

LFP/032/0015/5

19.10.59

### The Envelope

{The letter was placed in a hospital envelope with all the instructions on it, to be given to Johnny Sachs to deliver to me (Sadie)}

This for SADIE FORMAN my wife. To be delivered (not posted) to her at once please, but only if the operation does not succeed.

DR. SACHS or Mr. Sachs, the student could take it.

(On the back of the envelope he wrote an extra piece following on the letter.)

P.S. Perhaps they could say he tried" Perhaps but they can say that "he asked that it be said the he tried."

All my love again my dearest one and only. And remember, NO MOURNING.  
Love again, Lionel



## The Letter

19/10/59

6.30 a.m.

My darling Sadie,

If this doesn't come off you're not to mourn for me. I'm going in without the slightest fear of death and if I die it will mean nothing at all, will not hurt me at, all) except in the thought that it will hurt you.

I want your life to go on happily as quickly as can be. You're a wonderful person my darling and I want you to marry again and lead a full life. (But you're a bit of a sucker remember, so be very very careful who you marry. You can marry a real nice bloke – don't marry a chappie who is not a really fine bloke.

I want the children not to be taken to any funeral service, nor should you go to one. And if there is any meeting of friends what<sup>5</sup> I want said there clearly and unequivocally is: "All his adult life he tried to be a good communist".

I want that in New Age too in the death notice: "All his life he strove to be a good Communist". There is nothing illegal about that if you introduce it by saying that that is what I wanted said – it doesn't mean New Age is endorsing that illethal wish.

Sadie my love, if you must be sad be sad quickly so get it over with completely. Go out, have an entertaining time, get rid of your unhappiness – if you really want to respect a dying wish that is the wish.

KARLIE MY BOY. LOOK AFTER YOUR MOMMY. JUST AS IF YOU WERE A DADDY. DADDY HAS GONE AWAY AND ONE DAY A NEW DADDY MAY COME.

Karlie, Frankie and little Sara, are, thank goodness, too young to be really hit. Don't try to impress them with the "solemnity" of the occasion – let them help you to realize that all this mysticism about death, all this awe of it, all the ritual of mourning is a lot of crap and that dancing at a funeral is a good idea.

Don't worry too much about the economic side. Our cheque from my mom will come to you for another year and tide you over, and my gather will not permit you to go in want.

I want to write more my darling. I want to write a similar note also to my father and hope to do a special one for Karl and Frank and Sara, but they have given



me some confounded tablets and I am having to fight an overwhelming sleepiness (as you can see).

Remember though, \*Now I am legally as safe as houses I want it trumpeted from the housetops, Lionel Forman believed in Communism for South Africa with a burning passion to the day he died, and in all his adult years that passion never once diminished. \*

---

All my love my darling loves. All my love to all.

Some bits may be found useful in my history notes but I am afraid I couldn't get it into form and some of it is the most awfully superficial and badly written stuff. – Still if there is someone really able – maybe Kurt (Kurt) some usefulness may come of it.

REMEMBER SADIE my love, NO MOURNINGS, NO WEEPINGS. Have a good cry and wash it out. I was never in pain, I didn't suffer, I was never afraid, and if not for the operation I would have died anyway.

The wording should also be – he died in spite of attempts to save him by the cardiac team at Groote Schuur.

Please phone Barnard to tell him we understand absolutely no blame attaches to them and we deeply appreciate their wonderful efforts.

No, I'm sorry I can't fight this confounded drug. I didn't want it because I am as calm as can be but they insisted.

My love to all. Tell the Treason Trial we'll achieve freedom in the life time of Karl Frank and Sara – an you Sadie – whether they like it or not..

Forward to the abolition of the colour bar – forward to Communism in South Africa.

My will is with Sam Kahn. It simply leaves all to you. No, I can't fight this any longer. My mind has stopped functioning.

All my love my one sweet darling. Forgive me for my queer mentality that prevented me from telling you as often as a husband should how deep my love for you is.

And remember, I have had no pain, no anxiety no worry. I am on the verge of sleep and death, a prospect which doesn't frighten me in the least. For me there is no need at all to mourn. I beg you not to mourn. If anyone looks askance at you when you go gadding about the dance floor and bioscope and things fun, tell



them your husband said you must and you always listen to him. No, my mind has gone to sleep. I hope you can read this.

Once again my one and only darling, don't mourn and don't let the children mourn. Show them my one or two best articles and let them remember my (face) (illegible).

Tell them they must have love for their fellowmen, they must exorcise all race prejudice and understand why it is abominable and they must try to understand why it is that justice can only be won for all men and the full free personality allowed to flower under communism and that the one way they can pay a small tribute to their old dad is by at least looking at the Marxist works and seeing if they appeal to them.

Again remember it must be in New Age – and if people talk about caution and high policy tell them to get stuffed. There is no danger to the paper from this. If they remember the death they must declare whether they like it or not. He tried to be a good communist, often he failed but he tried and his life was to bring.... No, it isn't the drug that's getting me, they've come for me

So – All my love my loves,

Lionel

(This letter was written to me at 6.30 a.m. on the 19<sup>th</sup> October 1959, three hours before Lionel Forman's fatal heart operation.)