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Sri Lanka, unlike the US and its Anglo-allies in Iraq and Afghanistan, spoils of war, by way of economic exploitation at gun-point have never been on the agenda. Hence, the term "terrorism" cannot be used in the vastly different contexts of the violence ravaging these countries. One can say that in Sri

that at the behest of a few tyrannical deadenders, the blunt and horrible instrument of war has been foisted on an entire people from the South to the North. We must never allow ourselves to be tainted by the barbarism that we claim to be seeking to defeat.

We must remain morally different from the psychopaths who were empowered and armed by neighbouring countries, Western interests and even elements within mainstream society in the bloody history

The grief, mortal fear, and hatred that accompany bereavement do not seem to have touched the ideologues who justify mass murder in war. The death of innocents is not new; it has always been a hallmark of this war, whether they were innocent bank employees, bus or train commuters, households or by-standers going about their daily lives. We cannot erase the agony and torment, the uncertainty and suspicion that dogged us for many years.

what bombs, bullets, shells and mortar do to human bodies and souls. It exposes, in ways that empty rhetoric from the European "Good Samaritans" does not, the blind, destructive fury of third-world war.

Sinhala and Tamil are brother and sister, living in the same house of our mother Lanka. We eat, drink, dress and behave so similarly and our children are the same, that no insensitive moron from outside should ever be needed to "mediate" in future.



Lanka, when the few extremist elements and the government forces are excluded, we are fighting ourselves, as civilians are paying an extremely high price for the foibles of a few.

We must resist delivering massive, largescale slaughter and instead use all possible means to isolate and eradicate the evil elements involved. We must acknowledge

of our war. Tying opponents to lamp-posts and killing them, throwing acid on young dissenting boys' and girls' faces, striking down perceived opponents in cold-blood on the street, or delivering indiscriminate death by air or in public transport vehicles are the devastating language of our war. In war zones, young people read and understand this language.

Those who have been forced to bury their parents, children, brothers, sisters and friends, understand the language of our war, that no white-skinned politician or NGO representative from Europe will want to understand, or care to learn.

We must unflinchingly look at the enormous social cost of our war; the unfathomable human cost of our war, and

Collectively, we must show them that we are united against them, rather than divided and at their mercy.

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