

Welcome to the Jewdas cut ‘n paste Seder

The ability to acknowledge blind spots can emerge only as we expand our concern about politics of domination and our capacity to care about the oppression and exploitation of others.
—bell hooks, *Love As The Practice of Freedom*, 2006

We’re going to be using a number of lefty Haggadot and one really stupid one, so we have prepared this rough order of what we think are the best bits from both of them. We have taken excerpts from the Jewish Voice for Peace, Fighting Modern Day Slavery and blacklivesmatter haggadot, to remember some specific and important examples of current struggles for liberation, and ask questions that might help us to show support and solidarity. We encourage everyone to butt in with

their own thoughts and questions at any point, in radical Jewish tradition a seder night is the time to discuss all that is wrong with the world, and plot revolution.

Notes on language and questions

We will probably end up discussing only a few examples of people who are still struggling to be free, as unfortunately there are far too many :(

But throughout this seder we will try to be mindful of how our different struggles and privileges are affected by the language we use, and make an effort not to make people feel marginalised.

We will try our best to avoid gendered language, and have included blessings in both the masculine and feminine form. When we welcome each other and introduce ourselves please also ask for people’s pronoun preferences.

We have tried in places to include parts of the seder taken from a variety of Jewish traditions. If there is anything that anyone would like to include DO IT /ask us to do it. We invite everyone to interpret and alter this seder however they feel most comfortable.

More about language can be read in detail in “the Love and Justice Haggadah”

CANDLE LIGHTING

In lighting the candles at dusk we symbolize the end of an ordinary day and the beginning of a sacred day, a day which reminds us of the first day at Creation, and the first day of our peoplehood.

Candles also symbolize an end of Winter and the beginning of Spring, and the liberation that brings.

As we bathe in the light of these candles, we remember all the candles we've lit as Jews. As Queers. As Activists. Shabbat candles. Yartzeit candles. Candles at reclaim the night marches. Candles lit at memorials for those who perished at the hands of the state. We rededicate the flame that each of us carries within. We dedicate this small spark that we can use as a match to give light to the hopes and dreams for full communism and general revolutionary awesomeness.

'Feminine' form:

בְּרוּכָה זָה שְׂכִינָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מַלְכַת הָעוֹלָם
אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁתָנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתֶיהָ וְצִוְּתָנוּ לְהַדְלִיק
נֵר שֶׁל (שַׁבָּת ו') יוֹם טוֹב.

'Masculine' form:

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם
אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוְּנוּ לְהַדְלִיק נֵר
שֶׁל (שַׁבָּת ו') יוֹם טוֹב.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

Brucha Yah Shechinah, eloheinu Malkat ha-olam, asher kid'shatnu b'mitzvotayha vitzivatnu l'hadlik ner shel (Shabbat v') Yom Tov.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Baruch atah Adonai, eloheinu Melekh ha-olam, asher kid-shatnu b'mitzvotav v'tsivanu l'hadlik ner shel (Shabbat v') Yom Tov.

We bless the Source of all existence, who shows us paths to holiness, and inspires us to kindle the (Shabbat and) festival lights.

From 'the Love and Justice Haggadah':

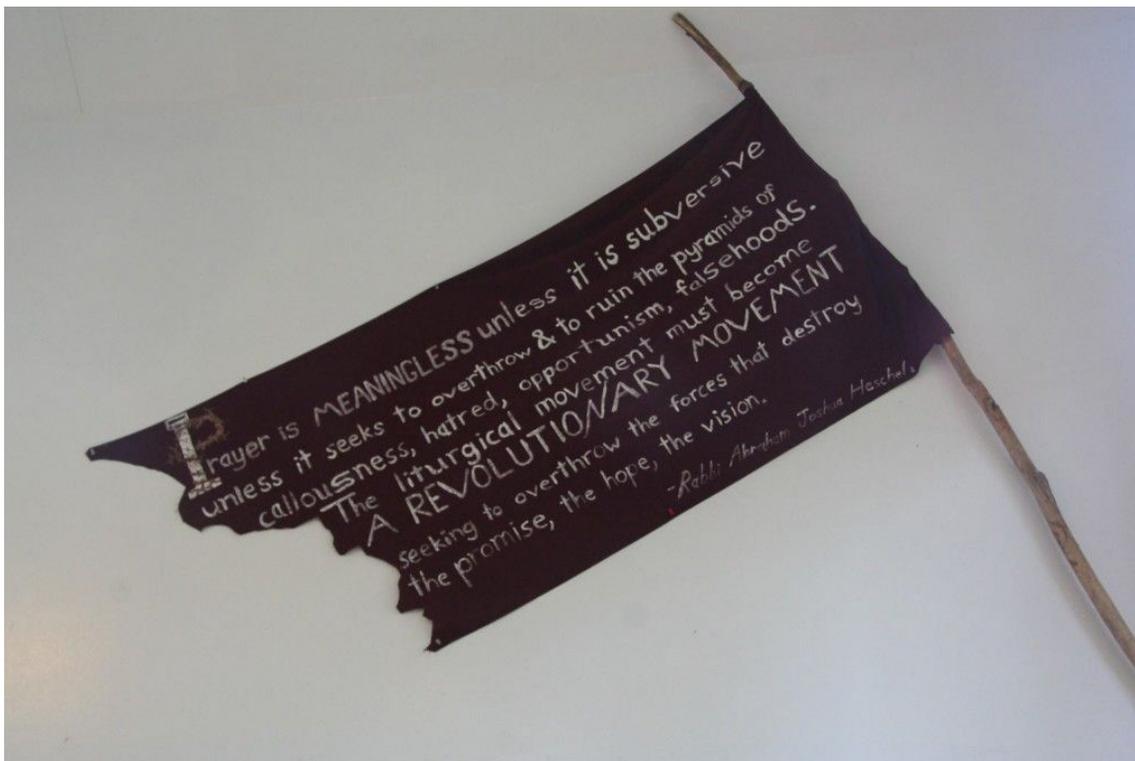
Hannah Szenes was a young Nazi resistance fighter. The Nazis captured her and brought Hannah's mother to her. They said that if Hannah didn't reveal the names of the resistance movement, her mother would be killed. Hannah told her mother that she could not betray the resistance. Her mother replied that by not giving in to the oppressor, Hannah had proved her love. Hannah Szenes was captured, tortured, and put to death at the age of 20. She wrote this poem in prison in Budapest before her execution:

Blessed is the match consumed in kindling the flame.

Blessed is the flame that burns in the secret fastness of the heart. Blessed is the heart with strength to stop its beating for honor's sake.

Blessed is the match consumed in kindling the flame.

Hannah Szenes, 1921-1944



Kos Miriam - Miriam's Cup

We include a Miriam's cup in our seder to remind ourselves of the women whose stories are often overlooked in the story of the exodus, and everyone who is oppressed in a patriarchal society. We will endeavour to think of those whose stories are hidden as we go through the seder.

From the Passover story : Yocheved, the mother of Moses, Aaron and Miriam, Batya, the Pharaoh's daughter who saves Moses from the Nile, Miriam, the Prophetess, and Shifra and Puah, the midwives who courageously went against Pharaoh's edict to kill all firstborn Hebrew males. In the desert, mayyim hayyim, the well of Miriam, followed the Israelites throughout their journey while Miriam was alive and among them.

Some haggadot suggest Miriam's cup should be filled with water from everyone's glasses, which will make everyone feel included and part of a community, but sounds extremely faffy and time consuming. Instead let's sing a song, as suggested in the Love and Justice Haggadah. We can pick a different song if we feel like it.

HINEI MA TOV

הִנֵּה מֵה־טוֹב וּמֵה־נְעִים
שֵׁבֶת אֲחִים גַּם יַחַד.

Hinei ma tov uma na'im
Shevet achim/achyot gam yachad.

How sweet it is to be with our brothers/sisters,
together in community.

KIDDUSH (first cup of wine since before we started)

For wine we will be using 'The Fucking Haggadah', which advocates the largest quantity of wine of all of the haggadot.

Most seders involve four cups of wine. Ours involves one quantity of wine and one only: as much as it fucking takes. For our purposes, the FIRST four cups we drink will represent the normal seder shit. The reason it normally involves four is because Judaism is obsessed with fucking four. Four represents “the four seasons of the year”, “the four douchebag ancient empires that fucked with Israel”, and “the four corners of the universe”. But the universe isn't square. YOU ARE.

Tonight, the four cups are the four types of freedom. Just fucking go with it.

All say the Blessing over the Wine:

בְּרוּכָה זֶה שְׂכִינָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מְלֶכֶת הָעוֹלָם
בוֹרְאֵת פְּרִי הַגָּפֶן.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא
פְּרִי הַגָּפֶן.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Baruch atah Adonai, eloheinu Melech ha'olam boreh p'ri ha-gafen.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

Brucha Yah Shechinah, eloheinu Malkat ha'olam, borayt p'ri ha-gafen.

Blessed is the Source that fills all creation and brings forth the fruit of the vine.

The first cup represents physical freedom, and this is a good point to share stories of active and physical resistance we have taken part in over the past year, and of things we'd like to be free from in the coming year. Or to make a mental note to share those later when we've eaten.

If anyone would like to wash their hands at this point, just go do that. We can bless you if you want.

The Olives on the Seder Plate

We have olives on our seder plate to show solidarity with the Palestinians who are still struggling for freedom. When we dip in salt water tonight to symbolise the tears of oppressed people, we think of their tears in particular.

Tonight, we have remembered the ancient past, the stories of our ancestors. It is much more painful to remember the recent past, but it is still our story. We are not free to ignore or forget it.

We remember the massacres and expulsions of Deir Yassin, and alDawayima, Safsaf, Saliha, Lydda and Ramle.

We remember the north, the villages of alMansura, Iqrit, Umm alFaraj, alManshiyya, Kuwaykat, Qadas, alZawiya, Hadath and Ma'dhar.

We remember the east, the villages of Dayr alShaykh, Bayt Mahsir, alQabu, Malha, Sirin, Jabbul, Farwana, alFatur, and Bayt Jibrin.

We remember the south, the villages of Beer alSheba, allmara, alJammama, and alKhalasa,

We remember in the west, the villages of Beit Daras, Bil'in, alFaluja, alJura, Ni'ilya, alJiyya, Tall alTurmus, Saqiya, al'Abbasiyya, Kafr 'Ana, alHaram and Beit Dajan

We remember the dispossessed, the homeless, the hungry and the wandering. The mothers and fathers and grandmothers and grandfathers and children and babies and sons and daughters, who were forced to flee their homes, leave everything behind, more than 500 villages reduced to rubble, the stories and memories vanishing

In the story of Pesach, we remember Moses, who said, "I have become a stranger in a strange land." Tonight, we remember those who have become strangers in their own land.

The Orange on the Seder Plate

After we say the blessing for the fruit of the tree, we will all eat a segment of orange to show our solidarity with our lesbian, gay, queer, non-binary and transgender comrades, and others who are marginalised within the Jewish community.

One account of how this tradition began is that a woman who wanted to become a rabbi was told by a man 'women belong on the bimah like an orange belongs on a seder plate'. The orange is on our seder plate to remember all those who are excluded from orthodox Jewish practice because of their gender or sexuality.

All say the Blessing over Fruit from Trees!

ברוך אתה ה' אלוקנו מלך
העולם, בורא פרי העץ.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Baruch atah Adonai, eloheinu Melech ha'olam boreh p'ri ha-eitz

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

Brucha Yah Shechinah, eloheinu Malkat ha'olam, borayt p'ri ha-eitz

(Iraqi pronunciation, masc.)

Barouch ata Adonai, eloheinu melech ha'olam boreh p'ri ha-eitz

Blessed are You, Hashem, whose spirit fills all creation and brings forth fruit from the trees.

Since the beginning of the Intifada until February 2002,
34,606 olive & fruit trees uprooted in Palestine.

Source: The Health, Development, Information and Policy Institute (HDIP)

Eat olives and/or oranges.

*you can eat other things too now, but **ONLY IF IT IS FRUIT FROM A TREE. PUT THE FUCKING MATZAH DOWN, WE HAVEN'T BLESSED THAT YET.***

Charoset

Mixture of Fruit and Nuts: Representative of how the material means of production, the mortar for the bricks, is also our material means of reproduction

KARPAS (weed)

It's finally fucking spring. Allergies are destroying our faces. It's getting humid. BUT AT LEAST IT'S FUCKING SPRING. It's hopeful. The karpas reminds us of that hope. So does weed.

Alright, here comes a weird Jewy thing. We now dip the karpas in salt water

because tears taste salty. We are drinking the tears that our homies cried when they were slaves in Egypt. Yeah, it's weird, fuck you. It's so we never forget how shitty it is to not be in control of our own lives and potential.

Don't forget about their pain. Drinking tears is fucking metal.

Take some greens and dip them in the salt water, lemon juice or vinegar and say:

בְּרוּכָה יְיָ שְׁכִינָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מְלַכַּת הָעוֹלָם
בוֹרְאת פְּרֵי הָאָדָמָה.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא
פְּרֵי הָאָדָמָה.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

Brucha Yah Shechina, Eloheinu Malkat ha'olam, borayt p'ri ha'adamah.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Baruch atah Adonai, Eloheinu Melekh ha'olam borei p'ri ha'adamah.

Blessed is the One, who sustains all life, and brings forth fruits from the earth.

Dipping the karpas is a sign of luxury and freedom. The saltwater represents the tears of our ancestors in Mitzrayim. **This year may it also represent tears of Black parents and families mourning the loss of their Black youth at the hands of police brutality.** *(From the black lives matter supplement). Today we want to remember in particular Sarah Reed, and Amir Siman Tov who both died in detention. We acknowledge that police racism is not limited to the USA or the 70s, these issues are current and right in front of our faces.*

AFIKOMEN

We're almost allowed to eat some carbs! There are three giant crackers under the cloth on the matzah plate. If you pick one up, you'll feel like a tiny human holding a Saltine. Take half of the middle matzah. That's gonna be our afikomen, which means "dessert." It's the worst fucking dessert ever. We are going to hide the afikomen because we are mysterious. The other half of the middle matzah we save for later. BE PATIENT. TRY NOT TO SHIT YOURSELF WONDERING HOW WE'RE GOING TO USE IT.

הָא לַחֲמַא דְאֵנְיָא דִּי אַכְלוּ אַבְהֵתָנָא
בְּאַרְעָא דְמִצְרַיִם. כָּל דְכַפִּין יֵיתִי וַיִּיכַל, כָּל
דְצָרִיךְ יֵיתִי וַיִּפְסַח. הַשְׁתָּא הָכָא, לְשָׁנָה הַבָּאָה
בְּאַרְעָא דְיִשְׂרָאֵל. הַשְׁתָּא עַבְדֵּי, לְשָׁנָה הַבָּאָה בְּנֵי חוֹרִין

*HA LACH-MA D'AN-YA DI ACHALU AV'A-HA-TA-NA B'AR-A D'MITZRAYIM.
KOL DICH-FIN YEI-TEI V'YEICHOL, KOL DITZ-RICH YEI-TEI V'YIF-SACH.
HASH-TA HA-CHA, L'SHANA HA-BA-A B'AR-A D'YISRAEL.
HASH-TA AV-DEI, L'SHANA HA-BA-A B'NEI CHORIN.*

This is the bread of suffering which our people ate when they were slaves. Eat it. I know—it sucks. That's the fucking point, be grateful it's only for 8 days. May no one *have* to eat this shit.

FOUR QUESTIONS

Someone's about to get fucked.

Someone's going to have to sing the song asking why tonight is different from other nights. To figure out who this person is:

- Determine who is the youngest / [insert other determinant criterion] person.
- Call them 'Ken Livingstone'
- Make them stand in front of the rest of the group
- Have them pull their pants down
- Heckle



The 4 QUESTIONS

Sung in Hebrew by all or by the "youngest child"

הַלֵּילָה הַזֶּה מִכָּל
הַלֵּילוֹת. שֶׁבְּכָל הַלֵּילוֹת
מַה נִּשְׁתַּנָּה
אֲנִי אוֹכְלִין חֶמֶץ וּמִצֵּה, הַלֵּילָה הַזֶּה כִּלּוֹ מִצֵּה. שֶׁבְּכָל
הַלֵּילוֹת אֲנִי אוֹכְלִין שָׂאֵר יִרְקוֹת, הַלֵּילָה הַזֶּה מְרוֹר. שֶׁבְּכָל
הַלֵּילוֹת אֵין אֲנִי מְטַבֵּילִין אֶפְלוֹ פֶּעַם אַחַת, הַלֵּילָה הַזֶּה שְׁתֵּי
פְּעָמִים. שֶׁבְּכָל הַלֵּילוֹת אֲנִי אוֹכְלִין בֵּין יוֹשְׁבֵין וּבֵין מְסֻבֵין,
הַלֵּילָה הַזֶּה כִּלְנֹנוּ מְסֻבֵין.

Mah nishtanah halailah hazeh mikol halayloht, mikol halayloht?

Shehb'khol halayloht anu okhlin chameytz umatzah, chameytz umatzah.

Halaylah hazeh, halaylah hazeh, kooloh matzah?

Shehb'khol halayloht anu okhlin sh'ar y'rakot, sh'ar y'rakot. Halaylah hazeh, halaylah hazeh, maror?

Shehb'khol halayloht ayn anu mat'bilin afilu pa'am echat, afilu pa'am echat.

Halaylah hazeh, halaylah hazeh, sh'tay p'amim?

Shehb'khol halayloht anu okhlin bayn yosh'bin u'vayn m'soobin, bayn yosh'bin u'vayn m'soobin. Halahylah hazeh, halahylah hazeh, koolanu m'soobin?

For the english reading, here are some more interesting versions of the four questions, assembled from various haggadot and our own brains. We can also share and discuss our own.

How is this night different from all other nights?

On all other nights, we depend on the exploitation of invisible others for our food, clothing, homes, and more.

Tonight, we remember the countless sets of hands involved in bringing the food and wine to our seder, and we listen to the stories of those who suffer to create the goods we use. We commit to working toward the human rights of all workers.

On all other nights, we have allowed human life to become cheap in the economic quest for the cheapest goods.

Tonight, we commit to valuing all people, regardless of their race, class, or circumstances.

On all other nights, we have forgotten that poverty, migration, and genderbased violence leave people vulnerable to exploitation, including modern day slavery.

Tonight, we commit to taking concrete actions to end this exploitation and its causes.

On all other nights, we forget to seek wisdom about how to end slavery, prejudice and exploitation from the people who have experienced it.

Tonight, we commit not to speak over already marginalised voices, but to let them tell their own stories.

We commit to bringing the lessons of this seder into our actions tomorrow, the next day, and every day to come

The Four Comrades

The Wise comrade asks:

“But what does Karl Marx actually say we should do? How do we bring about communism?”

A: This is a good comrade. You should immediately assign them all of your union's organisational and admin tasks.

The Wicked comrade asks:

“What are you even doing? this is pointless, what about human nature, history has proven communism doesn't work, Jeremy Corbyn is unelectable. What would the revolution do for ME?”

A: Notice how they say for 'me' and not for us. This douchebag is not your comrade. According to the rabbis and chabad.org, you should 'blunt their teeth' *wink emoticon*

The simple comrade asks:

“Is this Haggadah printed on

A: This comrade is still a comrade and you should be patient with them. . You should tell them All cops are bastards. then sing Daloy Politsey at them until they cover their faces to drown out the noise.

אין אַלע גאַסן וווּ מען גייט הערט מען זאַבאַסטאָווקעס. יינגלעך, מיידלעך, קינד און קייט שמועסן פֿון פריבאַווקעס.	In ale gasn vu men geyt Hert men zabostovkes. Yinglekh, meydlekh, kind un keyt Shmuesn fun pribovkes.
גענוג שוין ברידער האַרעווען, גענוג שוין באַרגן ליען, מאַכט אַ זאַבאַסטאָווקע, לאַמיר ברידער זיך באַפֿרענען!	Genug shoyn brider horeven, Genug shoyn borgn layen, Makht a zabostovke, Lomir brider zikh bafrazen!
ברידער און שוועסטער, לאַמיר זיך געבן די הענט, לאַמיר ניקאַלניקעלען צעברעכן די ווענט!	Brider un shvester, Lomir zikh gebn di hent, Lomir Nikolaykelen tsebrekhn di vent!
היי, היי, דאַלוי פֿאַליציי! דאַלוי סאַמעדערזשאַוויצען וו'ראַסיי!	Hey, hey, daloy politsey! Daloy samederzhavyets v'rasey!
ברידער און שוועסטער, לאַמיר זיך ניט אירצן, לאַמיר ניקאַלניקעלען די יאַרעלעך פֿאַרקירצן! היי היי...	Brider un shvester, lomir zikh nit irtsn, Lomir Nikolaykelen di yorelekh farkirtsn! Hey, hey...
נעכטן האַט ער געפֿירט אַ וועגעלע מיט מיסט, היינט איז ער געוואָרן אַ קאַפיטאַליסט! היי היי...	Nekhtn hot er gefirt a vegele mit mist, Haynt is er gevorn a kapitalist! Hey, hey...
ברידער און שוועסטער, לאַמיר גיין צוזאַמען, לאַמיר ניקאַלניקעלען באַגראַבן מיט דער מאַמען! היי היי...	Brider un shvester, lomir geyn tsuzamen, Lomir Nikolaykelen bagrobn mit der mamen! Hey, hey...
קאַזאַקן, זשאַנדאַרמען, אַראַפּ פֿון די פֿערד! דער רוסישער קייסער ליגט שוין אין דר'ערד! היי היי...	Kozakn, zhandarmen, arop fun di ferd! Der rusisher keyser ligt shoyn in dr'erd! Hey, hey...

Sing :

The comrade who does not know how to ask

A :This is probably because some overconfident white men (and probably a few privately educated white women) are dominating the whole conversation. You should kill all the white men and buy some beer. Beer relaxes people and then the comrades who haven't spoken yet might. Also ask them if they want to speak.

sing : chuck all the men out of the reichstag

CHUCK ALL THE MEN OUT OF THE REICHSTAG

1) The battle for emancipation's been raging since history began

Yes, feminists of every nation want to throw off the chains made by man

Hula girls and housemaids and wives in Maribou

hear all our voices thunder in protest

Anything that men do women do it too

and more that that we women do it best

CHORUS: Chuck all the men out of the Reichstag

and chuck all the men out of the courthouse

Men are the problem with humanity

they're blinded by their vanity

Women have passively embraced them

when we could have easily outpaced them

Yes we should have long ago replaced them

or better yet erased them

If we haven't made our feelings clear

we women have had it up to here

2) The men get their pick of professions, they're policemen or scholars or clerks

They get rich and acquire possessions - like we wives who keep house for these jerks

They're ruining the country while we mop up the floor

They're flushing this whole nation down the drain

Sisters stand together, let's show these men the door

before they drive us totally insane

CHORUS

Maggid - the story

At this point we can pick a version of the story from one of the Haggadot, or we can exercise our intellectual freedom and instead read or tell a story of contemporary slavery for example from the black lives matter supplement, the Jewish Voice for Peace supplement.

We can also sing some more songs now.

Avadim hayinu, hayinu Ata b'nei chorin u'vnot chorin Avadim hayinu Ata, ata b'nei chorin.

Avadim hayinu! Ata, ata b'nei chori, b'nei chorim Ata, ata b'not chorin, b'not chorin.

Once, we were slaves now we are the children of freedom!

Pour the Second cup of wine. Don't drink it.



The Ten Plagues

דם - *Dam, Blood*

צפרדע - *Tzfardeyah, Frogs*

כנים - *Kinim, Lice*

ערוב - *Arov, Beasts*

דבר - *Dever, Disease*

שחין - *Sh'khin, Boils*

ברד - *Barad, Hail*

ארבה - *Arbeh, Locusts*

חשך - *Choshech, Darkness*

מכת בכורות - *Makat B'khorot, Slaying of the first-born*

Ten Plagues of Modern Day slaves/ those fleeing from persecution

1. No belonging
2. Enforced separation from family
3. Trauma
4. No local support network
5. language barriers
6. Shame
7. No government benefits
8. No transportation or childcare
9. Institutional racism
10. Reliance on poorly trained and scarce service providers

Ten Plagues of the Occupation of Palestine

This year we take more drops of wine from our cup to grieve the plagues of apartheid, occupation and war being inflicted on Palestine:

1. Home demolitions Destroying the same homes again and again.
2. Uprooting Olive Trees Destroying income and heritage for generations of Palestinian families.
3. Blockades and Checkpoints Subjecting Palestinians to daily humiliation and violence by denying access to work, medical care and seeing their families and loved ones.
4. Destruction of Villages – Destroying over 400 Palestinian towns since 1948.
5. “Administrative detention” – Imprisoning and torturing Palestinian adults and children indefinitely, without trial.
6. The “Security wall” – Limiting movement, destroying homes, and increasing surveillance by building a 30foot high concrete wall around the West Bank with gun towers and electric fencing.
7. Theft of resources – Destroying the Palestinian economy, exploiting Palestinian labor, and stealing water and fertile land.
8. False Democracy – Denying civil rights to all nonJews through Apartheid laws, then calling it a democracy.
9. Erasing histories – Invisibilizing the ancient history and culture of Palestine to generations of children.
10. War Crimes – Violating international law, by disabling and torturing children and adults and massacring Palestinians (in Sabra, Shattila, Deir Yassin and others)

As we come together this year the world can seem grim, and at times we are very tired and lose hope of any change occurring. What we drink to tonight is our community fomenting change together, around this table and around the world. We all are engaged in struggle, personally, in this country, and internationally. This year, we drink to the people around the world who have taken the streets, the buildings, the cities in protest of unjust, racist and classist wars. Tonight we come together to recount the stories from the past, share stories of present struggles, and envision together the future we will build with our allies. Tonight we can lean, and rest, and have a break from our own struggles, but at the same time remember those who don't have that privilege.

SECOND BUCKET OF WINE

Legend has it that when the Egyptians were being sucked down into the Red Sea, hallucinogenic angels wanted to chant a cover of Jeff Buckley's Hallelujah in victory. This peeved Lorde. Lorde rebuked: "Fucking angels! How you gonna do me like that? Those are MY little bastards drowning down there! I know they were doing bad shit, but fucking show some compassion!"

In a "normal" seder, we'd fill our second bucket of wine only halfway to show that it's sad to see any human suffering, even those asswipes. In this seder, we fill two buckets of wine per person because...yeah. Fuck those fascists.

Pesah

Matzah

Is matzah

Maror

(All)

masculine form:

Baruch ata Adonai, eloheynu melech ha-
olam hamotzi lechem min ha'aretz

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ הוֹה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם,
הַמוֹצֵיא לֶחֶם מִן הָאָרֶץ

feminine form:

Brucha yah Shechina, eloheynu melkat
ha-olam hamotzi lechem min ha'aretz

בְּרוּכָה יְיָ שְׁכִינָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מַלְפַת הָעוֹלָם,
הַמוֹצֵיא לֶחֶם מִן הָאָרֶץ

(All) Blessed is the breath of life who brings forth
the grains and wheat from the earth

(All)

masculine form:

Baruch ata Adonai, eloheynu melech ha-
olam, asher kid'shanu b'mitzvotav,
v'tzivanu al achilat matzah.

יְיָ אַתָּה יְיָ הוֹה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר
יִשְׁנֶנּוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו, וְצִוָּנוּ עַל אֲכִילַת מַצָּה

feminine form:

Brucha yah Shechina, eloheynu melkat
ha-olam asher kid'shanu b'mitzvotav,
v'tzivanu al achilat matzah.

יְיָ הוֹה יְיָ שְׁכִינָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מַלְפַת הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר
יִשְׁנֶנּוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו, וְצִוָּנוּ עַל אֲכִילַת מַצָּה

Okay. We finally fucking got here. Prepare to be in a room full of crying adults.

IMPORTANT: IF YOU DON'T HAVE RAW HORSERADISH ROOT AND ONLY HAVE THE PUSSY JARRED STUFF, STOP THIS SEDER, FORAGE A ROOT, AND BEGIN THE ENTIRE SEDER FROM THE FUCKING BEGINNING.

For on this night of Passover, we live through the torment and bitterness of slavery, by eating something really bitter. We piss tears that our people pissed 4000 years ago. WE FUCKING REMEMBER THAT NOT EVERYONE GETS TO LIVE FREE AND REMEMBER THE TEMPO FOR CPR IS STAYING ALIVE BY THE BEEGEES.

Raise the Maror above your head.

(All)

masculine form:

Baruch ata Adonai, eloheynu melech ha-
olam asher kidshanu b'mitzvotav v'tsivanu
al achilat maror

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר
קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו, וְצִוָּנוּ עַל אֲכִילַת מָרוֹר.

feminine form:

Brucha yah Shechina, eloheynu melkat
ha-olam asher kidshanu b'mitzvotav
v'tsivanu al achilat maror

בְּרוּכָה יְיָ שְׂכִינָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מַלְכַת הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר
קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו, וְצִוָּנוּ עַל אֲכִילַת מָרוֹר.

Eat the Maror. Cry.

Charoset

Yum

Korech (hillel's sandwich)

Make a matzah sandwich of maror and Charoseth, to taste the bitterness of slavery and the sweetness of Freedom. Or think of another way to do this by combining a nice thing with a gross thing.

Egg/Avocado.

We aren't going to put an avocado in salt water because that would be disgusting and weird.

The egg symbolises birth and death, and we eat it in salt water to once again symbolise tears.

We have a vegan seder plate, so this could be a good opportunity for someone to discuss why, but everyone is probably very hungry now so maybe discuss these things over dinner.

Vegan people should feel free to criticise non-vegan people throughout the meal. However, non-vegans may also criticise limitations in some areas of the vegan movement/mindset especially unnecessary preachiness, racism and classism, and not considering the rights of the people who grow and pick your organic quinoa and non-Israeli avocados.

beetroot/shankbone

In a traditional seder, the shank bone/roasted beetroot represents the sacrifice Jews used to make at the temple in Jerusalem, and our mourning for the temple being destroyed. 100% Fuck that.

For our purposes, and from the 'the fucking Haggadah' the sacrificed beetroot represents us giving the finger to idolatry. From Kelly Clarkson to Billy, history shows that when people worship idols, shit hits the fucking fan. It's on us to prevent the human suffering that follows when shitheads worship THINGS and DICTATORS and MONEY

Everybody point at the Beetroot on the Seder plate and shout 'FUCK CAPITALISM'

“Prayer against the State of Israel” by Geoffry Cohen

Please God, smash the State of Israel. Smash it in the abundance of your love. Send forth your light and truth to those who lead. And JUDGE it - on Yom Kippur try to pay special attention to those who hold elective office. Establish in them, through some sort of magic God thing, wise counsel, that they might stop being so fucking racist. We're sure you've been trying but srsly, you need to give this some more thought.

Strengthen the hands of those who seek to liberate our holy land that isn't actually ours at all but everyone's. Let them inherit salvation and life. And give peace to the land, and perpetual joy to all its inhabitants. Stop referring to the “house of Israel”, that's gone, it's been hundreds of years, get over it, get a flat. Plant in our hearts a love of everywhere. Destroy all borders, tear down all walls, quick, before Banksy comes and draws something on it.

And for all our people everywhere, may God be with them, and may they have the opportunity to go wherever they want to go, and help them to live in peace with their neighbours. Cause your spirit's influence to emanate upon the dwellers of Stamford Hill and/or Golders Green.

And fuck the queen and ESPECIALLY FUCK PRINCE PHILIP. Burn down parliament. Full communism. Amen.

*****FOOOD*****

Find the Afikoman

BIRKAT HAMAZON

(optional/if anyone knows it)

THIRD CAULDRON OF WINE

This third cauldron symbolizes spiritual freedom. Many times in history, dickheads said fuck no to Jews and their religious practises. Asshats also said fuck no to Muslims, Hindus, Sikhs, Christians and Buddhists. This is all bullshit. These oppressive shit eaters may not join our seder.

Raise your glass, say 'FUCK EDDIE STAMPTON, FUCK KATIE HOPKINS' Say the blessing. Drink.

Elijah's Cup

Pour a cup of wine for elijah. Don't forget to tidy it away later

SONGS

Dayeinu

From the *black lives matter supplement*:

3.

If we had learned and chanted the words from Assata Shakur and not protested violence by militarized police — Lo Dayenu

4.

If we had protested police use of tear gas, rubber bullets, pepper spray and rifles pointed at protesters and forgotten that we are all b'tselem elohim, created in Gd's image — Lo Dayenu 5.

If we had remembered that we are all created in Gd's image and not affirmed Black Lives Matter — Lo Dayenu

6.

If we had chanted and cried out that Black Lives Matter and not remembered Rekia Boyd, Alyanna Jones, Shantel Davis, Yvette Smith and Tyisha Miller, Black women and girls also killed by police — Lo Dayenu 7.

If we had marched for those killed, chanting Hands up Don't shoot and not recalled the words of Eicha:

Lift of thy hands toward Hashem for the life of the thy young children, that faint for hunger at

the head of every street.

— Lo Dayenu 8.

If we had recalled the words of Eicha and not called to attention the school to prison pipeline and

the mass incarceration of Black and brown people — Lo Dayenu 9.

If we had called attention to the “new Jim Crow” system — and did not truly sh’m a (listen) — Lo

Dayenu 10.

If we had truly listened to the stories, pain and triumphs of our brothers and sisters of color

without feeling the need to correct, erase or discredit them and did not

recognize the Pharaohs of

this generation — Lo Dayenu 11.

If we had worked to dismantle the reigns of today’s Pharaohs and had not joined the new civil

rights movement — Lo Dayenu 12.

If we had marched, chanted, listened, learned and engaged in this new civil rights movement and

not realized that this story is our story, including our people and requiring our full participation

— Lo Dayenu 13.

If we had concluded that our work is not done, that the story is still being written, that now is still

the moment to be involved and that we haven’t yet brought our gifts and talents to the Black Lives

Matter movement — Lo Dayenu

FoURTH JACUZZI OF WINE

And now...the end is near. Everyone—lose your pants, it's time to jump into the Jacuzzi of wine.

Mad injustice still remains on this fucking orb. This Jacuzzi of wine reminds us that cracking your iPhone isn't that big a fucking deal.

Our lives mean more than that. As we get neck deep in this Manischewitz, let's vow to crumble the tyrants, end war, feed the famished, and just all around fucking dominate

Who knows one? (from the Bund Haggadah)

Who knows "one"?

Who knows one? I know one: one humankind is here in the world.

Who knows two? I know two: in two parts is humankind divided: poor and rich. Who

knows three? I know three: the Christian Trinity darkens the world.

Who knows four? I know four: the four basics rule work.

Who knows five? I know five: Capital controls all five continents.

Who knows six? I know six: six days of the week a worker becomes besmirched.

Who knows seven? I know seven: the rich person counts seven days a week as Holiday. Who

knows eight? I know eight: from eight days on, a little boy already suffers because of religion.

Who knows nine? I know nine: Nine months to work three months closer to death.

Who knows ten? I know ten: from ten commandments came the 613 mitzvot.

Who knows eleven? I know eleven: only rabbis and idlers can compare eleven merchants with eleven stars.

Who knows twelve? I know twelve: twelve holes are in a dozen bagels, and this is opposed to the twelve tribes.

Who knows thirteen? I know thirteen: to thirteen thousand atheists is the Capitalist system useless!

MORE SONGS

The Freedom Spirit Morris Winchevsky

<p>פון בעדריקטע פֿעלקער-ראסען אין די גאסען - צו די מאסען רופט דער פֿרײהייטס-גײסט:</p>	<p>In di gasen, tzu di masen Fun bedrikte felker rasen: Ruft der frayheytagayst!</p>	<p>In the streets, to the masses From the oppressed peoples, Calls the freedom spirit!</p>
<p>איך ברענג וואָפֿען - אַפֿר דעם שלפֿאַען איך בעפֿרײ די אַרבייטס-שקלפֿאַען און איך מאַך זײ דרײסט</p>	<p>Ich breng vafen far dem shlafen, Ich bafray di arbetsshklafen Un ich mach zey drayst</p>	<p>I bring weapons to the sleepers. I free the wageslaves And I make them bold</p>
<p>ליכט פֿערשרײטען-רעכט פֿערברײטען קום איך און צוברעך די קײטען פֿון דער טיראַנײ</p>	<p>Licht fershpreyten recht ferbreyten. Kum ich un tzubrech di keyten</p>	<p>Light spreads, rightousness wide, I break the chains of tyranny!</p>

	Fun der tyranay!	
די נאַציאָנען - פֿון קאַנאָנען פֿאַן אַרמעען און פֿון שפּיאָנען קום איך מאַכען פֿרײ	Di natziononen fun canonen, fun armen un fun shpionen Kum ich machn fray	I come to free the nations from canons, armies and spies
איך קום לעהרען אַרבייט עהרען עהרען, אַכטען און בעגעהרען אַרבייט מיט אַ טאַלק	Ich kum lehren arbet ehren, ehren, achten un begehren, arbet mit a tolk	I come to teach honourable work, honourable, imporant and desirous, work with a system
גליק און פֿרידען-אונגעשידען צווישען חידען,קריסטען,אידען צווישען אַפֿלק און אַפֿלק	Glik un friden ungeshiden, tsvishen heydn, kristn, iydn, tsvishn folk un folk	Happiness and joy undivided, between heathens, Christians, Jews, between people and people.

Pie in the Sky

Longhaired preachers come out every night To
tell you what's wrong and what's right But
when asked how about something to eat They
will answer in voices so sweet:

You will eat, bye and bye
In that glorious land above the sky Work
and pray, live on hay
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.
That's a lie

And the starvation army they play They sing
and they clap and they pray 'Till they get all

your coin on the drum

Then they'll tell you when you're on the bum:

You're gonna eat, bye and bye, poor boy
In that glorious land above the sky, way up high Work
and pray, live on hay
You'll get pie in the sky when you die Dirty
lie

Holy Rollers and jumpers come out They
holler, they jump, Lord, they shout Give your
money to Jesus they say
He will cure all troubles today

And you will eat, bye and bye,
In that glorious land above the sky, way up high Work
and pray, boy, live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

If you fight hard for children and wife Try to
get something good in this life You're a
sinner and bad man, they tell When you die
you will sure go to hell

You will eat, bye and bye
In that glorious land above the sky Work
and pray, live on hay
You'll get pie in the sky when you die

Workingmen of all countries, unite Side by
side we for freedom will fight
When this world and its wealth we have gained
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

Well, you will eat, bye and bye
When you've learned how to cook and to fry Chop
some wood, it'll do you good
You will eat in the sweet bye and bye

Yes you'll eat, bye and bye
In that glorious land above the sky, way up high
Work and pray, and live on hay
You'll get pie in the sky when you die That's a
lie....

Ay Carmela

This is the song of the IV Brigade in the Spanish Civil War. Loosley translated it means 'let's go stop some fascists'. Change the chorus to OY VEY CARMELA if you want to Jew it up a bit.

Viva la Quince Brigada, rumba la
rumba la rumba la. Viva la
Quince Brigada, rumba la rumba
la rumba la que se ha cubierto
de gloria,
¡Ay Carmela! ¡Ay Carmela! que
se ha cubierto de gloria,
¡Ay Carmela! ¡Ay Carmela!
Luchamos contra los moros,
rumba la rumba la rumba la.
Luchamos contra los moros,
rumba la rumba la rumba la
mercenarios y fascistas,
¡Ay Carmela! ¡Ay Carmela! mercenarios
y fascistas,
¡Ay Carmela! ¡Ay Carmela!
Solo es nuestro deseo, rumba la
rumba la rumba la. Solo es nuestro
deseo, rumba la rumba la rumba la
acabar con el fascismo,
¡Ay Carmela! ¡Ay Carmela! acabar
con el fascismo,
¡Ay Carmela! ¡Ay Carmela! En los
frentes de Jarama, rumba la
rumba la rumba la. En los frentes

de Jarama, rumba la rumba la
rumba la
no tenemos ni aviones, ni tanques ni cañones,
¡Ay Carmela!
no tenemos ni aviones, ni tanques ni cañones,
¡Ay Carmela!
Ya salimos de España, rumba la
rumba la rumba la. Ya salimos de
España, rumba la rumba la rumba
la a luchar en otros frentes,
¡Ay Carmela! ¡Ay Carmela! a
luchar en otros frentes,
¡Ay Carmela! ¡Ay Carmela!

Tell Me, Marrano

Song about Marranos, Spanish Jews forced to convert during the Inquisition in the 15th and 16th centuries, who practiced Jewish rituals in secret. Words by Yiddish poet Abraham Reisen (1875-1953); music by Samuel Bugatch (1889-1984). Printed in sheet music by Mills Music, Inc., N.Y., 1962.

— Zog, maran, du bruder mayner,
Vu iz greyt der seyder dayner?
— In tifer heyl, in a kheyder,
Dort hob ikh gegreyt mayn seyder.

— Zog, maran, mir vu, bay vemen,
Vestu vayse matses nemen?
— In der heyl, oyf gots barotn
Hot mayn vayb dem teyg geknotn.

— Zog, maran, vi vest zikh klign
A hagode vu tsu krign?
— In der heyl, in tife shpaltn,
Hob ikh zi shoyrn lang bahalt'n.

— Zog, maran, vi vest zikh vern
Ven men vet dayn kol derhern?
— Ven der soyne vet mikh fangen,
Vel ikh shtarbn mit gezangen.

— זאג, מאראן, דו ברודער מאנער,
ווא איז גרייט דער סדר דענער?
— אין טיפער הייל, אין א קהילה,
דארט האב איך געגרייט מיין סדר.

— זאג, מאראן, מיר ווא ביי וועמען,
וועסטו וויסען מצות נעמען?
— אין דער הייל, אויף גאט'ס באראטן
האט מיין ווייב דעם טייג געקלאטן.

— זאג, מאראן, ווי וועסט זיך קלייגן
א הגדה ווא צו קרייגן?
— אין דער הייל, אין טיפע שפאלטן,
האב איך זי שוין לאנג באהאלטן.

— זאג, מאראן, ווי וועסט זיך ווערן
ווען מען וועט דען קול דערהערן?
— ווען דער שונא וועט מיר פאנגען,
וועל איך שטארבן מיט געזאנגען.

Tell me, Marrano, my brother, where have you prepared your seyder? — In a deep cave, in a hollow, there I prepared my seyder.

Tell me, Marrano, where and from whom will you get *matsos*? — In the cave, under God's protection, my wife kneaded the dough.

Tell me, Marrano, where are you going to manage to find a *haggadah*? — In the cave, in deep recesses, I've been hiding it for a long time.

Tell me, Marrano, how will you protect yourself when they hear your voice? — When the enemy finds me, I will die singing.