

The Swing of the Pendulum



George Lloyd and the Crisis of Romanticism

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Introduction: Politics and Polarisation

George Lloyd (1913-98) was a British-born composer of the twentieth century who has been hailed and derided in equal measure as one of the last representatives of the romantic style. His life spanned many calamitous historical events, witnessing unprecedented cultural upheavals. Before the Second World War, Lloyd had been a leading figure in British musical life yet, after 1945, he acquired marginal status; a dramatic change of fortune which begs many questions about those momentous years. Lloyd's success later in life justifies a closer examination of those post-war cultural attitudes to understand how and why his reputation was damaged so badly at that time. We need to discover why the cultural elite turned so decisively against him, why he so doggedly resisted their imperatives, and what principles continued to motivate his aesthetic choices. Answering these questions may lead us to new insights about our own cultural situation, which is still very much framed by the ideological battles of the last century. We may believe that we are living in a modern or post-modern era, but Romanticism continues profoundly to influence our present-day culture, politics, religious beliefs and morality. Much of what we are and do is still shaped by romantic idealism and the ambition which it inspires.

Our musical culture has always been subject to shifting fashions but, during the second-half of the twentieth century, the climate became unusually polarised. Ideas about what was beautiful, meaningful and valuable swung from one extreme to another. In a period of competing ideologies, aesthetics became not only a matter of taste but increasingly a matter of politics. An individual's cultural preference inferred sympathy with one side of a political divide or the other. Those wedded to traditional methods were labelled as right-wing, while proponents of modernism were perceived to be social progressives on the left. It remains true today that followers of the arts are fearful that they will be judged for their taste along with the art they admire. Showing our taste in public risks being shamed for unacceptable political views or offending those who do not share our predilections. Thus, cultural elites are increasingly no longer defined by superior knowledge and taste, but according to narrow political interests, tribal identity or simply by awareness of fashion.

This politicisation of the arts has resulted in some leading cultural figures of the twentieth century being badly misunderstood. Since 1945, the high priests of modernism have proceeded with ideological fervour, denying legitimacy to those who stood in their way. Such ideology leaves no middle-ground, forbidding any ambiguity, cross-fertilisation or constructive dialogue with dissenters. In the years following the Second World War, the German philosopher and composer, Theodor Adorno, stated that new music had to be difficult because soon it would be compelled to fall silent.

...music which has not been heard falls into empty time like an impotent bullet. Modern music spontaneously aims towards this last experience...Modern music sees absolute oblivion as its goal.¹

Authentic expression, he believed, was no longer possible after the Nazi debacle in his country. High culture had been exposed as a bourgeois fraud or Utopian delusion, and there could be no return to sensually attractive music. In Adorno's opinion, a march tune or piano sonata that had been tainted by Nazi misappropriation must never be heard again. In the new dispensation, totalitarian politics, he argued, must be mirrored by music that exposes its dehumanising values; an antidote to the propaganda of manipulative regimes and their panglossian narratives. While Adorno's position was extreme, motivated by his Marxist polemic, his ideas were taken seriously by the avant-garde of the day, helping to create a climate of fear and inhibition around romantic expression. But why was music of romantic feeling to be blamed for the social ills of the modern world? What had implicated Romanticism in the greatest crimes of European history?

The romantic movement emerged in the mid-eighteenth century as a response to The Enlightenment which offered a new vision of human society in which reason and order would prevail over Nature. Elevated beauty and science would perfect mankind and raise him to the status of an immortal being. But cultures are complex, often driven by forces that pull in opposite directions. Along with the Apollonian desire for higher order, arose a Dionysian wish for boundlessness which was set against it. The irrational and wilder aspects of the human psyche had not disappeared but continued to lurk in the shadows as a threat to order. The battle-lines were being drawn for a culture-war that continues to this day.

Romanticism began as an upwelling of creative energy which sought liberation from traditional forms of authority and other forms of social control. There were complementary components to this energy. On the masculine side, it strengthened the individual's heroic ambition; a will to power which aimed to leave a unique mark upon the world. There was also an intensification of the feminine aspect; a resurgence of pagan culture which projected a divine presence in Nature. After years of repression by the Church, the Earth Goddess had re-emerged, generating a renewed interest in folk culture, magic and dreams. In this new dispensation, women, love and sex became the focus of a man's longing for fulfilment. A woman could represent an inspirational muse or a *femme fatale*. She could either be tantalisingly unobtainable or overwhelmingly available. Woman could embody transcendent beauty and highest virtue or erotic desire and dark mystery. The emergence of romantic feelings in these contradictory guises led to an inner crisis which an artist could only resolve by creative engagement. It set him on a lonely path where his only guides were subjective experience and creative imagination. No longer did the Church or any external authority instruct him how to live or tell him what was true. Divine knowledge now resided in the artist himself. Through the crisis of Romanticism, European man discovered there were vast parts of his inner being which he did not yet comprehend, and which conventional religion did little to address.

The release of these forces meant inevitably disrupting the status quo. If the ordinary man was no longer bound by feudal loyalties, he had no reason to obey his superiors. He could question inequality and feel empowered by the admiration of philosophers like Rousseau², who praised

the primitive man for his simplicity and supposed innocence. The most dramatic consequence of these new ideas was the French Revolution of 1789 which removed the nation's long-standing monarchy in favour of a people's Republic. The suppressed envy, rage and resentment of the masses had been transformed into political ideology and violent action. A revolutionary age had begun.

Revolutionary ideas are always exciting. They are intended to heat the blood and encourage fanatical loyalty. What is new possesses glamour and prestige; particularly attractive to those seeking to supersede an older generation. Yet history warns that revolution is often no more than a swing of the pendulum. Revolutions inspire counter-revolutions, and all too easily lapse into unnecessary cruelty and vengefulness. The French Revolution was followed by 'The Terror' and the upheavals of the Napoleonic Wars; a wave of iconoclasm that destroyed many existing social hierarchies and value structures. God, the Church, monarchs and aristocrats, those who had power, could no longer assume the consent to rule. The archetypal structure of society, which had provided some level of stability, was being fundamentally undermined and, as time went by, there would be no taboos; nothing would be sacred. Faith in science would gradually erode religious belief, leading ultimately to the symbolic death of God himself, fatally wounded by Darwin's *Theory of Evolution*. Worse still, the more extreme romantics had so intensified the heroic impulse that revolution, civil unrest and war became attractive propositions. How better to feel the exhilaration of heroic action than by fighting against a rival or an oppressor!

Romantic art emerged in this context, identifying with the transgressive spirit of the times. The individual artist was pitted against society and the political establishment. Artists wanted to challenge authority, to seek ever greater creative freedom, to dream extravagant dreams, to break the mores that retained social order. But romantic dreams have a habit of collapsing into despair and disappointment. Without moral constraints and strict hierarchies, without the solidarity of community and group identity, without the binding force of commonly believed myths and narratives, there is a danger that civilisation will fall into chaos and conflict.

By the middle of the last century, after two bloody World Wars, there was little faith left in heroic endeavour and aspiration. Many artists and intellectuals retreated into cynicism and despair. New ways of thinking and rapid technological advances had promised a Utopian age, but instead they had led to catastrophe. After 1945, people felt justified in adopting a hostile attitude towards the romantic idealists, because they had led humanity down errant paths. After all, Hitler had admired Wagner, considering himself a romantic hero in the mould of Nietzsche's transgressive 'Superman'. In truth, Hitler was not the individualist Nietzsche had in mind. Far from dancing with joy like Zarathustra in defiance of his own suffering, he danced with shameless glee at the suffering of others.

Should we then blame Wagner (1813-83) for the excesses of Romanticism? In his youth, he espoused revolutionary political ideals, but became disillusioned with political activism, growing increasingly pessimistic about the human condition. He revived the spirit of Greek

tragedy in his music dramas to express his disillusionment, fulfilling in musical terms the pessimistic philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer³. Wagner aroused great controversies, but no serious composer could disregard his influence upon harmony, orchestration and form, nor ignore his skill in communicating the deepest murmurings of the human soul. It is easy to forget that Wagner's development did not end with the apocalyptic vision of The Ring cycle. In his last years, he found faith in a transcendent God; a process of inner transformation which he dramatised in his final opera, *Parsifal* (1882). The legend of Parsifal tells how a 'holy fool' restores the fortunes of the Knights of the Holy Grail by passing a series of tests which threaten to corrupt him. He carries the spear that pierced Christ as he died on the cross, which has been transformed into a healing lance; a symbol of compassion and truth. Ironically, Hitler greatly admired the Prelude to *Parsifal* and identified with the eponymous hero as Germany's saviour. But Hitler never understood the work's renunciation of romantic excess, nor that Parsifal's healing intervention is only made possible by his rejection of worldly power.

Hitler's Utopian delusions were an extreme manifestation of romantic idealism, which the Nazis sustained by scapegoating anyone who did not conform to their fantasies of racial superiority. Yet German culture had previously been a rich source of romantic ideas, even if there was a perennial debate between those who dreamt of brave new worlds and those who kept their feet more firmly on the ground. The Nazis would have done well to study the work of the German poet, playwright and philosopher Friedrich Schiller (1759-1805), best known as the author of the *Ode to Joy*; a text set by Beethoven in his Ninth Symphony. Schiller had been a leading figure among the early romantics. At first, he was an enthusiast for the French Revolution, hoping it would presage a new era of justice and democracy in France. But, on discovering that matters had turned sour, he was forced to reconsider his position. The result was a series of *Letters upon the Aesthetic Education of Man*⁴ which proposed a resolution of the romantic problem. He argued that in art, as in life, there were two opposing forces at work; the sensual and the formal. The sensual was rooted in Nature and instinct; a desire for pleasure and to express feeling and emotion with spontaneity. But if this impulse were not kept in bounds, it could easily become destructive, disorderly and prone to excess. The form-making impulse comes from a higher authority that defines the laws of beauty and makes the order to which the sensual must conform.

Schiller believed that a successful work of art (and thus also successful societies) occur when the artist finds a middle-ground in which the sensual and the formal achieve a sense of play. It is this playfulness which represents true freedom, because the middle-point is not fixed, but emerges from a joyful dance between form and sensual feeling. In this way, the individuality of the romantic artist could be given free rein without iconoclastic results. The artist learns the wisdom of respecting limits and building on the past. He tempers his rage, realising that head and heart must work together, that Dionysus needs Apollo as much as Apollo needs Dionysus. Beauty is not enhanced by excess of feeling, but by containing feelings and shaping them into coherent symbolic forms. Schiller insisted that art must ultimately triumph over Nature, to tame

it and raise it to a higher level. We recognise such a synthesis as the truth of beauty; an expression of meaning – and in that moment of recognition, our senses are raised to the spiritual level. We are thus able to recall what we had somehow come to forget, so that our senses are restored to their original joyful innocence by contact with archetypal forms to which they willingly conform.

That may sound like an argument for a return to Classicism, and perhaps it is but, if we understand that the middle-ground in which this playfulness takes place is neither a fixed point nor needs to be defined in theoretical terms, we discover that art and music can be innovative and developmental even within these constraints. Under these terms, we understand why focussing too much on formal process can be just as sterile as vulgar sentimentality. A flexible middle-ground allows composers as disparate as Stravinsky and Berlioz happily to co-exist. The line might reasonably be drawn at twelve-tone serialism, where formal procedure is overly dominant but, even then, there have been composers who have used the technique flexibly and imaginatively. A problem only arises when such a device or aesthetic position is used to discriminate against composers who do not conform.

Here we come to the case of George Lloyd who fell outside such an orthodoxy. Some might say he was just unlucky, caught on the wrong side of a legitimate conflict of ideas. The times simply left him behind. But Romanticism is more than a style. It is a way of experiencing the world, and our culture remains fundamentally defined by existential crisis, as the individual struggles with the breakdown of consensus and hierarchy. Our cultural response to that crisis has created a split between those seeking a middle-way to resolve the tension between form and feeling, and those with a more absolutist approach. Whether an excess of feeling (expressionism) or an excess of form (constructivism) prevails, the middle-ground - where artists might play imaginatively between the opposites - is lost. This leads to a climate of chaos and repression, where any compromise must be discredited, for the contamination of 'the other' risks drawing the extremist towards a shared centre. The music which emerges from such a context is inevitably one-sided, drawn from the fringes of human experience, where it lacks the affirmative and vital qualities of an authentic act of culture.

1. George Lloyd: Prodigy, Promise and Peril

George Lloyd was destined to be an outsider, standing apart from cosmopolitan norms. He was born on 28 June 1913 in St Ives, Cornwall, of part-Welsh part-American ancestry. He was thus a Celt, living far from the influence of the London musical establishment which, at that time, would have included Elgar and Vaughan Williams. He was educated mainly at home due to bouts of rheumatic fever, adding to his sense of isolation, but he grew up surrounded by a creative and musical family which was touched by the Bohemian spirit. His grandmother, the American painter Frances Powell, had been an opera singer, and she was also an early pioneer of the St. Ives School of Painting. George's father William was fascinated by Italian opera and even wrote a biography of Bellini, while his mother Primrose played the violin, viola and piano. Their house was a regular venue for sessions of chamber music, and the house's studio was even large enough to accommodate a small orchestra. In this stimulating environment, George Lloyd showed early promise, beginning to compose at the age of nine and commencing serious study at the age of fourteen. His father also trained him in the dramatic aspects of opera. Young George would regularly be given scenes from English plays to set to music, and this intense exposure to opera served him well when he came to write his own works in the genre.

George Lloyd later studied violin with the great virtuoso Albert Sammons, renowned for his performances of the Elgar concerto. Lloyd also took lessons in composition from Charles Kitson and Harold Farjeon. He eventually joined Trinity College, London as a music student, but he was by then already receiving critically acclaimed performances. Lloyd's First Symphony in A, written at the age of nineteen, was premiered in 1932 by the Penzance Orchestral Society and performed again in 1933 by the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra with the composer conducting on both occasions. It is a work of extraordinary confidence and originality, consisting of a single movement which encompasses a double theme and five variations followed by a lyrical Andante based on the second theme. The symphony closes with an extended final section based on the work's first theme, which includes a double fugue of dazzling brilliance and dizzying complexity. A local promoter, spotting the potential of the young prodigy, asked if he would write a Celtic opera based on local legends. Eager to please, George Lloyd soon completed his first opera, *Iernin*, setting a libretto written by his father. It was performed in 1934 in Penzance and hailed by audiences and critics, before being transferred to the Lyceum Theatre, London where it had an unusually long run.

At this time, George Lloyd was becoming widely recognised as a prodigy destined for major success as a composer of operas and symphonies. A second and third symphony had already been composed by this time, which revealed the strong influence of Tchaikovsky and Sibelius, although each work marked a technical advance on its predecessor. Lloyd's growing reputation earned the respect of several notable contemporaries. During preparations for his opera *Iernin* in London, Sir Thomas Beecham, Ralph Vaughan Williams and John Ireland each dropped into the rehearsals and lavished praise on the young man. Audiences and critics were in general

agreement that here was a significant new talent, and that *Iernin* was remarkably effective as a dramatic and musical experience. Lloyd's youthfulness may have encouraged a generous assessment of the opera's qualities, but even listening today, we can hear that it contains music of great beauty and vivid imagination, already demonstrating many of the stylistic features of the mature composer. There is a naturalness and innocence in the musical expression which cannot fail to touch the heart.

Lloyd's early musical language was shaped by European romantic composers such as Berlioz, Liszt, Brahms, Tchaikovsky and Verdi. His famous 'big tunes' originated in this tradition of colourfully expressive music, but he also admired Elgar for the same technique, whose music was rooted in music of German composers such as Schumann, Brahms, Wagner and Strauss. George Lloyd did not completely dismiss the experimental harmonies of the German school. He greatly appreciated Richard Strauss's opera *Elektra*, for example, which had stretched tonal harmony to its limits. But he, like most British composers, was sceptical about Schönberg's serial revolution. If anything, Lloyd's early symphonies suggest the strong influence of Sibelius in their pithy directness and compact form.

Lloyd denied much sympathy for the English pastoral school whose foremost exponent was Vaughan Williams. They integrated folk-derived material and archaic modal harmonies into complex and expressive forms. Lloyd considered the style bland and uninteresting, although an obvious English accent is occasionally to be discerned in his modal harmonies, including the false relation (the collision of major and minor modes) and a liking for parallel fifths and consecutive triads. It would be misleading though to identify Lloyd with the pastoral school, even in his early works. His musical language, with its rhythmic energy, extroversion and chromatic harmonies was much more European in origin, if rarely Germanic in its methods. Italian, French and Russian music, which is much more colouristic and freely expressive than the Austro-German School, were his primary sources, although Beethoven's idealistic formal schemes were an unavoidably dominant influence.

Many will hear the influence of Arnold Bax in Lloyd's use of consecutive triads, multi-layered polytonal chords and virtuoso deployment of the full symphony orchestra. Bax was not a Celt but became obsessed with Irish culture. He was at his best writing tone-poems inspired by Celtic myths, while his symphonies often sound encumbered by the constraints of the form. By contrast, Lloyd's gift for memorable melody prevented him falling into the same traps. His instinct for dramatic continuity, learnt by writing three operas before he was thirty years old, proved invaluable when he came to write his symphonies; works that matched (and often exceeded) Bax for length.

Lloyd's musical language continued to develop, building upon the grand rhetoric and technical freedoms of late-romantic music, while absorbing some contemporary influences from jazz, neo-classicism and the atonal style. He was equipped to embark on a brilliant career as a professional composer, but the Second World War changed the course of many people's lives,

and George Lloyd was no exception. During the war, he served with the Royal Marines as a Bandsman on board the cruiser *HMS Trinidad* which was part of the fleet sent to protect the vital Arctic convoys. In 1942, he was one of the bandsmen manning the transmitting station, situated deep in the hull of the ship, during an engagement with several German destroyers. The *Trinidad* fired a faulty torpedo which travelled in a circular track to hit the ship, fracturing a large oil tank. Many of Lloyd's shipmates were drowned in the fuel oil, and Lloyd himself was the last man to escape from the hull compartment. The experience was horrific, and Lloyd suffered severe mental and physical trauma. He was subsequently sent to a special hospital near Aberdeen to recover, but he would never be fit enough to return to active duty, and within a year, he was given an honourable discharge from the Royal Marines with little hope of ever making a full recovery and resuming his work as a composer.

It is worth pausing to consider the impact of this traumatic experience on Lloyd as a man and artist. The decision to serve in the navy and fight the Nazis was not made lightly but, like many young men who signed up, the reality of war was something for which he could never have been fully prepared. Lloyd had been posted to a cold and deadly environment to help to sustain a nation under siege. He had thrown himself into military life with enthusiasm and commitment, arranging tunes for the vessel's marching band and seeking no special dispensation because of his artistic background. The shocking loss of his fellow musicians in such a horrific accident, inflicted by the ship that was supposed to protect them, was a cruel irony which threatened to end Lloyd's musical ambitions and even his life. It must have led him to question his religious beliefs and to undermine any optimism he felt about his future or that of humanity in general. War reveals the dangers of the romantic spirit because, while seeking glory in battle may lead to noble acts of heroism, it may just as easily end in futile destruction. Like so many young men of that generation, he had discovered that the ordinary combatant was rarely a hero but was rendered passive and helpless; a tiny pawn in a much larger game. Lloyd had achieved the status of a war-hero, but in truth he was a victim of war carrying many emotional scars.

Later Lloyd would write a handful of works in direct response to his war experiences. In his programme notes for the Second Piano Concerto (1964), he explained what lay behind it:

...while I was living this new concerto, I was surrounded with images of war. Not so much the suffering as with the gleeful viciousness that seemed to come from the perpetrators. I am not sure if it was after the invasion of Poland or after the fall of France – whenever it was, a terrifying picture was widely circulated in the newspapers of Hitler dancing a sort of jig of triumph.⁵

The anger which Lloyd felt against the German dictator was personal. War had shattered any remaining illusions he might have entertained about the human condition, and he had learned that powerful men were only too eager to dominate the weak and vulnerable by force.

2. Recovery, Retreat and Rivalry

Sir Edward Elgar, Britain's most illustrious composer since Henry Purcell, died in February 1934 and, at that moment in time, George Lloyd stood as one of the brightest musical geniuses of the next generation. He had the talent and ambition to be a worthy successor to Elgar, and he was destined for a glittering career as a professional composer. But in 1943, less than a decade later, the young romantic idealist found his life and musical career in the balance. He was no longer able to compose, suffering shell-shock and a range of physical ailments; the result of a terrible accident at sea during his war service. But Lloyd was a resilient character who was greatly aided by the devotion of his Swiss wife, Nancy⁶. She persuaded him not to give up hope, despite the poor prognosis issued by his military doctors. There followed four years of intensive recuperation, involving hypnosis and other unorthodox mind-healing techniques until, and against the odds, Lloyd overcame the worst of his symptoms which included uncontrollable shaking, recurring nightmares and anxiety attacks.

By 1946 Lloyd was well enough to start composing again. His wife Nancy took him to Switzerland, where he wrote two large symphonies (the Fourth and Fifth), as well as the opera *John Socman* which had been commissioned by the Arts Council for the 1951 Festival of Britain. The staging of the opera proved an ordeal, and Lloyd's health deteriorated again. It was also around this time that he realised the BBC would no longer support the performance of his music. It was a combination of events which led him to withdraw altogether from musical life. In 1952, Lloyd took up full-time residence in Dorset and, for twenty years, made a living as a market gardener, growing mushrooms and carnations. However, he could not stop writing music. For him composition was a psychological necessity, and before the start of each working day, between 4.30 and 7.30 am, Lloyd would sit down to compose. In this period, he produced four new symphonies (Nos. 6 to 9), four piano concertos and two violin concertos, all of which had little chance of ever being played. His efforts were an act of faith in a future that looked bleak and unpromising.

What was the reason for this sudden indifference towards Lloyd and his music? In the post-war period, the musical climate in Britain and Europe had changed markedly as the horrors of the conflict were fully digested. Everything had to start again, because the recent past was a source of shame and disgust. Countries and societies had to be rebuilt and Germany, once a beacon of musical culture, was now weighed down by guilt for starting the war and for committing many of its worst atrocities, including the holocaust. The association of romantic music with strident German nationalism made performances of such music after the war politically sensitive. Hitler had particularly admired the powerfully emotive music of Richard Wagner, claiming it as a source of inspiration for his Nazi project. He was also much in sympathy with Wagner's loathsome anti-Semitic theories. The cause of romantic music was further damaged by the politically naïve actions of distinguished German musicians such as the composer Richard Strauss and the conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic, Wilhelm Furtwängler. They were accused

of collaboration with the Nazi regime, and Strauss had for a while even held a government position. Both men had unwittingly lent kudos to a gang of murderous thugs and worse, they had sullied the reputation of the romantic music which they loved so dearly.

The evidence of the war supported the view that Romanticism had been one of the main causes of Germany's descent into barbarism. Romantic music especially, with its capacity to induce high states of emotion, had become associated with the sentimental weaknesses of the *Volk* or mass population, who had allowed themselves to be manipulated by a corrupt government into uncritical obedience and aggression. Excitable crowds were all too easily overcome by nationalist fervour on hearing Wagner played at mass rallies. In the immediate aftermath of the war, there was an inevitable reaction against such romantic music. In Germany, the occupying powers pursued policies of denazification, purging the country's broadcasting companies and musical institutions of their nationalist biases. This encouraged a revival of interest in the rebellious modernism that had emerged in Germany during the 1920's, but which the Nazis had forbidden. There was a temporary ban on the music of Wagner, whose Bayreuth Festival was suspended until 1951. Little interest was shown in works by Richard Strauss and Hans Pfitzner who had been associated with the regime and whose music was ripely romantic. Instead music was played by previously banned Jewish composers such as Mendelssohn and Mahler, as well as works by modernists such as Hindemith and Kurt Weill.

Among the victims of persecution was the Jewish composer Arnold Schönberg; propagator of twelve-tone serialism. Compelled to flee Berlin in 1934 to escape the Nazis, Schönberg emigrated to the USA, where he remained until his death in 1951. Schönberg's aesthetics of denial were a perfect foil to the romantic excess and sentimentality of the Nazi period. After the unspeakable moral transgressions of wartime, it is easy to understand why such a puritanical form of modernism appealed to those remaking musical culture not only in Germany, but across many parts of Europe. In the new dispensation, the intellect could be king, applied to musical processes with diagnostic precision; a necessary antidote to the destructive impulses of the human psyche which manifested as wild emotion and mass hysteria. In the postdiluvian climate, twelve-tone serialism and other cerebral methods of musical composition provided a way to restore aesthetic and moral standards.

After the war, as the victor, Britain had no reason to reject either European romantic music or its own indigenous musical traditions. Yet there was a desire among the British cultural elite to appear modern and progressive, wary as they were of any hint of fanatical nationalism. Their nervousness was exaggerated, but it justified an increasingly strong bias against British music rooted in the past. As a result, even the harmless nationalist sympathies of the English pastoral school, founded by Vaughan Williams and Holst among others, were treated as passé. In truth, their motivations were not that different from Bartok's desire to collect Hungarian folk tunes or Rachmaninov's nostalgia for pre-revolutionary Russia, but there was a peculiarly British snobbery directed towards our own musical culture, stemming from very specific insecurities; that home-grown music was provincial in outlook, referencing too many fairies and country

dances, and that it lacked intellectual heft compared to the agonised soul-searching of the European mainstream. Furthermore, the wave of musical modernism that emerged after the Second World War was defined by what it rejected; namely tonal harmony and melody, traditional forms such as the symphony and concerto, aiming to obliterate a supposedly shameful past tainted by violence and extremism. Novelty, experiment and radical change would now be the fashion, and these progressive ideas were given passive sanction by government which delegated cultural matters to expert elites, giving them a relatively free hand to enforce their taste through control of public bodies such as the BBC and the Arts Council.

In this increasingly ideologically driven climate, George Lloyd continued to write in a tonal, melodic idiom, but found where once doors were open, now they were firmly shut. Lloyd recollected:

I sent scores off to the BBC. They came back, usually without comment. I never wrote twelve-tone music because I didn't like the theory. I studied the blessed thing in the early 1930s and thought it was a cock-eyed idea that produced horrible sounds. It made composers forget how to sing.

Much has been made of the influence of William Glock, Controller of Music at the BBC between 1959 and 1972, as the source of hostility towards George Lloyd. Yet Glock's appointment was a symptom of the wider European cultural context. He had trained as a pianist in Berlin where he had been exposed to Schönberg's theories and had become an enthusiast for the Second Viennese School. Subsequently, Glock became passionately committed to the post-war European avant-garde led by Pierre Boulez and Karlheinz Stockhausen, whose radical beliefs were an antidote to the bland agnosticism of the English school. It is too simplistic to say that Lloyd was a targeted victim of Glock's regime. It was just that his aesthetics were considered irrelevant in a progressive musical culture. Besides, the rejection of Lloyd's music had begun long before Glock came to power. The Fourth Symphony had been rebuffed as early as 1949, when it was deemed technically competent but inferior to works submitted by other composers. However, it was the second round of rejection in 1961 which more fully revealed the BBC's hand, when it emerged in correspondence that the symphony's length and lack of thematic invention were causes for concern.

Several reasons may explain the negative judgements of the BBC assessors, putting aside any ideological bias or prejudice. Lloyd's Symphony No.4 in B (1946) is a massive work, sixty-five minutes in length and written for a very large orchestra. To commit to performing it would have been a serious and expensive undertaking, and one unlikely to be made, if the work was perceived to fail on other counts. One BBC reviewer had complained that the work's opening motif was 'flogged to death' – and he was right. There is an obsessive intensity in the music, although entirely appropriate to the work's subject matter. This was the first music that Lloyd had written since recovering from his wartime injuries, and its subject was war. The symphony's first movement is troubled and angry; full of dark energy. The irregularity of its structure makes it occasionally hard to follow, but its instability wonderfully captures the chaos

of battle. Lloyd's symphonic development relies heavily on contrasts of colour and dialogues created between instrumental groups, as motivic fragments pass back and forth or are placed in contrapuntal combinations. The momentum this generates, and the way it seizes the listener's attention, may not have been audible to someone reading the score in his head or even playing it at the piano.

Another concern of the BBC assessors could have been a hint of that pastoral sentimentality which they considered so regressive. The Fourth Symphony's slow movement includes a theme which has a passing resemblance to the traditional song 'The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond'. This might well have signalled to Lloyd's critics a dangerous sympathy with the rejected national school, yet the gesture lends a great deal of pathos to the music, because the song aptly expresses the nostalgia of men posted many miles from home. Lloyd had turned this familiar-sounding musical material into a passionate statement of longing and elegiac remembrance, and our emotional resistance is weakened by an allusion to a melody which lies so deep in the national consciousness.

The orchestration of the Fourth provides another source of momentum and coherence, because its music is not just propelled forward by harmonic progressions and modulation, but by contrasts of colour and the drama of summoning the full orchestra. Lloyd is like a general deploying his forces with increasing unanimity of purpose. The Fourth's final movement appears on paper to be a sprawling episodic failure, but the music's force and cumulative tension compel our attention, as if we are witnessing the composer's struggle inside himself as much as any battle in the world around him. It is a gesture the work shares with another great war symphony, Shostakovich's Seventh. Born of a similar sense of horror at the misery of war, it is equally determined to overcome the odds. The BBC's experts might have felt differently about Lloyd's Fourth, if they had owned a CD instead of a score, for they would have sensed the work's tragic dignity, its grand architecture and determination to reach its goal. The symphony's ending may sound too obviously jingoistic, yet it leaves us feeling exactly the right mix of relief and desperation. This is after all a victory won by the skin of the teeth, much as we find in the Shostakovich.

Lloyd's Fifth Symphony in B-flat (1947) does not seem to have raised the hackles of the BBC producers in the same way as the Fourth, but they still did not agree to have it played. This seems harder to understand, because it is a work of sustained quality across five attractive movements. Perhaps the heading 'Pastorale' above the first movement rang some alarm bells, and yet it is one of Lloyd's most inspired movements, demonstrating concise symphonic thought, technical fluency and ravishing lyricism. The work's beating heart is found in its two slow movements which flank a delicate scherzando. The first of the slow movements is a sinister chorale which occasionally verges on a level of dissonance worthy of Messiaen, while the second of the pair is marked 'Lamento'. Full of sorrow, it builds to an emotional crisis, but the shadow which falls is short-lived. The finale is a sonata rondo full of wit and riotous high

spirits, indicating that the war and its residue of bitterness had, for the time being at least, been laid aside.

Until the early seventies, George Lloyd's relationship with the nation's official broadcaster remained mutually suspicious. While Glock was in post, nothing was likely to change. He was an unapologetic advocate of international modernism, uninterested in new romantic music, especially from British composers; a stance which encouraged the view that it was music written and appreciated only by those who were conservative or low-brow in taste. The public would doubtless have enjoyed hearing music by Lloyd and others, but popular demand would not be allowed to dictate the BBC's artistic policy! To some extent, such paternalism was a legitimate defence of aesthetic standards and intellectual respectability, but the climate at the corporation in that era went far beyond quality-control. Aesthetic judgements had become increasingly politicised, as the firebrands of radical modernism, enflamed by the iconoclastic ideas emerging from Darmstadt in the 1960's, preached that music was not about giving pleasure to the public and affirming cultural values, but the opposite. This new extreme form of modernism was an exclusive ideology intent on social critique and protest, and it required that all other aesthetic standpoints be discredited, especially the Romanticism from which modernism, ironically enough, was derived.

Despite protestations to the contrary, the idealism of Boulez and Stockhausen owed much to the romantic movement. They were intellectual elitists, self-confessed iconoclasts and self-proclaimed geniuses. In their own ways, they were heroically striving for transcendence. All that was absent was the role of woman as muse, but there was no place for such bourgeois sentimentality in their grand project of cultural reconstruction. Instead, science and mathematics were to be the new masters. The composer was now a scientific researcher denying subjective involvement in his musical experiments. Stockhausen presented himself as a pioneer at the frontier of knowledge, sitting at a control-desk in communication with outer-space⁷. Ironically, his megalomania harked back to Scriabin's wild fantasies about composing music that would initiate the end of the world. Modernism in this form was an ingenious mix of propaganda and rational mysticism, just as romantic in its combination of idealism and sleight of hand as anything ever dreamt up by Wagner.

The aggressive stance of the ultra-modernists required that George Lloyd be cast in the role of an irritant and even a mischief-maker. He was an obvious scapegoat for them; a gesture that hurt him greatly and which must have struck him as ironic, because he had fought against the Nazis who had scapegoated the Jews and other minority groups. It is therefore not a surprise to find Lloyd's *First Piano Concerto* (1963) nicknamed 'Scapegoat', or to discover that it is a work full of rage, percussive textures and fragmentary themes. It had been written for the remarkable virtuoso pianist, John Ogdon⁸, whom Lloyd had taught composition. Ogdon admired the piece and remained one of Lloyd's most loyal supporters throughout his troubled life. While Ogdon held limited sway in the corridors of the BBC, he did manage to persuade the Liverpool Philharmonic, conducted by Charles Groves, to present the premiere of Lloyd's *First Piano*

Concerto in 1964 with himself at the keyboard; a rare moment of triumph for George Lloyd in his years of exile.

John Ogdon was a figure of sufficient standing to keep a foot in both camps. He was appreciated by the modernists, because he could play their music with accuracy. He had also long been associated with his radical contemporaries at the Manchester College of Music during the fifties; the so-called 'Manchester School' who were, in the sixties, on their way to positions of influence as modernism became the orthodoxy of the day. Alexander Goehr (b.1932) would become Professor of Music at Cambridge, while Harrison Birtwistle (b.1934) and Peter Maxwell Davies (1934-2016) would both receive knighthoods. Maxwell Davies' ideological commitment to modernism grew less and less over time, becoming *Master of the Queen's Musick* in 2004. This was quite a turnaround for the man who had written the provocative *Eight Songs for a Mad King* (1969). Ogdon became a casualty of madness himself, when his mental health broke down in 1973, partly under the stress of his punishing concert schedule. He was another artist undone by an excess of heroic endeavour, and perhaps Maxwell Davies' retreat to the Orkneys was also to escape the pressures of a musical culture that had denied him his authentic voice.

The attitude of the BBC and musical establishment towards George Lloyd was in marked contrast to the attention lavished on another prodigy, also born in 1913, Benjamin Britten. At one level, the pair seem like diametric opposites. Britten was the epitome of a well-mannered Englishman, shy and reserved, eager to say and do the right thing. He lacked any Celtic wildness or rebellious spirit, but he had his own reasons to feel marginalised by the society around him. He was a homosexual at a time when such activity was still illegal and, as he became more successful, he often felt alienated from the circus that had gathered about him. While George Lloyd was writing largely to please himself, because nobody was interested, Britten was discovering the pitfalls of being at the centre of power as the poster boy of the British musical establishment. His opera *Gloriana* (1953) portrays Queen Elizabeth I as a woman unable to find enduring intimacy, hemmed in by political considerations and surrounded by courtiers jostling for position. Similarly, his operatic setting of Thomas Mann's novella *Death in Venice* (1973) tells the story of a successful writer consumed by transgressive desires; the result of suppressing his true nature as man and artist. Too much Apollonian self-denial leads to a destructive influx of Dionysian passion, as the protagonist projects his lost innocence and forbidden desires onto an attractive adolescent youth. This was Britten's confession of a precarious creative and personal predicament; his own crisis of Romanticism experienced by a composer who had all the success, money and performances he could want. As he grew older, Britten's music became less and less free and directly sensual, as if he felt that life and musical fashion were leaving him behind. His health was also failing him, and the *War Requiem* of 1962 might be considered his last great peak of achievement; a work which George Lloyd rated highly, not least because of its subject matter. Britten died relatively young in 1976, aged only 63, just as Lloyd's reputation was returning to ascendancy.

Yet it is true that Lloyd and Britten shared more than ever separated them. Their musical languages were both essentially tonal and expressive, although Britten lacked Lloyd's luxuriant orchestration, preferring instead the sparer, more percussive style of Stravinsky. This may have suggested a repudiation on Britten's part of any national style, but his sensitive approach to setting the English language confirmed that, at heart, he belonged to a home-grown musical tradition that had little connection to the European avant-garde. His greatest achievement was to write a clutch of powerfully dramatic operas; exactly the kind of stage works which George Lloyd believed fate had denied him the chance to compose. Then Britten did not write, as Lloyd did, any numbered symphonies, although the quality of his *Sinfonia da Requiem* suggests he would have excelled in the genre. Strangely enough, it was the subject of war which bound the two men most closely as creative personalities even if, during the Second World War, Britten's choice to live in the United States as a conscientious objector deeply irritated Lloyd, whose musical career had almost been ended by his role in the conflict.

Britten's modernist touches made his music highly exportable, so he could count not only on the enthusiastic advocacy of the BBC, but also the respect of major international figures such as Shostakovich and Stravinsky⁹. Yet perhaps Britten's greatest advantage over Lloyd was his wounded disposition, which aligned him more closely with the spirit of the times. His obsession with lost innocence and sexual violation mirrored the austere and guilt-ridden post-war climate. By contrast, Lloyd's optimism and uninhibited lyricism, the products of a more conventional romantic outlook, were badly out of fashion. Predictably therefore, George Lloyd envied Britten's superior reputation after 1945, although he believed it to have been won by too many compromises with the musical establishment. But we should be in no doubt that Britten was, in many ways, also a romantic composer, and he could have been Lloyd's fraternal counterpart, but for the divisive politics of the musical world which still seeks to drive them apart. Musical rivalries, such as between Brahms and Wagner, Schönberg and Stravinsky, are usually rendered meaningless by the passage of time and, as far as the ordinary music-lover is concerned, Britten and Lloyd shared the same aesthetic purpose - to touch their listeners with humane and beautiful music.

3. Growing in the Dark

Lloyd may have lost twenty years as a market-gardener, but hindsight might have persuaded him to value his isolation from the pressures of success and excessive expectations. In fact, the works that emerged from Lloyd during this period were high in quality and, rather like his mushrooms, they benefited from being conceived out of the limelight. There were four new symphonies. The Sixth (1956) is concise and cheerful, neoclassical in spirit, with a lot of white-note music in C major and a warmly expressive slow movement. The Seventh (1959) is one of Lloyd's finest orchestral essays, although it was not orchestrated until 1974. Its content relates to the Greek myth of Persephone, as the composer returned to his favourite question, what is the true nature of woman as the symbol of life? Persephone (or Prosperine as Lloyd calls her) moves between the underworld, ruled by her husband Hades, and the earthly world of the living, over which her mother Demeter, consort of Zeus, holds sway. Persephone thus symbolises life and death, loss and renewal, winter and spring, and there is an obvious connection with the swing of the pendulum, as Nature moves between the opposites in cycles of eternal recurrence. Lloyd was never more fluent in expression and deeply romantic in outlook than in the beautiful and dramatic music of the Seventh. The xylophone's nervously repeated high C's in the work's opening bars create a tonal tension with the lower strings that is not resolved until the movement's end, while the symphony's slow movement is one of Lloyd's finest, unfolding with Elgarian solemnity to a coda of transcendent beauty. The finale embarks on a ferocious struggle until, after a violent climax, the music collapses into a dream-like limbo combining grief and blissful reminiscence in equal measure.

The Eighth Symphony (1961) surprises us with a slow introduction based on a nine-note chromatic motif. Lloyd's musical language developed ever greater tension between its atonal or highly chromatic leanings and the diatonic resolutions which were often the goal of his musical development. There is a similar polarity in Wagner's *Parsifal*, where the agony of Amfortas and the sorrow of Kundry are expressed through extreme harmonic tensions and chromaticism, but the work resolves ultimately into a state of diatonic stasis. Lloyd's chromatic themes may seem at first unpromising but, in the Eighth, he fashions a convincing sonata movement from these angular motives. The Eighth's greatest surprise is yet another sublime slow movement with a funereal tread and which owes something to Debussy and Bartok in its layers of orchestral colour and strange nocturnal flutters. The finale is an energetic *saltarello* which refers deliberately to Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony* as it rushes headlong to an increasingly wild conclusion.

The Ninth Symphony (1969), if Lloyd is to be believed, was intended as a retreat from the intensity of the Mahlerian symphonic model or anything that might resemble the visionary scale of Beethoven's Ninth. The tone is duly lighter and the work less ambitious in scale than the previous two symphonies. However, his protestation against seriousness is not entirely to be believed. Lloyd claimed that the first movement expresses the thoughts of a young woman,

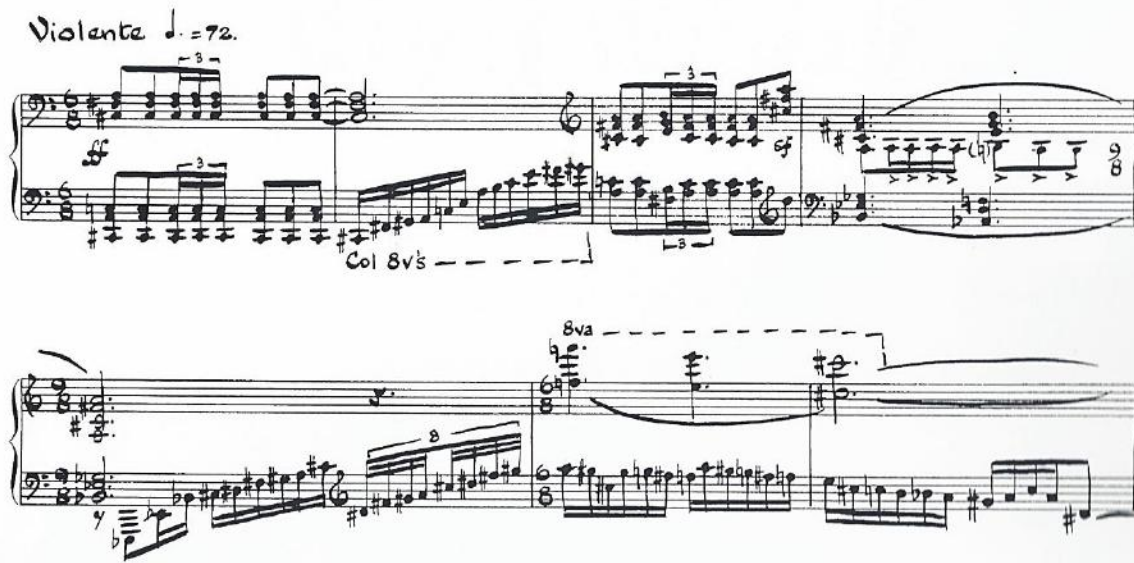
while the second movement represents the melancholy reflections of an old one. The symbol of woman is again centre-stage. The ironic naivety and skittishness of the first movement have a dance-like quality worthy of late-Mahler, while the melancholy second movement, appropriately enough, references Holst's *Saturn, the bringer of old age* from *The Planets Suite*; a moment of terror which shatters the prevailing bitter-sweet mood. The finale bursts forth with good humour, erupting flamboyantly with the exotic colour of timpani, marimbas, xylophone, glockenspiel, bells, harp and celeste. Lloyd uses this signature Gamelan-like colour as a structural device in the movement, which comprises a riot of fanfares and outrageously catchy tunes, as if Haydn has come skipping into the twentieth century.

This new lightness of mood was also reflected in another orchestral composition of 1969; *Charade*. This was a six-movement suite for orchestra that attempted to encapsulate the alternative lifestyles of the Sixties. The mood is relaxed, often humorous. Any notion that Lloyd remained a naïve hangover from the pre-war era is dispelled here with movements entitled *Student Power, L.S.D., March-In, Flying Saucers, Pop Song* and *Party Politics*. Lloyd was looking for aspects of modern life that could shape a musical form as ancient mythology once had, but his response is in the end satirical. Modernity's myths do not carry the gravitas of their ancient equivalents. The immature aspect of the romantic spirit with its inevitable excesses had taken over the culture. Youth was in revolt, drugs were a flight from reality and politicians made false Utopian promises which could not be delivered. Romanticism was far from dead, whatever the bold claims of modernity, and Lloyd was laughing, not with malice, but because the confusion which he observed around him had become truly comical.

Towards the end of his period of provincial exile, four piano concertos emerged. Lloyd was not a natural composer for the instrument. A violinist by training, he admitted that his pianistic skills were limited. That technical deficiency may explain the fragmentariness of the first two concertos (1963, 1964) which are single-movement works following the examples of Liszt and Prokofiev, but the intention was also to express the composer's feelings about war. By contrast, the third and fourth concertos (1968, 1970) are increasingly lyrical in tone and both are in three movements, looking back to the grand virtuoso concertos of Rachmaninov and Tchaikovsky. The pianism seems more natural in these works, and their lyricism recaptures the fluency of his symphonies. As a trained violinist, Lloyd was more immediately at home with that instrument. His two violin concertos (1970, 1977), one accompanied by strings, the other by wind and percussion, invoke a soaring cantilena style. Again, lyrical freedom comes naturally to Lloyd, and these works belong with the *Lament, Air and Dance* (1975) and the *Violin Sonata* (1976); a group of pieces that are a wonderful yet sadly neglected contribution to the violin repertoire.

There are a variety of high-quality works for solo piano from this period too. *An African Shrine* (1966), written for John Ogdon is a *tour de force* that might make us think of Liszt's formidable one-movement *Piano Sonata*. It sustains twenty-three minutes of technically challenging music although, under Ogdon's influence, its dense chords fall naturally under the fingers. The work depicts a woman praying at a deserted shrine as armies march past in some war-torn corner of

the African continent. If proof were needed that Lloyd's musical language was far from an anachronism, it can be found in this work, which is in a loosely constructed sonata form. The opening bars are typically arresting with their bitonal triadic clusters and pounding rhythmic motto:



The sound-world, if anything, suggests Prokofiev, Bartok or late Debussy, but Lloyd's capacity to generate sustained tonal momentum and hold the listener's attention is uniquely his own. It is also not the last time that Lloyd would suggest that music could be a medium of prayer. At the end of the work, the entreaties of the woman at the shrine prevail in a final climax reminiscent of Debussy's 'Sunken Cathedral' prelude but, as ever with Lloyd, the bell-like bass and thick organum-like chords fit perfectly into the musical and narrative context.

Another work for solo piano, *The Transformation of that Naked Ape* (1972) was inspired as a satirical response to Desmond Morris's reductionist view of humanity penned in his famous book, *The Naked Ape*¹⁰. Lloyd was always irritated by the denial of the spiritual aspect of human identity, and he conceived a suite of six movements which move stage by stage from the physical form of a woman through to her mind and soul. Once again, we find the symbol of woman at the heart of Lloyd's creative imagination. The work was even dedicated to his wife, Nancy. It illustrates a continuum of matter and spirit in music that is lucid and beautiful, achieving a new economy of expression; the consequence of increasing confidence in his skills as a composer for piano. The Debussy of the late Etudes springs to mind because of the interplay of abstract motives and Lloyd's fluid approach to harmonic colour, which moves freely between atonal, pentatonic and diatonic harmonies.

4. A Late Flowering

In 1972 George Lloyd sold his market garden business and moved to London, and so began a late flowering of his career which lasted until his death in 1998. Under pressure from John Ogdon, the BBC finally accepted the Eighth Symphony for broadcast in 1977. It was performed in Manchester by the BBC Northern Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Lloyd's old friend, Edward Downes. This revival of interest at the BBC was spotted by an avid supporter of new music in the USA, Peter Kermani, who was then chairman of the Albany Symphony Orchestra in New York State. In 1984, Kermani decided he wanted to commission a new work from George Lloyd. His enquiries led him to discover that the composer was already working on an Eleventh Symphony, and so a partnership began which would last for seven years. It produced new works from Lloyd which he was also allowed to conduct, alongside other pieces of standard repertoire. All of this brought Lloyd considerable artistic and financial rewards, including recordings made on a new label, Albany Records, created specifically to place his work on disc. Eager to keep up with the times, George Lloyd had become an enthusiast for the new digital technology, establishing his own recording, production, publishing and distribution company. By the late-eighties, confident of professional support and renewed public enthusiasm, Lloyd's nephew William was invited to become his business manager, so that George could concentrate more fully on composition and conducting.

Throughout the eighties, Lloyd continued his collaboration with the BBC Northern (renamed the BBC Philharmonic in 1982), recording with them seven of his symphonies and all four of his piano concertos. Crucial to this thawing of relations with the BBC was the orchestra's Senior Producer in Manchester, Peter Marchbank, who possessed a genuine enthusiasm for Lloyd's music. Furthermore, his innovative business arrangements made the recordings a viable proposition, with scope to use the best possible advisors and technicians, such as the producer Andrew Cornall from Decca and Tony Faulkner, reputedly the finest sound engineer in the country. Another enthusiast for Lloyd's music emerged at the BBC around this time. Chris de Souza facilitated the broadcast (and subsequent CD release) of *Iernin* in 1986, although he was unable to convince the new Controller of Radio 3, John Drummond, to programme Lloyd's music at the Proms. While Drummond was more willing than his predecessors to accept a level of diversity on the network, he remained avowedly anti-populist with a strong bias towards the avant-garde.

The backdrop to these positive developments was a period of unprecedented turmoil in British politics. It was the era of Margaret Thatcher's premiership, which was accompanied by widespread social upheavals and conflicts. While some enjoyed the fruits of a new kind of aggressive capitalism, others experienced anger and alienation. It was a period that saw the emergence of punk rock, while urban riots took place in the deprived suburbs of major cities. It might have been expected that Lloyd would have mirrored this underlying despair and uncertainty, but instead he composed perhaps his most outrageously counter-cultural work, *The*

Vigil of Venus (Pervigilium Veneris, 1980); a hymn of praise to Nature and the healing power of erotic love. For this, he developed a fluidly modal musical language which sounds as if the hypnotic rituals of Stravinsky's *Les Noces* have collided with the gargantuan scale and lavish expression of Mahler's Eighth Symphony. The work's rhythmic vitality releases tremendous Dionysian energies, and there is a sense of untroubled freedom in the joyful double-choruses and soaring solo voice-parts. Once again, the harmonies are complex, slipping with ease through remote tonal centres, in a score that is generously smeared with the rich colours of Lloyd's orchestral palette. He had created a work that was a worthy successor to Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*; itself a celebration of Dionysus. Orff's text is also in Latin, and its strophic structure leads to music that is more literally repetitious than Lloyd's. Lloyd's instinct for motivic development and his less metrically organised text ensures that *The Vigil of Venus* is a more subtly structured work, infused with a dance-like quality which sweeps us along, driven by the extravagance of its musical invention.

Lloyd's late period also produced three new symphonies. The Tenth (1981), called *November Journeys*, is scored for brass ensemble, and it is one of the most virtuosic, yet musically satisfying scores ever written for that combination of instruments. The work is endlessly witty and inventive, intended to evoke the atmosphere of the large cathedrals which Lloyd was visiting at the time. One feature of this essentially light-hearted work is the twelve-tone dissonant chord which appears towards the end. Lloyd was always eager to show that he could handle extreme chromaticism, but this is more of a private joke than evidence of any sympathy with dodecaphonic principles. In his works for brass, Lloyd shows masterful knowledge of the technical possibilities of each instrument, and it was a musical tradition he would have known well from his youth in Cornwall, which still boasts over forty active bands. His reputation remains high in the brass band world, where technical skill and melodic expression have always been paramount.

Lloyd wrote several more pieces for brass band at this time, including *Royal Parks* (1984) which was commissioned by the BBC as a test piece for the European Brass Band Championships in Copenhagen. The suite's slow movement, *In Memoriam* (1985), was a tribute to those killed after the Regent's Park bomb in 1982 which destroyed the park's famous bandstand and killed seven bandmen. Lloyd witnessed the aftermath of the atrocity, because he was living close by. It was a tragic echo of the loss of his fellow bandmen on the *HMS Trinidad* some forty years previously, and Lloyd's musical response is both a funeral march and a memorial hymn; a work of characteristic gravitas and tenderness.

Lloyd's final two symphonies were commissioned by the Albany Symphony Orchestra. The Eleventh (1985) is typically grand in design and rhetorical sweep, and another twelve-tone theme appears in the first movement, but again there is nothing systematic in its working out. The two slow movements show Lloyd's musical language developing with a new transparency in the harmonic and orchestral colouring. The symphony ends with a noisy peroration, perhaps more professional than inspired. The Twelfth Symphony (1989) is for the most part serene. It is

in a single movement built around a set of double variations, although the traditional format of the symphony can be discerned among its sections. The rhetorical flourishes which marked Lloyd's early style have here become integrated into the music's motivic fabric. There are moments of agitation and contrapuntal intensity, as a fugue with a chromatic subject threatens to drag us back to the exhausted collapse at the end of the Seventh Symphony. But this time, the worst does not happen, and Lloyd eschews any bombastic climax at the work's end, so that his six-decade long symphonic journey closes with a sense of calm resolution.

It is typical of romantic impulses that traditional forms are not enough to carry the weight of their expressive ambition. Beethoven's Ninth bursts out of the strictures of the classical symphony to express a universal vision of joy and liberty. Similarly, George Lloyd had one more grand symphonic utterance in him, but which was not containable in the traditional form. The *Symphonic Mass* (1991) was commissioned by the Brighton Festival, and Lloyd wanted to create a work which would express a synthesis of his belief in a Christian sense of mission and his exuberant love of life. The result is a piece for chorus and orchestra of great originality and formal invention. Lloyd was eager to create works that the musical public could enjoy and understand, and the Christian story of love and sacrifice, faith and redemption has the advantage of being well-known, even if an orthodox religious life is not easily compatible with a romantic artist's desire for freedom. Lloyd is at his most fluent in this convincingly dramatic work. Fluctuations of tempo, volume and texture reach a new level of complexity. The music is often lavish and loud, but there is a visionary magnificence which justifies every note. The work's consoling last movement, the *Agnus Dei*, reminds us of Lloyd's determination to find inner harmony in his final works.

Another grand choral piece followed the *Symphonic Mass*, a work this time commissioned by Guildford Choral Society. *A Litany* (1995) is a setting of extracts from John Donne's metaphysical poem of that title¹¹. Lloyd attains moments of oceanic serenity amidst passages of turmoil and doubt, as he responds to Donne's text which alternates between confessions of human weakness and the reassurance of faith. Music is treated as a means of prayer; a shared space in which mankind meets God on more equal terms.

A sinner is more music when he prays
Than spheres' or angels' praises be...

The last years of Lloyd's life saw a clutch of orchestral tone poems. Relatively modest in scale, these works are less demanding on the listener and were undoubtedly less stressful for him to compose than an hour-long symphony. They showcase Lloyd's consummate skill as an orchestrator and include *Le Pont du Gard* (1990), *Dying Tree* (1992) with its languid cor anglais solo and *Floating Cloud* (1993). Another remarkably concise late work is the Cello Concerto (1997), which was recorded posthumously by Anthony Ross and the Albany Symphony Orchestra. It falls into a single movement containing seven episodes of contrasted tempi. Rhapsodic in form, the music unfolds as a meditative improvisation in which the melodic lines

grow out of passages of quasi-recitative. The work is a worthy successor to Elgar's sorrowful cello concerto of 1919. Lloyd's concerto is equally valedictory in tone, openly paying homage to the swansong of his greatly admired forbear. But there is a sting in the tail for, above the score, Lloyd has written, "Have you no pity for those you would destroy?" Memories of war, ghosts from the past, haunted him still.

As Lloyd reached advanced old age, his music was less a tussle with the wounded parts of himself, more a conversation with his ineffable sense of the divine. It was a spiritual awareness which continued to grow, and Lloyd completed a sombre *Requiem Mass* for organ and choir in the final days of his life. The dedication was made to Diana, Princess of Wales, who had been killed in a car accident in Paris pursued by the paparazzi, two years previously in 1996. The nation at the time of her death was consumed by hysterical grief and anger in response to the British establishment's supposedly cruel treatment of the 'Queen of Hearts'. Lloyd's dedication may well have stemmed from his interest in the phenomenon of scapegoating, from which he had suffered so badly. It was also another manifestation of his concern for the feminine archetype in a hostile world. If the *Symphonic Mass* and *A Litany* featured Christ as the bearer of our sins, redeeming us from the flaws of our fleshly nature, the image of the caring princess was yet another healing presence. In the *Requiem*, Lloyd's music is spare and directly expressive, if at times naïvely religiose. But there are passages of sustained beauty, and the mournful counter-tenor soloist, a voice unable to soar to the heights, weaves in and out of the choral texture with a sense of resignation.

After George Lloyd's death on 3 July 1998, there were some grateful obituaries, but no major public commemoration, nor any significant change in attitudes to his work. With no new works or recordings to stimulate commentary and criticism, Lloyd began to slip out of public consciousness. Renewed interest had to wait for his centenary year in 2013, when he was granted a slot as 'Composer of the Week' on BBC Radio Three, while the BBC Proms that same year included performances of his *Requiem* and the *H.M.S. Trinidad, March for Orchestra*. The latter featured as part of the *Last Night of The Proms*, the most important event in the classical music calendar. The BBC were making amends for past oversights, but the march tune, fine as it is and so pertinent to the composer's life-story, did not do justice to the quality of the artist and his work. Many of his large-scale orchestral and choral works would surely appeal to the Proms' audience and radio listeners in general. A full cycle of Lloyd's symphonies programmed alongside contemporaneous works by fellow British composers would be an excellent way to explore seven decades of classical music in this country.

5. Technique, Form and Language

The romantic symphony has a troubled history. If the classical symphony is essentially a cyclical journey, away from and back to origin, the romantic symphony moves through a linear narrative from A to B. The heroic impulse seeks to break away from origin with the intent to transform and surpass, leaving behind disharmony and crisis. Reaching a state of transcendence by an effort of will is not easy to do and even harder to sustain. The pendulum is always trying to swing back to the opposite. Yet a romantic symphony must eventually come to an end, demonstrating in the process some level of organic unity, otherwise it is not a symphony. As the genre grew larger in scale and length during the nineteenth century, the contradictions of the form were more and more apparent. While the romantic composer might find himself reasonably at home with the dialectical drama of a first movement, the brooding reflections of a slow movement and even the playfulness of a scherzo, when it came to the resolution of such a grand narrative in a symphonic finale, many composers struggled to conclude their works convincingly without bombast or kitsch. The problem applies to Tchaikovsky, Bruckner and Mahler, as much as it may apply to George Lloyd. Indeed, we find Lloyd's most discursive music in his finales as he tries to square the circle. Sometimes he resets the problem by changing the symphonic structure into three or five movements or even just one, but the challenge remains the same; to make a linear narrative fit into a cyclical form.

One of Lloyd's most successful finales is found in his Fifth Symphony, where good humour and abundant invention carry the work convincingly over the line. But this work lacks the sustained intensity of the Fourth and Seventh Symphonies. Its first movement sets a pastoral mood and moves towards the tension-releasing sub-dominant key. The sense of crisis in the other works justifies their more extended and dramatic finales. In the Twelfth Symphony, serenity prevails at the work's close and there is no need for a show-stopping triumph. We sense that a new organically integrated formal shape has emerged by tempering the excesses of the romantic drive and its need to move from extreme crisis to heroic victory. The music is no longer an intense struggle to find form, more a meditation on a form that already is.

Evidence of Lloyd's narrative approach to form can also be observed in the key schemes of his symphonies. For instance, the Eighth opens with a tonally ambiguous slow introduction, built from a chromatic sequence of notes that is almost a tone row, but the movement eventually settles into A major. In the Ninth, the first movement shifts restlessly around B minor and major, although the symphony ends on a chord of B-flat. Another example of 'progressive' tonality can be found in the Eleventh Symphony, where C-sharp minor emerges as the home key of the first movement, but the symphony finishes in a blaze of C major. Most striking is the device that occurs in the Twelfth Symphony which begins in G major. But, as Ray Bono¹² has pointed out, this one movement work descends through E and C majors to outline the notes of a C major triad, as if Lloyd were signing off his symphonic project with a symbolic statement of

tonal orthodoxy. George Lloyd's key schemes suggest non-cyclical forms, where keys relate to types of feeling or possess symbolic meaning, as if the colours associated with various keys were more important to the composer than their structural function. We might speculate that C major indicates festivity and B-flat major pastoral ease, while B minor/major might be associated with conflict and uncertainty. We can be certain that, while George Lloyd did not use keys as symbols and emotional signals in a literal way, tonality was for him far more than an abstract system of relationships between pitches.

If, at the macro-level, we sense Lloyd has an instinct for formal resolution, we can also examine his aesthetic judgements at the micro-level. In Lloyd's mature style, there is nothing clichéd or borrowed thoughtlessly from others. Firstly, the short-term harmonic progression no longer depends exclusively on tonic and dominant relationships, but uses linkages generated by semi-tonal slides and triadic pivots. There is a good deal of modal and quasi-pentatonic harmony and, as has already been observed, complex harmonies are created from pedal points upon which are superimposed polytonal triads. The harmonic background of these late works moves with relative freedom, and it is the repetition of motivic or short thematic mottos which holds the listener's attention and binds the music together. Such fragments can appear unpromising on first acquaintance – made up of nervously restless figurations or simple stepwise tone or semi-tone movements. Most importantly, this material is easily memorable and adaptable to symphonic development, resulting in a quasi-improvisatory fluidity, as if the music is held together solely by intuition. This can be baffling to analyse, much more like Debussy than Beethoven in its processes, although Lloyd might well have claimed a lineage with Verdi and the dramatic spontaneity of Italian Opera. Here is a brief example from the *Offertorium* of the *Symphonic Mass*, where the harmonic language is typical of his later-style; tonally rooted, but freely dissonant and moving through remote keys.

At the end of a symphonic movement, Lloyd will often make a statement of his main theme which amounts to what is often referred to as a 'big tune'. We hear what we believe is a bold recapitulation of previous material, often with contrapuntal layers that remind us how Berlioz would sound all his material together at the end of his overtures. This familiarity makes us feel we have come home to something we have heard before, while we have never previously heard the material presented without a veil of tonal ambiguity. The confidence of the statement is acquired through the process of development, and the consequent sense of unity and resolution is emergent, not recapitulated, as would occur in a more traditional sonata form. In psychological terms, the music has progressed from an insecure 'I' to a confident 'we', and the feeling of exhilaration which accompanies this transformation is due to the introspective doubts of ego being left behind. We are instead swept along by a burst of naïve enthusiasm and collective solidarity. Many will protest at this optimistic vision imposed upon our fragmented modern culture, although it is a gesture very much familiar to us. After all, the finale of Beethoven's Ninth transforms dissonant chaos into an affirmation of collective joy, and few raise any objection to that.

Such irrational optimism has its problems, especially if it is to extend beyond the four walls of the concert-hall. Liberation from the prison of ego is anathema to the self-pitying romantic, and there is also a risk, which intellectuals greatly fear, of crowd-pleasing populism. The sincerity of Lloyd's affirmative endings may be a matter of subjective judgement, but the aspiration is entirely legitimate as a vision of transcendence, of what might yet be. Listening to Lloyd's more joyous music, the final scene of Act III from Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* occasionally seems to ring in our ears; an opera that has attracted much derision for its collectivist assertions and nationalism. Yet Wagner's intention was to show how an instinctively creative individual, i.e. a romantic artist, could transform and renew society, if those who make and enforce the rules open their minds to feeling and intuition. The crowd in this instance shows itself more enlightened than the pedantic Beckmesser with his petty ambition and envy.

Lloyd was a master of 'developing variation', in which the line between thematic statement and development is blurred. The themes are themselves the product of development and contrapuntal combination, and Lloyd's willingness to ignore the bar-line, to vary the rhythmic pattern or create unsettling syncopations prevent his music slipping into predictability and ensures that, while his music becomes quickly familiar to us, we are amazed to find how little of it is ever literally repeated. As for larger forms, Lloyd had great confidence in traditional ways of structuring music. Sonata form, the expanded ternary form, the episodic Rondo Finale, variation form, fugue and the ground bass are all handled with imagination and technical skill. But there are also quasi-programmatic works such as the orchestral suite, *Charade* and the Seventh Symphony where a narrative provides the sense of purpose and sets the mood. Lloyd uses traditional archetypal gestures too, such as the chorale, the waltz, the march, the funeral march and the fanfare; signals which a musically literate audience can understand without explanation. They are the stock-in-trade of the European romantic symphony and remind us

that Lloyd spoke this musical language like a native, so that it flowed from his pen largely unhindered by intellect.

An objection often raised against Lloyd's work is its lack of originality; that it is merely a string of half-digested references to works by other composers. But how realistic is the idea of a musical work that denies its models? The price of that level of autonomy would be the abstraction and aesthetics of repudiation associated with the more extreme forms of modernism. Playing the game of 'spot the composer' can indeed help us understand the origins of a style, but it is otherwise fruitless as a way of listening, because it distracts from the musical argument. If a musical language has fully integrated its borrowed elements and they are consistent with the composer's creative personality, then 'spot the composer' is a critical method best turned off. That said, musical quotations can be potent devices in a composer's tool-kit, if used sparingly, and these can be reverential acts of homage to the past, or a source of witty allusions and in-jokes, or they can be darkly ironic references to what can no longer be.

Referencing other music is a surface phenomenon, which tells us little about a work's deep structure and unity. Lloyd's feeling for orchestral and harmonic colour is far more important in that regard. He was unquestionably a master of orchestration, deploying a rich palette of colours with skill and originality. His expertise can be observed in the way he layers instrumental colours, how he uses solo instruments for moments of intimate expression and how he generates a sense of space by setting one instrumental group against another. The shifting textures also create drama and forward momentum in an interplay of the sensual and formal components of his music which would surely have won the enthusiastic approval of Friedrich Schiller. Lloyd's aesthetics of course were never contrived. He was no academic theorist, nor interested in the dogmatic theories of others. His aesthetic stance was arrived at by practical experience, in keeping with his intuitive approach to composition. His lack of self-consciousness permitted him a liberating spontaneity made manifest in his emotional freedom, his indifference to political-correctness and his natural optimism. These were counter-cultural characteristics and bound to land him in trouble. Yet the romantic artist is a willing outsider, and his heroic task is to sustain his creative vision and develop his uniqueness without the backing of others.

6. Love and Love Again

Theories of aesthetics do not concern most people who listen to classical music. They know what they like and like what they know. Most decided long ago that 'modern' music was not for them, and ask perplexedly why composers cannot write music like they did in the past. This is a naïve view, considered from the perspective of the philosopher, academic or creative artist tuned into the *zeitgeist*. But a degree of naivety might be exactly what is needed to escape the impasse of modernist theorising and post-modern confusion. If the puritanical rules of modernism are not to prevail, and if the 'anything goes' precepts of post-modernism are not to replace them, then Parsifal needs to enter the stage. An innocent fool must emerge from the shadows to restore what has been lost.

Part of George Lloyd's success after 1972 was his popularity with the concert-going public, which found reassurance and pleasure in his colourful and melodious scores with their noisy affirmative endings. The assumption is usually made that the concert-going public are not equipped to judge the quality of music with any objectivity, as they are unable to distinguish between the sentimental and the tragic, between mere excitement and genuine transcendence. But we should not be too swift to judgement, because responses to George Lloyd's music are often touching in their sincerity, including some who claimed that he profoundly changed their depressive mood. In these instances, may-be something deeper is happening than the manipulation of emotions.

The poet and literary critic Kathleen Raine can help us understand what may be occurring. She writes:

The power to perceive the beautiful arises from a quality of consciousness: something for ever inaccessible to the *apparatus criticus*, which can be manipulated by persons who do not possess this quality at all. The cleansing of the doors of perception is a matter rather of culture than of education and may be possessed by people in the academic sense unlearned; while it is possible to be a notorious critic and yet be entirely without it.¹³

Raine suggests that recognising beauty and archetypal truth are matters of instinct, not functions of intellect, thus a naïve response may well bring the listener closer to a work of art's inner substance than the words of a sceptical analyst applying an ideological critique. It is also true that the line between the genuinely archetypal and the well-worn cliché can be very fine, and the difference may rest upon a factor such as the quality of the performers or the quality of a specific performance. Raine's point is that an audience's enthusiasm does not by definition make a musical work populist or superficial. Repeated listening to Lloyd's music tends to diminish the importance of the elements which make it superficially attractive, instead drawing attention to its hidden complexities and energetic inner life. If you like, we are at first charmed by a charismatic and colourful personality but, as the relationship develops, depths are revealed, as we discover wisdom, creative zest and originality.

One of the most remarkable aspects of George Lloyd as an artist is the consistency of his aesthetics from his first works to the last, over a career stretching almost seventy years. His instinct for formal containment proceeded in parallel with an exuberant, at times extravagant, desire for romantic expression and a love of colour. In his early opera *Iernin* which dates from 1934, the symbolism of the libretto points to the central pre-occupation of Lloyd's creative project; the mysterious power of the feminine. Lloyd's fascination with the feminine has a significant history in the romantic movement. The German literary genius, Goethe¹⁴ wrote *Faust*, a two-part epic account of the human condition. The end of *Part II* of his poetic masterpiece has been a magnet for romantic composers such as Liszt, Schumann and Mahler. The famous final lines of Goethe's text¹⁵ remind us that life is experienced as an interaction of instinctive feelings and archetypal forms. We are drawn by longing and desire to rise above the base struggle for survival, seeking instead the love and repose of higher consciousness. Eros, embodied in the female form, leads us into the transformative dance of evolution, drawing us toward the ultimate mysteries of transcendence, which are represented symbolically as the Eternal Feminine or Mater Gloriosa.

In Lloyd's opera *Iernin*, the fairy of the title symbolises the intoxicating numinosity of a man's unconscious mind – his anima, as Jung would have described her. She represents the power of primitive feeling and Nature. Her domain is birth and death, love and destruction. She offers enchantment and illusion, but also a profound connection to reality. She is the life-spirit which longs for embodiment, who dances eternally with her lover, leading him either to ecstatic release or a prison of fantasy. In the final scene of *Iernin*, the hero Gerent realises that the world of flesh and blood must be endured with heroic tenacity. His bid to escape with Iernin to a realm of eternal bliss would be a choice to die rather than accept the ordinary trials of human existence. Was this a foreknowledge of Lloyd's decision to join the Royal Marines and abandon his composing career during the Second World War?

Throughout a long and fruitful life, George Lloyd showed that being true to his sense of reality was his heroic task. He was modest in his claims about himself. Aspiring to greatness was not in his character. He wanted, so he claimed, merely to entertain his audience and give them pleasure. He saw himself in the mould of Dvořák rather than Beethoven. Such statements were of course a deliberate dissembling to conceal his deeper motivations and to avoid the self-indulgence of a public confession. It was true that he was not a radical innovator. Lloyd's aesthetic ambition was rooted in tried and tested techniques; a wish to communicate with his audience and an acceptance that music cannot go beyond representations of the transcendent realm. His idealism had limits, and the scale of his greatness or genius was not relevant to his creative goals. Yet, despite that willingness to forego the seductions of high reputation and striving ambition, Lloyd upheld his ideals. Love and beauty inspired and rewarded him, even if they could only ever be fleetingly known.

In his later years, George Lloyd exchanged thoughts with the maverick thinker and philosopher, Colin Wilson¹⁶. Wilson had much in common with Lloyd, not least a connection with Cornwall

where he lived to escape intrusive media interest, after the publication of his first controversial book, 'The Outsider' (1956). The writer was also something of a musical expert, especially concerning romantics such as Schumann and Berlioz. Wilson was an unabashed enthusiast for Lloyd's music and collected all the recordings as they were issued. Yet the affinity between the two men went much deeper, because Wilson considered Lloyd an example of the outsider who had held his nerve and achieved a level of acceptance. In his youth, Wilson had been psychologically unstable, leading him to contemplate suicide but, in that moment of existential collapse, he discovered a force in himself capable of disciplining his negative emotions. Wilson diagnosed that he had been suffering from a syndrome experienced by many romantics; a sense of alienation and demoralisation faced with the mundane and often unpleasant realities of daily life. Thereafter, he began to develop a philosophy of 'positive existentialism' which stated that the individual could intervene to resolve his personal sense of victimisation and crisis. This was not a matter for intellectual analysis but demanded a creative and sensual response. Wilson advocated a self-willed act of Nietzschean defiance, embracing life with ecstatic joy despite its miseries. In his worldview, the resilient outsider could become a visionary artist, rising above the bourgeois world as a prophet of ever greater human potential.

George Lloyd claimed that he was often criticised for his optimism, as if it were in bad taste, offending against a general cultural climate of negativity and despair. Lloyd had more reason than most to feel negative. Seriously injured during the war, forced to live in obscurity for many years, his music derided and unperformed, yet he soldiered on without self-pity, showing loyalty to his inner vision. Colin Wilson would no doubt have told him that self-pity was immature and self-destructive; one of the traps into which many romantic artists fall. George Lloyd was fortunate too that his wife Nancy was his most devoted supporter. She had been the main reason for his survival after the war, persuading him to return to composition. Nancy was a mystic and faith-healer who relied heavily on a pendulum and other oracular techniques to make important choices about her life, including offering advice to George on many occasions. The swing of the pendulum, an awareness that life ebbs and flows, moving between the opposites, perhaps encouraged patience, when anger and frustration would have been entirely justified. George Lloyd must have felt a lot of both yet, at the heart of his life was a first-hand experience of the healing power of love; not as some sentimental infatuation, but as something deeper and more demanding of sacrifice. Lloyd stated that he was a believer, not a member of any Church nor adherent to any creed, but he knew that without transcendence life had no meaning. It is not surprising that his *Symphonic Mass* is by most measures his most successful work; the culmination of his existential and creative struggle to combine the romantic spirit which drove him with the spiritual and moral discipline needed to keep it in bounds.

We can only conclude that George Lloyd is an artist to be taken seriously. His naïve aesthetics were not the consequence of ignorance, bad judgement or a sheltered existence. They were hard-won, after experiencing the worst horrors of war and enduring a long period of critical opposition to his music. His musical technique was masterful; a prodigious talent in any age,

while his musical style was synthetic in the best sense; an integrated fusion of his musical experience. His creative impulses were genuine and idealistic, but never fanciful or extreme. In his late choral work, *The Vigil of Venus (Pervigilium Veneris)*, Lloyd celebrated Eros with extravagance and uninhibited joy. The Goddess is presented to us as the source of life and renewal. At the end of the work, the chorus repeatedly exhorts those who have never loved to learn to love, and those that have previously loved to love again. There is a cry for the bull's masculine aggression to fall willingly under the uxorial yoke; a plea for peace, not war. As the Goddess reigns supreme, the birds begin to sing – former violations against nature are forgotten. The once mute female nightingale finds her voice. The birds sing when Apollo withdraws, because the spirit of Dionysus is liberated to step forward. In other words, only when the brilliant light of constructive mind has been dimmed sufficiently can Nature express herself with beauty and fluency.

The message is simple. We must learn once more to sing with the freedom of the birds, setting aside fear and resentment. Nature renews and restores itself, when we join her joyful dance; abandoning egoism, self-consciousness and the shadow of past woes. George Lloyd cast himself in the role of Parsifal; a holy fool and understated hero whose cultivated naivety and stubborn resistance to the cynical world around him allows us a glimpse of timeless beauty and enduring love. Lloyd offers something more than Nietzsche's defiant 'yes' to life. We are asked to join him in a leap of intuitive feeling. He knew that things were often far from well, but he also knew that, through the power of creative imagination, things can be made well again. Romantic art is a legitimate response to modern man's sense of perpetual existential crisis and longing for transcendence. George Lloyd was unflinching in his adherence to its call.

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Notes

- ¹ Theodor Adorno (1903-69), *Schoenberg and Progress from Philosophy of Modern Music* (1948),
- ² Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-78), philosopher, writer and composer, see *Discourse on Inequality* (1754)
- ³ Arthur Schopenhauer (1788-1860) *The World as Will and Representation* (1818)
- ⁴ Friedrich Schiller (1759-1805), *Letters on the Aesthetic Education of Man* published in *Horen* (1795)
- ⁵ The incident of Hitler dancing a jig after the surrender of France is now widely accepted to be a hoax created for propaganda purposes by editing the newsreel footage into a repeated loop.
- ⁶ Nancy Lloyd (née Juvet) (1913-2000) whom George Lloyd married in 1937.
- ⁷ Karlheinz Stockhausen (1928-2007) He claimed he had come to Earth from a planet in the Sirius star-system in order to save humanity.
- ⁸ John Ogdon (1937-1989), pianist and composer, pupil and friend of George Lloyd.
- ⁹ Stravinsky became envious of Britten's fame in the early sixties, and their relationship deteriorated.
- ¹⁰ Desmond Morris (b.1928), *The Naked Ape* (1969)
- ¹¹ John Donne, English poet (1572-1631), *A Litany* (1609-10)
- ¹² Ray Bono was the copyist at the Albany Symphony Orchestra in the 1990s who wrote the notes for the recording of Lloyd's Twelfth Symphony.
- ¹³ Kathleen Raine (1908-2003), *The Use of the Beautiful from Defending Ancient Springs* (1967)
- ¹⁴ Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), *Faust Part II* (1832)
- ¹⁵ The final text is as follows: "All transitory things are mere symbols; What is unobtainable is here attained; The indescribable is here accomplished; The Eternal Feminine draws us ever higher."
- ¹⁶ Colin Wilson (1931-2013), *The Musician as Outsider* (1987), *Music, Nature and the Romantic Outsider* (1990)

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About the author

Peter Davison was Artistic Consultant to Manchester's Bridgewater Hall from 1994-2018, where he created a high-quality classical music programme without the assistance of direct subsidy. As artistic director of the hall's *International Concert Series*, he hosted many prestigious performers such as the Vienna Philharmonic, the Concertgebouw, the Chicago Symphony, as well as soloists such as Lang Lang, Jessye Norman and Cecilia Bartoli. During that time, he was responsible for *Pulse*; a festival of rhythm and percussion for the Commonwealth Games in 2002, while in 2006, he worked with pianist, Barry Douglas and BBC Radio 3 to stage all Mozart's piano concertos in five days. In 2012, he collaborated with pianist Noriko Ogawa and the BBC Philharmonic to create *Reflections on Debussy*, an eight-concert series exploring oriental influence on the French composer.

Until 2014, Peter Davison was artistic director of the *Two Rivers Festival* in Wirral commissioning several new works and developing acclaimed programmes. He has also lectured in Arts Management at the University of Manchester and the Royal Welsh College of Music and Drama. In 2001, he edited *Reviving the Muse*, a book about the future of musical composition, and in 2010 published *Wrestling with Angels* about the life and work of Gustav Mahler to accompany The Bridgewater Hall's acclaimed symphony cycle.

Peter Davison created **Helios Associates** in 1994, an arts management consultancy working with many cultural organisations. He provided financial analysis for the English regional orchestras and assessed major grant-applications for the Arts Council of England involving The Sage, Gateshead, Colston Hall, Bristol, The Hall for Cornwall in Truro, the Watford Palace Theatre, The Arvon Foundation and the London Symphony Orchestra among others. Peter Davison has an M.Phil. in Musicology from the University of Cambridge and is a renowned Mahler scholar.

The Swing of the Pendulum

George Lloyd and the Crisis of Romanticism



YouTube Audio Links:

Symphony No 5

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XqBsMfn8fy8&t=51s>

Symphony No 12

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vUwUaRc2X6A>

Pervigilium Veneris (The Vigil of Venus)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vDP4oMLvWJk&list=OLAK5uy_ncmH-X9h6jQqLdUBGHm0oObvR01h943o0&index=3

A Symphonic Mass

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RKJgHMhx5sA>

An African Shrine

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8755qpb0OfU&list=OLAK5uy_kj-sDRiAHKekc2qwb5fReu2-e4HxqiUWg

Cello Concerto

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=86e9bRTj1Uw>