

***FROM OUT THERE***

***FROM FAR OUT THERE...***

Non Digital  
***ADVENTURES IN  
AMERICAN WRITING***

Non Digital Adventures in American Writing  
From Out There, From Far Out There  
West Vine Press,  
Written by Andrew H. Kuharevicz  
2013, Michigan, United States of America

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## An Introduction for the, what have you...

THIS IS NOT A NOVEL...

Let me start over, and I'll do so, by saying, alright sure, this book can be a novel if you want it to be. It is a book, that's about the only thing that I can tell you about this object that you currently hold with fingers making with mass these things called your hands.

Ok, let me clear my throat: THIS BOOK JUST IS; it can be whatever you want it to be, and I guess this is an introduction, a *short* introduction. And it's not short because I'm lazy, well maybe it is, but anyway...as a writer I'm starting to believe in the words of Ernest Hemingway when he said, as he was giving his Nobel Prize Speech during the middle of the previous century, that a writer shouldn't speak as much or more than he writes. Um...

Maybe I got it wrong...huh, damn, and so all I know is that he said something like that. And sure, I could look it up on the internet, but this book is about the opposite; it's about trusting your memory and practicing the lost art of remembrance through meditation. It's about writing and wandering and growing as an artist, a human, and no, I can't explain what any of this really means.

This book is not the internet. It is about the printed word being allowed to live in the places where you don't need a charge, and if my memory serves me I think Hemingway said that you should let your words, your story, your books, your life; you should let your writing do the talking.

Anyway, I think he's probably right, but really to be honest, introductions are boring, a tad bit, I don't know, intellectually stuffy; they get in the way of what you actually came here for; they act as an explanation about what you have here, a book, and they sometimes give you a path to follow, usually presuming you can't figure out how to use a book for yourself.

Are you bored yet? And sure, to be fair, the concept of the introduction is often a must, they serve a function, that is, when you're dealing with typical kinda books and novels. But this isn't a typical book, and we're certainly not living in typical times. Look around you. The world is strange. Am I wrong? No, I'm not, and that's why this introduction isn't really trying to help you out at all, giving you some kind of text powered flashlight to brighten what's down there, you know, what the reader might expect to find in the next almost two hundred pages.

No, this isn't your typical introduction. Sometimes introductions seem to act as some kind of justification for the body of work to

actually exist in the first place...and really, only a formality is, what-this-is.

Ha, all of just, I don't know, busy work, what you do because it's what you do, the standard of how it goes if you will. But really, none of it needs to be said, because this book now exists, there's no getting around that, and it's out of my hands, for it now lives, in yours.

So like I said, as the writer said, the writer that is me, well this isn't a novel, and yes, I'll have some down the way yonder in those yet to be defined days that will be the future.

Man, we're only talkin' about words, so many words, and so before I step away from this work, what I will say, is that this is my largest collection on **West Vine Press** to date. It is divided into four parts; the names of those are printed below for the reader's convenience... (Without page numbers to encourage, exploration)

### ***FROM OUT THERE, FROM FAR OUT THERE...***

Part 1...Writing from out there

Part 2...Writing from far out there

Part 3...Adventures-while-writing

Part 4...On Writing, forming some kind of theory



**BRIEFLY:**

**Part One** is based on my adventures all around Michigan and The United States. From the highway to music festivals, to gonzo reporting and spontaneous prose, you will follow a modern reporter and writer and growing up young man on the road, so to speak.

In **Part Two**, you'll once again come across the fictional character named Henry Oldfield and his writing that's about what he sees with his fake eyes. Huh?

**AND NOTE:**

If you haven't read any of my writing before, well sorry, you're on your own, and you'll figure out what's going on with Henry, because really I don't need to help you out. I mean you're an evolved mammal damnit, not a wall, and you don't need to be primed up, right, because yeah, from birth you're READY to GO.

Blah. TICK TOCK. I'm wasting time here. And so the rest of the book can be summed up with the following three words:

**AND SO ON**



**Part Three** and **Four** speak for themselves. They revolve around concepts and topics such as living the writer's life, editing, walking, and well, what that means. The last sections are concerned with the publishing industry, about bad words, and I do apologize if you don't like bad words, but I used them. Bad words will be found in this book. All these sections do for some reason go together, creating what they call, a story. It will come to you, or it won't. Everything will work out.

Finally you might ask what is this large mass of paper? Is this a novel? I don't know...I'm just trying to explain...NOPE! I'm done. You figure it out. You're smart, and with this preliminary discourse out of the way, I hope you enjoy the Book.

What category does it fit in?

File under:

**THE LIVING**

Andrew Hemeren Kuharevicz  
Muskegon, Michigan, The United States of America  
2013



***FROM OUT THERE, FROM FAR OUT THERE...***

## ***ADVENTURES IN AMERICAN WRITING***

### **Note 1:**

I'm going to tell you a story. A story about a man, about me, a story about a student, a story, a product, of the all too typical.

I'm going to tell you a story. A story about love and losing track of the hours and days and at times, even whole weeks. A story about walking, about innocence and guilt, about art and culture. A story about the modern, the postmodern, a story about the birth of so many different ways of living. A story about travel, about friendship, about the world becoming one.

I'm going to tell you a story; a story about The United States as an idea, a story about long talks, lost causes, and a story about so many nights full of simply just, trying.

I'm going to tell you a story, about growing up, about death mixed with the sorrow of the impoverished and bleeding. A story about soul and punk and the blues of the folks who sang it all damn night, about the truth of those starving musicians and the myths that were

created by the elastic and soaking wet history of only, rock and roll.

And it's a story, only a story, a story about laughter, about human nature, about those sane and mental dreams outlined by nobody but kids with their crazy ideas manipulated to no end with their god damn drunken deliberations.

I'm going to tell you a story, about drugs and politics and computer nerds and these broken down vocal chords and the smoking of way too many cigarettes. A story about me, about all of you, a story about how I ended up dragging my beaten down bones back to my hometown after I turned from boy to man, from dreamer to lunatic; a story that tracks the wave of the time somewhere between twenty seven to the age of thirty.

I'm going to tell you a story, about what happened, about my adventures in American writing, and it's a story, only a story, about how it came, to this...

Part One  
***WRITING FROM OUT THERE***



## ***VISIONS OF MICHIGAN***

### **Hunting down Hemingway's Ghost**

I don't remember. Only that...

"Come on..."

Hello?

Hey darling, I'm coming back.

What? Where? Here? What time is it?

Late. Anyway...I don't have that much time. Can you pick me up at the airport?

What time is it? She said

Like I said, I don't know. It's only...late. So um, can you?

Yeah.

Where are you?

The beach. Key West.

Where?

Somewhere on the beach.

Wha....

Sorry to wake you up.

I like to talk, it's just I'm half asleep still...wait, and where the fu...

What were you dreaming about?

You know that I don't dream.

Yeah you do. Everybody dreams.

What?

Never mind...so, you can?

Yeah. Wait, what phone are you on?

Google Phone.

I hate Google Phone. Makes you sound like a robot.  
It's all I have. It's free...so, I'm sorry to wake you, but...  
Have you been drinking?

That's not important.

Yeah. I can. When?

What? I'm having trouble hearing you darlin' I said  
When are you coming back?

Tuesday. I have to get back to Tampa first. My flight  
leaves at seven A.M. I'll be back around noon...I think.  
I have to work.

I'll be at the bar. You know what one? Never mind, I'll  
message you the address. Cool?

I think so...no yeah, I can.

Nice!

I miss you she said

Yeah, I know.

What? she said

Sorry. I'm a dork. Line from...

I know idiot. Star Wars. Whatever...

I'm dumb.

Yeah. Wait, how did you get there?

Where?

God damn Key West. Weren't you in Tennessee or  
something only a few days ago?

I don't remember. Here, hang on...

I can't hear anything. What the hell?

HE'S IN KEY WEST HUNTING DOWN

HEMINGWAY'S GHOST. CRAZY MAN. HERE

DUDE, TAKE THIS SHIT, BURN YOUR SOUL... I  
DONT WANT TO TALK TO YOUR GIRL. TAKE A  
SHOT YOU PUNK ASS...



Sorry.

Was that a bar?

It was.

So you're...

Right on the ocean. I was drinking and...

Yeah, sounds like it.

I took a bus here, to see the Hemingway Home.

Did you?

Yes.

That's good.

Yeah. And then I started listening to some salsa band at the southernmost point or something and ended up somehow sneaking on a boat, and I was just sitting there...

Wait...WHAT? Where was the boat going?

Cuba. And they kicked me off. I was sitting by the window, and it was a really comfortable booth, damn, and they said, how did you get on here, and, put that pencil down. What are you writing? You can't just take a beer out of the cooler. Who the hell are you? they said. Really yelling at me saying, how did you get on here?

I told them, I don't remember. They escorted me off like I was five years old, hand around my arm, really tight, still have bruises and one big ol hand print.

You don't remember? Never mind. Crazy random...

Yeah. Hey, I have to go, the sun is coming up soon and I want to go get a bottle of cheap wine or something and get to my writing, right as the first light....you know; I might not ever get another chance to see what I'm seeing.

Yeah. Romantic. You're so damn insane she said

I'll see you soon. So you for sure, can pick me up?

Tuesday? she said

Yeah, it's Sunday.  
 Yeah. I'll be there.  
 Click...  
 Click.

## The Human Law of Motion

“Hold on” he said

This was the past. Those words, they came from who I was back then. He was a different person, and now he's here, and now I'm him. Now I'm back sitting shotgun coming home from the State Capital. What one? Michigan...

Why was I there? Well I was getting some reporting done. About what? The end of the Occupy Wall Street Movement.

Goddamn Michigan. I better not die in the mitten. I better not die like this...

I'm so tired she said

You good to drive?

I'm fine. Just sleepy. Cold dumb day she said

I like this weather.

You would...

I do...

Why?

I'm a caveman. I run on fire. Best in the cold. Body moving, body moving...

Beastie boys?

Yeah, based on Newton's First Law.

What?

A body in motion stays in motion.  
I don't know what you're talking about.  
I think I do. I'm not sure how to explain it right now.  
Tired...  
Yeah. I'm falling asleep.  
You want me to drive?  
No.  
OK.  
So?  
So...

HE FELL INTO THE WATER?  
DON'T....GET OVER HERE NOW. HE JUST DOVE  
IN AFTER HIM.  
BOTH OF THEM ARE IN THERE?  
WE HAVE TO GET INSIDE. WAIT FOR THE RAIN  
TO SLOW...  
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WE CAN'T  
JUST LEAVE THEM...  
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FOR US...  
THERE THEY ARE.  
THROW THE COOLER IN. WE'LL PULL THEM IN.  
DUMP THE ICE OUT. FAST MAN.  
FUCK. OK...  
I HAVE TO GO HIT THE EMERGENCY LIGHT.  
THEY HAVE IT. HELP MAN...  
HOLY SHIT. YOU SAVED HIS LIFE. YOU  
JUST...JUMPED IN. WE HAVE TO GET INTO THE  
CABIN...

FUCKING LETS GO GUYS. WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS LATER. HELP HIM CARRY...THIS IS GOING TO GET EVEN WORSE.  
IS HE BREATHING? HE'S BLEEDING PRETTY BAD...  
NOW!

Holy shit, that was intense I said  
Stay down; you hit your head really bad.  
JUST STAY DOWN Nigel said

Listen alright, because I'm trying to tell you what happened...

And we were lost somewhere around Dry Tortugas. Roughly fifty eight miles from Key West. None of us had any idea what we were doing or how to survive in this kind of weather. That was back then, and I was him.

There's not much of a difference between Lake Michigan and the Ocean and I just jumped into the water after Ben somehow fell off the side of the old coastguard boat that, and I never asked him where he got it, but he had this whole convoluted mess of a story that he got a real good deal on it after the government was selling them off real cheap after the Drug War cooled down a bit. The boat was a boat alright, a real piece of shit, and nobody looked at the weather. I found these guys on Craigslist. The note said, **ADVENTURE?**

And that's what I wanted, but this wasn't an adventure, and man, what it was, was survival. I was

broken down to the essential, only a human, and it was either adapt or die, and nobody else was adapting. Bunch of drunken children I got myself tangled up with, and that's why I jumped into the ocean. That's why, right now, a year and a half later, I'm having a panic attack thinking about how there was nothing down there, only more water, only... death.

Darkness but I could see everything and somehow I floated and everything kicked in. I saw him, he was right there, bleeding red down his face that was fresh, and up and down with waves and I was drinking salt water but nothing hurt, and it was if I knew exactly what to do, nature took its course. I was a creature of evolution, and I didn't die, nobody did.

Somehow we all made it. It had been years since I had to swim for survival, maybe since I was a kid and they just pushed me off from the high dive. And who knows how I remembered everything but I came out of those tormented days when I was a boy with a memory of what to do if I ever needed to do it, and I don't know how, but there's really no reason to try to explain any of it, because right now the only thing that I can tell you with any kind of confidence is that, snow is falling.

## The death of summer

This song reminds me of the Pixies.

What one?

Wave of mutilation.

Oh. I guess...why?

I don't know I said...

Back here, and the car reminds him of the sea, of the dead man writer man of the humid and angry Hemingway and his strange cartoon looking gun collection. The clouds and passing road reminds me of the odd feeling he had when he was at the home of Nick Adams, petting his cats and laying on his back looking into the sky right as he was being told, that the tour was over; sir, you have to get out of here, because the gates are closing.

Time moves and happens so fast. He's forgotten about all that now. Everything, just everything, is over with.

Get your life together and move on boy. Move on from your past they say, and sometimes I do; sometimes I forget about who I was back then, and what's the use, I'm here, I'm back in Michigan, and it's just that the light forming the shape of the snow that's falling reminds me of the stars as if blinking moments of eyes in the rain when I was dying...dying...where, I don't know, somewhere...dying, just out there.

The ocean, as if each flake represents a lone memory of that ship trying to keep its buoyancy, and it wasn't a hurricane, but it sure as hell felt like it, and more than anything it felt that I was going to die, and that was it; this was the moment that we all have to face once in our lifetime, and that's why I jumped into the water without as they said, without thinking. It was the first time

I can ever remember that I wasn't talked down to for not thinking, just doing.

You couldn't see all that much, you only knew that you were going to die, and I'm not sure it was selfless, and maybe it was just born with instinct. I don't know why I did it. Motivation didn't exist. It was just....that, a person I knew was in the water, he was bleeding, and the only thing that was keeping him from being swallowed up by the blue mouth and its waves of chewing swelled teeth; the only thing keeping him from certain death, was that silly looking orange life jacket, retro, came with the vessel as Ben said. And all of this was all fine and dandy and even kinda funny when the adventure began. The problem was that the boys of the United States Coastguard were a whole hell of lot thinner than Ben, and I'm not being critical of the man's weight, frankly, I don't give a shit, but the problem was that he could hardly fit the navy issued life preserver around his torso.

Ben was a fat guy who acted like he was in shape. Ben was a drunk, who acted like he could carry his own damn weight. He said that he had been doing this for years, and he told me four or five times that he even had a document to prove that he was a real captain. And I didn't really believe him, but when I signed up for the adventure he asked me for my fifteen hundred dollars. I thought shit, well I aint going anywhere now...

Money I said? I don't have any, well not enough.

He didn't even say anything at first. He got up and walked around an office that didn't even have glass in its windows. He just said:

Bring beer, and hey man...

What, not cheap shit either. The beer will be your boarding pass, and if I don't like the kind you have when you show up in the morning...

What then I asked...

I don't know Ben said. Just don't be cheap, alright...

DAMN IT!

Alright...easy captain I said, and I don't know. I don't know why I jumped into the water. I want to tell you, and especially myself, that of course, of course I didn't want him to die. Maybe that's the only reason I did it, I really hope so. I mean everyone else turned into cowards as soon as the sky turned black.

A leap into the water. I wasn't afraid, and I accepted that I was going to die. I said to myself that if you don't, well nobody else is going to try and, we're all dead anyway.

It had been so long since I actually dove into any body of water, but it all came back to me, as if I evolved from an aquatic species of heroic apes. And right away there he was, I grabbed his jacket, and thank goodness they had a plan. The cooler was right in front of my face on one of the first times my head came back up. Just luck man, nothing but luck and timing and...

It happened so fast. Somehow we were back on the ship, the used coastguard scout that I don't even know if it was fit for Lake Michigan anymore, let alone The Ocean. Ben said it did what it must; she floats he said



The ol' Vet has had many high class parties he made sure to tell us multiple times before we left. None of us were impressed then, and now, well...

Some party I said. He didn't hear me of course, and there was this echo, almost silence in the middle of battle, and nobody said anything else.

Nigel was kissing his cross. I'm not sure what the other guy was doing because I was trying to tend to my hands which were ripped all up from the rope and were stinging with salt. I wanted to scream but didn't, and Ben, he was moaning half-conscious with a towel knotted around his head to try to stop the bleeding from the gash that he had in the back of his head.

We weren't too sure how bad he was hurt. It wasn't good, but it wasn't bad, and if we could get him to a hospital soon he would be fine, but nobody was coming for us, the ocean makes a mile feel infinite.

You couldn't hear the incoming echo of the ambulance coming to the rescue. No, you could only feel the pressure of what was out there, the sea. You could only wait, and as the blood was dripping on the warm interior to hell with this I said and cracked me a beer that rolled off the table and got kicked by Nigel who was pissed when he figured out that he was going to die. He looked at me when I took a sip like it wasn't the appropriate thing to do, given the situation, and then the power shut off. Silence. Water started to leak through the door. Mother fuck my life I said...

Slowly drinking the beer there was nothing else; we suffered together alone in darkness in those strange

thoughts of not knowing how long we had left, but for now as the other guy whispered from over there:

We're still here.

Who knows what happened next. Time is lazy in these types of events and forgets to move, and I didn't say anything, and no, I was wrong, because I was sure that we were all going to die. We didn't. The minor storm just passed. The sun made the whole thing feel stupid.

Ben never even thanked me. Nobody said anything after we got him to the hospital. The trip was over. We had the chance to live, to fight, to act like nothing happened, to do whatever it is that we do for another day.

Neither he nor the other guys ever called me back. I didn't care. It was over. I was back in the Atlanta smoking room waiting. I was on a plane back up to Michigan. I was, I am, here....

## It's not so simple Darlin'

The winter was here. The fall murdered the spring. I turned the channel on the car's radio.

You alright still?

Yeah.

We're almost home. Seems like forever since I slept in my bed she said

And it had only been two days, but sometimes two days is enough. Sometimes you forget about how privileged you can be at times, just to be able to sleep in a room, a small room, but *your room* none the less.

She wasn't used to my way of going about things.  
 She wasn't used to the cheap hotels and walking  
 miles and the lack of options you get with basic cable.  
 She wasn't used to the people who need to be heard. The  
 way they look and the sadness and desperation in their  
 eyes. She wasn't used to *My America, My United States*,  
 she wasn't used to the outcome of our political misgivings,  
 our failed wars, our misunderstood economic under-  
 achievement.

She wasn't used to any of it, but neither was I, not  
 back then, back when this was new, back when it was my  
 first time, but...

You just have to go I said

I want to know what you do she said

And so I took her with me. She wasn't horrified; no,  
 rather she was, confused.

She wasn't used to the truth of the American  
 library, and how it's often used as a halfway house to pass  
 the time before the night closes the doors on what they  
 call, *The Nine to Five*.

And it had only been two days, two days of walking  
 around and asking people what anything is all about. She  
 wanted to know what I do. I told her...

There's not much to it. You just walk around and keep  
 track...

Of what she asked

of what's going down.

Are you coming to bed she asked, it's 1234 in the  
 morning; you're going to burn your eyes out.

Not now I said

No, she wasn't used to the long and tired late night eyes and tapping keys and the short intervals of peace one finds in the mandatory pacing of smoke breaks.

She wasn't used to the highs and lows and dramatic internal voices that caused hands to reach for pain killers when something is triggered as angry cells are fired from eyes to brain to attack what was written down on notes with names and facts and places on the back of receipts from everywhere you go on any given day. No, I have a few more hours left I said

I miss my bed she said

we'll go home before afternoon I said. I've got just about all I can get here. I'll be in bed before you even know it.

It was almost five when I went to bed only to roll around until six suffering with the waking nightmares of what I just did to myself with words and the keyboard and everything that is, *The Story*.

No, she wasn't used to the all-nighters and the tap tap tap of keys like only ticks without the exhaling of the tocks of the watch that blinks away the night so, effortlessly.

No, she wasn't used to the life, the writers life, the reporters life, and...

Nobody is cut out for this shit I told her. It's just what you have to do. We'll go home tomorrow I said. I promise...

***THE REST OF...  
FROM OUT THERE,  
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Coming **SOON**