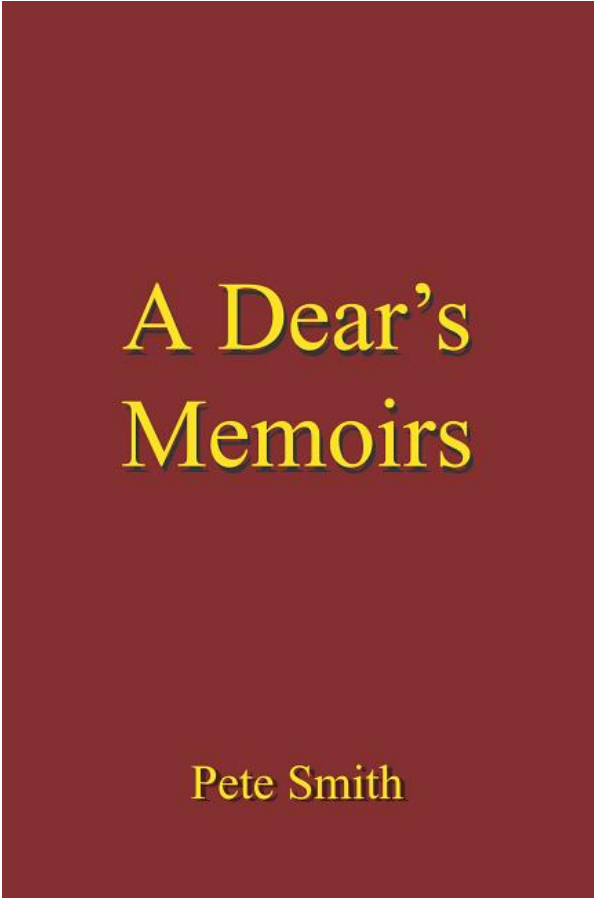




A Dear's Memoirs

Pete Smith

"A Dear's Memoirs" is a brief autobiography of an eighty-three year old man and his eleven year relationship from afar with Dimash, the greatest singer of all time.

A Dear's Memoirs

By Pete Smith

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Pete Smith

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CHAPTER XIII:

EDEN, DR. BODI, MISS POSITIVE, MR. NEGATIVE AND GOOGOLS OF PLASMAL ENERGIES EVERYWHERE

While we are on the subject of going back a bit, again you have often read here about the Force. In this chapter I would like to explain in detail what I believe the Force is and why it exists. I will also write about my inner most beliefs of who I am and where I think you and I are going. As I have mentioned in the beginning of my book, George Lucas is a brilliant man because in my eyes he opened the door to the Force for me. I do not know if he himself believes any part of the Force being a conceptual reality here on planet Earth, but I do. The Force is real, and it's all around us. It contains all the plasmal energies to have ever existed on this planet. I cannot say it enough times, but we do not disappear when we die. Every living thing from the most miniscule organism all the way up to humans has plasmal energy, and that energy cannot be created or destroyed, as I have already said. When we die, that plasmal energy has many choices because it has properties that we have developed over our entire lives that have become indelible and those properties will now determine our plasmal energies' actions and fate. It can rest where it is when our living form dies, or it can travel to a place or places that were of great importance to us when we were living. Finally, it can choose to join the Force. Plasmal energy can also be negative and choose to try and express itself in a negative way, and it often does. For example, poltergeists can be very real. It can also be powerful enough to temporarily

replace a thought in someone's mind while that someone is very much alive in the flesh and blood.

There are documented cases where someone who was visiting a building or room and momentarily witnessed an event that happened long ago. I remember reading somewhere about someone who was visiting a room in a building somewhere near Gettysburg, who for a few moments, actually saw the battle of Gettysburg occurring right out the windows of the room! They swore they really did see it, but no one knew how to explain it. I believe there was plasmal energy in that room of someone who actually did see that battle rage, had since passed, but their plasmal energy was able to get into the mind of the visitor and allow them to see the battle too. There are many of those unexplained phenomena that occur daily all over this planet. Perhaps if we understood the type of explanation I just gave you, those occurrences would not be so unexplained. I've had that type of paranormal experience myself, and I know that someone's energy was reaching out to me. Perhaps you have had them too.

Have you chuckled yet thinking about Casper? Or completely forgotten that the guy writing this book is gay? Now I'm chuckling. Casper is a fluffy white friendly bed sheet that pops up around Halloween and claims many storybooks and kids' bedtime stories as his home. Most real human plasmal energies of passed humans are Caspers, but there are poltergeists as well. Not many, but enough to make the hair stand up on the backs of ghost busters—for real. Poltergeists are real. They are plasmal energies of humans who, for one reason or many, became very negative, and perhaps evil, in their lives while

living. They will spend an eternity trying to make other humans who are still living as miserable as they can. I believe most times not on purpose, but sometimes they succeed when their space is invaded. If ever encountered, ignorance and abandonment are the best defenses against them. As far as exorcism is concerned, I'm going to leave that to Warner Bros. and Hoya Productions.

But that's not all there is to the Force. The energies I have just noted are part of the Force, but there is much more to the Force than human plasmal energies. Life is not only magical. It exists everywhere you care to look—and I mean everywhere. Everything from the smallest microbial virus and bacterium, to a blue whale, which is the largest animal on Earth, they are all alive. Remember what I said about life? Right, life cannot be created or destroyed. It must be born from another life. So, if it is here, where did the first life on planet Erath come from? I can definitely say this, and no one will refute it: it came from somewhere other than Earth. It came from somewhere out there in the cosmos. So actually, what you can say is "life" itself is alien. And what happens to all life on planet Earth when it dies and gives up its living form? By George, I think you've got it! It becomes plasmal energy. A bit of plasmal energy that is of a very low power. But, when you have the amount of plasmal energy that the Force consists of, and that is all the life that has ever existed on our planet, you have an enormous power that will one day save the human race.

Every second of every minute, of every hour, of every day, the Force's energy increases. When any life form on this planet has exhausted it's living form and dies, it instantly becomes

plasmal energy. Humanoid traces here on Earth date back to about six million years ago, and that's like a drop of water in all the Great Lakes and Lake Baikal* combined if you compare it to the age of the universe. That means the Force's plasmal energy has been increasing in size and power for over six million years. And the increase is exponential, meaning the rate of addition to itself increases every second that passes because the total amount of life on our planet increases by the second. I believe that one day the Force will have the ultimate power to travel through space and make Albert Einstein a faded ancient memory. The Force will find where we will go when our Earth is done. We must have faith in the Force. We must have hope like Dimash sings about, and above all, we must all try to live together in peace, not war. I hope and look forward to our scientists and our intellectuals who will find the key to unlocking the capabilities of our brain to communicate with the Force and the energy within it. My sister Missy is with the Force. My brother, Buddy, and my mom and dad are there too. They would never turn down the opportunity to be part of saving humanity. I will join them when it's time, and I will be so proud and happy to see them. And do you know who else will be there when he's ready? Yes, of course: Dimash.

There is another part of my "out of this world" beliefs that you, as the reader, might find interesting and possibly adoptable as your very own. "Religion" is a gigantic word—not due to its spelling but to what it encompasses. I wouldn't even try to guess how many books have been written either directly or indirectly about religion, but I'd like to add a page or two of my own to that list. Dimash's faith is assumed to be Muslim, but as far as I know he has never said, "I am a Muslim," in public, that is. If he has, I

am not aware of it, and as far as differences are concerned, it's neither here nor there, but he does speak of Allah. Igor Krutoy is a Russian Jewish musician and producer who is directly involved with Dimash because Igor has written and composed many songs for Dimash that have become loved everywhere throughout the world. The reason why I mention both Dimash and Igor is despite their upbringing and basic religious beliefs, hand in hand they composed and performed compositions directly relating to Christian Catholicism. "Passione," composed by Igor and sung by Dimash in Italian, is a prime example. I will dissect "Passione" in the pages to come. Dimash and Igor's relationship has changed lately due to the current political environment, but I am hopeful that will not last because their contributions to the world are monumental and the world would love, and very much needs, more.

I was born and raised a Christian Catholic, but later in my early thirties I began to make room in my beliefs for other thoughts of who I needed to pray to and who were guiding my life forward. My life in Key Largo and later when I returned to New Jersey was a mixed bag of believing in the Christian God but thinking there must be more to this equation. Then I started to separate myself from everything and I said to myself, *This is me—my body, my heart, and my soul—and I will call my flesh and blood Dr. Bodi and pronounce his name Dr. Bo-dee*. I needed to think of my physical body as a separate entity from my mental state of being. Why? Because I needed to speak with my body for many, many reasons. I consider Dr. Bodi, my body and separate entity a doctor, a medicine man, and a shaman of the highest order—the one who saved me so many times from harm and even death.

I started this book chronologically from my early teens and never mentioned I had paralytic poliomyelitis when I was seven years old. It was severe, and I damned near almost died. I was hospitalized for two months, and I still thank Dr. Bodi for saving my life. He is my general, my soldier, my warrior, my teacher, and my handyman. I speak to him every night before I sleep and thank him for what he has done for me throughout my life. Lately I say to him, "Yeah, Doc. we're getting old but we can still write a tail or two." He answers back, "You meant tale, right?"

Can you imagine the serious pathogenic bacterium and viruses my Dr. Bodi has destroyed in me in the last eighty-three years, as well as the pathogens your body has destroyed in you? Many years ago, I called him Mr. Bodi, and then I thought he has saved me so many times he has truly attained the status to be called doctor—a caregiver extraordinaire. And what about my and your bodies internal organs? Don't you think your Bodi has fixed many of those ailments by itself as they came along? I know my Dr. Bodi has for me. And how do you think he, or she (feminine Bodis), is reacting to the increase in different medications you take every day? Have you talked to him or her about that? Well, you should. You might have general conversations with your Bodi. Ask questions and get answers, and who knows: you might even find common ground and an important solution or two between your selves!

Everybody has a Dr. Bodi, or themselves in the flesh, they can talk to. There are no exceptions. And that includes you ladies. And if you think it doesn't make a difference you are wrong. It helps tremendously, making you more aware of what your own body is doing, more aware of how he or she reacts to

everything, and allowing you to be prepared for tomorrow and the next day; therefore, giving you peace of mind. We take so much for granted in our lives, but your personal wellbeing should not be one of them. You must communicate with yourself to stay up to speed with what's happening to you. And there are others inside you that you have to recognize. These two may not be as critically important to you as they are to me, but I have brief talks with them too every night. There is a Ms. Positive in me, and I have a Mr. Negative in here also. Luckily for me lately, Ms. Positive has been in charge for me mostly every day. Mr. Negative sits on the sidelines waiting for something to go awry. I take a moment every night to commend both of them and thank them for being here. They are both critical parts of my life, as one without the other would be meaningless. You cannot enjoy positivity unless you recognize negativity. My Ms. Positive is a vibrant and beautiful young lady whose smile and laughter would make the devil jump for joy. And, of course, my Mr. Negative is young and beautiful, about twenty-one, and a combination of the best looking guy from every country in the world...kinda looks like Pat in Key Largo. So, when he does have something to say at the end of the day, I can't help but listen, resolve, and forgive.

Now I'd like to tell you about Eden. Along with Dr. Bodi, Ms. Positive and Mr. Negative, Eden, better known as Mother Earth, is the other entity I speak with every night before I sleep. She controls the balances between life and death and will be known furthermore in this book as Eden. Eden is Earth itself, and she is the mother of all things great and small, alive, and inanimate inert things like mountains and rivers. Although she is not a "mother" in the sense of birth, she is a mother in the sense of ability and sustenance. There are many other words Native Americans

called her, but they knew a lot more about her than many of our current scientists and theologians do, especially about her plasmal nature because she is everywhere you look. I envision her in a flowing white silken gown and as beautiful as the sunrise, the sunset and the moon all put together. She is somewhere in her early twenties corresponding to the age of the Earth. I believe somewhere beneath the Earth and water of our planet, the answer to how and why life came to our Earth lies hidden, waiting for a sign from Eden for us to find it. She is connected to every contemplated decision and incident of life that is happening as I write these words, connected by trillions of invisible plasmal threads of energy I call enerjets. Put all those happenings together as an ongoing and never-ending process, and those happenings are the events, big and small, that are steering our civilization to its destiny.

I pray to Eden and Dr. Bodi every night before I sleep. I thank them for being there for me today past and present, and hopefully tomorrow they will be there for me again. Being thankful and expressing my thanks to them gives me peace and serenity. Then I thank Ms. Positive for being in charge of the past day as it ensued a positive nature. I also thank Mr. Negative for being there if needed and both for hanging out and waiting for tomorrow. We too often forget about the yin and the yang and about how important they both are in our everyday lives. My prayers before I sleep take only about ten minutes out of my entire day, and yet they are so important to me I would never be at peace if I didn't thank the powers to be. Many other religious people spend hours praying to whomever they hold dear and have faith in. And, some days when I am in need at any given moment, I stop to speak with Dr. Bodi and/or Eden to give me

guidance on the spot. You don't have to be a religious person per se to pray and thank the powers to be in your life. You could even add those prayers to those you already pray to like God, Allah, Buddha, Jehovah, Ganesha, Vishnu, Shiva, Durga, or to the Olympian gods. The fact remains that there are many powers on this planet besides that of other people—governments and organizations. Maybe it's time we recognized those powers inside us to find out more about our inner peace and wellbeing.

CHAPTER XIV:

THE WORLD OF DEARS AND A CONTINUING ANALYSIS AND COMMENTS ON DIMASH'S SONGS, “SOS” D’UN TERRIEN EN DÉTRESSE AND MORE

I write the words of this book not as an expert, or a professionally learned individual, on the Dimash Qudaibergen. But instead, I want to express in my own words, love, and exuberance I have for this magical singer. Some Dears and other Dimash fans do in-depth research on every song he sings, on every interview he does, and on every appearance he makes for the press—even the ones he will make, etc. But, not I. For more than ten years now, and still counting thank you, I have written many a comment to reactors’ reactions, and to many other video clips of Dimash. And my comments always strictly express my point of view—my opinion, and only my opinion. And we all know about “opinions,” don’t we? That includes mine. In fact, I include a written exception in many of my comments which states, “This is strictly the opinion of Pete Smith...other opinions may vary,” which many times goes unnoticed; and then I might get something negative back, which rarely happens nowadays. Of course, I don’t mind, and I always try to answer negative comments in a positive manner and as professionally as I can.

On the opposite side of the proverbial coin, most of the comments to my comments are beautiful, warm, and I feel them deeply. Some say, “Pete Smith, you should write a book.” Some are short, an emoticon or two or more, and some are many

words, which I adore and try to answer. Sometimes my comments contain verse or poetry, or whatever you'd like to call it. Sometimes I get comments about those too. I deeply appreciate any and all reactions to Dimash. In the pages to follow, I will try to include all the comments I have ever made to any Dimash Qudaibergen video and to any reaction to a Dimash video. Initially, I wanted to show the lyrics of all Dimash's songs, but the copyright rules would not allow it.

As far as different languages are concerned, I continue to work at the task of using an online translator more and more, but I still lack the ability to provide the correct and exact translation. For example, I take it for granted too often that most of the comments to reactions are in Russian, when they are actually in Kazakh. And I am still fuzzy about the question of whether a native Kazakh person can read Russian or not—visa versa. I have created an Instagram account in the name of Pete Smith, so I am more able to communicate with others concerning this issue. Apparently writing a book like this will awaken many more issues and I will need to make an effort to alleviate the burden that will arise, or at least lessen it. To discuss the language topic further, thanks to Dimash, I am in love with the Kazakh and Russian languages. And, because of one the songs Dimash sings, and I'll bet my last dollar that you already know which one it is, yes, I love French too. If you are a Dear, you were correct at guessing that. If I had the means and the ability, even at eighty-three, I would take Kazakh language lessons and French lessons on the side. I understand there are songs Dimash sings in his native tongue that you cannot simply translate to English. The subtle meanings, the innuendos, are elusive and beautiful,

and it takes someone in person and in detail, a native to that language, to explain what they really mean.

Alright, that explains some of the language topics up for discussion, but there's more. Well, I am a Dear. Carlos is a Dear. Vivien is a Dear. Yuslove is a Dear. The names go on forever. There are millions of Dears all over this world! Because soon after Dimash sang "SOS" at the Chinese competition *Singer 2017*, he realized that he suddenly had accrued millions of fans. Then they became his Dears. Je said they were his "family," and he decided as a token of his endearment to call them his "Dears." So here we are and here they are—the Dimash Dears. So how do you write a book for nine million followers who live in 150 different countries and speak that country's native tongue?

Ahemmm! Beats the heaven out of me. I am unaware of a publisher's capabilities, but I do know if something is in great demand, they can do amazing things. Can this book be translated in different languages if that be the case? Can the intricacies and innuendos of English be magically turned into Kazakh? So, that is why I must keep the wording in this book as simple as possible. I can just imagine trying to translate the word "innuendos" or "intricacies" to Kazakh. But I'm sure there are words in Kazakh and in most languages that would work well.

Even some reactors timidly or exuberantly express publicly they have become a Dimash Dear. It doesn't take much to be moved greatly by a Dimash performance to instantly become a fan of his...and a Dear. There is no doubt that his individualism exudes from his persona in such a great abundance that the viewer is left speechless...especially if you are exposed to his

genius for the first time. His stage presence, charisma, charm, and his voice are just, well, we'll talk a lot more about those attributes a bit later. Dimash is a singing beast! He is the robot who can hit a D8 with only a smidgen of effort; the guy from the Alphamaestra* system from the planet Impossibilia!* All I know is he is someone very special, which I didn't realize until a few minutes after I heard him sing "SOS" at *Singer 2017*. Right after I saw that clip, I said to myself, *Holy crap*. I actually used a stronger word, actually two words in succession, but I don't care to use them here—not yet, maybe later. We'll see. Anyway, I was flabbergasted! I said, *Who is this guy? He's so young. Could he be real?* And, of course, being gay, I was literally in shock, as were thousands of Dears to be who watched the same video I was watching!

Who in all the god's names is this magical person they have equipped with this style? He looks human, but as if he came right out of a Disney storybook of world's most renowned princes, only to later find out they really do call him the Kazakh Prince, although he didn't look like a prince with no socks and drab clothing, who sings of personal discernment and who obviously is expressing an emotional need for love and understanding. And he sings it in French, no less? But he is from Kazakhstan? What the...?

Wait, let me catch my breath. I'm no longer a spring chicken, and I get so into writing this stuff. I get too worked up! Here's a breath...ahhh...uh oh...a thought...breathe deep in gathering gloom...watch light fade from every room...bed sitter people look back and lament...another days useless energy spent...shivverrrss...my skin crawls.

“SOS” is about a man lost in his own world, needing to see the world from above like a bird and thinking to know if a better way was to end it all. The answer is no, and to please listen to the voices from another world.

This was in 2017: I had just moved here to North Carolina. I was 73 years old, and I am watching this ridiculous video of someone singing who could not possibly be real. So, what do I do? I Googled “SOS,” got the lyrics that Dimash was singing, watched it many more times, and then I said, *Who is this guy Dimash Qudaibergen? He's from Kazakhstan?* But he sang “SOS” in French, which I soon learned he had just learned phonetically, and sang it with passion and very true feelings that you could read on his face—and feel too! A few years later, after watching and listening to many reactors’ videos of Dimash’s “SOS,” I wrote the following comment and began posting it to their reaction videos.

* * *

“SOS” D’un Terrien En Détresse

In my humble opinion, Dimash is a prophet, which you may soon discover for yourself. Thank you! Great reaction. If you’re looking for parameters and boundaries with Dimash’s voice...or with Dimash himself...it’s simple. There aren’t any. He can sing any genre and do anything that has to do with music with one big difference. He sings with pomp and grandeur, and most times there is a message with his song. He is a book of adventures. Turn the page, and he will take you with him on your next exciting journey. Go with him, stay with him, and love him for his future is written in the stars.

👁️ Dimash is a musical beast in lambs clothing possessed by an ancient alien culture whose beam from their mother ship grabs you and hurls you into space to witness his incredible journey. He opened the door to the universe, they welcomed him, he stepped inside, and saw revelations of another world—a better world for us. And so he writes, he creates, he sings his healing music to us, he gives us hope for the future and he loves everyone. But most of all, he gives back to from where he came. They are watching him with awe and approval, for he has become their champion...and ours too. Thank you, Dimash. We love you dearly.

The world was awakened to Dimash's beautiful art in 2017 with this song "SOS," which has become his trademark, which he has sung many times again, all different by the way, and better each time, as his voice has matured greatly. He has perfected a technique which allows him to sing in baritone...almost bass, tenor, counter tenor, falsetto, soprano, head voice, and whistle tones with astonishing and undetectable transition. His delivery and pitch are pure perfection. He is undoubtedly the best singer this world has ever known. Follow him and you will soon see why.

The song "SOS" is from the Canadian-French cyberpunk rock opera *Starmania* written in 1976 with music by Michel Berger (book and lyrics by Luc Plamondon) sung by Dimash in French. The song reflects feelings of despair and being depressed with life and refers to the singer wanting to be a bird to see the world from above. Some believe that the lyrics at the end, the ones referencing sleep, refer to ending it all.

There is something about Dimash that cannot be explained by anyone, although I try my best only to be ignored by most Dimash fans. I greatly admire Dimash Qudaibergen, not only for his voice and the way he uses it, but for the messages that leave his lips. It literally takes an investigation of the lyrics of his songs to uncover their deep and hidden meanings, as most only praise him for his God given voice and not for his messages! Only now, recently, are people beginning to realize and grasp Dimash's purpose. The experts say there is alien DNA in some of us, planted millennia ago in order to enhance the survival of the human race. Dimash's messages are so hidden and advanced that only a few of us notice. Who is he? And why is he here? Pray tell, gods of the universe. We need to know!

Dimash lives on his high notes. This is his kingdom come. When he looks into your eyes, he becomes your hero, and his messages are priceless. His slavery is not to us, but to his purpose, and to the creator who sent him—yes, some say there is alien DNA in some of us. Where does his road go? Dolphins leap, and men bow, but his songs will sing forever.

* * *

Dimash Sings “SOS” and Hauser Plays the Cello on a boat in Singapore

Dimash and Hauser together performing “SOS” is available on Dimash's YouTube channel. It is an extension of Dimash's “SOS” and even more grandiose.

Spectacular and incredible together, they create a “dazzling moment” as a single monstrous motion of art that rules our senses. Dimash Qudaibergen and Stjepan Hauser bestow upon us the true meaning of greatness in music and rhyme, as mankind shudders to dare think of an even higher purpose of these two that could swallow us whole! A movie—what movie?

Has 007 Dimash and the maniacal badass Hauser of our future gone completely wild!? Do we dare anticipate the coming of the biggest block buster of all? This epic notion consumes planet earth for now with a godly vibration that resonates down to our very souls and says, “Yes, it is possible!” But time is in this capsule, too, and with due respect or disrespect to the gods of entertainment, it must be dealt with to everyone’s avail. So let it pass. Shhh, let it be for now. Let it ferment until its pungency grabs you and screams, “I am here!” as the monster motion picture awakens! Possible? Why not!?

* * *

On occasion I have also added the following comment about Grégory Lemarchal to my above comment. You can find Grégory’s video of him singing “SOS” by going to YouTube and searching for Grégory or Lemarchal.

Grégory Lemarchal was a beautiful young French singer who sang “SOS” in the most beautiful way. He tragically died at twenty-three from cystic fibrosis in 2007 and was considered a national treasure of Canada and France. Dimash loved him as well, and after watching him sing “SOS,” Dimash decided to cover the song at the *Singer 2017* competition. And after all, Grégory’s story gave rise to our Prince Dimash, so if you care to,

please do a YouTube search for Grégory Lemarchal's "SOS" and give Grégory a listen.

Please find Grégory in the YouTube archives. He was a saint in Canadian and French history, a memory so well deserved. I cannot watch the videos of Grégory singing "SOS" anymore because I become a basket case with my tears falling relentlessly. And, of course, being gay makes it even more devastating. Dimash was so impressed with Grégory's "SOS," he decided to cover it and it became Dimash's calling card, which remains as Dimash's standard of excellence to this very day. Immediately after I heard Dimash sing "SOS," I wrote the following comment and posted it to the European Fan Club's Facebook site, which I believe is still there after ten years:

"Dimash Qudaibergen is an extraordinary human being. I do not believe that he is acting when he performs. His performances are quite the contrary. I truly believe he lives every moment of his words, while he is performing and long afterwards. Yes...he has the incredible ability to feel those words that he sings deeply, and along with his beautiful tone, he portrays those words of emotion to us. And we too, feel them deeply. For me, he is the greatest singer of all time, and I've heard a few. Thank you, Dimash."

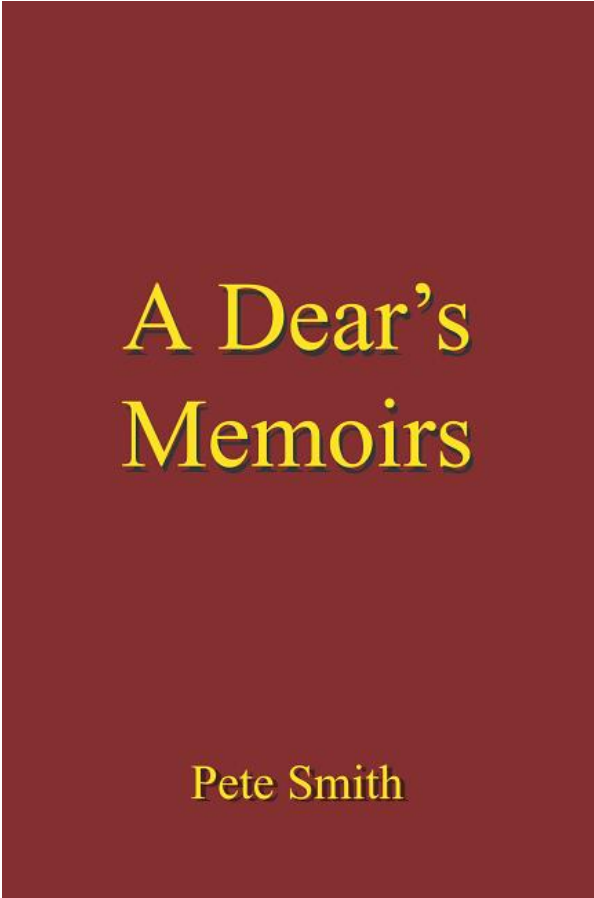
I often accompanied the above comment with the following comment:

"When you listen to Dimash, whatever burden you might carry, or thought that deceives you and tries to carry you to an unwelcomed place, is crushed and cannot withstand his magic.

Dimash's magic dissolves the negativity and sends those thoughts down into the abyss that they themselves have created. And so, the dark matter recedes and sprinkles of dazzling light attach to his song's words and blast you out into space where you suddenly become alone and personal, where your deepest thoughts lie bare and up close. He is a miner. He takes you deep into your heart and your soul to dig up hope and dreams and reminds you of the many people that you could have been, or should have been, or still can be, and lays them all before you... just by the majesty of his voice."

All the comments I have written so far and the comments I will be writing were and are expressions of emotions I felt and still feel after hearing Dimash sing that particular song. Some were written many years ago immediately after I listened to the song, and some were written recently, like my comments on "Fire," which were very recent.

What I would like to do from here on in: I will review and comment in detail on thirty-eight more Dimash songs and tell you what I know about the song and the emotions I felt when I first listened to it. All of the songs I have noted beforehand here in this book and all that will follow can easily be found on the official YouTube channel of Dimash Qudaibergen. Simply go to YouTube with your browser and type in "dimash" and do a search. Then click on his round picture logo and then click on "videos" and you will be there. As I have already mentioned, but worth mentioning again, I am not able to provide lyrics to Dimash's songs due to copyright restrictions.



A Dear's Memoirs

Pete Smith

"A Dear's Memoirs" is a brief autobiography of an eighty-three year old man and his eleven year relationship from afar with Dimash, the greatest singer of all time.

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