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Dear Harold -

Thank you for your letter. I can't type this on my word processor because it's printing out cookie receipts for Charlotte's girl scout venture. She sold the most boxes in her troop (\$550. worth!) which will take some deliveing...

My story is actually a piece - chapter 3 - of the novel I'm finishing. I wish I could work on it consistently, but the death of my grandmother, Kay Swift, has robbed me of time as I labor over the mess of her estate. (Amusing British obit. + NY Times <sup>in the nov</sup> obit enclosed.) There are several publishers interested, and I have a very good agent, so the Nyer publicatn has had the desired effect.

I don't have a snippet of Nick and me

to send you — no one has taken one in  
a while. I must see to that. You can look  
at him in his author photo (taken by me) <sup>at the</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>page of</sup>  
his latest book, though — Patron Saints, by  
Nicholas Fox Weber, Knopf, 1992. I'm enclosing  
an old column of mine with a reasonable  
photo. (it ran weekly for 2 years.)

I'm curious: How did you meet my  
father? He remains an enigmatic figure to  
me. Brilliant, unknowable, highly moral, sociopathic,  
remote, passionate, full of anger, full of denials.  
Did you know he renounced me years before he  
died, and chose <sup>not</sup> to know his grandchildren, whom  
he never met? Did you know he took me out  
of his will within days of learning that I  
was pregnant with Lucy (five years into our  
16-year marriage)? It's quite tragic, all of it.  
In August-10 - July 30 — he'll have been dead  
for ten years... much love — Kately