

# SOUL of EVERY- THING

Harmony is the noblest type of informative book. It is moderately thorough in its educational aims and also an amazingly exciting storybook. These two functions are made possible in part by the informative and captivating visual world of the book and the user-friendly **online music library** (<https://www.pagony.hu/harmonia/zenetar>), both of which help the reader digest the wealth of knowledge presented.

## *Harmonia, the Empire of Music*

Illustrator András (b) Baranyai's fantastically vibrant drawings guide young readers with a sure hand and a richly evocative style.

Unlike other music education books, Ferenc Tarr's work presents music as a whole. Tarr devotes equal attention to folk music, jazz, pop, and classical music, and he offers an array of interesting facts, tidbits of information, and excerpts to listen to. In the preface to the book, he uses a playful style to invite young readers on a journey into the world of music, and he is always attentive to provide adequate guidance on the expedition. Alongside the main body of the individual chapters, one also finds informative notes in the margin with the most important contextual details, thus providing a reading that will be both useful and engaging for every member of the family, young and old alike.

Princess Melodia wants to find her own voice, so she sets off to explore the four domains of Harmonia, the empire of music: Folkia, Improvia, Poppia, and Classica. On her journey, she meets many musical instruments, styles, forms, musicians, composers, and singers, and she hears all kinds of music. Which will be hers?

Through Melodia's story, children will discover which kinds of music they like, and they will find inspiration and information which will enable them to pursue their aspirations.

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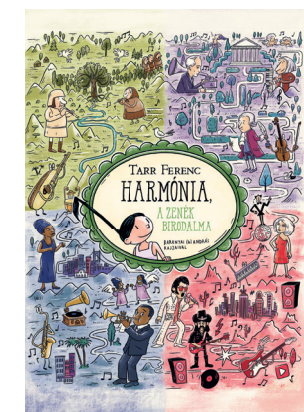
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There are moments in life when words fail you. When they don't come, and when they don't seem willing to bring to the surface the feelings that lie deep inside. Melodia faced this grim truth for the first time when she met her parents again after having been separated from them for a long, long while. She had imagined a thousand times what it would be like to see them again, what she would say when she stepped in front of them, quite unexpected, but in vain! Not a word came from her lips, and a moment later, she could not have said anything even if she had known what to say, for her mother and father were holding her so tight in their embrace that her head was almost trapped under King Major's arm, and she could hardly breathe. Her eyes filled with tears, undoubtedly not simply because her head was stuck, and indeed soon the tears were streaming down her face, a bit like the symphony in Classica. There is a saying in Harmonia: **“music begins where words are powerless to express.”** In King Major's palace, the most wonderful music in the world was

playing silently. When they finally let go of one other, Queen Minor, who was still wiping away her tears, spoke.

“The heir to the throne should not do such a thing to her mother!” she said. It was all she could say. All three of them burst out laughing. Melodia could sense that everything was just as it once had been. Or not quite as it once had been. And that was just as well!

“So tell us, did you at least find what you were looking for?” her father asked.

“My voice?” Melodia replied. “No, that I did not find.”

“What?” the king said, his voice suddenly overflowing with indignation. “You've been gone all this time and you haven't even found your voice? Do you know what you put us through?”

“Let her be,” the queen said. “I'm sure the whole thing was not in vain.”

Melodia found this new setup, her mother protecting her from her father, a bit unusual, but she liked it.

“I've learned a great deal,” she said, “but it's true, I haven't found my voice. I'm sorry! And

I'm also sorry that you were so worried about me. But you don't have to worry anymore.”

“Well, it's time for lunch,” Queen Minor said cheerfully. “You can tell us the whole story from beginning to end, every victory and every defeat.”

And so they sat down to lunch and Melodia began recounting her adventures. She began at the very beginning and told them of everything she had seen and done, each of her triumphs, each of her bitter disappointments. Soon enough, they had finished lunch. Then they finished their tea and crumpets. And then they finished dinner. It was quite late by the time Melodia reached the part of her story when she finally returned to her parents' palace and threw her arms around mother and father, which, having finished her tale, she now did again.

And no sooner had she wrapped her parents in her embrace then a strange and wonderful thing came to pass, a veritable miracle. Melodia clearly heard her melody, more clearly than she had ever heard it before. It had the purity of Folkia, the looseness of Improvia, the

sleek professionalism of Poppia, and the sophistication of Classica. It was so simple, so natural, so heartwarming, so beautiful that she began to tingle from head to toe. It was as if she could neither see nor hear, only feel, but it was a feeling she had never experienced before, and she immediately knew that from this moment on, every feeling she ever had would be different. From this moment on, everything would be different!

As gradually she began to see the world around her clearly again and the outlines of the elegant dining chamber emerged, the first thing she noticed was the quizzical look on her parents' faces.

“You couldn't possibly mean to suggest?”

“Yes!” Melodia replied, and she immediately began to laugh out loud. “I traveled every inch and acre of Harmonia, and it seems I never needed go any farther than the dining chamber!”

Melodia and her parents wrapped their arms around one another for the third time, and they began to shake with laughter. They did not realize, of course, that at that very moment, at that very late hour, as they were hugging in the dining chamber of the royal palace, that the springs of Pentatonia were flowing again. That when the familiar group met at the Blue Note Bar, all of them burdened with great sadness, and Satchmo

blew a sorrowful sigh into his trumpet, that a normal tone came the instrument, and all of a sudden, the city of Improvia was again filled with the sound of swing. That Lala called Gitfiddle at this late hour and told him that he had to admit that they had thrown together a pretty good song, and Gitfiddle apologized for having driven the group so hard. That a piano, after having stared bitterly by candlelight at some sheet music, suddenly began to hear the music it was reading, and soon it heard the rich harmonies of the composition by Rachmaninov. And that all sorts of other music was being played in Classica without any conductor. They didn't all know this, of course, but they still sensed that something had fallen into place, and they knew that this was good. In Harmonia that night, everything was perhaps even more harmonious than ever before.

