

Katharine Weber

108 BEACON ROAD, BETHANY, CONNECTICUT 06524

April 23, 1993

Dear Harold,

I apologize for failing to keep up my end of the correspondence. My work is a swamp, and I have been devoting the past week to a detailed edit on Nick's major piece, about a fascinating and corrupt art dealer (down to 18,000 words from 35,000), for The New Yorker, which deadline was met, today. (They're sitting on a piece of mine, and have just turned down another, an imaginary interview with Philip Roth.) And I'm trying to work on my novel. And my grandmother's estate is a major drain, as always. But enough complaining. Harpercollins has now checked in, making a total of five publishers begging to see my completed novel. It's a bit daunting. I really do hope to finish, or make a good stab at it, in Ireland, alone, next month. (I've told you we have a small cottage on the coast of Cork?)

I wanted to let you know that having applied to the FBI a few months back for Sidney's files, they have written to me advising that I will have to pay \$70 in copying costs, as the file runs over 800 pages. That seems like a lot of pages, and I can't wait to read them. Surely they're not all about your visits to Forest Hills?

I had to laugh that you didn't know who Beatrice Rosenfeld is/was...does the name Beatrice Buchman ring a bell? Sidney became involved with her in Hollywood in 1936, around the time of Ernst Toller (whose literary rights Sidney's estate owns, because he seems to have swindled them away from Toller's widow, with whom he had an affair in the 1950s...) Beatrice was married then to Sidney Buchman, one of the Hollywood Ten. I have discovered (and discovered as a child, in the form of letters in the attic) lots of evidence suggesting that their alliance was alive and well through the time Sidney met and married my mother, and right through my own lifetime, until Sidney's death. She shared a space in his last office, and he introduced her to me several times with the phrase, "This is Beatrice.....She might have been your mother." When I say evidence I mean, beyond love letters and such, things like hotel receipts. It was truly an Affair. (A run-down inn and restaurant near us has a hilarious sign out front which reads, "Have Your Next Affair With Us!")

Now I've got to get back to work....Hoping this finds you both well. Spring is really here, I think.

Love -  
Katharine