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.

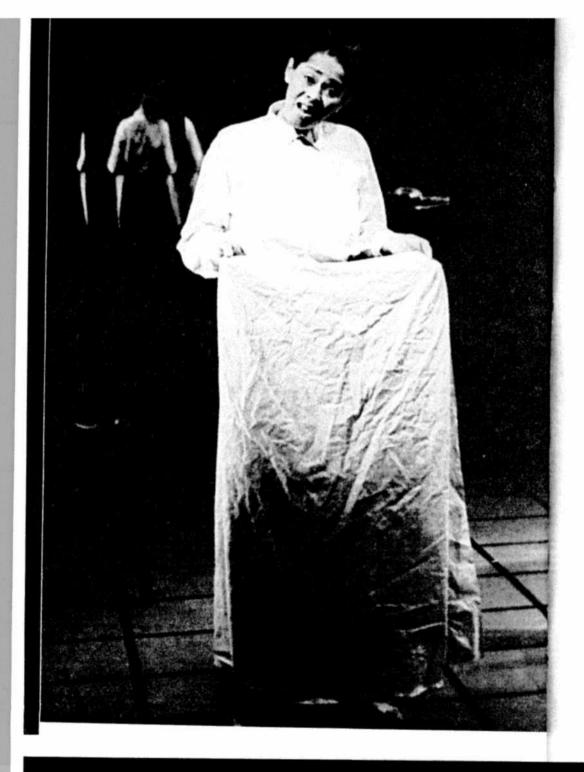
## Anonymous Lubavitcher Woman Static

(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—

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 waswe 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 tosee 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-

really mount got some benefit from it too. so I went outside and I saw a little boy in the neighborhood who I didn't know and didn't know menot Jewish, he was black and he wasn't wearing a yarmulke because you can'tso 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

## 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 blacka one-block streetthat 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

been born.

So I'm on my street in my house,

how to turn off their radios.

that had