Asylum for mezzo-soprano, alto, tenor, baritone, & chamber orchestra.

Cullyn D. Murphy

University of Louisville

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ASYLUM

for mezzo-soprano, alto, tenor, baritone, & chamber orchestra

by

Cullyn D. Murphy

B.M.E., Illinois State University, 2016
B.M., Illinois State University, 2016

A Thesis

Submitted to the Faculty of the
School of Music of the University of Louisville
in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements

for the Degree of

Master of Music
in Music Composition

School of Music
University of Louisville
Louisville, KY

May 2018
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A Thesis approved on
May 3, 2018

by the following Thesis Committee

___________________________________________
Thesis Director – Steve Rouse

___________________________________________
Krzysztof Wołek

___________________________________________
Kimcherie Lloyd
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To Dr. Steve Rouse: for your wisdom, guidance, and patience over the past two years.

To Dr. Krzysztof Wolek and Prof. Kimcherie Lloyd: for your support, instruction, and humor.

To James May, D. Carter, and Alex Enyart: for your friendship, laughter, and provided procrastination.

To Allison Pardys: for your kindness, understanding, and undying love.

To my family: for your phone-calls, understanding of my lack of phone-calls, and eventual texts.

-Thank you.
Cullyn D. Murphy (b.1993) is a composer, conductor, vocalist, and educator from Champaign, Illinois. His music has been programmed and commissioned by the Concrete Timbres Series, Atlantic Music Festival, New Music On the Point Festival, the Longleaf Trio, the Thompson Street Opera Company, New Music Gathering, Illinois State University’s Symphonic Wind Ensemble, Louisville University Symphony Orchestra, Wm. Riley Leitch, and many others. Murphy's music has been described as “theatrical,” “riveting and inventive,” and “push[ing] the idea of what music and musical organization is.” (Composer's Toolbox) His music draws from his experiences in absurdity, theater, education, and current events.

Murphy received his B.M.E. in Music Education-Choral and his B.M. in Theory/Composition from Illinois State University. Currently, he is pursuing his M.M. at the University of Louisville where he has received the Bomhard Fellowship. In the fall of 2017, he co-founded AmiEnsemble (an experimental trio) for whom he regularly composes, directs, and performs. Murphy has been invited to lecture at Illinois State University and Parkland Community College. He has participated in master classes with Joan Tower, Lee Hyla, Steven Stucky, Carlos Sanchez-Gutierrez, Kate Soper, Caroline Shaw, Du Yun, Ted Hearne, George Lewis, Bent Sørensen, and Andrew Norman. His private studies include Roy Magnuson, Carl Schimmel, Martha C. Horst, Steve Rouse, and Krzysztof Wolek.

Performance Information

Duration: c. 18'00"-20'00"
Librettist: Jessica Elliott
Instrumentation:

- Flute
- Oboe
- Clarinet in Bb
- Saxophone (Soprano, Alto, Baritone)
- Horn in F
- Trumpet in C
- Trombone
- Bass Trombone
- Percussion 1 (Suspended Cymbal, Sand Paper Block, Low Tom-tom, Bass Drum)
- Percussion 2 (Vibriphone F3-F6, Crotale C4-C6 (2 sets), Glockenspiel G3-C5) Middle C is C4.
- Piano
  - Solo Soprano (Sabine)
  - Solo Alto (Father)
  - Solo Tenor (Schreber)
  - Solo Baritone (Flechsig)
- Strings (8, 8, 7, 6, 5)

Character Information

Schreber: Daniel Paul Schreber – a revered German judge born in 1842 who developed what is today known as paranoid schizophrenia. He was institutionalized at least twice, and wrote an account of his second treatment to argue for his freedom.

Father: Paul's father – one of Germany's leading experts in childrearing in the 1800s. A figment of Paul's memory and imagination, he has passed away but his strict rules and repulsion for free emotional expression have stayed with Daniel.

Sabine: Paul's wife – has suffered many miscarriages, has been supportive and close to her husband, but his illness is beginning to distance them.

Flechsig: Paul's doctor – treating his mental illness. Cold lack of empathy cut with passionate desire to understand.

Program Note

In 1884, Daniel Paul Schreber was admitted into an asylum in an attempt to help treat his paranoid schizophrenia. He documented his time in the asylum through a memoir titled Memoirs of My Nervous Illness. His memoir noted the extremely poor living conditions and treatment of patients, while also illustrating Schreber’s slowly deteriorating mental state. Prior to his admittance, Schreber was a well respected judge in Germany and the son of a renowned child psychologist. This societal decline contributed to the acceptance of these memoirs as a serious account of the events that transpired on a daily basis for mental health patients and this acceptance ignited a push towards improving these unsuitable facilities.

Asylum is an oratorio depicting Schreber’s time in the asylum as well as his deteriorating state interpreted through hallucinated view of his relationships with his wife (Sabine), his doctor (Flechsig), and his deceased father. All three of these pivotal relationships and their potential contributions to Schreber’s affliction have been repeatedly analyzed by famous psychologists through the lens of Memoirs of My Nervous Illness. Asylum takes the perspective of Henry Zvi Dothan's who argues in In Defense of Schreber that Schreber's schizophrenia was not necessarily caused by these relationships, rather his mental illness was a manifestation of his need to process complex and unresolved emotions.

Cullyn D. Murphy
Louisville, Kentucky
PERFORMANCE INDEX

Extended techniques are additionally explained in-score on first appearance.

All *glissandi* begin immediately and are continuous.

*Bilabial* trills indicate a timbral trill on the same pitch.

Arrows indicate a gradual change from one technique to another (i.e. *slow —> fast*).

A diamond note head indicates an audible breath noise through the instrument for the full duration.

An X note head indicates a key click.

The following abbreviations are used:

ord.-ordinario
norm.-normale
sim.-simile
s.p.-sul ponticello
m.s.p.-molto sul ponticello
s.t.-sul tasto
m.s.t.-molto sul tasto

Aleatoric boxed or repeated notation indicates continuous, repeated activity for the duration of the horizontal line, out of time with the rest of the ensemble. An aleatoric box with dashed lines separates playable options. The order of the options should be ad libitum.

Unmetered notation passages are indicated with a prolation symbol in place of a time signature. Bars are sectioned off with headers containing the duration of the bar in seconds. The bar in the example would be five seconds long.

A square note head with a series of notes and articulation floating over it indicates that the player should ad lib. duration and articulation for the full duration of the square note head.
LIBRETTO

Scene 1

SCHREBER:
No interaction with a human being is ever simple.

PAUL:
Forsaken, simply forsaken. In other words, left me to rot.

SABINE:
Rot!

PAUL:
A game of chess, please could you-

FATHER:
Shhh! Sit up! Sit tall!

PAUL:
Or the piano, oh I knew how to play-

FLECHSIG:
Interesting, interesting, he can play the piano-

PAUL:
It subsides and I recall what was lost to me for a time.

SCHREBER:
Forsaken!

FATHER:
Forsaken?

SABINE:
Forgive me!

FLECHSIG:
Ferociously mad, recurring delusions it seems.

PAUL:
Nerves! My nerves! To follow my brother or be left in these rough hands? God has asked that I hear it all but some days I should like to hear nothing.

FATHER:
Weakness aside, boy, do only what you are told.

PAUL:
But father, then I cannot be free here I cannot be free.

FATHER:
If you are here, you belong here.

FLECHSIG:
It is your mind that is not free.

SABINE:
Can you help him? Help him come back to me. I have come for months but now I must stop visiting. At least for now. I cannot keep watching him disappear, become small and unfamiliar. I used to know someone. Someone who looked just like this man.

SABINE:
We are happy. We are quiet, but happy and hopeful aren’t we, Paul?

PAUL:
Yes, Sabine.

SABINE:
Our Sunday papers and afternoon tea?

SABINE AND PAUL:
Walks in the garden and black currant jam.

PAUL:
But the children are gone. They were never here and they are gone

SABINE:
I am ashamed. I am so sorry.

PAUL:
Never say that. Never have you brought me shame. But to have held them, to have given them our name.
They would have played in the garden. Mouths and fingers. Violet with black currant jam.

Learned to read from the Sunday paper. Spilled your afternoon tea.

Wouldn’t it have been wonderful? I know not what it is to be whole.

I feel so uneasy, Sabine.

What is wrong?

I am here. You need not worry.

I am unravelling from the center of myself.

This troubles me, Paul.

I am here.

Sabine I must leave for a while. Just a while. I do not feel like my self

My love, whatever do you mean?

I need to go and see the doctor again.

Are you ill?

Not that doctor, Sabine.

Flechsig.

I need to go and see the doctor again.

Will you be there long?

Not long, Sabine.

I will go with you.

No, I cannot take you with me.

Then I will visit. I will visit every day.

I need to go and see the doctor again.

I won’t be long, Sabine. Not long, Sabine. I promise you a family, endless walks in the garden, and black currant jam. Laughter in our hallways and picture frames full of faces.

Full of faces.

Scene 2

I say again, I am here, right in front of you.
FLECHSIG:

Can you not see me? I am begging you.

PAUL:

What is it that you’d like to do next? It isn’t as though I can get up and leave.

FLECHSIG:

As I said before, can you put your arms out to the sides?

PAUL:

Like a cross.

FLECHSIG:

What? Yes, like a cross.

PAUL:

Wait, what have you done? What are you doing to me? What are you doing?

FLECHSIG:

I haven’t done anything. Why do you scream?

PAUL:

Rays! I feel them can you see the rays running up my arms look, look!

FLECHSIG:

I see nothing.

FLECHSIG:

Enough! Enough!

FLECHSIG:

Day after day I have studied your gait. I have measured your pulse I have listened to your mad ramblings screaming at the walls staring at the sky each night, but it doesn’t mean anything. Anything at all. There is nothing more to say to you. You are sick.

FATHER:

Arms out to the sides, now.

PAUL:

No, no please not again sir!

FATHER:

And then straight through the sleeves…

FLECHSIG:

What on earth do you mean?

FATHER:

I shall wring out your will, son.

PAUL:

Wait! I have cannot leave until I’m done!

FATHER:

I will break this resolve

FLECHSIG:

Done with what!

PAUL:

My soul! I swear I have words that are burning to get out. God has told me to try.

FLECHSIG:

You are driving me mad right along with you!

FATHER:

There is honor in discipline.

FATHER, FLECHSIG and PAUL:

Don’t you understand?

PAUL:

I am here.

FLECHSIG:

You will stay in confinement.

PAUL:

Right in front of you.

FLECHSIG:

Perhaps your wife will return.
PAUL:
Can you not see me?

FLECHSIG:
Though I would ask her why.

PAUL:
I am begging you.

Scene 3

PAUL:
Simple. I am to walk through the door and return home to my life, to my desk, to my mind. It is not simple. I am afraid everyday that I will slip through my own fingers again. That my voice will not be the loudest I hear. Am I even well, and was I even ill?

SABINE:
You don’t have to be sure. You do not have to know. I know who you are, and I will tell you everyday. I am sorry I have stayed away, to have left you alone in this place. I will never leave you alone.

PAUL:
Sabine, I am fearful. I have fought and I have dreamed. I have pleaded to return to my life, but what if it follows me outside? Those days where my words were stolen from me.

FLECHSIG:
Lacking now is-

FATHER:
I seem to often-

FLECHSIG:
You were to-

FATHER:
It will be-

FLECHSIG:
Perhaps I will ask-

FATHER:
To be in denial of God is to-

FLECHSIG:
I am seeking the only-

PAUL:
I cannot promise you anything now. I might not know who I am tomorrow.

SABINE:
I know who you are like I know sunlight, like I know it will always return. I know who you are, and I will help you return.

PAUL:
Even as I have written myself back into the world I cannot help but wonder for what purpose. For what purpose.

FATHER:
I am here

PAUL:
Sometimes I still feel a hand upon my shoulder. He has always had a hand upon my shoulder keeping me here, keeping me safe. I find a strange sense of comfort in his presence.

FATHER:
I will always be here.

SABINE:
Do not think of that now. It is done. Come with me. Come home with me.

PAUL:
And on the days when I feel like a page torn from a book?

SABINE:
I will read to you for hours. We will read to you.

PAUL:
Who do you mean?

SABINE:
Our daughter, our daughter.

PAUL:
No, oh no, Sabine. She will have the same blood as mine. The same nerves that torture me. I cannot give to a child.
SABINE:
She is ours. Not from us but from God. She needed a home and now she had ours. A family, Paul. We will know what it is to be whole.
We will not be alone.

PAUL:
I am not alone.

FATHER:
I am here. You are not alone.

SABINE:
I will be waiting just outside if you need a moment alone. Take your time, my dear. You have as much as you want of it now. Take your time.

PAUL:
This is the place I stood when I heard the weeping of thousands and could not do a thing. This is the bed a begged to fall asleep in while the moonlit windows kept opening my skull. This is the room where I finally let go of what I had clung to with such vigor. Desperately. Angrily. Bitter. And I thought I found something more to become.

FLECHSIG:
Now you do not wish to leave?

PAUL:
Oh, but I do.

FLECHSIG:
You are dishonest.

PAUL:
Why would a free man remain in a prison?

FLECHSIG:
I know why, but do you?

PAUL:
Now it is you who seems mad.

FLECHSIG:
You believed it all. You thought you had been called to great things. You are afraid to leave because you will find that you are small. You are a fractured man.

PAUL:
I am fractured, but I am whole. I can feel what it is to be whole.

FLECHSIG:
I will see you again.

PAUL:
I believe you are wrong.

FATHER:
Come along, son. Come along.

FLECHSIG:
Soon.

End of Scene 3
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Asylum
A one-act oratorio for chamber orchestra and four voices.

Cullyn D. Murphy (2018)

Text adapted by Jessica Elliott

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet in B

Baritone Saxophone

Horn in F

Trumpet in C

Trombone

Bass Trombone

Percussion 1

Percussion 2

Saxophone

Violin II

Violin

Violoncello

Double Bass

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Fl.  
Ob.  
Cl.  
Bari. Sax.  
Hn.  
C Tpt.  
Tbn.  
Bs. Tbn.  
Perc. 1  
Perc. 2  
Pno.  
Sab.  
Fath.  
Schreb.  
Flech.  
Vln. I  
Vln. II  
Vla.  
Vc.  
Db.  

© Ad lib. the most recently performed.
δelectronic text option for the duration of the horizontal line.
Sit tall! The pia-no-Oh, I knew how to play–It subsides and I recall what was lost for me
knows how to play the pia-no
I...
Forgive me.

mp
defeated

For

incredulously

wronged

sak-en!-Nerves! My nerves! To follow my brother or be left in these rough hands?

Ferociously mad, recurring delusions it seems.

fp

q

=120

fp

sempre

fp

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44 34

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44 34
But father –

then I cannot be free, here I cannot be free.

It is your mind that is not free.
Fl.  
Ob.  
Cl.  
Bari. Sax.  
Hn.  
C Tpt.  
Tbn.  
Bs. Tbn.  
Perc. 1  
Perc. 2  
Pno.  
Sab.  
Fath.  
Schreb.  
Flech.  
Vln. I  
Vln. II  
Vla.  
Vc.  
Db.  

Can you help him? Help him come back to me?

Fp

Can you help him? Help him come back to me?

pp

Can you help him? Help him come back to me?

hp

Bass Drum

Solo, do not follow singers.
I have come for months, but I must stop.

I must continue.
**Fl.**

**Ob.**

**Cl.**

**Sop. Sax.**

**Hn.**

**C Tpt.**

**Tbn.**

**Bs. Tbn.**

**Perc. 1**

**Perc. 2**

**Pno.**

**Sab.**

**Fath.**

**Schreb.**

**Flech.**

**Vln. I**

**Vln. II**

**Vla.**

**Vc.**

**Db.**
Vox. requires the player to hum any low pitch into the instrument while playing.
I used to know some one.- Some one-

who looked just like this man.

Change to III as subtly as possible.
120 Bursting

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
Almost frozen

- Breath noise
- We are happy
- Once pitch has naturally decayed with pedal, continuously rearticulate at oo immediately. Explore motor slow to fast. Do this until indicated.

Vibraphone – Breath noise

© 2023 by the composer. All rights reserved.
bu (but)

ut - ha

ppy - and hopeful aren't we,
Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Sop. Sax.
Hn.
C Tpt.
Tbn.
Bs. Tbn.
Perc.
Vib.
Pno.
Sab.
Fath.
Schreb.
Flech.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.

Paul? Our Sunday papers and afternoon tea? Walks in the garden, and black currant jam.
Yes, Sa bine.- Walks in the gar den-
and black currant jam. But the children are gone.
I am ashamed. I am so sorry.

They were never here and they are gone. (o) (o) (o) (o)

Never say that.

They were never here and they are gone.

I am so so so.

Never say that.

They were never here and they are gone.
They would have played in the garden.

Never have you brought me shame. But to have held them. To have given them our name.
with black currant jam. Wouldn't it have been wonderful?
What is wrong? This troubles me, Paul. I feel so uneasy, I am here. You need not worry. I am here. Feeling from the center of myself. Here.
Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Sop. Sax.

Hn.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Bs. Tbn.

Perc. 1

Vib.

Pno.

Sab.

Fath.

Schreb.

Flech.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
My love, whatever do you mean? Are you ill? Flech sig.

- I need the doctor again.
- I need the doctor again.
- I need the doctor again.
- Not that doctor.
- I need to go and see the doctor again.

accel. 122
Will you be there long? I will go with you. Then I will visit. I will visit every day.

Sa bine. No. I need the doctor again.

T. Solo Not long. Sa bine. No. I can not take you with me. I need to go and see the doctor again.
no text
\( \text{\textcopyright 2023} \) Frozen as before


- An X note head indicates a key click.
What is it that you'd like to do next? It isn't as though I can get up and leave. I am begg ing you. As irritated, but keeping temper I said before, 'Can you put your...'
I haven't done anything. Why do you scream?

Like a cross.

amazed

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f
I feel them. Can you see the rays running up my arms? Look, look! (panicked breathing)

I see nothing.

Enough!—E-
I have studied your gait. I have measured your pulse. I have listened to your mad ramblings.
Screaming at the walls. Starring at the sky each night. But it doesn't mean anything. Anything at all.

There is nothing more to say to you. You are sick.
Arms out to the sides, now. And then straight through the sleeves. I shall wring out your will, son.

No, please not again, sir! Wait, I cannot leave until I'm done!

What on earth do you mean?

Wait in another room!
I will break this re solve. There is hon or in dis ci pline. Don’t you un der stand? My soul! I am losing steam. I swear there are words burn ing to get out. God has told me to try. Don’t you un der stand? Done with what? Half disappointed half enraged. You are driving me mad right along with you! Don’t you un der stand?
Can you not see me? I am begging you.
To my life. To my desk. To my mind. It is not simple—I am afraid everyday. That I will slip through my own fingers—
You don't have to be sure. You don't have to know.

That my voice will not be the loudest I hear.

And was I even ill?

Reassuring, loving.
I know who you are. And I will tell you everyday. I am sorry I have stayed away. To have left you alone in this place. I will never leave you alone.
I will never leave you alone.

I seem to often...

I have fought and I have dreamed. I have pleaded to return to my life. But what if it follows me outside. Those days where my words were stolen from me.

Lacking now... You want to... Per-

I have fought and I have dreamed. I have pleaded to return to my life. But what if it follows me outside. Those days where my words were stolen from me.
I am sure - if I have speech enough. I know who you are. Like I knew some light. Like I knew it will always return. I know who you are.

To be in denial of God is to... I seem to often... I cannot promise you anything now. I might not know who I am tomorrow. Haps I will ask... I am seeking... the only...

I am sorry I have stayed away. - I know who you are. Like I know sunlight. - Like I know it will always return. - I know who you are.

I cannot promise you anything now. I might not know who I am tomorrow. Haps I will ask... I am seeking... the only...
And I will help you return.

Even as I have written myself back into the world I cannot help but wonder. For what purpose. For what purpose.

Sometimes I still...
It will always return. Do not think of that now. It is done.

I will always be here. I find a strange sense of comfort in his presence.

Lacking now –

Feel a hand on upon my shoulder. He has always had a hand upon my shoulder. Keep ing me here. Keep ing me safe. I find a strange sense of comfort in his presence.
Come with me. Come home with me.
I will read to you for hours.

We will read to you for hours.

Our daughter, our daughter."

And on the days when I feel like a page torn from a book. What do you mean? No, oh no, Sabine. She will have the same blood as mine. The same nerves that torture me.
Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Alto Sax.
Hn.
C Tpt.
Tbn.
Bs. Tbn.
Perc. 1
Crot.
Pno.
Sab.
Schreb.
Flech.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.

q = 110

She is ours. Not from us, but from God. She needed a home, and now she has ours. A family, Paul. We will know what it is to be whole. To be in denial of God is to–
We will not be alone. I will be waiting just outside if you need a moment alone. Take your time, my dear. You have as much as you want of it. Take your time. here. I am here. You are not alone. I am not alone. This is the place I stood when I heard the weeping of thousands and could not do a thing.
This is the bed I begged to fall asleep in. While the moonlit windows
kept opening my skull. This is the room where I finally
let go of what I had
clung to with such vigor. Des perate- ly.- An gri- ly.- Bit ter. And I thought I
found something

And I thought I
found something.
more to become. Oh, but I do. Why would a free man remain in prison? Now it is you who seems mad. Now you do not wish to leave? You are dishonest. I know why, but do you? You believed it all. You thought you had been called to great things. You are afraid to leave because you will find that you are small.
Come along, son. Come along.

I am fractured, but I am whole.

I can feel what it is to be whole.

I believe you are wrong.

You are a fractured man.

I will see you again.

q = 60

Soon. mp sempre

Soon. mp sempre

Soon. mp sempre
I can feel what it is to be whole.

I believe you are wrong.
We will know what it is to be whole.

A family, Paul.
Don't you understand? You will stay in confinement.
As fast as possible
CURRICULUM VITAE

Cullyn D. Murphy
1500 S. 5th St. Apt. 124 ▪ Louisville, KY 40208
217-898-2756 ▪ cullynmurphy@gmail.com

EDUCATION

University of Louisville, Louisville, KY Fall 2016-Present
Anticipated Master of Music (2018) - Music Composition
  • Moritz Von Bomhard Fellow

Illinois State University, Normal, IL Fall 2011-Spring 2016
Bachelor of Arts (2016) - Music Education & Composition
  • Illinois State Honors Program-GPA: 3.55/4.0

Private Instruction Includes:
Dr. Martha C. Horst, Dr. Roy Magnuson, Dr. Steve Rouse, Dr. Carl Schimmel, Dr. Krzysztof Wolek

AWARDS AND HONORS (selected)

Dietrich School of Arts & Sciences Fellowship, University of Pittsburgh, 2018-2022.
Bombard Fellowship, University of Louisville, 2016-2018.
Morton Gould Young Composer Award, finalist, 2018.
Dean’s Citation, University of Louisville, 2018.
Iowa Society of Composers Inc. Student Chapter Call for Scores, award recipient, 2018.
Composer’s Circle, featured composer, 2016.
Concrete Timbre Series Call for Scores, award recipient, 2016.
Joshua Award Scholarship, Illinois State University, 2015.

MASTERCLASSES, FESTIVALS, CONFERENCES

- Bent Sørensen, April 2018.
- Donald Crockett (USC), July 2017.
- Hannah Lash (Yale), July 2017.
- Robert Patterson, July 2017.
- David Drabay (Indiana University), November, 2017.
- Andrew Norman (USC), April 2017.
- Carlos Sanchez-Gutierrez (Eastman Conservatory), November, 2016.
- Steven Stucky, April 2015.
- Lee Hyla, April 2014.
- Joan Tower (Bard College), April 2013.

COMPOSITIONS AND PERFORMANCES (selected)

Asylum for mezzo-soprano, alto, tenor, baritone, & chamber orchestra, 22'00" (2018)
  -premiere, Speed Art Museum Louisville, KY, Spring 2018

Doxx for live video and electronics, 8'00" (2017)
  -premiere, Comstock Hall, Louisville, KY, November 2nd, 2017

Agony for three performers, assorted percussion, and electronics, 20'00" (2017)
  -premiere, University of Louisville, Louisville, KY, November 10, 2017
  -Decca, Louisville, KY, November 10, 2017

Television for voice and live electronics, 6'00" (2017)
  -premiere, Olli Gallery Studio, New York, NY, January 21, 2018

Simple Economics for solo performer, and assorted percussion, 5'00" (2017)
  -premiere, Comstock Hall, Louisville, KY, November 2nd, 2017

Evidence-based for flute, violin, and trombone, 4'00" (2017)
  -premiere, Olli Gallery Studio, New York, NY, January 21, 2018

Texts for Nothing #4 for voice, and live electronics, 8'00" (2017)
  -premiere, Schlitz Art Museum, Milwaukee, WI, November 28, 2017

Intrusive Thoughts for orchestra, 2'00" (2017)
  -premiere, Comstock Hall, Louisville, KY, November 8, 2017

Come To|Hypnic Jerk for flute, clarinet, violin, cello, piano, and percussion, 5'00" (2017)
  -premiere, Colby Chapel, Waterville, ME, July 17, 2017

Silent/Listen for voice, and live electronics, 6'00" (2016)
  -premiere, Bird Recital Hall, Louisville, KY, April 17, 2017

Reciprocity for large wind ensemble, 9'00" (2016)
  -premiere, Kemp Recital Hall, Normal, IL, April 19, 2015

General Considerations for eight voices, 5'00" (2015)
  -premiere, Kemp Recital Hall, Normal, IL, April 14, 2014

Stories From Outside The House for narrator, trumpet, horn, trombone, and piano, 5'00" (2013)