

# ERGO-EGO



BEING —  
THE  
COLLECTED  
WORKS OF  
MOORCOCK  
rejected by a  
dozen of the  
best publishers  
and containing

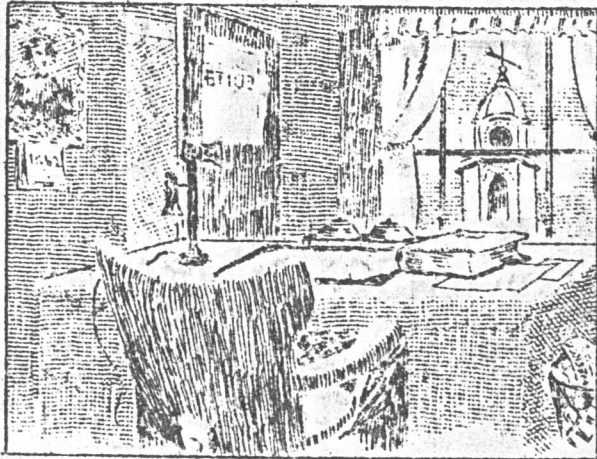
POEMS, STORIES  
and  
BELLES LETTRES

from the pen of  
a Master  
Plagiarist &  
Professional  
Dilettante.

Dedicated to  
Miss Hilary  
Dailey and  
embellished  
with many fine  
stylus engravings  
by Mr.  
James Cawthorn  
Gracefully  
Roneoed by Mr.  
Alan Dodd who  
kindly supplied  
the materials.  
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John Greasey's

# OLD STAND



A CHAT

with

# THE EDITER

Dear 'Reader',

HERE I AM again, sitting once more at my 'Editorial Desk' (as it is called) after three year's travelling (have you missed me?) round 'all parts of the free world' in order to gather experience so that I can titilate your 'palates' with more of those stories of my marvellous 'journeyings' (as they are known) making new friends, meeting old in all parts of the 'free world' although I mean of course free world not 'free' word if you got that inference because we here at John Greasey's Old Stand never put a feet out of plaiice.

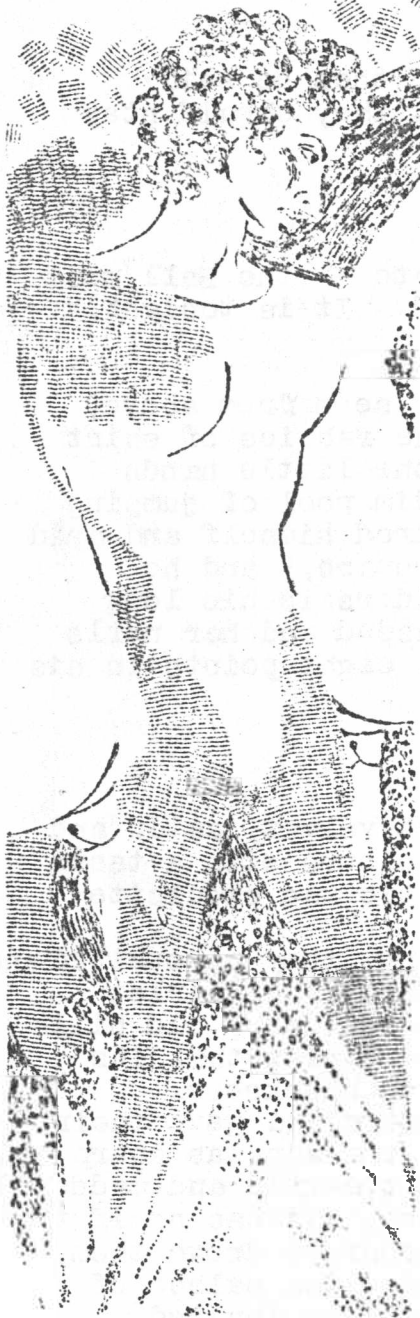
AS I look out from my charming 'Edwardian' house in Hammersmith W. I see every morning the rolling scarlet clouds piling their sweeping way across a ghost-grey sky in high shades of mauve. Ah! England. Could we but still hear the clack of handoms on London's old cobbles and the clink as a Street Arab fails to catch a carelessly flung golden sovereign. But those dear dead days are not completely lost for 'The Old Stand stands firm' (as they say) -- a Bastion of Sanity against style and originality.

Yes, dear 'reader', John Greasey is with you, in heart if not in mind, and 'all's right with the world' (as it were). So remember to think of those who are not so fortunate as you and buy them a subscription because although we publish many advertisements they are all our own. Fear not! We will continue, partly because we love comfortable old English writing which, as you have mentioned in your many letters, achieves a wonderfully consistent standard of mediocrity, but mainly because it gives John Greasey (John Greasey!) the chance to put his name on every page at least once. After all, he owns the thing.

Your smiling chum,

©

# The Ball



THREADED GOLD LACED through the hard silk blue, the cerise and soft yellow of the Chinese brocade jacket which Abrun draped around his shivering shoulders as he walked, trembling, towards the high, old chair wherein sat Helar his betrothed. There was no speed to the scene and both were reluctant to speak, but Abrun said, as he slowly reached her: "I hesitate...

"I hesitate to appear chauvinistic, Helar, but it is that the palace of Count Imesh lies in a foreign valley and, as I love you, some awareness of my distaste must be yours."

"The Ball," said Helar from the rich lips in her delicate head, "calls us. We must go in spite of bias and ill-health."

"But, brilliant Helar, my lungs -- I cannot help my lungs."

"That is the disgusting thing about sick people; they cannot help it."

"You allow me no self-pity, then?"

"None."

He accepted this unemotionally and was, at last acquiescent in spite of his superior intelligence.

Small and pale, his face was hung about with curling hair and his eyes were like black lozenges. Frowning, he tip-toed back across the shadowed room, draped with dark lace and tapestries and old portraits, the light turbulently issuing from candle-lanterns suspended from the far-away roof. He turned to observe her.

"Helar, I love you."

"And I you -- dearest, I do."

They stared, moved, at one another then he said: "Women are such lovely creatures that they should stay close together. So delicate..."

"And what of men?"

"Men, also, perhaps -- but I deviate -- the Ball must be attended, you have made up my mind. It is tonight."

Then they were two distant figures seen from above, tiny, yet perfect in every detail, the fabrics of shirt and gown, the white skin, the lips, the little hands gesturing so gracefully, alive in a dim pool of jumping light and shadow. He hurriedly captured himself and said from his mouth: "Quickly, we must prepare," and he bounded at her, seized her soft shoulders in his long fingers and kissed her so that she gasped and her nails tugged in the silk of his thin shirt, eight points in his shuddering back.

SO THEY ARRAYED themselves in best velvet, satin and lace and great flowing bows of dark colours with a taste in their texture and a bouquet of exotic and exquisite beauty.

Hands held, soft skin tingling, they pirouetted and raced away into the smoking night towards the scarlet horizon glowing far away over the tops of deep, old hills that were covered in carpets of moss so green that its colour came to them through the flowing blackness.

The ground received them and gave their feet speed on its springy surface and the air was sharp and mellow, warm and exhilarating beneath the wild and maddened sky that fled into the scarlet distance. It was as if the delicious pain of invisible scourges drove them, so fast did they run to the valley and the palace of Count Imesh to whose Ball they were invited.

"Abrun," she cried as they ran,  
"look -- look to the West and the big hill. Do you see  
a horse, my love? Is it the horse that goes nowhere,  
my rarity?"

He looked to the West and the big hill. A-top it  
was the horse, the great wide white horse that reared,  
shrieking and with eyes of pain, so wide. Then it bucked,  
kicking its feet behind it and neighed. But it went nowhere.

God!

Then how it burst with a  
tornado of noise and sent  
its blood, flower-tide, in  
a foam of spreading red, to  
join the horizon.

For a moment there was a face  
in the flaming blood, a face that  
leered at them.

They feared for an instant and then, laughing, the lovers  
ran on towards a tree of dripping fruit which sent a  
light, purple rain from its boughs and was innocent;  
so since they were aware of this, they picked  
the wet fruit and drank its nectar until  
their bodies burned and, with howling  
senses, at last came to the tall  
palace that seemed built of  
the thinnest china, tinted with blue, and  
rose-pink and  
yellow  
with deeper, darker membranes of more ominous  
colours, such as black.

"Let us in," they cried, "for we have come to  
the Ball!"

But there was no one to open the gates, for the Count  
had deceived them and, since they could not go to the Ball,  
they could not return from it and eventually, huddled beneath  
the palace, died from hunger as Count Imesh had planned.

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# The failure

THEY POINTED HIM out to me in the bar.

"That's Alf Warris who once left a child on the steps of a Public Library and has ever since been trying to produce a great children's magazine," they said.

I was hardly interested. He looked like an unfrocked policeman standing there self-consciously with his glass of Light Ale and his stiff blue suit which he wore with unpracticed ease.

"He's Managing Editor at Flashway Publications," they told me, "and parochially infamous, as it were."

"Really?" I held up my wine and looked at the mirror through it.

"Uncouth, uneducated and unmannered," they said, "and what's more -- an embezzler!"

I was still not roused.

"He steals," they clarified, "from his firm. Pays himself for scripts never written. W. Trout, indeed -- the name he uses."

I lifted an eyebrow. "He must at any rate be clever."

"Cunning," they said, "not clever -- cunning."

They had no good word for him. I pitied him -- as much, of course, as one can pity the dead.

In my charitable way, I went to speak to him.

"Once," he told me hopefully, "I could have been Mr. Universe. They would have admired me, then. As it is..."

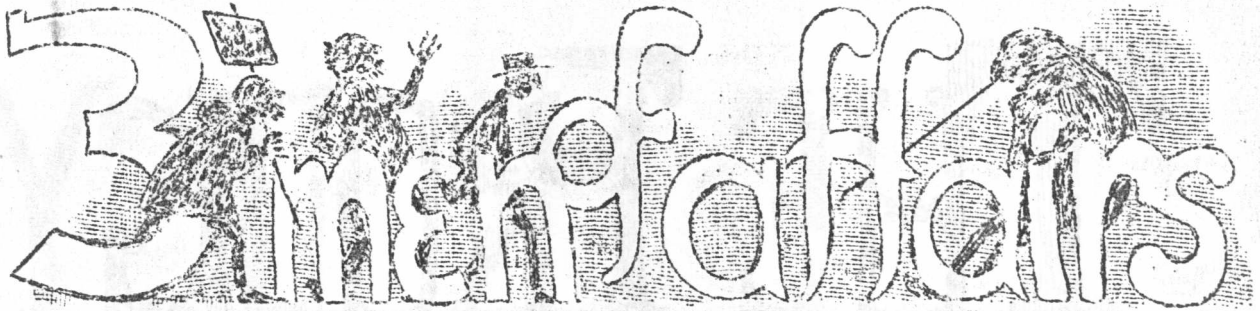
"As it is," I said sympathetically, "you feel insecure."

"Not at all," he bridled. "Not at all. I'm a good commercial magazine producer. One day I shall launch a success and will become famous. You'll see."

I sighed: "Another drink?"

"Won't say no," he said, "will I?"

# Men of Affairs



I MUST ADMIT I lounged a little, scarcely elegant as I greeted, morosely, my friends. They entered in a group -- Turnbull, the H-Bomb Marcher who once marched all the way from John O'Groats to London by taxi, Carter of the British Museum and Facey, the animal-portraitist whose exhibition received warm praise last season in 'Dog Lover' and 'Pony World'. All eminent men of affairs with their fingers on the pulse of society but, frankly, that night I was not pleased to see them. I told them my position which they accepted cheerfully and insisted on buying me wine oby-jobies which I sipped petulantly, with pretended reluctance.

It was my friend Mulligatawny's problem which was troubling me, you see. His marriage was not working out. This was a pity, for Mulligatawny and his lady wife Jane are both charming people. Of course, Mulligatawny is not his real name. His real name was Gerald Soup, but you can't get married on a name like that, so he changed it, for the sake of Jane's family if the truth be told.

Facey said to me: "The crux of the whole thing, Moorcock old man, is Mulligatawny's damned laziness. Jane's annoyed, understandably."

"Mulligatawny's a nice chap all right," Carter put in, "A superb talker and his wit flows, but he will not apply himself."

"That's it, sure enough," Turnbull yawned, "I remember him on the last March."

"This isn't solving anything," Carter murmured, ordering another round with a gesture of his stumpy hand.

"I am not really prepared to discuss it," I said with carefully simulated purposefulness.

And would you believe it? They didn't.

They may be awfully fine people, but they can ruin a man's evening.

# THE PRODIGY

HIS HEAD LOOMED shining between two immense breakwaters of hair. His painfully propped face was sagging in places and he looked very sad.

I approached him in a jolly fashion, almost hastily. "What a to-do," I said.

"Indeed," he agreed, "It is."

We regarded one another with mutual sympathy.

"I wrote five novels last week," he said sorrowfully.

"Five ? Quality, surely, sacrificed for..."

"Quantity ? No, Moorcock, not at all. I believe I can produce good books as fast as I can write them. This business of forcing out prose by the inch instead of the yard is ridiculous. Inspiration is a word lazy men use. I -- am a realist. Yes, a realist."

"Admirable," said I, "but you surely cannot be realistic in regard to certain aspects of life and art which, if looked at realistically would be either terribly dull or else non-existent. What don't you believe in ? That is the thing you should dedicate your life to serving."

He looked relieved. "Ah, well that's easy -- I am already doing it."

"Why ?" I said, "What is it you can't believe in ?"

"Myself," said he, "That's the truth," and went away mumbling, "I wrote five novels this week," he said as he disappeared, "that makes seven-hundred altogether. At this rate I can have a thousand finished within two years."

I watched him, smiling, as he went. He's an awfully nice chap. I have read all his novels and think the plot and character terribly interesting.





F R A G M E N T, 1956

THERE IS A story in the Eastern lands which tells of a young scarlet clad archer who journeyed to the court of a great King. Now this King dwelt in a palace of white marble, faced with gold, and the whole city was of marble and basalt and bluestone. It was a shining city, of marvels.

The young archer was not afraid and he went into the king's great audience chamber where the ruler sat, hearing the people and dispensing justice; for the king was a wise man.

"Oh, great King," he called in a high voice, "Why is your word Law, even though you are wise and thought just?"

And the king replied: "My word is Law for I am the king."

The young archer persisted and said: "Why, then, are you the king?"

The king answered: "I am King by the Will of Heaven." But this did not satisfy the scarlet clad youth and he said: "And why did Heaven will it?"

"That I cannot answer," replied the king.

"Then how do you know Heaven's will?"

"Because I am the king," said the king.

And the young archer went away from the city, pondering on the strangeness of things.

## MOORCOCK'S ADVICE TO THE YOUNG

It's safer to be a mediocrity  
than a failure.

Truth should always be sacrificed for cleverness  
-- and cleverness for an immediate reaction.

Sell steel -- buy oil.

## THE POETRY

We spend long hours in eating food,  
It rarely does us any good.  
Consider now the mighty whales,  
They never eats, they just inhales.

## THE LITERARY CRITICISM

I write better stories than Barry  
Bayley does.

## THE PHILOSOPHICAL WRITINGS

Descartes didn't think.  
Plato stinks. Nietzsche was not God.

## THE CORRESPONDENCE

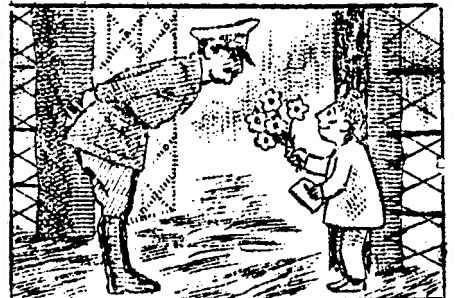
Dear freind,

I inclos somthing which mighte  
intrest yourself I am keping the  
neggatifs untill you pay £5 (five  
pound) for them.

A welwishur

- Advertisement -

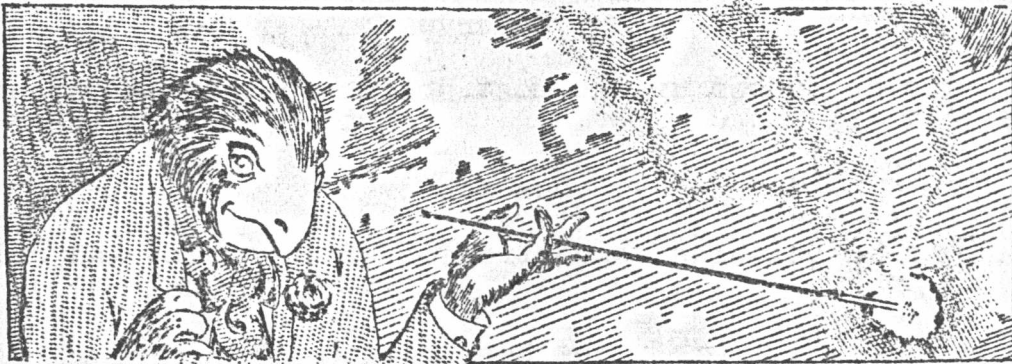
HITLER HAS BEEN MALIGNED!  
NOW A GIRL REVEALS THE TRUTH  
Get --  
"QUIET DAYS IN AUSCHWITZ":  
by Aryana Spell ('I was there')  
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(Great Britain), Princedale Rd.



MOORCOCK -- The Unpublished Writings.

VIVE MOORCOCK (Paris 1958)  
C'EST MOI!!! (Paris 1959)  
ICH LIEBER MOORCOCK (Berlin 1960)  
MOORCOCK WAS HERE! (Oxford 1961)  
JAG LOVE MOORCK COORK (Stockholm 1961)  
JAG AR FANTASTIK! (Uppsala 1961)  
JE SUIS MAGNIFIQUE (Bruxelles 1961)  
BUMM (Norbury 1962)

(How rightly he has been dubbed 'The Magnificent'  
-- Author)



MOORCOCK -- A Note To His Readers

ERGO EGO is, naturally enough, limited. Limited in scope, vocabulary and intellect. It is also limited in copies and is being sent to friends who might enjoy it for what it's worth and others. I have dug at things and people in one or two places and my reasons for this are many. THE NEW STRAND could be improved, I think its present staff could improve it, this I feel mildly. Two other pieces are felt rather more than mildly but this will only be obvious to a few. The rest was done for my entertainment and if it doesn't entertain you, that's your problem -- you will, I'm sure, like the illustrations, anyway. Nothing herein is meant to be taken earnestly, he said earnestly.

Mike Moorcock.

Michael Moorcock, journalist and author, is 22, the author of NOTES TO YOUNG PLAGIARISTS, HOW TO COMMIT PROFESSIONAL SUICIDE IN THREE LESSONS, TEN ESSAYS IN VICIOUS LIBEL, HOW I BEAT A PURGATORY RAP and other works of sociology and philosophy. He is primarily known for his best-selling book THE ART OF THE BEGGING LETTER and his unfinished essay ONE DAY I SHALL BE RICH. Its unfinished sequel I'VE SEEN BETTER DAYS, YOU KNOW is currently in preparation.

-- Editor.

RECOMMENDATION

# MERVYN PEAKE

is

'Certainly Britain's greatest living fantasist.'  
(Moorcock)

can

'Annihilate the dimensions' (Charles Morgan)

deserves

'To be judged by the most solemn aesthetical standards'  
(Emrys Humphreys)

has achieved

'An astonishing concentration of invention and colour'  
(Lionel Hale)

and has written

'An authentic work of art' (Maurice Collins)

The 'Titus' trilogy:

TITUS GROAN

GORMENGHAST

TITUS ALONE

BOY IN DARKNESS

and

MR. PYE

are his novels. He has also written verse (SHAPES AND SOUNDS, THE GLASSBLOWERS etc.) designed stage sets (THE INSECT PLAY) is a playwright (THE WIT TO WOO) and a children's author (LETTERS FROM A LOST UNCLE etc.) Has illustred magnificently many Fine Editions (ANCIENT MARINER, THE QUEST FOR SITA, ALICE IN WONDERLAND etc.) is a perceptive portraitist (see books of drawings including THE DRAWINGS OF MERVYN PEAKE and THE ART OF THE LEAD PENCIL etc.) Many of his books are now O/P and collectors offer vast sums (see ads. in CLIQUE)

You, however, can get --

))))))

THE RHYME OF THE FLYING BOMB

((((((((

which J. H. DENT will be publishing in  
Spring 1962. Illustrated by the author.