

**MAN** of the **MULTIVERSE**  
THE BALLAD of the TIME TRAVELLER

The Sketchbook Project

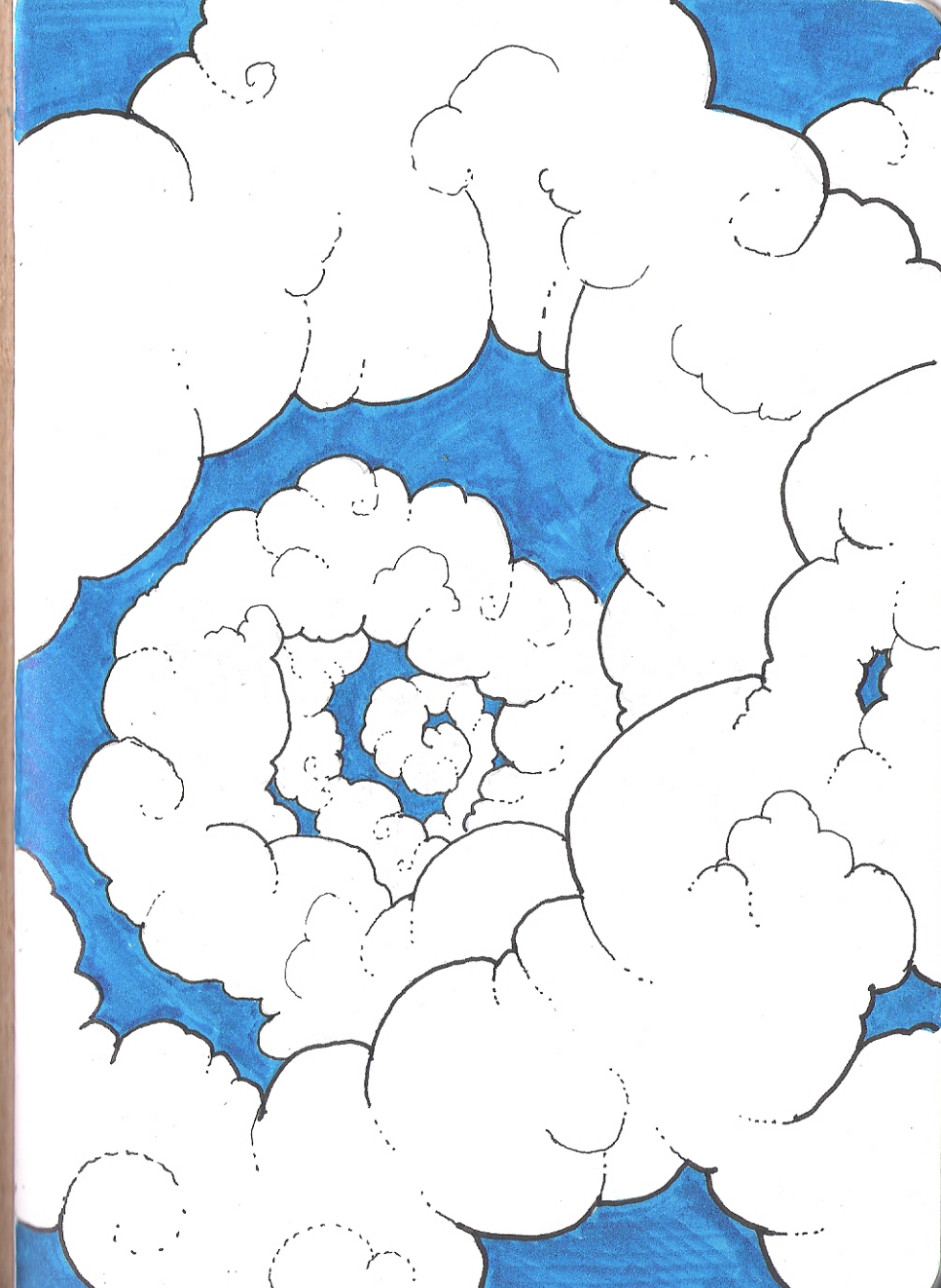
**Sam Sanders**  
Olathe, KS  
United States

Time Traveler



[SE-20\*2]



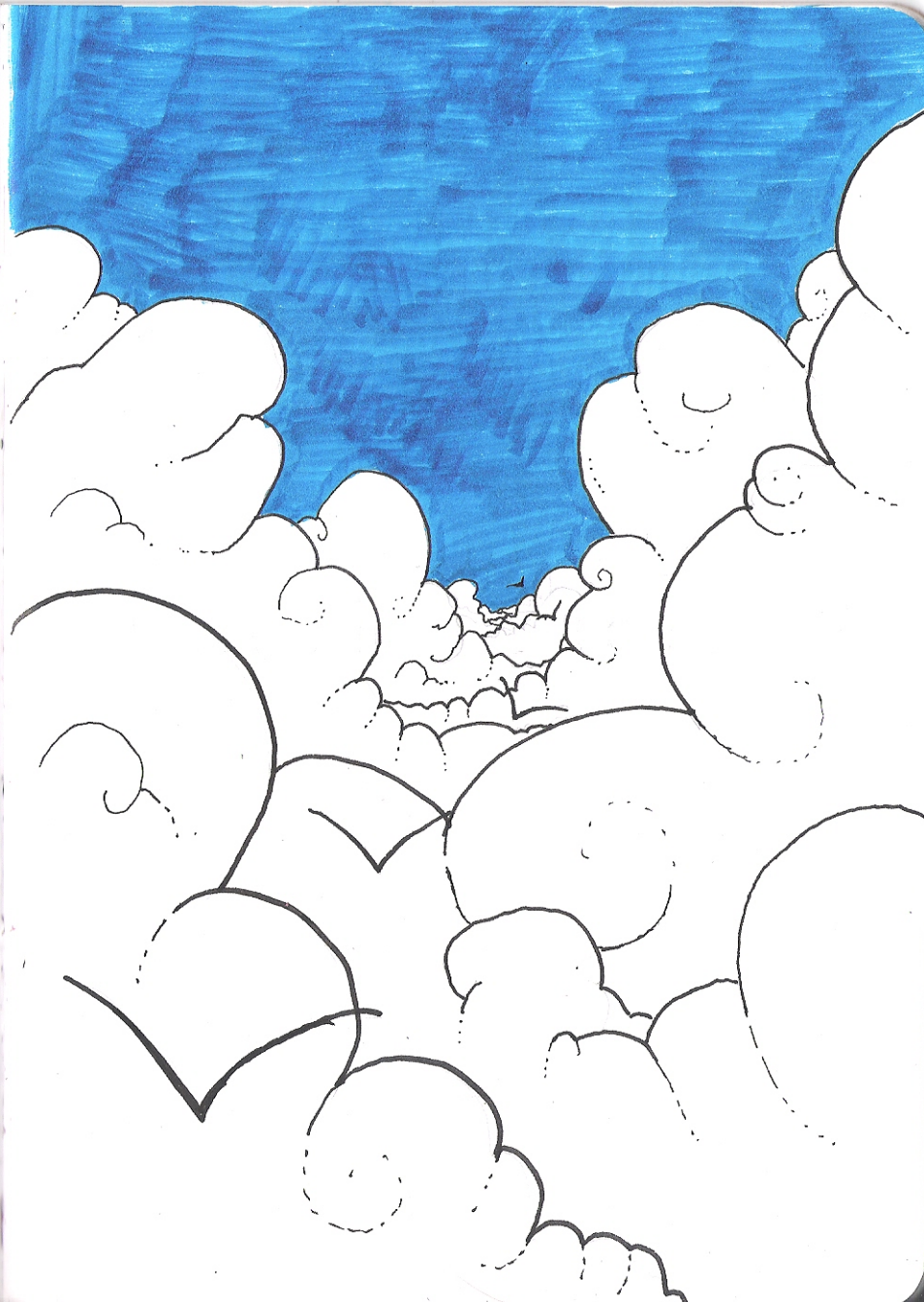




Art & Bomb

productions

presents



a  
mind  
and  
body  
collaboration

# MAN of the MULTIVERSE

THE BALLAD OF THE TIME TRAVELLER





It begins with a  
sensation of  
falling



A tug on  
your gut.

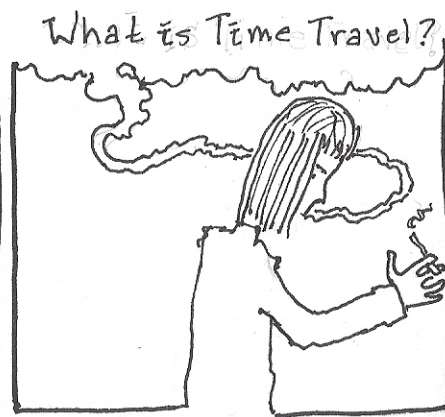
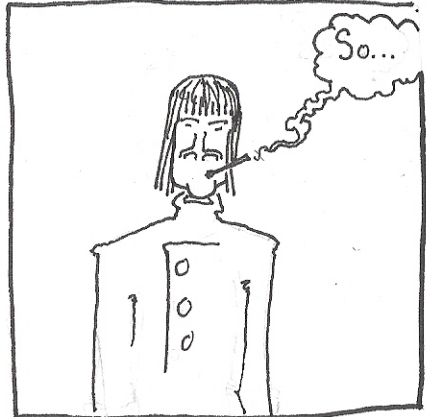
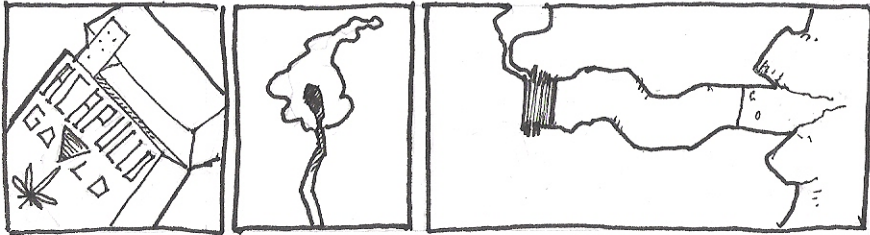
Then

it


begins







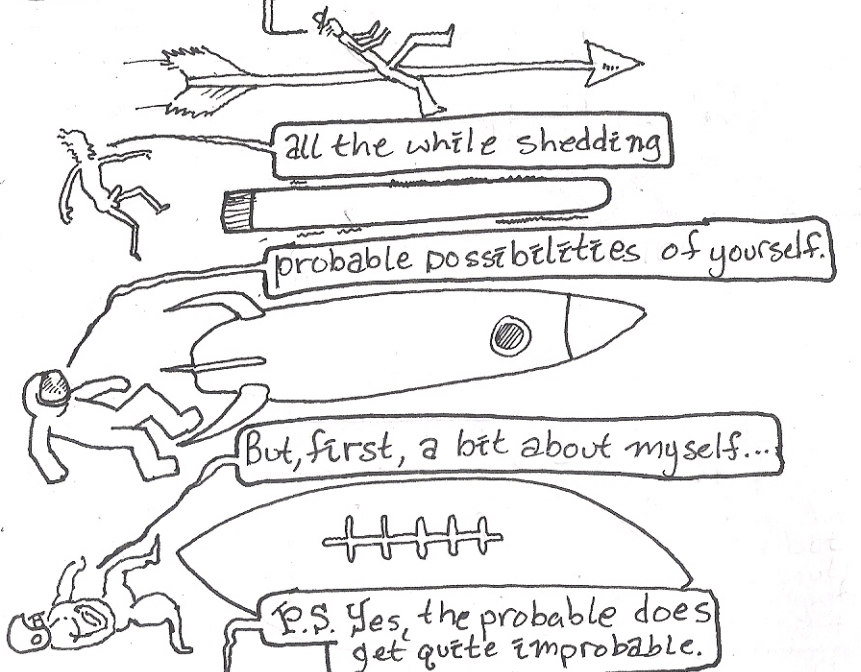
It's nothing like you think...  
 and it's exactly what you think.  
 There is no time machine, no gadget.  
 There's only me.



Time is momentum, a vector into the future,  
 which leaves behind a residue, the past.  
 Or has the past always been there, our  
 consciousness adhering to an unknowable  
 script? Either way, there is an immolation  
 of calories.

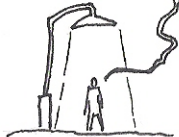


Here you are, arrowing into a future  
 that might as well include your past  
 and the present,



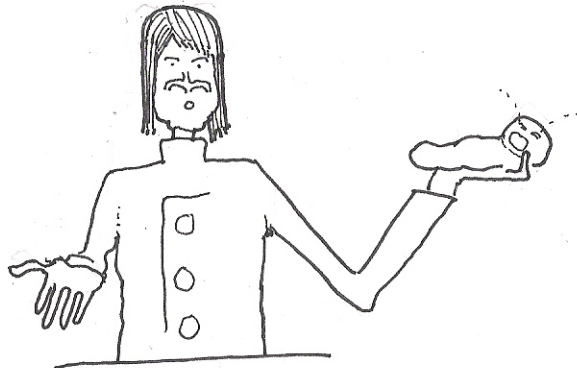
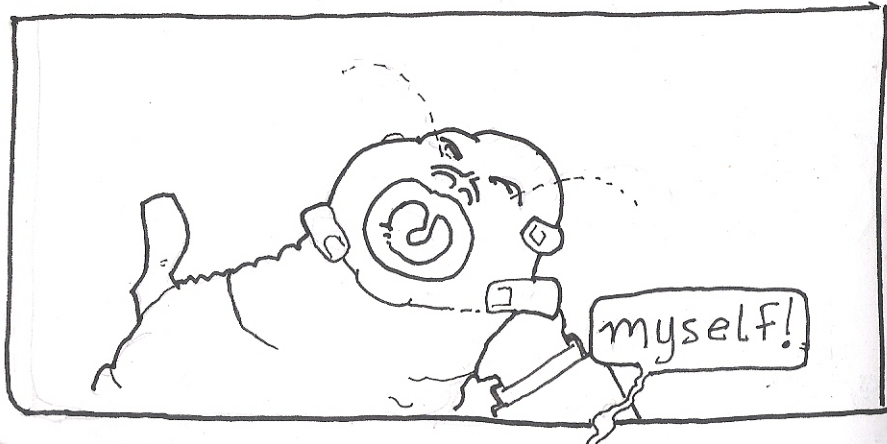
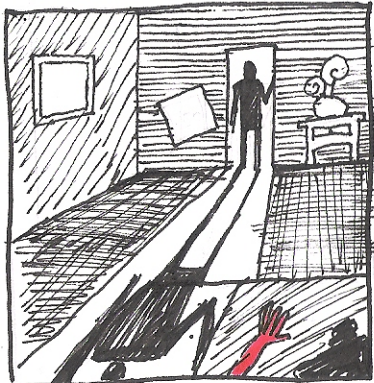


This is me  
killing my mother...

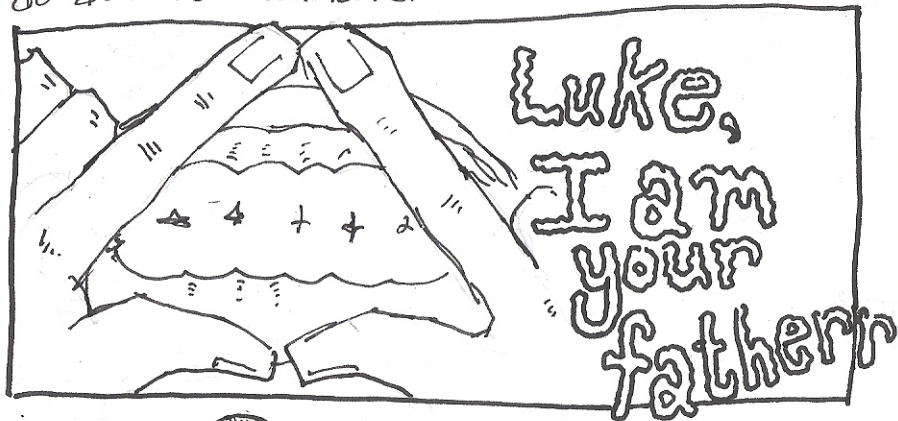


I was sixteen and I'd never known my mother. Emerging from the time stream, I saw her. Her face was obscured by a patina of shadow, and it might have been the only part of her untouched by blood. Then the old woman,

the midwife, came in. Her eyes told that she was immune to shock; she had seen everything under the sun. She placed the child into my hands and went home, leaving me alone with...

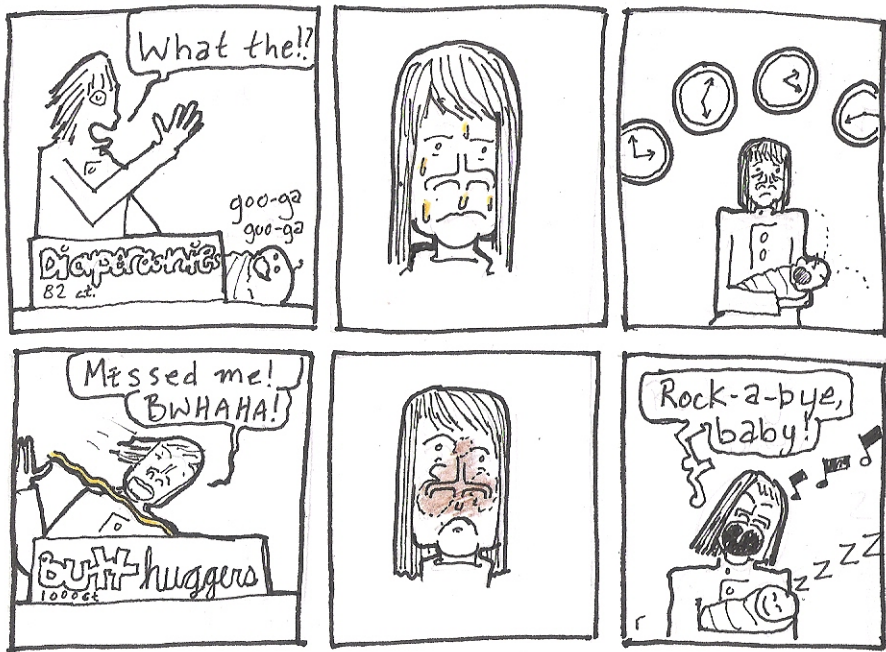


By destiny's decree, I had become my own father. I did the only thing I knew to do at the moment.

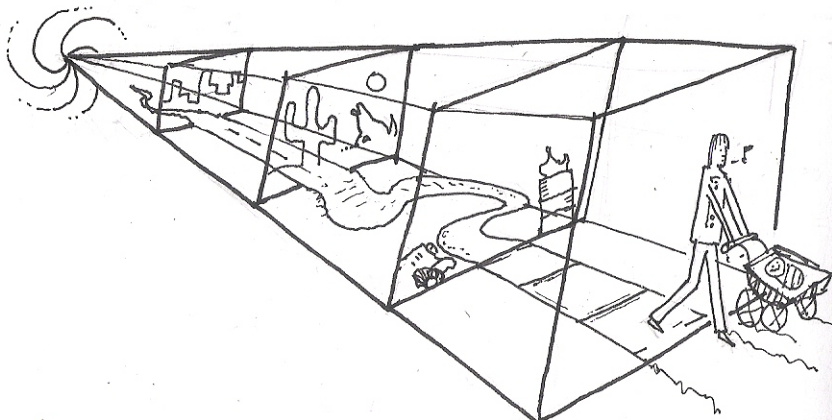


It was childhood's end. And childhood's beginning. I get a headache sometimes just thinking about it. I called him Junior.

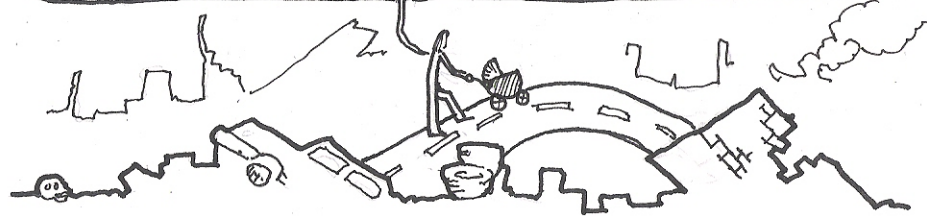




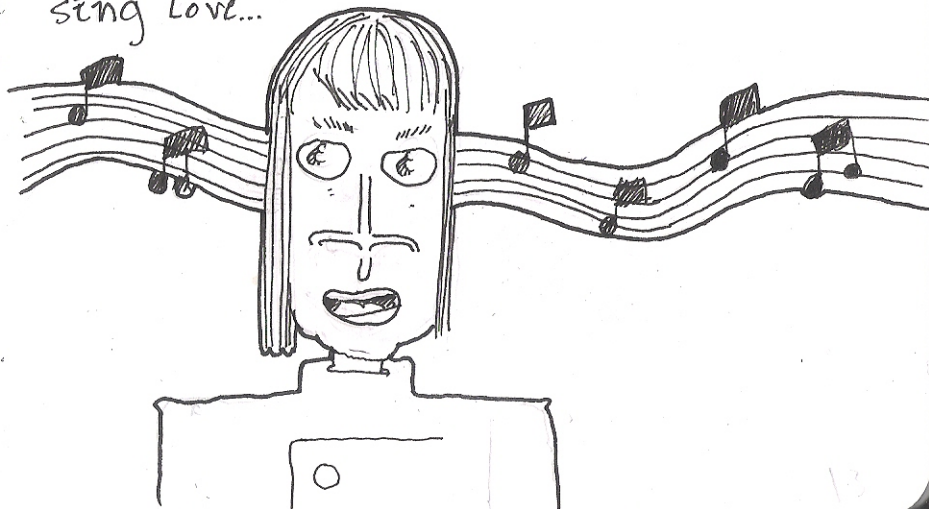
I found I liked it. Fatherhood. It had its ups and downs, but I was growing into the role. I wasn't to know it, but our family was about to get bigger.



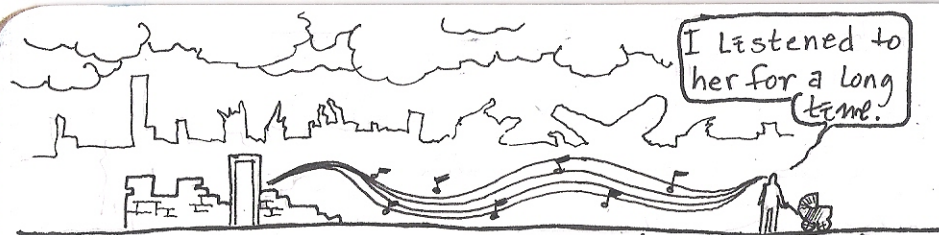
Just walking, shifting between worlds, I discovered that my infant self was particular to the sounds of war. It soothed me. I figured I could do no harm because here I was, adult and unblemished; my child self was practically invincible!



Weaving through the lullaby of bombs and bullets was a haunting refrain - a voice so tormented it could do naught but sing love...







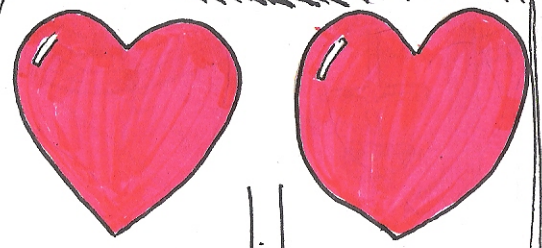
I listened to her for a long time.



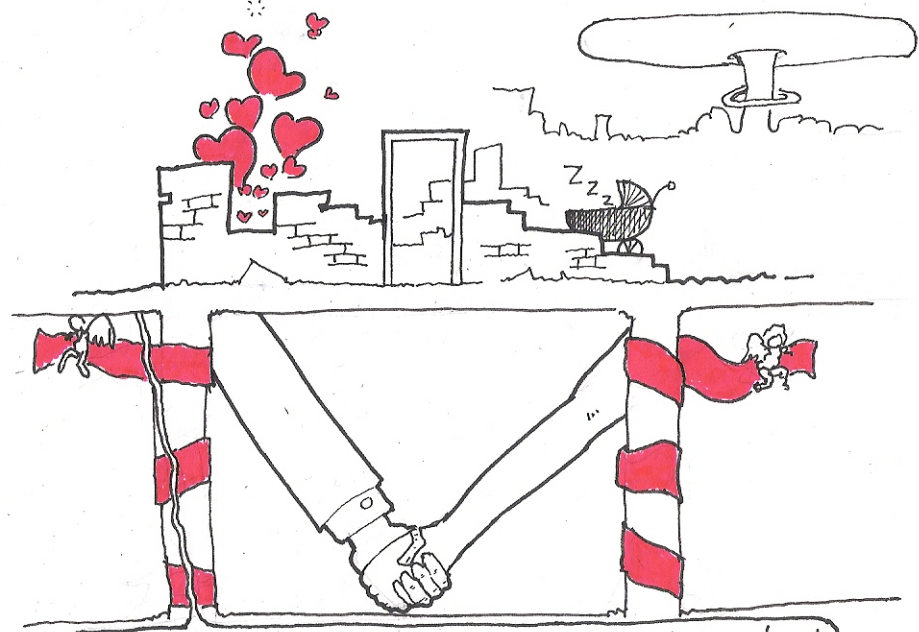
Then she saw me.



She was beautiful



Huddled against the ruins of a deconstructed history, she opened her arms to me.

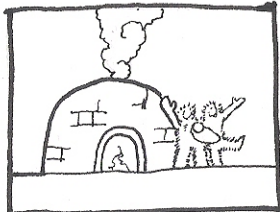


I took her by the hand, this dust streaked waif and showed her the jewels of histories.

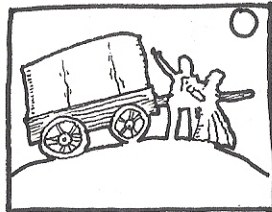
We swept along the currents of Time and the whims of the multiverse.

My innate ability to control personal metatemporal vectors slowly abandoned me, perhaps, in proportion to my love for her...

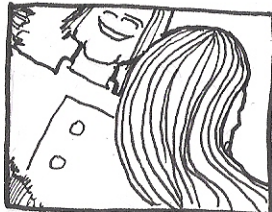




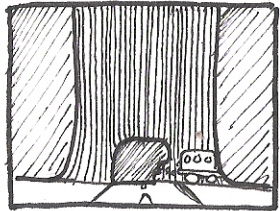
Ice Floe castles of Old Antarctica



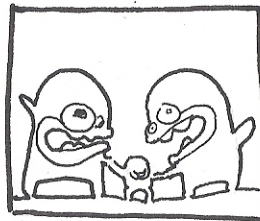
The Oregon Trail!  
Poor Sister Sally died. lol!



Falling around



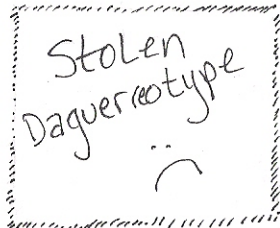
Showing the Baginns  
California



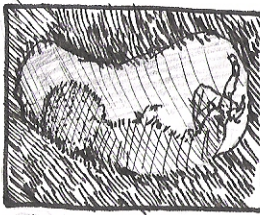
Darling Zalfinklonians  
from the 14th Dimension



At Martha's Vineyard



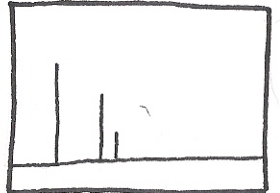
In the Techno West



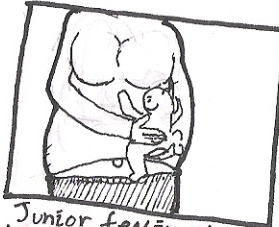
It's a boy!



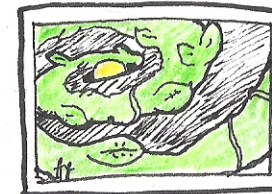
Godzilla at Tokyo.  
Junior was scared!



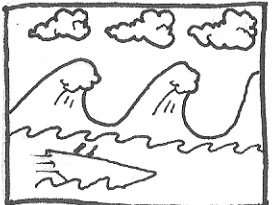
3D view of the farm  
at Flatland



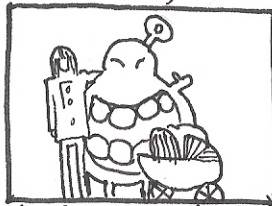
Junior feeling the  
baby kicking



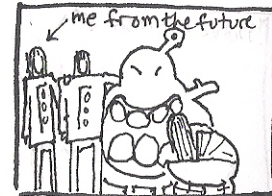
The USS Britannia at  
the Sun Orchard



Fishing for Calamari

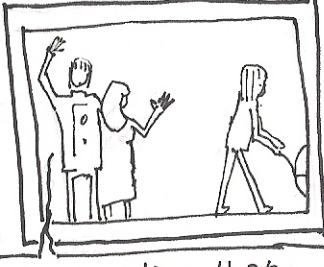
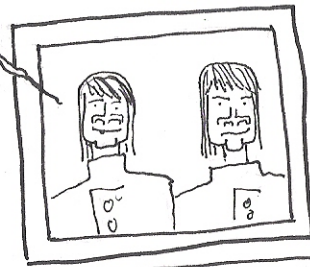


The Japantubbo for Junior!



Bea Surprise Visit!

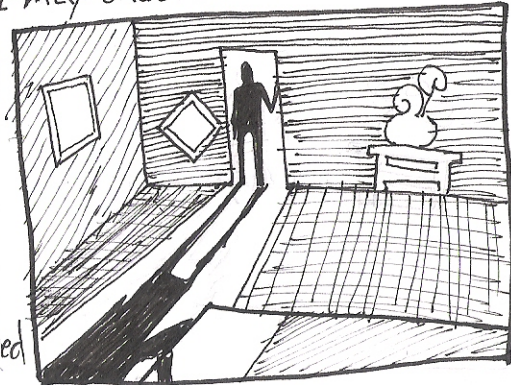
He had come for Junior. She was engorged like a ripe fruit, and I'd see Junior again. Wouldn't you trust yourself? he asked.



His features were etched with an emotion that was beyond my reckoning at the moment. I watched him go with a heavy heart.

Her water broke, and the Multiverse brought us to a badly lit foyer that caused my guts to convulse with a demly understood terror.

The landlord led us to a room, and as my love lemped to the bed, stars spread across my vision. The room, hideously familiar, was burned in my memory. I screamed and receded into the froth of the multiverse, abandoning my love to a lonely and agonizing death!





Twisting in the spaces between the void

# THE CENTER CANNOT HOLD!

A mathematical function  
in the radius of ego.  
Immolation of spirit  
in abstract games  
of selves in the  
composite gaze  
of the insect.

LAW & ORDER

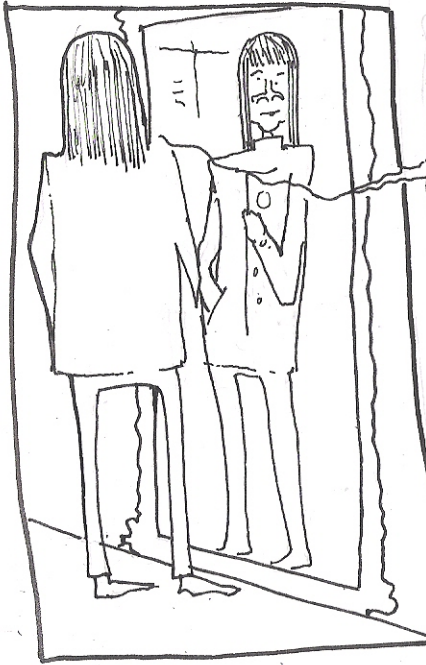
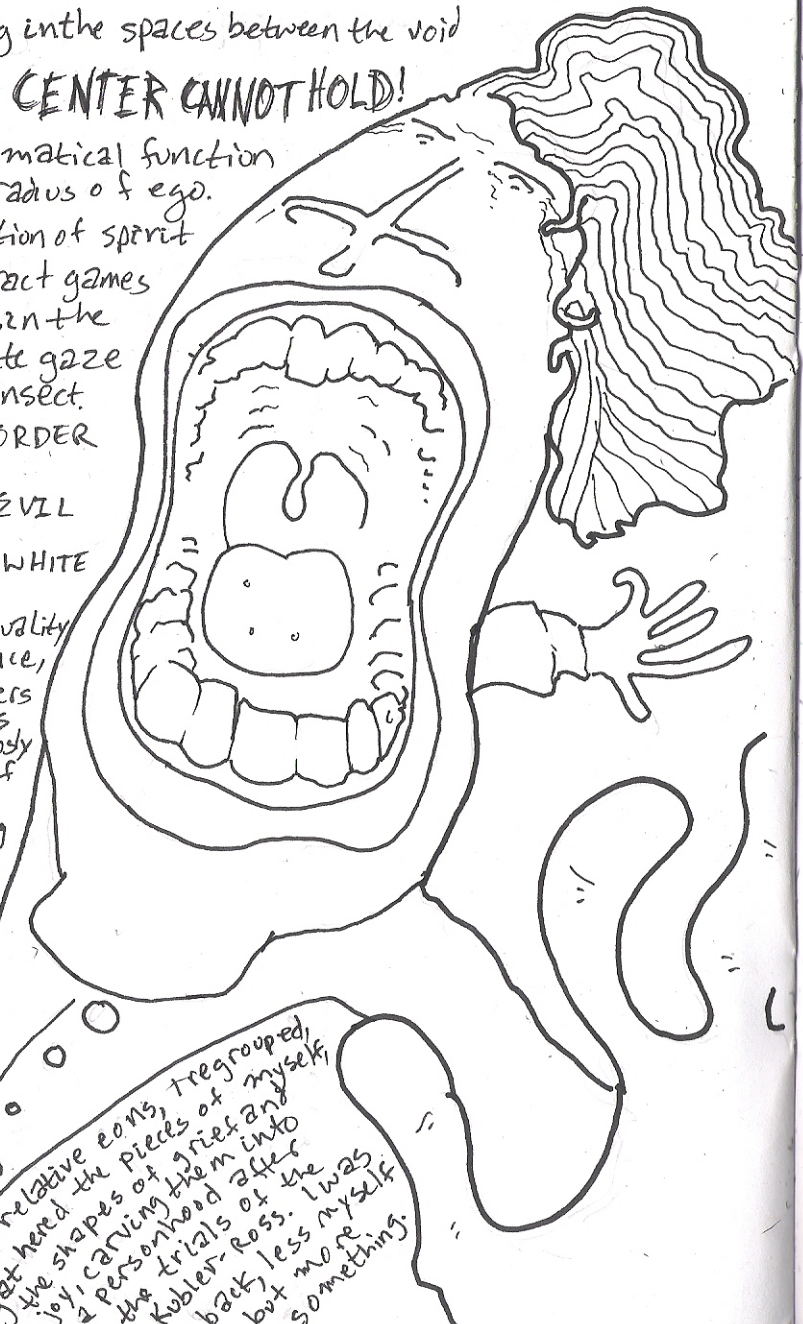
GOOD & EVIL

BLACK & WHITE

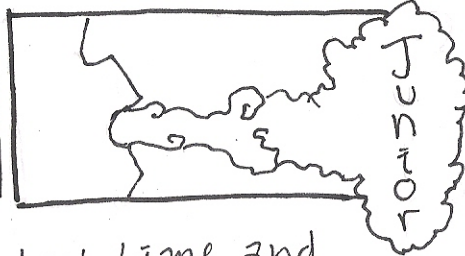
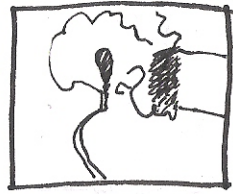
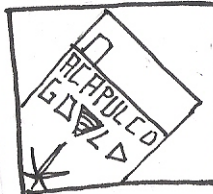
I, the duality  
was existence,  
large clusters  
of avatars  
simultaneously  
a series of  
probabilistic  
events, toying  
with modes  
of morality  
multiplying  
self against  
self.

was lost!  
lost like  
SUSAN  
SUSAN  
SUSAN

After relative eons, I regrouped  
get herded the pieces of myself,  
the shapes of grief and  
joy, carving them into  
a personhood after  
the trials of the  
Kubler-Ross. I was  
back, less myself  
but more  
something.



There was something I  
needed to do, now that I was  
once again in my right mind.  
But... I don't think I will get  
over the shock of finding out  
that I was literally my father.



I saw my love one last time and  
took the child with me. Memory told  
me there were worlds of adventure  
awaiting my young self, that there would  
be education in adventure - the Shaolin  
TechnoDojo of Reality 1931764, the



herding of unbroken unicorns on the  
febrile plains of the Dreaming, Tantric  
Suite 13.4 with Salome and Aphrodite. Einstein,  
Bohr, Planck, Jake Barnett. Rembrandt, Pollock,  
Da Vinci. Proust. Joyce. The Crooked Monte bank,  
madman of Alstair. But, first, I needed to  
build a home for me and myself.



We started coming together when we turned, what, one year old?

That sounds about right

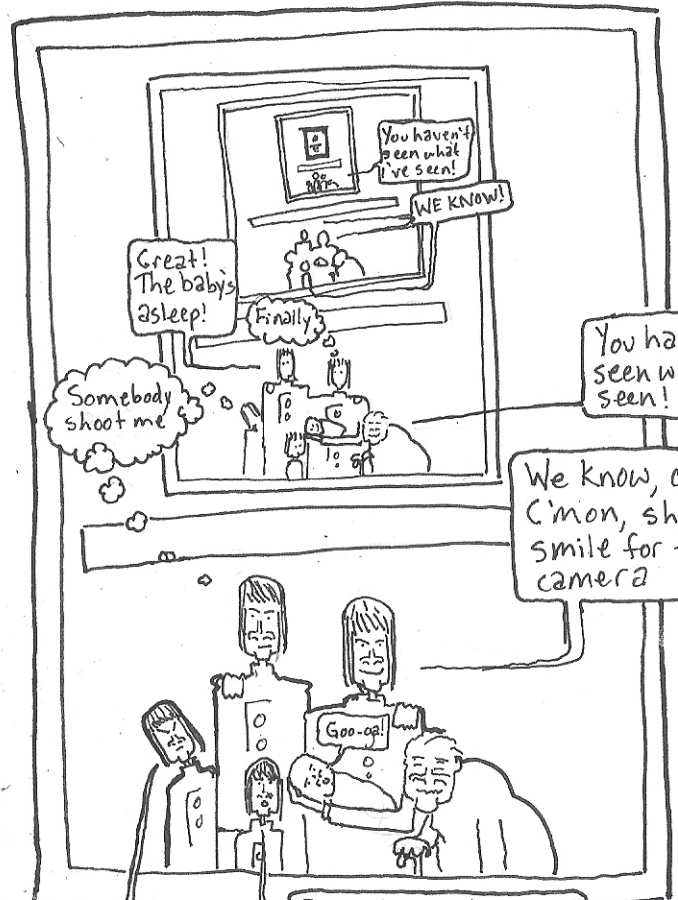
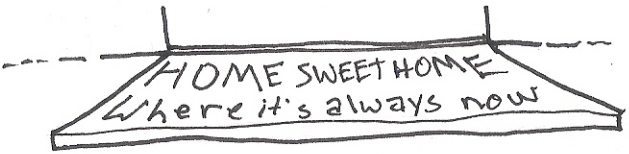
Hey, kid! No smoking!

Like that's ever stopped you before!



A madhouse, like something out of syndicated television or the mind of someone frantically trying to complete a sketchbook submission on time.

We each had our degrees of memory and, excepting the youngest, were immersed in a pervasive sense of Deja vu. But... it was home.



You haven't seen what I've seen!

We know, old man. C'mon, shh and smile for the camera

Great! The baby's asleep!

Finally

Somebody shoot me

Is it yesterday yet?

Tell me about it!

It's not easy living with yourself

But we make it look easy!

You haven't seen what I've seen!





Family is family, but you always need some time alone. I went on a sabbatical and founded the misguided but enriching endeavor, as

the  
**MULTIVERSAL**  
TOUR GUIDE



Whole worlds in your palm

Ursula, almost blind at the time, was the only person who was sufficiently calm to identify the nature of that determined wind and she left the sheets to the mercy of the light as she watched Remedios the Beauty waving goodbye in the midst of the flapping sheets that rose up with her, abandoning with her the environment of beetles and dahlias and passing through the air with her as four o'clock in the afternoon came to an end, and they were lost forever with her in the upper atmosphere where not even the highest-flying birds of memory could reach her.

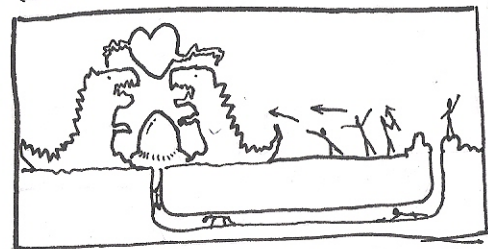
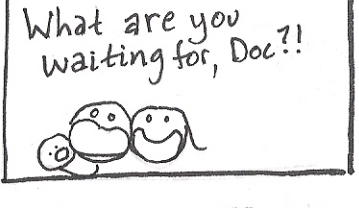
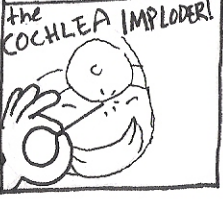
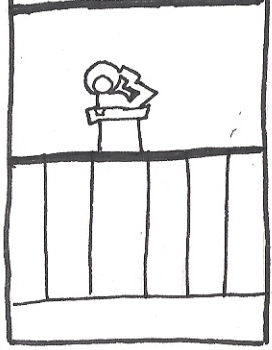
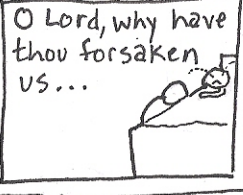
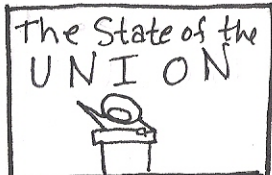
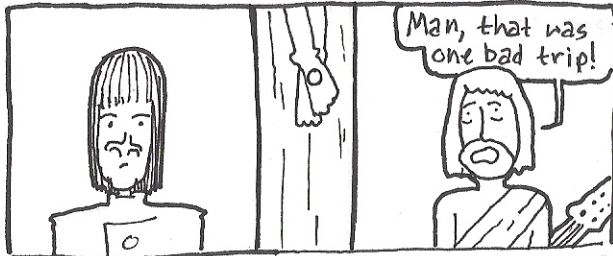
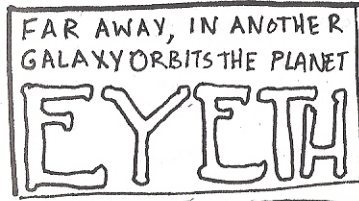
One Hundred Years of Solitude  
by Gabriel Garcia Márquez

The man in black fled across the desert  
and the gunslinger followed.

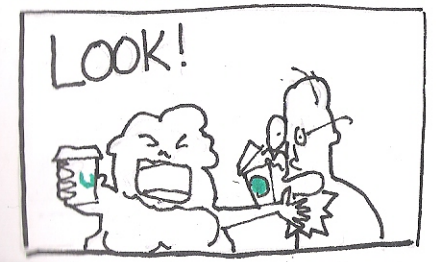


The majority of my clients found their way to me by the tug of the multiverse— they were always visionary individuals who influenced the fabric of the cosmos across their varied preferred mediums. They parted the veil of Maya and fell into Eternity.





\*I knew I should have called Joey Greco, you cheating bitch!



GAG!  
CHOKE!  
DIE!





C'MON Brucie baby!  
It'll make  
you good yen.

I'm a martial  
artist, not a  
someone who  
makes love to  
large rubber  
dragons!

No, no, no,  
This is  
no porno.  
This is the  
Kung fu  
movie that  
you'll be  
remembered for!



Oh. You must  
admit ENTER  
THE DRAGON  
is misquiding.  
I'll do it!

Brucie baby!  
This is the  
best thing you  
could do beside  
dying in a movie  
and sealing your  
fame!



One thing—  
don't call me  
Brucie baby!  
And... you don't  
think I'm  
good enough  
for pornography?

Certainly, Brucie  
ba-bum, buddy.  
You would make  
a great porn star!  
Kung fu porn, has  
it ever been done?  
You can direct!

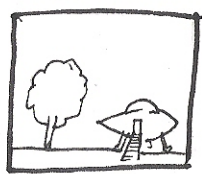
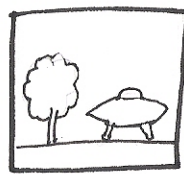
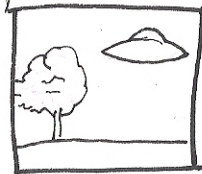
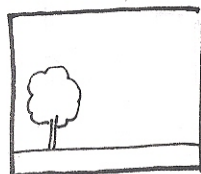
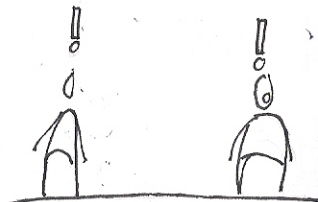
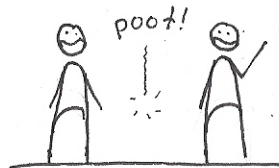


When is it ok  
to fart on a  
crowded elevator?

I give up



When you're the  
invisible man!



So the pope and a  
donkey walk into a  
bar...



The pope ordered  
a bloody Mary.



The bartender  
comes up to them  
and says,



"We don't serve  
asses in here."



The donkey looks  
at the pope then  
at the bartender  
before saying



"Which ass, him  
or me?"



The bartender  
ignores the donkey  
and says to the  
pope,



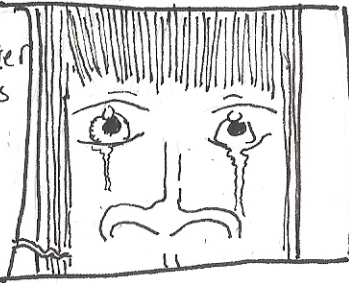
The knell of the bells

It's time. Agsten



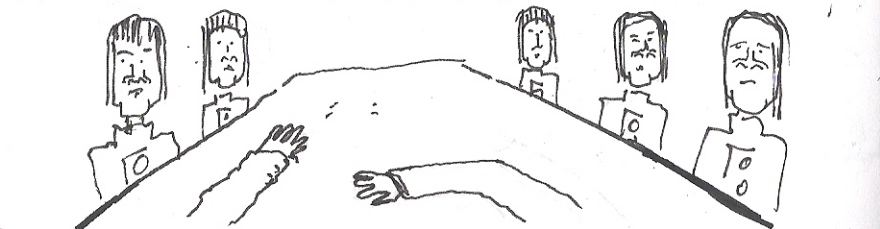
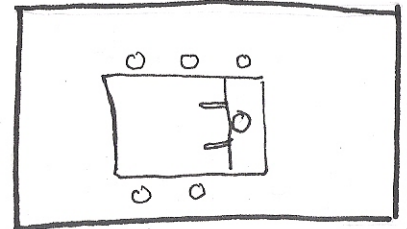


You would think it gets easier each time. It doesn't. It gets harder. The question of your mortality is moot. I've always known the answer.



You're just in time  
Wasn't I always?

No need for sarcasm.  
Not now.  
I'm sorry  
WAAAAAAAAA



Koff!

It's close.  
Like always.

Koff!

These faces floating around me,  
I'm visited by the sins of the past.

Shh!  
Listen!

Koff!

It's the same each time.  
No clue!

This damned gordian knot of a life!  
The pieces of me coming and going

Koff!

That sickening sense  
of Deja Vu

There must be something

Koff!

Koff

Koff

No!

I've seen it, the meaning of life!  
It's the senseless Solipsism

We're stuck.  
Destiny has writ her book  
and our roles are as star-crossed  
as anyone's!

Koff

of

Koff

temporal and dimensional

Koff

masturbation!

Shh! Listen!

The idolatry of ego!

Koff

There's nothing to be learned that we didn't already know.

I can't wait. The sweet oblivion of

death.

Shh!

Koff!  
Koff!  
Koff!  
Koff!  
Koff!  
Koff!

So it ends.

My God...

It's full of -

urk!

Like always.





... sparks...

like the motes of light  
in the fields of Elysium,  
like the gleam of hellfire  
upon Charon's river,  
like a collision of galaxies,  
it's a river of light,  
the waystation of souls  
whose songs are expressions  
of colour's vectors.

It begins as a tug in your gut,  
a quickening of the being  
Then... acceleration.  
A sea of photons, immobile in your speed  
A shrinking that's a strange kind of growth  
A forgetting that is also a remembering

You fall...  
Until you are a mathematic abstraction,  
A pure point in space,  
Dimensionless!  
Returning to the womb of worlds  
Riding on helix towards the ovum of existence  
Oh, gamete of the soul!  
A spark....  
Rising from the joyous conflagration of nothing  
to burn, burn, burn,  
returning once more  
to the immolation of calories!



Somewhen, somewhere,  
in the multiverse,  
a child is born.



Oh, she's so beautiful!

Look! Her eyes!





Hello!


Thank you for getting this far, dear reader, even if you flipped here just to see the ending. I hope you enjoyed this strange trip, which was the culmination of a fevered mind racing to beat a dead line.

I must admit I'm rather proud of this one, if you overlook the travesty of art and verbose logorrhea, for it represents a level of commitment unmet outside the institution of marriage and a decade long affair with Mary Jane. It is a completed project, with a beginning, ending, and middle, though not necessarily in that order.


Again, I hope you enjoyed this ride, and please do drop me a line—encouragement, praise, insults, solicitation are all accepted.


Happy Camping!


find me on:

 @zxvasdf

Sam Sanders

 zxvasdf

 <http://zxvasdf.wordpress.com>

 zxvasdf

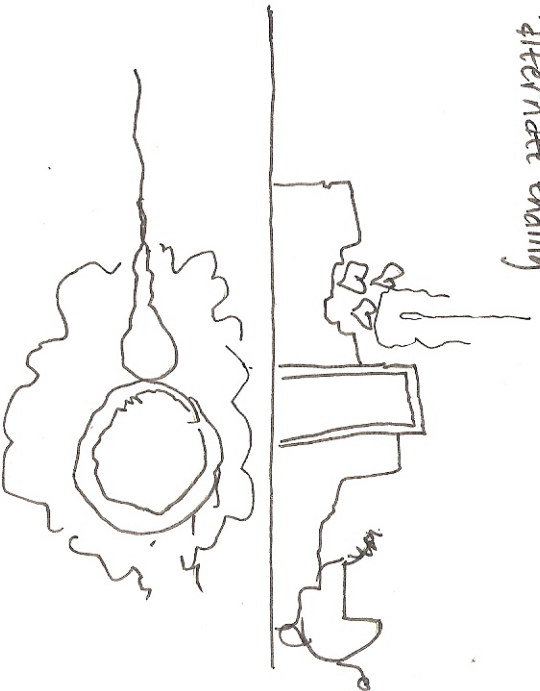
[zxvasdf@gmail.com](mailto:zxvasdf@gmail.com)

## Special Features

- \* Alternate Ending
- \* Blooper Reel



Alternate ending



fin

outtakes

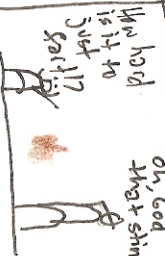
Didn't you see the invisible man!



poor!



Oh, God that stinks!

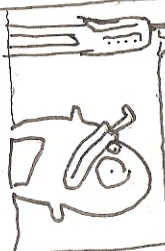


How hard is it to just say it?

Hey, I had enchiladas for lunch!



Not so darling, huh? I wish and the kid!



Dad's Zalfinklorians from the 14th Dimension

By destiny's decree, oh shit!



Dive!  
SAVE!

