

Editions Petama Project, Zürich

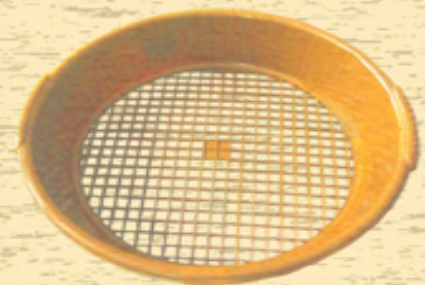
Gold Digger Words

of

Hz. Mevlânâ Jelâleddin Rûm-î

translated from

Hz. Mevlana'Dan Güzel Sözler
a commemorative of the author's 800. birthday



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Foreword

'Gold Digger Words' are aphorisms of Hz. Mevlânâ Jelâleddin Rûm-î. At the occasion of the 800th birthday of the great Sufi, a commemorative was published in Turkey under the name 'Hz. Mevlana'Dan Güzel Sözler' - this is how the original looks like:



Eight years later a dear friend gave me a copy as a present, and I carried it with me, tried to understand the English translation in the original. 'Güzel Sözler' means 'Beautiful Words'; and in the course of the first nine months of this year 2016 I began to wash out the meaning of these words, as the gold diggers did in the pioneer times of the USA.

Today we have a Swiss website which offers panning for gold courses as a pastime (<http://goldwaschen.ch>) - there we can learn the techniques, there is a panning calendar, a club panning, and a European Championship, Rules and Golden Links.

That was the method. If you, dear readers, are more familiar with the Turkish language as I am, please forgive me, if you still find sand grains among the Golden Words - they must be ascribed to my shortcomings, not to the words of Hz. Mevlânâ.

I would like to describe of what this panning work consisted, with an example. We know such short, concise sentences well here in Switzerland, such as:

**'De Joggeli sött go Birli schüttle,
und d'Birli wänd nöd falle.'**

How could we explain to the many refugees who have stranded here between the worlds, our joy about the wit and the precision of this sentence? ('Jack should shake down pears, but the pears have no desire to fall'). It contains almost half a Swiss life, a thousand things which we do not need to describe, because we have this one sentence.

In the heart of each country such sentences are anchored, and no language study would help us to reproduce the fullness of the content which such a 'Beautiful Word' can mean to someone who has grown up in the heart of this country.

So I would like to describe you here, what was at my disposal as raw material, what was collected in pans and sieves. Point of departure is the original in Turkish (Hz. Mevlânâ Rûm-î himself spoke Farsi and Arabic, he was familiar with medicine, architecture, astronomy, mathematics - as all scholars of his time. His writings are composed in these language, in Konya he was called 'the foreigner')

Ayıpsız dost arayan, dostsuz kalır.

The English translation in the books words:

**One who prefers friend without having shame,
he can become alone without having friend.**

To come closer to the understanding of the Turkish language, I toggled the same sentence into Google Translator:

Seeking friendly non-defective, it remains friendless.

Next attempt: I toggled each words into Google Translator, here the results:

Ayıpsız - non-defective
dost - friend
arayan - caller, seeker, searcher
arayış - seeking
dostsuz - drab, unfriended, unbefriended
yurtsuz - homeless
susuz - anhydrous, waterless
susuz - thirsty, dehydrated
kalır - remains
kalıp - mold, cast, pattern, template, cake
kalın - thick, dense, stout, grave
dark, limited, slow-witted

I learned so much during these nine months; wonderful, how richly faceted the Turkish language is, what an immense thesaurus it embraces, how subtly we should really listen, before we could say: 'I understand the people whose mother tongue is Turkish'. And how thousands of imperfections in my understanding maybe have nevertheless lead me to the vicinity of the paths, of whose I think that they have unveiled to me the meaning of a 'Beautiful Word'.

If you, dear friends, perceive that it still 'scrunches of sand while reading', please wash a little more in the sieve - thank

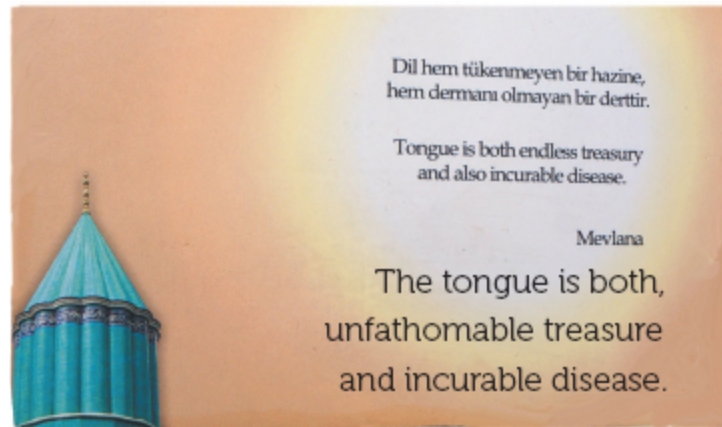
you for your love and forbearance. I left away a few aphorisms - despite of all panning and sieving they kept scrunching, and so I capitulated.

But very often the beauty and clarity of Hz. Mevlânâ flared up, and the simplicity of his images began to shine. Just like a diamond we can look at them from different angles, each time new aspects come into light. It is our work to uncover beauty within. With each aphorism I have left its title in Turkish.

* * *

There are a row of things of which I feel ashamed; about us, what attitude we hold before we look and try to understand; how easily we expose 'other behaviours' to our fast judgment, how little we are able to perceive - beyond this frame - subtlety, life, human qualities.

I am so deeply grateful for the present of 'Dost' - thank you so much, dear Necati. You can bring me close compassion and understanding, in a language and culture in which I have not grown up; thanks to you I can trace the feelings, how such a sentence can be a help for survival. When I as an adult stumble through ruins of what was my home town and I know, that it will take me three hours to get a bucket of water; and when I worry about my child who lies at home with fever - I can assess when his situation will worsen, effect of dehydration. Then a sentence like this makes sense:



Does such a 'Beautiful Word' alleviate fever and the thirst of a child? I trust that it can contribute, not the word alone; we must stand behind it as human beings, and wish to act. It is for this reason and for this purpose I have translated here.

A most heartfelt 'thank you', dear friends, for your sympathy, your forbearance and your understanding.

Zürich, beginning of October 2016Puran