

ŚRĪMADBHAGAVADGĪTĀ INTERPRETATION SUMMARY

Chapter 11: Viśvarūpa-Darśana-Yoga

3/4 (Ślōka 31-40), Saturday, 24 May 2025

Interpreter: GĪTĀ VIŚĀRAD ŚRĪ DR. ASHU GOYAL JI

YouTube Link: <https://youtu.be/tVjdHJIWHd4>

Arjuna's Humbling Encounter with the Cosmic Form: From Fear to Reverence - A Journey Through the Terrifying Glory, Divine Power, and Sincere Surrender

Chapter 11 of the Bhagavad Gītā is **Viśvarūpa Darśana Yoga - The Yoga of the Vision of the Universal Form.**

The session commenced with deep prajwalan, the customary lighting of the lamp, prayers to the Supreme, and salutations to all the Gurus.

**Vasudeva Sutam Devam, Kansa Chāṇūra Mardanam,
Devakī Parama Ānandam, Kṛṣṇam Vande Jagadgurum.**

**Yogeśam Saccidānandam, Vāsudeva Rājapriyam,
Dharma Saṁsthāpakam Vīram, Kṛṣṇo Vande Jagadgurum.**

Śrī Guru Caraṇa Kamalabhyo Namaḥ

By the boundless and supremely auspicious grace of Bhagavān, a rare and sacred fortune has awakened in all of us — the fortune of making this human life meaningful, purposeful, and victorious not just in this world, but beyond it as well. It is as if this sacred opportunity has blossomed solely to fulfil the highest goal of human birth.

How did such a blessing come to be? Perhaps it is the result of noble deeds (**sukṛta**) performed in this very birth. Or maybe it is the fruit of virtuous actions accumulated over past births. It might even be the blessings of our ancestors or the silent glance of compassion cast by some saint or *mahāpuruṣa* upon us in some unknown lifetime. Whatever the cause, the outcome is this — that we have been drawn into the contemplation, recitation, and internalisation of the Bhagavad Gītā.

One must never believe that they chose the Gītā. Instead, the unwavering faith and deep conviction

that should arise in the heart is this: **we have been chosen** to study the Gītā. And this very feeling becomes a divine indicator of progress in one's *sādhana*. With this sentiment rooted in our hearts, the study and dissemination of Gītā should continue to unfold.

The 40th batch of the Gītā begins on **30th May**. As seekers now studying in Level 4, you have already received abundant treasures from the **Gītā Pariwar**. You have also, in your own unique ways, shared it with others. But today, a heartfelt request is being made — to take up the work of **prāmāṇik prachār** (authentic outreach).

Let each seeker resolve to inspire **at least five new aspirants** to register for the upcoming batch. Perhaps we have told many about it before, and they may or may not have responded. Let that be. But now, take the *sankalpa* (vow) to help five individuals complete the registration and join the WhatsApp group. Such a small offering should surely be made in return for the immense blessings we've received through the Gītā.

Pūjya Swamiji Mahārāj gave us a powerful *sankalpa*:

“Har kar Gītā - Har ghar Gītā - Har hāth mein Gītā.”

Let us work together to bring this vision to life — the Gītā in every hand, in every home, and in every heart.

Currently, the contemplation of the **11th adhyāya - Viśvarūpa Darśana Yoga** - is in progress. Unlike other chapters available only in audio, this chapter is being presented through video as well. And rightly so, for here, Bhagavān grants the *darśana* of His **Viśvarūpa** — the all-encompassing cosmic form. The vividness of this vision is such that even while listening, one feels transported into the very scene. Such a magnificent description has been offered by **Bhagavān Vedavyāsa** through **Sañjaya's** narration.

When Arjuna had earlier listened to the divine *vibhūtis* in the previous chapter, he had made a request to Bhagavān — “*I want to see.*” It was a longing to witness the form behind the glory. In the beginning, it is likely that Arjuna's mind had formed an image of a beautiful, enchanting form of Bhagavān — serene, pleasing, divine. But what unfolded was entirely different.

As Bhagavān began revealing His cosmic form, Arjuna stood face to face not with the charming Kṛṣṇa he had known, but with an overwhelming, blazing, infinite form that stretched beyond comprehension. The *darśana* shook him.

In verse 11.31, Arjuna, now bewildered and deeply shaken, exclaims:

11.31

**ākhyāhi me ko bhavānugrarūpo
namo'stu te devavara prasīda,
vijñātumicchāmi bhavantamādyam(n),
na hi prajānāmi tava pravṛttim. 11.31**

Tell me, who You are, so fierce in form. I how deeply to You, O Supreme Deity, be kind. I wish to know You, the Primal One, in your essence (*tattva*), for I do not understand Your objective.

As Arjuna beheld the unimaginable **virāṭa svarūpa** of Bhagavān, terror and awe surged through him. What began as a yearning to **see—darśana**—had now unfolded into a divine revelation that shook

him to his very core. He had heard of Bhagavān's glories, His vibhūti, in the previous chapter. But this—this sight—was beyond imagination, beyond comprehension, beyond the familiar form of Kṛṣṇa he had always known.

"Reveal unto me—who are You in this terrifying, blazing form? O devavara! I bow to You. Be gracious unto me. I long to know You, the Ādi, the origin of all. I do not comprehend Your intent, nor do I understand what You seek."

These words were not merely a plea; they were the tremblings of a soul encountering the infinite. Arjuna, who had known Bhagavān so intimately, now stood utterly disoriented. *"Who are You?"* he asked. *"I have seen You my entire life, but never like this. Never with this **ugratā**—this ferocity."*

He witnessed Bhīṣma, Droṇa, Karṇa, and Duryodhana being swallowed into the blazing mouths of the divine form. Between the teeth of that terrible vision, they were crushed like dry twigs into bone dust. The scene was devastating.

And yet, this was not something Bhagavān was deliberately **showing** Arjuna. This was not a directed transmission. No. It was a divine broadcast—an omnipresent spectrum of Truth, much like how a satellite television set receives countless channels through a dish antenna and a set-top box. The viewer sees what they tune into. Whether one chooses to watch a spiritual discourse, a war report, a love song, or a nature documentary—it is all **available**. One sees what one is inclined to see.

Bhagavān had given Arjuna **divya cakṣu**—divine vision. He made the entire spectrum of time—past, present, and future—available in a single glance. He did not restrict Arjuna to the present moment. Arjuna was free to behold the *bhūta*, *bhaviṣya*, and *vartamāna*—the past, the future, and the present—all at once.

What dominated Arjuna's mind in that moment was **not** the present scene. His mind had moved ahead. *"Will I win? Will they lose? What will happen in this war?"* And thus, **Bhagavān's virāṭa svarūpa** reflected his inner inquiry. He saw the future—the destruction of the warriors who stood against dharma. He saw Bhīṣma falling. Droṇa defeated. Karṇa slain. Duryodhana collapsing. All being devoured by Time—**Kāla**.

This is the vision he was granted—not because Bhagavān chose to show it, but because Arjuna, in that moment, **sought** it. A warrior is never concerned merely with the present. A player on the field doesn't worry about what happened before the match. He plays with his eyes on the result. His mind remains on the future, on the possible outcome. And so it was with Arjuna.

Bhagavān made the cosmic vision accessible—just like how everything is available on Google. The result you get depends on what you search for. The platform contains all knowledge, but the result depends on your keyword. Arjuna's search was emotional and urgent. *"Who will win?"* And that is what he saw.

But a profound question arises—if Arjuna **wanted** to see the defeat of his enemies, then why was he so terrified when he actually saw it?

Why did fear arise?

This is where the subtle workings of the human mind reveal themselves. As **Surdās** writes through the voice of the gopīs:

उधो, मन न भए दस बीस।

एक हुतो सो गयौ स्याम संग, को अवरार्धै ईस ॥

"O Uddhava! This mind cannot be divided into mere ten or twenty thoughts—it has wholly gone with Shyām."

That was the state of the gopīs' mind—completely surrendered. But for most of us, the mind is fragmented. Constantly flickering. Modern psychology echoes this, too. The German thinker Freud explained that the human mind is capable of holding 24 different streams of thought simultaneously. And often, these thoughts contradict each other.

Think of a woman cooking. As she stirs the pot, she is also instructing the domestic help, wondering if her children have reached school safely, if her husband has eaten, and recalling an unfinished errand. Everything runs parallel. Thoughts don't queue; they converge.

So too, in Arjuna's mind, many emotions surged together. He was a warrior, yes. And his conscious mind aligned with the warrior's duty. But somewhere deep within, the *avachetan mana*—the subconscious—still whispered, *"Let there be no war."* His two minds were at war with each other.

And this inner conflict made him tremble before the **virāṭa svarūpa**.

He saw the very outcome he expected—and yet, it frightened him. For the image was not a glorious victory—it was the cold, merciless annihilation by **Kāla**, Time itself.

In this moment of deep unrest, Arjuna's trembling voice reached out in surrender. And Bhagavān, upon hearing Arjuna's plea, did not respond with thunder. He simply smiled.

And in that divine smile lay the answer to all fear.

11.32

śrībhagavānuvāca
kālo'smi lokakṣayakṛtpravṛddho,
lokān samāhartumiha pravṛttaḥ,
ṛte'pi tvāṃ(n) na bhaviṣyanti sarve,
ye'vasthitāḥ(ph) pratyanīkeṣu yodhāḥ. 11.32

I am the mighty world-destroying kāla now engaged in wiping out the world. Even without you the warriors arrayed in the hostile army will not survive.

Bhagavān said:

I am Time—the mighty destroyer of the worlds, come forth to annihilate all beings. Even without your participation, all the warriors standing in the opposing ranks shall cease to exist.

Bhagavān here reveals His cosmic form to Arjuna and declares, *"I am Kāla, the all-consuming Time."* This isn't merely the passage of moments—it is the very force that swallows entire universes. What Arjuna beholds is not a battlefield; it is the divine screen of **Mahākāla**—the channel of Time on which the grand play of dissolution is unfolding.

When one tries to contemplate the Supreme, one must understand: Bhagavān is not an object, not a person, not a form, not even confined within time. He is beyond object, person, circumstance, space, fire, air, water, and time itself. He is the very cause of all these elements, but is Himself caused by

none.

Thus, Bhagavān tells Arjuna—"*What you see as Time and destruction, even that too is Me. This moment in time, this destructive force—it is My own manifestation.*" The warriors you worry about—Bhīṣma, Droṇa, and others—are destined to fall, irrespective of whether you raise your bow or not. Their death is certain, as a consequence of their own karmas.

Whether it is by your hand or another's, they shall be slain. Their end is preordained. You are simply witnessing the unraveling of destiny set in motion long ago.

11.33

**tasmāttvamuttiṣṭha yaśo labhasva,
jitvā śatrūn bhuñkṣva rājyaṃ(m) samṛddham,
mayaivaite nihatāḥ(ph) pūrvameva,
nimittamātraṃ(m) bhava savyasācin. 11.33**

Therefore, arise and win glory in conquering the foes, and experience the pleasure of the affluent kingdom. These warriors stand already slain by Me; and you are merely an instrument, O Savyasācin (Savyasācin-One who can shoot arrows with the left hand also).

Therefore, arise, O Arjuna, and win glory! Conquer your enemies and enjoy a prosperous kingdom. Know that these warriors have already been slain by Me; you are but an instrument, O Savyasācin!

A profound and confidential truth is unveiled in this verse:

"nimittamātraṃ bhava" — *Be merely the instrument.*

This is not merely a call to arms—it is the whisper of the Divine Will. The battle, the outcome, the victory—they are already determined. Bhagavān has already orchestrated the end. Arjuna is invited not to shape destiny, but to become a conscious channel through which destiny flows.

Bhagavān addresses Arjuna as **Savyasācin**, meaning "*one who can shoot arrows with equal dexterity using both hands.*" Arjuna is no ordinary warrior—his skill is such that he can wield the bow ambidextrously, a rare mark of divine endowment. This invocation of Arjuna's title is not for praise—it is a nudge. "*You are capable, empowered—now rise and act.*"

And yet, despite this empowerment, **Arjuna is not the doer**. He is merely the visible thread in a vast, divine tapestry. This is the secret principle that *ācāryas* and sages have revered: in the grand play of the universe, the truly wise act without attachment to authorship.

11.34

**droṇaṃ(ñ) ca bhīṣmaṃ(ñ) ca jayadrathaṃ(ñ) ca
karṇaṃ(n) tathānyānapi yodhavīrān,
mayā hatāṃstvaṃ(ñ) jahi māvyathiṣṭhā
yudhyasva jetāsi raṇe sapatnān. 11.34**

Slay, Droṇa, Bhīṣma, Jayadratha, Karpa and other brave warriors who are already doomed to be killed by Me. Be not afraid. Fight, and you will conquer your enemies, in battle.

In the battlefield of Kurukṣetra, as Arjuna beheld the mighty warriors before him, Bhagavān spoke

with unwavering assurance.

Bhagavān proclaimed, "*Droṇa, Bhīṣma, Jayadratha, Karṇa – and many other valiant warriors have already been slain by Me. Therefore, rise and fight! Do not fear. You shall conquer your enemies in this war.*"

Arjuna's heart hesitated at the thought of raising arms against revered elders like **Droṇācārya** and **Bhīṣma Pitāmah**. Sensing this emotional entanglement, Bhagavān purposefully mentioned their names – not to dishearten him, but to reveal the deeper truth: "**They are destined to die.**"

Interestingly, apart from Droṇa and Bhīṣma, Bhagavān also specifically mentioned **Jayadratha** and **Karṇa**. One might wonder — why only these four? Why not **Duryodhana, Duḥśāsana, Kṛpācārya**, or the countless other *mahārathīs* on the Kaurava side?

The selection was not arbitrary. Among these, **Karṇa** and **Jayadratha** hold a unique position — both share a distinct trait that sets them apart. Bhagavān never speaks without purpose. These two were brought together in this verse because of a common thread — each bore a powerful destiny tied with a flaw. One, though a great warrior, was cursed. The other, though blessed, was ignoble.

The Tale of Karṇa: The Cursed Hero

Karṇa was valiant beyond compare, but fate had marked him. When he approached Droṇācārya to learn warfare, he was turned away. Denied of knowledge because of his caste, Karṇa sought another route. He disguised himself as a *brāhmaṇa* and approached **Bhagavān Parashurāma**, who had vowed never to impart his divine knowledge to *kṣatriyas*. Parashurāma, impressed by Karṇa's humility and eagerness, accepted him as a disciple.

Years passed. Karṇa mastered the most potent divine *astras* and became an exceptional warrior. One afternoon, after a meal, Parashurāma rested with his head on Karṇa's lap. As fate would have it, a deadly scorpion crept onto the scene and sank its venomous sting deep into Karṇa's thigh.

It is said that the pain of a scorpion's sting is among the fiercest in the world — intolerable, piercing, maddening. Yet, Karṇa endured. He remained still, unmoved. His guru was asleep — his rest must not be disturbed. The poison spread, blood flowed, the pain intensified, yet Karṇa bore it all.

Eventually, the warm blood trickled up to Parashurāma's ear, waking him. Startled, he saw Karṇa wounded, bleeding, still and silent.

"*Why did you not wake me?*" Parashurāma demanded.

Karṇa, folding his hands, replied with gentle devotion, "*How could I disturb your sleep, Gurudev?*"

For a moment, Parashurāma was still. Then a grave silence filled the air. His expression turned stern, voice laced with sharp clarity.

"*No brāhmaṇa could endure such pain in silence,*" he said. "*Only a kṣatriya possesses such fortitude. You have deceived me!*"

Karṇa, trembling, lowered his head. "*Yes, Gurudev,*" he confessed, "*I lied.*"

Parashurāma's wrath flared. "*You lied to your Guru and received knowledge through deceit.*"

Therefore, I curse you: the day you shall need these divine weapons the most, that very day you shall forget them."

Thus, Karṇa — the radiant, mighty warrior — became cursed. He was gifted, yet doomed to forget his greatest strength at the most crucial moment.

The Tale of Jayadratha: The Dishonourable One

Jayadratha too was a powerful warrior, a *mahārathī*. But he was of a vile nature. He was married to **Duśśalā**, the sister of **Duryodhana**, and ruled over Sindhu. His conduct, however, was treacherous — akin to a lawless ruler, a tyrant whose deeds were steeped in injustice.

Even during Draupadī's *svayamvara*, Jayadratha had arrived with hopes of marrying her, but failed to pass the challenge. Since then, he harboured a perverse longing for her.

During the period of exile, while the Pāṇḍavas were in the forest, a wicked thought stirred within him — *"The Pāṇḍavas are vulnerable. Why not abduct Draupadī?"*

He deployed spies to watch the movements of the Pāṇḍavas and identify when Draupadī would be alone. Just like any lowly schemer, he planned and prowled, waiting for the right moment.

One day, while the sages — including **Dhaumya Ṛṣi** — were present but the Pāṇḍavas were away, Jayadratha arrived at the hermitage. As a relative, he was received courteously by Draupadī, who offered him water and food. But Jayadratha's intentions were wicked.

He said, *"Why do you waste your life in these woods? I have come with a proposal — marry me."*

Draupadī, her eyes ablaze, spoke with firm defiance, *"Control your tongue, Jayadratha! Do you not know whose wife I am? I am the wife of the greatest heroes in this world. How dare you desire me? Were you not related, I would have cursed you this instant!"*

She warned him, *"Leave now! If my husbands return, you shall not live to see another day."*

Yet Jayadrath, drunk on arrogance and desire, tried to tempt her further. *"Why stay here with these forest-dwelling exiles? Do you not know of my opulence? I am the king of Magadha, surrounded by luxuries beyond imagination. The Pāṇḍavas will never be able to give you what I can. Come with me."*

When allurements failed, he resorted to force. Despite Draupadī's fierce resistance, he dragged her towards his chariot. The sages present tried to intervene, but Jayadrath's soldiers restrained them. Without regard for sanctity or shame, he seized Draupadī and forcibly placed her in his chariot, fleeing with her into the wilderness.

The sages quickly ran to the Pāṇḍavas and informed them of the abduction. Distressed, Yudhiṣṭhira commanded Bhīma and Arjuna, *"Go at once and rescue Draupadī. But remember — he is our relative. He must not be killed by us."*

True to his *dhārmic* nature, even in such grave injustice, Yudhiṣṭhira's command was not to take Jayadrath's life. Bhīma and Arjuna, swift as the wind, soon confronted the abductor. Jayadrath, who could not stand against even one of them, now faced both. Without delay, Bhīma leapt onto Jayadrath's chariot, pulled him down, and beat him mercilessly.

"Stop, Bhīma!" Arjuna cried. "Our elder brother has forbidden us to kill him."

Bhīma growled, "Couldn't you have waited just two more minutes before reminding me? I could have finished him! And then claimed I forgot the command."

But *dharma* was to be upheld. They spared his life, but not his pride. They shaved half his head, disfigured him, and left him battered. Humiliated, Jayadrath returned to his father, **Vṛddhakṣatra**, a powerful *tapasvī* who had once been a king but now lived in the forest.

Seeing his son's state, the sage sighed. "Why have you become so vile? You are my son, yet your actions are despicable. Why cast your eyes upon another's wife — and that too, the wife of the Pāṇḍavas? Have you lost your senses?"

Jayadrath, consumed by shame and rage, responded, "Do not preach, Father. Tell me how I can avenge this humiliation. I must kill the Pāṇḍavas."

His father rebuked him. "You are but a mediocre warrior. The Pāṇḍavas possess divine strength. How can you even think of slaying them?"

Jayadrath insisted. "You have performed great tapas. You must know a way."

After much persuasion, Vṛddhakṣatra relented. "I worship Bhagavān Śiva. I shall give you a mantra and the method of its japa and tapas. Please Him — only He can decide what is fitting."

Jayadrath, scorched by the fire of humiliation, took the mantra and performed rigorous tapas for several years, strictly adhering to the instructions of his father. As his guru was a *siddha ṛṣi*, the mantra he received was potent, and eventually, Bhagavān Śiva appeared before him.

"Speak, Jayadrath. What do you seek?"

"I wish to kill the Pāṇḍavas," Jayadrath declared.

Śiva responded, "Impossible. You lack the strength. Choose something else."

But Jayadrath was adamant. Śiva then said, "No boon can exceed your own capacity. You cannot kill them. But because you have worshipped Me with such intensity, I grant you this — there will be one day in your life when the five Pāṇḍavas, even together, will not be able to defeat you. That is all I can give."

Jayadrath accepted the boon and returned to his father, disheartened. "After all these years of tapas, I have gained nothing."

Vṛddhakṣatra replied, "Did I not tell you? No deva can give a boon that violates *dharma*. The Pāṇḍavas are *dharmātmās*. How can *adharma* prevail over them?"

Still dissatisfied, Jayadrath pleaded, "Give me something — anything — by your own power. I am your son."

Exasperated, Vṛddhakṣatra finally said, "Very well. By the strength of my tapas, I grant you one boon — whosoever kills you, his head will instantly shatter into a hundred pieces."

Reinvigorated, Jayadrath believed himself invincible. One day he could not be defeated, and no one could dare kill him.

That day arrived in the **Kurukṣetra** war. When young **Abhimanyu** penetrated the *cakravyūha*, Arjuna was diverted elsewhere. Jayadrath stood guard at the entry. Yudhiṣṭhira, Bhīma, Nakula, and Sahadeva all rushed to protect Abhimanyu, but Jayadrath — empowered by Śiva's boon — alone halted them all. None could breach his guard.

Inside the *cakravyūha*, seven warriors — including Karṇa, Duśāsana, and Duryodhana — mercilessly surrounded and killed the young, unarmed Abhimanyu. They struck him from behind, even crushing his skull with a mace.

When Arjuna heard of his son's brutal death, fury like never before surged within him. Jayadrath was the root cause. Arjuna vowed, *"If I do not slay Jayadrath by sunset tomorrow, I shall enter fire and end my life."*

The next day's battle raged on. Despite all efforts, sunset approached, and Jayadratha still lived. It seemed Arjuna's vow would end in self-immolation.

At that moment, Bhagavān orchestrated a divine play—a brief eclipse veiled the sun. The sky darkened. Warriors on both sides believed sunset had arrived and ceased fighting.

Arjuna began to ascend the pyre, prepared to fulfill his vow. The Kauravas rejoiced in arrogance. Holding wine goblets, they gathered in merriment, believing Arjuna's end was certain. Jayadratha, intoxicated with pride, danced in jubilation.

Before Arjuna ascended the pyre, Bhagavān had told him, *"You are a warrior. Even if you are to sacrifice your life, you must carry your bow and arrows. Do not step onto the pyre unarmed."*

So, Arjuna had his *Gāṇḍīva* and quiver with him.

Bhagavān had also said, *"Take your Chandrakāra arrow as well—it is your favourite. Let it accompany you."*

Arjuna, puzzled, asked, *"Why, Bhagavān?"*

Bhagavān smiled and replied, *"It is your favourite, is it not? It should accompany you."*

No one around could grasp the deeper intent behind these words. But Bhagavān always operates with a divine plan.

As soon as the solar eclipse concluded, Bhagavān turned to Arjuna and said, *"Now, release your Chandrakāra bāṇa. The sun has not yet set; the time allotted for war still remains. The sinful Jayadratha stands before you. With this very arrow, sever his head."*

Bhagavān then instructed further, *"But take heed — you must hurl his severed head in the direction of the Sūryāntaka Parvata. It should land gently in the lap of his father, Vṛiddhakṣetra, who is presently performing penance there. Only then will this act of yours be in harmony with divine justice."*

Arjuna closed his eyes in remembrance of the sacred mantras. He summoned a special, direction-

sensitive arrow and, after invoking it with *dik-bhedī* mantras, he released the *Chandramukha bāṇa* toward Jayadratha.

True to its crescent shape, the arrow neatly severed Jayadratha's head, which then rested securely on its curve and began its celestial flight. It travelled across the battlefield, across hills and forests, until it reached *Sūryāntaka Parvata*, where the aged sage Vṛiddhakṣetra was deep in *tapasya*. The head landed softly in his lap.

Startled by the sudden fall of his son's severed head, the old sage sprang to his feet. In doing so, the head slipped from his lap and fell to the ground. The very moment it touched the earth, the sage's own head burst into a hundred fragments — for he had once declared that should Jayadratha's head fall to the ground in his presence, he would be the cause of his son's death. Thus, divine justice unfolded with precision.

Bhagavān had specifically taken the names of two: **Karṇa** and **Jayadratha**. Why? To understand this, one must journey through their stories.

One was **śāpī** — cursed, yet a **mahāvīra**, a mighty warrior.

The other, **asuravīra** — powerful, yet always one to flee from true battle.

One was **śūravīra**, cursed yet valiant; the other was **varadānī**, gifted but unrighteous. Bhagavān referred to both for a reason.

And to reveal another subtle truth, attention is drawn to a similar **nimitta-mātra** in another yuga — the **Tretā Yuga**, in the **Rāmāyaṇa**.

This *varadānī asuravīra* was named **Bāli**. Resplendent in strength and radiant in *tapasya*, Bāli was the son of Indra. He had received a boon that whosoever stood before him in battle would lose half their strength to him. Even Rāvaṇa, the mighty king of Laṅkā, could not overpower him.

For a thousand years, Bāli held Rāvaṇa pinned under his arm, circling the world. Despite all his might, Rāvaṇa could not escape. In the end, it was Bāli who, out of mercy, released him.

Such was the power of Bāli that even Rāvaṇa's immense strength was halved in his presence, rendering him helpless.

When the time came for Bāli to be punished — for he had committed *adharma* by forcibly taking Sugrīva's wife and kingdom — Bhagavān determined that Bāli must be destroyed. He assured Sugrīva, "*Do not worry. I will slay Bāli. But you must fight him. You must become the **nimitta**.*"

Bhagavān explained, "*If I were to face Bāli directly, half of My strength would transfer to him. That would defeat the purpose. So you must go. You will be the visible agent; I will act through you.*"

Sugrīva protested, "*But he has thrashed me so many times before. Even now, I still feel the pain. And You are sending me again?*"

Bhagavān reassured him, "*You will not be alone. I will slay him. But for that, you must become the **nimitta**.*"

Still hesitant, Sugrīva asked, "*How can I trust that You will actually slay him?*"

Bhagavān replied gently, *“What would convince you?”*

Sugrīva pointed at a **sāl** tree nearby. *“This wood is known for its hardness. If You can pierce this with a single arrow, I will believe You.”*

Bhagavān looked upon him with compassion and said, *“I do not see one. I see seven **sāl** trees standing together.”*

He then declared, *“I shall pierce all seven with a single arrow.”*

Sugrīva was astonished. *“No one has ever pierced even one such tree in a single shot!”*

Bhagavān responded, *“Then behold.”*

With a calm mind and steady hand, He invoked a special arrow and released it. The arrow blazed through the air and, in a single flight, pierced through all seven **sāl** trees.

Sugrīva’s doubts melted away. Still trembling, he approached the battlefield. Yet a new challenge arose.

Bāli and Sugrīva were twins, identical in form and appearance. As the battle ensued and Bhagavān observed from afar, He could not distinguish between the two. *“Who is Bāli? Who is Sugrīva?”* He thought.

Within minutes, Bāli overpowered Sugrīva once again. Bleeding and battered, Sugrīva fled back.

“You sent me to my death! I told You I still carried old wounds, and now he has added fresh ones. Why did You do this to me?”

Bhagavān calmly explained, *“I couldn’t tell you apart. You look the same, wear the same clothes. How could I know whom to strike?”*

Then Bhagavān offered a solution. *“Wear this garland. When I see it, I shall know you are Sugrīva.”*

Reluctantly but with trust, Sugrīva went back — this time adorned with the garland. As soon as Bhagavān saw it, He drew His bow, aimed from afar, and brought Bāli down with a divine arrow.

The events that followed belong to another chapter. But what shines forth is this — **mere heroism alone is not enough in battle. Strength alone cannot ensure victory.**

Bhagavān declared in **Śrīmad Bhagavad Gītā**:

“nimitta-mātram bhava savyasācin” (11.33)

“O Savyasāchī (Arjuna), become merely an instrument.”

Bhagavān affirmed, *“Jayadratha and Karṇa are nothing before you. You are the great archer who can shoot with both hands. But go with the understanding that the battle will not be won by you — it will be My doing.”*

“kālo'smi lokakṣayakṛt pravṛddho” (11.32)

“I am Time, the mighty destroyer of the worlds.”

Bhagavān reminded Arjuna — it is He who acts through time, He who accomplishes the cosmic play.

Even in the smallest acts, one must carry this feeling — ***karane vale bhi Bhagavān hai, karvane vale bhi Bhagavān hai.***

He is the Doer. He is the One who orchestrates.

***“Mērā āp kī kṛpā se sab kām ho rahā hai,
Karte ho tum Kanhaiyā, merā nām ho rahā hai”***

It is not “I” who acts. It is Bhagavān who enables.

Whoever offers their actions in this spirit, their every endeavour is carried forward and fulfilled by Bhagavān Himself.

11.35

**sañjaya uvāca
etacchrutvā vacanaṃ(ñ) keśavasya,
kṛtāñjalirvepamānaḥ(kh) kirīṭī,
namaskṛtvā bhūya evāha kṛṣṇaṃ(m),
sagadgadaṃ(m) bhītabhītaḥ(ph) praṇamya. 11.35**

Sañjaya said: Having heard these words of Lord Kesava, the crowned one (Arjuna), with folded hands, trembling, prostrating himself over again overwhelmed with fear addressed Lord Kṛṣṇa, in a choked voice, after bowing down.

Sañjaya spoke:

Having heard these profound words of Keśava, the diadem-bearing Arjuna stood trembling, palms joined. Bowing again before Bhagavān Kṛṣṇa, he spoke once more—his voice choked with emotion, his heart overcome with reverence and fear.

In this moment of utter surrender, the sentiment that fills the atmosphere is best echoed in a soulful bhajan—“***Nāth meṃ thāro jī thāro***”—a composition imbued with the essence of devotion and humility. It is a timeless offering by the ever-revered **Param Shraddheya Brahmaṇīn Bhāī Jī Hanumānprasād Jī Poddār**. A heartfelt confession from the soul to the Divine.

नाथ मैं थारो जी थारो
 चोखो, बुरो, कुटिल अरु कामी, जो कुछ हूँ सो थारो ॥
 बिगड़यो हूँ तो थारो बिगड़यो, थे ही मनै सुधारो ।
 सुधर्यो तो प्रभु सुधरयो थारो, थौँ सूँ कदे न न्यारो ॥
 नाथ मैं थारो जी थारो...
 बुरो, बुरो, मैं बहुत बुरो हूँ, आखर टाबर थारो ।
 बुरो कुहाकर मैं रह जासूँ, नाम बिगड़सी थारो ॥
 नाथ मैं थारो जी थारो...
 थारो हूँ, थारो ही बाजूँ, रहसूँ थारो, थारो !! ।
 आँगळियाँ नुह परै न होवै, या तो आप विचारो ॥
 नाथ मैं थारो जी थारो...
 मेरी बात जाय तो जाओ, सोच नही कछु म्हारो ।
 मेरे बड़ो सोच यो लाग्यो, बिरद लाजसी थारो ॥
 नाथ मैं थारो जी थारो...
 जचै जिस तरह करो नाथ ! अब, मारो चाहै तारो ।
 जाँघ उघाड्यौँ लाज मरोगा, ऊँडी बात बिचारो ॥
 नाथ मैं थारो जी थारो...



LEARN THE GĪTĀ
 ज्ञान के भांडू

Nāth meṃ thāro jī thāro
Choḅho, buro, kuṭil aru kāmī,
Jo kuchh hū so thāro.

“O Nāth, I am Yours and Yours alone—whether I be pure or impure, noble or crooked, virtuous or lustful—whoever I am, I am Yours.”

These lines flow not merely as lyrics but as a prayer from the very depth of the heart. Even if the being is distorted or burdened by flaws, there is no distance from Bhagavān—for the sense of belonging remains unshaken: **Jo kuchh hū so thāro.**

Bigāḍo hū to thāro, bigāḍo te mhare sudhāro,
Sudharo hū to prabhu sudhar thāro, thāsu kade nā nyāro.

“If I am fallen, then still I am Yours—restore me if I have strayed. If I have improved, even that improvement is Yours. I have never been, nor will I ever be, separate from You.”

Buro, buro mẽ bahu buro hū,
Ākhir ṭābar thāro.

“Yes, among the wicked, I am the worst. But even then, I am Your child.”

The underlying fear is not personal disgrace, but a deeper anxiety:

Buro kohā kar mẽ rājasu nām bigaḍ sī thāro.

“If I falter, it is not my name that suffers—but Yours, O Nāth. What will people say? ‘So this is the devotee of Bhagavān? This is one who reads the Gītā?’ The blemish will touch Your name, not mine.”

This is no shallow plea—it is a naked surrender of the ego, a baring of the soul:

Jāṅg ughāḍyā, laaj marogā,

Ūḍī bāt vichāro.

"I have proclaimed everywhere that I am Yours. I have declared, 'I belong to Rāma, to Kṛṣṇa, to Śiva.' Now if I fall, the shame is not mine—it is Yours. I have nothing of my own left; all I am is Yours."

**Thāro hū, thāro hū, bājū rahasya thāro,
Thāro āṅgalyā nū par, nā hove yā to āp vichāro.**

"I am entirely Yours—even the secrets, even the flaws I have tucked away between the fingers, hidden from the world, are Yours. If they are not, then You must decide."

**Merī bāt jāe to jāe, soch nahim kuchh māro,
Mero soch bayo lāgo, biradalā jaise thāro.**

"Let my words go, if they must. I no longer think from my own mind. Whatever I now think is guided by You—like the tradition that upholds only Your glory."

And finally, the complete abandonment of self-will:

**Jache jis taraḥ karo Nāth, ab āpko jaisi jache,
Maine to sab bāt batā dī.**

"O Nāth, do with me as You see fit. I have placed everything at Your feet."

This bhajan does not merely reflect the state of the devotee. It is a mirror to Arjuna's condition in that moment. Standing before the viśvarūpa of Bhagavān, he trembles—not just in awe but in vulnerability. In this sacred trembling is a profound truth: **Whether I be high or low, pure or impure—ultimately, I am Yours.**

This surrender, echoed in every line of the bhajan, becomes a prayer:
"O Bhagavān, take charge of me. I may be anything—but I am Yours."

Arjuna, too, now prepares to speak—his body quivering, hands folded, voice choked. But what flows next is no longer the speech of a warrior or prince. It is the cry of the soul, yearning to be upheld by the one it belongs to.

11.36

**arjuna uvāca
sthāne hṛṣīkeśa tava prakīrtyā,
jagatprahṛṣyatyanurajyate ca,
rakṣāṃsi bhītāni diśo dravanti,
sarve namasyanti ca siddhasaṅghāḥ. 11.36**

O Omniscient Lord, it is but apt that the universe exults, and is filled with love by chanting Your names and glory; terrified demons are fleeing in all directions, and all the hosts of Siddhas (perfected souls) are bowing to you.

With folded palms and a voice choked in devotion, crowned Arjuna, trembling with awe, offered his heartfelt obeisance unto Bhagavān. The profound revelations that had just unfolded had stirred every fibre of his being. He stood there—humbled, overwhelmed, and reverent—as he began this sublime

stuti, a divine eulogy spanning eight verses from 11.36 to 11.43.

These eight verses are not merely poetic praise—they are an exalted outpouring of the soul in the presence of the Supreme. At Gītā Bhavan in Rishikesh, these very ślokas are sung each morning during the 5:00 am prayer. They hold such power and purity that even if recited softly in the ear of one nearing their final moments, they bestow deep peace. One may even adopt these eight ślokas as part of their daily recitation—so beautiful and elevating they are.

Arjuna begins by addressing Bhagavān as **Hṛṣikeśa**—the Master of the senses, the Knower of the heart. He says it is only right—**sthāne**—that all beings rejoice upon hearing of Bhagavān’s glories. As His **prakīrtiyā**—His name, fame, and divine qualities—are extolled, the entire creation exults. Not only does the world celebrate, but it also becomes deeply drawn to Him—**anurajyate ca**—filled with loving devotion.

On the other hand, the **rakṣāṃsi**—evil forces and demoniac beings—tremble in terror. Overwhelmed by His omnipotent form, they flee in all directions—**dīśo dravanti**. And the **siddhasaṅghāḥ**—the perfected beings, the liberated sages—bow down to Him in complete reverence—**sarve namasyanti ca siddhasaṅghāḥ**.

At this moment, Arjuna is no longer merely seeing; he is experiencing. His inner eye has opened. He beholds the cosmic presence and spontaneously breaks into praise, not from ritual, but from rapture.

11.37

**kasmācca te na nameranmahātman
gariyase brahmaṇo'pyādikartre,
ananta deveśa jagannivāsa,
tvamakṣaram(m) sadasattatparam(m) yat. 11.37**

O Great Soul, why should they not bow to You, the greatest of all, the progenitor, even of the Brahmā? O Infinite one, O Lord of the gods, Abode of the universe, You are eternal. You are the being (real), the non-being (unreal), and that, which is beyond, both being and non-being viz., the Imperishable Brahma.

He continues: “*Why would they not bow down to You, O Mahātman?*” You are **gariyase**—greater than all. Even **Brahmā**, the creator of this cosmos, is born of You. You are **ādikartā**—the original cause, the Supreme source.

You are **Ananta**, the Infinite One. You are **Deveśa**, the Supreme Master of the gods. You are **Jagannivāsa**—the One in whom the entire universe resides.

What truly sets Bhagavān apart is that He is **akṣara**—imperishable, beyond decay. He is that **tatparam** reality which transcends both **sat** (the manifest) and **asat** (the unmanifest). He is not just the essence behind reality—He is beyond both being and non-being.

Here, Arjuna’s praises are no longer limited to his personal relationship with Bhagavān; they have risen to the universal, the **samaṣṭi** level. It is no longer the devotion of an individual soul; it is the glorification by all existence itself. This is true **kīrtana**—not just the chanting of names, but the exalted singing of His boundless glory.

11.38

**tvamādidevaḥ(ph) puruṣaḥ(ph) purāṇaḥ(s),
tvamasya viśvasya paraṃ(n) nidhānam,
vettāsi vedyaṃ(ñ) ca paraṃ(ñ) ca dhāma,
tvayā tataṃ(m) viśvamanantarūpa. 11.38**

You are the Primeval God, the primordial spirit. You are the ultimate shelter of the universe, you are the knower, the knowable and the Supreme Abode. This universe is fully pervaded by you, Being of infinite forms.

*"You are the **Ādideva**—the Original Divine Being. The **Puruṣaḥ Purāṇaḥ**—the eternal, ancient person. There is nothing prior to You. No one older, no one beyond."*

*"You are the **paraṃ nidhānam**—the supreme refuge of this entire universe. You are **vettā**—the ultimate Knower, and also **vedya**—the ultimate object to be known. You are the supreme **dhāma**—the supreme abode, the goal of all beings."*

Arjuna knows well where that **parama dhāma** lies. Had not Bhagavān declared earlier:

"yad gatvā na nivartante tad dhāma paramaṃ mama"

"That abode from which none return, that is My supreme abode." (15.6)

And finally, Arjuna exclaims: *"O You of **anantarūpa**—infinite forms, this entire creation is pervaded and sustained by You—**tvayā tataṃ viśvam**. I now see that all this—what we call the world, the cosmos, the heavens—is but a reflection of You."*

In this moment of vision, Arjuna has recognised the One whom the Vedas call **Saccidānanda Brahma**—Existence, Consciousness, Bliss Absolute. He has seen with the inner eye the **puruṣa purāṇa**, the timeless, all-encompassing Supreme Being, who is the source, the refuge, the knowledge, the knower, and the known.

His voice may tremble, but his vision is clear. This is not mere philosophy—it is the declaration of a heart that has seen Truth face to face.

11.39

**vāyuryamo'gnirvaruṇaḥ(ś) śaśāṅkaḥ(ph),
prajāpatistvaṃ(m) prapitāmahaśca,
namo namaste'stu sahasrakṛtvaḥ(ph),
punaśca bhūyo'pi namo namaste. 11.39**

You are the God of wind, God of death (yama). God of fire and water, the moon-god, Prajapati, and the great grandfather of beings. Salutations to You, salutations a thousand time and again salutations to You.

"You are Vāyu, Yama, Agni, Varuṇa, the Moon;

You are Prajāpati and even Prapitāmaha (the Great-Grandsire);

Thousand times over, obeisance to You!

Again and again, countless salutations unto You!"

In this moment of divine revelation, Arjuna stands not merely as a warrior but as a soul entirely consumed in awe. The boundaries of the self seem to dissolve before the cosmic expanse of

Bhagavān's Viśvarūpa.

His words are no longer composed; they erupt spontaneously. In a single shloka, he utters “**namo namaste**” several times. Once would suffice, but how can a single bow express what he beholds? Arjuna finds himself utterly bewildered—should he bow here? Or there? Should he worship this form, or that one?

Everywhere he turns, there is the same boundless radiance of Bhagavān. In temples, when one sees many *mūrtis*, one often bows in all directions quickly, unsure of where to begin or end. Arjuna’s state is similar—he is caught in a divine frenzy of devotion:

namo namaste, namo namaste, namo namaste...

His inner self keeps repeating, “*Let me bow to this form too... and that one... and yet another!*”

He is overwhelmed. His vision is filled with Bhagavān alone. There is no space, no direction, no form that is not Divine. Every fibre of his being vibrates with surrender. He has forgotten himself. There is no Arjuna left—only bhakti remains.

11.40

**namaḥ(ph) purastādatha pṛṣṭhataste,
namo'stu te sarvata eva sarva,
anantavīryāmitavikRāmastvaṃ(m),
sarvaṃ(m) samāpnoṣi tato'si sarvaḥ. 11.40**

O Lord of infinite prowess, my salutations to You from the front, the rear and from all sides. O All in all! You, who possess limitless might, and pervade the world, You are omnipresent.

“Salutations to You from the front and from behind!

O Sarva, homage to You from all sides!

O One of infinite strength and immeasurable valor,

You pervade everything—therefore, You are everything.”

Arjuna's inner world has now begun to melt completely. His reasoning faculties seem to fade away. The experience has become so vast that comprehension has no place left to stand.

“namaḥ purastāt” — Salutations from the front.

“atha pṛṣṭhataḥ” — And also from the rear.

He no longer knows where to face. Bhagavān is in all directions. How can one direction be chosen for worship?

“namo'stu te sarvata eva sarva” — He bows in every direction. He surrenders from all sides. A complete 360-degree bow. His heart spins in devotion, constantly offering pranāma in all directions.

Why?

Because **“ananta-vīrya”** — Bhagavān is of infinite strength.

Because **“amita-vikrāma”** — of immeasurable valour and might.

Because **“sarvaṃ samāpnoṣi”** — He pervades everything.

Because **“tato'si sarvaḥ”** — therefore, He alone is all.

Wherever Arjuna looks—Bhagavān.

To the front—Bhagavān.
Behind—Bhagavān.
To the right, to the left—Bhagavān.
Above and below—Bhagavān.

This was not imagination. Arjuna was not speaking poetry. He was not philosophising. He was seeing. With open eyes, he beheld the **Viśvarūpa** that filled all of space and time.

In that state, how could he decide how to bow? Where to place his hands in prayer? Whom to offer a flower to? What mantra to chant?

He simply kept bowing:
To the right—bow.
To the left—bow.
Behind—bow.
Ahead—bow.

In every glance, he sees Bhagavān. In every direction, he offers his heart. He no longer tries to understand how to worship. He only surrenders, completely and repeatedly.

It is not Arjuna standing there now. He has merged into that cosmic form. He does not know what to do or how to do it. Only the purest *bhāva* remains.

The session paused here, resting in this mood of Arjuna's divine absorption. These shlokas, especially from verse 36 to 43, warrant deeper contemplation. Each one is a pearl in the ocean of devotion and revelation.

Let the heart remember Bhagavān. Let the name resound in every breath:

Hari śaraṇam Hari śaraṇam Hari śaraṇam...

May the remembrance of **Yogeshwar Śrī Kṛṣṇa Chandra** ever remain alive in the soul.

Jai Śrī Kṛṣṇa!

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Rekha Ji

Q: In the 22nd shloka of Chapter 10 of the Bhagavad Gītā, Bhagavān says “among the Vedas, I am the Sāmaveda.” Why does He choose Sāmaveda specifically, when all Vedas are important?

A: The Vedas are essentially one, but categorized differently based on their content:

- *Ṛgveda* has fixed meter ṛcās.
- *Yajurveda* contains unfixed ṛcās.
- *Atharvaveda* deals with architecture, warfare, culinary arts, etc.
- **Sāmaveda** comprises verses suitable for melodious singing.

Bhagavān says He is *Sāmaveda* because music engages the mind deeply. Hence, He chose it as His *vibhūti* (divine manifestation), as it helps hearts connect through melody.

Chetan Ji

Q1: In extreme situations like witnessing a heinous crime (rape, murder), should one act with force or take a stand?

A: One must show *parākrama* (valor). If only a few attackers are present among hundreds, why are they not overpowered? This is a weakness of our society. Men must awaken. Gītā Pariwār teaches *śaurya saṁskāra* (valorous values) to children. Even if a few sacrifice their lives, justice would prevail. This inner strength is essential.

Q2: Some people mock our traditions or question things like the position of Rādhā ji. Should we respond or ignore them?

A: Engaging with such ignorant or half-informed people is a waste of time. Responding to them is futile. Don't invest energy where it's not fruitful.

Suman Ji

Q: While meditating on Bhagavān, sometimes the mind feels restless—not exactly sorrowful, but agitated. How should we deal with this inner state?

A: This is *vyākulatā*—an eager longing, not sorrow. It's a sign of deep yearning, and it's actually a *śubh lakṣaṇa* (auspicious sign). Such longing increases the intensity of *sādhana*. When the mind becomes focused on one deep desire (i.e., Bhagavān), detachment from worldly distractions happens naturally. Use this *vyākulatā* as fuel for deeper devotion.

Neeta Ji

Q: If someone causes us suffering, and we accept it as the result of past *karma*, how can we avoid karmic entanglement in return?

A: If you accept the suffering without *dveṣa* (hatred) towards the person, then the karmic cycle will not continue. Holding *dveṣa* binds us to the *karma*, but letting go of resentment frees us. So long as the heart is free from hatred, no rebounding karma will affect you.

The session concluded with prayers and chanting Hanuman Chalisa.



We are sure you enjoyed reading the Vivechan write-up. Please invest three minutes of your time to provide us your feedback. Use the link below:

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Thank you-For reading the summary

You have enjoyed this vivechan writeup! In spite of intense editing and proofreading, errors of grammar, as also of omission and commission may have crept in. We appreciate your forbearance.

Jai Shri Krishna!

Compiled by: Geeta Pariwar - Creative Writing Department

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