

An abstract, high-contrast background featuring a mix of blue, orange, and white splatters and textures. A large, white, stylized letter 'U' is centered vertically and horizontally, acting as a focal point. The overall style is reminiscent of a digital collage or a heavily textured painting.

# U

THE TRIAL

THE OPERA



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## OPERA

OPERA IN: 2 ACTS 10 SCENES

ACT 1 — SCENE 1 (INTRODUCTION )	14
ACT 1 — SCENE 2	28
ACT 1 — SCENE 3	45
ACT 1 — SCENE 4	53
ACT 2 — SCENE 1	100
ACT 2 — SCENE 2	134
ACT 2 — SCENE 3	145
ACT 2 — SCENE 4	170
ACT 2 — SCENE 5	176
ACT 2 — FINALE	198

ESTIMATED LENGTH: 1:49:37 PLUS INTERMISSION



U = IUDICIUM — IŪDICŌ (“I JUDGE, DECIDE” ) + —IUM (NOMINAL SUFFIX )

Grounded in tradition, **U** blurs the dramatic lines between the new and the old, fantasy and reality, and theater.

A predominantly syllabic libretto by C. J. Bartels, **U**'s poetic prose and timeless story of good and evil pair seamlessly with the singspiel style score written by Jan Tegtmeier as he takes the two art forms hand-in-hand and presents them as one.

Written as a two-act opera, and based on the book “Where The Valley Lies,” **U** is sure to please stage aficionados of multiple genres as it turns the audience into the jury, the stage into a dilemma, and the opera house into a heart-pounding experience.





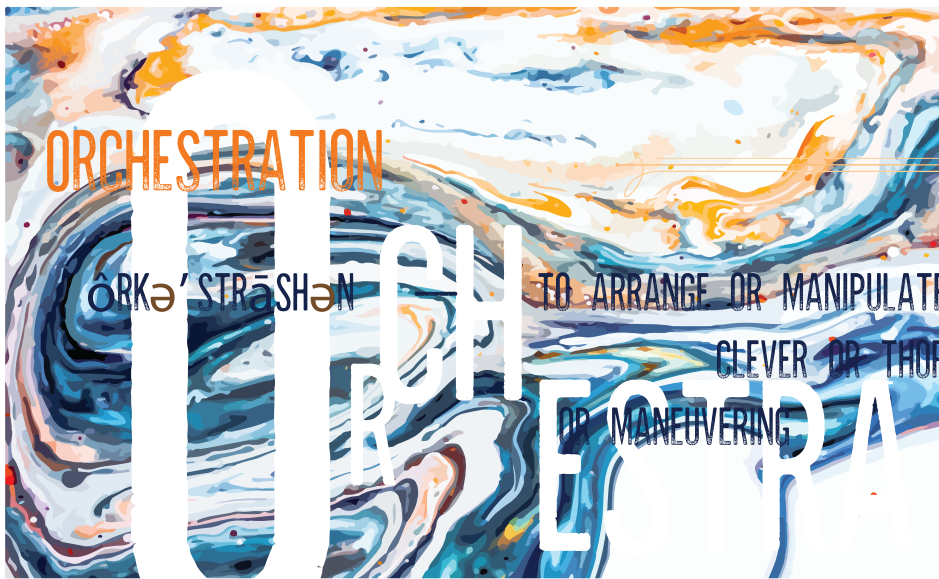
THROW (SOMETHING) FORCEFULLY IN A SPECIFIED DIRECTION.

Adami	Tenor
Bazzo (Messenger/Servant/Attendant)	Tenor
Carpenter (Ghost Prophet)	Bass Baritone
Mara (Blacksmith's Daughter)	Mezzo-Soprano
Bonhomie (Blacksmith)	Bass Baritone
Ranthial (Bishop)	Bass Baritone
Sorcerer of the Woods (Medea)	Alto
Choir (Crowd/Entourage/Choir of Priests/Choir of Demons)	S,A,T,B

## SPEAKING ACTORS

- Timor (Low-Level Demon/Narrator)
- Child (King's Granddaughter)
- ° Amicus (Military Captain)
- ° Sagasi (Military Adjutant)
- ° Mandolin (Mysterious Old Woman)
- ° Blacksmith Apprentice
- ° Chicane (Lord of Cunnings)
- ° Zeal (Guest of the King)
- ° Cerberus (Gate Keeper of the Infernal Regions)
- ° Jurors (3) (In Audience at Beginning)

► Do not overlap – one principle option  
 ° Option of using choir member



## ORCHESTRA

1 Flute  
2 Oboes  
2 Clarinets  
1 Bassoon  
2 Horns  
Timpani, Tambourine  
Strings

## ORCHESTRA

**Optional:** Stage ensemble 2 Clarinets, 2 Bassoons (or 1 Bassoon and 1 Cello)

**Strings Suggested:** Eight first violins, six second violins, four violas, three celli  
and two double basses.

**Strings Suggested Minimum:** Four first violins, three second, two violas,  
two celli and one double bass.





# SYNOPSIS



SYN · OP · SIS

— AN OUTLINE OF THE PLOT OF A BOOK,  
PLAY, MOVIE, OR  
OPERA.

## INTRODUCTION

**Timor, a low-level demon,** tries to convince the jury (the audience) that there has been a mistake made with a man's soul and they must overturn the verdict.

As Hell lays out its case, three jurors demand that Timor present the transcript from the trial, in its entirety. Tentatively, he agrees, and the story begins as Adami, the owner of the soul, receives word that his son, the heir, died while crossing an icy pass in the mountains when his horse threw a shoe. Furious, 'King' Adami demands the person to blame, (the Blacksmith) and in his rage takes it one step further, denouncing God for the death and crushing the symbol of God's son that rises before him, a brilliantly white crucifix. Shattering it to dust, he declares, "You are no more!"

ACT I: SCENE 1

At the same time, a carpenter hired to renovate the prince's parlor as a gift to be presented on return, finishes his work. In the light of the candles, as they flicker from the gold stands and the intricately carved wood, the carpenter admires his creation while the hour of the king's night-of-mercy approaches. Finishing his review, he carefully places each chisel back in his toolbox and lifts a straw-woven doll from his side and sets it on a table below a window. In its arms, he places a carved wooden basket. With one final glance around the room, he steps from the castle and out into the night. As the room settles in silence, a small child appears from her hiding place behind the door and runs through the room, singing, and dancing, touching the beautifully carved woodwork that wraps her playground. Reaching the table she stops, pauses, and then lifts the woven doll and whittled basket into the air. Looking around to make sure nobody is watching she gives it a gentle hug and runs from the room with the precious gift.

ACT I: SCENE 2

## ACT1: SCENE 3

The villagers gather at the steps of the cathedral for their yearly stipend meant to carry them through the long winter, a tradition that has continued since any can remember, but it is not to be. The old and young, split in two, move aside as the soldiers drag the blacksmith's daughter before the king. Her pleading does little to soften his heart, and in the end, the king demands a son for a son, ordering her to bring her child to hang in mornings first light. As she is removed from the cathedral, the king's messenger enters to report that the gift commissioned for the prince, not due to be finished for another month, is complete. Along with the update on progress, it is revealed that the carpenter did not follow the king's approved architectural drawings. The news of the project's completion piques the king's interest. He orders the doors of the cathedral closed, his carriage brought forth, and he and his guests taken to see what this carpenter has done.

## INTERMISSION

## ACT2: SCENE 1

The king and his entourage arrive at the prince's palace. Inside the main door, they find the king's granddaughter playing with a woven doll on the stairs, unaware of what has happened to her father. Her innocence steals Adami's thoughts before he orders the doors to the parlor opened. Once inside, he is struck speechless by the beauty that surrounds him. However, as he admires the fantastic work, he discovers that within its intricate carving is hidden a message that will come true at first light. Moreover, to make matters worse, the last word is missing. Worried for his life, and assuming these are God's words, he sends for the Bishop.

## ACT2: SCENE 2

Far from the castle, across the fields and deep in the woods, the blacksmith's daughter enters her cottage. Beaten and stiff from the cold, she tells her father what has happened. To her dismay, she discovers that the old blacksmith has injured himself. Forgetting her pain, she tends to him as a mysterious old woman that the blacksmith invited out of the cold and into their home months earlier rambles on about how they should not worry – all has been taken care of, a gift to them.

## ACT2: SCENE 3

Back at the castle, the bishop enters to find the king somber and broken. In the king's state of disbelief, he asks the Bishop to tell him the final word. The Bishop sees an opportunity to gain great power throughout the kingdom... for Rome. Following the reading of the prophecy, the Bishop tells the king that the last word requires obedience to him and the church or he shall perish in the fires of hell. After considering the terms, King Adami tells the bishop his answer is unacceptable and sends him away. With no other option, he summons the sorcerer of the woods.

ACT2: SCENE 4

As the night draws into the winter cold and the moon rises higher, Mara holds her father's hand, and it becomes clear he will not survive the night. She sings goodbye to him and then determines what she must do with her child.

ACT2: SCENE 5

In the parlor, Medea, the sorcerer of the woods, slinks along the wall, surrounded by her demon choir. Summoning all her power to convince the king that the final word is of his death and destruction, Adami is captured in a hypnotic trans and at the mercy of the demon witch. Suddenly realizing his mistake, he breaks free, denying the foul creature her desire and accepting his fate – he has done evil and will have to pay.

ACT2: FINALE

Prostrate and without hope, the sun begins to break the horizon through the window on the far side of the parlor as King Adami hears the sweet soft voice of the blacksmith's daughter. Dressed in a beautiful white gown, she enters with the child in a basket, as requested. The king slowly breaks the grip that cold and dismay hold on him and rises to meet the woman.

Telling her that he has made a mistake and now knows his son would never have blamed another for his woes, the king apologizes and then asks for a single favor; to tell him the word none of his other confidant's were able to speak. She does not, but following the prophecy's reading, she tells him that he has been granted a great gift, and he should feel very fortunate for it is all there, within the words. There is no riddle.

The king cannot believe it and ignores her as the door behind the woman suddenly moves. Seeing that it can only mean one thing, that a demon has come for him, he demands that it present itself and states that he is ready to die. To both of their surprise, it turns out to be the prince's young daughter. In sadness, she rushes across the floor and into her grandfather's arms, now aware that her father, the prince, will never return. The King dries her tears and explains away her pain. Comforted, the child stops crying, and he tells Mara she is to consider herself a guest in his castle, to eat from his kitchen, and then to return and take her child with her.

Alone with the little girl, the king notices the woven doll and its whittled basket in the child's grip. Transfixed, he asks who gave her such a beautiful gift. Forgetting her pain for the moment, he takes the doll and basket from her as she runs over to the window and the table where the carpenter had set the doll earlier in the night. As she details the moment, the king realizes that the table sits just past the last word of the prophecy. In the silence of the morning, light streaming through the window, Adami slowly turns over the wooden basket that the woven doll held, to find a single word whittled into the bottom...

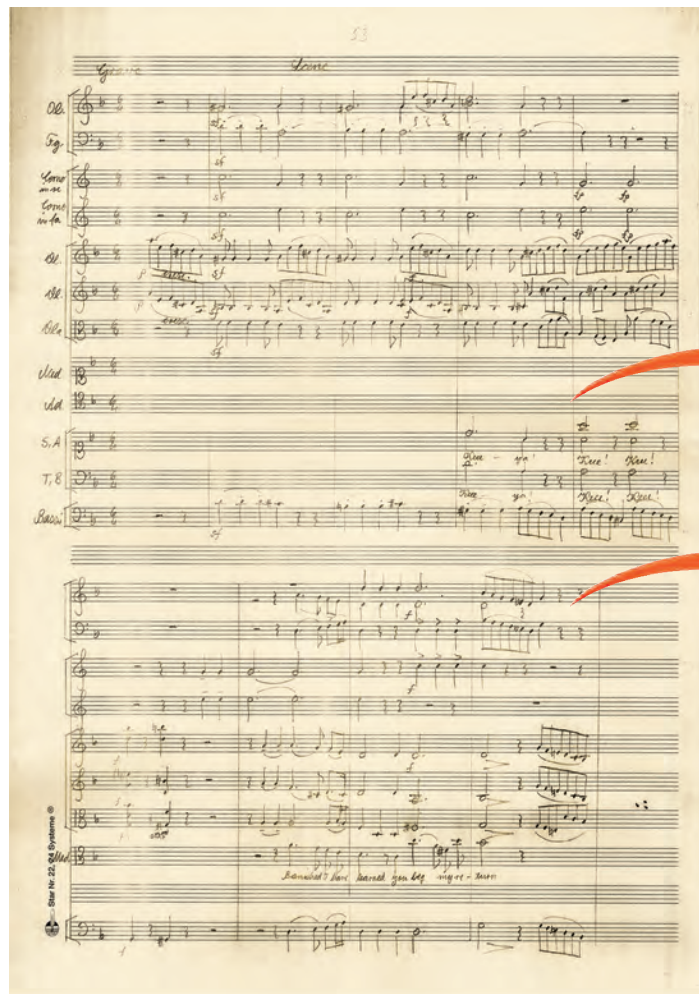
...AND THE REST IS YOURS TO DISCOVER...



SCORE



skôr — A NOTCH OR LINE CUT OR SCRATCHED INTO A SURFACE SHOWING ALL  
THE VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL PARTS  
ARRANGED  
ONE BELOW THE OTHER.



Scene

5

Grave

Ob.

Fag.

Cac. 1 in D

Cac. 2 in E

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Mello.

Admet.

Orchestra

Violoncello

Double Bass

Timpani

Available:

(CONDUCTOR SCORE)

(ORCHESTRA PARTS)

10

Ob.

Fag.

Cac. 1 in D

Cac. 2 in E

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Mello.

Admet.

Orchestra

Violoncello

Double Bass

Timpani

By night I have heard you long ago - now

Why - Why - Why - Why -

Why - Why - Why - Why -

# THE CREATORS CREATOR

KRē'ādər — A PERSON OR THING THAT BRINGS  
SOMETHING INTO EXISTENCE.

COMPOSER  
JAN TEGTMEYER



Born in Herford, Germany, Jan has written for multiple orchestras, including Klangvereinigung Wien, Sinfonietta dell'Arte, and Sophia Philharmonic, and performed from China to North America. While traveling through the United States, Jan met Chris and together, immediately realized that there was an opera that needed writing. *Jan currently lives, composes, teaches, and performs in Austria.*

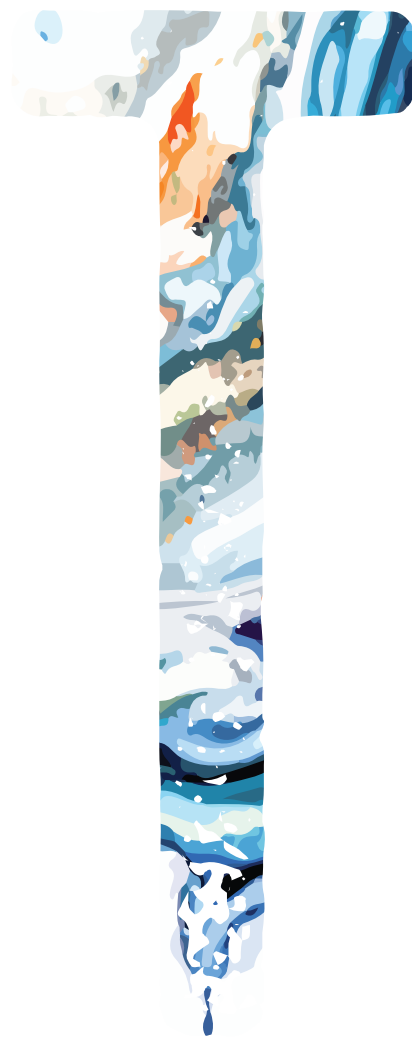
LIBRETTIST  
CHRIS BARTELS



A first-generation American, Chris has picked up golf balls at 4:30 am, flown helicopters over the sands of Iraq and the Korean waters of the Yellow Sea, lifted trout from the pristine waters of Montana, and watched fireworks over the Sydney Opera House with friends that are still friends. *Chris presently resides somewhere on a stream in the United States.*

# judicium

THE GREAT TRIAL    THE BEAUTIFUL OPERA





“PEOPLE OF THE JURY  
ON THE COURT OF IMMATERIAL,  
I BRING TO YOU A POOR DEVIL'S  
APPEAL FOR A VERY WICKED  
MAN'S SOUL.

HE WAS IN MY CARE...  
UNTIL HE DIED. AND THEN TAKEN  
FROM ME, EVEN AFTER THAT  
VILE CREATURE DID WHAT HE DID  
ON THAT COLD WINTER'S  
NIGHT!!”

—TIMOR





SCENE: SETUP

*A low-level demon, has come forward to appeal a verdict past down hundreds of years earlier because Mephistopheles believes it has set an unacceptable precedent. Times have changes, so the demon decides to bring the case to "the people..." hoping they will see his side. To help his case, he plays a transcript of the original judgment-day battle... but will he tell all?*

SCENE — BEHIND TIMOR AND SCREEN IS A SOFTLY LIT JUDGES DESK. GAVEL DROPS THREE TIMES!

Timor

People of the jury on the court of  
immaterial, I bring to you an appeal  
for a very wicked man's soul.

He was released, even though  
the facts will show the evil he did  
more than four centuries ago.



---

...And for this, I appeal to you. He must be punished! He must be condemned straight to hell. For the safety of your children, I tell you, this time, YOU MUST CONVICT! Pick up your pitchforks. Together, we will punish this derelict!

**Juror 1**  
(IN AUDIENCE)

Why now! Why after so many years do you return for this man's soul? Let it rest, Timor  
*(Laughter from the placed audience)*

**Timor**

Because through the dismissal of this sin a terrible precedent has been set.

By accepting this man's judgment, without appeal, I have acknowledged my enemy's most unfavorable gift! By accepting his verdict I allowed God – a true detriment to society – to pillage from my cohorts, demons so true, life-long criminals and all sorts of hypocrites.

For this reason, the chain must be broken, and it must be broken by YOU!

---

Accept my appeal or I tell you, God, that  
brute, will continue to dish out mercy and  
grace to dangerous freaks and fools, “to  
people exactly like that gentleman (*tips  
head*) in row two.”

And if not for your children, do it for me!  
I say again! This man is guilty and should  
never have been set free.

*(points toward the screen behind him were a  
flash of violent acts from the opera that the  
king carries out takes place in film before he  
scurries over to large switch on tape player)*

Here! Just Listen to the transcript from  
when he died! You will see. He’s outspoken.  
He’s Manipulative. He speaks irreverently to  
everyone, especially to me. *(flips on a  
scratchy recording of previous trial)*

Adami

*You have made a mistake! I do not deserve to  
go with him!” (points at a young Timor)*

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Young Timor

*Mistake? You have chosen to deny the truth.*

Adami

*If you will oblige me, your honor, and ignore this buffoon, I will tell you a story that will outline the proof. It is pure and true, and it will show that no subordinate can condemn me; not a priest, not Satan, and certainly not you.*

Judge

*How dare you speak to the court like this!  
Demon, take him away!*

Adami

*He cannot! For if that was the case and from sin, there is no reprieve, then no matter what you say, we on earth have all been deceived!*

*By the words of missionaries and prophets, spinning webs of mercy and grace, I tell you, if their words are not true, then there is no God, there is no Devil, and there is indeed no reason to listen to you!*

Judge & Timor

*Enough! (bangs gavel!)*

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Adami                    *–If by your words you condemn my foundation  
as flawed, then you and your God have  
dreadfully misled us all.*

Young Timor        *Blasphemy– (...smiles toward crowd)*

Adami                    *Your honor, Look at my life before you  
decide my penalty. If I am wrong, upon me  
hell, I beg you bestow, because then it is  
I that misunderstood the message promised  
to man so long ago.*

*As I stand before my judge and jury, I tell  
you, this demon, has hidden the truth.  
(Timor scrambles to switch) The story  
does not end with Medea or the youth–*

Timor                    *(embarrassed giggle) –Heee Heee.*

Juror 1                “Hey, you cannot stop it there!”

Juror 2                “Let us hear it all!”

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Timor

That is unnecessary, Madam. This man is a wretch! It is a trick. You can trust me.

Juror 3

You're the one that brought the appeal to us.

Juror 1 & 2

"Yes! Let us hear the rest."

Timor

*(hesitantly, glancing over the audience, slowly walks over and pulls play lever)*

Judge

*(beat) Because I do not trust this demon I will listen, but I warn you, you are on very thin ground. (beat) Tell me this story that you believe so thoroughly sums up what my verdict must be and I will make my decision.*

Adami

*(beat) I do not remember the year, but I can still see the children singing and parents gathering outside the cathedral for their annual stipend, to take them through the long winter. But, it is true, by my hand, (beat) ...it was not to be? ■*





[www.iudicium.world](http://www.iudicium.world)

**For More Information,  
Contact Us At 651.760.8851**