

## **Annea Lockwood**

*St. Peter's Church*

Annea Lockwood's "Thousand Year Dreaming" on Wednesday night seemed to be asking, in its indirect way, whether music's connection is primarily to the mind or to the body. Ms. Lockwood's 10-person ensemble, playing conch shells, didjeridus, conventional winds and exotic percussion, had at any rate the effect of a physical massage, a systematic stroking of nerve endings that calmed the urban listener's sense of haste and reorganized the passage of time. This music, in other words, was not so much an organization of thematic elements as a succession of languid aural impressions, one trailing after the next. One listened as if lying face up, watching cloud formations drift by.

So great was Ms. Lockwood's wish to penetrate her audience's physical world that toward the end of "Thousand Year Dreaming," four players were sent out to wander the aisles. Each blew a didjeridu (pronounced DIHD-jer-uh-doo), a wind instrument from aboriginal Australia featuring a calm, deep-bass moaning and undulating monotones.

The rest of the evening explored space rather than time. The New York Treble Singers, eight women strong, sang five items by Mary Jane Leach, each a wordless layering of a cappella voices. Either en masse or in various antiphonal clusters, Ms. Leach's slow-paced and soothing music seemed intent on filling this high-ceilinged space with different densities of sound. Textures were made to thicken, but pleasantly; conflict was scrupulously avoided. Indeed, one number, "Ariadne's Lament," ends with a comforting major chord.

There were moments of clutter in "Ariel's Song," but they may have been unintentional. When four sets of singers are sent off into distant corners of an echoing church, consensus will always be a problem. Virginia Davidson was the conductor.

BERNARD HOLLAND