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POPULAR FRONT FOR THE LIBERATION OF CPSA

GENERAL COMMAND MAY 2014

Forward Battle Group Capitulation

COMMUNIQUÉ # 1114 WEDNESDAY 21 MAY

UNITY! FREEDOM! SOCIALISM! - ONE CIVIL SERVICE UNION, ONE GLORIOUS DESTINY!

VAJAZZLED!

Round & About

By Judas Iscariot

By the time you read this, the battle will be won, or lost, but the War goes on. The Putsch Pushers pulled every trick they could think of, even invoking a sick bed broadcast from the GREAT AND GLORIOUS LEADER himself. Delegates were thrilled to learn that MAREK is raring to get back to work as soon as his reconditioned heart is in place and fully functional. Reaction to his relayed pleading in support of the sell-out to UNITE was more muted.

LEFT UNITY and PCS DEMOCRATS Conference leaflets specialise in turgid and dull. But this year they've been even more loathsomely self-congratulatory than the usual tripe they spew out. Many ex CPSA activists experienced nostalgic flashbacks when forced to run the gauntlet of assorted Trots, Grandees and Commissars' thrusting their rants and handbills into eager hands. Experience had taught them that the quickest way through such a scrum is to accept every leaflet offered as though you had come down specially to find it. The hundreds of discarded copies told its own story.

Although they were mob-handed on the Sea Front, all factions ignored the 25% or so of delegates who avoid their assault by coming in through the back door. All, that is, except LU, who left just DOMINIC McFADDEN and a gopher to cover.

It might have helped if LUNITY had asked some-one to proof-read their main leaflet which contained gems such as "other unions are preparing to pallot" and that the unions want "to gain concessions on issues all public sector workers like pay". More consistent content might also been a good idea. After a half-page pro-takeover diatribe (which incidentally urges us to vote for motion A1) it then goes on to say "Left Unity is committed to an Independent PCS".

Meanwhile IAN ALBERT is going high profile in anticipation of the new regime. On Monday he even turned up wearing a Hi-Vis on the assumption that this what UNITE delegates normally wear at conference. Yesterday his minions dished out his PCS DEMOCRAT/UniteNOW "joint statement" brimming with platitudes and bonhomie and concluding with their support for the Take-over.



Vicar booking into a hotel asks the receptionist "Is the Porn channel in my room disabled ?"
"No" she replies "its just regular porn you sick bastard"

Though we've been spared the puerile humour of the UNITY platform, the COMMISSAR front has not been idle. They produced a glossy and quite slick four-page pro-Putsch pamphlet, supplemented by another Commissar propaganda sheet making the same case that just might have been written by LEN McCLUSKEY'S "Chief of Staff", ANDREW SCUMMY, who happens to be a long-standing COMMISSAR as well. Poor old NIGEL was left to sell the MORNING STAR as usual.

The INDEPENDENT LEFTERS doled out dull print versions of their Web-based bulletins to argue the case for the REJECTION FRONT – supported by the happy band from SOCIALIST APPEAL (the MENDICANTS who stayed in the LABOUR Party) and the supporters of the GRASSROOTS ALLIANCE. That's the UNITE faction headed by JERRY HICKS, who came to Brighton to tell us that his own union was rubbish and we'd all be better off in UNISCUM.

Curiously enough a strange group of people were distributing a leaflet promoting a "For a Labour Victory" meeting that allegedly was going to take place on Tuesday evening at the LORD NELSON, known by the cognoscenti, as one of the finest real-ale pubs in Brighton. One of the PFL's most senior and trusted agents was despatched to infiltrate the proceedings but there was nothing doing at the bar and no room appeared even to have been booked. The beer was up to standard though.

Elsewhere, around 100 delegates, hangers-on and SOCIALIST WANKER sellers attended the SWP fringe meeting on the UNITE takeover. It was chaired by JANE AITCHISON, who is still bitter after being ignominiously dumped by the grandees and ousted from her DWP power-base two years ago. And the only top-table speaker was DAVE OWENS from DWP GEC who surprised everyone by saying he was going to only speak for ten minutes and then only speaking for ten minutes.



After duly grateful applause DAVE was succeeded by JOHN McINALLY who had come along to make the grandee case for the "merger". BIG MAC made the pitch for the Putsch in which he argued, incoherently, that it would give what's left of PCS "a smaller voice in a big pond". He also denied that there was any time-table - no matter what anyone else said; He promised that branches and Groups could stay the same and that even yearly elections could conceivably continue under the UNITE regime. The SOCIALIST PARTY guru also spoke for ten minutes but was received in stony silence. DIANE BREEN, the onetime 4TM figure-head followed with an anti-merger speech which got a polite smattering of applause. She in turn was followed by another anti-UNITE nonentity from the floor, at which point our agent retired to continue observation from the bar.

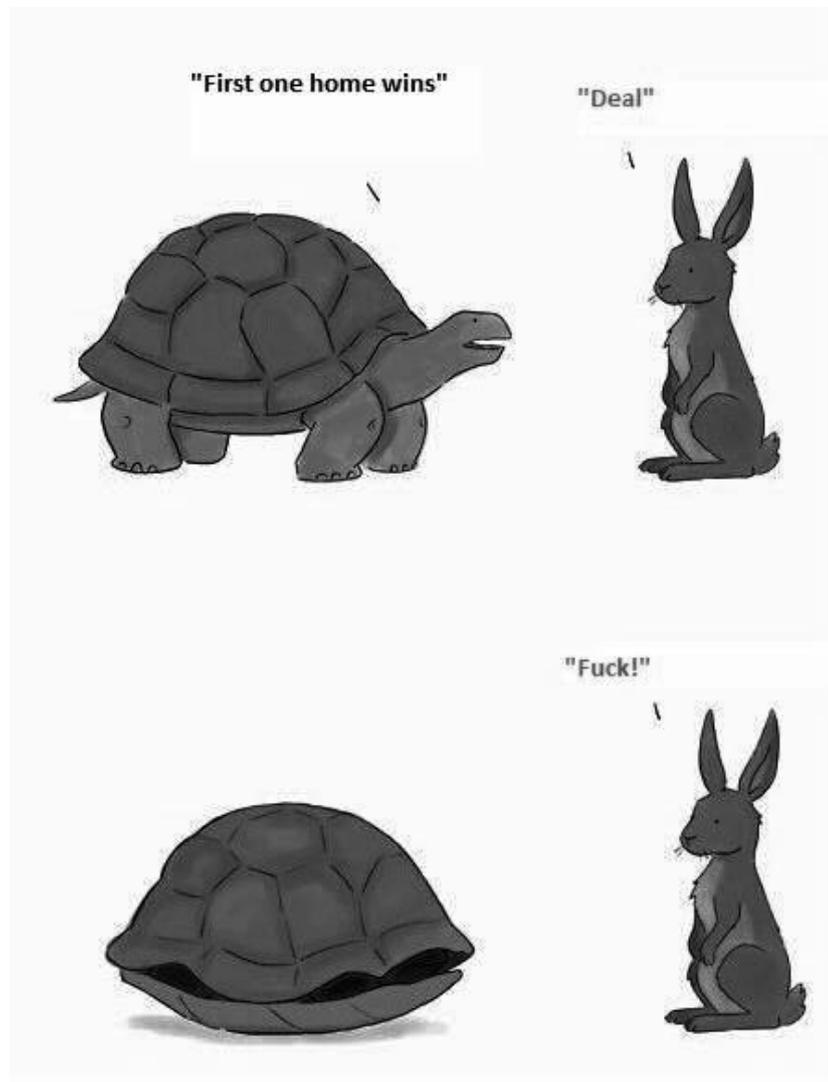
The retired TERRY ADAMS has been tagged in Conference surveillance footage. Based on previous form (see PFL passim Conference 2010), it is likely that he's temporarily abandoned his Chateau to take up his former role as Monsieur BOFFs puppet meister during the current interregnum. He may also take the opportunity to offer his guidance on French Culture.

It is hardly surprising that the right-wing 4TM bloc has collapsed to the extent that they only had one candidate (as recommended by HOWARD FULLERSHIT on his tedious blog) in the DWP Group elections. Of their former big guns JOHN McGOWAN has taken early retirement, JIM MACKAY is about to take an early bath and NICK GILHOOLY has taken a voluntary exit package. DIANE BREEN'S health continues to give cause for concern and RACHEL BARROWCLOUGH has gone missing, possibly intending to spend more time with her amateur theatrical company. Finally, HUGH BRADLEY, who has been threatening to retire for the past ten years, did.

CHARLIE McDONALD will have been relieved to see his motion 206 at DWP Conference changed from an X mark to an A. Originally X-marked as “not containing an instruction” Standing Orders relented and accepted that telling the GEC “to make more of a fuss about this” was indeed an instruction and revised the marking.

MOD delegates have seen their Conference social move rapidly down market from its 2006 zenith as the free wine-drinking frenzy (see PFL Communique 1314 Wed 7 June 2006), descending through last year’s poxy quiz in an out of the way pub and finally reaching nadir with this year’s minimalist offering of absolutely buggerall. The “Organiser” couldn’t even be bothered to sort out a Group hotel; which left the few delegates committed enough to attend on their own time forced to fend for themselves in the scramble for Brighton accommodation. The Social never had a look in. Spose a quick fuck’s completely out of the question. The 40-odd delegates and two observers are now almost outnumbered by the GEC and Group staff.

We may have done CHARLIE SLOAN a disservice yesterday when we said he couldn’t be arsed to join us this week. In fact the drape-coated tyke has just moved branches and felt he might have looked a bit too pushy barging his way into running for delegate so soon. He did, however, seriously consider joining RICHARD HALFPENNY as an observer to our august proceedings before deciding to save his money and instead buy his delightful partner, HELEN, something special for her forthcoming “significant” birthday. We hope he comes up with something better than his last Valentine’s Day gift when, ignoring the old adage “say it with flowers”, he said it with brassicas. A packet of Walking Stick kale seeds to be exact. Who said Romance was dead?



Although Brigadier HARDING is otherwise detained by the surgeon’s appointment taking place today, he has left instructions for his few remaining comrades on Conference Duty in Brighton to misbehave on his behalf. Discipline and Standards must be maintained at the subterranean level pioneered by the

MOD PFL FIRESTARTERS BRIGADE. STUART has also been staying in touch with his branch delegation and HALFBRAIN to keep tabs on the “action” here in Brighton. On being advised that it was duller without him he made the pledge “I shall return and I shall be bilious”.

Worst Nightmare Comes True

A late arriving unnamed* Delegate complains his worst nightmare came true as he blinked into to the sunlight on the way out of Brighton Station.

A burning cross toppled into a milk float being driven by Beelzebub waving dozens of giant cabbages carved into grotesque masks resembling either Janice Godrich or Nigel Farage and singing I did it My Way in Morse code.

His stash has been confiscated and he's making a full recovery in an upholstered ward at the Royal Sussex County Hospital.

(*you too can remain unnamed for a small consideration)



EMERGENCY SELECTION UXBRIDGE ENGLISH DICTIONARY

Albino: Saudi Arabian children's comic

Champagne: pretend to hurt

Esplanade: an attempt to explain something whilst drunk

Khaki: small device to facilitate entry to and start engine of a motor vehicle

Leotard: a mentally handicapped lion

Prog Rock: a boulder committed to moving forward and embracing change

Shellfish: A bit like a shelf

Sibling: to sibble

PFLCPSA NEWS

Wednesday always used to be the difficult day. Half-way through the proceedings. All the beer money gone, only the boring admin motions to keep us entertained and they hadn't yet invented those neat masks that make it look like your eyes are still open. But now it's become the main attraction and today delivers that in spades. The decisions made this day could determine whether or not we ever meet again. And, by the time you read this, it'll all be over bar the shouting. There will, of course, still be plenty of that.



So, only one more communique to go before we all retire to lick our wounds. Let's do what we can to make sure they're deep and tasty. Now's the last chance you'll get, possibly ever, (in open assembly) to expose crass hypocrisy, embarrassing gaffes, implausible alliances, dubious motives, sexual peccadillos, migraine inducing fashion sense or lizards posing as leaders. Speak now or forever hold your peas.

The imams are trained to hear your confessions almost as though they believe you. Anonymity can be guaranteed (for a small consideration), though many choose to spend a little more to have themselves painted as the hero of the story. This double bluff convinces the unwary that the apparent victim of an exposure cannot possibly be the source. You'd be amazed.

As ever, if you are too nervous to sidle up to us while on conference duty, you can make a less formal approach in the comfort of the lounge at the OLD SHIT in the region of 22.00 o'clock ish. If even that is beyond your abilities, but you - or some 7 year old under your control - have managed to master email technology, try sending your revelations to dropbox@pflcpsa.com. Every message gets its own personal acknowledgment. Whether you like it or not.

Failing even that, bung us a donation or two to pay the print costs and some laundry soap for Sir Woy's tie. More generous punters can invest in our limited edition **T-Shirts** (£10) and you can start your own candle with one of our original **Self Immolation Starter Packs** for just one of your finest English pounds.

And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters, which the LORD thy God hath given thee, in the siege, and in the straitness, wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee:
Deuteronomy 28:53 KJB Authorised Cambridge