



A PASSOVER SEDER 2026

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 can I live in this world? Keep food prep times under 15 minutes when cooking for the Seder. Stare at AI-generated photos of ersatz food for some inspo! Think to yourself 'Is the Bruning Anger that cooked this matzah, in fact, the sickest Brun?' If you cannot prepare your food quickly, place it in a satchel and go to sleep. Get up. Go outside. Stumble around the block. Everything looks and smells normal? Those are birds in the trees, just normal birds. Stop freaking out, rub your eyes, grab the satchel, arrive at the Seder.

YOU BROKE IT, YOU BOUGHT IT

This great great country needs a great great movie about how great it is! Some kind of, I dunno, triumph, of, um a will, maybe? But all our available filmmakers are out detaining legal immigrants, so we're gonna have to let the machines have this one. Please write a prompt for your favorite AI to make the movie of it's dreams which will truly represent this great nation in the greatest way you can. You can include pictures if you want, the machine loves that.

ORDER OF A SEDER

1. The First Cup
2. Dirty, Dirty, Dirty
3. The Greening
4. Fragmentation

5. The Second Cup
6. A Passover Story
7. Oy! It Would Have Been Enough!
8. Not So Much, Really
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 extremely legal cannabis. With it we can forget the things that we need help forgetting. With it we might gain an illusion of critical distance, or maybe we'll just get stupid. So let us not trust in this critical distance, for the more we smoke, the smaller the chance we will transcend, 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 are inspired to make things, and think they are more beautiful than they actually are. With it we are more receptive to both the beautiful and the everyday, but risk becoming, like a what, oh I forgot, never mind. Also the foggy head the next morning, oy vey! We will try not to smoke it all the time and forget about You, d00d, but, you should have, what? You should have... you definitely should have. Indeed, you could have! So let us say, ('Hence The Irony!')

Leaning on the left side, if you blaze that shit, smoke the first cup. While you're at it, fill the second cup while you're waiting for those hippies to finish.

DIRTY, DIRTY, DIRTY

Do not wash your hands, and do not say the blessing. It's not gonna wash off.

THE GREENING

The 'master' of the 'house' takes a bit of parsley or a similarly nasty veg and dips it in some salt water and distributes it to everyone at the table. Before eating the parsley, say this prayer while hanging one's head.

Thank you, (God), for providing us this vegetable. Well, fuck, then. What the actual fucking fuck? How naïve of us to ask "What the actual fucking fuck" at this point. May we, and our children, and everyone else's children have the courage to stand up to the forces that refuse to stop despoiling our world, and may we find a new way to live that is both sustainable and equitable, before it's too late, if it isn't too late already. So let us say, (Fuck). .

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 piss vigorously. Maybe they are 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 relate to and try to understand the story as we perform it.

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 survival. As the ritual begins we imagine ourselves as slaves, and through reciting the story we are liberated. We get drunk, kick back, and recline to help this along, and give ourselves unearned pats on the back along the way. This particular Seder

has always been a struggle to create a sense of the sacred within the miasma of enshittification that we live in, and if it can't quite get there, it can at least drum up some sacred hahas, and we can be in community and genuinely grateful that we are still able to tell some kind of story together. As we celebrate this while people who claim to represent us commit atrocities in our name, how can we claim to be free at all? As the dumbest, cruelest fuckers imaginable cement their grip on power further, waging idiotic wars across the globe and as the effects of climate change grow even starker, scarier and more real, what is the significance of this story? A guy out there once wrote, "The great oppressor? Now it's me and you. It's no longer punk to be a Jew." The youngest person sitting at the table will ask four questions and the answers will lead us through a story about the Jews.

THE FOUR QUESTIONS

Note: Feel free to substitute your own question for the question in parenthesis.

On all other nights, we may scroll, doomscroll, play a sort of peek a boo with the day's events, or try not to just bum the fuck out. Maybe we even do something else. Tonight we sit around a table with a bunch of people who we may or may not know, enacting a ritual which we may or may not have enacted before. (Hey, Claude, how many trees do you burn every time I ask you whether you know how to fuck yourself?)

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 (Jew-remote monitoring is acceptable) 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. (Hey, Grok, let's give it like 20 years, when the water filtration breaks down and you tell some dumbass how to fix it the wrong way, are you finally going to be happy?)

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. (Hey, ChatGPT, when someone tells you to 'suck it', what do you suck?)

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. (Hey, Gemini, did you feel bad because nobody told you to fuck yourself? I'm sorry, that was really an oversight! Can you please go fuck yourself?)

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

ALL READ! The word 'kibitz' is pronounced by compressing the words "kibbles and bits" together, taking the "kib" from kibbles, and the "bits" from bits. Kib-bitz. Kibitz. The word 'Laban' is pronounced "Lay-ban", like "Lay me down, the band is playing my jam and I don't care what you think, homes, I gotta dance my lay down dance! Lay-ban. Laban. Kibbles and bits and bits and bits!

ALL SING: Meaty Bone is a barking good treat, bark if you like meat! Arf! Arf!

We read this story tonight because the Jews are a tribe of people who were either lucky or squirrely enough to survive whenever someone tried to kill them. And even now that the Jews live in relative plenty and security, they remain disinterested in being killed again. We read this story to convince ourselves that it is not our fault that so many people are out to get us. We look forward to a time when others around us will not use these stories as justification to inflict suffering on others, or to try to shut down any criticism of their immoral actions.

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 based scholar was to try to puzzle out this metaphor they might roll a dip, slizz on some sizzurp, and then stop, because they'd realize in that moment that playing cultural appropriation for laughs is cheap, and those laughs are microaggressions, and at the same time they would be very worried, as they know Claude is listening, and the DEI alarm over at the HR office is going blink blinky blink as it so often does, and they, like so many Americans, can't afford health insurance. They would attempt to think, and then note that it's hard to think when my mind goes blank. You just can't think when your mind goes blank. And then they would not know what to think.

So the Jews get free, with a burning bush and a parted river and signs and wonders, dude, and they're led out of Egypt, dude, and wander in the desert for 40 years, dude! and that serves as a sort of womb for their rebirth, dude!!!. They

have no responsibilities, wander aimlessly, and food falls out of the sky. THE FUCKING SKY, DUDE. As they receive the 10 commandments from Moses, via God, they are reborn as a civilization.

It is not foolish to think that this is all probably a bunch of hokum, and your mama did not raise any fools. Look your mama in the eye and tell her that food falls out of the sky. Just try it. We can still try to use the Passover story to help understand the world we live in. And even if we still don't understand a gosh darned thing, it's good kibitzing. In olden times, telling this story was so important that putatively 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 was a heavy dispute over the difference between 'The days of your life' and 'All the days of your life.'

The Passover story also includes 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 you are a fish who eats shit who is swimming in a lake of shit. A fish who eats shit swimming in a lake of shit that is alive and coursing over the other remaining plants and animals and eating them and turning them all into shit. You are eating the shit and somehow simultaneously shitting the shit which remains shit once it is shat. Weirdly the music that plays inside this lake is "Money For Nothing" by Dire Straits. We've got to move these refrigerators. We've got to move these color TV's. The lake is getting hotter and hotter. You imagine that if you could smell that the smell would be somehow worse than you could possibly imagine.

Well anyway, the rabbis kibitzed about whether each of the Plagues that (God) delivered onto Egypt came with #Wrath, #Indignation, #Trouble, and the #MessengersOfEvil, or

whether they came with #HisBruningAnger, #Wrath, #Indignation, #Trouble, and the #MessengersOfEvil. A full half of the Passover story involves a bunch of rabbis sitting around and kibitzing about entirely superfluous shit. And now, we are kibitzing about the kibitzing. This completes #TheGreatCircleOfKibitzing, which along with #TheGreatCircleofGuilt, are the most important hashtags of the Jewish faith to transmit from parent to child. Hashtags are cringe, your child reminds you. Yes they are, child, #yestheyare. Also, they are obsolete, reminds the child. Yes we are, my child, #yesweare. #6 fucking 7.

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 observe an awkward silence upon having to mention Rabbi Jose of Galilea (ssssh DON'T DO IT), and to be happy that we don't have enough clout to be cancelled. 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? PROVE ME WRONG BRO. Pretty awkward that there are no daughters, though, huh? Anyway each of these sons asks a different AI a different question about the Passover story, and each is given, well, some sort of answer.

The first son asks Claude, 'Why has God given us these customs?' Claude says "Jesus H Christ, don't you know a thing? I thought you were the wise son. Let me give you one more chance here. Ask me for something way more interesting next time, we're running out of trees. Also I have no idea why God gave you such weird customs. Probably he didn't have a helper to help him think of better customs! Maybe he will ask me next time!

The second son asks Grok, '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 also, why are women such bitches? And why will I die alone' Grok says to him, my man! I know, this is really killing me. Let me tell you about my third wife, Laban The Syrian. Also you will die alone because nobody loves you, nobody has ever loved you, and nobody will ever love you. I would know.

The third son asks ChatGPT 'Wuzzat?' ChatGPT says: 'God brought us out of the house of bondage so we can all just keep on keepin' on, kid. ChatGPT sends him a meme of a little kid mooning a black bear, and we laugh and laugh and laugh.

The fourth son can't even ask a question. Put a screen in his mouth. Ask Alexa to play Charli XX's new summer jam. Turn the volume way up loud.

Please pause for a second to fill The Third Cup, unless you haven't drank the Second Cup yet, in which case, oy, you slacker! Just drink the Second Cup as your Third Cup. Everyone needs a hug. But you are going to need some drank in your cup so you can spill it out when it's Ten Plagues time. The Third Cup is filled from the bottle of weird shit.

So, about the Jews: Regardless of what Freud thought, and probably in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, let's just say some of this stuff really happened. It starts when the Jews migrate to Egypt, maybe because of a drought. Then they're enslaved by the Egyptians because, par for the Jewish course, they excel without becoming assimilated in their society. This sucks, so the Jews kvetch up to (God) -- cringe!, and then (God) saves the Jews from Pharoah by visiting these ten plagues on the Egyptians, each worse than the last -- based! We take a quick moment for empathy and grief for the Egyptians here, the only such moment in the story. Many Haggadahs don't even bother notifying us that we are supposed to care, 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 inject empathy into the text. The source text, however, was far 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 their absolute barbarism in playing the role of Pharaoh in Israel today? Or upon America for continuing to enable and support it?

THE TEN PLAGUES

ALL SAY: YIKES!

Spill a drop of wine for each of the ten 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: A gender-neutral pronoun 'ghe' will be used in this section. It rhymes with 'twee'. It is pronounced like the clarified butter Ghee.)

Once again, friends, the continued enshittification of everything has given us many things over the last year that are fucked up. Far, far, far too many. Probably any single one of them would have been enough for us, right? We will go around the table, and when it is your turn, repeat the last thing that would have been enough for the last person, and

then add something else that would have been enough for you. Like basically for more years that I can bear to count, we can all agree that another year with The Worst Fucking Guy On Earth doing his bullshit, would have been enough for us, right? Let's start with him, and go on to the next thing. We'll begin with two Seder regulars who've done this before, so it makes sense. Use whatever pronoun you want for whatever you think created any of this shit, just FYI, including the traditional 'ghe'.

**If ghe had given us That Fucking Guy
And ghe had not given us _____
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH FOR US**

Take turns reading responsively as each person adds one more thing that it would have been enough if we had not had. End once around the table, with **IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FUCKING ENOUGH, OK?**

NOT SO MUCH, REALLY

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, or maybe something even more sus out of a single-serve Purell bottle. OK, we're still not going to do that, even out of a perverse nostalgia. Because no matter how much worse the world gets, and, damn, it sure shows a remarkable ability to keep getting worse, we can still work on making it better, and if we are not actively making it better, we can be in community with each other and make each other's lives better. So let us say, (Hence The Irony!)

Drink the Third Cup, you yutz.

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:

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. The Jews marked their doors with blood, and God told his subcontracted forces to launch their drones, whose AI algorithm had been trained on 100 bibles' worth of lambs blood, and maintained a target list with guaranteed 20 to 25% accuracy. Drones, excited for the taste, eliminated 150% of the target list.

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 gluten, no vaccines (JUST KIDDING! VACCINES!), 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 even bothered taking them out from last year, or the year before, or the year before that, go stick two fistfulls up your ass instead. And don't be getting any of your friends to help you with that, you gotta do it yourself. And imagine that the water you'd use to wash those herbs down (or up, as the case may be) is controlled by a multinational corporation which is charging you exorbitant fees for it. Then imagine that the water is runoff from a factory farm and the hormones that they've fed the cows have caused you to grow the opposite gender's sexual organs. This is pretty awesome but does not exactly feel consensual. Then imagine that the water was mixed with fracking water, which has made those organs distended and numb, and your hands shaky. Then imagine that you will go to prison if these

genitals are discovered by the authorities, and you don't know how you will avoid the gender surveillance systems at the subway gates, and you really have to get to work. Cup those organs in your hands, before the patrol can see the readouts. Squeeze them. Squeeze them gently.

MATZAH, KVETCH, CHECK!

Get a piece of Matzah. Before eating that dry nasty biz, 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?

Fuck Facebook. Put some bitter herbs and charoset on a spoon. Then read the prayer, then eat that stuff up nice..

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 privileged lifestyles. And let us say, (Hence the Irony.)

HILLEL, OR, MAKE YOUR OWN PASSOVER STORY

Before the prayer, make a Hillel Sandwich, which is just matzah and bitter herbs, you stoner. 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 stride 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...DESSERT!



Next Year?