



no pause  
no run

Postscript

mum

ang

**50<sup>TH</sup>  
ANNIVERSARY  
ZINE**

**postcrypt.org  
April 5th 2015**

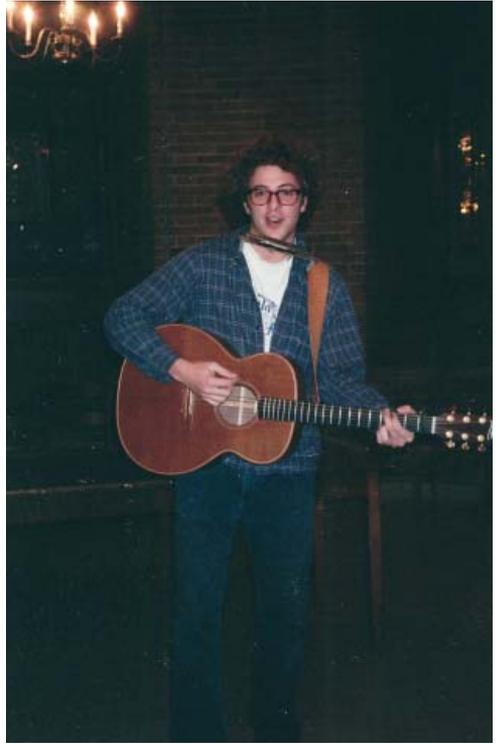
# POSTCRYPT COFFEEHOUSE



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Andrew  
Vladeck, 1993



Dear Mr Stevens -

a thousand apologies - I  
did play Postscript many times & have  
fond memories of it - Sorry I was  
not able to attend last Saturday  
(+ sorry I missed your deadline for a  
note!) Keep me in mind for the  
future - yours truly Suzanne Vega

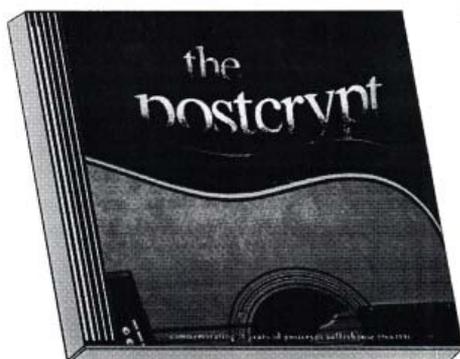
**· suZaNne Vega ·**



Amy Correia,  
1993



Amy Correia,  
1993



“remarkable...extraordinary...  
**Cliff Eberhardt, Dar Williams,**  
**Ellis Paul, Richard Shindell**  
 and **Vicky Pratt Keating** are  
 among those who chime in with  
 sparkling performances.”

—CMJ

## Various Artists

### Live at The Postcrypt

Dar Williams	.....The Great Unknown
Ellis Paul	.....All Things Being The Same
Cliff Eberhardt	.....Ever Since I Lost Your Love
Jim Infantino	.....Rita
Richard Julian	.....Charlie Lewis
Michael McNevin	.....Busy Life
Richard Shindell	.....Fishing
The Nudes	.....Tango in Love
Sarah Greene	.....Joey
Vicky Pratt Keating	.....Sylvie
Erica Wheeler	.....Maryland County Road
Richard Meyer	.....Century's End
Ansel Matthews	.....Hallelujah
Peter Keane	.....Tylersville Road
Hugh Blumenfeld	.....Brothers
Hugh Pool	.....I Just Called You Up Brother
Jane Byaala	.....Mindy's Song
Dave's True Story	.....Flexible Man
Buddy Mondlock	.....My Aunt Anna

*Live at The Postcrypt* was recorded to celebrate the 30th anniversary of one of the oldest coffeehouses in New York. The incredible acoustics of the intimate, two-hundred-year-old stone room make a sound system unnecessary and create the magical atmosphere that is the backdrop for this recording.

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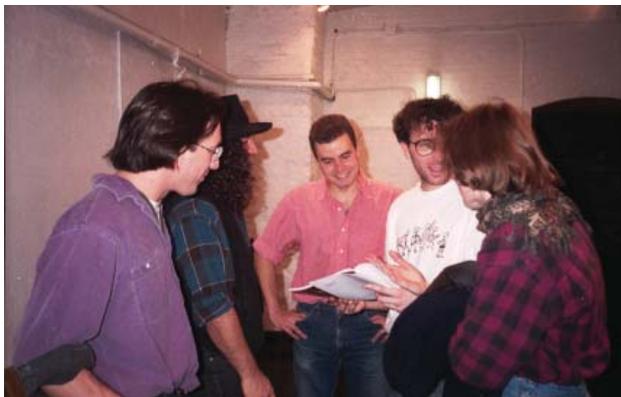
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5 Chinese  
Brothers,  
1993



5 Chinese  
Brothers,  
1993



Amy Malkoff  
and Raymond  
Gonzalez, 1993

EWELERS INC. 73 MADISON AVENUE · NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021 (212) 734-5727

attention turned the other way  
that day - you spilled  
your soul solemn into the  
brick, wood panels - mood  
lighting from fake candles  
(that one fake candle, picked  
apart with my thumb as you  
picked pretty melodies with yours)

my eye was on another  
as you sang of two lovers  
you, second king of israel  
and me, goliath

crumbstone, foolish unaware  
peering straight over your  
curly hair

didn't even see the stone coming



The 'Crypt  
back in the  
day

Andrew Vladeck,  
Scott Feldman,  
Andrea Boykwycz,  
1993



Dar Williams,  
1993

# **FAST FOLK**

M U S I C A L   M A G A Z I N E

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As New York has grown noisier, more violent and less hospitable to fragile institutions, some still survive. The Postcrypt at Columbia University is one. Housed in the basement of Earle Hall, it is a reminder of an era of basket houses and listening rooms that are all too rare today. While the endless and absurd debate about what folk music is continues, the survival of the Postcrypt illustrates the bankruptcy of the subject.

In this small stone-walled room with wonderful natural acoustics, no sound system, a tiny concession counter, true candle light reinforced by a few electric lights - a wide variety of music is presented and applauded. What makes the Postcrypt so inviting is the opportunity for an audience to hear a performer absolutely live and physically within reach.

Many clubs, some of them quite fine, have designed their stages in ways that cut the performer off from the audience. Quality lighting and sound systems further separate the musician from his crowd even as the equipment allows them to be heard better. Performers and audiences alike have grown so used to hearing reinforced sound that even in living room-sized clubs instruments are amplified to occasionally uncomfortable levels. Overamplification can lead some who perform to rely on electronics for their impact. The more inexperienced ones may try to bludgeon an audience with sound rather than connect themselves. There is, of course, nothing inherently wrong with electronics used with thought, but the tendency is often to plug in everything no matter how close the audience.

At the Postcrypt, the challenge for artists is to find a balance on stage without electronic support and to truly reach an audience. The challenge is a formidable one. Mics and lights can be effective and functional props. It is exhilarating, however, for an audience to hear an unadorned voice. Such moments can be revealing to an audience and performer alike. Forced to listen to a performance over which they cannot talk without interrupting. When people argue about the nature of the 'folk experience' they rarely include the sense of a teacher, elder, or story teller leading one's fellows through a mutually connecting ritual. It's no wonder when most clubs present acts (and the acts act as if they are just that, and no more) that concerts are rarely transporting experiences.

The Postcrypt offers no refuge from intimacy. It is at once intimidating and exhilarating for a performer to know they will have no choice but to look into the eyes of the audience that has come to see them give something of themselves. If there is a 'folk experience', this aspect of the Postcrypt is a great part of it.

Richard Meyer 7/7/91

--Bill Christophersen (CC '71; CU '80)

I arrived at Columbia in 1967, three years after the Postcrypt coffeehouse was conjured out of a musty storage vault in the basement of St. Paul's Chapel. Columbia gave me a good education; it was rivaled, though, by the one I received for free—at the Postcrypt.

The Postcrypt, with its stone walls, alcoves, groin arches, black chandeliers and heavy wooden doors, had a Gothic vibe domesticated by a closet-sized, electrically-lit tea concession, where cherry linzers donated by the Hungarian Pastry Shop sold for a quarter. Like the oak-tabled Half-Crown Room—a dimly-lit burger-and-fries joint underneath John Jay dormitory that had the feel of an Anglo-Saxon mead hall—the crypt was a hangout so under-the-radar that many students never knew it existed. But it was run by tuned-in undergrads who booked acts drawn from the student body and the wider New York / Northeast pool of folksingers, a pool that, in the late 1960s, ran deep.

The first act I heard there was Tom Parrott, a songwriter in the Tim Hardin / Tom Paxton mold who played guitar and mouth-harp and recorded an album, "Neon Princess," for Folkways in 1968. Another was Barry Grover, who wrote down the words and chords of his "Gnostic Serenade" on a napkin for me. John Tucker at 18 had already spent a summer on the road and gotten good enough to play Doc Watson's "Deep-River Blues" as if he owned it. But two other numbers he did—"Herring Croon" and "Fundy," songs he had learned, he said, from Maine songwriter Gordon Bok—mesmerized me. Though I had little money to spend on records, I shelled out for Bok's wonderful album on the strength of John's performance.

In 1968 "Bluegrass Parmesan"—whose youthful members (Ken Kosek, Andy May, Pete Wernick and Dave Nichtern), if they reconvened today, would constitute a bluegrass supergroup—hit the Postcrypt. It was my first dose of a music I came to love. Over the next few years, variations of this group (later called the Bluegrass Highballers) played in Ferris Booth Hall, Columbia's student union. An audience for the music was just emerging, and I came to recognize a few of the faces. Eventually, I struck up a conversation with Danny Kornblum and classmate Ron Gersten, who, I learned, had just begun to play fiddle and banjo. I had been getting my bass runs down on guitar, so we went off to

try out a few tunes—my first experience of playing music with others. (The following October I hitchhiked up to Monticello, N.Y., where they were living in a log cabin containing nothing but a barrel of apples. We spent a week playing, eating apples, and making trips to Dunkin' Donuts for crullers and tea—a crash course in string band music and its attendant health liabilities. Danny later helped me scour Manhattan's pawnshops for a fiddle, since the bug had bit me.)

In 1969, Ina Mae Wool, a singer-guitarist who had just entered Barnard, stepped onstage at the Postcrypt and played—besides her originals—Mississippi John Hurt's "I'm Satisfied." The bluesman, brought North by the folk revival, had played informally in a lounge at Columbia, and Ina had paid attention. Another Barnard student, Jenny Adams, made the house go quiet as she sang "Since I Fell For You"—a torch song popularized half a dozen years earlier by Len Chandler (who also played the Postcrypt). At the other end of the life experience spectrum, Jerry Jeff Walker appeared at the Postcrypt and described the jail-cell encounter with "Mr. Bojangles" that led him to write the song.

In 1970, Chris Donald's Country-Western All-Stars (me among them, on rhythm guitar) mounted the Postcrypt's plywood stage. Chris (a.k.a. Vinnie Taylor) at 20 had mastered styles ranging from Delta blues to ragtime to Hendrix. Upon graduating, he would step from his seedy basement crib on 118th Street into the lead-guitarist slot for Sha Na Na, the rock'n'roll nostalgia band that, after incubating on campus as a glee club spin-off, had gone pro and gained national attention playing Woodstock. Ed Reisner, the Postcrypt's manager in '70, had been asking Chris to put something together, and Chris, overhearing the country songs some friends and I were kicking around, decided that was the way to go. We were seven, and we brought amps and drums—something the crypt hadn't reckoned on. Both side staircases were packed with listeners as Chris picked out Buck Owens tunes, Merle Travis showpieces, truckers' songs and Texas rags.

\* \* \*

It wasn't only music the Postcrypt featured. I stopped by one Friday night to find a handful of literary types nursing their teas and votive candles (which in those days weren't artificial). A large guy with Robert Plant hair was on stage shuffling papers. He started reading work that would soon appear in Theories of Rain and other poems. It was surreal ("I am no flooded attic bayonet, no Korean symbol immersed in the subconscious / Of a cardboard trunk. . ."),

funny (a dramatic poem spoken by a Japanese nihilist who despised, above all, "health / and Roy Rogers"), and vivid ("How you flashed like headlights through my canebrake locks!"). Bill Zavatsky was only the second poet I'd heard read aloud, and when he was done, my expectations of the contemporary poet as a latter-day T.S. Eliot ruminating opaquely about time and the Fisher King were toast. (Bill, a teacher, translator and friend, continues to enliven NYC's poetry scene.)

But mostly it was the music. Paul Siebel, his country-flavored album "Woodsmoke and Oranges" just out, played the Postcrypt. So did Dave Bromberg ("Delia was a gamblin' girl, she gambled all around"). And Doris Abrams. And blues harpist Hugh Pool. And songwriter Bill Morrissey. Jack Hardy played there—Hardy, who served, as Dave Van Ronk had before him, as mentor, sage and Village icon to up-and-comers, disabusing them of their fantasies and critiquing their songs. Sometimes the final Postcrypt session of the spring semester would feature an unadvertised trio of singers who, if their names had been announced, would have brought crowds the crypt couldn't handle: Tim Robinson, Suzanne Vega and Jack Hardy made up one such bill; Richard Julian and David Massengill were later part of the mix. Other performers I recall include Alec Stone Sweet, who played clawhammer guitar, frailing fiddle tunes on a cross-tuned acoustic the way one might on a banjo; multi-instrumentalist Orrin Star; banjo legend Tony Trischka, who took part in the crypt's 25th anniversary benefit concert playing old-time, rather than the progressive bluegrass he was known for; 16-year-old singer-songwriter Anthony da Costa (accompanied by Abbie Gardner on dobro); and Open Book, a duo whose harmonies weren't equaled, for my money, until Caitlin Mahoney and Kat Quinn played the Postcrypt a few years ago.

Item: During 1971, the Postcrypt remained open for the summer. There was little ventilation and no AC; the place was an oven. But a dozen of us welcomed Utah Phillips, a grizzled, leather-vested folk institution who had been writing songs and playing union benefits for decades. He sang about hobo jungles, coal miners with tins of morphine attached to their belts against contingencies, outflanked strikers massacred by hired guns. (Jody Stecher and Kate Brislin have since recorded some of his material as "Heart Songs" for Rounder.) Fiddler Ken Kosek in a duo with singer-guitarist Dave Nichtern appeared too that summer. Nichtern's "Midnight at the Oasis" hadn't yet been recorded and popularized by Maria Muldaur, but he had graduated from CC and was working the clubs. "I told my father I had finally taken a 9-to-5 job," he

quipped. "I didn't tell him it was 9 p.m. to 5 a.m." At one point in the set, Kenny re-tuned his fiddle to play an old-time tune in D, and Dave, to buy him time, quizzed the audience: "How many sharps in the key of D?" Most of us played guitar, but we were self-taught and didn't know from such technicalities. But Bob Le-gault, back by the tea concession, said "Two sharps." "You're close," said Dave, spacing out briefly. "Actu-ally, it's one sharp." "Two sharps," said Bob again. "Jeez, you're right," said Dave, and then, "What, are you some kind of wise guy?" "No," said Bob, "just too sharp."

My own debt to the Postcrypt is large: I debuted as a fiddler there in '71. I knew a handful of Appalachian tunes. A buddy, Doug van der Hoof, asked me to sit in at the close of his set. Greenhorn though I was, I had practiced the tunes we had rehearsed, and I suppose the novelty of the instrument—apart from Kenny, no other fiddler had passed through—worked in my fa-vor. As a result, I got asked to accompany Postcrypt performers Wayne Bachrach and Ginny Bales on a few lo-cal, earn-while-you-learn gigs. A year later, I heard Al Johnson and Mike Kahane working up Flying Burrito Brothers numbers backstage. We joined forces as Pos-sum, a band that played the crypt, then expanded to become Leavin' Trunk, a six-piece, electric country-rock outfit. Two years later (and evidently in full networking mode) I met mandolinist Scott Kellogg, ban-jo player Rob Sachs and guitarist Kevin Krajick at the crypt; we became The Fly-By-Night String Band and sur-vived several years, playing colleges, festivals, bars and the streets. I've since played the crypt in duos with country singers James Reams, Gil Sayre and John Saroyan, as well as in such bands as the Lazy Aces and the Rock-House Gamblers.

I've got a lot of emotional stock, then, in the Post-crypt. It exemplifies what Manhattan has lost, as cof-feehouses and music-friendly clubs have gone by the board, while banks, drugstore chains and condos have proliferated. I live in the Columbia neighborhood and still drop by the place fairly often. Last time I looked, my curling, black-and-white photo was still hanging in its rogue's gallery, and that pleases me. Now, if the university would just get off its ill-ad-vised hobbyhorse about how the (stone-walled!) Post-crypt is a fire hazard, maybe we could bring back a few more chairs and tables—and real candles, instead of those bogus, battery-operated gimcracks, gimmeabreak.



Ed Hamell and Jim  
Gaudet, 1993

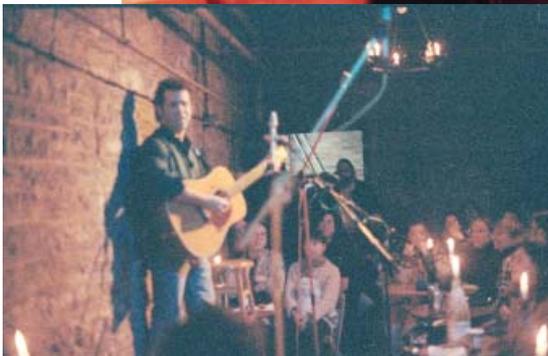
Dave's True  
Story, 1993



Dave's True  
Story, 1993



David Roche and  
Greg Trooper,  
1993



Cliff Eberhardt,  
1993

Matt Winters -- Fall 1997

Charged by my father with the task of earning the head honcho position at the Postcrypt, I eagerly showed up for the first meeting of the year after having seen a sign posted somewhere on campus (probably in the stairwells of Hamilton Hall). I was ready to establish my folk music bona fides. I was ready to show that I was going to be a great part of the coffeehouse. I am sure that I made a mild fool out of myself in my attempts to demonstrate my deep folk music knowledge - "Did you know that Lucy Kaplansky sings harmony on that Richard Shindell song...?" - trying to reveal my insider status to the three or four other people gathered there. Jennifer Feather, the manager at that time (and now an English professor at the University of North Carolina - Greenville), surely thought that I was an annoyance, but she was kind about pretending that I wasn't. Given that this was a folk music organization and that Jennifer was a senior and that I had spent more weekend nights than not at the Postcrypt over the 1997-98 academic year, by the end of the year, I was the heir apparent to be Postcrypt manager, standing out among the competition in a field of one.



Buddy Mondlock,  
1993



Erica Wheeler,  
1993



Ellis Paul,  
1993

Ansel Matthews,  
1993

David Roche,  
1993



# DAVID BROMBERG

*VIOLINS \* VIOLAS \* CELLOS \* BOWS*

---

Fax to Andy Stevens

page 1 of 1

January 31, 1995

Dear Andy,

Thanks for the invitation to the Postcrypt Anniversary Party. I'm sorry that I won't be able to make it. I would like to congratulate the Postcrypt, and everyone involved in it, on achieving the 30 year milestone. I must have found the Postcrypt pretty early, but it seemed to me at the time, that it had been around forever. I hope to stop by & see how the place is holding up next time I get to New York. Save me a hot cup of cider.

Sincerely,

*David Bromberg*  
David Bromberg

## Ellis Paul and Buddy Mondlock, 1993



Ernesto Moreno

Three Poems Read at Poscrypt

**Love Story**

In the times of Quatzaquatel (ketza-coatle),  
When feathered serpents ruled the sky,  
Before Coatlicue (kuat-la-quay) gave birth to Jehovah's son.  
Our love was forged by Eagle Warriors.  
Protected from the Spanish crown by holy men with a foreign God  
And given to Tainos to guard.  
And Anacaona gave her life to keep it safe,  
She passed it down to sacred mothers of Gran Colombia  
And when it grew too large for the salt mine temple to contain  
It spread too all the lands it knew as home  
Picked up by modern warriors: maids, janitors and single mothers  
And re-united in the city built for Heaven's messengers  
That is the story of our love

Tony Trischka,  
1993



Richard Julian and  
Buddy Mondlock, 1993



Richard  
Shindell,  
1993



Pat Humphries,  
1993

Matt Winters -- 7 November 1997

This was the first night that I ran the Postcrypt myself. Postcrypt favorites (and personal favorites of mine) the 5 Chinese Brothers were closing out the night, which meant that the place was going to be packed. Ina May Wool, who would play the Postcrypt almost every semester subsequently while I was manager, and David Hamburger were the two other acts that night.

Jennifer had hand-picked two seasoned veterans to be the first volunteers that night: Danielle Dreilinger (who went on to do a lot of music journalism in Boston and is now an education journalist for the New Orleans Time-Picayune) and her then-boyfriend Ben. My notes say that a volunteer named Monica helped clean up afterward, and I have to wonder if that is Monica Mercado (who recently graduated with her Ph.D. in history from the University of Chicago and is now the director of the Albert M. Greenfield Digital Center for the History of Women's Education at Bryn Mawr College).

In those days, there was a kitchen located down the northern hall of the chapel basement. (I'm pretty sure that was removed some years ago.) In the kitchen, we would make popcorn on the stovetop, pouring oil into the pan, putting three kernels into the oil, waiting until two of them had popped, and then pouring in the rest of the popcorn, and being sure to keep moving the pan on top of the burner so as to pop the most kernels possible! I was quite intimidated by the prospect of making the popcorn. (Making the brownies in the oven from the Betty Crocker mix was not so intimidating - I'd done that before!) My summary note from the evening reads, "MW pops popcorn correctly and pays performers well." (Maybe that could be a campaign slogan?)

7 February 1998

Ghosts of Postcrypts Past, of course, come to the basement of St. Paul's Chapel not infrequently. On a February evening featuring then-Postcrypt-regulars Sam Shaber, Howard Emmerson, and Andrew Kerr, I met Dave Sudolsky, who had managed the Postcrypt in the late-1970s (1976-79 according to

my notes, but 1977-79 according to the "History" page on the defunct website; my notes also report his last name as "Salisardzik," so perhaps the website is right...). He left \$20 in the tip jar, and bought a T-shirt (a white one with cartoonish musicians on the back - it was a sad day when mine finally became so riddled with holes that I had to stop wearing it) and a 30th anniversary CD. Dave apparently now runs a firm called An-ellotech that sells a process for "inexpensively producing petrochemicals from renewable, non-food biomass."

That spring semester, I also met Andy Stevens, who managed the Postcrypt not-too-long before I did in the mid-1990s (1992-95), although he had been a graduate student while doing that, and so definitely struck me as older and wiser. (I also had been warned that he would try to get brownies for free under the guises of being a "former Postcrypt manager"!) On his LinkedIn page, Andy proudly lists the Postcrypt as an "activity or society" in which he participated while getting his Ph.D. at Columbia.

Years later, I would get to know Mark Shawhan, who was the son of Pete Shawhan, who had managed the Postcrypt in the mid-1970s. Mark hosted the abbreviated version of Friday Afternoon Classical on WKCR that preceded my and George Steel's raucous Live from Miller Theatre program (which we started while I was working full-time at Miller Theatre in 2001-02 and which survived for maybe a year or two after George Steel left Miller Theatre for the Dallas and then the New York City Opera). Mark cohosted Live from Miller Theatre at least once with me. I never met Pete, but Andy Stevens put some of his photographs from the 1970s Postcrypt onto the webpage at some point.

**David Seitz,  
1993**



**Dorothy  
Scott, 1993**



**Hugh Blumenfeld  
and Richard Meyer,  
1993**

## (Postcrypt)

Geneva Hutcheson

Want tea?  
glass hits table  
woman behind us  
mumbles under breath  
says, crazy kids, means us  
I smile, smile and ask you if  
it is okay to hold your hand here  
you say, yes, say, yes of course doll,  
and I do, try to absorb your warmth  
Uke girl, you call her, and say,  
there is always one, and I  
nod in agreement, I like  
to watch you watch  
them, you react  
so strongly  
like  
they, not  
you, are the  
sharp thing, that  
come in waves, the  
music sweeps me, knocks  
me loose from your presence,  
I hold tighter to your hand and  
wait for your review of the boy of  
the wobbling voice, you scoff say too  
similar to your own, like you own it  
that sound, squeeze hand tight  
like you own it, that hand  
(tis mine, tis mine) and  
you want us to leave  
for a back room,  
tap shoulder to  
tell me so.  
and  
we go there  
and you run fingers  
over chords, strum too  
loud for the space so close,  
I do not know what you fear  
in that room or shadows and heat  
too small for echoes, but you do and  
you tremble like practice will save  
you, like listening will save  
you (will not, will not).



postcryptcoffeehouse

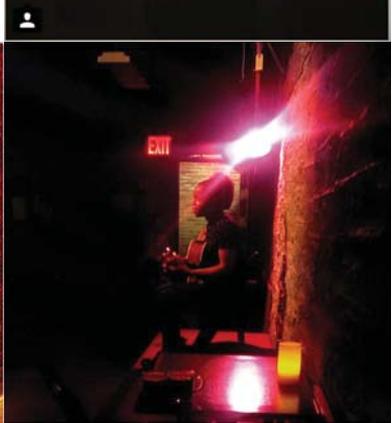




Sign-Up      OPEN-MIC  
 8:30  
 9:00  
 9:40 Nick D'Amico  
 9:50 Christina + Gretel  
 10:00 Master Lee  
 10:10 The Ghost Of  
 10:20 Touching You  
 BREAK  
 10:40 Omig, Mike + Penn  
 10:50 Scott Kookoff  
 11:00 Zen Atlas  
 11:10 Oscar Haller  
 11:20 Sora + Zach  
 11:30 BRADAK

10:00 NICK LAUTIGUA  
 10:10 T.S. Evening  
 10:30  
 10:50 Colin + Kacey  
 11:00 John Mowbray

wait list  
 Henry Ling  
 Grant-1  
 Danny Leonard  
 Tom Light  
 Marco J.

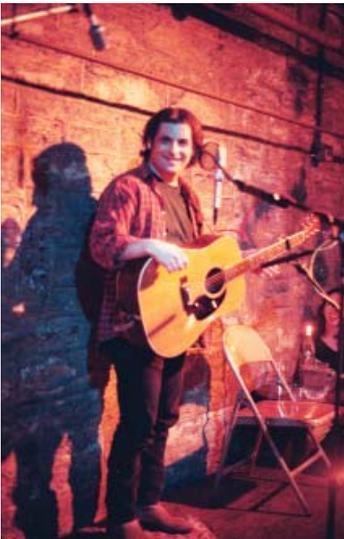


Beverly Greenfield,  
Scott Feldman, and  
Andy Stevens, 1993



Cliff Eberhardt  
and Richard  
Meyer, 1993

Greg Trooper,  
1993



Greg Trooper and  
Jenny Chuck, 1993





Matt Winters -- 7 March 1998

The band Dave's True Story, a jazzy trio consisting of David Cantor, Kelly Flint, and Jeff Eyrich, were a regular feature in my day - one of the bands that we would book every semester or at least every year. They appeared on the 30th Anniversary CD, and David Cantor had a track on the 1992 Fast Folk Musical Magazine CD that was recorded at the Postcrypt.

They found their name one night at the Postcrypt. Kelly introduced a song by saying, "This is Dave's True Story," and someone from the audience yelled back, "That's your name!"

Matt Winters -- 27 March 1998

On this date, I took the next step up the Postcrypt Manager-in-Training ladder. I went down to the New York State Liquor Authority and picked up the "temporary beer and wine permits" that allowed us to serve beer on Friday and Saturday nights at the Postcrypt. At the time, the NYSLA was located in a building on (or at least near) Park Place, down in the shadow of the World Trade Center. It was what you would expect of bureaucracy: long lines, uncomfortable waiting room chairs... I waited for a while in line behind a small deli owner who had applied three times for a license and needed to speak to a supervisor.

When I arrived at the Postcrypt that night, the fitting irony was that there was no alcohol proctor. Alcohol proctors were (are?) the university-sanctioned checker-of-IDs at the Postcrypt. They were usually graduate students, and we had to pay for them to sit there, listening to the music, maybe doing a little reading, and probably not checking too many IDs. It was widely regarded that the Postcrypt was a far more desirable posting than a fraternity party, and when the rare alcohol proctor showed up who did like to check IDs, one could say, "Oh, he's worked one too many fraternity parties..." as a way to account for why the grey-haired folkie was being forced to muster state-issued identification. We had a couple of alcohol proctors who were true regulars and really enjoyed the music. I don't think that I ever learned more than a first name though - Leelund, are you still out there? - so I can't track down where any of them are today.

Christian Bauman, who is better known for his novels than his music these days, once said from stage, "I first played here when I turned 20, and I liked it because no one asked be for ID when I drank here."



Matt Winters -- 10 April 1998  
Hugh Blumenfeld,  
1993

I guess I must have had some influence on the booking even during my freshman year because this night featured Bill Christophersen & Gil Sayre and James Reams, old-time and bluegrass musicians that I became acquainted with through my involvement with WKCR's The Moonshine Show (which I hosted from 1998 to 2009). Bill had earned a Ph.D. in English at Columbia and lived in the neighborhood - on 122nd Street maybe? He had played with a group called the Lazy Aces String Band that I had seen in Connecticut as a kid, and he was a truly gentle and wonderful soul. He would frequently come by the Postcrypt to see who was playing. Gil Sayre was an amazing musician from West Virginia with this incredible voice for old-time music. James Reams, originally from Kentucky, was a big part of the Brooklyn bluegrass revival in the late 1990s, sponsoring the annual Park Slope Jamboree out at the Ethical Culture Society.

Just as Bill and Gil were finishing "The Great Titanic," a woman in the audience let out a scream! There was a giant waterbug climbing up the wall right behind the stage. James Reams jumped to action and swatted the thing dead. Gil Sayre asked, "Well, how can you top that?" before he and Bill launched into a version of "Wild Bill Jones."

Matt Winters -- 25 April 1998

Not only was there a Postcrypt slush fund back in my day, but the fire marshal hadn't found out about the existence of the 'Crypt either. So the place could get quite crowded.

This was one of those nights. Basya opened. Edie Carey played in the 10:00 p.m. slot. And then Petronella was closing out. (These days, Sandy Opatow, who was one-half of Petronella is in a duo with Pat Humphreys called Emma's Revolution.) By 10:00 p.m., the crowd was out the door on both sides with people sitting up both sets of stairs.

And there was also some sort of musical event going on upstairs - a not uncommon occurrence toward the end of the spring semester, where an orchestra or choral group would be using the Chapel space for a production of Mozart's Requiem or something similar. During Edie Carey's set, the upstairs music seemed to be perfectly timed to be at its loudest exactly when she was at her quietest.

There was an occasion the next fall where the classical musicians had done something that caused a flood to erupt from the kitchen, such that on an evening featuring Rex Fowler, Dave Kleiner, and Mike Agranoff, I spent all of Dave Kleiner's set mopping the water in the hallway.

And the fall after that, Andrew Kerr essentially performed together with the Glee Club: "This is something I call Mozart's Requiem in D."



Amy Malkoff and Raymond  
Gonzalez, 1993



Andrew  
Vladeck, 1993

Sarah Greene,  
1993



Matt Winters -- Summer 1998

I did some redecorating. The Postcrypt office had a large collection of old show posters, and I selected a few of those to hang above the bar. Unlike the photographs lining the back wall, which were nicely framed (although not immune to the steam rising off of the hot-plated metal pitchers of water and cider that we used to have), I just stapled and taped the old posters up there.

My favorite item hanging above the bar was the photograph of Chuck Brodsky because Chuck had drawn in his beard on a pre-beard promo shot.

July 1998

Newly armed with my identity as the now-official Manager of the Postcrypt, I headed up to the annual conglomeration of singer-songwriters near Hillside, New York, known as the Falcon Ridge Folk Festival.

Andy Stevens and another former Postcrypt manager, Beverly Greenfield were up there, and we talked about the bookings for the upcoming year.

Back in those days, we would mail out a hard copy of the Postcrypt's schedule. (I'm going to assume that this is not done any more.) Mail Services was located down in the steam tunnels under Uris Hall - you would take a stairway marked "Computer Center" and located somewhere near the entrance to the gymnasium to get there. I would carry down these trays full of stuffed envelopes for Mail Services to stamp and send out. I think of it vis-à-vis Beverly Greenfield because I seem to remember her address being the "103rd Street Boat Basin." Beverly has worked at the 92nd Street Y in New York for the last 15 years.





Johanna Cohen, "Dreaming in Sound"



Rebecca Josephson, CC'03  
and Adrienne Baranomicz,  
CC'03

Jane Byaela,  
1993



Josh Joffen,  
1993



Feb 6, 1995

Andy Stevens  
Postcrypt Coffeehouse  
Earl Hall Center  
Columbia University  
NY NY 10027

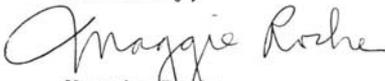
Dear Andy:

Congratulations on your milestone of 30 years. Terre and I both remember playing the Postcrypt although thank you for refreshing us on the exact date. I was in my first and only year of college and Terre was still in high school. A friend of ours named Kurt Kohler (sorry, Kurt, if misspelled) was attending Columbia at that time. He got us the gig. I don't think we appeared more than once since our career took a turn shortly thereafter away from New York City for awhile. Suzzy was just starting high school and had not joined us yet.

Occasionally we've heard of people we know appearing at Postcrypt: our brother Dave and our friend Ilene Weiss. When I asked Terre if she recalled something particular about our night there she said it was the first time she spoke on stage.

Thanks for being one of the places where we cut our teeth. Keeping something together that long is remarkable, we know. Good luck to you for as long as you care to endure.

Sincerely,

  
Maggie Roche  
the Roches

Matt Winters -- 21 October 2000

My notes indicate (a) that I should have been in my dorm room working on my senior thesis and (b) that attendance was pretty good at the 'Crypt considering that it was the first game of the Mets-Yankees World Series.

But I was checking in to see if Taqui Inti, an Andean group from Ecuador that I had booked over the summer, had shown up or not. They had not.

I wandered over to the security station located in the southeast corner of Low Library and said, "Um, I have an odd question for you. ... Has anyone seen a group of Ecuadorean musicians wandering around campus?" "Um, no."

I made quick arrangements with Laura Kemp, who had been the 9:00 p.m. act, to play another few songs in the 11:00 p.m. slot. I announced from stage that Taqui Inti would not be appearing, and then I left to go work on my thesis.

1 December 2000

In these days, there were lots of open flames at the Postcrypt. We would melt candles and put them into wine bottles, and then we had candles up on the chandeliers, sitting in the tops of popcorn bottles if I'm not mistaken.

So it's no surprise that my notes report "Decent crowd. SR is running the show. MW almost lights everything on fire..."

2 February 2001

Apparently in attendance this evening was Eileen from New Jersey, a woman who was a particular fan of our GORP - a trail mix that we used to sell behind the bar, GORP standing for "good old raisins and peanuts" (and then we added some M&Ms to make it more addictive); we used to serve it out of Planter's Peanuts jars.

Matt Winters -- 30 March 2001

I forget exactly how John Wright had gotten in touch with me. He was from the northern part of England and was an amazing singer of both traditional folk material and more contemporary songs.

On the Postcrypt voice mail each week, I would describe that weekend's shows, and I said that we were very excited to be welcoming "John Wright and Maurice [Mor-rees] Dickson from England." That afternoon, there was a voice mail on the Postcrypt phone line that began, "Hi, Matt, this is Maurice [Mor-is] Dickson from Northern Ireland..." Whoops...

John Wright died in 2008. I never had the opportunity to see him again. The Guardian ran an obituary in which he was described as a "singer and shepherd."

20 April 2001

"MW arrives from Miller Theatre to find Moncia a bit harried and referring to the performer on stage as an 'assh\*le\*." The performers have groped the brownies, insulted the venue, and committed other uningratiating deeds. The bar lights are out, and the coffeepot is dead. Lucy is funny."



Richard Julian,  
1993

Richard Meyer,  
1993



Tony Trischka,  
1993

Margo Hennebach,  
1993



*You are cordially invited to  
celebrate 30 years of  
Postcrypt Coffeehouse  
St. Paul's Chapel  
Columbia University  
New York, NY*

*Saturday, February 11, 1995*

*Reception at eight o'clock p.m. in Postcrypt Art Gallery*

*Concert at nine o'clock p.m. in Postcrypt Coffeehouse*

*Basement of St. Paul's Chapel*

*117th Street and Amsterdam Avenue*

*RFP (212) 854-1953*

# COLUMBIA CHAPEL HAS COFFEEHOUSE

Nonprofit Cafe Is One of 40  
in Colleges Across Country

Roger B. Wyatt, an 18-year-old Columbia University freshman, took a sip of mulled cider and looked around the long narrow room where 35 fellow students were crowded around small circular tables.

"It's just like any coffeehouse in the 'Village,'" he said. "You'd never know you were in the crypt of a church."

As he spoke, a banjo player in a green crew-neck sweater began to stamp one foot against a small elevated platform and beat out a Kentucky mountain ballad.

Waitresses moved briskly from the small kitchen alcove into darkened corners with orders of coffee and tea (15 cents) and pastries (20 cents). Yellowish light from tiny votive candles flickered against the stone walls and disappeared into a thin mist of cigarette smoke, which hung near the red brick ceiling.

"It's the atmosphere that I like," said Mary Ellen Jacobs,

18, a freshman at Barnard College and Roger Wyatt's date for the evening. "There's good entertainment and food you can't get anywhere else nearby. I even heard the first poetry here that I really liked."

The couple was seated in a coffeehouse situated in the basement of St. Paul's Chapel at Columbia University. Known as the Postcrypt, it is operated by the university's Protestant Foundation and is one of more than 40 similar projects that have sprung up throughout the country in the last five years.

"The purpose is simply to provide a place for students to have informal conversation under the stimulation of various art forms," said the Rev. John D. Cannon, the 31-year-old assistant chaplain who helped originate the project last October. "There aren't many places in the city where students can go just to sit and talk and appreciate things."

About 100 student volunteers help run the nonprofit coffeehouse, which is open Thursday through Saturday evenings. Nightly programs include folk singing, poetry reading and drama.

Except for the presence of a chaplain—whose clerical collar often gives way to a turtle neck—the Postcrypt's only overtly religious sign is a brightly colored mosaic which serves as

**The New York Times**

Published: April 18, 1965

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a food counter and depicts symbols of life and death and the Last Supper. "There's no hidden agenda," said Mr. Cannon. "We're here to serve the student body, not to preach."

John D. Perry Jr., a Yale Divinity School graduate student who made a survey of campus coffeehouses, said that the 40 or so nonprofit places now in existence in all sections of the country aim at providing inexpensive places for dating and at encouraging the growth of personal relationships through "free and open discussion."

Some serve only coffee; others offer full meals or up to 40 varieties of tea or coffee. Most occupy student centers, but at least two are situated in rented store-fronts.

Student coffeehouses are operated by almost every major Protestant denomination, and workers tend to identify themselves as Protestants, according to Mr. Perry. Almost half of the customers, however, are non-Protestants.

**Michael McNevin,  
1993**





FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

**POSTCRYPT COFFEEHOUSE TO  
CELEBRATE 30TH ANNIVERSARY WITH  
"POSTCRYPT HISTORY NIGHT"**

On Saturday, February 11, 1995 at 9:00 PM, the Postcrypt Coffeehouse at Columbia University celebrates **30 years** of operation with a night of music and special guests. Attendees will include **Postcrypt founders Rev. John Cannon, Dorothy Sutherland Janke, and Rev. Henry Malcolm.** Musical performers will include **David Massengill, Bill Christophersen (CC '72), and Jeff Cannon.** Invited guests include staff and performers from throughout the 30-year history of the Postcrypt.

Established in 1964, the Postcrypt Coffeehouse features professional, amateur, and student performers every Friday and Saturday night during the school year. As one of the country's longest-running campus coffeehouses, Postcrypt is the home of diverse music, including and extending beyond folk, blues, jazz, rock, country, and *a cappella*, as well as performance art, poetry, comedy, and storytelling. The Coffeehouse is known for an intimate atmosphere and a devoted listening audience. Performers do their thing *without the need for amplification* to an enthusiastic crowd.

Over the years, performers at Postcrypt have included **David Bromberg, Shawn Colvin, Cliff Eberhardt, The Five Chinese Brothers, John Gorka, Patty Larkin, Robbie O'Connell, Utah Phillips, Maggie & Terre Roche** (The Roches), **Richard Shindell, Neal Shulman** (Aztec Two-Step), **Tony Trischka, Suzanne Vega, Jerry Jeff Walker**, and many other major recording artists.

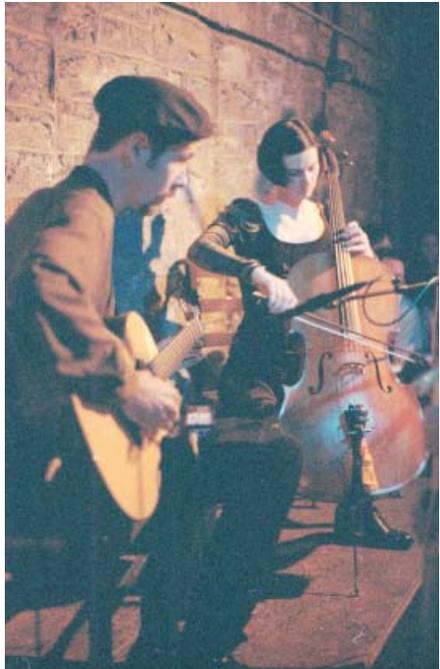
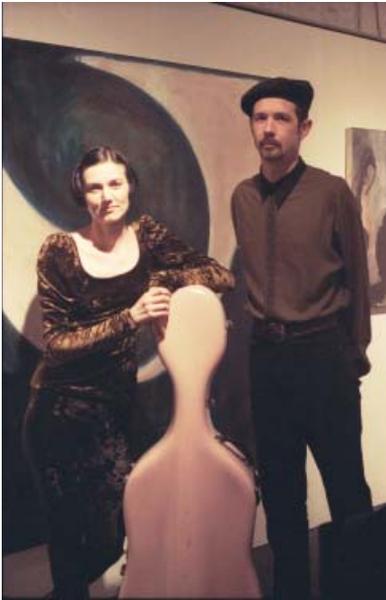
Postcrypt Coffeehouse is located in the basement of St. Paul's Chapel on the campus of Columbia University at 116th Street & Broadway in New York City. Admission is free and open to the public.

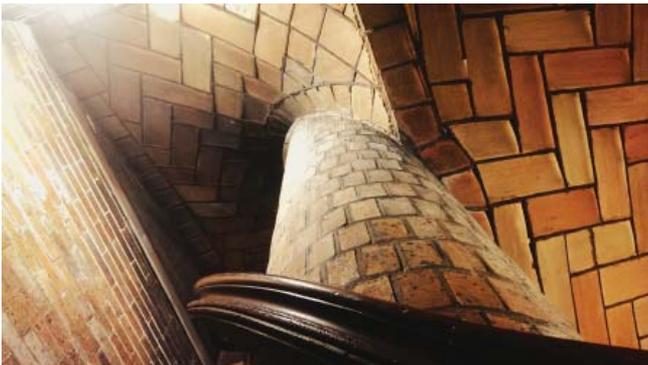
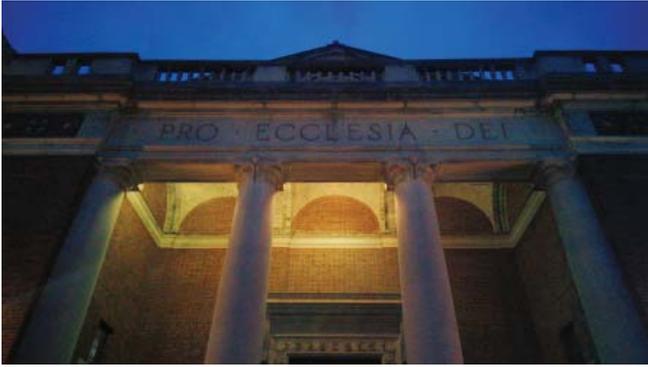
**For further information:**

Postcrypt Coffeehouse  
Earl Hall Center  
Columbia University  
New York, NY 10027  
(212) 854-1953

E-mail: [postcrypt@columbia.edu](mailto:postcrypt@columbia.edu)

# NUDES NUDES NUDES





www.postcrypt.org



Stay  
warm with us at

Postcrypt Coffeehouse

FRIDAY, Nov 9<sup>th</sup> (doors at 8 PM)

8:30 MATT SUCHICH

9:30 THE WEATHER STATION

10:30 BIRD COURAGE

FREE!

In the cellar of  
St. Paul's Chapel on  
the Columbia Campus.



**Photo Contributors:**

Andy Stevens  
Spenser Krut  
Andrew Vladeck

**Cover:**

Victoria Martinez

**30th Anniversary Material:**

Andy Stevens

**Love from the 2014-15  
Postcrypt Coffeehouse  
Managing Board!**

**Jacob, Spenser, Alice,  
Mahelet, Amanda, Chantal**

**HAPPY 50th POSTCRYPT!**

postcrypt coffeehouse



in the basement of St. Paul's Chapel at Columbia University

## Matt Winters -- Afterword

I was supposed to go off and study in Korea for a year and then go to MIT for graduate school. But I never made it to Korea. I stuck around Columbia and worked at Miller Theatre full-time for a year and then started graduate school at Columbia.

I would keep going back to the Postcrypt, of course, bringing along friends, family, girlfriends, and fellow graduate students. Every time that I found myself down there in the basement of St. Paul's Chapel, I would put on my hand on those old stones and feel some of those 40 years of music pulsating back at me. It's hard to believe now how much time I spent down there during my four undergraduate years at Columbia (and how much of that time my friend Simon Moshenberg and my girlfriend Melinda Jen were also there with me), and it's sad how long it's been since I've been back and sad that my wife (who I met in Illinois) has never seen a show there. But it gives me joy every time I see a post from the current crew that is running the Postcrypt, to know that the place is still going and that people are still enjoying music down there (and also up above with the Postcrypt Folk Festival). I hope to make it back soon!



Feral Foster  
ang this-ambing man

THE GUY  
OVER THE  
MOUNTAINS

UGHU

WHIN