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POPULAR FRONT FOR THE LIBERATION OF CPSA
GENERAL COMMAND MAY 2012

Forward Battle Group Abdelbaset Ali Mohmed al-Megrahi (again)

COMMUNIQUÉ # 1107 FRIDAY 24th MAY

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

3-DAY EVENT FINAL

By Judas Iscariot



John McDonnell MP

Labour MP John McDonnell, chair of the PCS parliamentary group, kicked off with a rousing call to arms yesterday morning by saying how being here was like “coming home” and dismissing the Tory-led Coalition government as “brutal, incompetent and nasty”. “It’s you that will turn back the tide of this government,” he added. “We have to expose their every lie and every attack on our people. This is the worst of times but also the best in that we have the opportunity in this struggle to create the kind of society we want. In defying them we can defeat them.” Disappointingly, he didn’t go on to lead us all in the rousing chorus of “Do You Hear The People Sing?” we all thought he was building up to.

‘Twas the evening of our last night of Conference, and the only struggle (reported by press time) was delegates’ stampede to get their hands on the Cuban rum going free at the official bash at the Centre. While STUART HARDING was downing his glass of Havana Club the East Sussex Fire and Rescue Service was prowling round the back chasing a fire scare that had nothing to do, on this occasion, with the BRIGADIER. It seems that someone, not associated with our activities, had been playing with an extinguisher that triggered the fire alarm.



Harding

Yesterday our spies in the CPS group reported with some concern that group vice president ASHLEY WOODSTOCK had not been sighted all morning in the conference centre. He was last sighted at 6 am on Brighton beach three sheets to the wind. Some wags noted his absence with concern as WOODSTOCK is such a stickler for time keeping that he routinely bollocks GEC members who arrive late for

meetings. Hence it is unthinkable that his absence could in any way be explained by something as irresponsible as a hangover.

PCS Democrat faction boss IAN ALBERT is seething about "his" team that appears to leak like a sieve. He is demanding to see everyone's BlackBerry twice a day to check for briefings to PFLCPSA (as though we'd be that easy to trap). He has also been seen deep in conversation with newfound best buddy SODDALL-BONKERS to produce an "alternative briefing strategy" for himself. So far they have produced a pen-portrait that portrays ALBERT as some kind of superman capable of running PCS, DWP HQ and his shitty faction all at the same time. Perhaps if he had spent less time fretting about the struggle of his beloved BARNET FC to avoid relegation and return to the CONFERENCE LEAGUE, where they undoubtedly belong, he might have had more time to do something useful.

JOHN MCINALLY is still trying to find out the truth about the merger of 4TM with the PCS Democrats. Now that PAULA BROWN is wearing QUEEN GLENYS' crown BIG MAC might get a sensible answer.



McInally

JOHN'S got plenty on his mind. There are splits in new LU HMRC already! VICKI SEARLE, who is fiercely ambitious, is trying to secure 90 per cent of the AGS portfolios for herself much to the dismay of her comrades. HAMISH DRUMMOND, on the other hand is distraught that instead of the Campaigns patch he coveted he has been handed the crappy Debt, Management & Banking portfolio instead. Seems the poor chap is terrified and is doing everything he can to get out of it!

Shambolic, but at least it provides a welcome distraction from the rest of the antics in Brighton.

With a display of initiative that belies his former employment by the Northumbria constabulary, MICHAEL DERBYSHIRE was able to achieve the best of both worlds. In a cost cutting exercise he decided to invite his better half to the final night of conference in lieu of actually buying a wedding anniversary present. The problem arose when he discovered that his PCSD colleagues would be adjourning to Hove cricket ground to watch the mighty Yorkshire CC thrash Sussex. A solution, however, presented itself when MRS D phoned to seek clarification of directions as she passed Southampton. Suitably vague instructions led to the lovely JENNIFER last being seen heading towards the Isle of Wight ferry terminus.

The fraternal POA delegates to ADC missed their taxi for the international dinner and night out on PCS expenses with HUGO LANNING and MR & MRS GEOFF LEWTAS. The POA colleagues were stuck in The Thistle bar buying drinks for NEIL LICENSE and DC DERBYSHIRE. Next year though the dinner will be at KFC.

Incidentally, we hear that MIKE DERBYSHIRE used to play for the same football team as new NEC member HELEN FLANAGAN'S grandfather.



NCNL

DERBYSHIRE claims he was the Team's youth policy. We also hear that he "scabbed" on 10th MARCH but at the grandee inquiry JANICE accepted his half-baked excuse that he had to go to a Health and Safety meeting or something.

JAKE WILDE is just completing arrangements to sit with PCS Democrats when the NEC is in session. He'll be sitting between LICENSE and DERBYSHIRE. Doorstep sandwich?

New DLM gong holder and posh Cheltenham totty CAROLINE CORNELL said JAMES UNDY had told her about the humble days when he used to do his share of NUCPS ME FIRST early morning leaflet doorstepping. Silver Fox PETER LAMB just smiled at the belle from GCHQ. Whatever other charges you might lay at his door, LORD UNDY never emerged before the clock chimed 10.

WILLIE Samuel, the eminence grise of the new 4TM regime had a call from HOWARD FULLER yesterday asking for a time when he could have a full discussion about "various matters" such as his position in the new order. WILLIE offered him next Thursday. But FULLERSHIT declined because 'that's the day I look at my comics'. WILLIE then advised him that if he wished to spend a lot more time with his comics, that could easily be arranged and suggested he make himself available next week. Monday, of course, is right out cos that's the day he plays with his train-set...

Conference was surprised to see a challenge when JANICE routinely put next year's DLMs to conference. The PRESIDENT, with good sense, ignored the call for a card vote when STEVE COMER'S name was read out. The surprising thing is that it was made by one of PUDDING HEAD'S former PCSD colleagues. None of the Democrat leaders actually liked the puffed up Liberal Democrat who for many years ran BRISTOL COUNCIL. We now understand that COMER intends to retire to CYPRUS if he loses his council seat at the next local elections.



Conference was surprised

Rumblings of the feud between FRAN HEATHCOTE and JANE AITCHISON won't go away. Not if we can help it. Though DWP North West Regional Organiser ANNETTE WRIGHT is a leading member of TROTSKY'S INDEPENDENT TRADERS (ROCKITE Brigade) she has nevertheless been asked by LU enforcer DEREK THOMSON to open up the North West front to remove JANE'S supporters who lurk in the region. ANNETTE is enlisting her chief henchman, JOHN PUTTOCK, to lead the campaign into JANE'S heartland. Ms WRIGHT, who is a drinking pal of FRAN and JANICE, hopes that this will hold her in good stead when the GEC slate is drawn up next year.



So now it appears that the real reason HELEN came down was not to play Beach Volleyball (her team lost all their matches) but to retrieve her underwear. SLOANE RANGER claims he did it for a bet.

LEE ROCK has been spotted this week sporting a cheap Palestinian football team shirt which he bought from a souvenir stall on the beach. His purpose is to stress his differences with his former INDEPENDENT LEFT comrades in the pro-Zionist ALLIANCE for WANKERS LIBERTY (prop. CHARLIE McDONALD). No doubt AWL guru CHRISTINE HULME could retaliate by wearing a HAPOEL KIRYAT SHMONA FC (Israeli Championship victors 2012) T-shirt and if she can't lay her hands on one she can always give HOWIE a buzz. Of course HOWIE and CHRISTINE HULME hate each other and he habitually refers to her as "CRUELLA de VIL"

Late Droppings into the dropbox@pflcpsa.com confirmed that excitement at the Social matched the excitement in this week's conference sessions, to the extent that our informer admits giving serious consideration to just getting on the next train home. Some faces were there. Some weren't. Life goes on.

PFLCPSA snooze

What? Oh, is it that late already? Well we seem to have made it to the end of the show in one piece. Time to wrap up, pack up and go home. We've rarely had so much real news to report, with such little real consequence. Not even had time and space to tell you about the pigeon infestation at the OLD SHIP. No time, even to complete the McWho Hat Review; or to air a certain Brigadier's complaint about the increasing percentage of miserable buggers at conference, or to reveal the various grainy photos of delegates found in compromising costumes and the dozens of gripping sagas which explain them. Not to mention the Annual Shareholder Report. If any of these still look gripping when we get back to Earth, we'll no doubt post 'em online. There's more space up there.



Next time:
McWho's Hats -
Couture or Collapse?

Praise be to the production team. One Digital continue to deliver the print on time and on spec (www.one-digital.com Tell 'em we sent you so we can claim the referral fees). Agents covert and overt have exposed the inner workings. Punters and pundits alike are beginning to make good use of dropbox@pflcpsa.com where your identity will never be revealed (unless it suits you). If you can't bear to leave never-never-land, you'll find it's alive and well online at www.pflcpsa.com

Field command remains in the safe hands of SHAFT, WOY, BARRABAS, ISLAM and APOLLO. The anonymous heroes know who you are. Even more than usually, your contributions have helped to change the world we live in.

And Finally, nice one conferees. Your behaviour has been unduly impeccable. You need to work on that for next year. One last chance to clear out your pockets in our general direction. Still a few **T-Shirts** on offer as well as the **Self Immolation Starter Packs**. Perfect last minute gifts for the loved ones you left behind.

Bibi conference. I'm sure we'll meet again, some sunny day. Bill please waiter...

I shall return and I shall be Millions – Eva Peron