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# Lurline Purvis

Lurline Purvis lived at Judson House as a full-time student from September 1965 to June 1966.

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**H**ow I managed to complete my second year of graduate work at Columbia University while living at Judson House will always be a mystery to me. This was the year I became a student of life rather than a student of social work. I did not miss a play, a concert, a dance recital, a church service, or a lecture, all at Judson Church. I ushered, I painted sets, I sewed costumes. Just when I thought I could get some time in to study, Julie Kurnitz would show up in the kitchen with her guitar. Her impromptu performances were not to be missed!

The one night that stands out from all others is the blackout of November 1965. The most amazing thing was to be able to look up from Washington Square and actually see the stars. It was magical! The blackout was also an excuse for a candlelit banquet at which we ate what the cook had prepared for us and as much as we could of the refrigerated leftovers. I was glad I did not have to clean up the next morning.

That night Al Carmines came by and visited me. On this rare occasion he sat on the floor with his back to the window on Thompson Street sipping wine and smoking. Like travelers meeting by chance, we shared our truths. And when the evening was over we were off again to our different destinations.

I remember many of the artists who showed at the Judson Gallery (there was a door that opened between the Student House and the Gallery.) Sometimes the artists were hungry and our food would disappear. I was utterly charmed by Yoko Ono's barefoot daughter, three years old as I recall, when Yoko showed and, I believe, slept in the gallery. When Yoko asked for a loan, I was unable to refuse.

Jon Hendricks's room had poetry and sketches on the walls and door. I was often tempted to decorate in the same fashion, but my concern about the paint always stopped me.

It was difficult to sleep on weekend nights. The traffic in the Village was bumper to bumper from early evening until the wee hours of the morning. For a while, an a cappella doo wop group would give a concert at 2:30 a.m. on Sunday morning on the corner of Thompson and Third, mostly singing off key. Only heavy rain or frigid cold would keep them away.

### **GRIMY BATHROOM—YECH!**

I will never forget the unspeakably grimy bathroom. The shower was so mildewed that I became an expert at sponge-bathing in the sink in my room and finding excuses to bathe in other people's homes.

Behind all the events were the relationships in the house. Tom Roderick was a wonderful friend who could be coaxed from his books to take a long walk night or day. Jack Matlaga always had a kind and encouraging word. I learned every beat and lyric of the Beatles' "Rubber Soul" through the wall of my next-door neighbor Sandy Padilla. Other events that stand out are Ed Brewer's lectures on baroque music and Jon Hendricks's on contemporary art.

No living experience of mine has ever been as rich or as stimulating. One might say that for a while I was a "culture junkie." I would never have imagined that I could survive and even enjoy the quiet life I now lead on the Gulf Coast of Florida. However, all things have their time and place. And for the time and place in the Village I will always be grateful. Here's to the spirit of the Judson Student House!

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**LURLINE PURVIS ASLANIAN**

lives in Florida.