CLEVELAND INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

Second Doctor of Musical Arts Recital

Saturday, November 21, 2026 — 3:30pm, Kulas Hall

Lu Niu, collaborative piano

Fantasia in F minor, D. 940 — Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
- Allegro molto moderato
- Largo
- Allegro vivace
- Finale – Allegro molto moderato

Joyee Wang, piano

Orange Afternoon Lover — Lori Laitman (b. 1955)
- Against Still Life
- I Was Reading A Scientific Article
- I Am Sitting on the Edge

Craiglistlieder — Gabriel Kahane (b. 1981)
- I. You Looked Sexy
- IV. Neurotic and Lonely
- V. Today I Met…

Alyson Culbertson, soprano

~ INTERMISSION ~

Nocturne for Violin and Piano — John Cage (1912–1992)

Sonata in D Major for Violin and Piano No. 2, Op. 94a — Sergei Prokofiev (1891–1953)
- Moderato
- Scherzo – Presto
- Andante
- Allegro con brio

Fiona Khuong-Huu, violin

Lu Niu is a student of Anita Pontremoli.

Special thanks to my teacher Anita for her endless guidance,
and thanks to my collaborators for their artistry.

Against Still Life – Margaret Atwood

Orange in the middle of a table:

It isn't enough
to walk around it
at a distance, saying
it's an orange:
nothing to do
with us, nothing
else: leave it alone

I want to pick it up
in my hand
I want to peel the
skin off; I want
more to be said to me
than just Orange:
want to be told
everything it has to say

And you, sitting across
the table, at a distance, with
your smile contained, and like the orange
in the sun: silent:

Your silence
isn't enough for me
now, no matter with what
contentment you fold
your hands together; I want
anything you can say
in the sunlight:
stories of your various
childhoods, aimless journeyings,
your loves; your articulate
skeleton; your posturings; your lies.

These orange silences
(sunlight and hidden smile)
make me want to
wrench you into saying;
now I'd crack your skull
like a walnut, split it like a pumpkin
to make you talk, or get
a look inside

But quietly:
if I take the orange
with care enough and hold it
gently

I may find
an egg
a sun
an orange moon
perhaps a skull; center
of all energy
resting in my hand

can change it to
whatever I desire
it to be

and you, man, orange afternoon
lover, wherever
you sit across from me
(tables, trains, buses)
if I watch
quietly enough
and long enough
at last, you will say
(maybe without speaking)

(there are mountains
inside your skull
garden and chaos, ocean
and hurricane; certain
corners of rooms, portraits
of great-grandmothers, curtains
of a particular shade;
your deserts; your private
dinosaurs; the first
woman)

all I need to know:
tell me
everything
just as it was
from the beginning.

I Was Reading a Scientific Article – Margaret Atwood

They have photographed the brain
and here is the picture, it is full of
branches as I always suspected,

each time you arrive the electricity
of seeing you is a huge
tree lumbering through my skull, the roots
waving.

It is an earth, its fibres wrap
things buried, your forgotten words
are graved in my head, an intricate

red blue and pink prehensile chemistry
veined like a leaf
network, or is it a seascape
with corals and shining tentacles.

I touch you, I am created in you
somewhere as a complex
filament of light

You rest on me and my shoulder holds

your heavy unbelievable
skull, crowded with radiant
suns, a new planet, the people
submerged in you, a lost civilization
I can never excavate:

my hands trace the contours of a total
universe, its different
colors, flowers, its undiscovered
animals, violent or serene

its other air
its claws

its paradise rivers

I Am Sitting on the Edge – Margaret Atwood

I am sitting on the
Edge of the impartial
Bed, I have been turned to crystal,
you enter

Bringing love in the form of a
Cardboard box (empty)
A pocket (empty)
Some hands (also empty)

Be careful I say but
How can you
The empty
Thing comes out of your hands, it
Fills the room slowly, it is
A pressure, a lack of
Pressure
Like a deep sea
Creature with glass bones and wafer
Eyes drawn
To the surface, I break

Open, the pieces of me
Shine briefly in your empty hands

You Looked Sexy – Anonymous
You looked sexy
Even though you were having a seizure

It was in the hair care section
Of the Vancouver Walgreens

I was the guy in the blue shirt
Holding your legs while that old man
Put his wallet in your mouth

Let's get together
When you're feeling
A little less woozy

Neurotic and Lonely - Anonymous
Neurotic and Lonely
Average height
Brown eyes slightly
Disproportionate
Brown curly hair Jew-fro
Twenty years old, Twenty years old

Slightly hunched, occasion'ly employed
Anthropology chain-smoking Jew
Currently living with parents
Off from school, Off from school, Off from school…
to deal with the emotional problems
Neurotic and Lonely
Medicated
Neurotic and Lonely seeks:

Gorgeous, artsy, genius woman
interested in philosophical discourse
Making out, television, Woody Allen movies
Thelonious monk
The Nazis
Chinese food
Thomas Pynchon
DIGESTIVE DISORDERS!

Neurotic and Lonely
Neurotic and Lonely
Lonely, Lonely, Lonely…

Must enjoy video game
Must own a video game system
Must enjoy video game
Must own a video game system
My parents refuse to buy one for me
My parents refuse to buy one for me
My parents refuse
My parents refuse
My parents
My parents
My parents
My parents
My parents refuse to buy one for me!!!!

NO UGG BOOTS
NO LONG ISLAND!

Neurotic and Lonely (repeat x5)
Neurotic (repeat x6)

Today I Met… – Anonymous
Today I met…
Today I met…
Today I met the messenger of God

He was selling
He was selling
He was selling M & M's on the F Train

M 'n' M's!
M ampersand M's!

M ampersand
M's ampersand God

God was selling M & M's on the F Train!
God was selling M & M's on the F Train!

Today I met the messenger of God!