



A PASSOVER SEDER™



A PASSOVER SEDER™



IN PREPARATION FOR A PASSOVER SEDER™

Before the Seder™ do what you would have otherwise were there not going to be a Seder™. Remember that in other lands people still believe in God™ and other complicated systems. Try to watch 'National Geographic™' on television. Keep all preparation times under 15 minutes when cooking for the Passover, as if they were *coming for you* and you had to get away fast. If you cannot prepare your food quickly, place it in a satchel and go to sleep. Have a burly friend break down your door in the dead of night and attempt to take you away. Evade this friend, grab the satchel, dash from your house, arrive at the Seder™.

ORDER OF A SEDER™

1. THE FIRST CUP
2. DIRTY, DIRTY, DIRTY
3. GET GREEN
4. THE SECOND CUP
5. FRAGMENTATION
6. A PASSOVER STORY
7. SELF-SACRIFICE
8. HILLEL, OR MAKE YOUR OWN PASSOVER STORY
9. THE FOURTH CUP
10. THE FESTIVAL MEAL

* Substitute your system's values for the parameters listed under the installing steps on the following pages.

THE FIRST CUP

All read:

Thank you, (God™), for providing us this cannabis. With it we can forget things that we need help forgetting. With it we gain the necessary distance to keep our lives in a sort of order. With it, we make prettier things, and think they are much prettier than they actually are. We will try not to smoke it all the time and forget about You, but You have given us pleasure without guilt and for that You have fallen by the wayside. You probably should have had the foresight to make it act in a way that makes You prettier also. So let us say, 'Hence The Irony!'

Leaning on the left side, smoke the joint.

DIRTY, DIRTY, DIRTY

Wash your hands but do not say the blessing.

Fill the second cup.

GET GREEN

The 'master' of the 'house' takes a bit of parsley 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 had shit to do. But let's not talk about that right now, okay, and let us say, 'Hence the Irony!'

THE SECOND CUP

All read:

Thank you, (God™), for providing us this booze. With it, we can reduce the inhibitions that we usually feel around each other. With it we can say things which we would ordinarily never say and do things which we would ordinarily have far too much self-consciousness to do. With it 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!'

Drink The Second Cup

FRAGMENTATION

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, just maybe, he's hiding the other half, and maybe, just maybe, if anyone can find it after the meal has been eaten, they will win a special prize.

Fill the Third Cup

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, the original story about Jew-persecution and Jew-flight. Our translation is an attempt to reassemble fragments handed down through history and piece them together into a new whole that we can better understand.

A book says that many years ago, the Jews™ were slaves in Egypt. Like most other rituals in the tradition, the Passover ritual celebrates the liberation and survival of the Jews™. Unlike

many, it is also time to kick back, recline, and get wasted. As the ritual starts we imagine ourselves as slaves and we are liberated through the recitation of the story.

A book says that many years ago, the Jews™ were slaves in Egypt. We are surrounded by books, information, fiberoptic resources. Histories are built by sources out of our control, dominated by unspoken agendas. Religion seems more an excuse than a way of life. We rewrite the story and take control. We begin the recitation of our story of the Jews™ when the youngest person sitting at the table recites a series of four questions.

four

THE FOUR QUESTIONS

On all other nights, we may drink, smoke pot, do our homework, watch teevee, recover from another miserable day in capitalism, try to rationalize our lack of moral fiber, or surf the gleaming roads of the information superhighway, baby. 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. What are we doing here anyway?

On all other nights, we can eat bread if we want to. Tonight we are obligated to eat matzah instead. Sup wit dat?

On all other nights, most of us would not eat any bitter herbs. Those of us who might consume bitter herbs would do so without considering them bitter, or even as herbs. I get this funny feeling that tonight we'll be eating bitter herbs at least once and labeling them as such. Huh?

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 comfortable enough. Why the mandatory relaxation?

THE ANSWER

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 aren't very interested in being killed again.

We read this book to remember that distinctions that people today rarely consider used to mean that soldiers could and would break into your house and kill you, just like that.

In biblical times, telling this story was so important that wise old men would sit around and kibitz about when it should be told. These arguments became part of the story itself. They also 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.) To enact this story is to kibitz, and to kibitz is to open up to conversation and connection --to communicate without a palmpilot, a filofax, or an agenda.

There are other fringe benefits to the recitation of a Passover Seder™. We affirm our ties, mediated as they may be, to the collective ethnic history that at least some of us share. We also get to say 'delivered us from the house of bondage' a number of times, and to mention Rabbi Jose of Galilee. We can discuss the 'Rod of Moses™' and give each other salacious winks.

To help us understand how we should be understanding 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? Nobody knows. Each of these four sons asks a different ques-

tion about the Passover story, and is given an important answer about belief.

The first son asks, 'Why has God™ given us these customs?' Give him what he wants, for he affirms the system. Teach him to manipulate it for his benefit. He will earn Nike™ sneakers, a web™ design job, a Miata™.

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 what's with that stuff in the Windex bottle, anyway?' By saying 'You' instead of 'I,' he makes it clear that his hip ironic retrofuturism will not let him believe in any thing that you try to consider real. Tell him he'd have been well fucked back in Ol' Egypt when we were in the house of bondage. No Air Jordans for the second son.

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 wait, and you can eat.' 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.

Archetypal sons notwithstanding, we figure that something really did happen. It started when the Jews™ migrated to Egypt, probably because of a drought. They were then enslaved by the Egyptians because, par for the Jewish course, they excelled without becoming assimilated in the society where they lived. We know that they are no longer slaves because we get to sit around and recontextualize the religion, because we're free.

The cracks in this story's foundation are conveniently mortared up by God™. God™ frees the Jews™ by delivering a series of plagues onto Pharaoh™ until he acquiesces and releases them. There were ten of these Plagues™, each worse than the last. Another kibitz-fest the scholarly Jews™ would engage in was exactly how many attributes of God™ you could attribute to

each plague. The big question: four or five APP (which is to say, 'attributes per plague')? Either way, the Egyptians were flat out fucked.

All say:

YIKES!

THE TEN PLAGUES

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 sure 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 a bunch of lemmings,

It would have been enough for us!

If ghe had drowned the Egyptians at the Red Sea like a bunch of lemmings,

And not let us survive subsequent attempts at genocide,

It would have been enough for us!

If ghe had let us survive subsequent genocidal attempts,

And not let us become exceedingly wealthy in the medical and legal industries,

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 put that huge-ass Nasdaq™ sign in Times Square™ as a symbol of the military-infotainment complex's™ corporate domination,

It would have been enough for us!

If ghe had put that huge-ass Nasdaq™ sign in Times Square™ as a symbol of the military-infotainment complex's™ corporate domination,

And not let Monsanto™ invent the Terminator Gene™ to control poor farmers worldwide,

It would have been enough for us!

If ghe had let Monsanto™ invent the Terminator Gene™ to control poor farmers worldwide

And not given us the World Bank™ and the IMF™ to fuck up the global economy and oppress even more people,

It would have been enough for us!

If ghe had given us the World Bank™ and the IMF™ to fuck up the global economy and oppress even more people,

And not given us Rudy Giuliani™ and an army of racist cops to fuck things up right here in New York City™

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH, OKAY!

SELF-SACRIFICE

All read:

Thank you, (God™), for giving us the ability to trust. We will trust that this blue liquid, poured out of a Windex™ bottle and looking suspiciously like Windex™, will not kill us when we drink it. If we survive this cup, we will have a new and profound trust in each other under less potentially fatal circumstances. And if we don't, it doesn't really matter anyway, does it...? And let us say, 'Hence the Irony!'

Drink the Thrd Cup

Fill the Fourth Cup

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—reputable scientists tell us that God™ passed over the houses of the Jews™ which were marked with

blood from the offering. You'd think an omniscient/omnipotent God™ would have known, no?

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 saddling up to bust a cap into us. If we had waited for it to rise, we woulda been slaughtered.

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. Not so pleasant, huh? But you still have your freedom...

BLESSING OVER THE MATZAH:

All read:

Thank you, (God™), for saving our ass, even if the bread didn't have time to rise. Was that me kibitzing again? I'm sorry. And let us say, 'Hence the Irony.'

BITTER HERBS:

Dip Bitter Herbs in Charoset and say:

Thank you, (God™), for saving our ass again. We eat the bitter to remember how bad it was before you saved our asses, but temper it with sweetness because... well, because we're wussy. And because we have other days for mourning and despair. And let us say, 'Hence the Irony.'

HILLEL. OR. MAKE YOUR OWN PASSOVER STORY

Before the prayer, fill out the Mad Lib™

THE FOURTH CUP

By now, we're, well, kind of fucked up. Thank you, (God™), for giving us the means to get fucked up and enjoy ourselves. And on the subject of inebriation, isn't it a little bit...funny that a ritual about memory has so much alcohol in it? So let us say, 'Hence the Irony.'

THE FESTIVAL MEAL



NEXT YEAR IN JERUSALEM!

DARLING 代替

DARLING