

July 3 1964

Dear Jan,

What can I say, and how could I say it in a style which could even remotely compare to yours.

You must realise of course that the happiest moments in a "senior citizen's" life are when he, as you put it, "believes his fantasies", or, again your quote, "escape altogether into the twilight of illusions". But what else is there? The realities in all their ugliness?

You know as well as I do that unless a man is purely physical, the anticipations, and remembering of these same anticipations, and not the occurrences, are the best and frankly the only moments of pure happiness. And that applies to most and not only one, human activities. Life is in fact made up of illusions and deceptions, and were it not for the anticipations, the fantasies and illusions who would want to live.

You have me perfectly labelled. Crankishness, mood-swings and the like. I do not, and I realise that you did not intend that I should, feel belittled by these adjectives. I do not like the word schitzo, but that also I accept. In other words I am slightly disturbed. So what? I know it, you know it, and many others know it. My trouble is that I am trying to think, to dissect my emotions and feelings, and I do not have the mental baggage to make a thorough job of it, and I wish that I would take things as they come, and be completely normal, but what can I do. And who indeed is qualified to judge me.

Another label which I merit is that being the apologetic type. Perhaps I derive some perverted fun out of it, but I do not think so. This insane need to apologize when ever I feel that I have done, or thought, or spoken wrongly on any subject to any one. That my friend is of course a terrible weakness. Not one man in a million will find it in his make up ~~up~~ to to recognise his own faults or guilts. Man's inborn vanity is of course responsible for this inability to accept one's intellectual or physical level as it is, and in fact, is an armor to protect one's high opinion of one self. Let us face it, a large majority of men, and of course women suffer from a large dose of inferiority complex. And this inferiority complex, which few people recognise, demands that each victim constantly inflates his own ego, so as to keep on convincing himself or herself of his or her superiority, for fear that otherwise the contrary be too obvious. In fact, this inferiority complex has collective aspects, since it affects not only ~~individuals~~ individuals, but groups ethnical or otherwise, ~~with~~ nations and whole races as well. There ~~is~~ is no other explanation for men's behavior, individually and collectively. That is the only explanation for wars, religions, and all the way down the line to the simple "right or wrong, my team" Humans afflicted with this need of superiority find it impossible to lower themselves to a simple admission of being ever in error, in any way that you care to think about. This in their mind would equate an admission of inferiority. And that could never do.

This long and no doubt nebulous paragraph merely to explain myself as a freak, because I am always feeling guilty of something or other, and forever apologising. Which to my mind proves that I am indeed suspicious since I do not behave at all times according to the dictates of convention. And there you have it.

And since you mention it, I assure you that I do not feel ashamed of all those (and many others that you have not heard) earthy lusty songs, but merely apologetic because many people have judged me by them. It is not escapism or self sublimation which induces me to sing them. I like their earthiness too, and the way they swing, and the uninhibited, sorry, uninhibited meanings. But mostly because they can be excellent for group singing. ~~Humina~~

Also, they bring memories, of very unhappy periods of my life which as a rule will bore my listeners. Many are merely drinking or marching songs acquired during my over seven years in the French army, but a great many also, the best, are connected with my 90 days incarceration in one of the worse, if not the worse, military prisons in France. My reasons for being there are not important, merely a justification for some higher up. But in that dark, musty and humid basement at Fort St Jean (Marseille) a bunch of us, eaten alive by bed bugs, had no other escape but jokes and songs. Bat d'Afs, Biribis, Legionnaires, or simple protesters, Insoumis and desertteurs, the scum, or possibly the cream of the French Army, ~~thrown~~ thrown together in a ~~final~~ fraternity of suffering, injustice and dirt, if you allow me this chesnut.

Well, that is all for the nonce. Have a nice holiday too. I hoped to be able to go to Paris and London in October, but it may be that instead I may have to be opened again to extirpate a stone which got inside one of my ducts. Never a dull moment. Over



My love to boffe of youse. and as a parting shot the following.

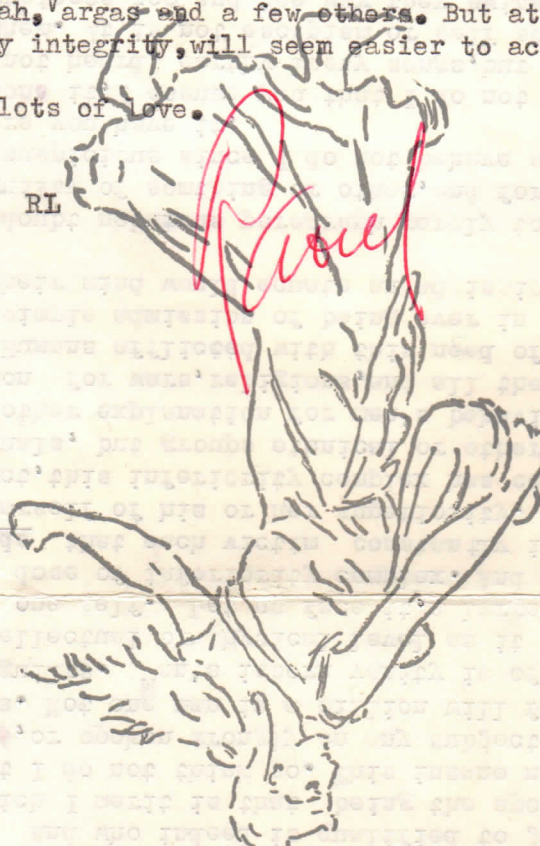
I quote from the ASDA Bulletin:

"Mr Vittorio Lo Bianco of Rome ( a dealer specialist in Italian stamps) has been received in private audience by His Holiness Pope Paul IV. During his visit to the Vatican, which took place on April 28th. Mr Lo Bianco asked the Holy Father for the Apostolic Blessing on all philatelists of the World. His request has been granted and so this high distinction has been bestowed on all philatelists, dealers, collectors and scholars". End of quote.

I feel so much better, although it grieves me to be placed on the same level with Mrs Queroy, Stephann, athoulah, Vargas and a few others. But at least, the calomnies uttered by the above upon my integrity, will seem easier to accept.

Again, lots of love.

RL



My explosion about inferiority complex does not of course, and I hope that you realise apply to you. I am merely generalising to explain my own lack of it. You sir, are not afflicted with it. You have everything, so that you do not need to convince yourself in your own eyes. After reading my letter, I had to add this little paragraph.

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