

California Institute of the Arts  
The Herb Alpert School of Music at CalArts presents

# *face the mirror*

Megan DeJarnett's MFA Graduation Recital  
Sunday, March 3, 2019 | 8:00PM | Roy O. Disney Concert Hall

## act I (victim)

Haydn II.1 Franz Joseph Haydn/Megan DeJarnett  
*Megan DeJarnett, flugelhorn*

*Panic I\** Megan DeJarnett

*Tell Me About It\** Megan DeJarnett  
*Megan DeJarnett, flugelhorn; Sofia Klass, dance*

*musica invisible* mvt. I: Sfumato Cecilia Arditto

*The Witness* Pauline Oliveros

## act II (casualty)

*All of Me* Gerald Marks and Seymour Simons  
*Megan DeJarnett, trumpet; Alicia Bobb, Emilee Iuvara, Sofia Klass, and Kezia Madarang, dance*

*Don't Tell* Megan DeJarnett

Haydn II.2 Franz Joseph Haydn/Megan DeJarnett

*Panic II\** Megan DeJarnett

(ten-minute intermission)

## act III (survivor)

*Stanford Swimmer\** Megan DeJarnett  
*Megan DeJarnett, trumpet*

*stories/walk free\** Megan DeJarnett  
*Megan DeJarnett, trumpet; Alicia Bobb, Emilee Iuvara, Sofia Klass, and Kezia Madarang, dance*

*Instruction No. 2 (Please Wash Your Face)* Benjamin Patterson  
*Megan DeJarnett, trumpet and water bowl*

*musica invisible* mvt. III: Anamorphosis Cecilia Arditto

Haydn II.3 Franz Joseph Haydn/Megan DeJarnett

\* world premiere

program notes

Haydn II.1

Dear me,

This used to be my favorite song. (Well, maybe not my *favorite* ... but certainly up there among them.) It's still nice, don't get me wrong—pretty tune, not too difficult to play, but I don't seem to fit it anymore. I'm not ... normal in the ways it wants me to be. Even when *I* want to be that normal again.

Panic I

Dear me,

I screwed it up again. I always do; I don't know why I'm surprised. But this time it's like it's on loop in my head, and it won't go away. It hurts, me. It shifts back into something I'm more used to, something damaged and un-pretty. And that's the only thing I'm capable of keeping up these days, I guess.

tell me about it

Dear me,

She came to get me again today. I couldn't get myself off the floor, but somehow she always sticks around and tries until I'm ready. Even though I never feel like I'm ready. Is it ridiculous to think those little moments matter when I'm still drowning?

musica invisible (mvt. i)

Dear me,

People always say I should sit *just so*. You know the drill: legs crossed, taking up as little space as possible, so quiet I could almost be mistaken for an old radio someone's left on across the street. She asked how I was doing today, so that's what I told her. I know it wasn't the truth, me. But it's what she expected to hear.

The Witness

Dear me,

She didn't believe me. She pushed and prodded and she didn't buy it for a minute. And I couldn't keep the mask up. I don't even know if she paid attention long enough to care ... but she *did* listen. Deeply, even if she didn't always understand everything. And that counts for something.

All of Me

Dear me,

... why not take all of me?

lord knows *they* did.

Don't Tell

Dear me,

You know we don't talk about this. We're too beaten down. All they ever do is recite the same old diatribe, the same what-were-you-wearing nonsense ... what's the point in even contesting? It doesn't matter what I do or how well I do it. They still win.

Haydn II.2

Dear me,

This used to be ...  
... my favorite  
... song ...

(but now it's how he hunts me)

Panic II

Dear me,

I ... I just ... ... I can't.

Stanford swimmer

Dear me,

We talked about this—turn off the radio. It doesn't get better. Even before they're finished, we know that. It doesn't get better.

stories/walk free

Dear me,

We've really stepped in it this time. This moment never ends once we're in it. The stories never fade. And the stories are all mine.

Instruction Number Two (Please Wash Your Face)

Dear me,

Let's get it together ... you know, if we can. Also: what the hell is a Fluxkit?

musica invisible (mvt. iii)

Dear me,

Breathe. Just breathe. The ghosts are still there—we both know that—but they're back at a distance now. Just breathe. Things will change ... little by little.

Haydn II.3

Dear me,

It's still out there. somewhere.

This used to be my favorite song. It might never be again.

And maybe that's okay.

Love,

The body you call home

[Disclaimer: the program notes you just read are the ones that remain in the tone of the show. If you want to read some more academic-sounding ones, follow the QR code or type the following link into your browser of choice: <https://tinyurl.com/ftm3319>]



#### thank-yous (there are many)

I am perpetually thankful to Sofia, Emilee, Kezia, and Alicia for trusting me enough to go on (and through) this crazy journey with me. I'm also indebted to the fantastic ROD crew who made tonight possible and braved the show with me. Beyond the core components of this show, I have to thank John, for being a one-in-a-million partner in life and in music; Marc, for being a rad mentor and letting me get a little behind on grading Songwriting homework this month; Matt, who's been with me longer than any instrumental teacher I've had since high school and is somehow still putting up with me; Nick and Luke, for reminding me to get some sleep and focus on the end goal; Anne LeBaron and Michael Pisaro, for allowing me a greater understanding of concert theatre and John Cage respectively; Tim Feeney, for letting me get back to my improvise-y roots just in time for me to put a whole lot of non-notated music on my recital; Tess Galbiati, whose own performance of *All of Me* in a theatrical setting heavily inspired mine; Jody Rockmaker and Kotoka Suzuki and Alex Wilson and Brianna Borden and James DeMars and Rodney Rogers, for getting me through undergrad and giving me a solid foundation to promptly leap off of; Eric and Mom and Dad, for endlessly putting up with me and pushing me toward grad school and a music career and the things that make me happy; Grandma and Grandpa and Grandad and Laura and Michael and Brandon and Kyle, for letting me be the weird one in the family (for now, at least); and Gram, for the wardrobe of work-ready clothes and all the love, because if livestreams work in the afterlife I'm sure you're tuning in.

#### shameless plug

Sofia's presenting *Jam Jam & Jammie Jams*, a non-talking pajama dance party, on March 23<sup>rd</sup>. If shameless fun is your thing, RSVP here: <https://tinyurl.com/sk-j-j-j-j> And check out her other work: <https://sofiaclass.com>

#### so what's next?

I'm hitting pause (maybe stop) on school for the time being and trying my hand at being a Real Adult. I'll either be staying in Los Angeles or leaving the state—if you want to know for sure, come to John's grad recital on April 30<sup>th</sup>. I've got a bunch of commissions on my plate and performances coming up (if you want the full list, I keep them all on a Google Calendar: <https://tinyurl.com/mkdevents>). Here's a few:

- March 15<sup>th</sup>: The Ensemble premieres *People Talk* at CalArts; Roy O. Disney Concert Hall, 8:00PM; there will be a live stream.
- March 30<sup>th</sup>: Helen Hill premieres *You Probably Don't Remember Me* at Concordia College in Moorhead, MN, 7:00PM local; there will be a live stream.
- April 7<sup>th</sup>: Emily Cottam premieres *women's work (collective mend)* at First United Methodist Church, Tempe, AZ (on ASU campus), 7:00PM local.
- April 27<sup>th</sup>: Fifth Wave Collective presents the Midwest premiere of *Shatter the Heavens* at Curtiss Hall (Fine Arts Building) in Chicago, IL, 7:00PM local.
- April 27<sup>th</sup>: the CalArts Contemporary Vocal Ensemble premieres *walking/I'm sorry, Mom*; there will be a live stream.
- April 30<sup>th</sup>: John Pisaro premieres *Everything Stops* for solo trombone on *MADMAN*, his graduation recital, at 8:00PM in the Wild Beast; there will be a live stream.
- May 21<sup>st</sup>-25<sup>th</sup>: I'll be in Tempe, AZ for the International Women's Brass Conference, where I'll be performing a short recital with works by Cecilia Ardito, Adriana Holszky, and my own work, *Zero G*.