

Mayday 2025. Some Thoughts.

Organise!, Peter Ó Máille

May 1st, 2025 (May Day)

“It is not murder, however, of which you have convicted me. The judge has stated that much only this morning in his resume of the case, and Grinnell has repeatedly asserted that we were being tried not for murder, but for anarchy, so the condemnation is—that I am an anarchist!”

— **Louis Lingg addressing the court.**

The International Workers’ Day is for most people in Britain, just another holiday given to us from the government. For some it means you can nurse your hangover for another day, for others it means an annoying obligation to take the kids to Rhyl for the weekend.

For significantly less — those who pick up the discarded Metro on the way into town and other “in touch” types who vote and the like — it’s a liberal celebration of everything the workers have done, something like Mother’s day. It is little more than a day for our capitalist system to pat itself on the back for overcoming itself and (eventually) giving all them workers the weekends their deserve. Good on you pleb, have a day off, you’ve earnt it. It is laced with all the revision they afford the likes of Gandhi for the Indian independence struggle and Mandela for the struggle against apartheid.

It has been consumed by the platitudes and accomadations the electoral socialists exchange with the state and capital for slight improvements to the horrific realities we are all crushed beneath. The day is entirely disconnected from struggle. It is a holiday. They did the same thing to pride. Maybe they’ll scroll the annual BBC round up of some of the more spicy actions around the world, everyone loves a bit of riot porn, thank heavens we’re not so uncouth!

For the perishingly few statist-communists of various flavours, ie “*The Reds*”, active resistance and labour organising has long been exchanged for a bit of a march, some fucking samba band, and droning speeches by forgettable politicians looking for nice additions to their show reel. It is a pantomime appropriated from Soviet flag waving. I’m not sure it does little more than convince ageing Trots they are still a part of a movement and — more odiously — convince angry youth and soak away their most capable years.

If you step off that parade route, if you ignore the stewards, if you step even a hair out of the remit of the acceptable face of labour rights, if you struggle even an iota against capitalism in any meaningful way, breach the official permissions granted, even you can get past the high-vis

stewards and actually for a moment pose a threat to capital... the police will facilitate your right to protest by smashing your face in.

Almost every rebellion, revolution, uprising, and insurgency has been mirrored by some moderate, reformist, liberal counter point. Usually it preaches solidarity while undermining the cause, it argues against any radical dream of freedom in favour of a more viable accommodation with the bosses and state. The story of May Day is a story of these two juxtaposed labour movements. One from the grassroots, radical and in service of the working class. The other, various iterations of “rational reform” and the liberal labour movement, which, while occasionally dressed up with socialist airs, stems from above and only seeks to rise up the working class out of the filth we have been consigned to since the dawn of time to more presentable level to ensure loyalty, capitulation and a social order more beneficial to capital.

The party politicians don’t care about the poor, they care about the working class who turn to crime that affects the middle class, or worse, the desperate and vulnerable who mess up the pretty high streets with their tents or sit on benches outside shops looking like...that. Still they’ll sing songs of solidarity, shuffle some money into a benevolent scheme and later sent the police and council workers to shift them on and chuck peoples entire belongings into a bin lorry. They are rank hypocrits.

The Anarchists? We have a thousand pretty words to say on May Day, I’m sure a dozen statements will be posted, maybe there will be a few black flags in the sea of blood, maybe someone will do *SOMETHING* this year. I don’t know.

Up and down the UK there are a number of events, both liberal and radical, Anarchists mostly gathering on the edge of the acceptance resistances marches, or in the night for a variety of talks and gigs. The last few keeping the flame of active resistance and a genuine desire for liberation for all from beneath the boot of capitalist paymasters, we look fondly around the world at movements less corrupted, less pacified and dream of a better future, one when May Day is a day returned to the workers’ struggle and no longer just another labour holiday.

In the UK, we’re struggling. Ineffectual networks that exist for a couple of years, pop up, thrive in anger, and burn out. The “traditional” organisations talk a big game but are overwhelmingly populated with paper members, while the rest locked behind a beurocratic barriers they have inherited. For nearly ten years we’ve cut a tragic gulf between us on the issue of solidarity. On one periphery actual bigots masked themselves as nearly class reductionist, on the other a variety of single-issue, and cross-class movements position identity as purpose. Both declaring everyone not them is the most extreme parody of the other. Just one animosity amongst many.

The vibrant anarchists growing up now inherit movement on life support, a movement that unable to deal with it’s failures has near consumed itself.

Own it. Improve. Organise.

We’re well into late stage capitalism. The USA has seen a 100 days of accelerated fascism as government agents kidnap and disappear tens of thousands under light pretense. In the UK our “Socialist” party is in power and it has overwhelmingly decided to appeal to the popularist right. Times of great pain are upon us and we are failing. It’s about time we took back our movement and made it mean something again. Take a good hard look at the networks you are in. From carded organisations to casual affinities. Mark Mayday 2025 as a day you decided to repurpose yourself into a more effective organiser, activist, and anarchist and with any joy, hopefully Mayday 2026 will return to the workers.

In the meantime, right now, I have but two recommendations for you, fellow rebel,

First, Remember The Haymarket, yes, but not just this moment. Drag up forgotten rebellions, revolutionaries, fellow workers, militants, renegades and working class heroes. Take the time discovering some revolutionary, some revolution, some struggle. You've never encountered before and ask yourself what lessons can you take, how can you improve?

Second, go find your people, anarchist and otherwise, and do some minor act of rebellion and autonomy. However small, for yourselves, for your workmates, for your community. Go and exist for a moment, it's the most revolutionary thing you can do. Seriously, what else is there to do? You're checking out Anarchist media on May Day, the fire is in you, why pause?

It's now 2pm, stop reading articles on the web and give your people a nudge. The night is young and it can be full of the most beautiful moments of freedom if you want it to be.

Have a lovely day x

Stay Dangerous.

Peter Ó'Máille

P.S. Anyone who tells you "DO FOLLOW LAW ENFORCEMENT ORDERS. DON'T ENGAGE WITH AGITATORS." is your fucking enemy. Stay clear. Jesus Mary J Blige, I can't believe that's just pretty normal to see on protest flyers these days.

Those of you who organise on the peripheries of liberal marches, more love to you.

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