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POPULAR FRONT FOR THE LIBERATION OF CPSA

GENERAL COMMAND MAY 2015

Forward Battle Group Charlie Hebdo

COMMUNIQUÉ # 1117 TUESDAY 19th MAY

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

STATEMENT OF THE BLEEDIN' OBVIOUS

Round & About

By Judas Iscariot

The quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed. It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.

Another dreary day in Brighton town on Monday. Mist and rain summed up the old ennui of delegates trooping into the Centre for the first day of the group conferences; the security of which was properly enforced for the first time in living memory. Senior PFL officers had to be escorted from the rear entrance to the Registration desk to collect their own credentials.

At the DWP bash MARK SERWOTKA told us, in what his merchants of spin called a “keynote” speech, that *“It is clear that after that election result many people will be feeling demoralised and afraid. In times like this there are two options: fight or fright. For many people the response is to curl up into a ball, keep their heads down, and hope they’ll be left alone.*

“Our purpose isn’t to say there will be no hiding place and to scare them more. It is our task to give people hope, to build their confidence, and show them we can win, we don’t have to accept defeat as an inevitable state of affairs for the next five years”.



Serwotka performed his tedious “Pen through Head” trick at the Fringe meeting

Yes? No? Maybe. We didn’t see much sign of defiance yesterday amongst the delegates mulling over the good old days in the overpriced cafes of the Brighton Centre. Nor was there much of it at the grandees top-of-the-bill fringe meeting in the evening. Those who came - and the attendance was impressive - expected to hear a clear, decisive call from the leadership on ways to revive the resistance and “build an even stronger PCS”. What we got was a thoroughly coherent and comprehensive statement of the bleeding obvious from the great and glorious leader. That and the promise to launch a “strategic review” and consultative exercise that could apparently take up to three years to complete.

And this time, they might even let us know the results.

MARK spoke about another threat to the union – the one involving some of the predators in UNISON, FDA and PROSPECT who are supposed to be our Class allies. They have actively (and effectively to a limited extent) been caught poaching; not just non-members among our middle management grades – which would be cheeky (and is forbidden by some obscure TUC rule) but actual paid up PCS high-caste members – which is recognised in TUCland as a hanging offence. PCS has made a formal complaint to the TUC - about the underhand tactics of UNISCUM - which has been upheld in principle. But nothing concretely has come from it which is not surprising considering that the TUC is dominated by UNISON and the other dinosaur, UNITE.



Respectable Turnout at the Fringe Meeting

Mark also briefly focussed on the very real threat of new Tory legislation designed to outlaw strikes unless they achieve support of 40 per cent of eligible members with at least 50 per cent participation in the ballot; a rule which would render illegitimate approximately half the MPs recently elected to the House of Commons. The rest of Mark’s contribution was mainly waffle. Needless to say we all left the meeting little wiser than when we came in...

Despite the promised widespread consultation, prior to any of the dramatic restructuring implied above, it appears that moves are already afoot to implement some of the most likely cutbacks. Usually reliable sources tell us that Conference is going to be scaled-down as part of a new cost-cutting exercise with representation reduced to one delegate per branch and a limitation on the number of groups in attendance. No news at all on where any new HQ might be based once we’ve cashed in on Falconcrest. But crumbs of comfort for the HQ full-time and support staff. Mark is sure the union will be able to avoid “compulsory redundancies or moves”. More details might surface during the Financial Report later in the week. But some of the rats are already leaving the sinking ship.

JASON HOGG has already found a new trough to sink his snout into. DEREK THOMPSON (grandee former NEC member) has bagged a training-officer job with UNITE and HMRC Group Secretary PETER MIDDLEMAN is off to become a full-time officer for the NUT in Liverpool. But for some life goes on.

KEVIN McHUGH is proud to announce that he has become a grandfather for the fourth time, to ZAC, weighing 6lbs and 11oz to DAWN ALLISON. Newcastle’s finest son has acquired a new gopher, IAN COLLEDGE, whose services to the movement now include waking KEVIN up and making sure he gets down to



**Zac McWho
1st appearance
in PFL**

breakfast on time. But McWho has his own place in the pecking order. On Sunday he learned that one of his vice-presidential duties was to help President JANICE GODRICH put her false finger-nails on. Before you ask – yes they were DARK RED.

This year's conference will also see the return of PETER MAHANY, the last member of the CPSA NEWCASTLE WEIGHT (see PFLs passim) to retire in August 2014. After an absence of 25 years MAHANY deems it's safe to come back as he thinks nobody will remember him. The last time he was at the Brighton Centre the right-wingers were trying to throw him out – of the union, not the Centre.

Another Geordie star of yesteryear, BARRY FUGE, has, after 40 years of treachery, at last taken the hint and retired. He's graciously allowed his wife STELLA DENNIS (Our current Director of Finance) to shoulder the burden of bringing home the substantial bacon, while he stays at home watching TV and drinking tea.

Meanwhile MARK EMMERSON (Stockton HMRC) is walking around like a different man since he lost nine stone on doctor's orders. He's dropped from morbidly obese to plain lard-arse at 15 stone but even his best friends' mistake him from a distance. In contrast there's no mistaking KERRY FAIRLESS whose sartorial elegance rarely strays beyond bad taste. One year his multi-coloured conference garb would have given JOSEPH coat-envy. On another he wore a pair of trousers last seen performing with Zippo in a BIG TOP. This year he's been observed wearing a more restrained multi-coloured shirt.

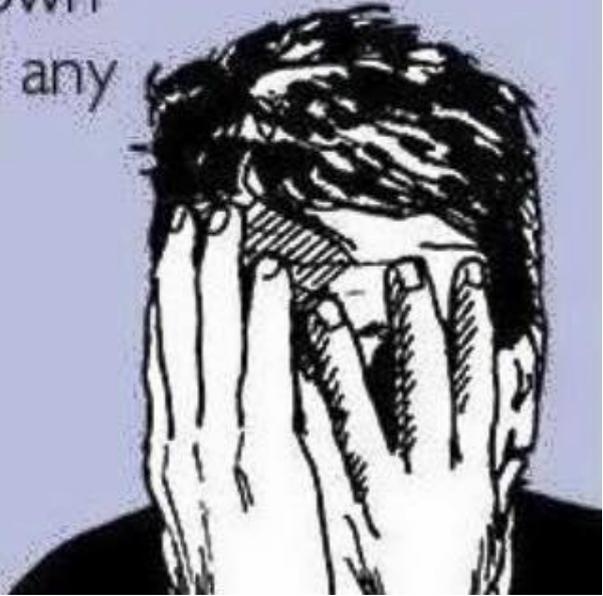
And it's farewell to SUE BOND, the president of the Public Sector Group and one-time leader of the SOCIALIST WANKERS in PCS, who retires this year. Her comrades gave her a send-off last week at a dinner at the *Fish in a Tie*, a fashionable restaurant near Falconcrest. That led on to the usual drinks in *The Asparagus*, a Weatherspoon's a bit further down the Road. But the happy occasion was marred somewhat by a stand-up row between JANICE and CLARA PAILLARD (National Museums Liverpool), the NEC member who is the constant companion of CHRIS BOFF, over a motion to conference. The precise content of the discussion was lost on the breeze. Speculation is absent. BAUGH wisely sat in a corner and said nothing...



Day 2 of the MOD group conference promises to be a short affair, with only 2 motions out of a total of 21 left to be debated. In the old days Brigadier HARDING, Keith HAGGARD and their team would probably have had 21 motions from each of their branches. Sadly, like facility time, those days have gone.

Even though HARDING has retired and donated half his liver to medical research, the old reprobate was still thinking of attending conference. But then it dawned on him that he wouldn't be able to drink anything other than the purest spring water and he couldn't quite see the point. This conclusion was reinforced when his long suffering partner threatened him with extreme violence in the event of his attendance and subsequent consumption of alcohol. In the circumstances, discretion seemed the better part of valour. Wimp. Still he can look back with pride having managed to wangle a handsome retirement deal as a solution to management's difficulties in trying to find him gainful employment on his descent from a couple of decades on 100% facility time. It was easier to buy him off than find something useful they were prepared to trust him to perform on behalf of the innocent tax payer.

I want to grow my own food, but I can't find any bacon seeds.



PFLCPSA NEWS

We haven't been this excited since.

And so the days grind on. And on. Still, the latest episode of GoT should be stored on the skydrive. That's something to look forward to. Will Tyrion finally meet Daenerys this week? And, if so, will he supply the missing strategic analysis she so badly needs if she's ever to regain the Iron Throne for the Targaryens? We just don't know. Which is less than we can say about why Labour lost the election. Everyone's running around addressing that issue as though it's a mystery on a par with the existence, or otherwise, of Free Will. And as if we give a shit. The Labour Party can never be a friend to the Civil Service Unions. If and when they ever return to power, they'll be the employer and we'll be the workers. The best we can hope for is a few decibels lower hostility.

And what's the mystery about the defeat? In a time when national politics is so shallow that personality and personal appearance matter much more than policies, they were led by a muppet who looked and sounded like a nerd. And he was being advised by a PR team who thought that bland aphorisms would be transformed into inspirational sound-bites by being published on a fucking stone tablet. What else needs explaining?

As to our own woes, everybody seems to miss at least one positive consequence of the abolition of facility time. It means, for the first time in recent history, we can be sure that everybody who's turned up at Conference must actually want to be here for something resembling the right reasons. Like reading and feeding the PFL and helping us to keep the bastards' – of your choice - feet to the fire. Who the fuck else is going to do it?

You know the rules. Information, in discrete packets, should be passed to any Imam you can find who is still awake. 9-5, that'll be somewhere in the Brighton Centre. 22-23 o'clock, a cosy corner at the OLD SHIP. At all other times, we'll be waiting with bated breath for droppings into dropbox@pflcpsa.com – unless, of course, you're a member of the inner circle and know how to use a mobile phone in our direction.

T-Shirt artwork is still in digital limbo, but the **Mohammed Bouazizi** commemorative matchbooks are still painfully plentiful, and if all that loose change and unsightly folding money is burning a hole in your pocket, we have just the bucket you can store it in. Play on.

Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient: but rather giving of thanks. Ephesians 5:4 King James