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POPULAR FRONT FOR THE LIBERATION OF CPSA

GENERAL COMMAND MAY 2018

Forward Battle Group - Thomas Markle

COMMUNIQUÉ # 1801 MONDAY 21st MAY

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

LOW TIDE AT TURNOUT BEACH

Round and About

By Judas Iscariot

The sun stayed out to greet delegates settling down for conference in Brighton this weekend. The grandees, ensconced in the finest watering holes dotted around the Centre, basked in the reflected glory of yet another sweeping victory in the group and national elections. According to the *Socialist*, the official rag of the SOCIALIST PARTY which most but not all the former MENDICANTS in CPSA adhere to, said it was a “landslide victory” and “a vote of



confidence in Left Unity based on its record and on what it offers taking the union forward”. But others harrumphed at the low turn-out in the polls amid speculation of a new split in the Big Tent following the surprise decision of President JANICE GODRICH to stand against CHRIS BAUGH for the AGS sinecure when the post comes up in 2019.



The only orchestrated opposition to the grandees’ DEMOCRACY ALLIANCE came from the INDEPENDENT LEFT, a group of dissident Trotskyists led by followers of the Alliance for Wankers’ Liberty. The organised right-wing, last known as 4TM, died a lingering death by indifference a few years back and none of the old guard even stood as independents this time round. One member of the TROTSKY’S INDEPENDENT TRADERS, a nonentity called PHIL DICKENS, did however manage to scrape onto the NEC due to a gap on the grandees’ slate.

Only 12,376 members out of the 168,141 eligible to vote could be arsed to tick a form and walk as far as a pillar box to help choose our leadership for the forthcoming year. The miserable truth is that the highest votes – as always in the presidential race – resulted in JANICE getting returned to office on just 7,885 votes. This is lower than the tally the average ‘protest vote’ regularly bagged by anarchists and other no-hopers in CPSA days when the big blocs were measured in tens of thousands. The dismal 6.2 per cent turn out in the Home

Office with 12,000-plus eligible voters; the equally miserable 6.7 per cent turn-out for the DWP and HMRC elections and the barely better 7.5 per cent for the national poll, are the lowest recorded since the amalgamated union was established in 1998. That, together with the lack of young members, and the continuing decline in Conference attendance since facility time was withdrawn clearly reflects a deeper malaise within the heart of the union. The grandees ambition to win the statutory ballot for industrial action and then mobilise the membership to win a protracted pay campaign looks painfully like wishful thinking.



You would have thought that MARK SERWOTKA would be taking the lead in calling on all officers and members to close ranks around the demand for a 5 per cent pay rise and a return to centralised bargaining. But our great and glorious leader has instead chosen to support the divisive decision of JANICE GODRICH to try and oust LEON BAUGH next year.

Two months ago the SP's national conference, along with its PCS faction, endorsed Mr BOFF's candidature. He was likely to be returned unopposed. We presume this had the support of COMRADE GODRICH. So why has she thrown her hat into the ring now?

JANICE announced her decision to run, together with a glowing message of support from MAREK, on her Facebook page last week. Her supporters, who rightly say that an election is part of the democratic process includes other full-time officers prepared to betray BOFF in return for further advancement. The launch of her campaign is expected to begin at the Pay Campaign fringe meeting on Tuesday.

Poor old BOFF will have to make do with his moment of glory on Wednesday when he shares the platform with SP leader PETER TAAFE for a lunch-time fringe meeting at the OLD SHIT HOTEL.

JANICE could not be blamed for pursuing the senior full-time officer post in order to get her hands on the juicy salary and boost her pension entitlement which, at the moment, is based on her humble EO grade. JANICE has everything to gain and little to lose – unlike BOFF who faces early retirement if he gets booted out next year. At the moment JANICE and LEON are both in the SOCIALIST PARTY, the post-Trot remnant of the once mighty MENDICANT machine that controls LUNITY, the dominant faction within the DEMOCRACY ALLIANCE. Whether JANICE remains a member by the end of this week remains to be seen...

Few of us will miss 4TM, the right-wing bloc that united the RAMSBLADDERS CPSA followers with the SOCIETY (SCPS) high-castes and old guard of the INLAND REVENUE STAFF FEDERATION to form a bloc under JAKE WILDE that, for a short time, challenged the grandees for supremacy at a national level. JAKE gave up union politics some years ago, to seek a more lucrative career in the service and he's now believed to be a member of the FIRST DIVISION ASSOCIATION. The PRIESTLEYS have retired. LYNDIA FRANKLAND-BROWN, sometimes known as "Madame Whiplash", took her pension in 2016. ROB BRYSON has bugged off to Manchester and HOWARD FULLER was "retired" this year after a heart attack in November 2017 left him incapacitated. FULLERSHIT, of course, was no longer a member of PCS having joined PROSPECT three years ago in the mistaken belief that this would automatically make him a high-caste. The

former secretary of the DWP South-West Thames attempted to recruit PCS members to set up a PROSPECT branch in his own office. But he only managed to delude seven before abandoning the project to concentrate on his “Howie’s Place” blog – a mixture of crude anti-PCS bile, Zionist propaganda and drivel about the vast collection of MARVEL comics in his possession.

THE ENDTIMES

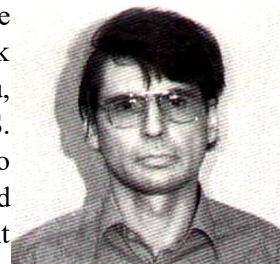
The rapture, friends, is closer today than it has been in a thousand years. Have you booked your place in the hereafter? Have you kept the faith? Do you repent your sins?

For a few days this week, you’ll be on display to the rest of the world. Not perhaps to the level of Saturday’s flagrantly decadent Royal Wedding, but dozens, at least, will hear your words beyond the Brighton Centre, especially as they’re streaming the occasional fringe meeting to Facebook live. (facebook.com/PcsUnion). Your aim should be to improve your standing in the eyes of the Almighty and try to lead others on the path of righteousness. That can often conflict with your secular duty as delegates, but remember, it’s YOUR soul in the scales.

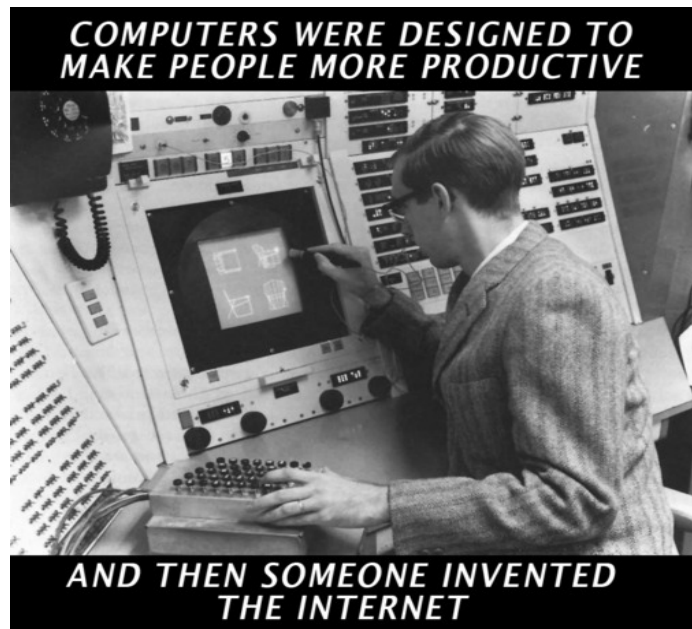
Throughout the week, we’ll be issuing Godly advice on how to interpret this years agenda.

Fun Facts about Dennis Nilsen

Had we not decided to intervene, the millenials among you might have remained blissfully unaware that the sordid butcher who died last week in prison, aged 72, was once an activist and union delegate, just like you, in one of the major unions (CPSA) that eventually comprised the PCS. Our illustrious leader Colonel Islam claims credit for signing him up to the Bored Left, while former leading weasel Micky Duggan reported helping Nilsen to move house, and that he’d been puzzled by the weight of some of the cases.



Perhaps, though, most sphincter tightening is the story, circulating around the time of his incarceration, that, being a skilled chef (his pre-civil service job in the Army), he delivered a pot of delicious and well received but unspecified goo to the DE Christmas party at Kentish Town Jobcentre, a couple of years before his arrest. During the trial, it emerged that this same pot was the one he’d been using for the best part of a decade, to boil down the sawn up remains of his 15 (at least) victims, prior to trying (and ultimately failing – which is how and why his crimes were discovered) to flush said boiled human flesh down the loo. Makes you think. You might be sitting right where he once sat. Just saying.



FREE - "I'M AWAKE" MASK



PFLCPSA Noose

It's the sheer unadulterated futility that makes us sit up and take notice. A dozen mergers later, of unions that once held over half a million members, and today we boast 160,000 paid up members, reeling from a decade of Tory attacks on the Public Sector, which, by any rational analysis, should have produced a revolution among the bureaucratic class, but instead, as demonstrated by the embarrassing 7.5% turnout for the National elections, has resulted in truly humbling levels of apathy. Most of you who have sacrificed annual leave to be here. You must be asking why you bother. We're here to help.

Disaster is the new normal. Our Eurovision entry rose to 3rd from bottom after benefiting from the small sympathy vote resulting from a pitch invasion. England's footballers are about to bathe in their ritual humiliation at the four-yearly celebration of the game we invented. The Brexit cliff is only weeks away and you, of all people, know exactly how well prepared we are for that. And Friday 13th July we'll all be assembling to welcome potential Nobel nominee and all round good egg Donald J Trump to these shores. Things can only get better! It's our collective responsibility to fantasize how and why that might happen. And we, for one, take that responsibility seriously. Never let it be said that we ever allowed reality to go unchallenged. This is the 39th time (confusingly, in our 41st year cos we missed the one before last and there wasn't an annual shindig to attend in 2001) PFL has assembled is disciplined cadres to ~~disrupt~~ monitor the deliberations of some major component of the Civil Service Trade Union movement. If you're wondering why you bother, how d'you think we feel? PTSD gets close. That and survivor guilt.

Well look. We're here now, so we might as well make a fist of it. We'll all be able to boast to the grandkids that we were there when the ship went down, defiantly humming the Red Flag to the end. You can play your part in keeping those peckers perky. Most of you know the routine. If you've got a tale to tell, look out for any of the old codgers wandering around with a desperate look in their eyes as they try to stay awake and look interested in what's going on around them. They respond well to small bribes.

If you just want to support the cause and keep the presses rolling, lighten your load by dumping your small change in the vicinity of the ever-hungry hat. We're not going to confuse you with merchandise this year. But if you're one of the few who thinks we can run a successful pay campaign this year, we do have a small selection of badges (and bridges) on offer.

By tradition we have a small prayer meeting in the Old Shit Hotel, about tennish, where deep cover agents can renew their vows and pass on the tittle and occasional tattle they unearth while playing the role of conference delegates. That concludes today's sermon. May your dog go with you.

There shall, in that time, be rumours of things going astray, erm, and there shall be a great confusion as to where things really are, and nobody will really know where lieth those little things with the sort of raffia work base that has an attachment. Obadiah, 1, Book of Cyril