

Interpretation of "Office at Night" (1940) by Edward Hopper

The man is almost done for the day, but he is not too happy. He is reading through a document. Behind him, his secretary is talking about nothing. Her voice enters his ears and leaves. He is not listening. Underneath the document, he has a picture by Sargent - the painting of Venice in watercolor. When he is tired, he stares at the painting secretly. Whenever he takes the tiny postcard with the painting out of his desk, no one notices. Its transparency washes out his stress. He then feels comfortable, even in his hard, cold chair. He feels as though a light has been lit in his body. The light flicks on like the tiny fire of a match, and then glows. It happens in a brief second. Then he feels that he is on the canals of Venice, being rocked in a boat. He sees the leaves fall and disturb the water. The sun is shining, making the dull water almost translucent. Just then, someone calls out his name. He turns with a smile and turns back again. Again someone calls out his name. This time he answers. Someone touches his shoulder. Suddenly the images melt, and their resemblance is nowhere to be seen. The secretary's voice is always clear, and he realizes that he is back in the room that is his office. He sighs and answers, "Yes." The postcard is now hidden in his desk, under the document.

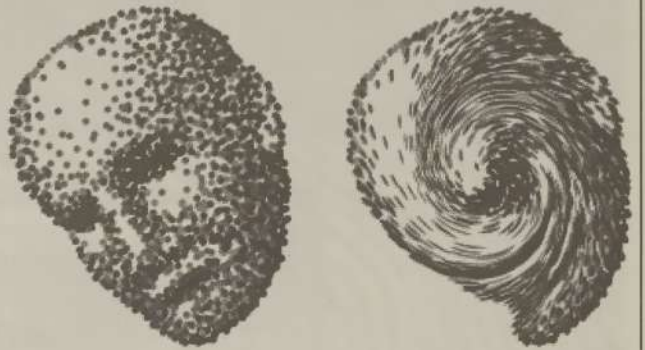
By Dorothy Frew

YET

His liquid brown eyes pull me in
I almost drown in their near-onyx depths
His sweet smile can bring me close to tears
Because I alone can see the melancholy it sometimes hides
Unlike most of the world, he can read me like a book
While others see me laughing, he sees me crying inside
He indulges my infantile compulsions
Giving me a bewildered look, but going along with it
He understands my natural reticence
He draws me out without pressure or fear
He soothes my hurts with a gentle touch
Softens my pain with a gentle word
When he cries, my insides twist in agony
I seek solace in a darkened corner, crying for his pain
My heart aches for the trials he has endured
But I'm thankful he had the strength to continue on
He is my heart's twin, my mind's reflection
My kindred spirit, my soul's mate
He just doesn't know it - yet

By Cori Kargel

This is a test of the RHAPSODY broadcasting system. The publishers in your area, in voluntary cooperation with federal, state and local authorities, have developed this system to keep you informed in the event of artistry. If this had been an actual emergency, we would have been long-gone by now. We hope you have enjoyed this episode of RHAPSODY. If it in any way twangs upon your uppermost creativity bone, then you are invited to participate next year. Drop a line to Chad Patteson of *The Clackamas Print newspaper*, B104, ext. 2309.



I'M GONNA LOVE YOU -

I'm gonna love you
for the rest of my life
I love the way you look
and how you make me feel inside
I'm gonna love you
for the rest of my life
No matter what the cost
or if it tears me up inside

Because you are the one
that I will pledge my life to
Because you are the one
that I will pledge my love to now

I'm gonna love you
for the rest of my life
Everytime I dream of you
a fire's burnin' deep inside
I'm gonna love you
for the rest of my life
Everytime I look at you
everything just melts inside

Because you are the one
that I will pledge my life to
Because you are the one
that I will pledge my love to now

By Shea MacLeod

REFLECTIONS

The Zen garden sits on the coffee table. People's thoughts visibly acted out. The rake's fingers drawn through the sand, the hidden self revealed, a poem in silent motion.

The sewing machine comforted by her surroundings, the thread from her soul, reaches in spirit to the quilt pieced by her rhythm, adds beauty and warmth to the gallery of her creations.

The bread machine, shiny and white, holds the comfort food that has brought families together since the beginning of time. They are drawn together by the sweet aroma that will linger in the air like the shared energy among lovers.

The candles are clustered together to provide the warm glow between a man and a woman sharing an intimate moment. Whispering flames lift higher, exciting the lovers with images of erotic dancers.

By Debra Jones