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STUDIES IN CRAP

Jack to the Future

Title: 2006: *The Chautauqua Rising*

Author: Jack Cashill

Publisher: Olin Frederick, Inc.

Date: 2000

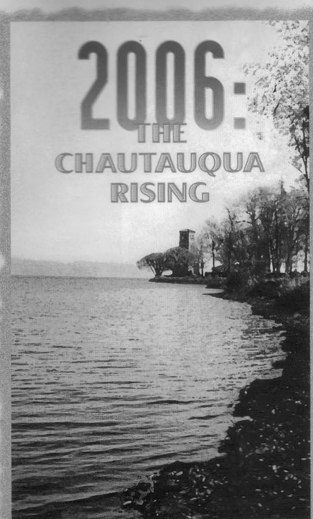
Discovered at: Johnson County Library book sale

The cover promises: "Jack Cashill updates Orwell."

Representative quotes:

"He had met her at a bar on the Cape. She was dark and flashy and not to be denied. They had got it on on that first night." (Page 16)

"God damn your sorry ass," [President] Gore said." (Page 266)



JACK CASHILL

America." Its agents jab good Americans in the nuts with nightsticks.

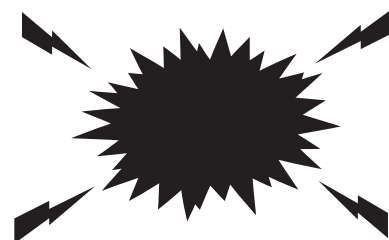
A day before the Oklahoma City bombing, an ATF agent warns a friend to avoid the Murrah Building.

Clinton and Gore exploited domestic terrorism to consolidate power, and Massachusetts Attorney General Kennedy stages school shootings to help pass gun laws.

"The Red Sox collapse[d] in the '04 series."

Once Gore and his veep, Michael Moore (same name, different guy), begin busing Amish kids to secular schools, Cashill's rabble-rousers take up arms, seize some buildings and make a citizen's arrest of Kennedy. The whole country celebrates this, in the way that conservatives always imagine invaders being greeted as liberators, and mean old Gore promises an end to judicial activism.

Hilariously, when Amish people begin arriving from other states just hours into the uprising, Cashill never explains how the phoneless plain folk have learned about it. He does take many pages, however, to scorn what he sees as America's tendency to sacrifice liberty for safety. He even quotes Ben Franklin on the subject. It's worth noting that Cashill has staunchly defended the Patriot Act.



Shocking Details

Though Cashill's crackpot theorizing offers few surprises, his vague, chatty, redundant style is unpredictable.

Nobody ever just laughs, gasps or sighs in this book. They always do so "audibly":

"TJ laughed audibly. He surprised himself with his own moxie."

"TJ sighed audibly as he read the online message."

This is helpful to anyone unaware that to sigh is to take a deep, audible breath.

Cashill's black people are astonishing creations. When they're not leaping to their feet to give the brave white protagonist one of those slow ovations that builds into torrential applause, they're saying things like, "Hey, if Kennedy were a Republican or even some routine dumb-ass Democrat, they'd be on him like bacon fat on collard greens."

Anything, at any time, is capable of "slugging" into something else:

"Just before the Cambridge exit on the Mass Turnpike and just after dark, TJ slugged into an ugly inexplicable Sunday night Boston traffic snarl."

"They slugged on, single file, TJ in the lead, the waves echoing loud against the wall."

"This latter thought shot a slug of negative juju through TJ so intense he got up and tried to walk it off."

A Cashill character can't even open a door without causing the reader an accidental Zen mind-fuck:

"It was snowing lightly when he opened it."

Cashill's writing is sort of like the door or the sky or whatever undefined "it" is a bookend in that sentence. You only know it blows if you read it.

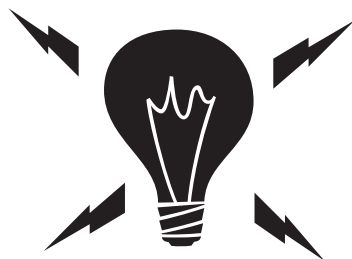
— ALAN SCHERSTUHL

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E-mail alan.scherstuhl@pitch.com

banding together to fight "President Al Gore's" Children's Defense Act.

In 2006, Gore has outlawed SUVs and tobacco. Worse is his dastardly next step: "using OSHA to bend the will and weaken the identity of the Amish."



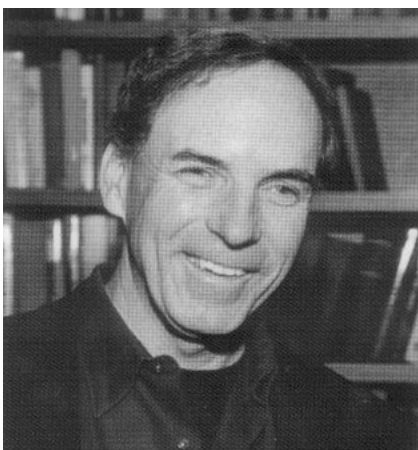
Other Revelations

High-school graduation includes ritualistic denunciations of white Europeans.

The Teamsters and the teachers unions have merged. Together, they beat up Republicans.

Vince Foster was the first in a series of "suicides" faked by the Clinton-Gore axis. Other victims: Antonin Scalia and a fearless newspaperman whom Cashill — never shy about self-aggrandizement — names "Jack Conlon."

The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms is "the most feared agency in



For months, local gadfly and goofball Jack Cashill has insisted that Bill Ayers secretly wrote President-elect Barack Obama's memoir, *Dreams From My Father*. It's unlikely that any reader would ever level such an accusation at Cashill's paranoid futuristic novel, *2006: The Chautauqua Rising*. Packed with the Democrats-murder-their-enemies theorizing of his "nonfiction," *2006* is certainly Cashill's work. No one else could possibly want credit for writing this story of conservatives, Harley riders, American Indians, and the Amish