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

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Thesis Director – Steve Rouse

___________________________________________
Krzysztof Wołek

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

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

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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 Timbre Series, Atlantic Music Festival, New Music On the Point Festival, the Longleash 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 (Vibraphone F3-F6, Crotales 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.

*Bisbigliando* 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.
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.
SABINE:
They would have played in the garden. Mouths and fingers. Violet with black currant jam.

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

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

PAUL:
I feel so uneasy, Sabine.

SABINE:
What is wrong?

FATHER:
I am here. You need not worry.

PAUL:
I am unravelling from the center of myself.

SABINE:
This troubles me, Paul.

FATHER:
I am here.

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

SABINE:
My love, whatever do you mean?

PAUL:
I need to go and see the doctor again.

SABINE:
Are you ill?

PAUL:
Not that doctor, Sabine.

SABINE:
Flechsig.

PAUL:
I need to go and see the doctor again.

SABINE:
Will you be there long?

PAUL:
Not long, Sabine.

SABINE:
I will go with you.

PAUL:
No, I cannot take you with me.

SABINE:
Then I will visit. I will visit every day.

PAUL:
I need to go and see the doctor again.

PAUL:
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.

SABINE:
Full of faces.

Scene 2

FLEHSIG:
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!

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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A one-act oratorio for chamber orchestra and four voices. 

Text adapted by Jessica Elliott

Cullyn D. Murphy (2018)
left me to rot.

A game of chess, desperately please could you—

mf

mp shooting in the distance

left me to rot.

Ad lib. the most recently performed aleatoric box option for the duration of the horizontal line.
Forgive me.

mp

defeated

For

incredulously

saken?—Weakness—aside,—boy do

For

wronged

saken!—Nerves! My nerves! To follow my brother or be left in these rough hands?

For

wronged

saken!—Ferociously mad, recurring delusions it seems.
Help him come back to me?

Can you help him come back to me?

Slight delay behind soprano, like a delay.
I have come for months, but I must stop.

I have come for months, but I must stop.

I have come for months, but I must stop.

10"

10"

10"
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.
Once pitch has naturally decayed with pedal, continuously rearticulate at p immediately. Explore motor slow to fast. Do this until indicated.
ppy- - and hopeful aren't we,
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.

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. Never say that.
They would have played in the garden. - Mouths and fingers. Violin -

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?

Learned to read from the Sunday paper
Spilled your afternoon tea. Wouldn't it have been wonderful?

I... I
What is wrong? This troubles me, Paul. I feel so uneasy, I am here. You need not worry. I am here.

Fath.

Schreb.

Flech.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
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.

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.

Just do not
Sabine I must leave for awhile. Just a while. I do not–
My love, whatever do you mean? Are you ill? Flech sig.- I feel like my self.- I need the doctor again. Sabine.- I need the doctor again. Not that doctor, Sabine. I need to go and see the doctor again. Not that doctor, Sabine. I need to go and see the doctor again.
Fl. & Ob.
Cl. & Sop. Sax.
Hn. & C Tpt.
Tbn. & Bs. Tbn.
Perc. 1 & Vib.
Pno. & Sab.
Fath. & T. Solo
Flech.
Vln. I & Vln. II
Vla. & Vc.
Db.

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

Not long. So fine. No. I cannot take you with me. I need to go and see the doctor again.

The sheet music shows various musical notations and symbols, including dynamics, articulations, and tempo indications, typical of a classical or orchestral piece. The text integration highlights dialogue and musical context, suggesting a scene of conversation and activity within a musical setting.
and black hall ways,— picture- frames
and black currant- jam. (a)

Laugh- er- in our hall ways— and picture- frames
-60 Frozen as before

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.  

"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 say again, "I am here." Right in front of you. Can you not see me? I am begging you. As irritated, but keeping temper.

As I said before—"Can you put your toneless (1-2 unison)?

Sand blocks
=120 Excited suddenly

[i=120] Excited suddenly

Like a cross.

Hn.

What have you done? What are you doing? Rays!

Glock.

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

Pno.

........

Sab.

amazed

Fath.

f panicked, running out of breath

Schreb

Like a cross.

Flech.

amazed

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

arms out to the sides? What? Yes, like a cross.

Hn.

Bari. Sax.

Vln. II

B ™

B ™

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

I see nothing. Enough!—Enough!
I have studied your gait. I have measured your pulse. I have listened to your mad ramblings.

\[ \text{\( j = 60 \) As before} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{fl.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{ob.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{cl.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{bar. sax.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{hn.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{ctpt.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{tbn.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{bs. tbn.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{perc. 1} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{glock.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{pno.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{sub.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{fath.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{schreb.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{flech.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{vln. i} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{vln. ii} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{vla.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{vc.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{db.} \)} \]
Screaming at the walls. Starling 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, I cannot leave until I'm done!

One player only.

The others.
I will break this as soon. There is no hope in discipline. Don't you understand? My soul! I swear there are words burning to get out. God has told me to try. Don't you understand? Done with what? Half disappointed half enraged. You are driving me mad right along with you! Don't you understand?
I am here. pp

almost unsure of what he is saying

right in front of you.

You will stay in confinement. Perhaps your wife will return. Though I would ask her why.
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...
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.

cautiously panicked
I will never leave you alone.

I seem to often be confused, explaining it will be...

Lack of... 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 not - if I have stupid enemy

Like I knew some light
Like I knew 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...

ppp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp
And I will help you return.

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.

Keep ing me here. Keep ing me safe. I find a strange sense of comfort in his presence.

Lack ing now–
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.
She is ours. Not from us, but from God. She needed a home, and now she has ours.

To be in denial of God is to–

I cannot give to a child.
Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Alto Sax.
Hn.
C Tpt.
Tbn.
Bs. Tbn.
Perc. 1
Crot.
Pno.
Sab.
Fath.
Schreb.
Flech.

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.
I am here. You are 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. Desperately. angrily. bitterly. And I thought I found something.
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.
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.
I can feel what it is to be whole.

I believe you are wrong.
A family, Paul.

We will know what it is to be whole.
Don't you understand? You will stay in confinement.
\[ \text{Fl.} \]
\[ \text{Ob.} \]
\[ \text{Cl.} \]
\[ \text{Alto Sax.} \]
\[ \text{Hn.} \]
\[ \text{C Tpt.} \]
\[ \text{Tbn.} \]
\[ \text{Bs. Tbn.} \]
\[ \text{Perc. 1} \]
\[ \text{Crot.} \]
\[ \text{Pno.} \]
\[ \text{Sab.} \]
\[ \text{Fath.} \]
\[ \text{Schreb.} \]
\[ \text{Flech.} \]
CURRICULUM VITAE

Cullyn D. Murphy
1500 S. 5th St. Apt. 124 ■ Louisville, KY 40208
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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.
Bomhard Fellowship, University of Louisville, 2016-2018.
Morton Gould Young Composer Award, finalist, 2018.
Dean’s Citation, University of Louisville, 2018.
Illinois 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)
Doxx for live video and electronics, 8’00” (2017)
Agony for three performers, assorted percussion, and electronics, 20’00” (2017)
- premiere, Speed Art Museum Louisville, KY, Spring 2018
- premiere, University of Louisville, Louisville, KY, November 10, 2017
- premiere, Louisville, KY, November 10, 2017
- Comstock Hall, Louisville, KY, November 15, 2017
- Bird Recital Hall, Louisville, KY, December 2, 2017
evidence-based for flute, violin, and trombone, 4’00” (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
- State Arts and Performance, Chicago, IL, January 6, 2018
- 576 Street Wines, Chicago, IL, January 14, 2018

Texts for Nothing #4 for voice, and live electronics, 8’00” (2017)
- premiere, Bird Recital Hall, Louisville, KY, April 9, 2017
- Bird Recital Hall, Louisville, KY, October 27, 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

62(Before, during, after.) for saxophone quartet, and taped electronics, 12’00” (2016)
- premiere, Bird Recital Hall, Louisville, KY, December 4, 2016
- premiere, Comstock Hall, Louisville, KY, March 7, 2017

Silent/Listen for voice, and live electronics, 6’00” (2016)
- premiere, Bird Recital Hall, Louisville, KY, December 4, 2016
- premiere, Comstock Hall, Louisville, KY, March 7, 2017

IV Trajectories in Grief for string quartet 9’00” (2016)
- premiere, Comstock Hall, Louisville, KY, November 16, 2016
- premiere, Concrete Timbre Series, Brooklyn, NY, November 28, 2016

Ta-Ka for vocal trio, and string quartet, 6’00” (2015)
- premiere, Kemp Recital Hall, Normal, IL, April 15, 2015
- Kemp Recital Hall, Normal, IL, April 19, 2015

Reciprocity for large wind ensemble, 9’00” (2015)
- premiere, Center for the Performing Arts, Normal, IL, April 19, 2015

General Considerations for eight voices, 5’00” (2014)
- premiere, Kemp Recital Hall, Normal, IL, April 14, 2014
- Kemp Recital Hall, Normal, IL, April 18, 2014

Stories From Outside The House for narrator, trumpet, horn, trombone, and piano, 5’00” (2013)
- premiere, Kemp Recital Hall, Normal, IL, November 21, 2013
- Kemp Recital Hall, Normal, IL, April 19, 2015