



A PASSOVER SEDER 2013

A PASSOVER SEDER

I don't have the time. It would take me too long to go through all of the math.

-Paul Ryan

IN PREPARATION FOR A PASSOVER SEDER

Before the Seder do what you would have were there not going to be a Seder. Know that people everywhere believe in (God) and that terrible things are being committed in (God)'s name at this very moment. Ask yourself: How do I live in this world? Keep food prep times under 15 minutes when cooking for the Seder, as if an angry posse of weremermaids were swimming toward the beachfront cottage in which you thought you could just take the weekend off with out anyone texting you this time, but no, the weremermaids have texted you, just to add insult to injury and you have to get away fast and throw your phone in the ocean and hide all the meat. If you cannot prepare your food quickly, place it in a satchel and go to sleep. Have Gypsy Starshine and his girlfriend Utopia break down your door, yelling "Rhythm is a dancer!" in the dead of night, LED-encrusted knives clutched in their teeth. Yell a complicated string of letters and numbers with the combination 25-NBO something something into the faces of the Starshines, evade their glazed looks, grab the satchel, dash from your house, arrive at the Seder.

A NOTE ON IRONY:

If there anything that doing A Passover Seder for 16 years has taught me, it's that people shouldn't drink blue stuff out of Windex bottles. But also I learned that irony can be a force that fights against meaning. I don't want to poop on anyone's dancefloor, though, so feel free to say "Hence The Irony" after prayers for the sake of nostalgia for past Seders, or to express the irony that by being "sacrilegious" we are having a ritual experience, but also feel free to say anything else that you'd like, much the same way that the word (God) is treated elsewhere.

PROBABLY ONLY A FEW OF YOU ARE WONDERING BUT YOU SHOULD STILL KNOW:

The use of pronouns will always be permitted at A Passover Seder.

WE ARE THE... WHAT?

So.... America's all sequestered, we're fucked, we're broke. A consortium of concerned citizens has approached you with the idea of a new kind of fundraiser for the 21st century, a song, for America! To sing out to the world so everyone can come together, and, um, give us money. Bail us out, so to speak. Just like we used to do for everyone else, and hey, now it's our turn! Please write the lyrics to this song on the paper in front of you.

ORDER OF A SEDER

- 1. The First Cup**
- 2. Dirty, Dirty, Dirty**
- 3. Great Green Gobs**
- 4. Fragmentation**
- 5. The Second Cup**
- 6. A Passover Story**
- 7. Oy! It Would Have Been Enough!**
- 8. Rebirth**
- 9. We Now Return To A Passover Story**
- 10. Hillel, or: Make Your Own Passover Story**
- 11. The Fourth Cup**
- 12. The Festival Meal**

THE FIRST CUP

All read:

Thank you, (God), for providing us this weed. With it we can forget things that we need help forgetting. With it we may gain an important illusion of critical distance, but instead we may just get stupid. So let us not trust in this critical distance, for the more we smoke it, the smaller the chance we will find it, and the greater the chance that we will whirl around in a paranoid, neurotic feedback loop. A paranoid, neurotic feedback loop. A paranoid, neurotic feedback loop. With it we make pretty things, and think they are much prettier than they actually are. OH GOD LOOK AT THE PUGGLES JUST LOOK AT EM! We will try not to smoke pot all the time and forget about You, d00d, but, um, you should have, um, what? You should have... you definitely should have something. So let us say, ('Hence The Irony!')

Leaning on the left side, smoke the first cup, as long as you don't work for a multinational corporation with random drug testing, or it won't put you to sleep, or you don't want to get stoopid, or maaaaaan, you just don't, OK? Also, while you're at it, fill the

second cup while you're waiting for those dirty hippies to finish.

DIRTY, DIRTY, DIRTY

Do not wash your hands, and do not say the blessing. Why wash your hair? It's just going to get dirty again anyway.

GREAT GREEN GOBS

The 'master' of the 'house' takes a bit of parsley or some other green thing and dips it in some salt water and distributes it to everyone at the table. Before eating the parsley, say this prayer:

Thank you, (God), for providing us this vegetable. Sorry about fucking up the Earth so badly, but WE GOTTA FIDDLE WHILE THIS SHIT BURNS BABY! WHEN WE RUN OUT OF OIL WE'RE GONNA LIKE GET ON A BIO-FUELED SPACESHIP AND GO UP INTO SPACE AND LIKE FLY THAT SHIT INTO THE SUN JUST LIKE NICK CAGE AND BURN UP LIKE SPACE TOAST! SPAAAAACE TOOOOAST!!!! And let us say, (Hence the Irony!)

FRAGMENTATION

Before the group reads the following text, the 'master' of the 'house' breaks the middle matzah in the plate. He leaves half of it there and excuses himself to the bathroom. Maybe he's hiding the other half, and maybe if anyone can find it after the meal has been eaten, they will win a *special prize*.

A book says that many years ago the Jews were slaves in Egypt. The book we are reading tonight is a translation of a Haggadah prepared by the Ktav Publishing House in New York City in 1949. That book is a translation of the story of the Exodus in the Bible, a written version of an oral text about Jew-persecution and Jew-flight. This translation is an attempt to reassemble fragments handed down through history to piece them together into something that we can relate to and try to understand.

A book says that many years ago the Jews were slaves in Egypt. Like roughly half of the rituals in the Jewish tradition, Passover celebrates our survival. As the ritual begins we imagine ourselves as slaves, and through the recitation of the story we are liberated. To facilitate our metaphorical liberation we get drunk, kick back and recline. And then we drunkenly ask ourselves, is this working? Are we liberated yet?

This Seder has always been a struggle to create belief within the commodified, homogenized world that we live in. Is this kind of struggle the

privilege of those who are able to take their own freedom for granted? If the freedom we celebrate at the end of this ritual is grounded in oppression, how can we claim to be free at all? As a wise man once wrote, "The great oppressor? Now it's me and you. It's no longer punk to be a Jew." We begin to recite our story of the Jews when the youngest person sitting at the table asks four questions.

THE FOUR QUESTIONS

Note: The youngest person at the table should really be Kevin Messman. If you do not have Kevin Messman at your Seder, you must make do some other way. Feel free to substitute your own question for the question in parenthesis.

On all other nights, we may work on projects, blog, thinkerate, code, make art, inebriate, recover from another miserable, or maybe awesome, who knows, but maybe a little draining, day in capitalism, place block text on top of images of animals doing zany antics, wonder how everyone got so convinced that being shafted was The American Way, or watch some echidna puggles on the Internets. Again. Tonight we sit around a table with a bunch of people who we might or might not know, enacting a ritual which many of us have never participated in before. (Yo, 'sup wit dat?)

On all other nights, we can eat bread if we want to. Tonight we are obligated to eat matzah instead. And the process has to be supervised by a Jew from the moment the wheat is cut from the shaft, and baked within 15 minutes of having been exposed to moisture, or it ain't Kosher. (Yo, 'sup wit **dat?**)

On all other nights, most of us would not eat any bitter herbs. Those of us who might would do so without considering them bitter, or even as herbs. Tonight we'll be eating bitter herbs at least once, calling them "bitter herbs," and making various concoctions with them. (Yo, 'sup wit dat?)

Let's face it, on all other nights, many of us slouch. But tonight we are supposed to recline even if we have good posture, or our chairs are very uncomfortable. (Yo, 'sup wit **dat?**)

THE SECOND CUP

All read:

Thank you, (God), for providing us this wine. With it we can say things which we may ordinarily never say and do things which we may ordinarily have far too much self-consciousness and dignity to do. Indeed, we can both say and do these things and not regret it until the next morning, if we

are unfortunate enough to remember them at all. And let us say, (Hence the Irony!)

Sip or Drink The Second Cup. If you don't finish it now, please finish it during A Passover Story.

A PASSOVER STORY

Note: The word 'kibitz' is pronounced sort of by compressing the words "kibbles and bits" together, taking the "kib" from kibbles, and the "bits" from bits. The word 'Laban' is pronounced "Lay-ban", like you are laying down in front of the Bagger 288 to try to enact a fracking ban.

All repeat: Kibbles and bits and bits and bits! Meaty Bone is a barking good treat, bark if you like meat! Arf! Arf! Arf!

We read this story tonight because the Jews are a hardy race of people who are pretty good at surviving whenever someone tries to kill them. Even now that the Jews live in relative plenty and security, they are not very interested in being killed again. This story is a reminder that indeed, everyone is out to get us, and that a certain amount of paranoia and xenophobia is in our own self interest. It is unfortunate that this reminder has perhaps been taken too literally and seriously by many, many people.

There are those out there, Freud among them, who believed Passover was a metaphor for reaffirming the Jewish tradition and explaining a time in history in which many people converted to Judaism. In this interpretation, the ten plagues represent the pagan gods of the Egyptians, the Jews were never really slaves (except in a metaphorical way, to said pagan gods), and Moses was an Egyptian. If a scholar was to smoke a dip and try to puzzle out this metaphor, it might sound a little like this:

All rap in slow motion:

Moses! Was a hero to most!

But he never meant shit, meant shit to me!

Straight up bullshit, bullshit that story was

Best be fearin' him

I saw him sippin syrup, sippin syrup, with Laban The Syrian!

Anyway, I digress, digress. Once freed, the Jews are led out of Egypt to wander into the desert for 40 years which serve as a sort of womb for their rebirth. They have no responsibilities, wander aimlessly, and are fed by God. As they receive the 10 commandments from Moses, via

God, they are reborn as a civilization.

So whether or not history is lying to us, we can use the Passover story to enrich our collective understanding of the world we live in. And even if this fails, it's good kibitzing. In biblical times, telling this story was so important that wise old men would sit around and kibitz about when it should be told. They kibitzed about such things as whether the words 'all the days of your life' meant the days and the nights also. There seemed to be a heavy dispute over the difference between 'The days of your life' and 'All the days of your life.' (The Passover story also included a large digression about Laban The Syrian. To this day, countless numbers of Jews do not understand the importance of Laban The Syrian to the Passover Story.

If the story of Laban The Syrian is removed from the Haggadah, you feel a kind of vague loss. That night, you dream that you are standing on a gigantic golden plate with six knee-deep indentations. You stand in the middle of the plate and notice that five of the six indentations are filled with various ritual objects. You are wearing white cotton robes and carrying a shepherd's crook. A beautiful woman approaches you with a golden flask. She commands you to kneel in the sixth indentation, which you do. She then commences to slowly pour the flask over your head. It is filled with Fox's U-Bet chocolate syrup which gooiily slithers down the crown of your head and down your back. The woman lights a match and places it to your forehead. The chocolate syrup ignites in a flaming mass, and as you are engulfed in multicolored flames the only thing you can think is that this offering smells so, so delicious...

Anyway, they kibitzed about whether each of the Plagues that (God) delivered onto Egypt came with Wrath, Indignation, Trouble, and the Messengers Of Evil, or whether they came with His Bruning Anger, Wrath, Indignation, Trouble, and the Messengers Of Evil. A full half of the Passover story involves a bunch of rabbis sitting around and kibitzing about relatively superfluous shit. And now, we are kibitzing about the kibitzing. This completes The Great Circle Of Kibitzing, which along with The Great Circle of Guilt, are the most important tenets of the Jewish faith to transmit from parent to child. There are other fringe benefits to the recitation of a Passover Seder. We affirm our ties, mediated as they may be, to a collective ethnic history that at least some of us share, and others of us fetishize. We also get to say 'delivered us from the house of bondage' a number of times, and to mention Rabbi Jose of Galilea. We can discuss the 'Rod of Moses' and give each other

salacious winks. Also, we learned that the soothsayers said.

To help us understand our connection to the Passover Story, we are given four sons to use as models. Is it a coincidence that there are four sons in the Polenberg family? Each of these sons asks a different question about the Passover story, and each is given an answer about belief.

The first son asks, 'Why has God given us these customs?' Then he goes back to commodities trading. Give him what he wants, for he affirms the system. Teach him to manipulate it for his benefit. Indeed, he will throw some D's on that shit. Oh man that guy has the awesomest healthcare! And he just bought a condo at The Edge, over at the Williamsburg waterfront. I'm pretty sure I saw his surgically enhanced wife through the window reading the New York Times and wearing yoga pants.

The second son asks, 'So what do you really think of this God thing anyway, and all these rituals where we have to wait so long to eat such weird food? And while he used to say "what's with that stuff in the Windex bottle, anyway?," now he just looks pissy. By saying 'You' instead of 'I,' he makes it clear that his attitude is for quitters, and goddammit, winners never quit. He's always hatin' on stuff. He'd probably bring the soda ban back, just to piss people off. And he doesn't even like soda!

The third son asks 'Wuzzat?' He's not very bright. Pat him on the head and say 'God brought us out of the house of bondage. Just keep on keepin' on, kid.' Wipe the drizzle off his chin. The fourth son can't even ask a question. Put words in his mouth for him. Try to make them really good words, even if you aren't a really good person.

Regardless of what Freud thought, and perhaps in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, let's say that something really did happen. It started when the Jews migrated to Egypt, let's say because of a drought. They were then enslaved by the Egyptians because, par for the Jewish course, they excelled without becoming assimilated in their society. That isn't much of a stretch, right? We know that the Jews are no longer slaves because we get to sit around and recontextualize the religion.

Please pause for a second to fill The Third Cup from the weird looking bottle which may or may not have a psychedelic bear on it. It's delicious, I promise.

So the Jews kvetch up to (God), and then (God) saves the Jews from Pharaoh by visiting these ten plagues on the Egyptians, each worse than

the last. This is a good time to point out that there's almost no grief in the Passover ritual. The only time we're supposed to grieve is during our recitation of the plagues. Many Haggadahs don't even bother notifying us that we are supposed to grieve, though they make us spill out drops of wine without telling us why. Instead, they dwell on the aforementioned kibitz-fest by the rabbis about exactly how many attributes of (God) you could attribute to each plague. (It's also important to point out that the more new, postmodern, and Reconstructionist the Haggadah is, the more they try to make a big deal out of the grief thing. The source text, however, was much more about how badass God was than about how bad we felt for smiting the people who had kept us enslaved.) Either way, the Egyptians were fucked. Will plagues be visited upon the Jews for continuing to play the role of Pharaoh in Israel today?

THE TEN PLAGUES

All say: YIKES!

Spill a drop of wine for each of the plagues

**BLOOD
FROGS
VERMIN
BEASTS
CATTLE DISEASE
BOILS
HAIL
LOCUSTS
DARKNESS
SLAYING OF THE FIRST-BORN**

Sing the ten plagues

DAYENU (OY! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH FOR US!)

(note: 'ghe' will be substituted as a gender-neutral pronoun where 'he' would have been used in olden times. It rhymes with 'twee'. The 'h' is silent.)

If we are going to bother to believe in (God), we should believe that Ghe has done a bunch of good stuff for us!

If ghe had brought us out of Egypt

**And not drowned the Egyptians at the Red Sea like lemmings,
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH FOR US!**

If ghe had drowned the Egyptians at the Red Sea like lemmings,
And not let us survive subsequent attempts at genocide,
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH FOR US!

If ghe had let us survive subsequent attempts at genocide,
**And not let us become exceedingly wealthy in the medical and
legal professions,**
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH FOR US!

If ghe had let us become exceedingly wealthy in the medical and
legal professions,
**And not allowed us to dominate a corrupt and tawdry
entertainment industry,**
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH FOR US!

If ghe had allowed us to dominate a corrupt and tawdry
entertainment industry,
And not let us shop at Niketown,
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH FOR US!

If ghe had let us shop at Niketown,
And not given us meat glue,
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH FOR US!

If ghe had given us meat glue,
And not given us Internet pop-up sales,
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH FOR US!

If ghe had given us Internet pop-up sales,
And not given us Voodoo Donuts,
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH FOR US!

If ghe had given us Voodoo Donuts,
And not given us underass,
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH FOR US!

If ghe had given us underass
And not given us Paul Ryan and Rand Paul
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH FOR US!

If ghe had given us Paul Ryan and Rand Paul,
And not given us the MQ-1 Predator,
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH FOR US!

If ghe had given us the MQ-1 Predator,
And not given us this dumbass sequester,
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH FOR US!

If ghe had given us this dumbass sequester,
And not given us the sad, potentially terminal decline of
American discourse and foreign and domestic policy,
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FUCKING ENOUGH, OKAY?

REBIRTH?

All read:

In previous incarnations of A Passover Seder, we would enact our own death by drinking a suspicious-looking blue liquid out of a Windex bottle right about now. OK, we're still not going to do that. But really, isn't it starting to be that time where we do this again? I mean, we can continue to say this nice passage about living, and persevering and growing and celebrating our rebirth as more feeling people, remaining firm in our beliefs, yet open and questioning enough to change them when necessary, and not abandoning a thirst for the truth, but doesn't reading the news or just thinking about what's going on in the world, but especially here, just make you think about throwing back a nice refreshing glass of the blue shit? So let us say, (Hence The Irony!)

Drink the Third Cup

WE NOW RETURN TO A PASSOVER STORY

The three important symbols of the Passover Meal are...

THE PASSOVER OFFERING

THE MATZAH

THE BITTER HERBS

Point to the Offering:

The Passover Offering reminds us that God gave us a chance to spare our first-born children. It also gives us a convenient name for the holiday. So I asks Siri, and she says to me, "Like, Duh! God passed over the houses of

the Jews which were marked with blood from the offering. Google it up, dumbass.”

Point to the Matzah:

The Matzah is here to remind us that we had to tear-ass out of Egypt to get the jump on Pharaoh and his posse, who were all saddled up to bust a cap into us. If we had waited for it to rise, we woulda been slaughtered. So no bread! No corn syrup! No means no!

Point to the Bitter Herbs:

These bitter herbs are here to remind us that being in slavery sucks. Stick a fistful of those bad boys in your mouth. This year, if you ever even took them out, please continue to stick both fists up your ass instead. And don't be getting any of your friends to help you with that, you best do it yourself. And imagine that the water you'd use to wash them down (or up, as the case may be) was owned by a multinational corporation which charges you exorbitant fees for it. Then imagine that the water also comes from runoff from a factory farm and the hormones have caused you to grow the opposite gender's sexual organs. Cup those organs in your hands and stroke them gently. No, no, not like that, like, gently. Now squeeze. Gently.

MATZAH, KVETCH, CHECK!

All read:

Thank you, (God), for giving us something to kvetch about. Matzah, it is dry! And bland! So is suffering! Who likes to suffer? Nobody, but at least you can kvetch about it, which makes it better. For you, at least. So let us kvetch, (Hence The Irony!)

BITTER, ANYONE?

First, combine bitter herbs and charoset on a spoon. Then, all take their cellphones out of their pockets. All cellphone users should find partners with cellphones, preferably sitting next to them. One of the two partners will turn off their cellphone. The other partner will enter the number of the turned-off cellphone into their cellphone. The group should dial the cellphones in synchronicity. When every phone is connected to a voice mailbox, all recite the prayer into the cellphones. Then, eat the bitter herbs and charoset.

Thank you, (God), for saving our ass again. We eat the bitter herbs tonight to remember how bad it was before you saved our asses, but temper it with sweetness because we've suffered enough. Let us remember that we will never be aware of how enslaved we are, and

that we enslave others by doing nothing but living our own American lifestyles. And let us say, (Hence the Irony.)

HILLEL, OR, MAKE YOUR OWN PASSOVER STORY

Before the prayer, make a Hillel Sandwich. Also, fill the Fourth Cup. And fill out the Mad Lib. Say the prayer together. Oy, so many things to do!

THE FOURTH CUP

Thank you, (God), for allowing us to live another year, to pursue our hopes and aspirations, to attempt to strive at the edge of our periphery and stride, unafraid, into the void of mystery. A wise man said: People come and go, and forget to close the door, and leave their stains and cigarette butts trampled on the floor. And when they do, remember me. Some of them are old, and some of them are new, and some of them will turn up when you least expect them to, and when they do, remember me, remember me. So let us say, (Hence The Irony.)

Drink the Fourth Cup

THE FESTIVAL MEAL



NEXT YEAR?