
Paul Richter

Paul Richter spent time at Judson House in the mid-1960s. _____

The 1960s are a blur to me. I can't remember how I found Judson House, although it was probably because I had seen some of Al Carmines's productions. I seem to have materialized there in December 1964. I do know that I spent the entire summer of 1965 and parts of the summers of 1966 and 1967 at the student house. During the summer of 1965, a contingent of foreign students, mostly from Israel, were staying there. They were a friendly, lively group, and I remember having good times and good parties. I have forgotten a lot, but I can still hear Willie Mae's voice ringing through the house.

I have one clear recollection. I took a group of these students to Shea Stadium for a baseball game, using discount coupons from milk cartons. It was a bad year for the Mets, and the game was a tight pitcher's battle. None of the students understood the game. Given that nothing *seemed* to be happening and yet the fans were going wild, they concluded that Americans were even nuttier than they had imagined.

My closest friend in the house was Beverly Waite and I hung out with her most of the time.

I remember going to an agape service at Judson and hearing music played by the guitarist boyfriend of Davida, a Judson House resident, who played the solo guitar in the production of *Man of La Mancha*, which was then playing in the Village.

The Judson community was a mixed bag of hippie artists, scruffy students, antiwar and pro-choice activists (Howard was very much in the forefront here), and admirable missionary ladies. It was one of the more interesting places on the planet, and the summer of 1965 was the happiest one of my life.

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