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2014

In Memoriam of Andrew Brown

Joanne Shattock
University of Leicester

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Shattock, Joanne, "In Memoriam of Andrew Brown" (2014). *The George Eliot Review*. 655.
<https://digitalcommons.unl.edu/ger/655>

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IN MEMORIAM

Andrew Brown (1950-2014)

Andrew Missak Cleverley Brown died peacefully at home on 21 January 2014, days short of his sixty-fourth birthday, and only months after his retirement from the position of Development Director for Academic Publishing at Cambridge University Press. He joined the Press as a Graduate Trainee in 1976, and over subsequent decades was influential in developing first the literary studies lists, then Humanities and Social Science more broadly, and finally the whole of Academic and Professional Publishing. While he had an extraordinary range of interests, his scholarly heartland was Victorian fiction: his Cambridge doctorate was on 'The Metaphysical Novels of Edward Bulwer Lytton' (1979), and of his subsequent publications, the most notable is his definitive edition of *Romola* for Oxford's Clarendon Edition of the novels of George Eliot (1993). A Cambridge person through and through, it was a source of pride to Andy that he should bring out a major scholarly work from a rival press. Certainly his adherence to the belief that the great university presses have a responsibility to support major scholarly editions served Cambridge well in many of the ventures now in train or brought to a successful conclusion.

I met Andy Brown in 1992, on his first visit to Australia. My colleague Judy Johnston and I were in the early stages of work on our edition of George Eliot's journals, while he was in the final stages of preparation of the Clarendon *Romola*. We were not at a loss for conversation, though I'm not sure how much talking I did. I certainly remember a vigorous discussion of the question of how far explanatory annotation in a scholarly edition ought to be pursued, the highlight being Andy's disquisition on a passage in *Romola* about the preparation of purple dye. I was to come to recognize the erudition and the eloquence he displayed as characteristic, along with the element of self-mockery that pervaded the utterance.

To clarify my memory after the lapse of time, I located the passage of twelve lines in the second paragraph of chapter xxxviii, concerning the derivation of the family name of Bernardo Rucellai, an historical figure who appears in the novel. The name 'Rucellai', George Eliot explains, comes from 'a little lichen, popularly named *orcella* or *roccella*, which grows on the rocks of Greek isles and in the Canaries' that when exposed to light 'under certain circumstances' gives out 'a reddish purple dye, very grateful to the eyes of men'. What is there to be said about this prime example of George Eliot's pedantry? The editor identifies her likely authority, and more. Andy's note depends from the phrase, 'under certain circumstances', and reads 'In his edn of *Marietta de' Ricci* (almost certainly GE's source) Luigi Passerini notes that to produce the dye the lichen had to be mixed with urine'. Provision of George Eliot's unexpected source for the information on marine biology (*Marietta de' Ricci*, 1841, is a novel by Agostino Adamello) creates an opportunity to include further detail from that source, not strictly relevant, but surely irresistibly indelicate. Did George Eliot herself hold back from explaining 'certain circumstances'? Andy raised the question in conversation, but left it implicit in his explanatory apparatus. My justification for labouring the point is that this small example is of a piece with innumerable other instances of Andy's elegant editorial decisions, deft exercise of critical judgment and potent scholarly argument.

I have been concentrating on Andy's scholarship and critical acumen, which came along with his wit and panache. When I chaffed him once about the blurb for the World's Classics edition of 1994, where he confrontationally but not inaccurately describes *Romola* as

'the most exotic and adventurous of George Eliot's novels', he admitted that he'd been sailing close to the wind. Incidentally, the World's Classic was not a nip-and-tuck job, but a complete revision. Andy completely overhauled the Explanatory Notes (including the lichen one) as well as stripping out the textual apparatus, and of course writing a different Introduction – a crisp 15 pages compared to the Clarendon's comprehensive 72. Obviously the two editions are directed to different audiences and had different briefs, yet this instance seems to me indicative of Andy's ability to get the measure of any context, in person or in print, and come in pitch perfect.

The Journals of George Eliot owes much to Andy's knowledgeable and sympathetic guidance, though there were times when we bemoaned his suggestion that we provide the bulk of the annotation by way of an explanatory index. We are not alone in such indebtedness. Christopher Pollnitz, of the University of Newcastle (on Hunter, New South Wales), similarly acknowledges Andy's encouragement at every stage of his work on the two volumes of D. H. Lawrence's *Poems* for the Cambridge Complete Edition. Chris remembers Andy as 'in his own words, an Australia tragic', among other things appreciative of the wines of the Hunter Valley, of bush gear like Akubras and Drizabones, and rural architecture, on which he 'discoursed so knowledgeably about likenesses and differences between Australian weatherboards and US clapboards'. Similarly, some of his photographs of Sydney revealed to me unfamiliar aspects of my home city, where on one visit he was able to organize a round of golf at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, and so strike an item off his wish list. It was Chris who shared a Saturday morning ocean swim after which 'Andy could not be prevailed on to put his top back on. His plan was to be burnt enough, when he went into the Edinburgh Building Monday morning, that his colleagues at the Press could not fail to notice'.

Chris Pollnitz and I are just two Australian members of Andy's worldwide circle of colleagues and friends and acquaintances. He embodied the most exacting traditions of scholarly publishing, along with a zest for innovation. It was typical that he should be quick to realize the possibilities of electronic media without embracing them uncritically. We have been privileged to know and be guided by so rare a talent.

Margaret Harris
University of Sydney

Andrew Brown (1950-2014). Publisher Extraordinary.

I first met Andrew Brown on the conference circuit in the early 1980s. As the recently appointed senior editor for literature at Cambridge University Press he was a regular presence at Victorian Studies conferences, wearing his Press hat, but unlike many other publishers, attending as a productive scholar in his own right. He got in touch with me in 1989 asking if he could come to Leicester to talk about a project he was contemplating, a new edition of the *Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature*, the nineteenth-century volume of which had been last updated under George Watson's editorship in 1969. I was intrigued by the prospect. I was equally surprised several days later to receive a phone message from his office to say that unfortunately Dr Brown had broken his arm in a cricket match at the weekend, and was unable to drive to Leicester. Would I mind coming to Cambridge instead?

I remember thinking, as he rose from his desk to greet me waving a large cast on his arm, that this was surely a very unusual publisher. I had no reason ever to change my mind in the years that followed. Andy, as he was known to friends and colleagues alike, had a gift for friendship, for scholarly conversation that was never stuffy, and for making one determined to do a good job. The *CBEL* (3) editorial meetings, as the new edition was referred to, were lengthy, often hilarious, and punctuated by breaks for Marks and Spencer sandwiches, purchased by Andy on the way to the Press, along with carefully selected wine. Bulwer Lytton, the subject of his PhD, was a constant point of reference, which, depending on whether you were a mediaevalist, a renaissance scholar or a Victorianist, was either incomprehensible, bemusing, or (sort of) helpful. When some years later I became an associate editor of the projected *ODNB* and found Bulwer Lytton in my block, I knew I had my contributor.

I saw less of Andy after 2002 when he became managing director of academic and professional publishing and his responsibilities at the Press grew. When I did bump into him, it was always refreshing to have his take on things, whether on scholarly editing, on a specific project, or on the future of academic publishing. His views were sharp, irreverent, and memorable. Cambridge University Press, or at least the humanities division, has a reputation for keeping its authors, and of regarding them as friends. Much of that is owing to Andy's way of doing things.

In the seemingly endless discussions about the structure of entries in the *Cambridge Bibliography*, one of the subjects to which Andy warmed was authorial names, their variants, spellings, pseudonyms etc. The *CBEL* Bulwer Lytton entry is prefaced by a lengthy paragraph on the topic, as is the *ODNB* entry. In the sad days following his untimely death in January of this year one of his close colleagues at CUP asked me if I had noticed the hyphen in Bulwer Lytton that had crept into the *Guardian* obituary, causing a flurry of emails between the Press and the paper's obituaries editor. 'We all noticed it immediately', she wrote, 'since we have spent half our professional lives removing the hyphen from various scripts on Andy's strict instructions. He would have relished the exchange.'

And indeed he would have done. Scholarly precision and learning worn lightly were two enduring qualities which he brought into his professional life. He was a publisher who made his mark on a generation of scholars by setting his own high standards of scholarship.

Joanne Shattock
University of Leicester