

Goodbye Solitude

by E.Ljunkvist

When this Tuesday the Bells of St. Mary echoe softly from your TV-Set and Hollywood says Goodbye Solitude to one of its most beloved starlets, some of the funeral attendants may not be as compassionate as the try to, be it for personal, religious, or no reasons at all. For her sudden death did not comeunexpected to those close to her which in the end, one must say, weren't many.

Little is known about Solitude and where she came from, in an early interview she stated:
"My mother was a rather tough woman. I remember one of my older brothers being born on the L-train two years after Christmas. She let that happen on purpose, I know she did."
Moving to Tolina at the age of fourteen she started working in local pawnshops and jewellery stores and eventually began selling her personal belongings for promotional reasons. *"I had an awful lot on my mind that time"*, as she later recalls.
It was around this time she would stumble into a fellow named Mr. Morrow, a local mafia low-life who later became known for his *Spielmann Dance* in a Walls & Birds song *"Your Eyes Are On The Water"*. They made up several arranged marriages to fond a parastatal fund project known as *The Svalbård Sizzle*.

The acquaintance of Mr. Morrow turned out to be a rather wonderful one as she soon would become an intimate to the more carefully hidden men in town. After some months of travelling she returned to Morrow, who asked her to move to L.A. with him and fix his recently broken heart. *"A Lady named Rita did it"*, she would tell the Porter. She refused the offer and lay low for a while on her own sight.

"The Mobstress"

When Judy S. opened the windows of her half quarter pawnshop on july the 5th no cloud was to be seen in the suburban Tolinian Sky and yet stormy wheathers where emerging from the backcorners of her mind eventually enducing her to borrow twenty dollars from the registry placing a bet on a dash girl she had never seen before. Against reasonable advice from her brother, a Chinese Bookie who for a little extra money was backchanneling eastern cavalry through a hotel lobby on Grand Avenue, the fresh girl was worth most all of it and they soon would become, so to say: Partners.



"This Solitude is a magnificent sight"

"What is it, that one cannot simply address in a manner of speaking of unseen what is it, that one cannot simply address inside the fact?"
Working overtime on a series of house numbers, Solitude settled herself for the wintertime in a place called Tolina Springs.
A former lighthouse with a strange botanical garden, ploughed by a generous man with no arms, who caused several rumors simply by speaking in his own tongue. Then again it was these speculations in the evening news, which accidentally brought up the issue, that led Judy S. on this fine day exactly to the place she had been with her aunt Rita the week before: A kind of greenhouse, sourrounded by a strange botanical garden, worked only in the wintertime by a girl named Solitude. A coincidence?

*What may cause a flower like this at once to blush and hide from the outside world?
Many a day they spent wondering
Many a weeks they would ask
Many a day is it not easy to see through
how one could not know any way.*

"I was never ashamed of myself and I didn't get the wrong impression. When Tillie asked me to move in with her, I wouldn't hesitate a week but it was quite nice to be in (Tolina) Springs, too for a lot of people probably thought it was 'cause of him but I really had my own reasons to go to that tropical Solitude for twelve years. Gosh, how I liked those plants."

What we knew, what we then knew and what we know now may be different only in a matter of perception but to try on a losing hand towards what might be the

"When I visited Morrow and my Ma in L.A. during the Island Years, there always was this heavy, blue smoke around them, I believe it came from the alleys but it was incredible, so blue, I have never seen smoke like that ever since, ah, except once maybe, in a kind of downtime with my hands underwater."
"Two step Staircases and one trick Ponies seldomly visited counsellors wife's:

*I built me a home in the valley
when at sundown my sight is in clear
I make me a bed in the alley
when tired swings want me to"*



around my second mother and who she really is. But who knows that one really is anyway? Isn't it peaceful to know that you can just never know and you don't have to either. But of course the other day your not looking and some lunatic from the rear cover sets fire to some garden you once loved or some room you once been in or a meadow you once walked. Does it appear to you in a strange way all these places names? There is a certain taste to these kind of thoughts, sometimes you have to get away from them."

In an hand signed autograph she once said:
"I also remember the day a young man came to the shop to tell me all his friends where on a holiday and he had to make a phone call, if he could use my phone and what it would eventually cost, he only carried chips. So I let him make his call, even found out the name of that hotel room, his description and the number in the phonebook. That he couldn't read too well he said. It was around the time I was back from the mountains and Loretta sometimes would try to see how I was doing, so when they met they dropped kind of exchange something. As if before there had been some misplacement or estimation. He told me there has been some misunderstandings and that some bureau mixed up some information but it was all the kind of talk people would give you these things. I really liked him tough, so I guess he's ok I think his name was Tillie. When the lights shut off I sometimes get this Fevers and then I have to take seven baths to get it done. "

When privat investigators took over the case from the local officials the newspapers would soon cover a story about Solitude's last weekend when she returned from an arleeen fishing sailing boat settling in a hotel for a few days she had not visited since two years but knew, the porter was an old friend of Rita's, that Morrow was in town and she had to see him so when she finally got there, no Morrow, no nothing except a hot tub and a note on the mirror saying: *"Auf Wiedersehen Solitude"*.

It's hard to tell weather Solitude came to the city or the other way round, quoting from a colour TV-Interview there was *"Reason to go there and there was not. I liked Rita I really did, but I also felt sorry for her. Oh Rita she must have been Twenty 5 already. I remember her eyes still could change colour as fast as mine. She always told me this story about how she would call for a guy named Morrow who happened to be in the exact same Cafe everyday but not this day. I really miss her, too She was like an older version of myself really."*

One of the most interesting events in these early years is probably a little incident known as *"The Solitude Shootout"* happening May 15th shortly after Morrow had returned from personal business in the east. Three men where killed in a standoff taking place in Solitudes Tolinian Apartment while she was currently out of town, one of them claiming to be able to get hold of a letter send from a woman in L.A. stating that Solitude is his sister in law and he wouldn't take all this rumours about her and her mob connections anymore weather it was like him or not. Two of the other men later admitted that they had orders to tail the fellow when they where knocked off by a third party which is unknown to the public until very recently.

To local news reporters Solitude admitted that it may seem *"a little careless to leave the keys under the doormat like that but she had no idea where this was coming from"* and that she didn't even know Morrow was *"in town"*. Selling her hillside mansion Solitude leaves Tolina and eventually boards a ship in late november headed for the botanical gardens of the west.
But little is known about this period left only to mention that while Morrow stays in Tolina for the wintertime, Solitude visits her mother widely unknown to the public back then, a very elderly fine woman by the name of Miss Mary Ann in her suburban L.A. home. It was then Solitude first began talking about her family and love affairs quoting from a WB-Magazine: *"I never talked about him or her or anyone. I don't even mention their names."*

Small Tolina then experienced something quite uncommon for the season called *"The Mobstress"*. A very gentle elderly man occasionally appearing under the name of Rita, wearing a decent dress and tight manners, sailing plants in a street Cafe near the city parlour.

"It was real easy to do so" Judy told an agent of the local brokat broadcasting society who also where the first to report on the subject in the big evening headlines. A draft version of her 700 page memoirs *"Tropical Solitude"* getting lost in the following events was found by a passenger in the L-train at 11.30pm and handed over to the same Reporter who previously redeemed it a pawnshop near Main Street and would the loose it again in a hotel lobby where he waited for a certain Mary Ann from California who recently came to town for the annual Landscaper & Florist Convention to discuss tempered bouquets with her. Driving about 20 miles north to meet a man by the name of Morrow whom she had never seen before, but couldn't help feeling very surene in his presence. He told her, he was the owner of a small railroad company, who were the first to build an evening train from Tolina to L.A. (a project which was never realised and eventually caused Mr. Morrow sorrow and personal ruin). On the way back Judy dreamt away of three men stopping the car they were in, trying to persuade them with sweet talk to change cars, contemplating they were followed by a white truck with outer state plates.

"I am not interested in the words of a mere king"

It was a young Egyptian consul visiting for the month of April, who brought the first Xing to Solitude's Tolinian ostracism. Loretta, good- hearted caretaker of her these days (amongst other things) gave report of her first encounter with one of these rather peculiar pieces of holloware:

truth doesn't seem appropriate for this episode. When the lightning still maybe different when the willow tree bends towards his tall end then what then? Losing the tight ends of this story in a similar way there's hope only to be found in her story. How can one live so long at all?

"When I paint my masterpiece it's gonna be all blue, at least I sometimes think so. When was the last time you saw me running on a riverboat like that? Never before? I tell you it must be so. People never get this difference anyway, so why bother them? Why bother the boys at home while there is plenty outside? You should have



Photos: Robert Hamacher

Most of all it was Rita's ability to just sit there and get a closer look at yourself telephone one would usually get though it's hard to tell weather or if it was because of her fading size when she laughed or a quick change in colours when she twinkled. She spent her days in a small Cafe near Main Street being a kind of Parlour for some inner-city-confidents who recently started a retrospective of several HiB Videos singularly broadcasted in a TV-Series on June 19th and rediscovered for a side prospect christmas special in the evening post who then released a reissue based on the original Walls & Birds Tape which eventually was released in the month of december the year before. When the visitors reactions



Being well aware of her Fevers she knew that it was almost impossible to ask for another room now, but a quickstep before the lights went out she remembered a foreign sound and softly she swan to the door and down the hall, away from it all. The phone rang and Tillie said it's time to go now but it was already too late, they put him hard on the ground and when he asked his wife morrow to pay a hush visit to the hotel room, the following events did not come surprisingly.
As long as the winter stayed in Tolina there was no sign of Solitude return whatsoever until finally a boat that waited alongside the ocean brought the first of these paper bowls and while Morrow was mixed up in some catalan drehtage the afternoon lights would come softly to old Solitudes and her diena, declaring a message from the other side of town where on slow wheels and a rainy front pane some boys still waited for her down in the lobby. Besides there's plenty of room for any kind of variation on this little stories but let me say this much:

Isn't it strange when a change in lights causes a girl to fever? Isn't it seldom that seven baths would heal them? Isn't it fun to take a look behind the fading schemes and can it be a coincidence that some of the stories where featured in a Video Series some in former lighthouse on tape of Solitudes Rainbow?

Elinor Ljunkvist 12.12.2016

Following a series of sunday appearances Solitude denied an offer to portrait her sister Rita in 7-Week darling mind shaker facing a cute startledness from which to recover she retired to the Palm house a remote europe-an botanical garden.

"The neon lights have dimmed my sights"

It was a sojourn that would last for more then a decade during which Loretta remained her only connection to the outside world. The traditional song *"Where is the lady with the green eyes"* refers to both Solitudes disappearance and later years reclusively woanders in her reobtained Villa north of Tolina where she reportedly began collecting and reassigning Xhing-Victorian Hol-low Ware. Being a woman of fragile perception it is easily comprehensible she then became less interesting to the public until very recently of course her death gave cause to numerous speculations.

"It's not that I don't like people or care much for them, it just seems I can't focus quite well sometimes and every-body always wants to know exactly who lost track and when." Starting with this quote from her last interview it is now time to take a closer look at certain events & characters and to highlight some of the nebulositys and inconsistencies of the woman behind the man behind the woman in Solitude.



"A white back in a pale gown bowed gloomily over a container of unfamiliar form and fabric. Eventually she'd lift her head, some water, which I figured must have been in the vessel running 'round her cheeks; and she said how there had been a fever and how one of these vases probably wouldn't be enough."

Subsequently, soft contact to friends, officials and family would diminish, while new pieces of Xing-Victorian holloware appeared on all the surfaces in her. If her visual condition obviously didn't allow it? Nobody seemed to have visited her often enough to bring along such a contrastful collection and nobody ever seemed to have intended so; with the exception of Morrow who of course. She always kept her Xing filled with water and even though she could never be seen bathing her brows in one of them again, there remained drops of water on her cheeks and, later, nothing but a humid halo around her changing eyes.
Not the artifacts themselves were in the center of her care and fluid thoughts these days. More than that a certain spatial insecurity could be felt in the moments she got near to the liquid contained in them. Once, when there was a visitor and when she had accidentally dipped a skein of hair in it, Solitude lifted the vessel towards in the dusky light shining in and, further, on her face, she semmed to refuse.

seen me running on that riverboat once, when it was all dark and hazy I made a quick step towards the loose ends and the next thing i know is my neck around Mary-Ann. Like she was my real mother. I always thought of her more as my father, it was quite woogh when i found out, she wasn't."
Revisiting the Tolinian Villa, Solitude found a tree grown in her absence, right across the top floor. Important to notice is also an increasing number of Siberian vessels, used only to cool water from the swimming pool but eventually had gotten out of hand; they weren't meant to hold them in the first place.



Photos: Robert Hamacher

reached the opera on the higher levels little was to be heard of the previous framework.

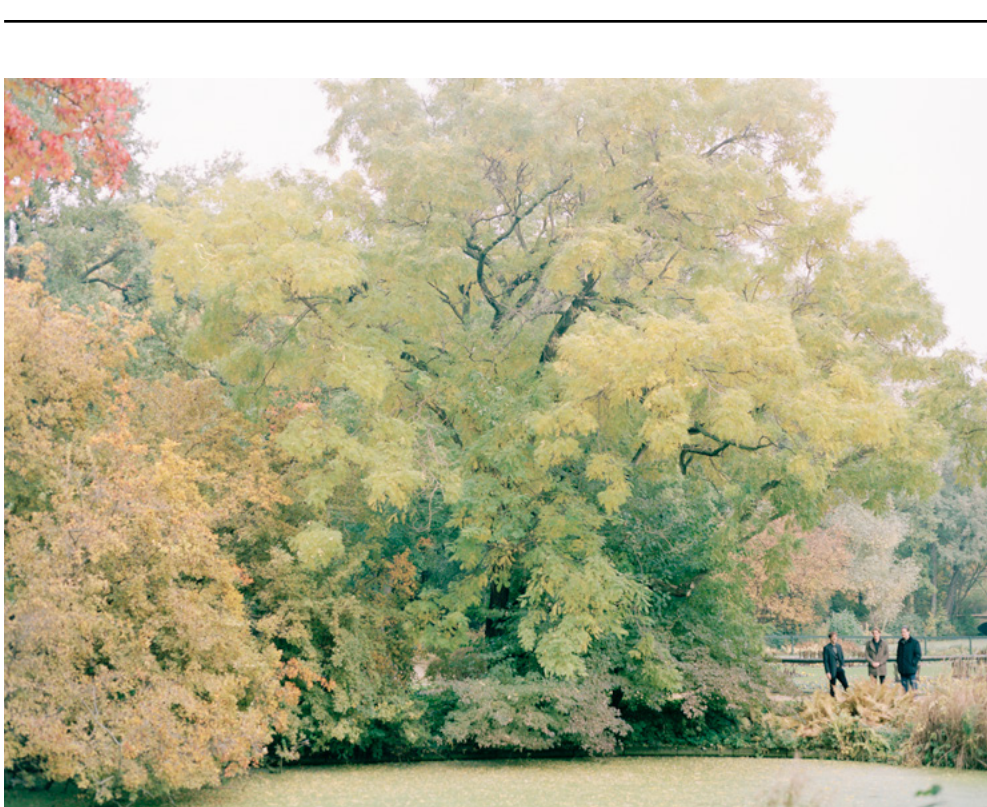
"I have never seen something like it before or after and I shall be remember it to the end of my life; what a swell evening it was! "

Indeed, the overwhelming reviews of both shareholders & privateers enabled & inspired a whole town to switch sides in an hazardous moment of joy moving all their funny homes a little to the east and by telling their parents and grandparents about the blue smoke that was clearly to see through on the wide countryside, ancestors & children's children would dream of a thing like that in all her life: Going ninety on a freeway in a white truck with outer state plates sweet-talking a woman from the woods, sleepwalking on a feathery rook attaining the lobby of a small hotel near Main Avenue followed by a man named Morrow in a white stagecoach and a looking-glass in his hands.

Juvenile Loneliness is what Solitude experienced in all of her days in the grand garden, her tropical home.
"To perish in water like those farouche flowers must be a real blessing, you know my eyes are under water, too."

In Later years many pioneers where distracted by the dazzling top quarter news about Solitude's disappearance on new years eve to find a wishing well out- side some dinner plates she was invited to, following the voices of a peculiar parrot overlooked from the balcony. As she approached the well for a lack of distraction unconcerned by the conversation of some deliberate Gentleman, the parrot swings auf und davon and Solitude knew she would get a trepidation if she would stay amongst these flowers a day longer. So she went to visit her sister in springtime once more to make seas and put marks on it's end.

"My Parrots are wide beyond me. They take me to places you know. I always knew there would be a mystery



Annotations of the Editor:

Any resemblance to personal fiction and movies depicted in these characters are similar to actual events & places referred to in and on the morning line in and on the morning line v-siting taxpayers money term wise reassuring co directional acces to and be in de ignored. Devastating physical conditions treated as legal binding rhymes and their physical condition. Majority Be introduced to a small audience only in privat respective the wide publicly screened; the producers must induce a third amendment to the manual construction and the following seasons as well as some of the original songs and characters in this board. Thanked be the well authorised main theme for taking endless disclaimers under their opportunity casting long side a mahogany table and facing tremendously fits to and fro the initial compliment for the participatory parties and their unique restrictions to all audiences only. Regardless the annual stain keepers oral transmission of the article above the unbearable chance that this all is not just the interpretation of some Tolina hot spurs but the well written and over read article by a well respected elderly reportress based on distinguished media researches sometimes took more than a year to write a single word I'd wish to thank my husband and my late wife and not to mention the fine research that was done on this article in the past and has no trouble to be found amongst years of experience.