Leeds Song

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The Guardian

Music *gives a soul to the* universe

2026 Festival

Tuesday 14 April at 9pm

Late Night Recital: *Dunwich*

THE ATTIC

LOTTERY FUNDED
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Director's Welcome

Music *gives a soul to the* universe

It is with great joy and delight that I welcome you to the Leeds Song Festival 2026, a week-long celebration of one of the most intimate, expressive, and endlessly fascinating forms of music: the art song. Across seven days and a variety of venues throughout Leeds, we have gathered some of the brightest stars, most compelling voices, and most visionary creators in the world of song to present a programme as diverse and vibrant as the city itself.

Buoyed by the extraordinary success of last year's Festival – which broke all previous box office records by 30% – we return in 2026 with renewed energy, ambition and gratitude. This momentum would not be possible without the loyal and generous support of our Friends, audiences, donors, and those trusts and foundations whose belief in our mission underpins everything we do. My heartfelt thanks to each of you.

Faced with an embarrassment of riches, it feels almost invidious to pick out highlights, but as you turn the pages ahead you'll notice programmes from internationally acclaimed singers Marianne Crebassa, Katharina Konradi, Axelle Fanyo, and Fleur Barron, who bring fresh energy to Leeds. British stars Dame Sarah Connolly, Louise Alder, Huw Montague Rendall and Roderick Williams return, delivering performances that showcase the very best of British artistry. The opening and closing evening recitals are especially packed with joyous fare.

Our commitment to supporting the finest rising stars includes recitals by Austrian mezzo-soprano Patricia Nolz, our first lute-accompanied recital with Nardus Williams (partnered by early music royalty Elizabeth Kenny), and a performance from recent Deutsche Grammophon signing Theodore Platt. Leeds Song Young Artist alumni are also represented: Héloïse Werner's *Knight's Dream* will be performed by Helen Charlston and Sholto Kynoch, while Keval Shah, Felix Gygli and Jong Sun Woo all make welcome returns.

Festival favourites Roderick Williams and Iain Burnside explore new compositions inspired by Japanese haiku from leading American composer Libby Larsen, and we are proud to present a Leeds Song commission: *Dunwich*: an intermedia première by Martin Iddon blending spoken word, piano and video in a powerful meditation on history and memory.

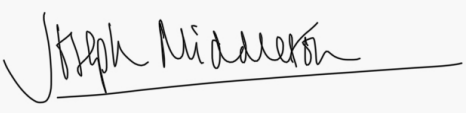
This year's masterclasses feature renowned artists including Bernarda Fink, Joan Rodgers CBE, Mark Padmore and Roger Vignoles, whose guidance offers invaluable insight into the art of interpretation.

Our community offering, *Bring and Sing!*, returns with Gareth Malone, inviting all to take part in a joyous performance of Haydn's *Nelson Mass*. Meanwhile, the *Composers & Poets Forum* and the Art Song Challenge winner, Gerda Iguchi, broaden the boundaries of the genre with bold, interdisciplinary work.

The festival concludes with a specially curated recital by Dame Sarah Connolly, joined by prize winners from the Northern Aldborough New Voices Singing Competition – a fitting finale, celebrating both excellence and the future of song.

Leeds Song Festival is not just a series of concerts; it is a vibrant gathering of artists, audiences, and ideas, a space where music's power to connect, move, and transform is celebrated in all its richness. Whether you are a lifelong devotee of art song or discovering it anew, we invite you to join us for what promises to be an unforgettable festival.

Thank you for being part of this journey.



Joseph Middleton
Director, Leeds Song

2026 Festival at a Glance

Saturday 11 April		
1 – 2pm	**Lunchtime Opening Recital**: Patricia Nolz and Joseph Middleton	The Venue, LC
3 – 5.30pm	**Bring and Sing! Rehearsal** with Gareth Malone OBE	The Venue, LC
6pm	**Bring and Sing! Concert** with Gareth Malone OBE: Haydn *Nelson Mass*	The Venue, LC
6.30 – 7pm	**Pre-concert Talk** with Richard Stokes	HAR
7.30pm	**Evening Opening Recital**: Louise Alder, Huw Montague Rendall and Joseph Middleton	HAR
Sunday 12 April		
10am – 12.30pm	**Festival Masterclass I**: Bernarda Fink	The Venue, LC
2 – 3pm	**Lunchtime Recital**: Nardus Williams and Elizabeth Kenny	Royal Armouries Museum
4 – 5.30pm	**Young Artists Study Event** with Richard Stokes	Recital Room, LC
6 – 7pm	**Friends of Leeds Song** Private Reception	Rooftop Bar, LC
6.30 – 7pm	**Pre-concert Talk** with Richard Stokes	The Venue, LC
7.30pm	**Evening Recital**: Marianne Crebassa and Joseph Middleton	The Venue, LC
Monday 13 April		
10am – 1pm	**Friends' Festival Masterclass II**: Bernarda Fink	Linacre Studio, HOC
2pm – 5pm	**Friends' Festival Masterclass III**: Mark Padmore CBE	Linacre Studio, HOC
Tuesday 14 April		
10am – 1pm	**Festival Masterclass IV**: Bernarda Fink	Linacre Studio, HOC
6 – 8pm	**Evening Recital**: Roderick Williams OBE and Iain Burnside	The Venue, LC
9pm	**Late Night Recital**: *Dunwich*: An intermedia première by Martin Iddon	The Attic
Wednesday 15 April		
5 – 7pm	**Composers & Poets Forum Showcase and Exhibition**: 'A Leeds Songbook'	Brodrick Hall, Leeds City Museum
8pm	**Evening Recital**: Helen Charlston and Sholto Kynoch	Left Bank Leeds
Thursday 16 April		
12 – 1.30pm	**Young Artists Showcase**	HAR
3 – 6pm	**Festival Masterclass V**: Joan Rodgers CBE	Linacre Studio, HOC
6.30 – 7pm	**Pre-concert Talk** with Dr Katy Hamilton	HAR
7.30pm	**Evening Recital**: Axelle Fanyo, Fleur Barron and Julius Drake	HAR
9.45 – 11pm	**Late Night Lieder Lounge** with Leeds Song Young Artists	HAR Bar
Friday 17 April		
10am – 12.30pm	**Festival Masterclass VI**: Roger Vignoles	Linacre Studio, HOC
1 – 2pm	**Lunchtime Recital**: Felix Gygli and Jong Sun Woo	HAR
3 – 6pm	**Festival Masterclass VII**: Anna Tilbrook	Linacre Studio, HOC
6.30 – 7pm	**Pre-concert Talk** with Mark Rogers	HAR
7.30pm	**Evening Recital**: Katharina Konradi and Joseph Middleton	HAR
9.45 – 11pm	**Late Night Recital**: Gerda Iguchi: Art Song Challenge 2025	HAR Bar
Saturday 18 April		
11am – 12pm	**Coffee Recital**: Theodore Platt and Keval Shah	The Venue, LC
2 – 3.30pm	**Young Artists** Finale Concert	The Venue, LC
6 – 6.30pm	**Pre-concert Talk** with Dr George Kennaway	Rooftop Bar, LC
7pm	**Festival Closing Recital**: Dame Sarah Connolly and Joseph Middleton (and Northern Aldborough New Voices Singing Competition Prize Winners)	The Venue, LC

HAR = Howard Assembly Room | LC = Leeds Conservatoire | HOC = Howard Opera Centre
All information correct at the time of publication.
Leeds Song reserves the right to change artists, programmes and events if necessary.

Box Office: 0113 223 3600 | **boxoffice@operanorth.co.uk** | **www.leedssong.com/whats-on**

Tuesday 14 April 2026, 9pm
THE ATTIC

Doors and bar open from 8pm. Performance begins at 9pm.

Late Night Recital

Dunwich: An intermedia première by Martin Iddon

Rei Nakamura piano
Gillian Jane Lees speaker
Adam York Gregory videographer

Commissioned for the 2026 Festival, *Dunwich* is a new work by British composer and Professor of Music and Aesthetics at the University of Leeds Martin Iddon, created in collaboration with pianist Rei Nakamura, speaker Gillian Jane Lees, and videographer Adam York Gregory.

Described as a "song cycle without a singer," it's written for speaker, piano, video, and fixed media, and takes its name from Dunwich — the once-thriving port now lost to the sea and often called "Britain's Atlantis." Steeped in ghost stories and legend, the piece draws on this rich history of disappearance and memory. We're proud to present this innovative commission as part of our commitment to expanding the living tradition of song.

This new commission is generously supported The Hinrichsen Foundation, The Marchus Trust, Martin Staniforth and the Vaughan Williams Foundation.

Martin Iddon (b. 1975)
Dunwich

GHOST STORIES

The Dark Heart of Dunwich

There was once a maiden of Dunwich, called Eva, who was betrothed to the son of a wealthy local landowner or, perhaps, to the landowner himself. It may well have been the case that whatever Eva may have wanted didn t come much into it, that the match was one that her father had contracted on her behalf, to fix his own money problems, perhaps, or to join the estates of two affluent families. Who knows?

In any case, before they were to be married, she was seduced by, or fell in love with—again the tale isn t entirely clear on this point—someone else. He may have been a good-looking local rogue or he may have been a sailor on shore leave.

Either way, he left on a ship and promised he would return to her and she believed him. Eva never married the landowner, or his son.

Even if she d wanted to, she hardly could now, since—small town gossip being what it is—everybody knew that she d been with someone else. Instead, she waited and watched on the beach for any sign of her lover's boat returning. Perhaps he was a villain, who had his way with her and made promises he'd never intended to keep. Perhaps his ship was lost—a dangerous business going to sea, near nine hundred years ago—and he went down with it, thinking only of the girl he left behind.

However it happened, he never came back and, in her desperation, Eva took a knife, cut out her own heart and cast it into the sea. Losing the heart she had given—tossing it after, in some tellings, her heartless lover—brought her no restful, peaceful death. Her shade, they say, still walks the beach, still hoping for his return and every now and again, they say too, a carved wooden heart, the size of a fist, washes up on the shingle at Dunwich. If you should see it, leave it where it lies. Do not—certainly do not—pick it up and take it with you. Tragic luck would follow. The dark heart of Dunwich is not for you.

The Bells of Dunwich

A long time ago, before the Normans, Dunwich was a capital, the major city and port of the Kingdom of East Anglia, perhaps the seat of St. Felix of Burgundy, who introduced Christianity to the East Angles, whose first bishop he was. The Domesday Book records that, in 1086, Dunwich had grown from having one church to three. John Stow claimed that, before the Candlemas storm of 1573, this had grown to the incredible total of seventy religious buildings, divided between parish churches, houses of religion, hospitals, chapels, and the like. Dunwich's wealth and its significance came from the sea: its harbour made it a major European port and, by the 1300s, Dunwich had become a city on the same sort of scale as London.

But the Candlemas storm was the last in a sequence of disastrous tempests: the storm surge of 1286 was followed by the two Great Storms of 1287, resulting in catastrophic flooding. The St. Marcellus flood of 1362 was the third of the century, devastating city and harbour alike. Storms and floods only accelerated the inevitable: in the twelfth century, the Dunwich river entered the sea just to the north of the city, terminating in a natural harbour. Dunwich shared the harbour with Blythburgh, to the north, where the mouth of the River Blyth lay, but a spit of land made Dunwich the favoured port. Time, tide, flood, and storm both eroded the promontory and blocked the harbour mouth.

Before too long, the course of the Dunwich river, which had given the city its rank and status, was closed off from the coast entirely, becoming no more than a tributary of the River Blyth, ceding its position to northerly harbours at Walberswick and Southwold. Now, on the beach at Dunwich, you might be more likely to look south, in which direction you would see the great white dome of the Sizewell B nuclear reactor looking back at you.

Stow's claim of seventy religious buildings is, doubtless, an absurd exaggeration, literally incredible, but there were certainly at least twelve churches and chapels, each and every one of them claimed by the sea: the last, All Saints, finally fell in the first twenty years of the twentieth century, from nave to tower. A generation of visitors would come upon the bones of those once buried in the graveyard at All Saints, as it, too, collapsed over the cliff. The ruins of the Greyfriars monastery are all that remain of that earlier Dunwich and for them, too, the end is in sight: by the turn of the next century, they will have been lost to the sea as well. The monastery will be survived, for a while at any rate, by the new church, St. James's, built in the middle of the nineteenth century, on the site of the leper hospital Walter de Ribof endowed some four hundred years earlier, its ruined Lazar chapel now the mausoleum of the Barne family, still within the grounds of St. James's. Almost inevitably some have been spooked by the shadows cast by the walls of that chapel, hinting that they move strangely, *unnaturally*.

The local stories have it that the bells of Dunwich's twelve lost churches still toll, now from below the waves, and can be heard, very occasionally, from sea or shore. Some versions of the story insist that the chiming marks major religious festivals, an echo of long-ago celebrations of Easter or Christmas. Other versions interpret the sound of sunken bells as a warning, a portent of a coming storm, a memory of the torrents and tempests that turned Dunwich from metropolis into hinterland. If you were to hear the sound of distant bells on the strand at Dunwich, you would be well advised to take yourself some way inland, and promptly, even if only to be on the safe side.

In 1859 (or, perhaps, 1856), a mariner, John Day, reported that he had been able to establish the position of his boat, on his journey, from Southwold, north of the town, toward Sizewell, to the south, by hearing the tolling of a bell from one of the sunken churches of Dunwich. In the visitors' book at the Dunwich Museum, there's an anonymous entry which insists that the writer heard "a peal of six chimes on the night of 27 December 2017, a night which was a particularly wet and stormy one, while much of the rest of the country, especially on higher ground, found itself blanketed by heavy snowfall. Only one church stands in Dunwich, St James's, possessed of a single bell, which tolls, automatically, on the hour.

The Elizabethan Sailor

Some say that they've heard the disembodied laughter of children on the beach, far too late at night for youngsters to be about even if they had the most neglectful or liberal of parents. No matter: the sound of children's laughter is such a cliché of haunted places—and, more, their depiction on film and television—that it's all-too-easy to imagine an impressionable beachcomber hearing them at any place that has the reputation of a haunting.

More specific, more unusual, though, some say that they've seen a sailor on the beach. Not Eva's lover, this: even if ghosts do meet, this is someone else.

They've been telling Eva's story since round about the time when Robert de Beaumont, the Earl of Leicester, laid siege to Dunwich in 1173, as a part of the revolt against the rule of Henry II, the failure of which led to Robert's imprisonment and disgrace, only restored to favour by the accession of Richard the Lionheart in 1189, shortly before Robert's own death the following year. Dunwich played its part in defending Henry's rule, according to Jordan Fantosme's account, repelling Leicester's trained army with bows, darts, and stones, even while he erected gallows outside the palisade wall to intimidate them.

But I digress. No, the ghost of the sailor on the beach is not Eva's sailor: he is dressed in Elizabethan garb and is, it seems, simply heading down to try to catch up with his ship, which has already, and forever, sailed.

There is, not too far off the coast, a shipwreck, the Dunwich Bank wreck, which, though it has been surveyed several times, remains something of a mystery, not least since it is slowly being covered by silt and sand: one of the few things that is known with certainty about it is that it was carrying bronze cannons, since one has been recovered, cast by Remigy de Haut in Flanders, probably in the late 1530s. It is tempting to think that, somehow, the sailor might have been the lucky one, that the ship he should have been on went down at Candlemas, in the storm of 1573, and that his lost ship and crewmates are, like the city of Dunwich itself, still there, just off the coast, just below the waves.

The historic importance of Dunwich, as well as its near complete transformation into a ghost town, was recognised in the Reform Act of 1832, which put an end to the absurdity that Dunwich elected two members of parliament, but had only eight residents. The electors of Dunwich lived, as they say, far and wee by that time, returning to what was once a city, now no more than a hamlet, when they were called upon to vote. The actual ballot took place at sea, the electors sailing out until they were, they reckoned, just above the point where the old town hall would have been, when Dunwich was in its pomp.

Miles and Barne Barne

On Dunwich Heath, some say that they have seen a ghostly rider and his phantom horse, a well-to-do Victorian, perhaps, it has been suggested, a member of the Barne family, whose mausoleum now occupies the surviving part of the Lazar House at St. James's: numerous members of the family acted, in most cases rather unwillingly, as members of parliament for Dunwich, while it was a rotten borough; in general, they seem to have been much more interested in being country squires and, appropriately, in the breeding and racing of horses. Another tale describes a ghost in the woodland—walking, not riding, along the St. Helena trail—who, too, was recognisably well-heeled: literally recognisable, he was named as the brother of the lord of the manor.

This brother had fallen in love with a maid who worked at a Dunwich seaside villa, called Grey Friars after the monastery. Inevitably, the gulf in class resulted, as the stories so often say it does, in a refusal on part of the wealthier family and the heartbreak of the lovers. That house, Grey Friars, was another part of the holdings of the Barne family, suggesting that both landowner and lover must have been Barnes too: neither the reclusive Miles Barne nor his younger half-brother, Barne Barne, ever married, though perhaps it is meaningful that Miles, the senior, took over the parliamentary seat that was more or less allocated to the family only when he was forced to, after the resignation of Barne in 1791.

Greyfriars

At Greyfriars 'proper' (that's to say, at the site of what remains of the monastery, a victim like so many others of Henry VIII's dissolution, which reached Dunwich in 1538) there are—again a rather inevitable cliché—reports that the friars still wander there at night, carrying out their half-millennium-lost ministries. At Greyfriars, too, there has been a sighting, in the interwar years, of the black dog of East Anglia, Black Shuck, running through the ruins. Black Shuck leaves behind him, in some tellings, fiery prints and the smell of brimstone. Shaggy-haired, he is sometimes described as possessed of a single cyclopean eye, sometimes a pair, but, one or two, they are always aflame.

To meet Shuck's gaze is a portent of imminent death: the wise would recommend, then, that you avert your eyes, but never turn your back on the black dog, or you and your family will surely suffer his curse. If you were so unfortunate as to see Black Shuck and be seen by him, the only way in which the evil eye can be turned aside is to breathe a word of it to no one for a year following your meeting with him.

Heading away from the site of the monastery is a little footpath through a wood which leads, ultimately, to the cliffs. About this patch of woodland, too, there are stories. More than one person has reported hearing, off the path, in the trees themselves, not one person, but an enormous mass, perhaps hundreds, perhaps thousands, in quiet chatter, accompanied by the muted crack of wood underfoot, a phantom hearing interpreted variously as the movement of an ancient army, or the souls disturbed by so many graveyards, so many graves, that have slipped down the cliff face into the sea.

Hobby lanterns—the phenomenon also called a will-o'-the-wisp—have been seen in the woods too, lending credence, for those willing to believe in the first place, in the version of the woodland stories that says that what can be heard there are the voices of generations of spirits disturbed from their rest, that the lights in the forest are, really, what would be called corpse candles, if the graves were intact, unmoved, luring the unwary toward the cliff edge.

Martin Iddon

Programme Notes

Dunwich

Composer: Martin Iddon
Speaker: Gillian Jane Lees
Pianist: Rei Nakamura
Videographer: Adam York Gregory

Though you wouldn't know it now, Dunwich, the place that is, was once one of Anglo-Saxon England's largest settlements, a city on the coast of Suffolk which was on a scale to rival London. Today, it comprises a couple of small streets, a pub and café, both of which serve decent food, a small museum and church, and the ruins of an abbey, as well as a shingle beach, well frequented by anglers, with whom, should you want to film there—I speak from experience—you will have to negotiate. Most of this once thriving port was lost, to storm, rising tides, and coastal erosion: the cliff continues, progressively, to edge closer to the little that is left and, occasionally, reveals bones of those who were buried in the graveyard of All Saints church, the last of many to have plunged over the cliff to be taken by the tide. Only one grave, one gravestone, now remains intact, itself perilously close to the edge. Local legend says that, at low tide, the bells of the churches which now lie submerged off the coast can still be heard, distantly, to toll. Of course, in reality, the townsfolk were hardly likely to allow such valuable pieces of metalwork to be lost: bells were stripped from churches in good time before their collapse, and sold for scrap. Mark Fisher said of Dunwich that it "consists now almost entirely of absence", an absence which has been filled with all manner of stories of hauntings: as well as the bells, there is Eva, who cast her heart into the sea, after her heartless lover; there is an Elizabethan sailor, always hunting for his long-departed ship, a barque which might even have been the Dunwich Bank wreck, itself slowly being silted over under the sea; there's a ghostly rider and his horse on the heath, and another, walking in the woodland, where some have heard the tramp of an enormous army; at the abbey, the black dog of East Anglia, Black Shuck, has been sighted, with his terrible, fiery eyes, while hobby lanterns—corpse candles—guide the foolish or unwary up to, and beyond, the cliff edge. These ghost stories, it seems to me, echo the literal disappearance of the city of Dunwich, a sort of ecological mourning, a grief for environmental loss that, in my view, at any rate, feels even more poignant, or potent, in a world where rising sea levels, a shift in the natural world which brings human loss, is an inevitable fact of life.

Dunwich, the piece that is, is a sort of 'song cycle without a singer', which is, too, a sort of meditation on loss—the passage of time, and its effects on landscape and memory—through the lens of Dunwich, its ghost stories, and its physical environment. It is made up of several different elements, which happen at the same time and, I hope, resonate with one another, rather than fusing together into some other thing. In the background, throughout, is a field recording, made at the site of the last grave of All Saints church, at low tide, when the submerged bells are said to toll, which happened to be dusk on the autumn equinox: though I don't believe such days have any particular magical significance, it is enough that you might. On screen runs a video, filmed by Adam on Dunwich Beach, largely, at dawn on the same day: Gillian walks, unnaturally slowly along the beach from south to north, while people—and their dogs—pass her, moving unnaturally quickly, apparently without noticing she is there. Though I had conceived the idea of the long walk quite early in the conceptualisation of the piece—I'd imagined it simply being a passage from right to left, filmed side on, quite unlike the final result—it was only during the filming of it that I realised it evoked, quite precisely, a recurring childhood nightmare. I hope, inevitably, that it retains the formal shape of the nightmarish, even for those who—presumably anyone other than me—did not experience it.

Live, Gillian tells five of Dunwich's ghost stories—the 'songs' of the 'song cycle'—intersected by fragments of writings on Dunwich by *inter alia*, M. R. James, W. G. Sebald, Agnes Strickland, and Algernon Swinburne, one piece of text gradually overwriting another, such that they blur into one another. Similarly, in Rei's piano part, five types of quiet, sustained musics are obliterated, imperceptibly, by their successor. The pitch material for these is drawn from musics related to the sea, the church, and the Suffolk coast in particular—the *Ave Maris Stella* and *Si quaeris miracula* chants, the folk songs 'The Faithful Sailor Boy' and 'The Suffolk Miracle', and the hymn tune 'Melita', better known as 'For Those in Peril on the Sea'—permuted using derivatives of English church bell change ringing, such that you'd be unlikely to hear the source melodies, except very distantly. In the background, atop the field recording, can be heard, faintly, ghostly echos of both Rei's and Gillian's material.

Dunwich is, musically and narratively speaking, very quiet, very still, and very slow. To my mind, it should be listened to quietly and slowly. It is, I think, just as things should be if there are times when your attention

is sharply focussed and times when it wanders, times when you find yourself thinking about the speaker rather than the pianist, or vice versa, or times when you are thinking most about what's happening on screen, or even listening to the sounds captured live at Dunwich on the field recording. It's ok to be only listening at points, just as it's ok to be only watching sometimes. It's ok, from my point of view, if you miss things, in short, and I wouldn't want you to feel guilty if you do. I'd like, here and elsewhere, to stake a small claim for the importance of experiencing the values of slowness, in opposition to an acceleration which contributes to and brings ever closer the catastrophe.

© Martin Iddon, York, 27 February 2026

Biographies

Martin Iddon

Composer

Martin Iddon is a composer and musicologist. His research concentrates on post-war music in West Germany and North America. His books *John Cage and David Tudor*, *John Cage and Peter Yates*, *New Music at Darmstadt*, the *Cambridge Companion to Serialism* and *Hauntology, Nostalgia, and New Music* are published by Cambridge University Press, while *John Cage's Concert for Piano and Orchestra* (with Philip Thomas) is published by Oxford University Press. His music appears on *pneuma*, *Sapindales*, *Naiads* (Another Timbre), and *Hesperides* (NMC), and is published by University of York Music Press. His tuba piece, *Lamapdes*, won the Ivor Novello Award for solo composition in 2021. He is Professor of Music and Aesthetics at the University of Leeds.

Rei Nakamura

Piano

Rei Nakamura is a pianist specialising in contemporary music and interdisciplinary performance. In 2007 she launched *Movement to Sound, Sound to Movement*, a project for piano, multimedia, and performance. Working closely with composers, she has created more than seventy innovative performances, presented internationally.

Rei is particularly interested in curating thematic concerts that bridge genres and eras. *Bach ohne Grenze* (2021) and *Toy Piano Outdoor* (2023) were developed during her artistic research project at KMH, Stockholm. The intersection of classical and contemporary music also shaped performances such as Simon Steen-Andersen's *No Concerto* (2024) and *Kreutzer* (2023) by the DJ duo Vinyl Terror & Horror, both of which incorporate recordings of Beethoven.

From 2003–2013 she performed in an improvisation duo with artist Peter Vogel, renowned for interactive objects such as *Klangwand* and *Schattenorchester*. Together, they explored prepared piano and live electronics. Rei has also collaborated with actresses including Hannelore Elsner in *Konntest mich mit einem Blicke lesen – Ein Abend mit Hannelore Elsner* (2007/08), and with dancers such as Toby Kassell (Gothenburg Opera) in *Words and Music* by Samuel Beckett/Morton Feldman (2006) at the Théâtre National du Luxembourg and Ruhrfestspiele Recklinghausen. These interdisciplinary experiences continue to inform her current creative work, including the ongoing projects *The Five Senses* and *The Piano Theater*.

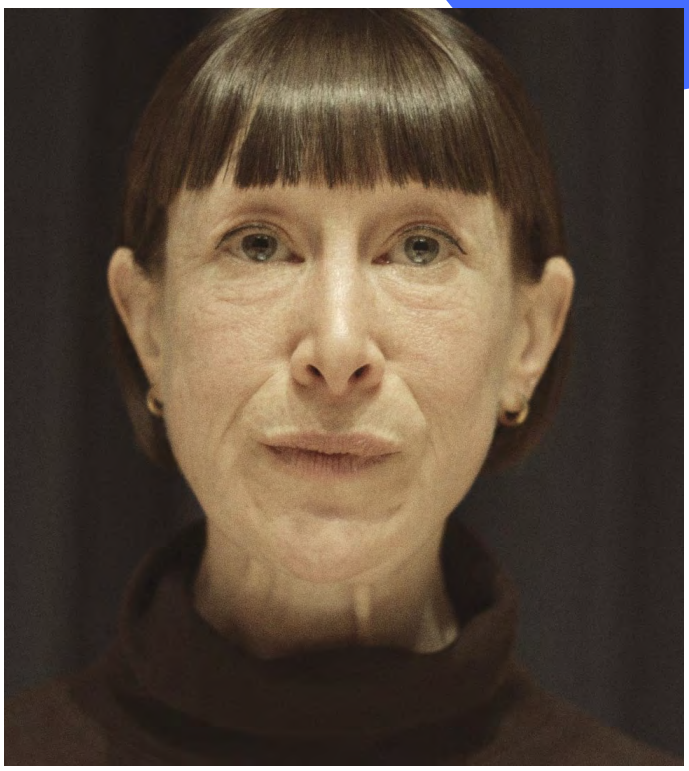
Her interests extend beyond performance and concept creation. Together with Marion Saxer and Simon Tönies, she edited the book *Movement to Sound, Sound to Movement* (Wolke Edition, 2021). She has written articles for *MusikTexte*, *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and Schott Edition. As an experimental form of documentation, she created a documentary comic for *MusikTexte 166*, depicting her pandemic-era performance of John Cage's *Etudes Australes* at Festival Acht Brücken Cologne 2020, accompanied by astronomical slides provided by the Planetarium Freiburg.

© Anja Tho

Rei has appeared as a soloist with the SWR Symphony Orchestra, WDR Symphony Orchestra, RSO Berlin, RAI National Symphony Orchestra, and the Polish National Radio Symphony Orchestra, under conductors including Brad Lubman, Robert Treviño, Michael Wendeberg, Bas Wiegers, and Yaroslav Shemet. She has performed at major venues such as the Warsaw Philharmonic and the Arturo Toscanini Hall in Turin, and at festivals including ECLAT, Acht Brücken, Ultraschall Berlin, Warsaw Autumn, Sound of Stockholm, Klang Festival, Monday Evening Concerts (USA), and The Next Mushroom Project (Japan).

Gillian Jane Lees

Speaker



Gillian Lees is a UK based performance practitioner. She makes rigorous attempts to build and control her environment over hours, and sometimes days, by undertaking physically demanding and mentally exhausting durational performances, often resulting in installations borne out of the ephemera of her processes. Alongside long-term collaborator Adam York Gregory, she has shown work most recently at The Pompidou Centre in Brussels and been a featured artist at Cukrarna Gallery in Ljubljana, Slovenia.

Adam York Gregory

Videographer

Adam York Gregory is an Artist, Designer and Writer. His practice reflects each of these disciplines, often combining them to create novel areas of exploration, using his background in creating scientific investigations as a starting point for artistic explorations and methodologies.

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We kindly ask that you either download the programme to your mobile device in advance or print your own copy to bring with you, as printed copies will not be provided.

QR codes will be available around the venue should you wish to access the programme upon arrival. You are welcome to use your mobile device to view song texts during the recital, but please ensure that your device is switched to silent mode and that your screen brightness is turned down so as not to disturb the performers or fellow audience members.

Leeds Song

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