

**Andres Allan Ellmann (1964-1988)** was one of the very few mystical poets in postwar Estonian poetry. I think it was in his blood – his mother Leili, lover of poetry and a good nurse is a mystic herself and daughter Joanna, who was early-born 2 weeks before her father's death and whom Allan only saw as a distant living spot held out on her mother's hands from the window of the sixth floor of the ambulance, is now a poetess and seer herself. As a child Allan and his elder brother, nowadays pop artist Raoul Kurvitz had yearlong fantastic „movie“ series, sort of kids live performance school. He was always a good watcher and had inner way of understanding. Allan was among the first wave of Estonian punks, when the movement was in its early free-form and improvisational stage, took part in the youth rebellion which started after prohibition of the concert of Estonian proto-punk band Propeller (1980), invented „punk marching“ there and protested in the other youth riots what followed communist program of russification. KGB had their eye on him. Later his worldview moved closer to hippies, but remained independent nevertheless. After finishing high school he chose to learn theology, and his interests were faith healing, beliefs on indigenous people, early Christianity, unitas fratrum (brotherhoods), Dionysos Areopagita, and Buddhism. He worked as a church assistant in Toomkirik (Dome Church) of Tallinn, spend many a nightly hours there and made one religious happening with his friends. His faith was immediate and uncompromising and every manifestation of religious hypocrisy devastated him so, that he is said to have attacked hypocrite priests. As many a Soviet vagabonds, he made distant train-rides as a cow herder and made eccentric pilgrimages in the territory of former USSR. In their teenage years he and his friend bought old Käända country manor with small help of their parents. This special solitary place, far away from nearest farms, still with no electricity and reportedly some astral occurrences still present somehow developed his style, became his door to the inner world of poetry. Many times he would go there by himself, ride on evening train, walk a long way, light a candles, heat ovens, go for a long walks in the forests and marshes, pray in empty ruin of the mill, play flute, sit on the branch of an oak, listen to animals passing and flying, learn, read and many more. Most intense trips were made in night time when familiar orientation fades and unknown and ancient mental territories open up their borders for the seekers. He would write his visions down with a typewriter. (That's why I called bigger collection of his poetry Öötrykid/Night prints (2009), using his own word). Close relationship with nature is one component of

his style as is the primitive way of perceiving the world. No one knows for sure, what happened in the end. His experimental way of living might have pushed him too far. After spending two solitary weeks in the manor in the spring of 1988 (time of national awakening and hope in Estonia) he returned changed, claimed to have met God, said he had to give the last offering and remained in enigmatic silence most of the time. He and his wife sought help from healers and sorcerers, but to no avail. In one summer's day he fell down from the attic next to his family's flat. Some claim that KGB people pushed him, others say it was some kind of health problem, still others are guessing it might have been religious psychosis or suicide. All witnesses have different ideas and KGB archives are taken away to Moscow. So the mystery remains and poetry is still pretty much the only thing to understand the man. His poems were published during lifetime, but collection which featured his self-compiled manuscript called *Urila manu/ Toward the Offering Land* plus some poems collected from the manuscripts finally called *Urjamised/Offerings* was published 4 years after his death, in 1992. His life and poetry have been great help and inspiration for me during two decades now. I felt this love needs to be fulfilled, and lost prophet helped. So I contacted his widow and had an access to manuscripts, pictures and informants. First I published long essay and a small bunch of his „new“ poems, then came hour-long radio broadcast about him, and after meeting his daughter we decided to make a book with pictures and long essay in the end. When Joanna went to his grave and communicated our idea to her father, she heard slow and contented flute melody in her mind. We had agreement from the Other Side. So came the book and I now there are some translations. I hope that seekers of different nations all recognize each other. If someone would publish an anthology of world's shortlived and idiosyncratic young poets, this would be the best estonian entry.

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