



GUDJONS

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IMPRESSUM



Editor: Gudjons-Pharmacy, Wankelstrasse 1, 86391 Stadtbergen
Tel.: 0049 821 4441000 • Fax: 0049 821 4441001
e-mail: pharmacy@gudjons.com
Internet: www.gudjons-apotheke.de

Layout: APANOVA - STUDIO FÜR WERBUNG – Christian Korn,
Feuerbachstr. 6a, 84034 Landshut,
www.apanova.de – info@christiankorn.de

Title-Photo: Marianne Roth-Mellakh
Further Photos: Marianne & Adem Roth-Mellakh, Bruno Füchslin, Anina Fux

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JOURNEY INTO THE DESERT

Marianne and the desert

It was back in the years of her childhood that Marianne Roth first started dreaming about the desert and seeing infinite horizons in front of her inner eye. Yet it was only in

1988 when she followed the desert's call and travelled to the Sahara for the first time, that she found out that these were in fact pictures of reality ... and that she first met people

of the nomadic Tuareg tribes. In the passage of time she discovered that they shared what could be called a kindred spirit.

These beautifully well-proportioned, slender people living in a matriarchal way gave her a touch of the time of chivalry with its high ethics. On her frequent journeys, she formed close friendships with individual families and in doing so experienced a metamorphosis and deepening of her own values of her western-oriented world view. In 2001 she married the son of her friend and mentor, Tana – a wise woman surrounded by the aura of a shaman.

The Tuareg

The nomadic Tuareg people are the inhabitants and the real masters of the Sahara. Politically speaking, the territory of their cara-

van travels used to extend over what is now Algeria, Libya, Mauritania, Mali and Niger. For a long time, yet particularly since the establishment of borders between the individual countries and then especially in the eighties

and nineties, and mainly in Niger, there were attempts to eradicate the nomadic and hence uncontrollable tribes and to slaughter the people who initially didn't put up

any resistance. Through the tenacity of the "knights" and the concentrated forces of all medicine men, these battles were put to an end in April 1995 and the independence of the Tuareg was declared. Marianne, who was already supporting her friends with cloths and nutrition at this point in time, told me incredible stories about the days of this resistance movement.

Nowadays, the major threat to this culture is the infiltration by the so-called civilisation from all sides of the desert and the increasing loss of self-confidence of the Tuareg people. Many Tuareg lost their only resources, namely all of their animals – their camels, their sheep and their goats – during the periods of drought. Those of them who thereupon settled down in cities like Tamanrasset show a distinct change of character.



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The foundation in Iferouane and homeopathy

Marianne's desire to support her friends led to her initiating the Foundation Iferouane and this came to be as follows: Marianne works as a homeopath in a tiny village in Switzerland with merely 500 inhabitants. In the winter she organises camel caravans to the Central Sahara (Air Massif and Hoggar Mountains) for Europeans to give them an understanding of the transforming energy of the desert, which she herself has learned to appreciate as such a beneficial experience. Nowadays, the Tuareg families don't operate the trans-Saharan trade in salt and other commodities anymore and therefore only have limited possibilities for earning their living. These families are supported with the income from the camel caravans. Inevitably, she treats the sick people homeopathically as well; initially her friends and later on also in a wider circle.

One day, a medicine man named Zjumbo came to her and said that he could see that she was planning to do something with his people which seemed to be like a bridge between the countries and the cultures and that since this was in his interest too, he really wanted to take active part in it. At this

point in time she didn't have a clear plan for a project, which – after the two of them had exchanged many ideas – was later to become the "Foundation Iferouane". Besides that, he also asked her about the healings with the



homeopathic remedies, some of which he believed to be stronger than those through his medicine.

Marianne had visited me at the beginning of the nineties in order to purchase a well-assorted remedy kit. In the years after that, she would ask me regularly if I would like to travel to the desert with her. Of course I didn't have the time for such an unusual journey. Yet after having put her off with the words "let's see, maybe next year" time and

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again for the best part of 10 years, in 2002 I replied “yes, all right then, next year we’ll really do it”.

So, this was the run-up story to our journey from Geneva, Switzerland to Algiers, the capital of Algeria and then on to Tamanrasset, Algeria. Then three days by off-road vehicles from Tamanrasset to Ifrouane in Niger and at long last meeting the camel caravan there in the Air Massif. From there, we travelled for 6 days with the camel caravan as guests of



Marianne’s Tuareg friends. Followed by 3 days of rest in a beautiful valley and the preparation of a homeopathic remedy together with Djumbo, the marabout (title of a holy man) and I. Then another 6 days by camel, 3 days by jeep back to Tamanrasset and flight via Algiers back to Geneva.

For me personally, this turned out to be a very unusual journey in all respects.

The scenery to the south of Tamanrasset all around this trans-Saharan route was of such solemn beauty and great variety that I soon had to give up trying to remember everything. It flowed in through my eyes reaching the very depth of my spirit and in

order not to drown therein, I could merely keep quite and let its charm unfold. At first, there was fine yellow sand, flat as a table as far as one could see, blue lakes with white islands and gorgeous coastal forms, which disappeared like a mirage upon coming nearer; groups of rocks in the shapes of elephant families; bleak slopes with dark stones that had been sharpened by the wind jutting out here and there, as forbidding as a lunar landscape; ridges of accumulated rubble of round or egg-shaped weathered volcanic rocks with diameters of up to five meters, for miles, for hours; winding yellow dunes patterned with ripples made by the wind; mountain ridges with monoliths shaped like dinosaurs above lovely vales, lightly powdered with fine white sand, sometimes covered with huge gorse bushes or tufts of dry grass, here and there an acacia with thorns like barbed wire or merely crags



and oblong weathered rock as far as the eye could see... The feeling for time vanished completely and became irrelevant. Together with the capacity for remembering it faded away and the consciousness existed in the scene of the present.

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When we reached this trans-Saharan route, the full moon was rising in the pale violet sky. Virtually at the same time the glowing red



blazing ball of the sun was setting in the West. A most enchanting constellation which did however give way to a cold north-easterly wind which lasted until the new moon and



which occasionally made sitting on the back of a camel more like riding waves on a surf-board ...

Icy cold nights with billions of stars, from which at times, at least around December 16th, a streak of light from a shooting star glowed downwards every single minute.

Nevertheless hot at noon and glisteningly bright, sometimes with further sanding for man, camel and luggage...

The encounter with the people of this region, the light-skinned Tuareg, gave me the feeling of having been somewhere in outer space. Back in my familiar surroundings, that which I experienced now feels almost unreal, like a beautifully woven dream. The soul pattern, the spiritual sphere or the matrix of these people is as if it were from a different dimension. They are gentle and beautiful, like gazelles in their build and movement, kind and helpful, knightly and somehow still rather feminine, open, yes almost naïve to our way of thinking and nevertheless wise. Of course I can merely speak about those few whom I got to know. There are entirely different reports about this ethnic group. Maybe it was the energy of the desert, the surrounding area itself, which simply enchanted me. Furthermore it took me completely by surprise to arrive in a sandy desert and to come across people living out of doors who warmly gave me a hand with their hearts wide open and who thanked me for my remedies which had already helped so many of them. People who just took me by the hand and led the way through the dunes, because my steps were heavy and I sank into the sand, or for whatever rea-



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son. In any case this surprised me so much, yes confused me so much, that all I could do was to merely let it happen. . .

Zjumbo, the medicine man

We 11 Europeans of the „homeopathy caravan“ met Zjumbo for the first time in Iferouane.

He welcomed us with a blue cloud of blossomy fragrance and burning incense in a circular clay building with a saucer dome. This unusual construction had the most remarkable acoustics which lifted everyone's spirits beyond words. His welcoming gift came together with a vague suggestion about there being a connection between all individuals as knots in a net of healing work on Earth.

Zjumbo is a very tall, strong man. I'd say he is more or less 6 foot 4 and he is surrounded by a golden aura of caring devotion towards everything and everybody. He is the 8th member of a continuous line of medicine men in a family in which the knowledge was passed from father to son. According to Marianne's reports, this is an incredibly tough and demanding upbringing, especially in the early days and it hardly leaves any space for

being a child. The line breaks off after him. He was therefore not able to pass on his knowledge, because, as he holds, the quality of time is changing everywhere on the Earth and something new is developing which is as yet not apparent for us. Older people of their tribe are of the same opinion.

They have observed that children born nowadays don't have the determination and soul strength as it was the case a generation ago. Zjumbo accompanied our small caravan for 10 days with his caring and protective presence and only left us on the day after the trituration of the remedy.

The preparation of a remedy

Originally, the wish to prepare a remedy all together as a group was expressed by Marianne and Zjumbo.

The trituration of a raw material from the desert with the aim of disclosing its secrets was to be conducted as described in § 270 of Hahnemann's „Organon of Medicine, 6th Edition“. As you surely know, it has become a phenomenon of our time that homeopaths triturate raw materials and collect the images and symptoms which surface, in order to find out about the characteristics of the materi-



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al. In point of fact, there is no good reason to have this kind of work sailing under the banner of homeopathy and I would simply call the whole lot material research. Yet homeopaths in particular have become aware of this method described in Hahne-



mann's instructions for the preparation of remedies and have discovered that – if one “listens” carefully – there is quite a bit more than meets the eye than merely the technique ... and they love to play therewith ...

Several weeks before we arrived, Zjumbo had chosen (and blessed, as he said) a beautiful little valley, situated in the Air Massif. There, in the middle of the wilderness, a tent made of wattle was put up up by a few Tuareg women. During this time these women were taken care of by Zjumbo's friend Mömöttie, who also provided them with water and food.

It was at sunset on the December 17th that we arrived in this vale covered with grass, imbedded between the eroding colossi of rocks of the surrounding mountains; the camel mare had already joined our caravan with her baby on the day before. The following day was to be a day of rest for most of

the participants. A detailed planning for the trituration was made. In addition to the Europeans and Zjumbo, now the Tuareg friends also wanted to take part in the trituration and as there were only 15 mortars and pestles, the decision was made to have one European working together with one Tuareg in a defined pattern of time.

Marianne accompanied me to Zjumbo's “dwelling” – the shadow of an acacia – to translate our first talk regarding the course of events.

So I told him, that I had read books written by various Indian shamans in the seventies. And that they had described how important it was to ask the plants for their permission to cut of anything, for example of their leaves or of their roots and to also ask them if they would be at disposal for the preparation of a remedy. From a wise old woman, Mrs Dr



von Ungern-Sternberg, I knew that the intention whilst doing something is just as important for the final product, as the deed itself. And then I went on to say that that since then I just proceeded as I had learned from the sages. He moved his covered head from one side to the other and said: “yes, that's

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how I do it too” and we both smiled contently.



Whereas I had thought of doing research into one of the medicinal plants from the Sahara, this being the homeland of the Tuareg people, Marianne was eager to triturate camel milk, because the camel plays such a significant role in life of the desert nomads.

The way in which the milk from different animals is dealt with in homeopathy nowa-

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days has always seemed kind of suspicious to me and I have a certain aversion towards this “fuss about milk”. After all, personal traits are not symptoms of a disease and therefore not treatable in a homeopathic point of view ...

But then we agreed upon camel milk after all and on the next morning first of all a small-

er group of us prepared a C1 together with Zjumbo. As already mentioned, the next levels were each prepared together by one Targi and one of us. Each of us recorded his/her symptoms and at the end we took it in turns to give an account of what we had experienced, felt or seen.

What I found particularly moving was the notes written in Tifnagh, the script of the Tuareg. This consists of many small dots, lines and circles and makes it likely that the Tuareg are descendants of the people who left these innumerable old rock paintings behind.



We sat very close to each other, sweating away in this small plaited construction built in the shape of an igloo and worked in a disciplined way in silence up to the C3. This brought forth a deep loving-amicable closeness between us all and these two arms of the “European race” (the Tuareg say they are Europeans like us and that our races stem from the same root).

The notes of the symptoms and pictures can be ordered from Anina Fux (address: Thal, CH-3453 Heimisbach, Tel.: (0041) (0)34 431 23 91) or from the organisers of the

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camel caravans (Tel.: (0041) (0)34 431 1686).

Before we left this valley, Zjumbo invited us to the „tent“ at sunrise to bid us farewell.

He told us how pleased he was that we had prepared a remedy as a group. Our time spent together had found special attention in the cosmos and he had observed quite a few unusual things. On the morning before our work began, a twosome of antelopes had come to graze very close by to his domicile, closer than he had ever experienced before. And in the night a fennec had come to inspect the tent in which we had worked. We should do well in heeding the omens of the animals. Due to her virtue of being able to nourish, the camel mare is a highly respected

animal amongst his people and this gave the remedy which we prepared together an increased significance.

He, Zjumbo, would like to pass on his knowledge in a new form today: his energy would go out into the world with us all; his strength would initiate a transformation in us and therefore continue to act indirectly. This revelation in its simple form moved us all deeply and I understood it to be a call for reporting about this, which I have hereby done.

When bidding farewell, he handed us “the best his folk and the desert have to offer” in a bowl with ground millet, dates and camel milk.

B. Gudjons

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GUDJONS-PHARMACY
WANKELSTRASSE 1 • 86391 STADTBERGEN

Fax: +49 821 4441001

SMS: +49 179 9998889

e-mail: pharmacy@gudjons.com;

www.gudjons-apotheke.de