

bring forth the seedling. Thus, in every progress there is a continuous stream of constructive destruction. This is recognised by the subtlest thinkers that were ever born among men, the *Rishis*, and in their full understanding they fearlessly respected and adored the blessed deity of creative destruction --- Shankara

I AM THE TREASURER OF WEALTH (*KUBERA*) AMONG THE *YAKSHAS* AND *RAKSHASAS* --- The Chancellor of the Exchequer in heaven is described in the *Puranas* as Kubera, a monstrous, ugly creature, three-footed, fat and short, with a spreading belly, a small head and eight protruding teeth. The divine cashier is helped by *Yakshas* and *Rakshasas* --- an equally ugly, materialistic, heartless brood --- in protecting his treasures. It is interesting to note how the Indian *Rishis* were typically against capitalism and how they cartooned the master-of-wealth in such a grotesque caricature, so ugly that

it cannot bring about even an indulgent smile to our lips.

OF THE *VASUS*, I AM *PAVAKA* --- There are eight *Vasus* and they are *Vedic* deities presiding over the seasons. In *Chandogya Upanishad* it is described that the MOUTH of these *Vasus* is fire; there, the word "mouth" may be conceived of as the instrument of enjoyment and experience. Therefore, it means that the Self is the very source from which we gain all our experiences of all seasons.