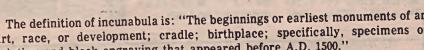


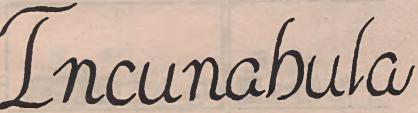
A square of sunshine on the floor Assures me that the world has grace. No kindly sight consoles me more Than a square of sunshine on the floor. Its gentle warming gold restores To me some hope for the human race. A aquare of sunshine on the floor Assures me that the world has grace.

Sally Jordan



encouragement and support for students with all degrees of experience who desire to find and give form to their world through literature, music and the

Incunabula's primary concern is to publish one or two issues per school year. We print prose, poetry, musical compositions and art work such as photographs, silk screens, etchings, woodcuts, and pen and ink drawings. Submissions are welcome at anytime, in fact the sooner the better so editing can begin, but the deadlines for publication will be widely publicized. Turn your submissions in to any staff member or put them in the Incunabula box beside the Registrar's office in Main Hall.



To make our work easier and more efficient, all submissions should be ac-

Incunabula also hopes to encourage interest in the arts by sponsoring poetry readings and workshops, art shows, a readers theater, and reports from interesting independent projects done during regular semester or January term. During the year we also plan to celebrate the birthdays of a writer, a composer, and an artist with lectures and other festivities. Shakespeare will be our feature author this year and we are working toward an Elizabethan celebration of his

year whether as a member of the staff, a contributor, or a reader. A regular meeting time will soon be announced so you can attend our meetings. We have a real need for all types of workers so whatever your experience there will be a place and job for you. If you have any questions or suggestions contact Lynnette Delbridge, Editor, 201 Strong or Fran Johnson, Business Manager, 224 Gramley.

Regardless of our success printing a magazine or sponsoring events, we want to help encourage the attitude at Salem that the arts are not a dusty, stale antique relic but a vital and vibrant expression of life regardless of its age or form. We want to bring together people interested in the arts so they can build a warm supportive atmosphere like a cradle, protecting and nurturing the growth of new

Lynnette Delbridge, Editor

The definition of incunabula is: "The beginnings or earliest monuments of an art, race, or development; cradle; birthplace; specifically, specimens of printing and block engraving that appeared before A.D. 1500.

Incunabula is a magazine and an organization which hopes to provide warm visual arts.

Incunabula

companied by a cover sheet with your name, campus address and telephone number. Prose and poetry submissions need to be typed or written in ink, preferably with one poem per page, depending on length, with titles clearly marked. For the best reproduction possible, musical compositions should be written in black ink. Unfortunately, our budget does not allow for color printing, so all photographs and art work submitted must be in black and white. (The new Salem College calendar is a good example of the type art work suitable for black and white production.) The printer has requested that there be no marks on writing on the back of photographs or other art work so please clip or attach a label to it. We hope that whatever your involvement with our organization you will enjoy reading our magazine and will let our contributors know how you respond to their work.

birthday on April 23. Whatever your interests and tastes we hope you will enjoy Incunabula this

ideas and their expression.



White birch and black sky Raindrop embroidered limbs which Shine through soft lamplight

Lynnette Delbridge

UNTITLED

They found her body floating in the river like a day-old magnolia in a crystal dish.

She took her life they said. They'll never understand poor word choice She didn't take her life - she gave it to spare us the pain of age.

Martha Walker



untitled, Hannah Haines

REPOSE

Milk into a bowl the white cat fills your lap;

for your portrait I would have your brown waves flood the pale green shoulders of your dress:

lift your eyes.

Hannah Haines



untitled, Laura Mueller

LA CHATTE

The cat walks in.

Behind her presence drawn like fog upon the evening the tail fans its felinity into each corner and the room possessed

the cat walks out.

Hannah Haines



untitled, Kate Wallace

THE SUN A'LIGHTS

She flings her locks of golden curls

She swiftly runs among the trees

Twinkles briefly then is gone.

Not unlike the rain, it pours.

Not the faded bluebird's cry

With flowing dress. Upon the breeze The bluebird's song, its silver tone,

She stops, and down the valley soars In eagerness. Shadow dims a glowing smile Like blessed sorrow in disguise. Yet,

She then sails upward, heaven bound Through branches, leaves, clouds. The wind, her cousin, on her brow

Weaves puzzled mists of dainty shrouds.

Small lights appear in the darkened sky.

As it follows footsteps, young but worn.

into night she chases the golden unicorn.

Nancy Evans

Gaining strength, she comes unnoticed. And as she moves the day unfurls.

Upon the earth. And rising,

UNTITLED

The wind moves me-Like the touch of your hand, and purple black mountains To dream of timeless nights which merge slyly into translucent dawns. In solemn, silent communion with its almost holy whisper, The sham and mockery of human machinations Slip imperceptibly from my soul, And its unhesitant gusts lay bare a place within me which is still good. And I am grateful. . .

Kate Wallace