

Nicholas Ottersberg Enriquez
baritone

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Music degree, 2024
Student of Bradley Williams

with
Sujin Choi, piano, harpsichord

Al Mar

Sunday, April 14, 2024
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Gerald Finzi

(1901–1956)

“Childhood Among the Ferns”

from *Before and After Sumer*, op 16

Ralph Vaughan Williams

(1872–1958)

“The Vagabond” from *Songs of Travel*

John Ireland

(1879–1962)

Sea-Fever

Franz Schubert

(1797–1828)

Irrlicht from *Winterreise*. D. 911

Der Wanderer, D. 649

Am Strome, D. 539

Gondelfahrer, D. 808

Der Schiffer, D. 536

Auf dem Wasser zu singen, op. 72 D. 774

Sujin Choi, piano

Intermission

Roger Quilter
(1877–1953)

4 Songs of the Sea, op. 1

I have a friend
The sea-bird
Moonlight
The Sea

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)

L'horizon chimérique, op. 118

La mer est infinie
Je me suis embarqué
Diane, Séléne
Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés en pure
perte

Sujin Choi, piano

George Frideric Handel
(1685–1759)

“Si tra i ceppi” from Berenice

Emma Boyd, violin
Katie Purcell, viola
Jonathan Fuller, cello
Gregory Padilla, double bass
Sujin Choi, harpsichord

“Sibilar gli angui d’alletto” from Rinaldo

Max Ignas, Freddie Poor, trumpet
Emma Boyd, violin
Katie Purcell, viola
Jonathan Fuller, cello
Gregory Padilla, double bass
Sujin Choi, harpsichord

This program tells the story of a wanderer's journey to the sea. The ways in which this path to the unknown leads to self discovery as well as worldly discovery. How overcoming hardships and fear can broaden horizons to build resilience and trust that it will all work out in the end. While finding that we have our own place in nature, and that nature can be a good mirror for understanding ourselves. Life is a series of patterns and cycles, much like the water cycle for instance. It begins with rainfall or snow on the mountain top, morphs to become a river that flows out to the sea, and eventually returns to the sky to repeat the same cycle. Water does not let obstacles get in the way, it changes as needed and moves around them gracefully to reach its destination. This wanderer begins in the mountains with the rain and snow, follows the rivers to reach the sea, and ultimately finds a new life out on the waters. Discovering new depths within himself along the way, and finding greater purpose. He eventually returns home to land and begins a new chapter. In many ways I feel like this wanderer, embarking on this journey from the mountains of New Mexico to the sea sides of Boston. Not knowing what I was going to encounter, but trusting the path of loving singing and discovering a whole new world of possibilities. I've grown so much, am so grateful, and feel such deep love for all I've gotten to experience. Now after having been in this chapter of undergrad, it's time to embark on new beginnings and start the next chapter. I'm eternally blessed with the unending support of my family, friends, teachers, mentors, coaches, both in Santa Fe and Boston. I love you all and can't possibly thank you enough. Espero que disfruten mi recital.

Nicholas Ottersberg Enriquez is the recipient of a scholarship made possible by the Bertha C. and Edward Rose Scholarship Fund.

Childhood Among the Ferns

I sat one sprinkling day upon the lea,
Where tall-stemmed ferns spread out luxuriantly,
And nothing but those tall ferns sheltered me.

The rain gained strength, and damped each lopping frond,
Ran down their stalks beside me and beyond,
And shaped slow-creeping rivulets as I coned,

With pride, my spray-roofed house. And though anon
Some drops pierced its green rafters, I sat on,
Making pretense I was not rained upon.

The sun then burst, and brought forth a sweet breath
From the limp ferns as they dried underneath:
I said: 'I could live on here thus till death';

And queried in the green rays as I sate:
'Why should I have to grow to man's estate,
And this afar-noised World perambulate?'

Thomas Hardy

The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.

White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Robert Louis Stevenson

Sea-Fever

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

John Masefield

Irrlicht

*In die tiefsten Felsengründe
Lockte mich ein Irrlicht hin:
Wie ich einen Ausgang finde
Liegt nicht schwer mir in dem Sinn.*

*Bin gewohnt das Irregehen,
'S führt ja jeder Weg zum Ziel:
Unsre Freuden, unsre Leiden,
Alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!*

*Durch des Bergstroms trockne Rinnen
Wind' ich ruhig mich hinab –
Jeder Strom wird's Meer gewinnen,*

Will-o'-the-wisp

A will-o'-the-wisp enticed me
into the deepest rocky chasms;
how I shall find a way out
does not trouble my mind.

I am used to straying;
every path leads to one goal.
Our joys, our sorrows –
all are a will-o'-the wisp's game.

Down the dry gullies of the mountain stream
I calmly wend my way;
every river will reach the sea;

Jedes Leiden auch sein Grab

Wilhelm Müller

Der Wanderer

*Wie deutlich des Mondes Licht
Zu mir spricht,
Mich beseelend zu der Reise:
„Folge treu dem alten Gleise,
Wähle keine Heimat nicht.
Ew'ge Plage
Bringen sonst die schweren Tage;
Fort zu ändern
Sollst du wechseln, sollst du wandern,
Leicht entfliehend jeder Klage.“*

*Sanfte Ebb' und hohe Flut,
Tief im Mut,
Wandr' ich so im Dunkeln weiter,
Steige mutig, singe heiter,
Und die Welt erscheint mir gut.
Alles reine
Seh' ich mild im Widerscheine,
Nichts verworren
In des Tages Glut verdorren:
Froh umgeben, doch alleine.*

Friedrich von Schlegel

Am Strome

*Ist mir's doch, als sei mein Leben
An den schönen Strom gebunden;
Hab' ich Frohes nicht an seinem Ufer,
Und Betrübtes hier empfunden?*

*Ja, du gleichst meiner Seele;
Manchmal grün und glatt gestaltet,
Und zu Zeiten herrschen Stürme
Schäumend, unruhvoll, gefaltet.*

every sorrow, too, will reach its grave.

Translation © Richard Wigmore

The Wanderer

How clearly the moon's light
speaks to me,
inspiring me on my journey:
'Follow faithfully the old track,
choose nowhere as your home,
lest bad times
bring endless cares.
You will move on, and go forth
to other places,
lightly casting off all grief.'

Thus, with gentle ebb and swelling flow
deep within my soul,
I walk on in the darkness.
I climb boldly, singing merrily,
and the world seems good to me.
I see all things clearly
in their gentle reflection.
Nothing is blurred
or withered in the heat of the day:
there is joy all around, yet I am alone.

Translation © Richard Wigmore

By the River

I feel as if my life
Were bound to the beautiful river.
Have I not known joy
And sorrow on its banks?

Yes, you resemble my soul;
Sometimes green and tranquil,
And sometimes – when storms blow –
Foaming, restless, furrowed!

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)

*Fliessest zu dem fernen Meere,
Darfst allda nicht heimisch werden;
Mich drängt's auch in mildre Lande,
Finde nicht das Glück auf Erden.*

Johann Mayrhofer

Gondelfahrer

*Es tanzen Mond und Sterne
Den flücht'gen Geisterreihn:
Wer wird von Erdensorgen
Befangen immer sein!
Du kannst in Mondesstrahlen
Nun, meine Barke, wallen,
Und aller Schranken los
Wiegt dich des Meeres Schoß.
Vom Markusturme tönte*

*Der Spruch der Mitternacht:
Sie schlummern friedlich alle,
Und nur der Schiffer wacht.*

Johann Mayrhofer

Der Schiffer

*Im Winde, im Sturme befahr' ich den Fluss,
Die Kleider durchweicht der Regen im Guss;
Ich peitsche die Wellen mit mächtigem Schlag,
Erhoffend mir heiteren Tag.*

*Die Wellen, sie jagen das ächzende Schiff,
Es drohet der Strudel, es drohet der Riff,
Gesteine entkollern den felsigen Höh'n,
Und Tannen erseufzen wie Geistergestöh'n.*

*So musste es kommen, ich hab' es gewollt,
Ich hasse ein Leben behaglich entrollt;
Und schlängen die Wellen den ächzenden Kahn,
Ich priese doch immer die eigene Bahn.*

Drum tose des Wassers ohnmächtige Zorn,

You flow away to the distant sea,
Where you fail to find your home.
I too yearn for kinder shores –
Can find no happiness on earth.

*Translation © Richard Stokes author of The Book
of Lieder (Faber), provided via Oxford
International Song Festival(www.oxfordsong.org).*

Gondola rider

The moon and the stars are dancing
In a fleeting, ghostly formation:
Does anyone want earthly cares
To shackle them for ever?
In the moonbeams you can
Drift now, my skiff;
And freed from all constraints
You are lulled in the lap of the sea.
Ringing out from San Marco's bell tower
came

The chimes of midnight:
Everyone is sleeping peacefully
And only the boatman is awake.

*Translation © Malcolm Wren, from
www.schubertsong.uk*

The Boatman

In wind and storm I row on the river,
my clothes are soaked by the pouring rain;
I lash the waves with powerful strokes,
hoping for a fine day.

The waves drive the creaking boat,
whirlpool and reef threaten:
rocks roll down from the craggy heights,
and fir trees sigh like moaning ghosts.

It had to come to this, I wished it so;
I hate a life that unfolds comfortably.
And if the waves devoured the creaking boat,
I would still extol my chosen course.

So let the waters roar with impotent rage;

*Dem Herzen entquillet ein seliger Born,
Die Nerven erfrischend, o himmlische Lust,
Dem Sturme zu trotzen mit männlicher Brust!*

Johann Mayrhofer

Auf dem Wasser zu singen

*Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;
Ach, auf der Freude sanft schimmernden Wellen
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen
Tanzt das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.*

*Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines
Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines
Atmet die Seel' im errötenden Schein.*

*Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.
Morgen entschwinde mit schimmerndem Flügel*

*Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,
Bis ich auf höherem strahlendem Flügel
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.*

Graf zu Stolberg-Stolberg

I have a friend

I have a friend, a true, true friend, strong and fresh from the Ocean.
Brave and free as the rushing wave, is the soul of his deep devotion.
He never fails in times of need, times of grief or sorrow;
One warm clasp of his big brown hand, and a cheery hope for the morrow.
Come, O my friend, with happy voice, blithe as birds in the dawning.
Bring a breath from your fragrant Sea and a smile as bright as the morning!

a fountain of bliss gushes from my heart,
refreshing my nerves. O celestial joy,
to defy the storm with a manly heart!

Translation © Richard Wigmore

To be sung on the water

Amid the shimmer of the mirroring waves
the rocking boat glides, swan-like,
on gently shimmering waves of joy.
The soul, too, glides like a boat.
For from the sky the setting sun
dances upon the waves around the boat.

Above the tree-tops of the western grove
the red glow beckons kindly to us;
beneath the branches of the eastern grove
the reeds whisper in the red glow.
The soul breathes the joy of heaven,
the peace of the grove, in the reddening glow.

Alas, with dewy wings
time vanishes from me on the rocking waves.
Tomorrow let time again vanish with
shimmering
wings, as it did yesterday and today,
until, on higher, more radiant wings,
I myself vanish from the flux of time.

*Translation © Richard Wigmore author of
Schubert The Complete Song Texts (Schirmer
Books), provided via Oxford International Song
Festival (www.oxfordsong.org).*

The sea-bird

I watched a seabird flying along the wintry shore,
O'er sunsets sunsets golden floor
I saw him curve and quiver against the fading sky
And heard the sad waves shiver under his death-like cry.
Slowly his great wings lifting, he floated away alone;
Like some tired spirit drifting into the great Unknown.

Moonlight

Under the silver moonlight, flutter the great white wings,
Wood by the soft night breezes tender with whispered things.
Silently onward gliding into the silent night,
Like to a fairy vessel crowned with a fairy light.
Whisper O soft night breezes, murmur your tender tune,
Carry the white wings onward, under the silver moon.

By the sea

I stood today by the shimm'ring sea.
Never was wind so mild and free,
The light and the loveliness dazzled me, dazzled me.
The waves did frolic and curl and roll,
They sighed and sang to my listening soul,
And the might of their mystery made me whole.
I stood today by the shimm'ring sea.
Never was wind so mild and free,
The light and the loveliness dazzled me, dazzled me.

Roger Quilter

La mer est infinie

*La mer est infinie et mes rêves sont fous.
La mer chante au soleil en battant les falaises
Et mes rêves légers ne se sentent plus d'aise
De danser sur la mer comme des oiseaux soûls.*

*Le vaste mouvement des vagues les emporte,
La brise les agite et les roule en ses plis;
Jouant dans le sillage, ils feront une escorte*

*Aux vaisseaux que mon cœur dans leur fuite a
suivis.*

The sea is boundless

The sea is boundless and my dreams are wild.
The sea sings in the sun, as it beats the cliffs,
And my light dreams are overjoyed
To dance on the sea like drunken birds.

The waves' vast motion bears them away,
The breeze ruffles and rolls them in its folds;
Playing in their wake, they will escort the
ships,
Whose flight my heart has followed.

*Ivres d'air et de sel et brûlés par l'écume
De la mer qui console et qui lave des pleurs,
Ils connaîtront le large et sa bonne amertume;
Les goélands perdus les prendront pour des leurs*

Je me suis embarqué

*Je me suis embarqué sur un vaisseau qui danse
Et roule bord sur bord et tangue et se balance.
Mes pieds ont oublié la terre et ses chemins;
Les vagues souples m'ont appris d'autres cadences
Plus belles que le rythme las des chants humains.*

*À vivre parmi vous, hélas! avais-je une âme?
Mes frères, j'ai souffert sur tous vos continents.
Je ne veux que la mer, je ne veux que le vent
Pour me bercer, comme un enfant, au creux des
lames.*

*Hors du port qui n'est plus qu'une image effacée,
Les larmes du départ ne brûlent plus mes yeux.
Je ne me souviens pas de mes derniers adieux ...
Ô ma peine, ma peine, où vous ai-je laissée?*

Diane, Séléne

*Diane, Séléne, lune de beau métal,
Qui reflète vers nous, par ta face déserte,
Dans l'immortel emmûi du calme sidéral,
Le regret d'un soleil dont nous pleurons la perte.*

*Ô lune, je t'en veux de ta limpidité
Injurieuse au trouble vain des pauvres âmes,*

*Et mon cœur, toujours las et toujours agité,
Aspire vers la paix de ta nocturne flamme.*

Drunk with air and salt, and stung by the
spume
Of the consoling sea that washes away tears,
They will know the high seas and the bracing
brine;
Lost gulls will take them for their own.

I have embarked

I have embarked on a ship that reels
And rolls and pitches and rocks.
My feet have forgotten the land and its ways;
The lithe waves have taught me other
rhythms,
Lovelier than the tired ones of human song.

Ah! did I have the heart to live among you?
Brothers, on all your continents I've suffered.
I want only the sea, I want only the wind
To cradle me like a child in the trough of the
waves.

Far from the port, now but a faded image,
Tears of parting no longer sting my eyes.
I can no longer recall my final farewells ...
O my sorrow, my sorrow, where have I left
you?

Diana, Selene

Diana, Selene, moon of beautiful metal,
Reflecting on us, from your deserted face,
In the eternal tedium of sidereal calm,
The regret of a sun whose loss we lament.

O moon, I begrudge you your limpidity,
Mocking the fruitless commotion of wretched
souls,

And my heart, ever weary and ever uneasy,
Longs for the peace of your nocturnal flame.

*Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés en pure
perte*

*Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés en pure perte;
Le dernier de vous tous est parti sur la mer.
Le couchant emporta tant de voiles ouvertes
Que ce port et mon cœur sont à jamais déserts.*

*La mer vous a rendus à votre destinée,
Au delà du rivage où s'arrêtent nos pas.
Nous ne pouvions garder vos âmes enchaînées;
Il vous faut des lointains que je ne connais pas.*

*Je suis de ceux dont les désirs sont sur la terre.
Le souffle qui vous grise emplit mon cœur d'effroi,
Mais votre appel, au fond des soirs, me désespère,*

Car j'ai de grands départs inassouvés en moi.

Jean de la Ville de Mirmont

Si, tra i ceppi

*Si, tra i ceppi e le ritorte
La mia fe risplenderà.
No, nê pur la stessa morte il mio foco estinguerà.*

Anonymous

Sibillar gli angui d'Aletto

*Sibillar gli angui d'Aletto, e latrar vorace Scilla,
parmi dir d'intorno a me.
Rio velen mi serpe in petto, né ancor languida
favilla di timor, pena mi dié.*

Aaron Hill

Ships, we shall have loved you to no avail

*Ships, we shall have loved you to no avail,
The last of you all has set sail on the sea.
The sunset bore away so many spread sails,
That this port and my heart are forever
forsaken.*

*The sea has returned you to your destiny,
Beyond the shores where our steps must halt.
We could not keep your souls enchained,
You require distant realms unknown to me.*

*I belong to those with earthbound desires.
The wind that elates you fills me with fright,
But your summons at nightfall makes me
despair,
For within me are vast, unappeased
departures.*

*Translation © Richard Stokes author of A French
Song Companion (Faber), provided via Oxford
International Song Festival(www.oxfordsong.org).*

Yes, even in chains

*Yes, even in chains and bonds
My faith will be resplendent.
No, not even Death itself will put out my fire.*

*Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust, from the
LiederNet Archive - <https://www.lieder.net/>*

The hissing of the snakes of Alecto

*The hissing of the snakes of Alecto, and the
howling of the voracious Scylla,
I seem to hear all around me.
Evil venom is creeping into my breast and
still the languid sparkling of fear will not
bother me.*

Translation © Michel Klarenbeek

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

all programs subject to change

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Jungyoon Kim, *flute* (GD)

Student of Renée Krimsier

Monday, April 15, 2024 at 2:00 p.m., Keller Room

Sujin Choi, *collaborative piano* (GD)

Student of Cameron Stowe

Monday, April 15, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Hila Dahari, *violin* (BM)

Student of Ayano Ninomiya

Monday, April 15, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Shota Renwick, *jazz saxophone* (BM)

Student of Jason Moran, Jerry Bergonzi, Anna Webber, and Nasheet Waits

Monday, April 15, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Anneke Stern, *mezzo-soprano* (MM)

Student of Jane Eaglen

Thursday, April 18, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Macintyre Taback, *cello* (DMA '26)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Thursday, April 18, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Samuel Childs, *jazz saxophone* (BM)

Student of Joe Morris, Anna Webber, Nasheet Waits, and Billy Hart

Friday, April 19, 2024 at 8:30 p.m., Pierce Hall

Davis You, *cello* (BM)

Student of Laurence Lesser and Paul Katz

Friday, April 19, 2024 at 8:30 p.m., Brown Hall

Haoyu Zheng, *contemporary musical arts* (BM)

Student of Michael Gandolfi and Nedelka Prescod

Friday, April 19, 2024 at 8:30 p.m., Eben Jordan

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

–continued

Noah Lee, *cello* (MM)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Saturday, April 20, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Carriage House Violins

236 Huntington Avenue, Suite 301, Boston

Angela Sin Ying Chan, *violin* (GD)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

Saturday, April 20, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Ashley Chen, *soprano* (BM)

Student of Carole Haber

Saturday, April 20, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Chloe Hong, *violin* (MM)

Student of Paul Biss and Ayano Ninomiya

Saturday, April 20, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Sophia Szokolay, *violin* (DMA)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

Saturday, April 20, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Asher Boorstin, *viola* (BM)

Student of Mai Motobuchi

Sunday, April 21, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall

Jordan Hadrill, *violin* (MM)

Student of Ayano Ninomiya

Sunday, April 21, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Keller Room

Megan Hull, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Carole Haber

Sunday, April 21, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Williams Hall

Hayoung Moon, *cello* (MM)

Student of Paul Katz

Sunday, April 21, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Brown Hall

Sara Cox, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Jane Eaglen

Sunday, April 21, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

Shion Kim, *double bass* (MM)

Student of Donald Palma

Sunday, April 21, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Anna Mann, *viola* (MM)

Student of Mai Motobuchi

Sunday, April 21, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Benjamin Rossen, *piano* (MM)

Student of Alessio Bax and Dang Thai Son

Sunday, April 21, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Keller Room

Serena Bixby, *contemporary musical arts* (BM)

Student of Farayi Malek

Sunday, April 21, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Nelson Martinez, *trumpet* (MM)

Student of Benjamin Wright

Sunday, April 21, 2024 at 7:00 p.m., SB G14

Subee Marsha Kim, *flute* (BM)

Student of Paula Robison

Sunday, April 21, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Noah Korenfeld, *trombone* (BM)

Student of Stephen Lange

Sunday, April 21, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Corley Friesen-Johnson, *viola* (MM)

Student of Mai Motobuchi

Monday, April 22, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Shu Wen Tay, *piano* (MM)

Student of Vivian Hornik Weilerstein

Monday, April 22, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Minami Yoshida, *violin* (MM)

Student of Miriam Fried

Monday, April 22, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

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