established in this reading (the reading Sherman is always explicitly addressing) is still going on. Many of Sherman's peers, Confederate and Unionist, bitterly contested his presentation. In a recent issue of *Civil War History*, Albert Castel and John Marszalek, military historians, American Napiers, reexamined the case, Castel prosecuting, using this language: "OFFENSE NUMBER TWO: Omitting and/or distorting pertinent facts so as to enhance his own reputation for astute generalship while at the same time concealing blunders on his part."[17] Marszalek's defense repeats Sherman's, that Sherman wrote in the genre of personal narrative protected by the dictate of direct experience. This is at issue. "Dealing with the implementation of the Snake Creek Gap maneuver, Sherman states that he 'depended on McPherson to capture and hold the railroad' at Resaca, the implication being that he ordered McPherson so to do. This is false. Sherman's instructions to McPherson were to cut the railroad at Resaca and then withdraw to Snake Creek Gap from which he was to pounce on the Confederates when, as a consequence of their broken communications, they retreated to Resaca, the rest of Sherman's army in hot pursuit."[18]

With its documentary format (reports, maps, tabulations, end-of-chapter summaries), in its different calculating languages (commentary, document), Sherman's text necessarily represses the actuality of injured bodies. It reduces that horror to arithmetic, necessarily contains accident, the chaos of battle, in a pure physics of military movement, forces opposing forces. As Elaine Scarry argues in *The Body in Pain* (1985), such military writers (the great strategists and memorialists) are always already in deep denial, in protected special languages, predetermining the nature of contest and resolution. They all differently enforce (Sherman especially) the Clauswitzian dictum: "Kind-hearted people might of course think there was some ingenious way to disarm or defeat an en-

emy without too much bloodshed, and might imagine this is the true goal of the art of war. Pleasant as it sounds, it is a fallacy that must be exposed: war is such a dangerous business that the mistakes which come from kindness are the very worst."[19] We have to look to Walt Whitman's *Specimen Days* (1882) for the true sense of Elaine Scarry's war, the one Sherman abstracts with his maps and tabulations. That war, as Whitman had it, is chaotic, always personal, individual. It is bodies in pain. It doesn't largely figure in Sherman's *Memoirs*. From the rear, Sherman tells us, battle always looks chaotic, random, confused, but as you near the front, troops are in formation, logics apply. The general must be at the front "to measure truly the thousand-and-one reports that come to him in the midst of conflict; to preserve a clear and well-defined purpose at every instant of time, and to cause all efforts to converge to that end."[20] Sherman's *Memoirs* are about this war, his performance in the field, resolutely meeting accident (Shiloh), resolutely overcoming adversity (Louisville, Atlanta).

Sole agent, single entity: Franklin/Washington, Jefferson/Madison, Adams/Hamilton, Marshall/Webster, Stowe/Douglass/Lincoln, Unionist discourse writes the national narrative, establishes positions ("all men are created equal," "liberty *and* union, one and inseparable"), recognizes subjects, legitimates differences, makes and amends the federal constitution. Sherman's *Memoirs* bristle with its assurance. Unionist discourse has mastery of the covering myths, the available comparative or prefigurative narratives, has quick and peremptory control of the vital analogies. Jefferson Davis, Alexander Stephens, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, are not Founding Fathers. In Lincoln's discourse, they are "insurgent leaders." In Lincoln's discourse, the term Confederacy is always in quotation marks. The Confederates fire first, initiate aggression. In Mississippi, after the fall of Vicksburg, "just beyond Bolton," Sherman comes upon a well-house where soldiers are drawing water. There is a book on the ground, in the mud, one supposes. "I rode in to get a drink, and, seeing a book on the ground, asked some soldier to hand it to me. It was a volume of the Constitution of the United States, and on the title-page was written the name of Jefferson Davis."[21] Not revolutionaries, worse than rebels, traitors. Davis was a graduate of West Point, had been an officer in the United States Army, had sworn the same oath Sherman had sworn upon commission. Writing in 1873–74, Sherman's usage is consistently "Jeff. Davis," still the mocking

diminishment, the insolent familiar. It was Lincoln's usage in 1861–65.

Unionist discourse in Sherman's magisterial version is archly monological. Folly and delusion are the principal speakers in Sherman's Confederate discourse. They beg for mercy. They bluster in foolish defiance. "And now, sir," says Hood, denouncing the evacuation of Atlanta, "permit me to say that the unprecedented measure you propose transcends, in studied and ingenious cruelty, all acts ever before brought to my attention in the dark history of war." To which, Sherman: "Talk thus to the marines."[22] Confederate mayors and aldermen, Confederate generals, Confederate politicians, variously speak in the *Memoirs*. Sherman publishes their letters and decrees, exhibits Confederate exaggeration, questionable Confederate historicizing. *To the People of Georgia*, G. T. Beauregard, November 18, 1864: "Arise for the defense of your native soil! Rally around your patriotic Governor and gallant soldiers! Obstruct and destroy all the roads in Sherman's front, flank, and rear, and his army will soon starve in your midst. Be confident. Be resolute. Trust in an overruling Providence, and success will soon crown your efforts. I hasten to join you in the defense of your homes and firesides."[23] Ambitious work for civilians, women, children, old people, to obstruct Sherman front, flank, and rear. In an 1863 policy paper on reconstruction in Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas, advising military rule, Sherman did a scornful inventory of the four classes of Confederate manhood: the large planters, the smaller farmers, mechanics, merchants, and laborers, Southern Union men, the young bloods, "sons of planters, lawyers about towns, good billiard players and sportsmen, men who never did work and never will." Rebel nihilists, rebel absurdists, "Stewart, John Morgan, Forrest, and Jackson," the worst were the best, the "most dangerous set of men that this war has turned loose upon the world." They did not fight for Confederate nationalism, for the cause of slavery. Sherman advised: "These men must all be killed or employed by us before we can hope for peace."[24] Confederate folly and delusion, writ large in these speeches, across Sherman's categories, a folly and delusion impervious to argument and understanding, justified Sherman's march through Georgia.

Southern writers coming into Unionist discourse after the Civil War had to contend with Sherman's contemptuous ethnography, with his judgment of the Confederate narrative, had to deal with Sherman's postwar majesty, be careful around it. There are Shermanesque strin-

gencies in Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1884), those orders of the Commander-in-Chief, the withering ire of Colonel Sherburn's denunciation of Southern manhood. Twice in his 1886 New York banquet speech, "The New South," Henry Woodfin Grady, Georgian, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, turned to confront a seated central Sherman. "I want to say to General Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire, that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city." And again, Grady refers to the "crabgrass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps."[25] In Sherman's face, how to disavow Confederate folly and delusion, how to reconstruct a Southern Unionist narrative, this was Grady's task.

Filmmakers doing Fellman's *Citizen Sherman*, wanting a Rosebud finale, might well close with a fade to Sherman's disastrous war council in Louisville, October 1861. It was certainly the dark night of Sherman's soul, his definitive personal crisis. Believing he was vastly outnumbered, that Confederate forces were everywhere massing in Kentucky, Sherman insisted on an emergency meeting with a reluctant Secretary of War Simon Cameron. He was too dramatic in his situation report. He locked the doors, challenged the loyalty of certain members of Cameron's entourage, did detailed map readings, was desperate and excited in his manner. Assessing the matter, the War Department concluded Sherman was deranged. He was relieved of his command and granted medical leave. Sherman then had his breakdown, his humiliation, his prostration.

There are notable instances in the *Memoirs* where Unionist cause and Sherman's case wonderfully intersect. Marching out of Atlanta, the Fourteenth singing "John Brown's Body," Sherman reports that the widespread elation of his troops "made me feel the full load of responsibility, for success would be accepted as a matter of course, whereas, should we fail, this 'march' would be adjudged the wild adventure of a crazy fool."[26] Does Sherman project on the South as Captain Ahab projects on the whale? There are telling visuals in Sherman's *Memoirs*, scenes of destruction, of plantations despoiled, of personal interiors laid bare, private effects revealed. "The house was tenantless, and had been completely ransacked; articles of dress and books were strewed about, and a handsome boudoir with mirror front had been cast down, striking a French bedstead, shivering the glass."[27] Sherman regales us with such

scenes in the *Memoirs*, always citing the hysterical Confederate response: Hood protesting, Beauregard orating, "Jeff. Davis" foolishly divulging state secrets in angry public speeches. Sherman had got in at the "handsome boudoir" with its vain front and cast it down.

Distant silent Lee, wartime or postbellum, is no help to Southerners dealing with that reality, with that image. Nor is Ashley Wilkes any help to Scarlett O'Hara in Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With The Wind* (1936) when Sherman's bummer enters Tara. Defending her boudoir, Scarlett shoots this miserable Yankee and steals the plunder in his knapsack. In thriving postwar Atlanta, Scarlett disavows Confederate folly and delusion, becomes a scalawag, begins building the New South, reconstructs her fortune. Of what use ever, Mitchell wants to know, is Sherman's Ashley Wilkes, Southern nobility, men who never did work and never will. Sherman continues to turn up in Southern literature. He's there in Ross McElwee's poignant film, *Sherman's March: An Improbable Search For Love* (1984). "Ross" suffers one romantic reverse after the other in this film, is always retreating, regrouping, all the while rationalizing, expatiating, constructing a narrative, doing its commentary. He's there in Ross Spears' Civil War documentary, *Long Shadows* (1987), which has a long Sherman section, puts Sherman down in Vietnam, puts us finally before the Vietnam War Memorial, ironically playing triumphal Unionist anthems, "The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah." Southern literature, it might be said, is still answering Sherman.

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NOTES

1. William T. Sherman, *Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman* (New York: Library of America, 1990) 601.

2. Quoted in John F. Marszalek, *Sherman, A Soldier's Passion For Order* (New York: The Free Press, 1993) 379.

3. Michael Fellman, *Citizen Sherman, A Life of William Tecumseh Sherman* (New York: Random House, 1995) x.

4. Sherman, *Memoirs* 366.

5. Quoted in Emory Thomas, *Robert E. Lee, A Biography* (New York: Norton, 1995) 193.

6. Gertrude Stein, *Everybody's Autobiography* (New York: Random House, 1973) 247.

7. Thomas, *Lee* 382.
8. Sherman, *Memoirs* 727.
9. *Memoirs* 725.
10. *Memoirs* 816.
11. *Memoirs* 5.
12. Charles Royster, *The Destructive War, William Tecumseh Sherman, Stonewall Jackson, And The Americans* (New York: Knopf, 1991) 393.
13. Sherman, *Memoirs* 655–56.
14. *Memoirs* 5.
15. *Memoirs* 14.
16. *Memoirs* 4.
17. Albert Castel, "Prevaricating Through Georgia: Sherman's *Memoirs* as a Source on the Atlanta Campaign." *Civil War History* 40.1 (1994): 53.
18. Castel 54.
19. Carl von Clauswitz, *On War*, edited and translated by Michael Howard and Peter Paret (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1984) 75.
20. von Clauswitz 898.
21. von Clauswitz 348.
22. von Clauswitz 593–94.
23. von Clauswitz 665.
24. von Clauswitz 363.
25. "The New South," in *Joel Chandler Harris's Life of Henry W. Grady, Including His Writings and Speeches* (New York: Cassell, 1890) 87–88.
26. Sherman, *Memoirs* 656.
27. *Memoirs* 346.