Surgery 2020 approximates the essence of disease, being and atmosphere

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Dear reader,

welcome to the first issue of *European Surgery* in the 2020s of human being existence, history, action and reasoning. Fascinating and fruitful developments are going to be awaited. Let us step out and listen to the new story.

In 2020 we are allowed to celebrate the 250th birthdays of the composer Ludwig van Beethoven and the poet Friedrich Hölderlin. During their time Beethoven and Hölderlin have been as unique, relevant and influential, as Jimmy Hendrix, Bob Marley, Robert Musil, Thomas Bernhard and Peter Handke for our time. Their works mirror and echoe the essential qualities of any time and epoch.

Therefore we will go through conducts of reasoning related to the topic of time, space, passion, endurance, horizon, sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, stars banner of eternity, and what it is all about and how it is all related to YOU and YOUR SURGERY (Fig. 1). Would you have time to read those lines? Would you have space to read those lines? If not, get to it later, carry your *European Surgery* to your beloved spacetime corner, where you might be allowed to perform “*undisturbed reading*”.

At first sight the glance of the Horus eye welcomes the “new” epoch of our existence. In the form of numbers the arithmetic translation enriches our mood, temper and atmosphere with the impression: “we have arrived at a new time, a new spectrum of possibilities and positive attractions”. And this allows a new start, a new *clearance* of our behaviour and thoughts. May those lines *share* your focus of interest.

Young surgeons

Going in line with the aims and scopes of *European Surgery*, this issue collects (greek legein, logos) a scientific rondo related to the beautiful images of esophageal, colorectal, robotic, hepatobiliary, vascular, minimally invasive and structured education. *Wisdom rises where origins are met. Images recollect their sources, aims and scopes.* Understanding ceases where searching ends. Group think inhibits developments. And here we reach the specific point of action. Come over to read, listen and learn. *Resist group think.* Come over to see, watch and mind. Come over to explain, foster and nourish. Come over to be a teacher, be a teacher of the academy. Be a teacher of the academy of the surgical sciences. Come over to welcome the new Dante with his and her plays, offerings and outlooks. Come over to understand the motives, critical ideas and tensions of the new, young generation of surgeons. *Do not blame the youth.* Let them have their work & life balance. And during their different conduct of reasoning the unhidden knowledge and wisdom of essence based surgical science may be kept within the lines of all these editorials. And then, somewhere and somehow (currently I do not know how, when and where) a well tempered Johann Sebastian Bach will find the track and follow the score and decide on the continuation of the oldest and very effective form of medicine, surgery, and conduct of reasoning:

Were there rivers to flow,
 were there cloud packs to hide,
 were there oceans to show,
 were there planets for pride,
 would there be hidden,
 forbidden demands,
 taken apart by the doubtful oblivion,

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Fig. 1 The optical biopsies obtained in the people's garden in Vienna, Austria, EU, panels **a**, **b** mirror the idea of the author that perceptions translate into mood, temper and atmosphere and thus orchestrate being. Images obtained in our world using attention

within the beautiful smell of the tune,
that it all belongs to the one the offering shrine?

Most of you dear readers and surgeons are well packed remote controlled directed pace maker actors within an excellent excel list oriented cuboid form of building where it is hard to say: “Who of you has the disease? The patient or the physician? Who comes to seek to see whom?” The column line cuboid is the stage of your actual existence, the stage for your job. You are the actors of a very specific calculation, you are the actors and followers of a very specific mind set. This is the mind set of the modern times, this is the mind set of somehow rootless algebra algorithms. This is the mind set of the universal google empire. It seems that you became the manifestation of an electronic, digital, power game related force. You are well oriented, paced and controlled via the fascination of our new skies, stars and milky ways. In remote times our ancestors used to go out and watch the sky: “Come over and let us watch the stars, the moon (the eye of the sky), the Orion (the son of the sun), the Venus (the sweet), the Mars (the warrior), the Mercury (the ancient post man), the Milky Way (the highway to afterlife)” (Fig. 2). Then your ancestors had to do neck stability and motility increasing movements to watch the endless beauty of our silent skies during the night. Our ancestors would have created myths to remember the manifestations of spacetime phenomena out there in the universe. As such they remembered the position of the stars related to the cosmic clock, the movements of the zodiacs against the sun, moon and colourful horizons down here on earth. And our ancestors have been fascinated about these films, pictures and stories up there (Europe, Iceland), down there (Australia, New Zealand) revealed

by the cosmic cinema, the REAL, PURE and ONLY HOLLYWOOD!

Today their stories are well captured and catalogued within the time capsules, which are the basic motives of our current cultures and modes of interpretations. We read about kings, queens, gods, angels and animals. Those figures are the representations of cosmic phenomena and translated into stories to prevent oblivion. As such the Milky Way represents the afterlife road and the river of oblivion in the old cultures of ancient Egypt and Greece, respectively ($p < 0.00001$) (Fig. 2a). If this does not meet your interest, stop reading and continue to follow the stream of oblivion. As such we read about the constellation of stars coming out of the body of other stars (fish, virgin, Orion, sun). Much has been told out there, almost *nothing has been heard*. Do not feel bad. You are not bad, you are not unusual. You represent the majority of human beings down here on earth (and elsewhere?). The majority of humans follow the stream of oblivion. The majority of surgeons follow the stream of oblivion. Why? It is easier to follow the group think, the ruling opinion, when compared to taking action, responsibility and critically question the group think and ruling opinion. Why? It is much more comfortable to fetch and carry. This is not bad, this is as it is and represents a matter of fact of human behaviour. This type of behaviour is formatted in our brain. The uncritical group think behaviour is given due to the organisation, orientation and biochemical function of our brain cells. Nerve cells translate mood, temper and atmosphere into the very eye catch moments (Horus eye) of our existence. In contrast to that, developments have usually been fostered by those who resisted the group think, who questioned

Fig. 2 The optical biopsies catch the idea of the author that any perception modulates our individual state of mood, temper and atmosphere and thus translates into our actual existence, being and reasoning. **a** model of an ancient greek temple (people's garden Vienna) echoing the atmosphere of ancient philosophies, as outlined in the text. **b** cup of espresso, as described in the text. Imagining obtained in our world using understanding

the ruling opinion and took the responsibility to carry the new. May this motivate you to be different.

++ Breaking news ++

During these days, which are suggested to belong to a new time, the 2020s of our existence, while sun rises, moon mingles and stars dance around the skies, the milky way shares the attention, news rooms are filled with oblivion, misuse and cancer (an other zodiac!), we read about fascinating novelties and breaking news. “The young generation of surgeons led by their teachers, the old generation of surgeons, she and he surgeons, are opening new centres of excellence”. Let us listen to the news rooms sound testimony:

“A Center here a center there,
we optimise the human care,
machines here and machines there,
all the shine is that we care,
making money robot sound,
where solutions ever found,
catch the carry,
watch the ferry,
bend the focus to the tree,
even shadows pay no fee.”

Modern medicine dances around topics, themes and motives of specialities. Out there we read about multi-, poly-, oligo-, meta-, interdisciplinary disease management. We learn about centres for oesophageal-, gastric-, liver-, pancreas-, breast-, thyroid-, vascular-, plastic-, trauma-, orthopaedic surgery smile. We read about fascinating technologies, machines and projects. We read about progression and huge numbers of case loads. However we do

not read about those for whom these exciting achievements have been developed. Modern medicine works, we are successful, we are better at managing acute complex diseases, we provide optimal medical care for almost all forms of benign and malignant disease. Here we listen to the great applause coming from the news room, reaching our ears and giving us positive vibes. But it seems that we have forgotten something here. In the large majority, those presenting themselves in front of the camera are usually enriched with distinct doses of vanity, and seem to lack the humility and open minded approach for the essence of our existence. It would be great, if those men and women, who are the leaders and organisers of such institutions would replace their colliers, their ties, their hand made, custom made jackets, trousers, shoes, bags and colours by an alternative mind set and reasoning to enrich their work, to enrich their action, to enrich their attitudes, to enrich their personality, to enrich themselves. Dear leaders and organisers of the new centres, please listen to these short lines of desire:

“Dear women and men, open the windows of your beautiful centre, let the fresh air of modern times fill the rooms, aisles, theatres and corridors of you center and allow yourself to remember and breath the ancient smell of the future. I do not want to put you under pressure. I simply want you to understand: you have gained technologies, but you have forgotten to enrich your mind. Your achievements are immense, but it seems, *that you are going to loose a dream*. You have developed exciting, effective diagnosis and therapies. Your machines, computers and equipments shine bright and are expensive. But it seems that something got out of your focus of attention. It seems that there is something that you have forgotten. How should we name it? The fact that you

have forgotten it, translates into typical signs: bitter taste in your mouth, burning tongue, gas bloat, fullness, increased heart beat, high blood pressure, repeated episodes of migraine, anxiety, depression, burn out, difficulties to swallow food, being short of breath, feeling constipated or running to the toilet all the day due to diarrhoea. It seems that all those symptoms and signs would definitely go away when you allow yourself receiving attention, respect and understanding by others. The same is true for your patients, who will be treated in your beautiful centres. What do we deserve?"

The song of the bird

Let us ask the bird out there in front of the main entrance of the new centre watching the lines of snow hiding below the tiny shadows of the leafless branches of the tree. And there the bird peeps out and translates:

"It is all about you, it is all about mood, temper, atmosphere, emotion, sensation and feel. It is all about rhythm, tune, sound, favour and light. There is something very specific and distinct I would love to teach you to show you to open your eyes for the awareness of something very highly valuable and unique. The problem it raises is the fact that is upriser within a complex tune of fuelled emotion and may go this way:

I,
I and I,
silence,
approximation
there is no word
there is no color
there is no sound
there is no tune
there is no light
there is no taste
there is no rhythm
there is no mind
there is no thought
there is no moon
there is no star
there is no sun
there is no wave
there is no well
there is no drop
there is no river
there is no sea
there is no ocean
there is no cloud
there is no wind
there is no rock
there is no film
there is no rondo
there is no blues
there is no reggae

there is no hit
there is no book
there is no tablet
there is no image
there is no shine
there is no assumption, treatment of ideas,
there is no mean
to meet the all is one in all
approximation,
not more than
silence
I and I
I.

As such there remains to consider the stream of temper, mood, emotion, blues and atmosphere (Fig. 1). Take one draw, reggae the roots and fill your lungs with the spirit of the air of our pure and beautiful globe, not golden but blue, but hidden within the well arranged ballet of clouds, oceans and land. No fish no man no mountain takes it all. Cities hide, institutions cover. Allow yourself to listen to the sound of YOUR I and I freedom of reasoning. The saphon, sophon, the open horizon is caught within the catch of an eye, the HORUS OF THE MOMENT, and this is the silence, what it is all about. Listen!"

Swinging the spinning of the wings the bird disappears in the curious frame of space time quanta curving, tension and change.

Did you, dear reader, get the message unhidden by the bird's talk?

Did you, dear reader, understand the message of the bird's short vision?

Insert a positive chance

Wailing and walking through the prominent achievements of our modern time (Horus eye moment) we are happy to know: YES we CANCER, YES we CAN cancer by diagnosis, therapy, follow up, prevention, tailored multidisciplinary oncologic surgery. YES we can CANCER the bad and win the battle against the tumour mass mask of our existence. YES we believe in the means of our modern momental Horus eye technologies delivering novel techniques for the assessment, retrieval and further management of different forms of malignancies and benign disorders of the human organism. The animal counts and it counts in a specific unique way. Cell by cell, tissue by tissue, structure by structure, shape by shape, receptor by receptor, step by step, seen, perceived, sensed and virtually spoken copy pasted into the global eternity of the dignity of the digital world. Orientation work! Well taken! What remains? What remains untreated? May there be something that remains untreated, unconsidered? May there be something that has not been taken into account? And what would happen if we would take it into account? Would it enrich ourselves? YES, it will definitely enrich yourself! YES, it will definitely im-

prove your life quality and productivity and wellbeing! And this is true for both: the patient AND the physician. Specialty counts, quanta of information count! But there also exist the *quanta of stupidity*. And what we are talking about deals with the quanta of stupidity. In contrast to spacetime quanta, the quanta of stupidity seem to be endless, countless and can not be antagonised by any means. Why? The quanta of stupidity are easily mistaken for geniality, progress and innovation. The quanta of stupidity easily mirror enlightenment, naiveness and naturalness. But there is one issue to be taken into account: stupidity may wear any forms of truth, but truth only knows one single unique way and dress (Robert Musil, Thomas Bernhard, Peter Handke, Parmenides, Heraclitus). Let us insert a positive chance.

Did you catch the fire? Did you catch the sound of the trumpet? Did you catch the sound of the echoes waving the spirits and tempers of a very old archaic experience related to the connection between humans, animals, plant, rocks, water, sea and the universe (the great sea). It is all about the cosmic myth, which has been told since ever, from man to man, from woman to woman, from grownups to kids, from coke to cola, from red to bull, from water to ion, from force to force, from spacetime curving to the speeches of the cosmos: watch out for the zodiac clock. Times are set and the scene is ready for the play: thea-tron, the place where it is going to happen, the stage carries the citations, as a matter of fact, as the result of our conduct of reasoning. Open the curtain, set the stage, open the eyes, listen and learn:

The young surgeon (talk low speed, word by word)

Interwoven in between particular strings of you tubed emotions, interests, google teachings, tablet tailored requirements of surgical education and web based private life and reproduction there remains the unique possibility to entirely focus on the most important currency of our present time (2020): the EURO, the DOLLAR, the st.p. BREXIT POUND per life time performance.

The old surgeon The period of our education has been a save one. We only had to focus on the retrieval of information and had time to outbalance between private life and our medicine. We were allowed to foster routine clinical work vs. academical surgery or doing both. Economies have been more or less stable and we did not have to fight for a dollar collar euro sound of pounds. Then came the change, as the twin towers fell.

The late surgeon I am reporting from a different, but very distinct form of consciousness and awareness. As you are, the Indian summer has been followed by a dark and grey and cold and wet atmosphere, while the climate was considered to get warmer. Going in line with my actual perception, I have to come up

with a spacetime-less conclusion: approximation is the most favourable and valuable form for reaching that point of interest, that has been termed truth, as I have learnt it during the times when I walked around the globe, which definitely is *not* your globe. Moments mirror, pauses echo, searching for you. Life puzzles the freeze image of mind.

Spacetime Please excuse: it seems that I am the best and most valuable approximation you have to explain your existence within the frames of your world and perceptions. I am the Horus eye, the Ma.at, the Shiva, the Signs of the Zodiac, the will to power, the orientation of your pyramids, temples, churches and synagogues, the pace maker for your clinical behaviour, studies and the underlying cause for the manifestation of the full spectrum of diseases, which need and call for surgical diagnosis, treatment and management. I virtually and directly translate into I and I being. I am YOU and the reason why your surgeries have to focus on the correct positioning of the patient, assistance, nurse, anaesthesiologist and the adequate orientation of the (your) organs. Otherwise various fluids (blood, bile, stool), air, slings of gut, lung and *all around tissues* will hinder the correct approach towards the (your) target areas. I am the cause for dramatic eruptive emotional expressions inducing statements as: "Hold *my* liver! Get the sling out of the way, I can not see *my* ureter! Fix this damn gut, I can not see, where it bleeds, I can not see *my* vessel! Get the bile out of *my* bile duct! Push up the urinary bladder, I can not see *my* rectum!" Taken together, it seems that I am very powerful. Even this issue of *European Surgery* may fall and follow my path if you stop to hold it in your hands (The Beatles: "Wanna hold your hand").

The young, old, late surgeon & Spacetime (all together, chorus, itching cactus novus) We are your thought, spirit the mind and deliver the moment.

The curtain falls, meeting the requirements and the very characteristics and distinct qualities of the (your) spacetime curving for all types of surgeons. Tinnitus resembles the applause.

Meet Prof. Dr. Horus Pause

Thereafter appears a page and we are going to read:

In between your perceptions, sensations, assessments, biopsies and matter of facts remains a silent pause, coming and going, increasing, decreasing, flooding in and out, continuously missed until the final breath of air, the *full stop*, where we all are recycled back to the origin of our reasoning, mood, temper, atmosphere, stream of emotions, milky way riding experience (phtorah, genesis of Anaximander). Beethoven commenced his famous 5th symphony with a pause. Mahler ended his 5th symphony with a pause. In Wagner's opera, Tristan's resolution is

flourished by a pause. Reggae *one drop* intermingles from *deep within* with a pause. Rock beat steady state feel rushes out as a pause. Life is felt within the beat of your heart, because the continuous streams of your blood is interrupted by structured forms of a pause. If this would not be the case you might need to be seen by a cardiologist. Then you would be out of beat, out of pace, out of life! Then YOU *are* the pause.

Every moment is limited by the opening and the close of the curtain of your eyelids, by the curious pause of the HORUS eye. There is motive and discrimination, because there is pause. Thanks to the fascinating play station of *Prof. Dr. Carlo Rovelli* we understand, that pauses represent the unsized rhythmically spread out of the pearls of your spacetime quanta chain of events within the horizon of our perceptions. *Prof. Dr. Luigi Bonavina*, Milano, may take a cup of best Italian espresso, before he continues to fun do around the reflux injured oesophagus by the administration of a ring composed of magnetised titan pellets (LINX; pause between pellets ensures magnetism to work) (Fig. 2b). *Prof. Dr. Para Chandrasoma*, Los Angeles, may translate optical biopsies into the harmonic orchestration of histopathology-based disease management (diagnosis, therapy, follow up). Medicine gets easier when you listen to the qualities of the disease and do not listen to the self esteem motivated vanity of those creating, supporting and defending the ruling opinion and group think. *Daniel Froschauer* (head of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra) ensures that *Philharmonic beauty* fosters recognition. Cantus novus conductor *Mag. Thomas Holmes* motivates to enrich you body and soul with the fascination, that music happens now, at a given moment and perfectly mirrors and *represents* being. Thanks to both: without Daniel the author would not have met Thomas. Friendships are the most valuable achievements in life. Get their music!

Nobel Prize winner *Peter Handke* is to be congratulated for his more than 15,000 pages long search for the absolute truth. He coined beauty, *passion*, wisdom and *happiness*, going in line with the legacies of Heraclitus, Parmenides, Hölderlin, Musil and Bernhard. He does not like opinions and opens our senses for the highly valuable beauty of the moment, the unbelievable fascination of every little thing (Figs. 1 and 2), may it be the well orchestrated colour of a flower, the *twinkle brothers* of an eye, the magic zig-zag sounds of the flies, three little birds beside my door step (Bob Marley), winds, rivers, waters and the indescribable secrets hidden under and within the great sea of our emotions and desires. Finally he is one of the very few thinkers who definitely made it to understand the deep value of the work of *Bob Marley*: it is all about redemption, roots, reggae and rock; skin, bone, flesh and dread locks. At this point Peter Handke (hand writing; chiros; german word for hands into surgery) may continue to foster essence-based reasoning and to motivate us to read about the nature of man. What

is the nature of man? What is the spirit of man? Approximations counts. What is our nature? Redemption counts. Dear reader: you are a pause. You are transient and intermittent. Will you return? You are the pause of a very specific frame, image, scene, coverage, motivation, courage. Did you get the rounded motive of the elementary rondo?

Tailored medicine

Let us get back to the breaking news of the days: new centres are opened for different specialities of surgery. Technologies shine and we are happy to have that all. And here we catch a boy having a normal BMI, who tells us how fascinated he is after having seen the centre: "All those amazing machines, technologies and applications of modern electronics, computer based translation of images coming from the human bodies, which are used for the design and development of tailored therapies. The operation theatre impressed me, all those robots, which allow accurate surgeries including the most imaginable dissection of the tissues. There was the fat man at the robot and removed the large bowel cancer. He was a fat man. Huge! Why? He plays too much, eats too much and lacks sports. He is a *high volume* surgeon. Thus dangerous tumours can be removed from the patients with most valuable accuracy. It very much looks like my SONY PLAY STATION. Great, amazing, awful !". Following 24 regular heart beats the boy summarises: "I also want to become a surgeon, I want to live within the planet of robot surgery, I want to work at the front, at the top of medicine, above the edges and there, where inventions and discoveries are made, progress is about to change the world, I want to be a surgeon".

Translation of energy

What the boy did not have to get is the mellow mood he was allowed to miss, because of his young age: within this amazing flood of impressions, inventions and excitements something is missing. And this something is assessed by those aged 40–60 years. And this is the age harbouring the most increased risk for the development of diseases, tumours, cancers and maladies. At this age women and men are at highest risk to require and seek medical care. Disease does not come alone. As a matter of fact, cancer does not come alone. Dear reader, the diagnosis does not come alone, the therapy does not come alone. Behind the skin, tissue, tumour, sensations exist, a form of something related to the unlimited spacetime quanta based energy, which makes up the entire cosmos. As thus our patients and we are parts of this cosmos, manifestations of this cosmos energy. Through spirit, mind and reasoning, this energy translates into fear, hope, pain, anxiety, desperation, hate, greed, envy, hunger, humility, gratitude, *happiness and will*. These are the I and I's, which are not caught by the images sent

to our perceptions by modern translation machines. These are the energies behind the images, behind the mirror, behind the echoes. And these are the aspects these lines wish to point out. Do not forget this essential matter of fact when performing your surgeries, radiologies, histopathologies, endoscopies, manometries, biopsies, resections, sutures, anastomoses, pliations, corrections and plastic smile surgical procedures. Maybe you are heroes, but you never act alone. Did you get the motive of this take?

It is the most powerful motive and driving force of life (Schrödinger). Stay tuned, be you, go out into the woods, face winds and sides, talk to the trees, birds and fishes, watch the sea, take your ocean:

I
hear
you,
the single fall,
telling it all,
contains no spaces,
times and races,
as such and since old,
having been told,
hear
you
I.

Sincerely,
Martin Riegler

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Conflict of interest M. Riegler delivers that there exists no conflict of interest, this means that there exists absence of any conflict of interest. The only interest is the interest for the essence of our existence: being (I and I).

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