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An Evening of Drama: A Solo and Duo Concert with Jessica and Gabriella Roderer

Jessica Roderer
Utah State University

Gabriella Roderer

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CAINE
PERFORMANCE
HALL, USU CAMPUS
**FREE AND OPEN
TO THE PUBLIC**

7:30 PM
WEDNESDAY
FEB 22

AN EVENING OF DRAMA

A SOLO AND DUO CONCERT WITH
JESSICA AND GABRIELLA RODERER

An Evening of Drama: a solo and duo concert with Jessica and Gabriella Roderer

February 22, 2017

Introduction and Variations for Flute and Piano on "Trockne Blumen" from

Die schöne Müllerin Op. 160, D. 802

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Sonata in A Major

César Franck (1822-1890)

I. Allegretto ben moderato

II. Allegro

III. Recitativo-Fantasia, ben moderato

IV. Allegretto poco mosso

Intermission

Sonata in B Minor

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Jessica Roderer

Currently an associate professor of piano at Utah State University, Ms. Roderer studied with Norman Krieger at the University of Southern California where she graduated with her Master and Doctorate of Musical Arts in piano performance with emphases in Theory and Analysis (Shenkarian Analysis specifically), Collaborative Arts, and Choral Music. She earned her Bachelor's degree from Utah State University under the instruction of Gary Amano where she performed with the Utah State University Symphony Orchestra as a student and again as an alumni. She has played for masterclass artists such as Emilio del Rosario, Nina Lechuk, Spencer Meyer, Stephen Hough, Byron Janis, and Sergei Babayan.

Hailed as a performer "rich in emotion and dramatic passion" by The Deseret Morning News, Ms. Roderer is in high demand as a collaborative artist and soloist, regularly performing with students and faculty from all over the world. Recent collaborative highlights include work as a member of the Collaborative Piano faculty at the Heifetz Institute at the Mary Baldwin College, extensive work with members of the Fry Street Quartet, the USU string studios, and in recital with Elizabeth Beilman of the Utah Symphony.

Gabriella Roderer

Described as "polished," "eloquent," and "delightfully lyrical" by the Deseret News, Gabriella Roderer is an up and coming flutist for a new age.

Ms. Roderer earned her Master of Musical Arts from Bowling Green State University, where she studied with Dr. Conor Nelson, and her Bachelor's degree with Linda Chesis at The Manhattan School of Music in New York City. She has played for greats such as Robert Langiven, Jeanne Baxtresser, Michel Debost, Susan Milan, and Sophie Cherrier, and worked more extensively with David Leisner, Paul Cohen, Marya Martin, and Steve Taylor.

Gabriella is past winner and recipient of such prestigious awards as MTNA Nationals, two-time winner and performer with Utah Symphony's Salute to Youth, highly-coveted scholarships at both BGSU and MSM, and many more. Her International experience includes playing as Assistant Principal Flute with the Tuscia Opera Festival and International Lyric Academy orchestras in Italy. Ms. Roderer recently returned from serving a non-profit mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in Frankfurt Germany, where she used her love of music to uplift and inspire people from all over the world. She currently teaches flute and voice privately, and co-conducts the Utah Festival Opera's Conservatory Children's Chorus.

It was autumn in Berlin in the year of 1816, and Wilhelm Müller and some of his good friends decided to compose a "Liederspiel" (song-play) together, based on the story of the miller girl (Hedwig) and the men who tried to win her heart. Each member of the group was given a different suitor, and Wilhelm wrote his poetry based on the miller boy and his unrequited love for Hedwig. It was these poems, and the pitiful yet fanciful story of the miller boy that would become the basis for Franz Schubert's song cycle *Die schöne Müllerin*. In many ways, this song cycle about love and life tragically unfulfilled became a soundtrack to Schubert's own life, as he began composition on the cycle not long after he contracted Syphilis in 1822-23. "Imagine a man whose health will never be right again ..." he penned in a letter to a friend, "whose most brilliant hopes have perished ... whom enthusiasm for all things beautiful threatens to forsake." Catherine Roche describes the 20 piece song cycle as being broken into five act-like sections: 1, the arrival at the mill; 2, falling in love; 3, brief happiness; 4, jealousy and despair; and 5, resignation and death. "Trockne Blumen" (withered flowers) is the eighteenth piece in the cycle, depicts the brooding soliloquy known only to jilted lovers.

In 1824 Schubert used "Trockne Blumen" to compose a theme and variations for flute and piano for Viennese flutist Ferdinand Bogner (1786-?). The low, gentle introduction is followed by the theme and a series of seven variations ranging from mysterious to tender, to dramatic, to angry. In true form to Schubert and his art songs, the piano and flute play as equal partners, trading off the melody and accompaniment, slipping in and out of minor and major, toying with the tonicizations, telling the story of love and loss with each variation. -Gabriella Roderer

*All you dear flowers
That she gave to me,
You shall be laid
In my grave beside me.*

*Why do you all look
At me so sadly,
As though you knew
What would become of me?*

*All you dear flowers,
Why so faded, why so pale?
All you dear flowers,
What has made you so damp?*

*Ah! Tears will not bring
The green of May,
Nor make dead love
bloom again.*

The Sonata in A Major was originally written for and presented to violinist Eugène Ysaÿe and Louise Bourdeau in 1886 at their wedding. The sonata was quickly rehearsed, and then performed day of, as part of the wedding festivities. Hailed for its song-like melodies and cyclical nature, the Sonata in A Major weaves an enchanting and dramatic narrative.

I have written these poems in lieu of actual program notes, as I wanted to convey the deeply emotional and powerful imagery that I find saturates this sonata. -Gabriella Roderer

*I.
Light spills across shadow,
hungrily, gently, reaching-
as a child for its mother's embrace.
Like liquid it slips,
drops,
Rose gold, faint yet discernible,
it glows softly, pooling into bushed torrents
with nowhere to go, bowing in on itself,
a gasp with no air, a sigh with no release.
The rays shimmer, like hope suspended,
caught, mid-thought, mid-air, mid-breath
then crystallized, unexplainable,
life-changing, life-threatening,
never truly understood, never fully grasped,
wisps away, slips through the thumbs called ability,
slips...slips, like sand through a sieve,
leaving only rare gems,
nuggets of golden surprise,
sudden delight, an epiphany.*

*II.
The memory of your hand in mine-
Expelled from my soul in an explosion of shards,
fracturing against my skin,
In a cloud of smoke made real, made lifeless*

*by the emptiness of the space left behind by your touch.
Colors fade, a thousand eyes unblinking-
A thousand if only*

*Judge and juror, you have condemned our fairy tale,
you have cut the story short, no rhyme or reason left,
the pages unfinished, blank, and unwritten,
a naked mockery to our tenderness
abandoned to blister and crack.*

Why must I let you go, when you were what I wanted?

*No.
Wait.
I am the assassin, the perpetrator, the guilty.
Cloaked in the deceit of tainted love and jilted hope,
I flounder, desperate, clinging for life,
yet losing hold on what I knew to be true.*

*You were true.
And now I have lost you.*

*Betrayed by my own desire;
fear, my weapon of choice,
I have wielded like cold steel against
the warmth of our yesterdays.*

Our yesterdays, that will still be your tomorrows.

But not mine.

Never again.

Pain distills upon my soul and agony infuses my chest.

The body heaves, unsure if it is in pain or alive.

A shout, a scream; hope must be my battle cry.

My fight has begun.

III.

Loneliness hangs from my drooping shoulders like a tattered shroud.

In the hope of the future I have buried my love, whose desire for progress

has exacted its price by stealing from me my identity.

I am childless, orphaned, and widowed, and the wind is cold,

biting cold, like hunger gnawing, leaving a void,

emptiness,

I am confused.

In distress I bow my head and howl at the moon,

but she pulls dusk in closer around her,

hiding her beautiful sheen behind its mysterious folds.

Even she can't stand to face my cries.

Renting, ranting, writhing, in total darkness I weep.

My breath rattles in my chest like the sound of distant musket fire,

and my heart beats to a steady canon.

Its staccato rhythm shreds the walls of my inner sanctuary,

and the open hills of my childhood have become my gilded cage.

The trees stand sentinel to its treason, and

I am left alone to grieve.

IV.

Earth, that orbit where intelligence

stumbles on its consciousness,

drunken with its own self-importance,

losing regard for precious moments.

Overtaken by soft fluorescence of gilded "suitable", and yet it is still somehow all so beautiful.

Pain, hope, love, and hate abound,

sealed together come rhymed and round

Second chances, first romances,

lost forecasts, and endless fences.

Confusing, messy, and sometimes inarticulate,

life continues its endless, churning turning rite,

from death to life, from birth to grave,

from farce to fancy, from things lost and things saved.

It turns, and amidst the mass of genetics,

chemicals, DNA, and cosmetics,

The psychology, sociology, archaeology,

and all the other apologies,

life turns, searching, ever leaning,

ever learning, ever twisting, ever turning,

we be, we are, we laugh, we cry,

we live, we love, we dance, we die.

And whatever waits in our own turning of events,

whether welcomed or not, expected or nonsense,

buried beneath the constant dive,

there is a rhyme, there is reason, which keeps us alive.

A moment of joy, a moment of sin,

A half-uttered prayer, with a hope we'll still win.

And out and about, and in quite close,

Reality turns, yes pivots on what we love most.

So there is the secret, and there is the dare,

Life's more about truth, and less about fair.

It's all about hope and searching fiercely for love,

and after all of that digging to find out we're enough.

Learning that joy can exist because of the pain,

and if that's a must, then there's something to gain,

from second chances, first romances,

lost forecasts, and mended fences.

Franz Liszt's Sonata in B Minor is, as described by Alan Walker, "arguably one of the greatest keyboard works to come out of the nineteenth century". This work has attracted the most scholarly attention out of all of Liszt's compositions. There are a number of different theories as to what hidden meaning this piece embodies, though Liszt himself did not say much on the subject. Some of the more prominent views include:

1. The sonata depicts the Faust legend, with themes symbolizing the main characters of "Faust", "Gretchen" and "Mephistopheles".
2. The sonata is biographical; the musical contrasts depicting Liszt's own journey in life.
3. The sonata is an interplay between God and Satan, based on the Bible and on Milton's Paradise Lost.
4. The sonata is an allegory of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden and portrays the Fall of Man.
5. The sonata is meant to be a piece of "expressive form" with no programmatic meaning beyond the music itself.

Even though the actual meaning of the piece is debated, there is one aspect in which scholars tend to agree, and that is the architecture of the 30 minute composition. The piece is considered to be "a sonata across a sonata", a four movement work seamlessly rolled into one but set against the background of a full-scale sonata form.

The premiere performance of the sonata was not well received and caused a minor scandal among conservative critiques because of Liszt's forward-thinking techniques employed in its creation, but it has long since been heralded as one of Liszt's masterpieces. -Jessica Roderer