

## CHRONICLE N° 7 from December 1995

### THE SOUND OF THE « CHERRY-BLOSSOMS »

There is a garden, big, wild and beautiful. It is springtime and everything smells young and fresh. The last morning-dew just fades away and the sun stands like a white, yellow jewel in the open sky. There are mountains all around. Is it the Himalayas, Kilimanjaro, or the Andes?

A child enters the garden through a wooden door of imagination. It is quiet. Even the birds are not up and singing.

The child sits down alone, but at the same time, in the company of all that lives. The child feels joy, pleasure, delight.....

Suddenly, a gentle breeze touches the grass, the voice of the Great Spirit sounds like a tamboura. A bird starts to sing a flute-like melody beautifully. From far away one can hear an elephant trumpeting.

The child hears a thousand drums in the rippling brook nearby.

There is a grove of bamboos and as they sway in the wind, they start to play a quiet but expressive Zen-like music.

A Lotus plays the beginning of a Raga and melts into sound of roses playing an African harp whilst dozens of jungle flowers are creating the rhythm of the Eternal River of Brazilian drums. The vine, also not a lazy bystander, improvises a crystal-clear piano Blues riff.

Then the trees enter into this 'Garden orchestration'. The Samba rhythm of the banana tree gives the base for "Big-Apple-Swing" of the apple trees surrounded by the steel drum sounds of the coconut tree. The whole garden is alive with music.

The child looks around and notices a cherry tree which is still silent. It seems like the tree is listening. After a while, the music in the garden quietens and then the music stops. Silence.

Now, the cherry tree starts to move. The cherry blossom begins to sing like a flute. Another blossom sounds like a bell. After a while, the whole tree is playing like the garden had before.

The cherry tree is swaying in the wind and playing for the garden and the child. And the child understands. This is music. Every sound and noise in nature is music, and the music is beautiful.

When a child becomes aware of beauty once again, he notices the beauty of the world, the beauty of all creation, the child sits in the shade of a cherry tree and simply listens.

*In Memory of Don Cherry (1936-1995)*

Don Cherry is one of the great innovators in contemporary music. With Ornette Coleman, Don Cherry participated in the Free-Jazz-Revolution. Since the mid-sixties, he started to experiment with music and instruments from around the world.

He was one of the first initiators of World music.

Don Cherry's membership in the groups CODONA and "Old and New Dreams", as well as his involvement in social projects in Europe and the U.S.A. will not be forgotten.

His influence on today's music is invaluable. Don Cherry died in October 1995.

Through his music, Don Cherry taught me to be creative in all the areas of my life and never to forget my Inner Child.

He taught me to open my Heart to all songs and sounds.

Harry