

kind of scholar, like his own Evelyn, who is as much the gifted amateur as the professional researcher.

Both these examples, within the family circle, show an admirable use of private resources for public benefit by men whose lives had early taken on a clear direction. Charles Brasch was different, because he was by instinct and temperament neither a businessman nor a scholar. From his schooldays he wanted to be an artist, but he deeply distrusted his own talent: for him, as for Hamlet in another intolerable dilemma, it was only by indirections that he could find directions out. There is perhaps a superficial parallel, in social and family terms, with the Beauchamp family in Wellington a generation before. Katherine Mansfield was that unlikely product, the born artist thrown up by a hard-headed, material-minded commercial family: she too was translated from a colonial setting to enjoy a rather superior education in England; it is a further coincidence that the only Beauchamp boy, the one marked out to continue the business connexion, was like Brasch sent to be a boarder at Waitaki under Frank Milner. But there is one very significant difference: even as a schoolgirl Kassie Beauchamp showed astonishing talent, throwing off a trail of sparks that impressed even her phlegmatic father, so that with whatever misgivings he stood behind her, was flattered by her early artistic success, and never lost a warm parental relationship. We don't know what Sir Harold Beauchamp's attitude might have been, if it had been his only son who wanted to become a writer, live dangerously among artists in foreign parts, and reject all the opportunities for a prosperous career that lay open to him.

*Indirections*, the long prose memoir of his early life up to the founding of *Landfall* in 1947, makes very clear just how strongly family pressures worked on the young Charles Brasch—they almost tore him apart. To Willi Fels, the genial tolerant grandfather who best understood him, he was the first grandson, the first-born of a favourite daughter. Helene Fels, a sensitive romantic young woman, had married Henry (Hyam) Brasch, a handsome self-confident lawyer from Melbourne determined to get on in the legal-business world of Dunedin. It was a true love match, and the two children, Charles and his sister Lesley, might have looked forward to as happy a childhood as the Beauchamp tribe at Karori or 'At the Bay'. But before Charles was five his mother fatally miscarried with a third child; from the conflicting details of just what had occurred the boy was left with an obscure feeling that his father was somehow to blame. Mr Brasch never remarried; he remained devoted to the memory of his dead wife, and fiercely ambitious for both his children; but something had gone wrong that was never to be fully healed between father and son. Henry