

we are part of the desert—  
which we are right at that minute—  
but we are not the desert,  
uh...  
we are part of the desert,  
and when we go home  
we take with us that part of the desert that the desert gave us,  
but we're still not the desert.  
It's an important differentiation to make because you  
don't know  
what you're giving if you don't know what you have and  
you don't  
know what you're taking if you don't know what's yours  
and what's  
somebody else's.

## Anonymous Lubavitcher Woman Static

(This interview was actually done on the phone. Based on what she told me she was doing, and on the three visits I had made to her home for other interviews, I devised this physical scene. A Lubavitcher woman, in a wig, and loose-fitting clothes. She is in her mid-thirties. She is folding clothes. There are several children around. Three boys of different ages are lying together on the couch. The oldest is reading to the younger two. A teen-age girl with long hair, a button-down-collar shirt, and skirt is sweeping the floor.)

Well,  
it was um,  
getting toward the end of Shabbas,  
like around five in the afternoon,  
and it was summertime  
and sunset isn't until about eight, nine o'clock,  
so there were still quite a few hours left to go  
and my baby had been playing with the knobs on the  
stereo system  
then all of a sudden he pushed the button—  
the *on* button—  
and all of a sudden came blaring out,  
at full volume,  
sort of like a half station  
of polka music.  
But just like with the static,  
it was blaring, blaring



and we can't turn off,  
we can't turn off electrical,  
you know electricity, on Shabbas.  
So um,  
uh...  
there was—  
we just were trying to ignore it,  
but a young boy that was visiting us,  
he was going nuts already, he said  
it was giving him such a headache could we do something  
about it,  
couldn't we get a baby  
to turn it off;  
we can't make the baby turn it off but if the baby,  
but if a child under three  
turns something on or turns something off it's not  
considered against the Torah,  
so we put the baby by it and tried to get the baby to turn it off,  
he just probably made it worse,  
so the guest was so uncomfortable that I said I would go  
outside  
and see if I can find someone who's not Jewish and see if  
they would  
like to—  
see if they could turn it off,  
so you can have somebody who's not Jewish do a simple  
act like  
turning on the light or turning off the light,  
and I hope I have the law correct,  
but you can't ask them to do it directly.  
If they wanna do it of their own free will—

so I went outside  
and I saw  
a little  
boy in the neighborhood  
who I didn't know and didn't know me—  
not Jewish, he was black and he wasn't wearing a  
yarmulke because you can't—  
so I went up to him and I said to him  
that my radio is on really loud and I can't turn it off,  
could he help me,  
so he looked at me a little crazy like,  
Well?  
And I said I don't know what to do,  
so he said okay,  
so he followed me into the house  
and he hears this music on so loud  
and so unpleasant  
and so  
he goes over to the  
stereo  
and he says, "You see this little button here  
that says on and off?  
Push that in  
and that turns it off."  
And I just sort of stood there looking kind of dumb  
and then he went and pushed it,  
and we laughed that he probably thought:  
And people say Jewish people are really smart and they  
don't know  
how to turn off their radios.

## George C. Wolfe 101 Dalmations

(The Mondrian Hotel in Los Angeles. Morning, Sunny. A very nice room. George is wearing denim jeans, a light blue denim shirt, and white leather tennis shoes. His hair is in a ponytail. He wears tortoise/wire spectacles. He is drinking tea with milk. The tea is served on a tray, the cups and teapot are delicate porcelain. George is sitting on a sofa, with his feet up on the coffee table.)

I mean I grew up on a black—  
a one-block street—  
that was black.  
My grandmother lived on that street  
my cousins lived around the corner.  
I went to this  
Black— Black—  
private Black grade school  
where  
I was extraordinary.  
Everybody there was extraordinary.  
You were told you were extraordinary.  
It was very clear  
that I could not go to see *101 Dalmations* at the Capital  
Theatre  
because it was segregated.  
And at the same time  
I was treated like I was the most extraordinary creature  
that had  
been born.  
So I'm on my street in my house,