

18 March 2013

Marcus Beijers Mellin

Dear Marcus,

So we agree on lots of things and we disagree  
on lots of things. Poetry is part of both of our  
existences - probably keeps us alive. What  
about Folk music - no one cares any longer -  
a few concerts (without sound equipment does  
not pay my rent!) and, finally, now I get  
a free trip to New York City, talking about my  
life in Greenwich Village. I'll buy too  
many books I haven't seen before. Old friends will  
invite me to restaurants. I hope to sit near poetry  
books from old friends. Good food, the best, in  
Chinatown ~ some theatre and be glad to come  
back to my street. So take care. Write more  
poetry. Bend... and - just keeps on going.

Love,

I Z Z Y Young

aka Israel Goodman Young



20.10.1917.  
The Marquis

Legend (Skriven till Israel G. Young )  
The teacher- who do not sell his only soul  
Is -like the smallest child –  
Upon other's shoulders lifted high.  
The teacher -  
Who sells his only soul...  
His chaotic breakdown – will be foretold.  
Cause – what violence – may create -  
Blows away – like dust in the wind-  
by the break of day.

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Torsten Föllinger- is by some known, as the star of the stars. Star in this case means ‘ Zarah Leander-Ernst Hugo Järegård, Erland Josephson, Liv Ullman, Birgit Nilsson’ etc.

He was himself a figure whom liked more to perform among common people, lowering his wing of humility, in a harsh geniality, which jumped forward, exclaiming truths of joy to laugh about. But not in any mean matter, like Ingmar Bergman, who, was his arch enemy, mostly because Bergman wanted his actors like Liv Ullman, Erland Josephsson and Torstens ‘best friend’ Allan Edwall, to act dirty things in front of the camera...”He liked such things...” as Torsten dryly exclaimed, and, put another piece of cake into his mouth. Zarah Leander loved orgies and, one amusing story is about how her husband Vidar one evening called Torsten and complained “ We have patriates here again”. Torsten promised to come, cause, as Vidar stated; he knew Torsten was the only one Zarah respected (or one of the few) and, if she knew he would come, she would turn the bunch of lovers out... Torsten unhatched the connection to the telephone and next day travelled in his car with his bulldog ‘Smulan’

out to the manor country house, where Zarah 'was living'. It turned out that Zarah's dachshund happened to arrive from the neighbour at about the same moment and, she stood on the porch, with a broom in her hand, she complained that the dog had been chasing after the neighbour's, 'in this way, now, you have gotten yours', and he has had his...', it was during the time of mating dance.

As she lifted the broom to hit it. Torsten said "You aren't going to hit the dog are you? Slap me instead... Surely it is really me you are mad at".

"Go away!"...

"Do you want me to leave? I have travelled far just to see you" There was a pause - of heartbeat - false and true.

"Come on, you devil...". Zarah gestured towards the front door.

It is said Zarah Leander boosted Herman Göring under the table, if that was when, he lived in Liljeholmen, at Liljeholmsvägen 8A, by the harbor of Mälaren, or in Germany when she performed for the stab of the Nazis is unsure.

"This ... old, old legend ... this ...". Torsten was once introduced for the resignation class in the Dramatic Institute (DI). "Yes, I am old as the grave, and Allan here is three years younger than me" in a gesture towards Allan Edwall.

Torstens teaching had the following elements; 'if the performer feels pleasure the audience also will'. In this sense teaching the essence of intercourse.

"Success or fiasco, but not be a good boy"

This was the whole of his genial teaching in its essence.

He received all kinds of peoples, not only stars. One of them who came to Torsten, at an early age, was Ted Gärdestad. The days before his claimed suicide, he visited Torsten, asking for assistance. The still quite young star, had become part of the bagwa sect ( in Arabic – this would implement something like an illegal fighter; and in Pali a master of his own). All members of the sect were forced to carry the leaders picture around their necks. Ted had become a victim of his own success and through the intense pleasure of many girlfriends, meditative drugs and material richness, fallen into the trap of masochism. (That is, to cause himself harm, pain, and unreasonably strict hygiene to push his genius onwards into further creativity for which his audience craved).

Torsten – besides his masterwork, also extracted in the social field, as a personal guard of released criminals, where his role model was his mothers’.

When young, he experienced his mothers’ strength, in being fearless of bulls. The bull – backed of and snorted, but Ingeborg didn’t care but kept on walking through the fenced yard. The bull – backed of and snorted, but her psychic strength was such, the animal didn’t attack. In such a way, Torsten treated criminals, with lessons of singing. One of them used to escape from prison in the following way; he went on lease around the prison and further on. When out of sight he began to run. His guards chasing him. When he had tired them, he asked to be released (of his handcuffs?). They had to walk back alone.

One night Torsten went across Norra Bantorget in central Stockholm. As he was about to cross, he saw a heavy built character, approaching towards him, the

opposite way “be prepared...”, Torsten murmured to himself ‘surely it is a stiletto’.

“I need money”. A voice from a dark shadow in the darkness of night. “Isn’t that your problem?...”. “Do you see what I have in my hand?...”. “Really! Look...! – Isn’t that a – such – a – st - sti – sti – sti – sti...letto!”.

Torsten said in a very silly voice ‘senil – old – idiot – panthomin’ “Damn old bastard...”, the shadow exclaimed and went away.

“You see he couldn’t attack a defenseless...”

His mother when he still was a youth – sitting under a kitchen table, cutting cows and sheep from newspaper as siluetts in his own design. There was announced; the most life dangerous intern in Östersund (Norrländ/Jämtland) had escaped from the prison. He was a life danger! It was claimed.

His mother – sailed out in to the stair well and exclaimed in the darkness penetratingly “Is someone there?”. “Yes”, came an answer – it was – the life dangerous murderer,

“I do not permit you to be running like this out in the night. Harken! You enter, and we will have a cup of tea and a chat”

Soon – the life dangerous intern became, like a baby in the lap of his mother...”Shouldn’t we call the police, so they can shelter you, it’s a cold night”. ‘My mother was very firm you see; but, she never betrayed anyone.’

Torsten always practiced theatre in real life. As he was coming out of Dramaten in Stockholm – whose artistic leader he were for several years, one autumn evening – he was attacked by criminals, wanting to enter the building –

“We hit you down, old bastard!”

But – Torsten – wouldn't permit them to get inside. He – had practiced some falling situations – already in Calle Flygares Theaterschool. As they hit him – he fell without hurting himself, by this surprising the burglary – robbers – who, must have thought he had past out. Unluckely – this didn't work with the “healthcare” – who gave him a shot – ‘swine – flou – vaccination’ – without his outright consent – and – he developed a weakness which made the skincancer spread more rapidly.

He should have become 88 in 11th march 2010 – but – the 6th – he saw a very good friend - and, read some poems. In the night – he past on – to heaven hopefully...

He spoke much about Ottar, his best friend in his youth – who – had died out of tuberculosis,

He often – felt his presence, and longed to die – so he could meet him again in person...

As young a gang of boys approached him violently

“To see a gay motherfucker like you!”.

“Think of me...I have to look myself in the mirror everyday...”.

The leader of the gang – said something so stupid – Torsten never remembered the thing. This made the whole gang laugh -

“Since that day he was one of my best friends...”

Torstens' sadness about his leaning towards homofili, sometimes instilled in him such a depressed state – he wanted to jump out of his own window. But – the thought of his pupils climbing the five flights – to his attic apartment with view over the woods of Nacka, on Ringvägen 163 – always cheered him up.

He spoke very pleasantly about so called idiots, whom lacked the refinery of expression.

He was a supporter of theirs', almost everyone loved him, and he never preached homosexuality to anyone, as far as I know. But – always warned against perversion of intrinsic nature. He had tried it with woman – but he wanted a man – not only to have sex with, this he could do in two minutes in the toilet (en la toilette), but – to speak with – to enfold – to love...really love... may Allah grant him forgiveness of his sins, in this world – and grant him Paradise – Aamin...

Torstens observation as Jussi Björling - was about to take a high tune, he snored (the opposite of hawking) Margaretha Krook personally one of the shyest persons - used to run around in the corridors of Dramaten, in a faint panic, hours before the show , but on stage she was perfectly calm...

The insight was, as she, hired Torsten to participate in one of her repetitions (Torsten received the price of one lesson), that others' criticism, and interference, in the spontaneous flow, strains the voice.

'let Margaretha herself decide'

and the voice sprang free of bonds.

Tommy Körberg, squeezed the muscles of his buttocks in high notes, similar to holding a fart, this elevates your own mind, and the minds of beloved.

As you take the high tune, you look down, as shy in bas notes, you look up, as repenting, asking forgiveness of Allah in the sky...

each note word, is formulated by the stomach muscles - - the more intense the piece, the harder the muscles, has to formulate... smiling in spontaneous pleasure, makes notes, and text, flow more easily.

Putting ones tongue, folded up, into ones tonsils, and humming, will spontaneously, activate vibration from



stomach muscles, as a beautiful pillar of high clear air  
through the body (according to Negro met outside  
Folklore Center, Izzy Young)

movement with the arm, in forms of 'Sieg Heil' will  
help the high tunes, as they flow away as an eagle,  
opening the mouth widely in a smile, rolling ones eye  
balls in ecstasy.

Lying on the floor imitating ducks squeaking not filling  
the chest with air, but the stomach, as critics come just  
stand listening as they extend their excessive talk, you  
might come to think of something amusing 'vendetta,  
turn this and you might find a friend...'

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Red Handed Ferlin

'Raina' screams Nils Ferlin in disgusting irony  
a cabaret, of theatre,

he prays 'God May',

but 'may' is malplace (misplaced),

brings atonal note, into the art cafee

smiles heartlessly follows with gaze the adorable  
beauty

'God how beautiful you are!'

gasping worshipping his lusts

pantomime of poetical life writing his own mythology  
to rise, strife...