

MIRAGE

No. 5

Summer, 1962

VOLUME ONE

"The Amateur Magazine of Fantasy"

JACK L. CHALKER, editor

NUMBER FIVE

I do not know if it ever existed--
That lost world floating dimly on Time's stream--
And yet I see it often, violet-misted,
And shimmering at the back of some vague dream.
There were strange towers and curious lapping rivers,
Labyrinths of wonder, and low vaults of light,
And bough-crossed skies of flame, like that which quivers
Wistfully, just before a winter's night.

Great moors led off to sedgy shores unpeopled,
Where vast birds wheeled, while on a windswept hill
There was a village, ancient and white-steeped,
With evening chimes for which I listen still.
I do not know what land it is--or dare
Ask when or why I was, or will be, there.

.....H.P. Lovecraft*

contents...

cover by Dave Prosser

- OVER THE EDGE (editorials) = page 4
- MOTHER OF DARKNESS (fiction) by John Pesta - P. 8
- NOTES ON STURGEON (article) by David H. Keller, M.D. - P. 14
- THE QUEST OF IRANON (fiction) by H.P. Lovecraft - P. 18
- CLARK ASHTON SMITH: a portrait in art - P. 21
a portrait in words, by George Haas - 22
- THE GNOME PRESS CHECKLIST, compiled by Martin Greenberg - 38
- HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT: POETIC TRIBUTES, compiled by
John E. Vetter - 42
- HINDSIGHT; (lettercolumn)
- THE BOOKSHELF - page 50
- VERSE:
- The Disillusionment - C. Jon DeCles--15
- Malignant Love - John E. Vetter--20
- The Old Water-Wheel - Clark Ashton Smith--37
- The Usufruct Mortuary - Thomas B. Haughey--41
- Missile War - Thomas B. Haughey--41
- The Witch of Sherwood Forest - John E. Vetter--45

Interiors by Prosser, Southwails, and Jacobs

MARY-61

THE OLD WATER-WHEEL

by Clark Ashton Smith *

Often, on homeward ways, I come
To a deserted orchard, old and lone,
Unplowed, untrod, with wildling grasses grown
Through rows of pear and plum.

There, in a never-coasting round,
In the slow stream, by noon, by night, by dawn,
An ancient, hidden water-wheel turns on
With a sad reiterant sound.

Most eerily it comes and dies,
And comes again, while on the horizon's breast
The ruby of Antares seems to rest,
Fallen from star-fraught skies:

A dolent, drear, complaining note
Whose all-monotonous cadence haunts the air
Like the recurrent moan of a despair
Some heart has learned by rote;

Heavy, and ill to hear, for one
Within whose breast, today, tonight, tomorrow,
Like the old wheel, an ancient, darkling sorrow,
Turns and is never done.

"The Old Water-Whool" is reprinted from THE DARK CHATEAU, p. 30,
by the permission of Arkham House and the estate of Clark Ashton Smith; poem copyright
© 1951 by Clark Ashton Smith.