

September 7, 1983

Dear Mr. Brokensha,

Thank you for your very gracious and interesting letter of last April, which you have no doubt long since forgotten. It has come with me from one resting place to another in the course of a rather nomadic spring and summer. I apologize for the rude delay in writing back to you.

Your praise for my work means the more to me as you read with a knowledge of Africa that is certainly deeper than my own. I was only able to spend six weeks there doing the initial research. I went back last June as a "script consultant" for a movie company and spent another month. Africa reveals itself so very, very slowly. It felt so presumptuous to try to write with authority about it, and simply to hear that the Kenyan section of the book wasn't idiotic is a relief.

The Danes are very reticent about claiming Dinesen, or even showing any interest in her. It seems a bit incredible that the staff at the hotel had never heard of her -- typical Danish wryness, perhaps -- a little of the Danske lune. It's nice you persevered. I hope you got to hear a nightingale for your troubles.

Again -- my apologies and my gratitude for your very warm response to Isak Dinesen.

Yours,

Judith Thurman