

After nearly a year in abeyance, Corpus Delicti resumes on his chronicle.

THE TRIUMPH OF VAZURGH FRAMADAR

Corpus Delicti

It is written that truth is often stranger than fiction. And so it came to pass that the chronicler of Aryanam Kshathra found the doings of the immortals bizarre in extreme, and he was lost for words.

It is also written that the pen is mightier than the sword, but alas that aphorism does not often hold good in Aryanam Kshathra. For what Indra, Mithra and Varuna attempted by passing a hex on Akhenaton the Kshayathianam Kshayathiya had no result. Yet, the angel of death took away Akhenaton by the sword, where the word did not suffice.

For it came to pass in those days that Mardouk was sore vexed with Akhenaton. And he commanded his angel of death, the Hashishin of the Banana Grove, to zap Akhenaton with a celestial fire. And Akhenaton was consumed by that diabolical conflagration, together with his cohorts of green and gold, as he appeared before the multitude in his avatar of celestial director of traffic.

But Indra, the ex-god of war, had been struck by a thunderbolt flung by a lesser angel of death and had been cast to oblivion. And the mantle of the head of the house of the Resplendent Pinnacle of the People was draped on the shoulders of Mithra.

The house of the Resplendent Pinnacle itself was thrown in disarray, but the assembly of that mansion took unto their bosom Vazurgh Framadar, who in turn became the Kshayathianam kshayathiya. And bold he proved.

For it had come to pass in the days of Akhenaton that he had rent his garment. But, lo! Though he had sworn to rent his garment two hundred times, he fell short. And his opponents declared: 'he has rent his garment too much, for yea, the KK has no clothes left'. Thus it came to pass that Vazurgh Framadar was more circumspect, and he declared that the rending of garments had its limits. For it had come to pass that the archangels of Mammon, Imf and World, had declared that the rending garments beyond a certain point was counterproductive.

Now was the battle joined within Aryanam Kshathra to decide who were to be the kshayathriyan of the satrapies. And the Earth-mother, Pruthuvi, declared that her house of the Holy Family was henceforth joined to the Valhallas of the Aesir in a Conjunction of the Mortals. Thus joined the Conjunction of the Mortals triumphed in the satrapies in the west, in the Skanda-Kshathra and in the sevenfold-country of Aryanam Kshathra, for it was in secret league with the Resplendent Pinnacle of the People.

And Chandra, the Moon, together with her allied deities and demi-gods, was triumphant in the Western satrapy. And she was declared the Kshayathiyani of the Western satrapy. But lo! The Satraps of Skanda-Kshathra and the sevenfold-country declared that the Resplendent Pinnacle was victorious in their respective satrapies. And both these Satraps brought into play the dread Hebraic celestial weapon, the Affit-David.

And there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth. And the contenders for the thrones of the satrapies in dispute betook themselves unto the judges of Yama, saying 'yea, the Affit-David is Ibn Walid'. And they fought out a battle before the judges.

Now the judges of Yamma ruled that, indeed, the Hebraic Affit-David was Ibn Walid, and hence enjoined the Satraps to appoint in the stead of those of the Resplendent Pinnacle, those of their opponents. And there was much laughter and light in the camps of the opponents.

But, alas for the Holy Family, things were not as they seemed. For Soorya, the Sun, had taken it upon himself to desert the house founded by his father, Dyaus Pita. And he betook himself to the Resplendent Pinnacle, crying 'look ye, the prodigal has returned'. And he was welcomed into the castle of the Resplendent Pinnacle, with cries of 'Hosanna' and 'yea, the prodigal has truly returned to the fold, for did not Dyaus Pita himself bear his origin within our fort?'

And Vazurgh Framadar greeted the ever-youthful Soorya, saying 'henceforth are you the god of higher learning'. But Shiver was wrath, and gnashed his teeth. And so, the twoscore immortals of the Holy Family. For had they all not vouchsafed that Soorya would build a new castle, an impregnable fortress situate half-way betwixt the Resplendent Pinnacle and the Holy Family?

Now, Mithra was vexed, but said unto himself: 'the key lies in the high places'. For was it not a proverb that 'he who holds the highland, holds the island'? And he spoke with Tammuz, the god of the high places, saying: 'your high places shall be the abode of new gods if you will make me but Baal of the high places'. And Tammuz gave his word, which is as firm as the ferro-concrete which shelters Mardouk.

For Vazurgh Framadar had declared that the force of Turya must be crushed and that which faced Aryanam Kshathra was not the problem of Turyans, but the problems of Hashishin. 'Yea' cried Vazurgh Framadar, 'the cohorts of Mardouk are not the cohorts of Turya, but the



cohorts of Hashishin'. And he sent Rustam with his legions to destroy the Truya horde, reinforced with the elephants of Moravia.

But Mardouk took shelter behind his walls of ferro-concrete, and his cohorts came down upon the legions of Rustam like a tiger in the jungle, gleaming in their striped black livery, and his Bashi-bazouks swamped the elephants of Moravia like the wave that swamps the rocks on the shores of Araby. And the cohorts of Mardouk captured an elephant, and displayed it in the bazaars of Turya. And Rustam was sore vexed, for his legions were decimated.

And Tammuz did call out, saying 'yea, let Vazurgd Framandar and Mardouk lay down like the lion and the lamb, and let them talk words of peace and love'. And it seemed that the words of Tammuz, issuing from his high places, were the most powerful in all Aryanam Kshathra.

But Tammuz was in for a shock, for the god of high places in low places plighted his troth to Vazurgh Framadar. And all was confusion in the camp of Tammuz, who retracted before the wrath of the all-powerful Vazurgd Framadar. And Tammuz met with Vazurgd Framadar and all was laughter and light betwixt them, even though Tammuz had brought down a peg or two from his high places.

So, there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth in the house of the Resplendent Pinnacle of the People.

Then it came to pass that Vazurgd Framadar sent a heavenly damsel to treat with the immortal Puran, of that branch of the Holy Family in the satrapy of the

Skanda-Kshathra. And the name of that heavenly damsel Seduction. And Puran did disappear, and the Holy Family in Skanda-Kshathra was in disarray, for it had been caught hopping while Mithra was treating with Tammuz. And it came to pass that the Satrap declared that the battle was resumed in Skanda-Kshathra.

And then did the Respondent Pinnacle present Puran in lists as its champion. But the champions of the Holy Family were not put out, for they said 'are not the battle-proven veterans of the Aesir with us, and mighty battalions of the Respondent Pinnacle of the People?' And they girded their loin for the battle.

But lo! Mithra thought unto himself 'the Cosmic Dance of Shiver accomplished much for that deity, so why should I not learn the waltz'. And Mithra did undertake the waltz of Matilda. And his steps took him unto the camp of Vazurgd Framadar, back into the sheep in the valley of the Respondent Pinnacle itself.

And so it came to pass that Vazurgd Framadar was triumphant in all things.

Pause for a while, gentle reader, betake yourself from the heavenly doings of Aryanam kshathra to consider the history of the land of the Roman mortals. For Claudius, the clod, ascended to godhead. He did so by the merit gained by serving the reigns of his predecessors Tiberius and Caligula. He did so by playing the clod. And, whereas Caligula ascended to godhead by proclaiming himself such, Claudius was deified by the Senate and People of Rome.

Verily did the All-father of the Aesir declare the doings of gods and mortals repeat themselves.

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SLFP's New Economic Policy

such people do not have a soul, or if they have to bundle their soul up and hide it away somewhere, then they will never be able to effectively play their role as agents of development in the country. That kind of a system has all the disadvantages because, once the cronies fall out, then the trouble begins, the advantages that one gets or has been getting for sometime are withdrawn. You know all about it; fax messages are sent, tearing to bits the characters of those people and the very existence of their companies is threatened, simply because some personal problem has arisen between a VIP and a businessman.

This is not how we intend the economy to function. There will definitely be no cronies; we do not intend to cream off commissions. All we expect the private sector to do is to be equal partners with the state, to honestly participate with us in the formation of national priorities and effectively operate those to your profit as well as for

the benefit of the larger sections of the people of our country.

Welfare

If the national priorities are clear, then those priorities include support to the lower income groups. To make the low income groups effective and dynamic participants in economic growth, we have to support them. Once the trickling down process is effective on a long-term basis of economic growth and the low income groups become beneficiaries, then those support measures can be removed. But initially, there has to be support for production; to encourage production, rather than consumption. This is the complaint we have against janasaviya. You withdraw fertilizer subsidies and credit facilities, you stop giving access to land to the farmers and then you give them a beggar's dole; it doesn't work like that. One of the largest recipient districts of the janasaviya in this country is Hambantota, but the government lost there resoundingly after 20 years.