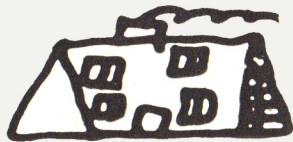


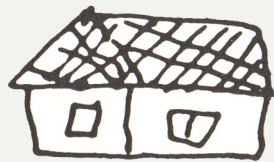
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Egypt



Sweden



Japan



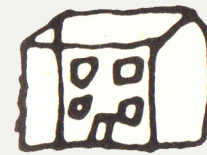
India



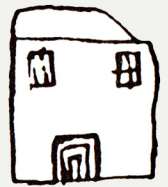
Bali



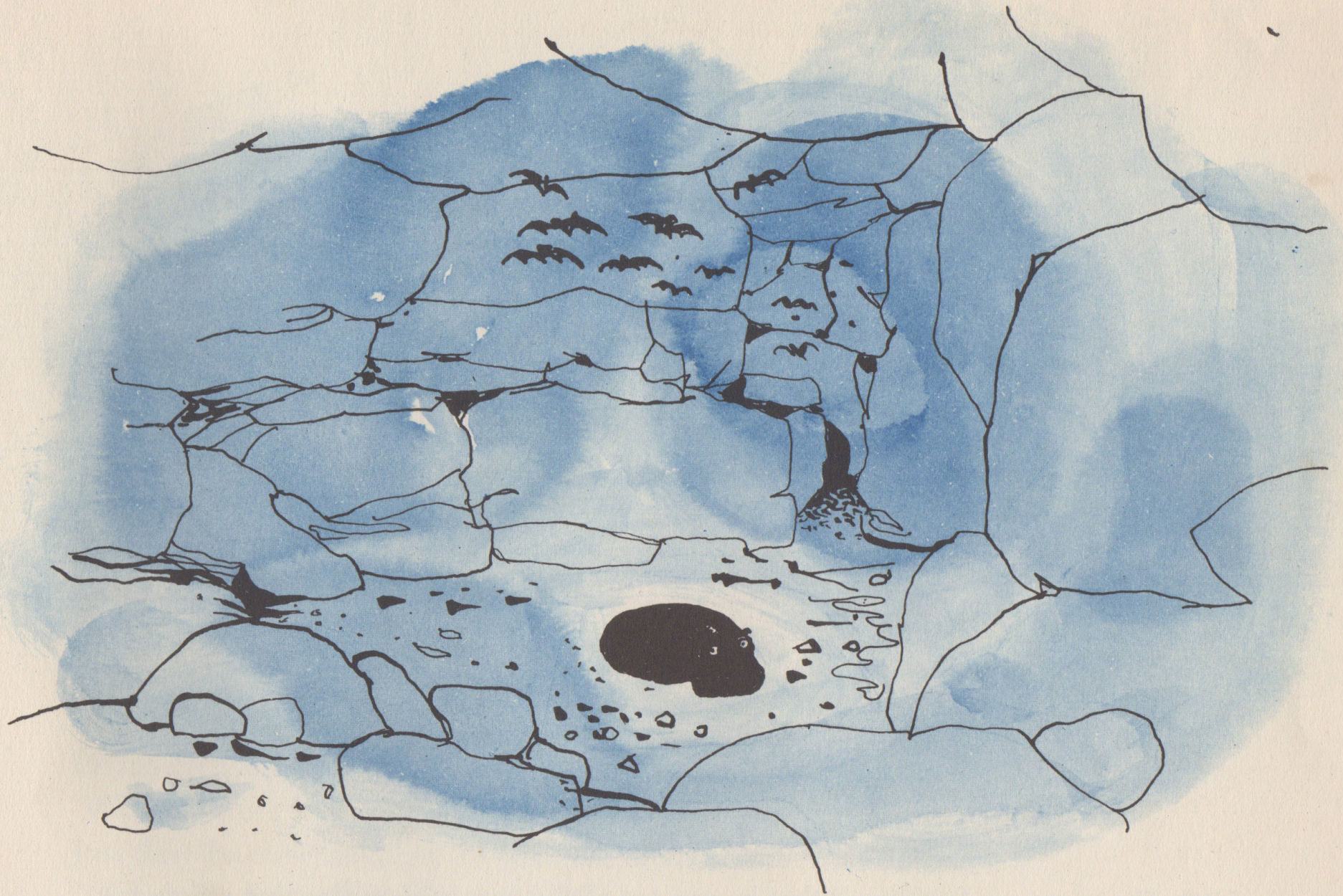
Argentina



England



Israel



"I'm scared," said Little Hippo. "I don't want to be alone *this* much."

1. Sanctifying the Day

Kadesh קדש

That fuzziness of twilight
allows us to see the intersections
of the event with a number of other things that daylight
obscures for

us,

to use a paradox.

We have to interpret more in
twilight,

we have to make ourselves

part of the act,

we have to interpret,

we have to project more.

But also the thing itself

in twilight

challenges us

to

be aware

of how we are projecting onto the event itself.

We are part of

producing the event,

whereas, to use the daylight

metaphor,

there we somehow think

the event and its clarity

as it is presented to us,

and we have to just react to it.

Not that we're participating in its clarity:

it's more interpretive,

it's more creative.

Holding the cup of wine in one's right hand, recite:

Blessed are You, Lord our God, King of the Universe,
who creates the fruit of the vine.

Baruch Atah Ado-nai Elo-heinu Melech Ha-olam

Boreh Pree Ha-ga-fen.

ברוך אתה אדוני-אלוהינו מלך העולם, בורא פרי הגפן.

The first cup of wine is drunk, and the cup is refilled.



I was going through the hardest thing, also the greatest thing, for any human being to do; to accept that which is already within you, and around you.

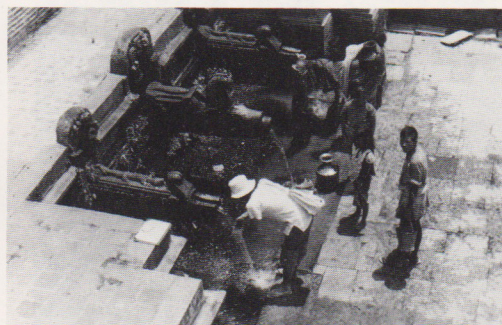
2. First Ritual Hand-Washing

Urchatz וְרַחֵץ

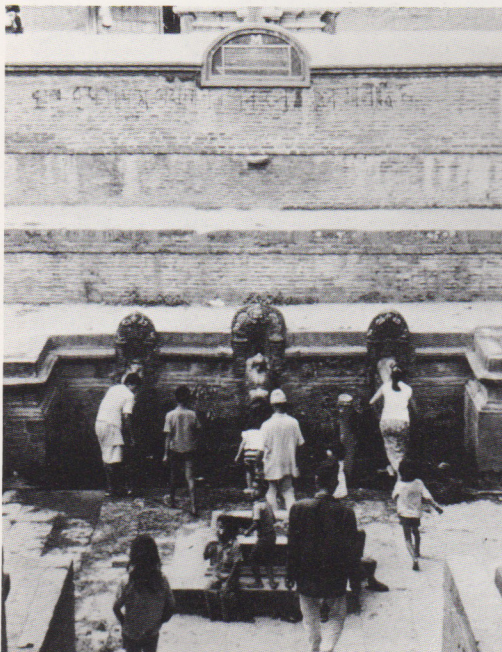
WELL IN RUINED COURTYARD

Down this old well
what leaves have fallen,
what cores of eaten apples,
what scraps of paper!
An old trash barrel.
November, no one comes.

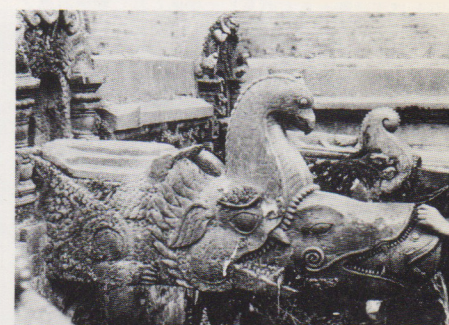
But I come, trying
to breathe that word
into the well's ear
which should make the leaves fly up
like a green jet
to clothe the naked tree,
the whole fruit leap to the bough,
the scraps like fleets of letters
sail up into my hands.



15



16



17



18

3. Dipping Parsley in Salt Water

Karpas כַּרְפָּס

Blessed are You, Lord our God, King of the Universe, who creates the fruit of the earth.

Baruch Atah Adonai Elo-heinu Melech Haolam Boreh Pree Ha'adamah.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה אֲדֹנָיִי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, בּוֹרֵא פְרֵי הָאֲדָמָה

4. Breaking the Middle Matzah Yachatz ? יחצ

In contrast to symbiotic union, mature *love* is *union under the condition of preserving one's integrity*, one's individuality. *Love is an active power in man*; a power which breaks through the walls which separate man from his fellow men, which unites him with others; love makes him overcome the sense of isolation and separateness, yet it permits him to be himself, to retain his integrity. In love the paradox occurs that two beings become one and yet remain two.



I peg you as a "glass is half empty"
kind of guy. Am I right?



5. The Telling of the Story of Passover

Maggid' מַגִּיד

Before we go into this, I would like to come back to Poincaré's work as a critic of determinism. There are two sides to it. In the first one, as we just saw, he shows that certain events in the physical world are unpredictable, even in the Newtonian model, because the necessary computations cannot be performed. In the second one, he shows something even more surprising: some events, which the mathematical model predicts, will not happen in the physical world!

To see this, let us perform a thought experiment. Imagine two airtight compartments, the first one empty (a vacuum) and the second one full of air. Open up some communication between them, a small hole for instance. The air in the second compartment will rush into the first one until air pressure is the same in both compartments. At this stage, anyone who witnessed the air in the first compartment spontaneously rushing back into the second one, and the second compartment emptying again, would not believe his eyes.

There is a standard mathematical model for this physical situation. The gas is considered to be a collection of molecules moving in straight lines until they collide with the side of the compartment, or with another molecule. All collisions are assumed to be elastic, that is, no energy is lost.

A celebrated mathematical result, Poincaré's recurrence theorem, applies to this situation. It predicts that, in some future time, the system will come back to its initial situation. As a matter of fact, it will do so again at some still later time, and again and again, infinitely many times.

It is thus predicted that the first compartment, after being filled, will eventually empty itself completely into the second one. The air will then flow back, so that both compartments will contain about the same number of molecules, but eventually the first compartment will again empty itself into the second one, and so on to infinity. One could hardly imagine anything more contrary to everyday experience, or to the laws of thermodynamics.

If this really worked, it would provide humanity with a simple way of repairing a flat tire: just jack up the car, wait for the air to come back into the tire, and then mend the hole to keep the air in. In the same vein, if someone has put one lump of sugar too many in your coffee, just wait patiently till it crystallizes back again, at the bottom of your cup. For it is a mathematical certainty that the sugar which dissolved will

crystallize back, as surely as the air which left the tire will find its way back through the hole.

The solution of these paradoxes lies in the amount of time which is necessary to observe one of these cycles. If the air in the second compartment was very rarefied, containing only one molecule, this molecule would be found in each compartment half the time, and no one would find anything paradoxical in that. If there are two molecules, there will be more possibilities, four in all, only one of which corresponds to an empty first compartment, which means one will still see it frequently, but will have to wait longer for it. Now, for realistic quantities (one liter of air contains about 2.7×10^{22} molecules), the amount of time we will have to wait before seeing the first compartment empty again can be computed, and it turns out to be greater than the age of the sun. This explains why these mathematical predictions have no practical relevance.

This is the second side of Poincaré's criticism. On the one hand, he shows us models which are exact but incapable of prediction, and, on the other hand, models which predict the impossible with certainty. In this way, he paves the way for a new type of model, which will indicate what possibilities the future holds in store without predicting which one will be chosen. Such qualitative models are as different from quantitative ones as a drawing is from a computation.

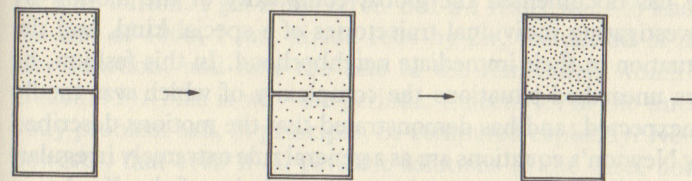
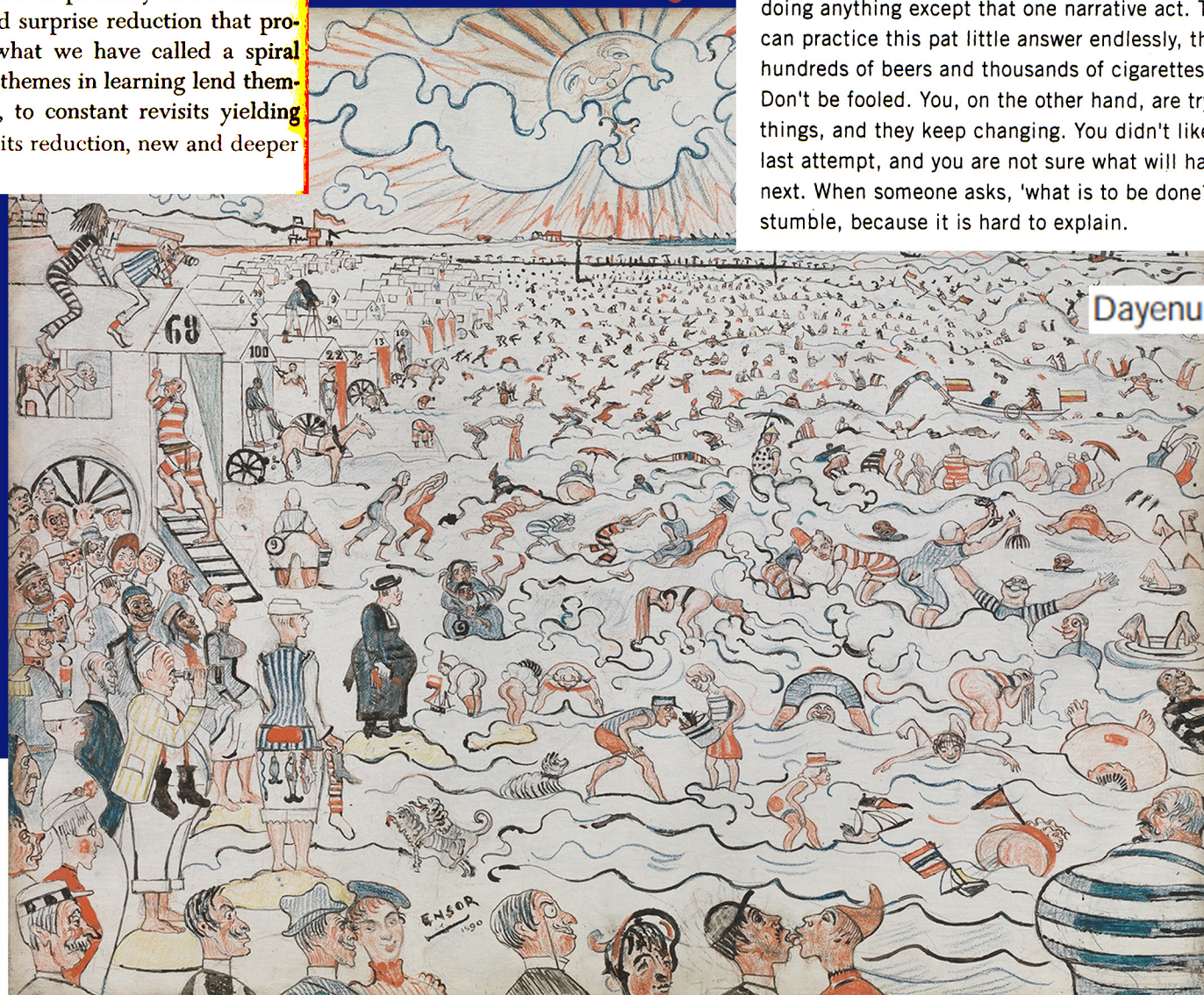


FIG. 2.2. Perpetual motion: according to Poincaré's paradox, the gas which has escaped from the upper compartment into the lower one will eventually stream up again through the hole and leave the lower compartment empty. The whole cycle will then begin again.

But what of delight? If you should ask me as a student of thought processes what produces the most fundamental form of pleasure in a person's intellectual life, I think I would reply that it is the reduction of surprise and complexity to predictability and simplicity. But immediately there is a paradox. For it is the *act* of reducing surprise and complexity that gives pleasure. The road is better than the inn, for there is not all that much delight in simple unsurprisingness, and the cry "Not that again!" is surely a cry of dismay. It is precisely this readiness for new acts of simplification and surprise reduction that provides the thread of delight in what we have called a spiral curriculum. The great structural themes in learning lend themselves to just such an approach, to constant revisits yielding new discovery, new surprise and its reduction, new and deeper simplification.

They have all the answers. They can tell you just what is to be done. Years pass, and they still have the same pat 200-word answer. It never changes, because they are not actually doing anything except that one narrative act. They can practice this pat little answer endlessly, through hundreds of beers and thousands of cigarettes. Don't be fooled. You, on the other hand, are trying things, and they keep changing. You didn't like that last attempt, and you are not sure what will happen next. When someone asks, 'what is to be done?' you stumble, because it is hard to explain.



Dayenu. דיננו

1. Blood Dam דם
2. Frogs Tze-phar-day-ah צפרדע
3. Vermin Kee-nim כנים
4. Beasts Arov ערוב
5. Cattle Disease De-ver דבר
6. Boils She-heen נשחין
7. Hail Ba-rad ברד
8. Locusts Ar-beh ארבה
9. Darkness Cho-shech חֹשֶׁךְ
10. Slaying of the first born Ma-kat Bechorot מַכַּת בְּכוֹרוֹת



III
II-52

When I first asked if I could transplant some of Mr. Lau's figs (he was moving and I was heartbroken that that garden would no longer be a sanctuary to me) he said yes, if he even said that, walked me out to the grove of figs beneath his massive chestnut tree, grabbed a pickax, and started hacking.

I was kind of terrified, green green thumb that I was. (Two ancillary delights—Mr. Lau, old school, OG, actually got a turtle, drilled a hole in its shell, tied a string to a nut about the hole's size, which he then dropped into that hole, tying the other end of the string to a stick in the middle of his lettuces so that he could have a steady [if coerced] slug patrol. That's not the delight. The delight is that his son, my pal Jay, under cover of night, dislodged the nut from the shell, carried the critter on his bike [one handed, no helmet] to a nearby tributary of Neshaminy Creek, the thing's River Jordan. Ancillary delight two, with a twinge of irony: when people say they have a black thumb, meaning they can't grow anything, I say yeah, me too, then talk about the abundant garden these black thumbs are growing.) Then we stuck the cuttings in a bucket full of water, and he did in fact tell me not to let them dry out.

Yesterday, when I dug up a few of Stephanie's mother's figs, I used a shovel and hacked at the roots like Mr. Lau, though I was sending soothing mindbeams to the tree as I did so (which I'm guessing Mr. Lau was not—ref. aforementioned turtle tale). After I got a few well-rooted cuttings, I took them to the bucket near the hose, filled it up, and dropped them in.

When we got home, I grabbed the bucket, trimmed the cuttings into sticks, potted them in the plastic bag, and set them on the counter, where they sat like promises. Little converters. Little dreamers of coming back into bloom. And how we might carry that with us wherever we go.

(Sep. 15)

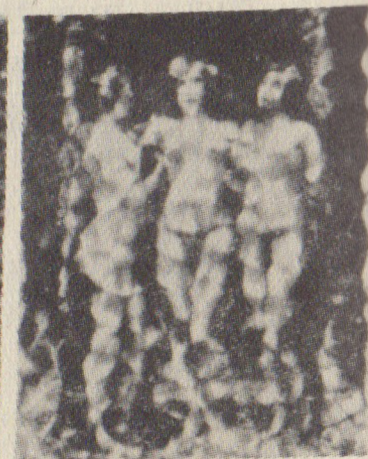
A blessing is then said over the second cup of wine :

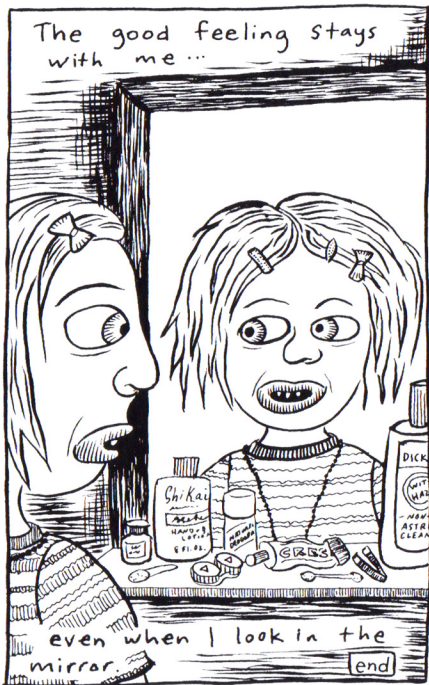
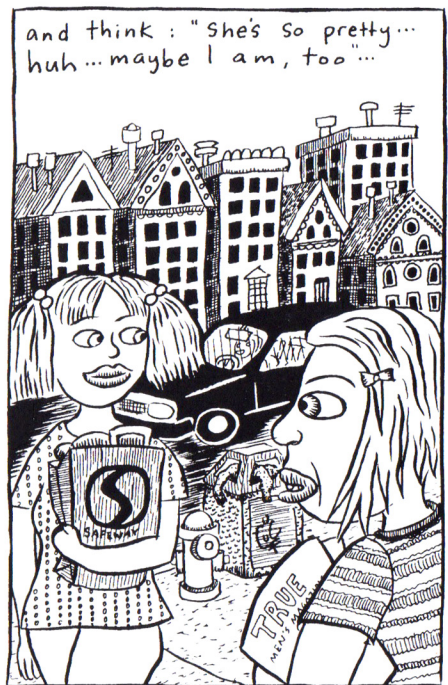
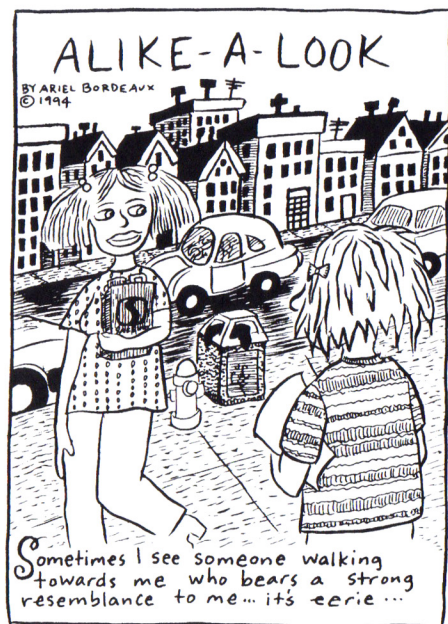
Blessed are You, Lord our God, King of the Universe, who creates the fruit of the vine.

Baruch Atah Ado-nai Elo-heinu Melech Ha-olam Boreh Pree Ha-ga-fen.

ברוך אתה אדון-ני אלו-הינו מלך העולם, בורא פרי הגפן.

We drink the second cup of wine.





6. Second Ritual Handwashing Rachtzah רְחִיצָה

Blessed are You, Lord our God, King of the Universe, who has sanctified us with His laws and commanded us to wash our hands.

Baruch Atah Ado-nai Elo-heinu Melech Ha-olam Asher Kid'shanu B'mitzvotav V'tzivanu Al Nitilat Yadayim.

ברוך אתה אדוני אל-הינו מלך העולם, אשר קדשנו במצותיו וצונו על נטילת ידים.

From *The Art of Intimacy* comes the refreshing suggestion to approach others in a state of 'not knowing' them. When you 'know' someone, the authors say, you have already shut your eyes to that person's constant processes of change. You are rooting them not in the past, but — and this is even more limiting — in your past perceptions of their past!

Rev. williams: Well, I think it's actually uncomfortably un-knowing ourselves. [laughs] It is this willingness to keep being willing to come undone — to do what we can to understand the world around us and how we operate and what is impacting who we are and how we are, and to allow that to keep coming undone. That's what I think is really the paradox in what is possible, from a liberatory standpoint, is to recognize, oh, we're not trying to become something, we're trying to un-become. We're trying to undo ourselves.

And that is really what is most challenging for us, because we want to be known to ourselves. We want to be known to others. But the moment we try to do that, we're actually fixating in a way that traps us, so we feel both safe, but it's also confining.

7. Blessing before the Seder Meal Motzi מוֹצִיא

Blessed are You, Lord our God, King of the Universe, who brings bread from the earth.

Baruch Atah Ado-nai Elo-heinu Melech Ha-olam Hamotzi Lechem Min Ha-aretz.

ברוך אתה אדוני אל-הינו מלך העולם, המוציא לחם מן הארץ

8. Blessing over Matzah מצה

There is no direct analogue of verification in the experience of art. In its place, there is a “shock of recognition,” a recognition of the fittingness of an object or a poem to fill the gaps in our own experience. In this sense, and it is a limited sense, we may say that art is not a universal mode of communication, for each person who beholds a picture or reads a poem will bring to the experience a matrix of life that is uniquely their own.

Blessed are You, Lord our God, King of the Universe, who has sanctified us with His laws and commanded us to eat matzah.

Baruch Atah Ado-nai, Elo-heinu Melech Ha-olam, Asher Kid'shanu B'mitzvotav V'tzivanu Al Achilat matzah.

ברוך אתה אדוני-אלוהינו מלך העולם, אשר קדשנו במצותיו וצונו על אכילת מצה

9. Eating the Bitter Herbs מרור

Blessed are You, Lord our God, King of the Universe, who has sanctified us with His laws and commanded us to eat bitter herbs.

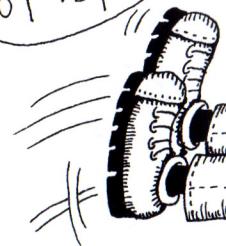
Baruch Atah Ado-nai, Elo-heinu Melech Ha-olam, Asher Kid'shanu B'mitzvotav V'tzivanu Al Achilat Maror.

ברוך אתה אדוני-אלוהינו מלך העולם, אשר קדשנו במצותיו וצונו על אכילת מרור

Supposedly, astrology teaches us fatalism: you won't escape your fate! But in my view, astrology (please understand, astrology as a metaphor of life) says something far more subtle: you won't escape your life's *theme*! From this it follows, for example, that it is sheer illusion to want to start all over again, to begin “a new life” that does not resemble the preceding one, to begin, so to speak, from zero. Your life will always be built from the same materials, the same bricks, the same problems, and what will seem to you at first “a new life” will soon turn out to be just a variation of your old existence.

A horoscope resembles a clock, and a clock is a school of finality: as soon as a hand completes its circle and returns to its starting point, one phase is finished. Nine hands turn with varying speed on the horoscope dial and constantly some phase comes to an end and another begins. When someone is young, he is not capable of conceiving of time as a circle, but thinks of it as a road leading forward to ever-new horizons; he does not yet sense that his life contains just a single theme; he will come to realize it only when his life begins to enact its first variations.

OY VEY!



10. Matzah and Charoset Sandwich
Korech כּוֹרֵךְ

hey man/ this is not your prerogative/ i gotta have me in my
pocket/ to get round like a good woman shd/ & make the poem
in the pot or the chicken in the dance/ what i got to do/
i gotta have my stuff to do it to/
why dont ya find yr own things/ & leave this package
of me for my destiny/

**Say the words: "This is what Hillel did, at the time that the Temple stood.
He wrapped up some Pesach lamb, some matzah and some bitter herbs
and ate them together."**

11. Dinner
Shulchan Orech שְׁלִחַן עֹרֵךְ

Passover dinner is served.

SO, WHERE'S THE CAVIAR??



12. The Afikomen (Dessert Matzah)

Tzafun צפון

LETTER WRITTEN ON A FERRY WHILE CROSSING LONG ISLAND SOUND

I am surprised to see
that the ocean is still going on.
Now I am going back
and I have ripped my hand
from your hand as I said I would
and I have made it this far
as I said I would
and I am on the top deck now
holding my wallet, my cigarettes
and my car keys
at 2 o'clock on a Tuesday
in August of 1960.

Dearest,
although everything has happened,
nothing has happened.
The sea is very old.
The sea is the face of Mary,
without miracles or rage
or unusual hope,
grown rough and wrinkled
with incurable age.

Still,
I have eyes.
These are my eyes:
the orange letters that spell
ORIENT on the life preserver
that hangs by my knees;
the cement lifeboat that wears
its dirty canvas coat;
the faded sign that sits on its shelf
saying KEEP OFF.
Oh, all right, I say,
I'll save myself.

Over my right shoulder
I see four nuns
who sit like a bridge club,
their faces poked out
from under their habits,
as good as good babies who
have sunk into their carriages.
Without discrimination
the wind pulls the skirts
of their arms.
Almost undressed,
I see what remains:
that holy wrist,
that ankle,
that chain.

Oh God,
although I am very sad,
could you please
let these four nuns
loosen from their leather boots
and their wooden chairs
to rise out
over this greasy deck,
out over this iron rail,
nodding their pink heads to one side,
flying four abreast
in the old-fashioned side stroke;
each mouth open and round,
breathing together
as fish do,
singing without sound.

Dearest,
see how my dark girls sally forth,
over the passing lighthouse of Plum Gut,
its shell as rusty
as a camp dish,
as fragile as a pagoda
on a stone;
out over the little lighthouse
that warns me of drowning winds
that rub over its blind bottom
and its blue cover;
winds that will take the toes
and the ears of the rider
or the lover.

There go my dark girls,
their dresses puff
in the leeward air.
Oh, they are lighter than flying dogs
or the breath of dolphins;
each mouth opens gratefully,
wider than a milk cup.

My dark girls sing for this.
They are going up.
See them rise
on black wings, drinking
the sky, without smiles
or hands
or shoes.
They call back to us
from the gauzy edge of paradise,
good news, good news.

13. Grace after the Meal Barech בָּרַךְ

A blessing over the third cup of wine is recited:

Blessed are You, Lord our God, King of the Universe, who creates the fruit of the vine.

Baruch Atah Ado-nai Elo-heinu Melech Ha-olam Boreh Pree Ha-ga-fen.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה אֲדוֹ-נֵי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, בּוֹרֵא פְרֵי הַגָּפֶן.

We drink the third cup of wine.

We pray that He who establishes peace in the heavens grant peace for us, for all Israel, and all of mankind, and let us say, Amen.

Oseh Shalom Bim-romav Hu Yaaseh Shalom Aleinu Ve-al Kol Yisrael Ve-Imru Amen

עוֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאָמֵן.

14. Praises and Blessings Hallel הַלֵּל

The blessing over the fourth cup of wine is recited:

Blessed are You, Lord our God, King of the Universe, who creates the fruit of the vine.

Baruch Atah Ado-nai Elo-heinu Melech Ha-olam Boreh Pree Ha-ga-fen.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה אֲדוֹ-נֵי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, בּוֹרֵא פְרֵי הַגָּפֶן.

The fourth cup of wine is drunk:

Welcoming Elijah

The fourth and final cup of wine is now filled. An additional cup is then filled and set aside for the prophet Elijah (Eliyahu).

We traditionally open a door to the home

Elijah the Prophet, Elijah the Tishbite, Elijah the Giladite, may he come speedily to us in our days along with Messiah the son of David.

Eliyahu Hanavi, Eliyahu Hatishbi, Eliyahu Hagiladi, Bimheirah Yavo Eileinu Im Mashiach Ben David.

אֱלֹהֵינוּ הַנְּבִיא אֱלֹהֵינוּ הַתְּשִׁבִי אֱלֹהֵינוּ הַגִּלְעָדִי בְּמַהֲרָה יָבוֹא אֱלֵינוּ עִם מָשִׁיחַ בֶּן דָּוִד.

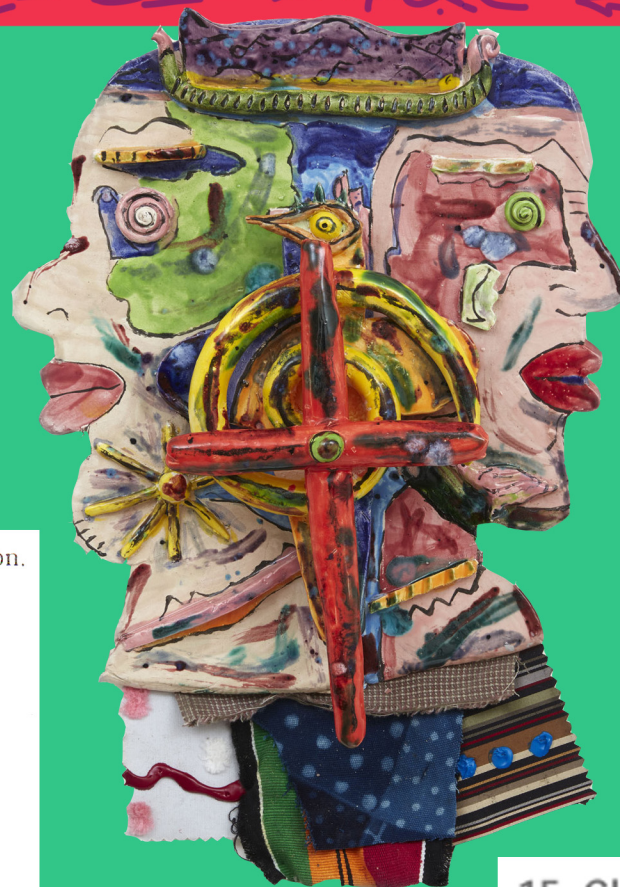
I believe in peace. I have seen
high stars, circles of dawn
burst into flame, deep rivers
on fire, human flow
toward another light: I have seen it and I believe it.

A hunter looks at a wood in one way, an artist in another. The latter's eye takes in every twig, branch, trunk, shadow, color, highlight, etc. The former's eye also records all this data, but their mind rejects everything except the particular Fact (brown fur, speckled feathers) it is looking for. The hunter knows what they will see (or rather, what they hope they will see) before they look. Since the artist's aim is to render the wood in itself and as a whole (they may do it by three lines, as in a Chinese landscape, or by a Dutch proliferation of detail) their problem is how to be conscious of everything. The hunter's problem is just the reverse: to be conscious of only what they have decided, in advance, to see.

Big heart,
wide as a watermelon,
but wise as birth,
there is so much abundance
in the people I have:
Max, Lois, Joe, Louise,
Joan, Marie, Dawn,
Arlene, Father Dunne,
and all in their short lives
give to me repeatedly,
in the way the sea
places its many fingers on the shore,
again and again
and they know me,
they help me unravel,
they listen with ears made of conch shells,

they speak back with the wine of the best region.
They are my staff.
They comfort me.

They hear how
the artery of my soul has been severed
and soul is spurting out upon them,
bleeding on them,
messing up their clothes,
dirtying their shoes.
And God is filling me,
though there are times of doubt
as hollow as the Grand Canyon,
still God is filling me.
He is giving me the thoughts of dogs,
the spider in its intricate web,
the sun
in all its amazement,
and a slain ram
that is the glory,
the mystery of great cost,
and my heart,
which is very big,
I promise it is very large,
a monster of sorts,
takes it all in —
all in comes the fury of love.



15. Closing Section Nirtzah נִרְצָה

So “I’m looking for a guru” is obviously a trip like any other trip. We’ll call it *Looking for the Guru*, which is the thing you do before you despair of finding the guru, which is the prerequisite to opening your head to finding the guru. Despair is the necessary prerequisite for the next degree of consciousness. That’s absolutely a prerequisite.

44. Not Only . . .

. . . the peacock that had landed in Ingrid’s yard, whose long neck was what one might call dark turquoise, which would be a lamentable shorthand, for the iridescence makes it another color entirely, and reminds us how all color is a manifestation of, a meditation on, light, these mediations echoed or multiplied in the gauzy oculi looking skyward from its long tail, but Ingrid’s need to share the photo with me as I was walking toward the buffet at Samira, the Afghan place, almost tugging me by the elbow to do so, using her index finger and thumb to zoom into its luminous neck, smiling and looking at it, smiling and looking at me looking at it, me smiling and looking at her looking at it, which is simply called sharing what we love, what we find beautiful, which is an ethics.

(Feb. 19)

everybody was applauding,
and there was a sense of
a community here,
and you
felt the possibility,
you believed
that it **actually** could change,
and of course
here we are a year later,
(seven-second pause)
didn’t change.

Next Year in Jerusalem!!

Lishana Ha-baah Bi-yerushalyim

לְשָׁנָה הַבָּאָה בִּירוּשָׁלַיִם

Next year, may we all dwell in peace!



What if there is no tomorrow? There wasn't one today

CHOREOGRAPHY

Choreography Outline

Group 2: Brenda, Denise, Renee, Vicki, Mayb

Concept: Evolution, then the earth blows up

Music: "Black Magic Woman"

I. Beginning Action: When the music starts, we are spots in a circle.

II. Slow motion: We start to grow. We are amazed by our new life. It's amazing to us. We love our new life. There's expressions of amazement, and There's discovery

Movements: mainly spinning

III. The music goes fast. It starts symbolizing civilization, man, violence, war, pollution. We get horrified. We can't even look. We keep running but cannot escape. Then we Fall and it's like There's acid pouring on us.

Movements: reaching, running, pivots, rolls

IV. Resolution: We're rolling then Suddenly we stop and you think we are dead. Suddenly you realize it's that Spore Thing.

Ending Action: At the end of the music Vicki reaches one arm up and makes her face like "why? Why? Why?"

Message: It's an eternal cycle.