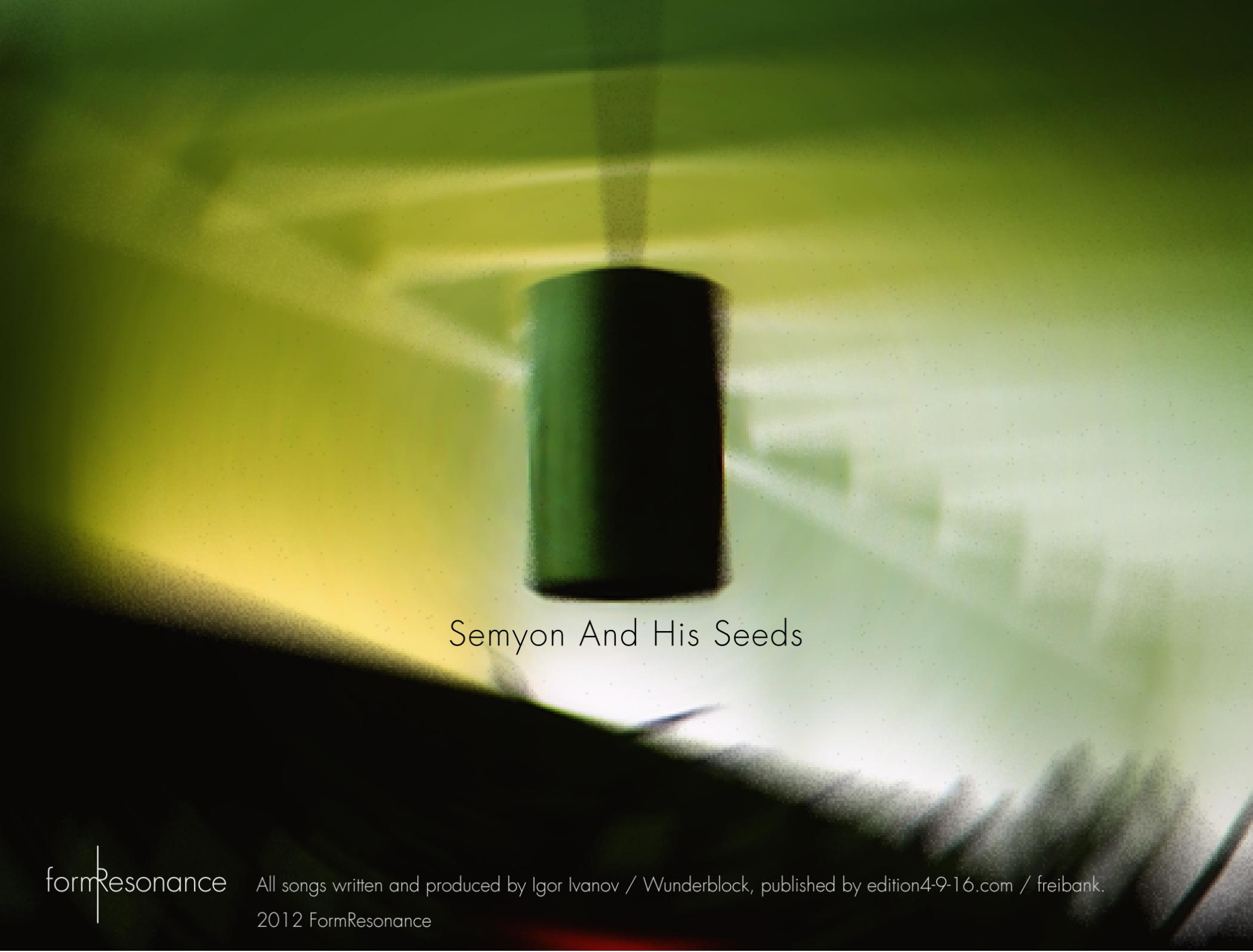


An abstract composition featuring a large, textured green shape that resembles a stylized letter 'W' or a series of overlapping planes. The shape is set against a solid black background. The green has a fine, grainy texture. The overall effect is minimalist and architectural.

WUNDERBLOCK
DREEMOV JAZZ



Semyon And His Seeds

The Craving. ...what became of seed would cast seed..

Information and cultural parents melt with arising vacuum, a habitat imparted hopes to be proud of their child in future as all the tremendous Craving. parents do whose son blossomed and found success in his

Semyonov was the one bestowed by Heaven with this very life. Great Luck. A dream to change the World!

Craving- for music and, well on the whole, for what one calls a culture. The Heavens bestowed light and heat giving strength

From his first days, when that called for a new life still in the cradle, he being itself a life, sowing gurgled and crowed pretty love and wisdom.

noisily, clapped and hammered with his tiny feet. Sometimes he produced unnatural sounds which made his

The Light

... everybody in motion has a rudder...

It occurred to be quite unusual. As if the Nature decided to perfuse with its gifts: the crops growing abundantly, the songs sounding heartwarming. The herbage grew more gross than usual, the nectarized air tingled. The pollen tickled the nostrils giving the feeling of joyance, provoking sneezing, happy tears, snivel and the flush to get off the ground. Spreadhanded and with his eyes closed he inhaled with his full, unexpanded breast the fragrance of the blooming grass having dived into the herbal mass almost to the bottom. What is it? A tradition or a DESTINY?



...we'll watch our backs lest we get lost...

...but hist!...Look there! The Sun is rising!...

Night. You're alone but your friend: an obsolete receiver. On air!

Heady, carrying away to other worlds. Bearing images, bringing in

sweetness to opening up the future. The worlds allowing dreams!

My Motherland

...my Motherland lavishly wined me with birch sap...

Motherland, my dear mother, how immense are your
spaces! How abundant
are they in fruit of "the Gardens of Paradise"
which you give to your
sons dandled in your Lap! The gardens richly
throve, people fell into
decay. Heh, sweet apple, you, the peccant fruit -
Apple of discord, thy
juices turned poisonous! "The Whiff of Gardens",
"The Scent of the Plains"
and the three magic figures - 777 combined in
"divine" wine brand of
the port - "777".

It was pretty turbulent years as actually they
should be after the youngsters
have left their homes. «Again denies me the sleep
my room-mate's berth's squeak!»

This way Semyon got musical education. It was not
the higher education, only basic.

He got assignment to his native town and started
his career as artistic
administrator of a pop-group in the local House of
Culture. Semyon's parents

upon his coming home felt secure for his future
and as if in collusion with one
another died in one and the same year.
"pasture of Heaven", but life must go on.

"I don't claim to be a writer but I can make sto-
ries. I might never become
great but I can come closer." These ideas were in
a sense a motto giving me
strength to do his dangerous job - a creative
work.

Wind Of Change

...Wind, oh,

wind, you're so

m i g h t y ,

You're chasing

crowds of

c l o u d s . . .

Alexander S.

P u s h k i n