

RESOURCES

- 1.1 “The Emperor’s New Clothes,” by Hans Christian Andersen (hard copy)
- 1.15 “The Emperor’s New Clothes,” by Hans Christian Andersen (on line)
http://www.online-literature.com/hans_christian_andersen/967/
- 1.2 Drawing “The Emperor’s New Clothes” on a mirror
<http://almostunschoolers.blogspot.com/2010/01/emperors-new-clothes-activity-drawing.html>
- 1.3 Listening to “The Emperor’s New Clothes” told by Danny Kaye
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-ZYzbkk5X4M>
- 1.4 A loom in action
<http://goodonefashion.tumblr.com/post/9260244365/a-loom-in-action-making-tweed-in-east-london>
- 2.1 Background about the Danish Monarchy
[The Danish Monarchy Today: Learn About Denmark’s Current Royal Family](http://www.suite101.com/content/the-danish-monarchy-today-a210512#ixzz19GCd7QqO)
<http://www.suite101.com/content/the-danish-monarchy-today-a210512#ixzz19GCd7QqO>
- 2.2 Hans Christian Andersen’s Paper-cutting. <http://museum.odense.dk/en.aspx>
- 2.3 Stories like “The Emperor’s New Clothes: The Invisible Silk Robe; The King and the Clever Girl; The Miller With the Golden Thumb
<http://www.pitt.edu/~dash/type1620.html>
- 3.0 CD of Peter Schickele’s “The Emperor’s New Clothes,” including the June 1, 2011 performance of Chamber Music Amici and the original tale read by William Hulings.
- 3.05 Text of Peter Schickele’s “The Emperor’s New Clothes,” with sections numbered to correspond with CD tracks above. (First track is Hans Christian Andersen’s story, read by actor William Hulings).
Program notes include Schickele’s explanation of musical effects.
- 3.1 Violin Family
- 3.2 Parts of the violin
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<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KnfNluc3bQ4>
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- 3.7 Piano
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<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=erZPSCfhv6A>
- 3.8 Kazoo
- 3.84 Kazoos play “The Lone Ranger” (Rossini’s “William Tell Overture”).
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- 3.87 Two dancers present a pas de deux
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- 4.0 Creating a Ballet



The Emperor's New Clothes

by Hans Christian Anderson

Once upon a time there lived a vain Emperor whose only worry in life was to dress in elegant clothes. He changed clothes almost every hour and loved to show them off to his people.

Word of the Emperor's refined habits spread over his kingdom and beyond. Two scoundrels who had heard of the Emperor's vanity decided to take advantage of it. They introduced themselves at the gates of the palace with a scheme in mind.

"We are two very good tailors and after many years of research we have invented an extraordinary method to weave a cloth so light and fine that it looks invisible. As a matter of fact it is invisible to anyone who is too stupid and incompetent to appreciate its quality."

The chief of the guards heard the scoundrel's strange story and sent for the court chamberlain. The chamberlain notified the prime minister, who ran to the Emperor and disclosed the incredible news. The Emperor's curiosity got the better of him and he decided to see the two scoundrels.

"Besides being invisible, your Highness, this cloth will be woven in colors and patterns created especially for you." The emperor gave the two men a bag of gold coins in exchange for their promise to begin working on the fabric immediately.

"Just tell us what you need to get started and we'll give it to you." The two scoundrels asked for a loom, silk, gold thread and then pretended to begin working. The Emperor thought he had spent his money quite well: in addition to getting a new extraordinary suit, he would discover which of his subjects were ignorant and incompetent. A few days later, he called the old and wise prime minister, who was considered by everyone as a man with common sense.

"Go and see how the work is proceeding," the Emperor told him, "and come back to let me know."

The prime minister was welcomed by the two scoundrels.

"We're almost finished, but we need a lot more gold thread. Here, Excellency! Admire the colors, feel the softness!" The old man bent over the loom and tried to see the fabric that was not there. He felt cold sweat on his forehead.

"I can't see anything," he thought. "If I see nothing, that means I'm stupid! Or, worse, incompetent!" If the prime minister admitted that he didn't see anything, he would be discharged from his office.

"What a marvelous fabric, he said then. "I'll certainly tell the Emperor." The two scoundrels rubbed their hands gleefully. They had almost made it. More thread was requested to finish the work.

Finally, the Emperor received the announcement that the two tailors had come to take all the measurements needed to sew his new suit.

"Come in," the Emperor ordered. Even as they bowed, the two scoundrels pretended to be holding large roll of fabric.

"Here it is your Highness, the result of our labour," the scoundrels said. "We have worked night and day but, at last, the most beautiful fabric in the world is ready for you. Look at the colors and feel how fine it is." Of course the Emperor did not see any colors and could not feel any cloth between his fingers. He panicked and felt like fainting. But luckily the throne was right behind him and he sat down. But when he realized that no one could know that he did not see the fabric, he felt better. Nobody could find out he was stupid and incompetent. And the Emperor didn't know that everybody else around him thought and did the very same thing.

The farce continued as the two scoundrels had foreseen it. Once they had taken the measurements, the two began cutting the air with scissors while sewing with their needles an invisible cloth.

"Your Highness, you'll have to take off your clothes to try on your new ones." The two scoundrels draped the new clothes on him and then held up a mirror. The Emperor was embarrassed but since none of his bystanders were, he felt relieved.

"Yes, this is a beautiful suit and it looks very good on me," the Emperor said trying to look comfortable. "You've done a fine job."

"Your Majesty," the prime minister said, "we have a request for you. The people have found out about this extraordinary fabric and they are anxious to see you in your new suit." The Emperor was doubtful showing himself naked to the people, but then he abandoned his fears. After all, no one would know about it except the ignorant and the incompetent.

"All right," he said. "I will grant the people this privilege." He summoned his carriage and the ceremonial parade was formed. A group of dignitaries walked at the very front of the procession and anxiously scrutinized the faces of the people in the street. All the people had gathered in the main square, pushing and shoving to get a better look. An applause welcomed the regal procession. Everyone wanted to know how stupid or incompetent his or her neighbor was but, as the Emperor passed, a strange murmur rose from the crowd.

Everyone said, loud enough for the others to hear: "Look at the Emperor's new clothes. They're beautiful!"

"What a marvellous train!"

"And the colors! The colors of that beautiful fabric! I have never seen anything like it in my life!" They all tried to conceal their disappointment at not being able to see the clothes, and since nobody was willing to admit his own stupidity and incompetence, they all behaved as the two scoundrels had predicted.

A child, however, who had no important job and could only see things as his eyes showed them to him, went up to the carriage.

"The Emperor is naked," he said.

"Fool!" his father reprimanded, running after him. "Don't talk nonsense!" He grabbed his child and took him away. But the boy's remark, which had been heard by the bystanders, was repeated over and over again until everyone cried:

"The boy is right! The Emperor is naked! It's true!"

The Emperor realized that the people were right but could not admit to that. He thought it better to continue the procession under the illusion that anyone who couldn't see his clothes was either stupid or incompetent. And he stood stiffly on his carriage, while behind him a page held his imaginary mantle.

The Invisible Silk Robe

Sri Lanka

A Brahman wrote seven stanzas in praise of his king's copper-colored silk robes. Seven men heard these stanzas and resolved to trick a foolish king from another city. Traveling to that city, the seven men said to the king, "Maharaja, what sort of robe is your majesty wearing? We have woven a copper-colored silk robe for the king of our city. It is like the thin silk robes from the divine world. In comparison to our king, you look like one of his servants." Thus spoke the seven men.

These words brought shame to the king. Thus filled with shame, he thought to himself, "I too am a king. Can I not have such robes woven for me as well?" Then he asked, "What would you require to weave such silk robes?"

The seven men replied, "You must obtain good silk thread and give it to us. Then construct for us a place in your festival garden and provide us with food and drink." Then they added, "The silk cloth that we weave is not visible to a low-born person; only a well-born person can see it."

So the king procured silk thread for the men. The men took it to the festival garden and put it away.

People came to the festival garden to look at the copper-colored silk robe. The seven men were there at work. The people could see their motions of weaving, cutting, and stitching, but the silk robe itself was not visible. Hence each man thought to himself, "I must be low-born, for I cannot see this copper-colored silk robe."

And what if these were their thoughts! Each person kept them to himself, and no one uttered them aloud.

The king sent a messenger to see if the robe was finished. He saw the seven men's motions of weaving and stitching, but the robe itself was not visible. "If I report that I did not see the robe, they will say that I am the son of a courtesan," he thought.

To hide his shame, the messenger returned to the royal house and said, "The men are weaving a priceless robe, but the work is not yet finished. Once finished, they will dress your honor in the robe."

Because of the messenger's statement, many people went to look at the robe, but in spite of the workers' motions, the robe was not visible to anyone. Fearing that others would call them illegitimate, they all said, "We see it. It is indeed a very costly robe." And they went away.

After seven days the king himself went to look at the silk robe. He looked, but it was not visible to him either. He uttered not a word that he could not see it.

Afterward the seven men came to the king and said, "We have woven for you the copper-colored silk robe. It is finished." Then they added, "Get out all the clothes that you have inherited from seven generations of ancestors. After we have dressed you in the new robe you must give us all those other clothes."

Thus the king took out all the vestments from his ancestors and gave them and all his other clothes to the seven men.

After receiving all the clothes, the seven men surrounded the king and told him that they were putting on him the copper-colored silk clothing. They stroked his head, saying that they were putting on the crown. They stroked his arms, saying that they were putting on the jacket. In the same manner they stroked all parts of his body, saying that they were dressing him. Then they brought the king into the middle of a great procession and announced to the citizens, "Neither his majesty our king, nor any other person within this procession has ever worn or even seen such clothing as this. In celebration of the king's new robe, let him sit atop the festival elephant and be carried throughout the entire city and then back to the royal house!"

Having said this, they brought forth the elephant, seated the naked king upon it, and started him on his procession throughout the city.

But the seven men took goods from his house and went away. And the foolish king remained without clothes.

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- Source: Henry Parker, *Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon*, volume 2 (London: Luzac and Company, 1914), no. 89, pp. 66-69.
 - This tale is from the northwestern part of Sri Lanka.
 - Retold by D. L. Ashliman. Parker's translation follows his Sinhalese sources so closely that English syntax is violated in almost every sentence. I have cautiously attempted to bring his narrative a little closer to idiomatic English.
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The King's New Turban

Turkey

Of old time there was a great king. One day a man came before him and said, "My king, I shall weave a turban such that one born in wedlock will see it, while the bastard will see it not." The king marveled and ordered that that weaver should weave that turban; and the weaver received an allowance from the king and tarried a long while. One day he folded up this side and that side of a paper and brought it and laid it before the king and said, "Oh king, I have woven that turban." So the king opened the paper and saw that there was nothing; and all the viziers and nobles who stood there looked on the paper and saw nothing. Then the king said in his heart, "Do you see? I am then a bastard"; and he was sad. And he thought, "Now, the remedy is this, that I say it is a goodly turban and admire it, else will I be put to shame before the folk." And he said, "Blessed by God! Oh master, it is a goodly turban, I like it much."

Then that weaver youth said, "Oh king, let them bring a cap that I may wind the turban for the king." They brought a cap, and the weaver youth laid that paper before him and moved his hands as though he wound the turban, and he put it on the king's head. All the nobles who were standing there said, "Blessed be it! Oh king, how fair, how beautiful a turban!" and they applauded it much.

Then the king rose and went with two viziers into a private room and said, "Oh viziers, I am then a bastard; I see not the turban."

The viziers said, "Oh king, we too see it not." At length they knew of a surety that the turban had not existence, and that that weaver had thus played a trick for the sake of money.

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- Source: Sheykh-Zada, *The History of the Forty Vezirs; or, the Story of the Forty Morns and Eves*, translated by E. J. W. Gibb (London, 1886), pp. 148-149. The tale's original title is "The Lady's Twelfth Story."
 - *The History of the Forty Vezirs* is the translation of a manuscript prepared apparently in the early seventeenth century, but based on much older stories, similar in style and function to those found in the *1001 Nights*.
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The King and the Clever Girl

India

There was once a king who, during the day, used to sit on his throne and dispense justice, but who at night was accustomed to disguise himself and to wander about the streets of his city looking for adventures.

One evening he was passing by a certain garden when he observed four young girls sitting under a tree, and conversing together in earnest tones. Curious to overhear the subject of their discourse, he stopped to listen.

One of the girls said, "I think of all tastes the pleasantest in the world is the taste of telling lies."

This remark so interested the king that the next day he summoned the girl to his palace.

"Tell me," he said, "what you and your companions talked about under the tree last night."

"It was not about the king," answered she.

"Nevertheless," asked he, "what was it you said?"

"Those who tell lies, said I, must tell them because they find the practice agreeable," replied she.

"Whose daughter are you?" inquired the king.

"I am the daughter of a farmer," answered the girl.

"And what made you think there was pleasure in telling lies?" asked the king.

The girl answered saucily, "Oh, you yourself will tell lies someday!"

"How?" said the king. "What can you mean?"

The girl answered, "If you will give me two lacs of rupees, and six months to consider, I will promise to prove my words."

So the king gave the girl the sum of money she asked for, and agreed to her conditions.

After six months he called her to his presence again, and reminded her of her promise. Now, in the interval the girl had built a fine palace far away in the forest, upon which she had expended the wealth which the king had given to her. It was beautifully adorned with

carvings and paintings, and furnished with silk and satin. So she now said to the king, "Come with me, and you shall see God."

Taking with him two of his ministers, the king went out, and by the evening they all arrived at the palace.

"This palace is the abode of God," said the girl. "But he will reveal himself only to one person at a time, and he will not reveal himself even to him unless he was born in lawful wedlock. Therefore, while the rest remain without, let each of you enter in order."

"Be it so," said the king. "But let my ministers precede me. I shall go in last."

So the first minister passed through the door and at once found himself in a noble room, and as he looked around he said to himself, "Who knows whether I shall be permitted to see God or not? I may be a bastard. And yet this place, so spacious and so beautiful, is a fitting dwelling place even for the deity." With all his looking and straining, however, he quite failed to see God anywhere. Then said he to himself, "If now I go out and declare that I have not seen God, the king and the other minister will throw it in my teeth that I am base-born. I have only one course open, therefore, which is to say that I have seen him."

So he went out, and when the king asked, "Have you seen God?" he answered at once, "Of course I have seen God."

"But have you really seen him?" continued the king.

"Really and truly," answered the minister.

"And what did he say to you?" inquired the king further.

"God commanded me not to divulge his words," readily answered the minister.

Then said the king to the other minister, "Now you go in."

The second minister lost no time in obeying his master's order, thinking in his heart as he crossed the threshold, "I wonder if I am base-born?" Finding himself in the midst of the magnificent chamber, he gazed about him on all sides, but failed to see God. Then said he to himself, "It is very possible I am base-born, for no God can I see. But it would be a lasting disgrace that I should admit it. I had better make out that I also have seen God."

Accordingly, he returned to the king, who said to him, "Well, have you seen God?" when the minister asserted that he had not only seen him, but that he had spoken with him too.

It was now the turn of the king, and he entered the room confident that he would be similarly favored. But he gazed around in dismay, perceiving no sign of anything which could even represent the Almighty. Then began he to think to himself, "This God,

wherever he is, has been seen by both my ministers, and it cannot be denied, therefore, that their birthright is clear. Is it possible that I, the king, am a bastard, seeing that no God appears to me? The very thought is confusion, and necessity will compel me to assert that I have seen him too."

Having formed this resolution, the king stepped out and joined the rest of his party.

"And now, O king," asked the cunning girl, "have you also seen God?"

"Yes," answered he with assurance, "I have seen God."

"Really?" asked she again.

"Certainly," asserted the king.

Three times the girl asked the same question, and three times the king unblushingly lied. Then said the girl, "O king, have you never a conscience? How could you possibly see God, seeing that God is a spirit?"

Hearing this reproof, the king recalled to mind the saying of the girl that one day he would lie too, and, with a laugh, he confessed that he had not seen God at all. The two ministers, beginning to feel alarmed, confessed the truth as well. Then said the girl, "O king, we poor people may tell lies occasionally to save our lives, but what had you to fear? Telling lies, therefore, for many has its own attractions, and to them at least the taste of lying is sweet."

Far from being offended at the stratagem which the girl had practiced on him, the king was so struck with her ingenuity and assurance that he married her forthwith, and in a short time she became his confidential adviser in all his affairs, public as well as private. Thus this simple girl came to great honor and renown, and so much did she grow in wisdom that her fame spread through many lands.

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- Source: Charles Swynnerton, *Indian Nights' Entertainment; or, Folk-Tales from the Upper Indus* (London: Elliot Stock, 1892), no. 22, pp. 56-62.
 - Swynnerton's story includes three additional episodes, one dealing with each of the girls overheard by the king. Click here for a link to the entire story, with its original title [The Story of the King and the Four Girls](#).
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The Miller with the Golden Thumb England

A merchant that thought to deride a miller sitting among company said to him, "Sir, I have heard that every honest miller that tells the truth has a golden thumb."

The miller answered and said it was true.

Then the merchant said, "I pray, let me see your thumb." And when the miller showed his thumb, the merchant said, "I cannot perceive that your thumb is gold. It is the same as other men's thumbs."

The miller answered, and said, "Sir, the truth is that my thumb is gold, but you have no power to see it, for it has the property that he who is a cuckold shall never have power to see it."

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- Source: W. Carew Hazlitt, *Shakespeare Jest-Books: Reprints of the Early and Very Rare Jest-Books Supposed to Have Been Used by Shakespeare* (London: Willis and Sotheran, 1864), p. 23.
 - Language modernized by D. L. Ashliman.
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Links to related tales

1. [Doctor Know-All](#) and other folktales of Aarne-Thompson type 1641.

[Twigmuntus](#), [Cowbelliantus](#), [Perchnosius](#), the tale of a simple lad who confounds a group of scholars by pretending to know Latin.

The Emperor's New Clothes
by Peter Schickele

1. Fanfare

Once upon a time, and quite a long time ago it was, although I'm not going to tell you exactly *how* long ago it was, because I mention later in the story that I was six years old when it happened, and if I told you how long ago it was, you might be able to figure out how old I am, and I don't tell *anybody* how old I am.

So anyway, about 61 [*age of narrator minus 6*] years ago, my parents and I lived in Cornucopia, a wonderful country ruled by a wonderful Emperor named Ferdinand the Fourteenth. Ferdie was smart, and wise, and friendly, but what folks remember most about him was his obsession with fine clothes. He had 365 different outfits—one for each day of the year—and every morning people would line the streets near the royal palace in order to catch a glimpse of the Emperor on his morning walk.

2. The Emperor's March

At least that's how the Emperor *wanted* to walk: his aim was to look important but friendly, regal but not unapproachable, dignified but not snooty. The problem was, he had a dog. The dog's name was Oatmeal, because that's what he looked like. If you took a bowl of oatmeal, turned it upside down and let the oatmeal just plop onto the floor, that's what that dog looked like when he was asleep. He looked like something you should clean up before your parents get home. But when you let him outside, Oatmeal was one speed-demon of a dog—he ran everywhere, back and forth, over and under, through and around, getting into all sorts of mischief along the way.

3. Oatmeal

Now the Emperor often took Oatmeal along on his daily walks. But Cornucopia had a law saying that any dog in the city had to be on a leash. So what would happen in this: the palace door would open, and Oatmeal would always let the Emperor go out first—he *was* the Emperor, after all—and just as his master was settling into an appropriately royal stride, Oatmeal would come shooting out of that door like an arrow from a bow. And remember, he was on a leash, the other end of which was being held by the Emperor.

4. The Emperor's March, with Oatmeal

By the time they got back home, the Emperor was so winded and dizzy he could hardly stand up. But before taking a nap, he always stood in front of his magic mirror, and said, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the coolest dude of all?" And the mirror always replied,

5. The Magic Mirror

"If clothes are what it's all about,
Then you're the man, there is no doubt;
Your wardrobe is beyond compare;
There's nothing like it anywhere,
Yes, you're the best, without a doubt,
If clothes are what it's all about."

Now some of the Emperor's outfits came from far-away, exotic lands, like South America, or China, or New Jersey, but most of them were made right in Cornucopia by a family who had been officially appointed the Royal Tailors. The parents of the family were named Mr. and Mrs. Brest. That's right, their name was Brest, but it's not what you're thinking, okay? It's spelled B-R-E-S-T, which is a town in France, which is where their families came from. Anyway, Mr. and Mrs. Brest had been married so long they were almost like one person: they finished each other's sentences, adjusted each other's clothing, and always walked in step with each other.

6. The Royal Tailors

Mr. and Mrs. Brest had two teen-age children, a girl and a boy. Now most people couldn't even remember the girl's given name, because everybody called her Red, on account of the color of her hair. Red was a real live wire; she was smart, she talked a lot, and she was always doing some project in her spare time.

Red's brother was named Robert, but everybody called him Rob. He was completely different from his sister: he didn't say much, and he usually liked to be off by himself, reading a book, or writing in his diary, or just thinking.

Now you put the four of them together and you've got a pretty interesting family. One fine summer day, when their parents were off on a business trip, Red and Rob were walking their pet lizards in the park. They'd been talking about how vain the Emperor was, and how important it was for him to have the best outfits, and how upset he'd be if he thought that anybody, anywhere in the world, had clothes that were more special than his. Now Red had a mischievous streak a mile wide; she loved playing tricks on people, so when she suddenly said, "Hey, I've got an idea!" Rob said, "Uh-oh, somebody's in trouble." But actually Rob was pretty mischievous himself, and he agreed to go along with Red's plan to see if they could trick the Emperor. That's right, trick the Emperor! Imagine what colossal nerve they had! I mean, it's true that the Emperor was a kind and forgiving man, but still—for two teenagers to try to fool their

ruler, to bamboozle the boss, to flim-flam the man there was nobody higher than—well, their parents were out of town, and they thought they could get away with anything.

So they put on their very best clothes and went to the royal palace. When the royal guard heard that they were the children of the Royal Tailors, he let them in and sent them to the royal chambers, where the royal musicians played a royal fanfare as the royal doors were opened by the royal announcing guy.

7. At The Royal Palace

“So,” said the Emperor, “you’re the children of the finest tailors in the land. What brings you to the royal palace?”

“We want to offer Your Highness the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity,” said Red, “of owning a magic suit the likes of which no one has ever seen before. The entire set of clothing, from top to bottom, outerwear to underwear, will be made with invisible thread.”

“Wait a minute,” said the Emperor. “If the *thread* is invisible, the suit *made* from it will be invisible!”

“That’s where the magic comes in,” said Rob. “The deal is, that the thread is only invisible to stupid people; smart people can see it perfectly well.”

“Aha,” thought the Emperor, “this would be a good way for me to find out which members of the court are smart and which ones are stupid. Then I can fire the stupid ones and be surrounded by the smartest court in the world.”

So he ordered the suit to be made, and he also ordered that the Royal Tailors’ workshop be transferred to the palace courtyard, so that everybody could watch Red and Rob at work.

8. Making the Invisible Clothes

First they both sat down at spinning wheels and pretended to take their magic material and spin thread out of it. They used the old-fashioned kind of spinning wheel, where you work the pedals and that makes the wheel go around.

They, after pretending to dye the thread many different colors, they attached the spools of imaginary thread to the loom, which is what you use to weave thread into pieces of cloth. Their loom was a huge, complicated machine, with all sorts of big arms that swung around, and shuttles that went back and forth, and spindles that popped up and down—sometimes it made so much noise it was almost scary.

Next they picked up their scissors and started snipping. They snipped away for a long time just as if they were really cutting pieces of cloth into the shapes they needed.

Then they pretended to thread needles and sew the pieces of cloth together.

And finally, as Red and Rob went through the motions of putting on the finishing touches—you know, things like buttons, and cuffs, and the zipper for the fly—all the people who were watching

convinced themselves that they were actually seeing a beautiful suit of clothes; after all, they didn't want anybody to think they were stupid.

And when the suit was shown to the Emperor, he didn't want to look stupid either, so he said, "Never in my life have I seen such an...unusual suit of clothing," and he asked all his servants and ministers and ladies-in-waiting and hangers-on what they thought of it. And, naturally, they all said, "Oh, it's beautiful," "It's lovely," "It's gorgeous," "It's absolutely stunning," "It's really boss," "It's quite natty, actually," "It's to die for," "It's, like, totally cool," "It's *not too shabby*," and "Ferdie baby, it's you."

"I shall wear it tomorrow morning on my daily walk," announced the Emperor, and retired to his private chambers.

The next day, of course, *everybody* was lining the streets to see the Emperor's new clothes. They'd all heard about how only smart people could see the clothing, so when Ferdie appeared, everyone ooh'd and ah'd and cheered and applauded.

9. Parading the New Outfit

Now I was six years old at the time, and I was there with my parents. And somehow nobody had told me about the smart/stupid thing, so when Ferdie the Fourteenth got to where we were standing, I tugged on my father's jacket and said, "Daddy, why isn't the Emperor wearing any clothes?"

"Now you're not stupid, son" said my father; "His Highness has a very *fine* suit of clothes on." And I said, "No he doesn't Daddy—he's completely naked. I can see his..."

"Now you be quiet, boy!" said my father. And then my mother said, "But I can see it too, honey. The Emperor is stark naked!" And then people standing near us began to say things like, "You know, she's right! He's as naked as a jaybird! Is he trying to test our loyalty or something?" As the commotion got louder, Ferdie started looking around, and when he lowered his gaze...

...he suddenly realized that he was walking down the middle of the street without any clothes on!

Now I think you know what he did next:

He turned around and ran back to the palace even faster than Oatmeal could've, knocking down anybody who got in his way.

10. Running Home

He slammed the door behind him, ran up to his bedroom, and put on one of his 365 bathrobes. Then he went to the magic mirror and said,

11. Back to the Magic Mirror

“Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the dumbest dude of all?” and the mirror replied:

“Oh, you're not stupid, but you're vain,
And what you did was quite insane;
But listen now to what I say:
Your People love you anyway;
Don't let them down, don't be a jerk,
Just give your brain a chance to work.
Nice clothes are nice, but they are not
The only precious things you've got.”

“My people respect me,” said Ferdie. “I should go right back out there and show them that the feeling is mutual, and that I have a sense of humor.”

12. Finale

Everyone one still standing around on the street when suddenly the palace doors opened, without any fanfare, and out walked Emperor Ferdinand the Fourteenth, wearing sneakers, a pair of jeans, and a T-shirt saying MY GRANDPARENTS WENT TO CORNUCOPIA AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT. A great cry went up from the crowd: “Long live the Emperor!”

Ferdie was so happy that he turned around and gave a sign for the palace guard to let Oatmeal out.

At first he was going to punish the young tailors who had tricked him, but in the end, Ferdie gave them each a medal that said IN HONOR OF ROB'N' RED BREST, FOR OPENING THE EMPEROR'S EYES.

Program Note **The Emperor's New Clothes**
by Peter Schickele

One of the things that children's pieces and Wagner operas tend to have in common is the use of different themes (or at least motifs) to identify different characters. In THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES I had fun creating themes for the characters that could actually be played simultaneously when appropriate. The Emperor has his march, his dog has a lively piano romp, and the two are combined when the Emperor is walking with his dog. Similarly, the three parts of the tailor's family (parents, daughter, and son) are each represented by themes that are then combined to present the entire family.

I've always liked many different kinds of music, and I've always like to mix them up, which explains the presence in this work of everything from minimalist classical sounds to boogie-woogie piano.

The chamber music quintet An Die Musik has commissioned several composers to do settings of the classic fairy stories in a series called Timeless Tales, and it was they who suggested THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES to me, a suggestion about which I was immediately enthusiastic. The work was finished on August 16, 2002, and premiered on November 10 of that year at Merkin Hall in New York City with the composer narrating. These same forces have recorded the piece for Newport Classic (LC 8554).

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Violin family

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

The **violin family** of musical instruments was developed in Italy in the sixteenth century. The standard modern violin family consists of the violin, viola, cello, and double bass.

Instrument names in the violin family are all derived from the root *viola*, which is a derivative of the Medieval Latin word *vitula* (meaning "stringed instrument"). A *violin* is a "little viola", a *violone* is a "big viola" or a bass violin, and a *violoncello* (often abbreviated *cello*) is a "small violone" (or, literally, a "small big viola"). (The *violone* is not part of the modern violin family; its place is taken by the modern double bass, an instrument with a mix of violin and violone characteristics.)

The instruments of the violin family may be descended in part from the lira da braccio and the medieval Byzantine lira.



Characteristics

The playing ranges of the instruments in the violin family overlap each other, but the tone quality and physical size of each distinguishes them from one another. Both the violin and the viola are played under the jaw, the viola being the larger of the two instruments, with a playing range reaching a perfect fifth below the violin's. The cello is played sitting down with the instrument between the knees, and its playing range reaches an octave below the viola's. The double bass is played standing or sitting on a stool, with a range that typically reaches a minor sixth, an octave, or a ninth below the cello's.

While the cello (which developed from the bass violin), the viola and the violin are indisputable members of the ancestral violin, or *viola da braccio* family, the double bass's origins are sometimes called into question. The double bass is occasionally taken to be part of the viol family, due to its sloping shoulders, its tuning, the practice of some basses being made with more than four strings, and its sometimes flat



Violin, viola, and cello bow frogs
(top to bottom)

back. Others point out that correlation does not imply causality, and say that these external similarities are either arbitrary, or that they arise from causes other than a relationship to the viol family. They point to the internal construction of the double bass, which includes a sound post and a bass bar like other violin family instruments, as a more weighty piece of evidence than the external features. Its origins aside, it has historically been used as the lowest member of the violin family.

All string instruments share similar form, parts, construction, and function, and the viols bear a particularly close resemblance to the violin family. However, instruments in the violin family are set apart from viols by similarities in shape, in tuning practice, and in history. Violin family instruments have four strings each, are tuned in fifths (except the double bass, which is tuned in fourths), are not fretted, and have four rounded bouts, and always have a sound post and a bass bar inside. In contrast, the viol family instruments usually have five to six strings with a fretted fingerboard, are tuned in fourths and thirds, often have sloping shoulders, and do not necessarily have a sound post or bass bar.

Uses



French (top) and German (bottom)
Double bass bows

The instruments of the violin family are the most used bowed string instruments in the world today. Although all share a place in classical music, they are also used to a lesser degree in jazz, electronic music, rock, and other types of popular music, where they are often amplified, or simply created to be used as electric instruments. The violin is also used extensively in fiddle music, country music, and folk music. The double bass plays an indispensable part in both classical and jazz music forms.

One of the most popular and standardized groupings in classical chamber music, the string quartet, is composed entirely of instruments from the violin family: two violins, one viola and one cello. This similarity in the manner of sound production allows string quartets to blend their tone colour and timbre more easily than less homogeneous groups. This is particularly notable in comparison to the standard wind quintet, which, although composed entirely of wind instruments, includes four fundamentally different ways of producing musical pitch.

The Parts of the Violin

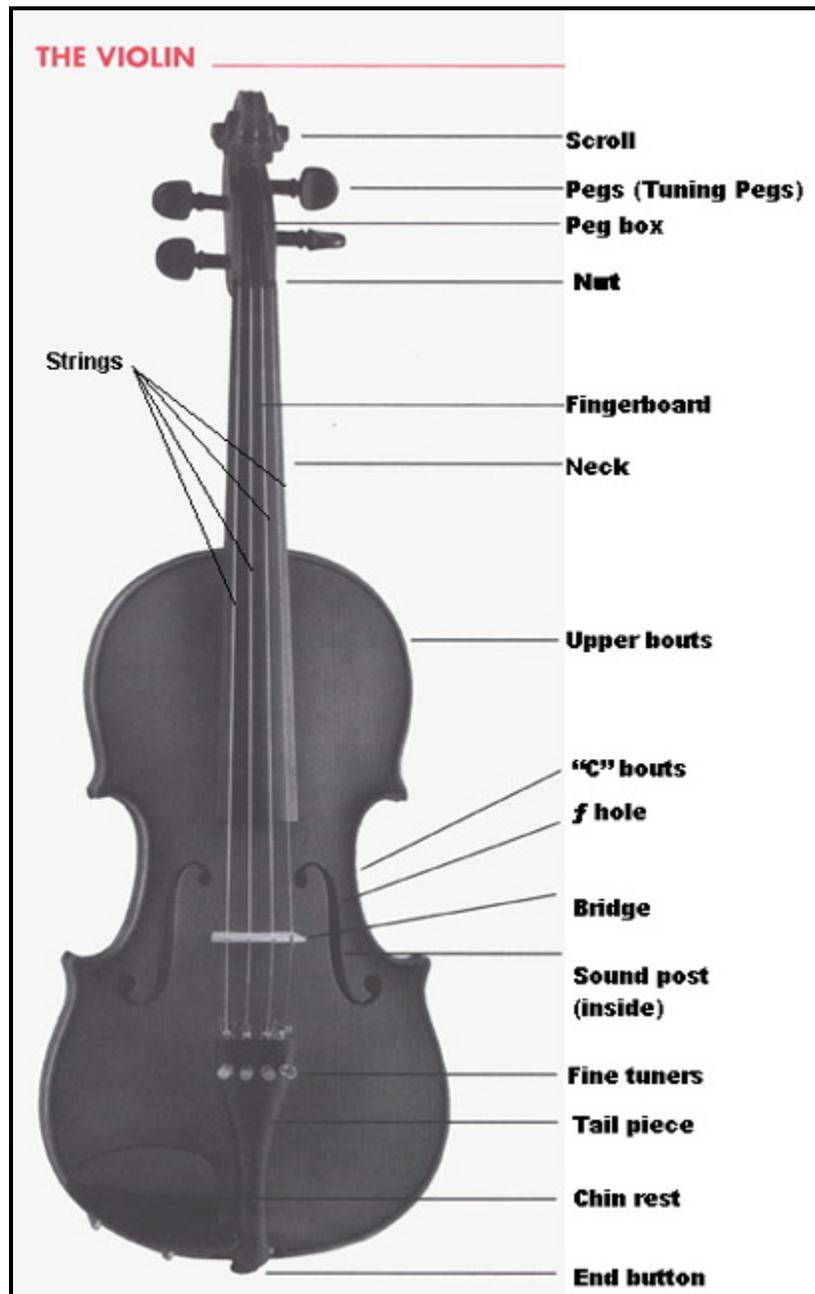


Illustration from:

Allen, Michael; Gillespie, Robert; and Tellejohn Hayes, Pamela. (1994). *Essential Elements for Strings: Book I, Violin*. Milwaukee: Hal Leonard Corp., p. 2.

Violin

From Wikimedia Commons



Viola

From Wikimedia Commons



Cello

From Wikimedia Commons



Oboe

From Wikimedia Commons



Piano

From Wikimedia Commons



Kazoo

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Examples of Kazoos.



A metal kazoo with a 1 Euro coin for comparison: 23.25 mm (0.92 inch)

Ballet Pantomime & Vocabulary

Two technical aspects of dance as performed on stage are the ballet vocabulary and pantomime. Background knowledge about ballet vocabulary will enrich the audience's experience.

Ballet Vocabulary

Classical ballet began in the courts of Italy in the fifteenth century. Court ballet was soon to be found throughout Europe, particularly in France. Lavish festivals were held that sometimes lasted for days with feasts, theatrical effects, songs and dances. The performers were ladies and gentlemen of the courts, not professional dancers. These spectacles were often held in honor of a great battle or an important marriage. The most famous dancer of the French courts was the French king, Louis XIV. He considered the dances so important to the court that he fostered the training of professional dancers and established the beginnings of the ballet technique that we use today, including the five positions of the feet.



First Position



Second Position



Third Position



Fourth Position



Fifth Position

All of the steps that the dancers perform in a ballet have names. Because Louis the XIV was the first person to devise a syllabus for the ballet, all of the names of the steps in ballet are French.

Here are four vocabulary words frequently used in ballet:

ARABESQUE

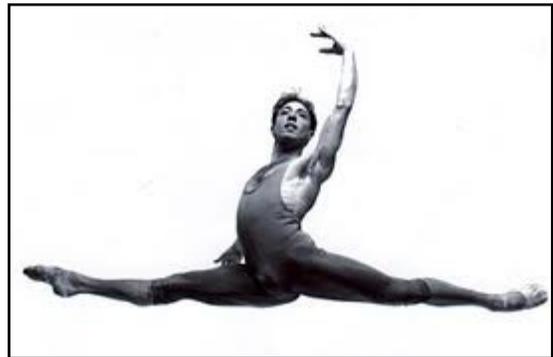
An arabesque is a line that dancers make with their bodies. This line can be performed standing in one spot or jumping

**PIROUETTE**

A pirouette is a turning step. There are many ways to turn; on one leg, from one leg to the other traveling in a line or a circle, or jumping and turning simultaneously.

JETE

A jete is a leap. This leap is performed from one leg to the other. Jetes can be small, quick jumps or big soaring leaps.

**PAS DE DEUX**

Pas de Deux is a dance for two people. In classical ballet men and women dance together; the man partners the woman. He helps her to balance and lifts her in jetes so that the woman appears lighter than air

Creating a Ballet

We have now introduced you to the basic elements that make up dance. In this section we are going to talk about a particular form of dance – BALLET.

There are two kinds of ballet, **classical ballet** and **contemporary ballet**.

The female dancer is wearing a long tutu (netted skirt) that was popular in the Romantic period of ballet, in the 1840's.



The male dancer is wearing a unitard, a full body suit. These were designed in the 1960's to give more freedom of movement.



Classical ballet's style and technique were firmly established in the 19th century and is still danced today. Pointe work, which was first developed during the romantic period, is a distinctive part of that technique. Many great classical ballets were created in the 19th century including *The Nutcracker*, *Swan Lake*, and *The Sleeping Beauty*.

Contemporary ballet has evolved from the classical tradition. It has allowed more freedom through the use of different levels, more floor work, less restrictive costuming (the unitard) and an explosion in contemporary movement vocabulary that breaks away from the traditional classical vocabulary.

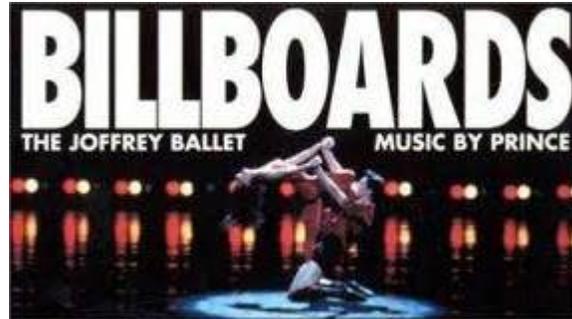
Creating a Ballet

There are three elements that can be used to create a ballet:

- A. Story or narrative content
- B. Expression of emotion or mood to music
- C. Creation of visual design with dancers' bodies

Generally contemporary ballets express a mood or create designs with dancers' bodies to music. Classical ballets are story ballets drawn from fairy tales like Sleeping Beauty or from ancient classical legends such as Diana and Acteon.

In a contemporary ballet any one of these elements may also be seen, but the use of dance vocabulary and the choice of music may be radically different from that of a classical ballet. For example the Joffrey Ballet performs a ballet to Prince's rock music, called *Billboards*.



How does someone create a ballet?

A choreographer (person who creates the dance) is very much like an architect. The choreographer is responsible for the overall design of the ballet on stage, just as an architect is responsible for the look of a building from the outside shape down to the color of the carpets inside. The architect does not design all of these parts himself; he or she employs talented people to help him create the building, such as the engineers who design the structure, the interior decorators who select the colors of the walls and floors and landscape artists who plant the trees and bushes around the building.

The choreographer may choose one or all of the three elements above (story, expression, and design) to create the ballet. The most important part of a choreographer's work is creating the movement with the dancers in the studio. The dancers are to the choreographer what clay is to the potter. They are the choreographer's medium.