Adam Fox '09

One of my most treasured Katzenjammer memories occurred on the final night of our Ireland Tou in the fall of 2006. Our esteemed tour coordinator,

Chris Jones '09, signed us up for a choral competition in Sligo, Ireland. While our group

repertoire over the years.

featured only 3 per voice part, we were surrounded by at least 10 large and unwieldy European choirs, each having 60+ singers. The Belarussian choir, in particular, probably had 200 singers. We sang Messaen's "O Sacrum Convivium!," Paul Lansky's "Folk Tropes," and Bruckner's "Locus Iste."

Needless to say, the adjudicators at the competition fell in love with the Princeton Katzenjammers. With regards to the "Locus Iste," our performance was acclaimed by the judge as "the epitome of poise" and "not only one of the finest performances of this piece, but one of the finest performances of Bruckner I've ever heard." We came in 2nd place in the competition, and won an 800 euro prize!

That evening, we went out and celebrated with an Irish choir we'd met (who had a particularly strange take on Bach chorale fermatas, but that's a story for another time). Of course, when the clock struck 12am, we attempted to sing 'Round Midnight, which is always a better idea in theory than in practice. I think this is what I always loved most about the Katzenjammers: we can put on our formalwear and absolutely thrive in a traditional choral/ chamber setting, while also savoring the moments where we revel together in our own musical silliness and insanity with the myriad of arrangements our talented members have contributed to our

The next morning, our booked transportation to the airport never arrived, so we spent our prize money on a few taxis to take us 200 km from Sligo to Shannon, just BARELY making our flight (Adam never lost faith)!

Christopher Fuelling '90

I actually never consciously thought about this... I kinda auditioned on a whim along with doing a bunch of things freshmen were supposed to do. So even when "Ticket to Ride" woke up me and my startled bunkmate and I followed them to some kind of first meeting... I still thought it was all a proposal and I should find out what it would actually mean to be part of this group before I decided.

I have to admit that the most meaningful aspect of the Katzenadventure were the relationships and humor. David Graeber might have referred to our Katzentime as the "zone of ritual play," where so much of what might be is experimented with and rehearsed: so I loved the general "can do" attitude of a bunch of kids running a company and planning tours, tasks that adult professionals often perform less adeptly.

But I think I found my most creative expression co-creating games and humorous routines, first with Zachy Zach Knower; and then with the Four Horsemen of the Katzenapocalypse: Feit, Ferds, and Clemons. As a way of "paying it forward," I was delighted to advocate for including the beloved, outrageous wits of Mugsy Gray, Raultus Maximus, Adam Wolfensohn, and Dave Boodell amongst a generally strong field of entertainers.

I must also offer my humble gratitude to the wise women and men that tolerated and informed my maturation from a sorta shell-shocked, confused, Midwestern kid to a person that attempted to understand the human condition and my own faults and foibles in order to create healing and transformation through art and experience. Val Vigoda, Karyn Joaquino, Rabbi Janine, Nadine Kano, Beth Brockman, Kim Riether, and Kirsten Findell have all been inspirations and friends that inspired me to grow and change... and years later a Katzenalum of a finer vintage, Jim Marketos, became a trusted friend and

I think the obvious legacy is the enrichment of many of our lives. The one that is yet to be seen is whether our mutual positive impacts and emotional mendings and growth radiate outward to scale.

At this terrifying moment in the evolution of our species, I am grateful that I have some inspiring Katzenfriends in my life... and I hope this talented tribe will rise up, connect, and lead. I, for one, literally have nothing better to do.

iolet Gautreau '22

Most Princetonians are constantly n the lookout for orange when they shop. Me? I make a beeline towards KJ green. The KJs have been one of my most important communities on campus—they were the first club where I felt at home after coming to

Princeton. I joined my freshman spring after my roommate mentioned offhand that "the real musicians are in the Katzenjammers." From the moment I stepped into the (aggressively green) KJ Room to sing my verse and chorus, I knew I wanted to stay—I just hoped they'd accept me. After almost four years in the group (and three semesters as a co-president), I'm still immensely grateful that they did. Growing up, I always thought that the height of coolness was earning a very stupid nickname... now I can say with pride that I have two, each more stupid than the last, bestowed upon me by the KJs. From getting stranded on the side of a highway in Maine, to traipsing around Vancouver, to recording

an album, my college experience was dominated by my involvement in the KJs. And I wouldn't have it any other way. As the KJs move forward past fifty, I'm certain of two things. First, I know that we'll continue to be the best group on campus. That's non-negotiable.

Second, I know that the group emotional and musical home for some of the most special people on campus. And those people will own a little too much green for the rest of

their lives.

### Brad Gundlach '80

When I started at Princeton I had three goals in mind beyond my choice of major: to learn German, find a Christian fellowship group, and join a singing group. Thankfully I was able to do all three. In my senior year of high school a friend tricked me into auditioning for the allmale Varsity Singers. Typical for a teenage boy, I thought of myself as a bass—but they put me in as a first tenor! I loved it and wanted to continue the experience of group singing in

As I said in the Katzenjammers 25th anniversary booklet, what I have always most valued about the group is the sheer joy of blending our voices together in song. My favorite memory is the thrill of being "sung in" with "Ain't-a

That Good News." Back in 1976 the entryways were always unlocked; the prospective newbie was asked to leave the dorm room unlocked as well. In the wee hours I awakened to the approach of harmonizing voices, opened my eyes to their smiles, and felt an intensity of warmth and excitement from that welcome that only the young can feel.

We were a tight-knit, very affirming group, bonded by nicknames, backrubs, road trips, and of course wonderful hours of rehearsing and performing together. I haven't been back for a reunion since 2005, but from what I can tell, that closeness and mutual support live on in each generation of Katzenjammers. Fine job!

## Laurie Hartman '89

The Katzenjammers was and is my Princeton family. We practiced, toured, hung out, and performed together for sooo many hours of our time at Princeton, always with the shared goal of making great music through this collaborative and interdependent process that is a cappella singing—so,

it's not too surprising that special bonds and traditions and connections grow out of all that time together and all those shared experiences, big and small... singing for our supper (literally) at the ski lodge in Stowe, breaking into song while ordering lunch at the random McDonald's, making home-movies (and commercials) at the beach, long

road trips and driving a 15-passenger van through NYC, late night rehearsals, four-way non-binding leaning votes on newbies, tying bow ties, deciding what to wear and what to call it (nice orange and black, preppy caszh, nice preppy caszh, cocktail semi-formal... busking in the Paris subway, seeking out places with great acoustics (various arches and tunnels), not loving the shows with terrible acoustics (department stores...), big shows at

McCarter, small alumni parties, Reunions shows, and those persistent songs that span the decades and unite us across the whole of the Katzenverse For me, that's the sticky stuff that makes us family. ~XOXO

# Rick Hoffenberg '94

Among the most shocking experiences when I arrived at Princeton was watching an arch-sing and realizing that being in an a cappella group was prestigious and (gasp) popular! To me, the singing groups seemed like strange half-choir, half-fraternity entities. Once I saw Kevin Leong's conducting, heard some Karyn

Joaquino arrangements, and watched Kathleen Figaro transfix a crowd, I knew which group to audition for. Despite Kevin no longer being music director when I got in, and Kathleen having left the group shortly before, I knew that I was in for a great experience (and was lucky enough to develop friendships with Kevin and Kathleen anyway).

> I always appreciated the way the group embraced challenges and was so willing to go out of their comfort zone. No one seemed to mind learning classical pieces such as the Bruckner "Ave Maria" and Rachmaninoff "Bogoroditse Devo," and I think everyone took pride in doing difficult jazz arrangements. Both of these threads—classical music and sophisticated jazz—can be traced back to the founding of the group, and it's been thrilling to see younger Katzenjammers build upon these traditions

Some of my fondest memories are from Beach Week. We were all happy to see each other again, and it was a great time to introduce new arrangements. As music director, it was very convenient having everyone trapped together for a week! We could rehearse all day long without conflicts. That must be how we learned and memorized "'Round Midnight" in a week.

## Elliot Horlick '15

I wanted to join the Princeton Katzenjammers as soon as I first saw the group perform. I was a senior in high school at the Princeton Preview event for admitted students. What stood out to me even more than the intricate harmonies of the Katzenjammers' arrangements

was the group members' evident passion for the music they were creating. From as early as my

first rehearsal with the group, the enthusiasm of the Katzenjammers for the music they sang encouraged me to grow both as a musician and as a person. I was immediately welcomed into a community of incredibly talented musicians, many of whom

would become lifelong friends, and I felt incredibly fortunate to be able to look forward to rehearsals with the group amidst the many academic challenges of Princeton. From my experiences meeting and singing with the founding members of the Katzenjammers it is clear that a passion for music has existed from the group's conception. In my opinion, it is this passion for

music that has allowed the group to thrive for the past 50 years. Since my graduation from Princeton, I have seen the Katzenjammers continue to grow, expanding their musical repertoire while maintaining the desire to create something beautiful together that initially attracted me to the group. I look forward to continuing to sing with the Katzenjammers at alumni

events and welcoming future generations of Princeton

Tadesh Inagaki '14

The Katzenjammers were at the heart of my Princeton experience—my KJ peers remain some of the people I still feel closest to now. The KJs were a family by which I felt fully embraced—a crew of unassuming, kind, deeply smart and talented people who shared a passion for singing challenging and distinctly \*not trendy\* music. Like a family, we grew and evolved together, shaping and discovering ourselves and each other over months and years of rehearsals, group trips, arch sings, parties, performances. It was this intimate growth, alongside and with one another, that created the bonds I feel

I auditioned for the KJs because I loved the idea of singing jazz a cappella, which I'd heard but never sang. My call-back in the Mathey common room was one of the most magical moments of my life; I was simultaneously shocked, humbled, and thrilled by the otherworldly talent of both the existing group members and my auditioning peers. That night preceded so many incredible musical experiences

with the KJs, including one of my most treasured: a transcendental performance of "'Round Midnight" at 1879 Arch in winter 2010, led by illustrious MD Tim Keeler T'11. Of course, there are so many invaluable KJ memories, both musical and social—and that is the KJ legacy for me. The life-long connection to the music and the people; shared memories filled with musical challenge and wonder; the feeling of belonging, standing shoulder to shoulder in the winter air, channeling Thelonious Monk.

# Ben Indig '76

I was recruited in the Spring of my Freshman year by Peter Urquhart to join a new group he was working on (with Mimi Danly). Peter was the Music Director of the Nassoons when I auditioned for them at the beginning of Freshman year. But he wasn't just the Music Director; he was the guy responsible for the modernization (or newfound relevance) of the Nassoon repertoire in the early 1970's. Peter

had a sense of where a cappella music was going at the time, and he not only made a number of our favorite arrangements; he also revised some of the ones that had preceded his time in the Nassoons (to the chagrin of many older Nassoon alums). As a young Nassoon at the time, I would not have considered not

joining the as-yet-unnamed mixed singing group. (I can think of some who were quite envious of those of us who were chosen to be part of it.) As it happened, I never left the Nassoons (until graduation), but the first year and a half of the Katzenjammers was quite a trip. The level of musicianship and singing ability was unrivaled. Peter

and Mimi had chosen a couple of singers from each of several existing groups around campus to begin this new experiment. They were all excellent! When I think of the beginning of Katzenjammers, my mind goes back to about six or seven of us sitting on the lawn outside of the front of the art museum, looking a the Picasso sculpture that was then located there. We must have been waiting for someone before we began rehearsal. Was it the first rehearsal? I don't remember

but I think it may have been.

# David Jefferds '90

students to the group.

The K-Word Is Love There are places I remember, rehearing for what seemed 8 days a week. I knew then that I was just the lucky kind. I was happy just to sing and dance with you. When I was younger (so much younger (!)), the Katz sang me in, lit by a very early morning sunshine. It was a good day. Suddenly, so many new faces! I can't forget the time or place. It was more than 35 years

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So, I took a ride. I didn't know what I would find there (believe me). But it was another road, so why not do it? It turns out the Katz were just the group for me: and soon I wanted all the world to know our sets and great arrangements! I found many beautiful minds there.

Four voice parts ... these were things that went together well driving our cars and vans around on tour, whether here, there ... or anywhere, really! ... maybe because our friends were all aboard. The music directors changed my life with a wave of their hands. I watched their eyes, mostly knowing the songs we shared. Yes, there were times I sang out of tune, but no one, no one, walked out on me! Sometimes, when I'm daydreaming, I'll remember the things we said. You probably would know from my smile: somethings in those jokes... amused me. Life went on and in a couple of decades we had a couple of daughters. But this year they are leaving home. I want

to sing them a lullaby so they'll remember, in the lonely moments of their lifetime, how it is that life flows within and without them, how there is always a way back

But first I'm hoping a magical mystery tour can take them away, as it did for me. I'm hoping in life they'll also be able to come out to play and joke and sing. And

# Karyn Joaquino Clemons

I hadn't done much organized singing prior to Princeton. But when I arrived on campus immediately that I wanted to auditioning for the 3 coed groups,

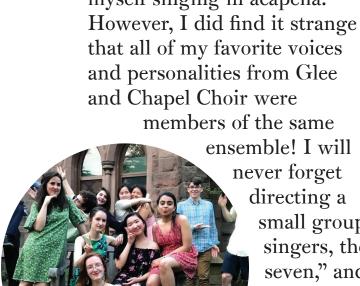
in September 1985, I knew join a coed a cappella group. After desperately hoped that I would get into the Katzenjammers Never had I met such talented and elegant singers as Nicky Eaton '86, Kay Gayner '86, Yong Lee '86, Todd Cox '87, Valerie Vigoda '87... I could go on. I was starstruck. And I got my wish. I didn't know it then, but the moment I was "sung in"

instantaneously changed my life, not just for four years of college, but for every day of the 38 or so years since that moment. I had been a serious classical pianist/violinist/violist, but it was in the Katzenjammers that I grew up as a musician and a human. This is where I learned to listen, to understand harmonies, to work with others, to conduct, to arrange, to create, to feel—and to give voice to my feelings. Perhaps because I went through such a huge transformation with

my fellow Katzenjammers, the affair never ended. I married the love of my life, the smartest and most interesting person I've ever met, Scott Clemons '90 (side note: we ran against each other for music director... he got his chance after I graduated). And the whole Katzenfamily has stayed together. We were—and are—a quirky bunch, and not NCETO a week has gone by when I haven't been in contact with these amazing people, far-flung though we may be. It has also been a point of pride to befriend the Katzenjammers who came before and after us, and to share in the incredible musical legacy we have created at

# Reid Kairalla '19

Before I heard the Katzenjammers perform, I never envisioned myself singing in acapella. However, I did find it strange that all of my favorite voices and personalities from Glee and Chapel Choir were members of the same



singers, the "vintage seven," and being so in tune with each other a every beat. Nor will I forget our group's growth following that semester, and the joyful experience of adding

new personas and talents to our ensemble. The KJ's established legacy is a respect for music and each other and I am extremely grateful for the

impression it has le

Nadine Kano '89 Impromptu Katzenjammer My favorite Katzenjammer moments were spurof-the moment. • "Harmonious Twilight," when a small katzencontingent serenaded DC-area tourists with a dreamy rendition of Step Song—appropriately on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. • "Bus fail," when we struggled through Could

You Believe, a new arrangement, on the bus back

from whitewater rafting during Dead Week, after another passenger requested "Hey Princeton, how about a song?" • "Through the Long Night," when we entertained weary fellow travelers during an interminable delay at Charles De Gaulle after our plane back to Newark blew an engine on takeoff, requiring us to return and wait, and

wait, and wait... But the spur-of-the-moment of all spursof-the-moment was "The Quartet." I dare not repeat the details in such a public forum, but let's just stay that this immortal incident will live on in Katzenjammer folklore, at least for "The Quartet's" participants, albeit very likely remixed, and almost certainly embellished, as only great histories are.

Zachary Knower '88 The first time I set foot on Princeton's campus was freshman week of 1984. The grounds were stunning magical almost, with their gothic dorms and groomed stone paths—and when I first attended an evening archsing, "magical" became "entrancing." Could college EVER get better than this?! I'd always loved singing and had performed in many musicals; though my voice was average, I knew I was good at close harmonies. To me, a cappella represented an instant way to fit in, find a crew of friends, and make music.

I went out for the all-male groups at first; luckily I was "hosed" (the term of the time) by all of them. The first time I auditioned for the Katzenjammers it was only because a friend had suggested I try co-ed. The audition process was so much friendlier, the group members so fun and inspiring, the repertoire so much more interesting—I realized I'd made a mistake

in overlooking a mixed group and fervently hoped I'd have a chance to rectify it. When I was sung in at whatever hour of the morning, I was deliriously happy.

The Katz became my anchor at Princeton. My most treasured memory is when we spent a week skiing at Stowe during intersession my sophomore year—free lodging, tickets, and food in return for gigs. A spectacular arrangement! On one of my trips down the mountain, I was with three other group members; we started down a long, lazy trail, stopping for a breather after a few hundred feet. We realized there were exactly four of us, one of each voice part (SATB)—a perfect quartet! We performed an impromptu concert on the trail: snow falling, breathtaking valley view beckoning, appreciative

skiers passing on the chairlift overhead and clapping. It's

Steven Lauritano '05 \*09

I cannot imagine Princeton without the fellowship, the

hijinks and the soundtrack provided by the Katzenjammers.

Now, more than a decade later, so many of my Katzenjammer

memories retain a surround-sound, technicolor vividness: my

"Danny Boy" in the taprooms of Tower and Terrace, a wild

first recording session in the chapel, countless renditions of

night at the Funky Butt in New Orleans, ringing the gong

to terrorize a sleepy campus and welcome new members, a

locked-in performance of "Ave Verum Corpus" on stage in

Sligo. When I joined the Katzenjammers I was introduced

to a new level of intensity with regard to musical standards,

rehearsal time and unbridled revelry.

That same intensity characterizes

the unique legacy of the group

within the lager a cappella

community at Princeton. To

understand this, try listening

to a recording of "You're No

"Gospel Tropes."

Good," "'Round Midnight," or

an indelible experience in my mind.

Joyce Lin-Conrad '02

voice teacher Marty Elliot S'82 insis

I audition for the group during my

first few weeks on campus. I was a bit of a choral music snob at the time and thought a cappella was frivolous.

I have many treasured Katzeniammer

TB'01 and Ryan Brandau TB'03.

memories, including singing at the Rockefeller Center ice skating

during our Seattle tour, recording in the Princeton Chapel, newbie

arches, riding the Dinky together, ordering steak tartare in Paris,

bringing to life new arrangements by the likes of Graham Meyer

that impossibly delicious sangria Adrienne Criddle S'01 always

made even though she had never tasted it, and rehearsing and

My most treasured memory, though, has to be the moment

President Shirley Tilghman kicked off the KatzenJam in the

fall of 2001. At the opening of the concert, in response to the

question "Who let the Katz out?," she appeared on stage and

proclaimed, "I let the Katz out! Now let the Jam begin!" She

banged the Katzengong with gusto, then sat in the front row of

Richardson Auditorium and stayed for the entirety of what was a

beautiful evening of music making. Many months later during her

mentioned the Katzenjammers' invitation to perform as one of the

I see friendship, love, and the power of music to bring us together

as the Katzenjammer legacy. My husband of 18 years, Mark Conrad

T'01, was the smiley guy at the welcome table when I walked up to

the Rocky Common Room for my audition in the fall of 1998. Ryan

Adrienne Criddle McConkie '01

call, that familiar ascending 4th (in my day), from

From my first days on campus, I knew that I wanted to be a Katzenjammer. I

belonged to an acapella group in high

Katzenjammers and introduced me to

those same wonderful arrangements of

jazz, pop, and classical music sung under

school. Our director was a fan of the

some of the best Katzen-repertoire.

Upon arriving at Princeton, I heard

the resonant archways on campus.

I remember being delighted whenever I heard the Katen-

somewhere across campus. That sound told me that there

My most treasured memories are of times that we joined,

arm-in-arm, to make beautiful music under those Gothic

individuals with different personalities, talents, backgrounds

and interests, but I enjoyed the feeling of belonging and the

joy in music-making that I experienced from the time I first

heard that gong enter my bedroom freshman year until my

final arch sing at graduation. It was transcendent to begin

"Round Midnight" with quiet intensity and perfect unison

or to reach the dramatic crescendo in "Bogoroditse Devo."

Last month I was on a hiking trail near Lake Michigan with

my family. Our family frequently uses the Katzen-call. I was

temporarily separated from my children and husband, so I

let out an ascending 4th and relished hearing that distant,

arches. The Katzenjammers was an eclectic group of

is godfather to my daughter, Penelope, who loves to sing. I am so

grateful for these lifelong bonds. Katzenjammers, forever!

was a friend nearby.

familiar response.

highlights of her first year as president of Princeton.

commencement address at my graduation in the spring of 2002, she

rink during the winter holiday season, visiting New Orleans and

Vermont for the first time, decorating cookies and watching The

Exorcist on Halloween while staying with Nadine Kano S'89

Obviously, I was misinformed.

I became a Katzenjammer because my

### Stephanie Kornblum '93



of singers that always seemed to have fun and be in the middle of the University's action. I wanted to be a part of that energy and these amazing people were so much more. The support, love and combined purpose of this group to bring gorgeous music to the arches of

Princeton and beyond was central to my college experience. While we took amazing trips, sang for incredible people, and worked hard, my favorite moments were always those that were spontaneous: a late night unplanned sing in an arch; hanging out late night talking for hours;

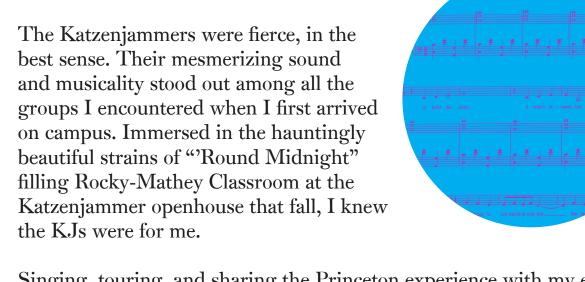
aughing as we were piled into cars to drive to a show or a tour; listening to our talented Katz play piano or another instrument; welcoming in the newbies. A few other amazing memories: "Ticket" being sung to me as I was welcomed into the Katzenjammers; Singing for Jimmy Stewart and his lovely wife at 21 Club in NYC;

Singing for President Bush (with a leg cast on at the time); late summer trips to NY State to rehearse and bond; singing for our supper in New Orleans, Stowe, VT, Chicago and many other places; strip Rochambeau in the back of a van; acapella jams at Tufts and Richardson Auditorium; recording albums; visiting Katzen-alums in NYC; ARCH SINGS; being a part of the most incredible family of creative people who pushed each other to be better, do amazing

things, and be fearless. FINE JOB!!!

Katie (Grim) Kutney '04 The Katzenjammers were fierce, in the best sense. Their mesmerizing sound and musicality stood out among all the groups I encountered when I first arrived on campus. Immersed in the hauntingly beautiful strains of "Round Midnight"

the KJs were for me.



Singing, touring, and sharing the Princeton experience with my extended Katzenjammer family was a true highlight of my life. Thinking back, I'm filled with gratitude and flooded with memories, the most recent and among the most poignant of which actually came 16 years after

It was Mother's Day Weekend 2020, the pandemic full on. My mom texted with one wish: to hear a Katzen-serenade of "To Make You Feel

I emailed a close group of KJs. Within minutes, I got a response; within an hour, we had a group ready to record. Despite the years that had passed, this impromptu Katzen-cohort did not hesitate to press pause, warm up, and lay voice parts independently to be patched into a fulllength recording by Ryan Brandau '03, our inimitable and beloved music

The result was heartwarming and to my mom, "swoon-worthy". Hearing these familiar voices, as beautiful as ever, I was transported right back to that evening in Rocky-Mathey Classroom.

This connection, beyond music and words, is the essence of the Katzenjammers. I saw it as an undergrad when alumni came back to sing with us. I heard it in the fresh interpretation each successive music director brought to arrangements penned by earlier Katzenjammers. And I felt it in my soul.

To the Katzenjammers of today and tomorrow, "fine job."

### Alex Laurenzi '20

There are too many stories to share, but in some ways, the memories that resonated the most with me were not the extraordinarily spectacular ones, but the quotidian, ordinary ones: the day-to-day, week-to-week privileged ritual of participating in this group. It wasn't one gig, tour moment, or hilarious social memory that captured my love for the group, but the consistency for which I was blessed to experience this group in its fullest expression. I loved the totality of the experience—the social experiment of leading 12-15 incredibly talented but quirky individuals the expansion of our repertoire with new jazz arrangements, and the pleasure of doing this all with my best friend Harry at my side.

Leaving campus and the group prematurely in my senior spring pecause of the Covid pandemic, I felt that the main thing I was losing was the final hurrah with my KJ family. My time in the group had a special beginning and end. Against their wishes, I was drunk during m pick up in Blair Arch, but it was a happy kind of drunk—I guess I was already joining the

group on my own terms;) For our unexpected final arch, the group sent us off with some of my arrangements. Although not as much on my own terms, the send-off was fitting: back in Blair Arch where I had started, but forever shaped, changed, and stamped by the family that I had given my all to as a musician and a leader.



Yong G. Lee '86

I actually didn't want to become a Katzenjammer — not per se, at least. During my first week at Princeton, I happened to see a poster on a lamppost inviting new students to audition for the Katzenjammers, a "singing group" (I was clueless as to what that was at the time). Because I had a good experience singing in a church choir in high school, I decided to check it out — and the rest is history,

It's hard to choose [a most treasured Katzenjammer memory] out of so many, but if I had to, I'd choose the time I got a knock on my dorm room door early on a Sunday morning, after the call-back auditions. When I opened the door, bleary-eved, there were the Katzenjammers, serenading me with "Ticket to Ride," and welcoming me to the group. What a shock it was! And what a great tradition. I hope it

In a word, I see the Katzenjammer legacy as being both (i) the first (and best) co-ed singing group at Princeton and (ii) a group of super-nice and supertalented women and men who not only love singing

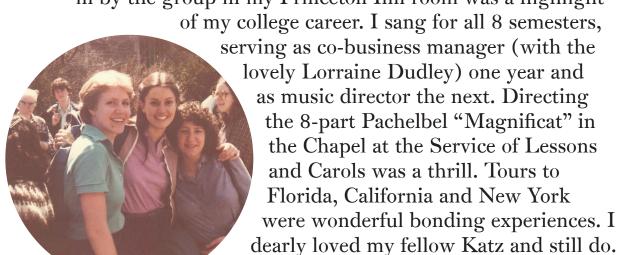


continues to this day.

but also take the music seriously

# Mark Lowitt '83

I learned about the Katzenjammers because Marty Pansey, my friend from Interlochen (National Music Camp) was a sophomore Katz soprano when I arrived as a freshman. I remember the first time I heard the group at Blair Arch during Freshman week and immediately knowing that this was going to be the group for me. Nancy Mensch's huge smile that day sealed the deal. My tryout song was a lovely but kind of grim Schubert lied lol. The night I was sung in by the group in my Princeton Inn room was a highlight



# Geoff McDonald '07

From the first Katzenjammers set I ever heard—this would have been freshman orientation week—I was struck by the range of the repertoire, the complexity of the arrangements, and the beauty of the singing. My sense from the very first encounter was that it took a rather specific, rather intense kind of person to commit that much time and energy to extracurricular singing. I thought: Wait, I'm super intense about music these are my people! After joining, I learned that the group's committed musicmaking walked in stride with its members' deep commitment to each other. Being in the Katzenjammers taught me how mutually

reinforcing those commitments are, and that lesson has kept me in group musicmaking ever since. Making music with people you care about is the tops. I also want to express my gratitude to my KJ cohort's patience with or, rather, tolerance of—me. As music director, I zeroed in on those qualities

that had first impressed me (range and complexity of repertoire) and kept the knob turned well and truly UP on them. It probably wasn't always easy to have a maniac perfectionist rehearsing them into the ground, but I hope they had at least some fun. In the fondest of my KJ memories, it's late at night, after a long rehearsal, and we're all grinning under an otherwise empty arch having nailed a demanding song for the first time. No audience. We were just singing for each other.

# Mike Mulshine '16

I had no idea who the Katzenjammers were before my second year at Princeton. In the Fall of my sophomore year, I joined the Glee Club. Little did I sing before Elliot Horlick (T'15) approached me and directly informed me of the group's existence and suggested that I audition in the fall. I didn't audition in the fall (I didn't think I wanted to do a Cappella), but throughout that semester the KJ recruiting forces multiplied in size and cornered me at every opportunity: first Elliot, then Miles Yucht (B'15), then Dina Murokh (A'14), then Tova Bergsten (S'15), then Teddy Depuy (T'16), then non-Glee Clubbers like Abby Kelly (S'15) and Maeve Brady (A'15). I finally caved and auditioned in the winter singing "Feelin' Good" by Nina Simone. I

One of my most treasured memories is singing "When Somebody Loved Me" with Elliot (T'15), Teddy (B'16), Miles (B'15), and David Mazumder (B'17) on the deck behind my childhood home. My grandpa was tenor in a barbershop quartet for many years, and this particular song and context really recalled his presence... Both of the Katzenjammer trips to my childhood home were very special memories for me thank you all for joining me there. I also loved our tours and bonding experiences in Vermont, Louisiana, and

had no choice... but I have no regrets

The Katzenjammers have always prioritized group proficiency and breadth of repertoire over superficial polish and pop appeal. We approach our music through the music (not our image). The same can be said about how we like to have fun: no holding back, no concealing our quirks and idiosyncrasies—the Katzenjammers are as \*real\* as it gets.

Kevin Leong '91

When I got to campus, I knew I didn't want to join an a cappella group. But after a semester attending my friends' arch sings, there was only one whose music and musicality I connected with. I remember hearing the Katzenjammers sing "Too Much of Nothing," "Offering/Prelude #24," and "A Taste of Honey" and was hooked. As one of the last freshmen to audition for any small group, I received a lot of

pressure to try out for several of them

that spring. But I knew I wanted to be

we now pass on to all those in our lives.

the first time, I would try again.

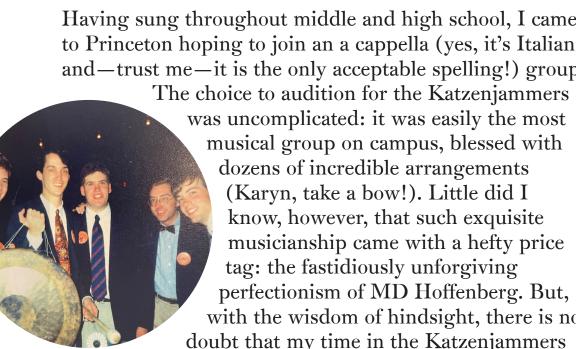
Katzenjammers.

a Katzenjammer, and if I didn't make it

I was an engineer in college, but now I'm a conductor. (I love trains.) I thank the Katzenjammers for giving me my first experience as a conductor and a musical leader. It allowed me to understand just how important making choral music is. Every rehearsal I conduct these days begins with some of the same warmups Karyn Joaquino did with us when I first got in to the

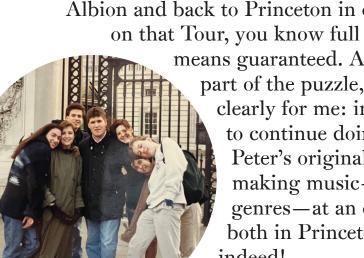
The Katzenjammers should be proud of fostering young performers in a serious and fun musical environment. Whether or not we grew up to be musicians, our time in the Katzenjammers shaped our lives in ways we would not fully value until much later. Whether we know it or not, the positivity we took from our Katzenjammer experience

### Giorgio Francesco Mandelli (aka "Cynic") '95



made me a better singer, and gifted me the added bonus of lifelong friendships (variously forged over a pitchpipe or a beer or two). (I trust the foregoing is sufficiently saccharine.)

When it comes to treasured Katzen-memories, there are too many to recall, and, truth be told, they probably are best left unsullied by the written word. But, if pressed I would have to single out organising the 1994 London Tour, and, critically, getting everyone to perfidious Albion and back to Princeton in one piece. If you were on that Tour, you know full well that it was by no means guaranteed. As for the Kazten-legacy



part of the puzzle, it comes into focus very clearly for me: in the simplest terms, it is to continue doing justice to Mimi and Peter's original vision by consistently making music—across a multitude of genres—at an exceptionally high level both in Princeton and beyond. Fine job

# Graham Meyer '01

Even during my first callow exposure to Princeton's a cappella groups at Freshman Week, the quality of the Katzenjammers' musicianship stood out. The other groups dabbled in jazz, but for the Katzenjammers. those added-tone harmonies sounded as simple as breathing, and no other group devoted such a

substantial amount of effort to classical. This meant much less effort spent on choreography, skits, or flash of any kind. I don't think we were ever funny to anyone but ourselves. But the music was paramount, we all tacitly agreed, and it shows through in how many of us went on to careers in music, especially in

Along those lines, a moment that epitomizes what I consider the essence of the Katzenjammers occurred in either my junior or senior year, rehearsing Rachmaninoff's "Bogoroditse

are our own beings, and we can make fire. If I'm being totally honest, I have to admit that a big

choral music.

Devo" from his All-Night Vigil late one night in Woolworth. At the climax of the piece, on the heels of a dreamy shared soprano-tenor line, the basses re-enter after a long rest and propel the ensemble to a big, triadic fortissimo. The group hit this loud chord in a live room with such unity of timbre and intonation that the room practically crackled with overtones, filling our ears to the highest reaches of human hearing. The electricity of the moment, in the first years of carving our adult lives, choosing music with each other, was an awakening: We are free, we

reason I joined the Katzenjammers was for the girls. I did marry one.