Beat: Politics

FRENCH MP FRANCOIS RUFIN SPEAKS OUT AT FRENCH ASSEMBLY AGAINST PENSION REFORM

« YOU ARE PITFUL » HE SAID TO GOVERNMENT

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USPA NEWS - The MP LFI (NUPES, far left) of the Somme, François Ruffin criticized the text of the executive from the hemicycle of the National Assembly where the debates around the pension reform (which plans to pass the legal age retired from 62 to 64) opened in a stormy atmosphere. He repeated several times, like an anathema, "You are pitiful". The sentence was repeated this Monday evening in the National Assembly by addressing the members of the government, while the debates around the reform of the government's pensions opened. It was for him to denounce the bill, for which three major demonstrations and general strikes have already taken place since January 19 (91.12 million demonstrators throughout France), last, and that 18,000 amendments have been filed by the opposition, already...A new major general demonstration will take place on Saturday February 11 and another day of national strike has already been announced by the intersyndicales for February 16...indicating that in the face of the "no Listening to the government, the strike movement is likely to harden. We publish the full text as it was delivered by Francois Rufin, MP.

SPEECH DELIVERED BY FRANCIS RUFIN FRANCH MP, NUPES
« You pity.
Yes, Mr Minister, ladies and gentlemen deputies, and Mr President here absent, you are pitiful. This is the feeling you inspire in me.
Our country has just gone through the COVID crisis, we are coming out of it worn out, tired, exasperated. Behind, we plunge into the war in Ukraine, with petrol at more than 2 €, with energy bills soaring. In this tunnel, what light do you turn on for the French? None.
What hope? Which project ? What desire for the future? Nothing. Nothing. Just this small, banal, petty thing: a pension reform.
What mediocrity!

You pity.
At the Elysée, Emmanuel Macron boasts – and I quote – “his great reform ambition”. What a magnificent ambition, indeed! It's very concrete. This Thursday, I was in Dieppe, and I met Véronique there, a life assistant. She is 61 years old, and by dint of carrying old people, she suffers from a hernia. She follows lots of treatments, with needles, tablets, osteopathy. She loves her job, but it has become a daily pain for her. We did the simulation on my computer: it takes fifteen months, because of her three children and her choppy career, it takes fifteen months. To all the Véroniques who have held the country up, to the nurses, to the cashiers, to the handlers, to this France who gets up early and goes to work, what do you offer? Two years. Two years firm.

Tremendous ambition! You pity.
What would a true reforming ambition be today? The hospital, pillar of the social state, is in tatters. The school, pillar of the Republic, recruits its black hussars in job-dating. That we put them back on their feet, one and the other, here is a real reforming ambition.
For our reactors, we lack welders, we call on Canadians, Americans. And our trains, both TER and RER, no longer arrive on time due to a lack of drivers. Getting them back on their feet is a real reforming ambition.
But above all.
France, like Humanity, must face its most terrible challenge: the climatic shock. We need to overturn our agriculture, our housing, our industry, our movements... This calls for a real reforming ambition! And to succeed in this prodigious, perilous gamble, we must unite, bring together, channel all the energies of the country, all the capital, all the manpower, all the know-how, all the intelligence... But instead, that do you do You are blocking the country, you are bogging it down. And all this for what ? To save 0.1 point of GDP! This is your priority! You are ridiculous.

And to think that Gérald Darmanin hopes, with that, to go down in history! I quote him: “We don't work for the newspaper, but for the book. “Because Edouard Balladur entered the history books, do you think?
Or François Fillon, his costumes excepted?
You pity.

You claim to go into the history books, you won't even stay in the accounting books. Or, like financial shipwrecks. Because in truth, despite your serious looks, you are ruining the country! 169 billion! This is our trade deficit, which is breaking all records, 169 billion, unheard of, it's no longer a hole, it's a gigantic abyss, 169 billion is the price of our giant dependence on China, to Arabia. Resorbing this haemorrhage, recovering our independence, that would be a real reforming ambition.

But no, instead, we are entitled to your quibbles, your tinkering, on senior indexes and hardship accounts. You are painful.
It was Mr Bruno Thatcher who repeated it this morning, and I quote: “There is no credible alternative to reform”. No alternative really?
The day you presented your pension reform, the same day, January 10, the business newspaper Les Echos headlined: "Record dividends for the CAC 40 in 2022: 80 billion euros", unheard of, never known, there again, all-time record. And two-thirds of those dividends, two-thirds of those $80 billion, don't go to the top 10%, don't go to the top 1%, but to the top 0.1%. To them you will not touch. But you will touch Maryvonne, housekeepers, bandages on her wrists, and who takes two more years.
“Who are you serving? It was the executives' union that challenged you in this way, in the Commission. I quote: “Between 1997 and 2019, the share going to employees in added value fell from 59 to 55%: minus 4 points. While the share returning to shareholders has tripled, from 5% to 15%. And the executives' union, again and again, questioned you: "Your policy, for whom do you carry it out?"

For French employees, or for Anglo-Saxon pension funds? »
You pity.
You lead France, our France, with its centuries of history, with its

You pity.
Yes, Mr Minister, ladies and gentlemen deputies, and Mr President here absent, you are pitiful. This is the feeling you inspire in me.
Our country has just gone through the Covid crisis, we are coming out of it worn out, tired. You have pity.
You run France, our France, with its centuries of history, with its cathedrals and its Revolutions… But you run it with your little measures, your little calculations, your little politics… With your smallness, you bog the Nation down in the mud disgust… But where is the greatness?
She stays outside. It is with the citizens, the citizens, who treat and who teach, who lead and who build. The greatness, it is among the workers, the workers, who still keep the country standing, despite you. It is with those French people who demand only decency and common sense, who tell us: “We want to live from our work. Our present job, the salary. Our past work, retirement. “Greatness, it is in these people who are nothing, but who do everything, and that today like yesterday you neglect, you despise, you crush.

You pity.
You cause pity, but you are dangers. Yes, when all the united unions tell you "no", when seven out of ten French people say "no", when nine out of ten employees say "no", when demonstrations at one, two, three million, tell you "no ", when even bosses, hotel bosses, construction bosses, craftsmen, say "no" to you, when they tell you "it's stupidity", when you force despite public opinion, when you pass on the social body, you are a danger for the country, for its democracy. Yes, you are extremists. Yes, you are doing immense harm to our France, to a France divided into three blocs, as we can see here, to a France that needs to be repaired, cared for, reunited, and which, conversely, you brutalize, you tear peccadilloes, on trifles.
You will not enter any book, any story, because you are already non-existent in the present. Who remembers Heinrich Brüning? Who here? Who remembers Camille Chautemps? Who here? Person. Person. (Go look it up on Wikipedia.) For better or worse, only their successors are remembered.

Soon, you will be swept away, swept away by a story that has become tragic again, by a story that will turn into a nightmare or into hope.
We are here, we, so that history switches to hope, the light at the end of the tunnel, it is up to us to turn it on again. It is up to us to combine the effort, yes, the effort to rebuild the country, to rebuild a country that for forty years you have been shrinking, that you have discouraged, we are here to combine this effort with the comfort, the joy that comes after the pain.
We are here to reconnect with history, the great history of the labor movement. What is it ? It is both pride in work, dignity through work, earning a living by working, and at the same time, freeing up time outside work. It's the end of child labor, and we already had the same ones, then, your ancestors, who cried out at laziness, at competitiveness. It's maternity leave. It's Sunday off. It's English Saturday. These are paid holidays. It is retirement, this “new stage of life”. And it was finally, in 1982, retirement at age 60...

At that time, in 1982, when we question the French, when we ask them, in your opinion what will happen with the pensions? They think, by a large majority, that retirement will soon be at 55. For what ?
Because that was the point of the story. And it is with this history that we must reconnect. A story where work, necessary work, work that emancipates, where work is married with the right to rest, the right to leisure, the right to idleness, where work and rest mingle, marry, to giving birth to a beautiful child: happiness.
It was the first day of retirement, last Wednesday, for Jean-Marc. What did he do ? He went to table tennis, where the president of the club immediately harpooned him, so that he became a trainer, so that he could supervise young people. And he joined the hiking club, fourteen kilometers, phew, it was hard for a first, he suffered.
Well here is happiness. The joy of signing up for a hike. The joy of crossing France by bike. The joy of preparing a chocolate cake.

The joy of taking Zumba classes. The joy of taking her granddaughter to the gym. The happiness of not being worn out, exhausted, wrung out by work, but of still having good years, good days, in good health, to enjoy them. Happiness.
The happiness that, hearing all your shriveled, aged, sad and sinister speeches, the happiness that remains a new idea here.
You pity. »../FRANCOIS RUFIN, MP, SOMME, LFI, NUPES, FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

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