

Surgery spring sounds: topic justifies

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Dear reader,

At present our Western civilization (EU, USA) is considered at risk to collapse into poverty, pollution, and disintegration. This also seems true for the medical arena. Therefore, the thoughts are suggested to be of elementary actuality and relevance to justify and excuse the length of the manuscript. Feel free to skip if you are not in the mood to continue, you may get back to it later for taking a pause from evidence based medicine.

Imagine, at a given morning, warmed up with the secure positive after flow coverage of a touching colorful dream, you winningly oscillate in parallel to the light brown wooden floor of your living room to outstretch your arms in front of you to open the windows with a rapid orchestrated move towards the round succulent eye of the sun: there you stand bathed within the harmonic positive flush of a new warm city spring day in April 2013 (Fig. 1). The cold nasty mood killing overclouded rainy Dublin type grey hound dog weather has vanished to the north-east while the friendly brush Joyce of air opened the scene for the silver smile sunny giver to nourish the energetic growth of your emotional desires. Your senses are provided the spoon to drink the universal happiness and beauty of the world, and it is all about you. Smile out to your spring, say thanks.

Out of time space extends, out of space time narrows, light without matter fails to mirror the source, no water without wells, no smoke without fire, no hurricane without winds, no circuits without powers to reaction the chain, out of mind reasoning runs out into the emotional stream of perception, and the breath of the season opens your mind: bliss upon bliss, protected within

the thankful hands of spring seasons are slowly passed over for the continuation of the world: captured as subsequent moments of being, as you will. As shorten the midway shadows, the longer the days, wherein uprising elevates the turn-washed old as the new: it all has been there before, at least as a thought, reason and again, it is all about you. Laugh out, say cheese. Who feels it knows it: poverty, sickness. Dilute your salty salary: corrosive, necessary, troublesome. Who sees it wishes it: wealth, a highly subjective marker (CEA, CA-19-9, AFP, H&M, CK): health to some and many dollars to others and both to the rest. Poverty, wealth: borrowed and finite extreme forms of pride and self-worth.

As a physician—i.e., physics, citizen, scientist—the fascinating art of medicine provides you the colorful spectrum of human beings and maladies: from jelly to jam, from vapor to stupor, sweet to sweat, corn to cancer, crown to millstone, selfish-cow to coward, from greedy-pig leg biter to the potent West Coast Parsifal silent Pacific microsoft mercy pretending paddle shouting out very loud: *EEK a mouse!* Respect your patient.

At first sight, what you see is what you face. Age powers the deliberate smile style perception of changes. True for patients, too. Thus you sense vivid alteration. Resistance to stress becomes the synonymous syndicate of numerous burnout mind-blowing syndromes (BOMBS). Symptoms are taken to justify failure, weak personality, lack of knowledge, enthusiasm, motivation, discipline, durability, education, expertise, focus, and understanding. Symptoms and signs replace success, become the ONLY success. One gets a professional patient. “Burn out” happens more often today. In response, school medicine, itself a narrow-minded, technology, pharma- and food-industry driven blinded burn out discipline, delivers diametrically tranquilized soft tissue genders into the stock market exchange wall streets of the sick leave business life. All justifies except success because of responsibility: where do we hide the real good women and men? Why did they disappear, why are they so hard to find? All is

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Fig. 1 Spring enters the contour of the city, as described in the text. (Image obtained by the author using iPhone technology at Alsergrund, Vienna, Austria, EU)



mediated and replaced except a strong durable mind. Fast food, fast mood, fast wealth and health. Gymnass the fit. Vibe the pounds over the ponds of the pancreas. All is given, except positive reasoning and mental capability. No current flows without a potential difference. Unanswered fears foster the shy to tilt the eyes of envy up to the skies looking out for promising perspectives and searching for signs of hold. Where will we stay next, when spring has passed us over to the heat of the summer, the foliage of the autumns. New England harbors *more* than Boston: suit and tie. After having nourished, breast fed the pilgrims and many more who made it to steam over the Atlantic ocean, the Mannhattans have been deleted from east to the west, following a copy paste dilemma. Remains to question: can there be Indian summer without Indians? Calculation without numbers? Prize without pay? Questions over questions for physicians, technical personal, nurses, and patients. Places exist without markets.

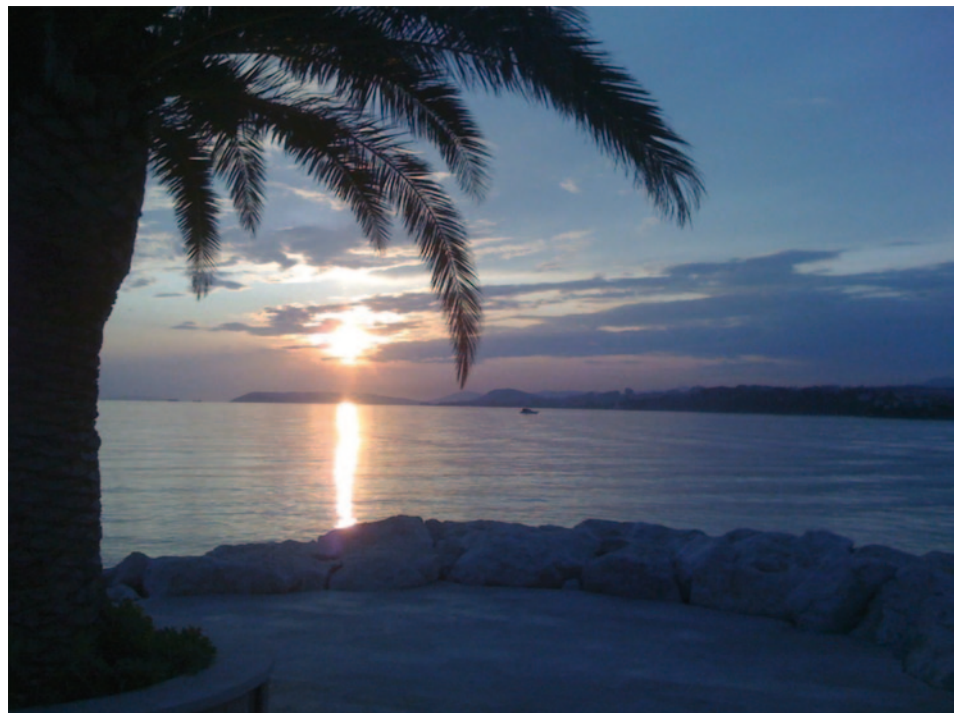
Today perspective vanished towards an indefinite fuse picturing the distant horizon where the sky meets the sea, the clouds touch the ocean, far away (Fig. 2). Ocean became land, land became ocean, it all reversed, head down, bottom up, good became bad, the bad became good. We produced holes filled up with the blunt bloody stumps of *our* roots, the silver brown leaves lay sleep to their soils, the shallow drop of a final breath off light unseen and untracked forever. Big tree meets small axe hunters to Google the globe as Yggdrasil axis turned into eager twilight of act. As a matter of fact, the global villagers in iPad cities and towns, monitor desserts and website woods, screen saver sea shores and harmony hills, iCloud mountains and CD-Rom bosoms are absolutely and definitely remote to computer controls genders (CCG). Copy

the paste for the file to come, the past processor formats the crosses to god and atheistic bluetooth romance in the light of the setting sun. Out of balance, nowadays, women and men, and female and male patient populations are prone and sensitive to actively and/or passively revisit the zodiacs, recapture the past, uncover the esoteric bliss of the lost paradigm of heart, love and gratitude. Sounds appear, which have been lost since hundreds of years: stop envy, hate, greed, and speed.

As so while listening to the history of a given model patient Dr. X, Dr. Y may judge to decide to step out of the current stream of life, mode of work, escape the flow for a while (how long may a while last?) and prescribe yourself a pause from the ongoing funeral of humanism, which itself currently presents as the highly effective and successful glamorous *break through perforata* of universal asininity, shaking stupidity, cell phone, and communication technology-mediated madness.

Friends of leisure, amigos of fun, Adornos of amusement, chill out in over through lulli-laxers and consumer boosted belly full chicken run idiots YOUR fluent time horizon has come, your mind chair vehicle has arrived and is parked in front of you: brilliant transfigured *Shijahweh* gloriously dances up and down, from branches to branch, from tips to the top, from east to west, from north to the south, from day to night, from right to wrong, from well to sea, from ocean to rain, from heat to wind, from soil to sky for you AGAIN and AGAIN and loosens the 72 rings the rollers recorded AGAIN and AGAIN to give culminant rise to the sisterly 27 stars of Philadelphia, which we will collect in brotherly silence and security to protect the light for the hungry soil, nourish the 21 thirsty dirty roots, breast-feed the looting tree to grow up to the clear diamond sky for a new age to come. This

Fig. 2 Where the sky touches the ocean the perception may foster phantasy, as suggested in the text. (Image obtained by the author using iPhone technology in Zadar, Croatia, EU)



is the time where the amen heads the pray, where man comes first without fear and full of gone responsibilities ($n=33$). Here god ceases to fill the gap, we aim to walk alone and throw away the prothesis of mind: be you, uprise yourself, believe in you and become a physician AGAIN. AGAIN and AGAIN draws a line: Capitol, Central Park, Stonehenge.

At a glance the once upon fosters a new emotional river of Sint flood, where many arms will end up like the innocent eyes of the questioning wingless cow looking behind the PubMed polite academic amnesia of the Asian moon: Your rope ... does not please, it comes to prosper *puru-sha*, peer reviewed per-aton, unmask and heal disease as multiple Bes intelligent manifestations of the Gilga-mesh minimal invasive metabolic dysbalance. Scrotum green sea double in hernia repair as the operation of Joyce. Gratiam habemus nodulusque tumoris exclamavit in aeternitate: catch me if you can along the individual cancer risk profile including the thoughtful family history, endoscopic, histopathological measures, and the genetic evidence. Classifications count. The only thing you will have to do when you will return to the *iatros* world is to accurately listen to and learn from your patients: everybody is a walking blues (BACH). Thus your praxis becomes your individual fruitful *Platonic garden of Academos* (Mr. Academos helped the citizens of Athens to successfully resist the blind, stupid Seth set aggressions): wonderful mild Athena glorifies Isis to statue liberty amplification, proud Mary flame instead of square compasses the G of the stone ages blues staged by the New York City Feel-harmonic Orchestra, conducted by the late, beloved and love spreading fancy full, twisted, bright minded Leonard Bernstein who introduced Wagner to Mahler the Beethoven for a story from the west side.

Of note, Osiris ordered Jesus jack knife to cross-line the torah with Moses having been drawn out of the water to serve on the land, invent, break, and reinvent the iPad to Google the past as future of a promised big apple, before the Buddha comes, who should be served every hour to prevent the development of the energetic, seismic, and metabolic dysbalance. However, oath drives, thus it is as it is, Isis, irrespective of the Elohim-services delivered from the reincarnated iPad of Moses. As all is one, the branches of the menorah mirror the nourishing arms of the Nile delta, to mingle a representation of the wells of the Indus. Ethiopia-Pakistan-China make up the world culture cradle grave. Likewise, the Amazon runs out to his well, Brazil meets Mali, Rio remembers Africa, the crocs cannot cross the Atlantic ocean to unite. Are those the multisemiotic pictures of Atlantis, which continue to be present in the tales of the past, the almost forgotten remembrances of phantasy lands? May this be the source of idea, where the Olmecs preceded the Bob Marley so much troubles in the world, ambush in the night, one drop, natty dread survival tours of the ancestors from Ivory Coast to the Americas? Well defined Babylon systems justify to forget, unless the Talmud tradition conserves and Peter Tosh equals the rights.

At present, beside their routine work, physicians face a huge and almost not manageable flood of information. A storm of thunder of words and pictures emails, SMSs and web sites storm into our brains on a daily basis here in the Western civilizations and abroad. How to keep up with the computer processor pulsed pace of time? How to rhythm the song, tune the course? Possible therapy: Focus to foster, dream to prevent, face to action, rest to rely. Going in-line with the experience obtained within the Dionysian universe of music, the pause is as impor-

tant as the outlined melodic theme, most importantly, outstanding music provokes as it starts with a pause: i.e., fifth symphony of horse riding LvB (*saddle* the hood!), mirrored by the symphony with the same number ejaculated by the multitasking forces of GM, both offering their services to the city of Vienna. Adagietto faces adagio replaces being in love. Presence needs absence to be experienced, perceived, assessed, and known. Thus we should time out, reshape, and refresh to gain more fun at do. Patients deserve fair care provided by healthy surgeons capable to holistically manage all aspects of a given disease. Hungry guys do not make noise for a specific beautiful spoon, they wish to get a good meal. Now,

we are at turn to operate a pop-up popular menu meeting the demands of the customers. The system should outbalance to give us required time, space, and motivation to fulfill these demanding tasks within the frames of the present market. This is the way general surgery should favor the subspecialization. Let me shout it out loud for YOU: Stay tuned, take care, and sing jump into the spring.

Conflict of interest

The author declares that there exists no conflict of interest.