

“A Return From Eval”
by KB Updike Jr

Chapter 1: headache

The sound of broken glass startled Calvin from his position of dishwashing by the sink.

Calvin entered slow motion altered time perception, he separated like the pieces of broken glass, and every work of fiction and every work of nonfiction utilizing the words "sound of broken glass" echoed through Calvin's brain as streams of words flowing outward thru thin air, connecting eventually to the visualization the writer was going for, fictional and nonfictional.

And every time glass broke in the world, even in the future, the sound and the image of all those glass objects rattled through his head.

Calvin walked out to his front porch and he smoked a cigarette. He inhaled too deeply because he'd encountered some strange circumstantial programming - his pride was attached to inhaling too deeply, as well as to not acting out of pride, so he consciously admitted he had some might powerful lungs and needed superhuman doses of smoke to be satisfied.

The cool night air, inhaled almost as deeply as the toxic Camels smoke, soothed Calvin about as good as the tobacco.

Get your head together, Calvin told himself. He flicked the cigarette butt into the grass and went back inside to finish the dishes. He didn't clean up the glass on the floor, that night.

He didn't have any pets and his friends weren't coming over. Calvin finished the dishes, opened a can of beer, and he watched some television.

Some television watched Calvin.

television: *Hey queer! (buzz, pop, fizz...)*

...

Calvin was asleep on the couch and meanwhile, the FBI was transmitting dreams into Calvin's brain.

- lights, camera
the structure of sound
waves
a dream with

in a dream with
in a dream, each d
ream exactly as realistic as "real life"
probability equations,
causal mental processes
experienced in a slowed-down,
commentated fashion to
illustrate the mind's
tendency to
intuit a
nonmathematical
feeling
of how
true nonnumerically reducible
data happens to be
a single point in space connecting to another point in space connecting to another point in
space
the tetrahedron kept spinning. calvin was a
tetrahedron, spinning
calvin knew what it was like to interact with other tetrahedrons, building into more complex
geometric shapes
characters, calvin experienced whole days of life as people, and members of inhuman races
the abyss nothing but darkness and a voice getting louder as it droned on *your mission
should you choose to accept, one nation under a groove, funky funky funky*

Calvin woke up and he could hear a humming sound.

Sara Skeeter woke up three blocks north of Calvin's house. There was no relation between the two of them, casual or otherwise. They'd never seen each other. She could hear the humming sound.

Jeff Hamilton was hearing a humming sound over in Nebraska.

George "Just George" from big Texas heard a humming sound and placeboed himself into a throbbing headache, or something.

None of these people were in any way related.

The main character, Calvin, he had visited Washington, D.C. recently and he almost joined Scientology. They had a big temple and he thought What the hell right? and they'd given him some kind of pamphlet. Calvin had never really heard anything about Scientology. He almost joined as a kind of experiment.

He didn't. He walked in and out of one Church of Scientology, that was it. He moved onto tt

Calvin was picking up on some kind of frequency, weird noises projected into his head. He felt like the ufo was about to land. He felt - not ruiaaeeght.

The FBI was transmitting into Calvin's brain telepathically.

Calvin didn't know this. He thought he was going crazy. It seemed like the objective solution to his situation. It was.

A bus passed by and
consciousness drifts seamlessly between particles,
our scientists at first speculated that the particle connectivity reported by quantum physicists
caused a synchronicity matrix in the environment that could be consciously directed because
the human mind is composed of particles they didn't realize the full implications of their findings
or they did,
i'm a voice inside your head
the side of the bus had a poster of an exploding lizard.

hehe, dont you get it don't be gullible man. hehe, zzzzzzap! zzzzzzzzap!

The exploding lizard reformed and grabbed a banjo from out of thin air and started dancing around singing a song and soon the bus was gone.

Calvin's car was parked on the side of the road. He didn't know if it was a good idea to drive.
get in.

Calvin didn't think, he just got in the damned vehicle. It was a yellow bug, if you wanted to know.

i'll let you drive. do you know nanotechnology makes it possible to bend light around objects, so
that they're literally invisible? do you know we're officially a hair's breadth away from curing
diseases with auditory frequency? do you know rocket back packs are real, and soldiers are
trained to use them? do you know we can make synthetic human skin? do you know physical
immortality is inevitable, at least for the rich and willing? stop thinking about that. so you're
crazy. we couldn't let you do what you were going to do so now we experiment on you. that's
what a paranoid schizophrenic would be thinking, you know.

listen. you're no more delusional listening to me than if you were forced to listen to a radio.

Calvin heard the hum again.

(do you remember what happens during your blackouts?)

Calvin woke up covered in piss, a fat mutt breed dog was licking his crotch. Calvin lashed out, shouting, "FUCKING BITCH!"

Hit it in the nose hard enough, even a bear would run away.

Calvin was in his back yard. He walked into his house. He swept up the glass on the floor. He had himself a beer and watched some television.

He could hear a car pulling into his driveway. *Ding-dong.*

Calvin opened the door.

"You smell disgusting, you look like a fucking piece of shit," she said, heels clanking against the hardwood floor.

She walked over to the couch, took a look at the seat, took a look around the room. Took a look at Calvin. "What the fuck man?" She didn't sit on the couch.

Calvin scratched his head.

"It's me, Brittney. You remember Brittney right? We smoke weed together. Thank God that's all we do."

Brittney, butch bitch except for the heels. Her shorts cut low, thick hair covering her legs.

"I'm not feeling good," said Calvin. He dropped to the floor and let the front door swing freely. His right hand rubbed his forehead.

"I know," Brittney said. "Man, I know. You don't know what I know. But what I don't know is what kind of shape you're in. I mean, they're inside your skull."

"You're not real," said Calvin. "If I'm being an ass... If I'm being rude... I mean, please go away. I'm fucking mental. Call in fucking mental health. Please get out of here. Please..."

Brittney pulled down her shorts and her vagina leapt from her body, walked up to Calvin, slipped between his lips, and attached to the roof of his mouth. If he wanted to eat pussy all he had to do was lick the top of his mouth.

Calvin fell asleep.

Blackness.

the real matrix is a reduction of the interacting causal sequences of the universe, from between the smallest level since butterfly effect might as well apply to atoms and well anything, to numerical values. at least that's as close as i've gotten. i mean i can trace the sequences, the particles in my brain are communicating with every other particle i can analog around and i know where it's all going and thats not numbers thats fact boy uh

listen good calvin it's possible we let you live you go on to enjoy life again

i can't retain so much information at a time. more than you. my conscious mind processes signals at a rate a hint below the speed of electricity and I Am Not A Nice Man

tee hee, just kidding, don't be gullible calvin

we have telepathy, we also have electronic devices capable of projecting sound directly into your head so it only seems like telepathy, you wouldn't believe what we have calvin

here's what you can do: tell your subconscious mind to compute likely results to the causal sequence you've got yourself caught up in. i know, unknown variable's a bitch here this is some weird shit maybe you can do it

i've got the straight poop you can create a map in your head of the information you've accumulated and you can analog around the map and your brain will translate the data to numerical probabilities of accuracy and future predictability and so on

calvin... ca-aaaaal....

He woke up and there was Brittney. Her shorts were on and her vagina was nowhere near the roof of his mouth. How could something taste so distinctly real yet
we wanted to test you out, send you some useful information and push your nutso buttons, sorry it had to be you kid we gotta test our technology a matter of national security! be so obviously imaginary?

"It's ok honey," said Brittney. She was driving his yellow bug. Calvin thought about the vehicle he was in - he was still naked - and he got a mental picture of being inside an actual bug, a beetle.

"Honey, I'm taking you to a doctor alright. The only doctor you need."

Calvin didn't say anything.

is this voice inside your head you rationalizing? test you out! ahaha ... what do you think this is, some kind of conspiracy?

Calvin knew he was schizophrenic.

ah, you want this to be a conspiracy. you fantasize about being capable of doing something, anything, to end the hallucinations and you can't because schizophrenia's never been cured! so you create a conspiracy ... what is this woman your savior calvin is that what you need?

"An influence like the reduction (collapse) of the wave packet, allegedly exerted by a human observer on a microscopic object by means of observation, would be equally miraculous as killing a fly by just looking at ones fly swatter." - Wim De Muijnck

"Calvin, have you heard of the Secret? What you believe is your reality." Somewhere inside Calvin's head Brittney's rant was being processed. "Well I smoke weed with this guy, hangs out with Satanists and Wiccans and Thelemites and I always thought he was a weird bird. Calvin,

he proved to me he was telepathic! He projected thoughts straight inside my damned brain, and proved it was him!"

Calvin said, "The Secret."

"Right," said Brittney. "This guy, call him Fly, I do, this guy Fly, he says the Secret's bunk and your perception can influence your situation kinda-sorta. Says it's been proved people can sometimes be cured of cancer just by believing they're cured. Says I can't conquer the world just by believing it's true, and he doesn't think cancer can always be cured either uh, keep your eyes open Calvin this is important."

Calvin said, "Sorry."

"Fly knows things, man. Says his identity's one yet not one, and weird stuff like that. Like, he tried to explain to me, he decides what his personality is based on what's convenient. Anyway he says be optimistic and realistic. Always expect good stuff be prepared for anything he thinks the particles in your brain are connected to the particles of ---

Calvin was a rabbit's foot. He was hanging from an old woman's key chain.

Water hit Calvin's face and he opened his eyes. Candles were burning all over the place and it smelled like weed. Hard wood floor again.

Fly, Calvin guessed he was Fly, was standing there dressed like a professional banker or something, only his tie was ruffled and exhibited silly colors.

Fly said, "As you have probably guessed, I'm Fly."

Calvin: Blink, yeah, ok.

Fly said, "Don't look anywhere else in the room, just look at your feet, or look at me. You're disoriented and this is a disorienting place."

calvin! you can still hear me? excellent, eeeeexcellent. mwahahaha.

Fly said, "The FBI has been trying to infiltrate my little network for years. They no doubt think they've finally succeeded, the astral form of Agent Danvers was hiding in your crotch when me and Brittney dragged you in here. Hacking the FBI's psychic armor would be like hacking the pentagon's computer system - it can't be done!"

what the fuck is happening?

Fly said, "The reason they're experimenting on you, Calvin, is because you had a past life as Adolf Fucking Hitler."

Calvin said, "Am I in the mental? I want my medicine."

Brittney blew Calvin a shotgun with the blunt in her hand.

Something was eating into the pot high. Calvin felt a slight buzz, a momentary buzz.
AHHHHHHHHHAAHHHHHHHHHH....!!!"

Calvin felt - separate from - his body.

Calvin felt like Hitler. He knew he was assuming the identity of Hitler. He, Calvin, was literally Adolf Fucking Hitler. He was really putting it to Eva Braun, like there was no tomorrow. He wasn't even remotely thinking about them Jews.

As fast as it started, Calvin was Calvin again, in astral form, looking into the golden eyes of the Fly.

The FBI won't bother you anymore Calvin.

-Calvin, I'm Agent Danvers. We miscalculated. We're sorry.

Calvin was back in his body again, and he noticed he was totally naked and his nipples were hard and he had the shakes. The pot, had to be good pot, was kicking in. He felt, not pain or apathy anymore, he felt focused and happy. He smiled.

He had no idea what was going on, except he knew what it was like to boink Eva Braun.

Brittney laughed, watching Calvin's sex unch cockalspritch.

Fly said, "The FBI was afraid of us, Calvin, still are. They weren't acting out of malice... They had to test you, prevent you from doing what you just did. That is, reconnect with your past life."

Brittney said, "I knew Fly so I was eventually gonna hook you up with Fly."

Fly said, "The FBI is serious about psychic phenomenon. They study the causality matrix to the damndest of their ability. They haven't been at it as long as we have."

Calvin said, "I'm Hitler?"

Fly said, "You're fucking Calvin, construction worker. Your DNA contains every memory of your dad up to the time he came in your mum's cum dumpster, every memory of your mum up to the point of your birth. That tape loop stretches back so far Indians on `shrooms started thinking people reincarnated from bleeping animals. There's no Hitler in your family tree."

Calvin said, "I'm not Hitler?"

Fly said, "There's ways of getting valuable information from bleeping atoms. I talk to atoms. Do you trust me as a source? Don't. You shouldn't. I'll tell you anyway."

Calvin: Blink, yeah, ok.

Fly said, "Your soul literally entered the fetus of Adolf Hitler and went on to assume the identity of history's most famous evil fellow. That actually happened please, please, please don't be

gullible enough to believe my bullshit on this one. After all, I just kicked the FBI out of your head how the fuck do you know I'm not the fucking source of the fucking voice and the hallucinations?"

Calvin flashed back to Eva Braun. He had never been a racist, yet the intensity of the experience, the arousal Hitler had felt that moment, embedded itself firmly within Calvin's psyche. It could not be helped. He got hard when he thought about Eva.

Brittney giggled like a bitch.

Fly said, "You're a good guy now. The FBI, being realists and detecting Hitler's soul was about to remember being stinking Hitler and go on to be incredibly powerful, incredibly influential. Can you think of anything stupider to let happen?"

"I'm letting it happen. Quit your day job, Calvin, you're in training."

Calvin said, "I'm good now right? Ouch, I did that? Man, that's a lot to make up for."

Fly said, "That's how the FBI took it. They were going to torture the bejeezus out of you and use you and they slammed into a brick wall."

Brittney lit up a fat ass mother fucking blunt.

Fly said, "They were pumping you full of information to try to trigger memory retrievals. And to study how your brain processed complex equations. They took a lot of notes, Calvin."

Calvin said, "You, and your guys, you're bigger than the FBI?"

Fly said, "Hell to the fucking goddamn no. More psychic, maybe."

Calvin said, "The other day, ..."

Fly said, "Yeah... ?"

Calvin said, "I was talking to this Scientologist ..."

Fly said, "Uhuh... ?"

Calvin said, "Did a space alien drop other space aliens in volcanoes to commit genocide, thereby triggering the evolution of humankind?"

Fly said, "No, Calvin."

Chapter 2: Training

There was a piece of paper. A big red dot on one side, a big blue dot on the other. Calvin had been instructed to focus, to force the dots to merge in the centre.

Fly was rambling.

“You were once Adolf Hitler. You may have had some other past life after that, or possibly you were just tortured on the Astral Plane. Probably you experienced a sort of dream-state gang rape, wherein rusty knives were shoved in and out your bum hole and you felt just enough lust-joy to inspire shame.

“I had a vision about that's what happened to Ivan the Terrible.

“The way that shit works, enlightened aliens try to gauge how much bad karma you have to absolve before you can be permitted to enjoy life like a normal person. They're watching us from that planet past Pluto they don't do much except shove a needle up a horse's ass and watch it run.

“You have to defeat the Nazis to move on, because you empowered them originally.

“Some would argue neo-Nazis are no more Hitler's fault than the Inquisitions were Jesus'. The problem is, Jesus martyred himself to escape bloodshed and Hitler blew his brains out to escape the inevitable torture that would have resulted from the bloodshed and torture he inflicted on others, were he caught.”

Calvin thought the dots were beginning to merge they looked pinkish when connected – not what he expected.

Fly went on.

“In order to defeat the Nazis, you may have to get your past life memories back. World War II didn't collapse the party completely. A lot of that stolen wealth was retained. Today, Nazism consists of one of many corrupt octopus-like networks intent on ruling the world, by subtlety or force.

“If you can remember being Hitler, you will know how Nazis think, you will understand the shape of the network they left behind when they lost the war – a war they are still fighting. You will know exactly how to talk to them, and how to fight them.”

Calvin merged the dots totally. They turned a glimmering yellow.

Fly said, “I can give you the memories, Calvin. Unless you first cross the Abyss, the risk of corrupting your soul would be too great.

“You do not think you could be a racist, I sense this about you. It doesn't matter – Hitler himself may not have been so much a racist as a power-hungry opportunist without compassion. As an intelligent man, he may have understood the stupidity of generalizing so much an entire ethnic group gets lumped into one category.

“If you can sell a lie to the emotional part of the human brain, inspire passion, you can attract

followers. That may have been all he wanted. I'm not a history buff and I'm not here to teach you what you'll learn on your own in just a few months anyhow.”

The dot disappeared because Calvin blinked.

“How do I cross the 'Abyss'?” Calvin asked.

Fly inhaled deeply of his blunt. He said, “Smoke weed, meditate, study, work. Start with Jung, Freud, and Psych 101. Read the Cliffsnotes of Psychology. Find a thin mass market paperback book on Zen.

“Build a temple utilizing mundane symbols, to force the mind to work harder for that climax – that creative inspiration.

“Write down a series of initiations, attempting all the while to communicate directly with the highest part of your mind. Write without effort, let your Higher Genius write for you. Perform the initiations as intuition tells you they should be performed.

“Don't forget to smoke weed or it won't work.”

Chapter 3: More on Eva Braun

Calvin did as he was instructed to do, constantly distracted by his past life memory of boinking Eva Braun.

This distraction made it difficult for Calvin to avoid masturbating. Every time he thought about Eva, his prick poked his pants into a humble tent shape.

His meditations would often result in a half astral trip wherein he relived the “memory” again and again.

Brittney noticed this little problem and offered Calvin her help.

Brittney, a talented sketch artist, drew up a picture of Eva Braun, a picture of a cactus, and a picture of a male underwear model.

Every time Calvin looked at Eva Braun, Brittney, a powerful empath, extracted all lust and injected a feeling of mild disgust. When Calvin looked at the cactus, Brittney injected a feeling of profound emotional longing, only enuf lust to stimulate mynewt penal growth. When Calvin looked at the male underwear model, Brittney injected emotional and physical longing. [an important lesson concerning the abominable possibilities opened up via telepathic brainwashing]

So that Calvin came eventually to be a trisexual without interest in Eva Braun and not likely to risk physical harm for cacti.

Chapter 4: Racism

Calvin decided to tell the Nazis that, for purposes of engaging in battle, or otherwise gaining in power, for sake of strategy, it was wise to generalize as little as possible. When strategizing against an individual, take in every aspect of the individual's character. If blinded so much by racism you assume on that basis alone a given individual will go for bait in the form of selfish advantage,
you take an unnecessary risk.

Granted, debrainwashing the Nazis from racism might be easier than deprogramming them from psychopathic selfishness. Once they lost their racist delusions, the binding glue, there would be little left to do
unfairly conquering no more
with luvi-duvi feelings of devotion

Adolf Hitler was at war with selfishness and bigotry,
and all Nazi Satanists with infantile fantasies of Adolf Hitler were taking out the white trash,
stamping down enemies of Black Metal and good poetry,
destroying Fascists and mind control handlers.

Chapter 5: the Initiation

Calvin kneeled before a duct taped cardboard box and prayed to the higher genius, "Teach me the lessons I need most to learn, in order to fit in the grand scheme of things."

Brittney and Fly chanted in the background, or made insect noises.

Calvin wanted to know, "Teach me when it is appropriate to quit my meditation."
He just sat there for a while.