



Surgery and the summer of smile (2022)!

Martin Riegler

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Dear reader,

thanks for opening this page. Thanks for starting to read this editorial within this issue of *European Surgery*. You may ask yourself: why should I read this? Why should I invest my spacetime to read this editorial? There would be so many other things I would have to do, I could do? There exists the large spectrum of my possibilities, activities and duties: patients, family, kids, cars, house, flat, friends, books, cases to see! Actuality drives activities!

There are so many things I have to do: check my e-mails, check my What's up, twitter, face book account! I have to do my phone calls! Video sessions and distant learning activities! Chat with a room! Why the hell should I spend my time to read those lines? Why the hell should these lines fill the space between my eyes and my world? (Is there an other world than my world?) Why should I do that? Would there be a reason to justify that I now continue to read this editorial published in *European Surgery*?

Why should I read that?

Here we report about a “*little something*”, which is available for everybody. If you sense and live it you are allowed to have:

- clarity, peace, love and happiness;
- a continuous smile on your beautiful face;
- integrative power to positively motivate your environment to follow the glance of the “*little something*”, for the benefit of universal security and unity;

- profound understanding for the requirements for a great life quality and well being;
- you, as you are.

Next slide please!

Excuse for the length of this editorial. The actuality and relevance of the topic suggests to justify the length. You may skip the editorial and get back to it later. Maybe. Or you may continue to read. Believe me, it is worth doing so, because it is all about you, dear reader. We care about you. So we hope to find your attention. How many amigos do you have, who *really* care about you? Who really *cares* how *you* feel?

You may read it slowly, word by word, inhaling the *multi-layered* semiotics and meanings of the tunes. You may take your time to enrich your space. You may read it part by part. Do not inhale too much at once. Maybe this is the method and approach for our present time: slowly we take it one by one, one by another, not too much at once. As such we may not misuse ourselves for the power games and *pride-rides* of others. Qualities are to be assessed and treated. Here surgery comes into play.

Dear reader, thank you for coming to the conclusion: I will continue reading. This editorial is definitely different.

Here the author aims to talk with his brothers and sisters in mind. There are so many exciting and interesting stories to tell. So much things to ignore. So many things to overlook and reject. Due to our current intensive life, we find no time to personally meet and sit down and talk. Thus these lines aim to twitter it out: I love you all, I thank you for your support, I wish to motivate you to continue your positive approach towards life and multidisciplinary phenomenology, surgery and medicine.

Oncologists wanted to wear expensive costumes of pharmacy. Qualities obligate.

Doz. Dr. M. Riegler (✉)
 Reflux & Health Care, Mariannengasse 10/4/9, 1090 Vienna,
 Austria
martin.riegler@refluxordination.at

Receptors smile as long as you let them do so. **p 53 Am-Ras:** Bernhard-Marley Mutation.

Amazing we are as we straddle. The wheel did not invent the road, but the need to reach out.

The editorials published in *European Surgery* are different, when compared to the editorials published in other Journals. In contrast to other editorials, the editorials published in *European Surgery* aim to follow a complete different scope. They wish to avoid to boringly pre-chew the content that has to follow and come, which in the large majority of cases mainly serves to satisfy the pride and self-esteem of the author(s) given.

Let me put it this way: as surgeons we see people die. All of us, who are academical surgeons, human beings, amigos of human arts and nature, positive harmonisers of the human condition, who collect knowledge and cut out diseases, are *allowed* to see people die. And whenever we see that, we get the impression: something fundamental happens; something happens, that touches you, that gets down to the roots of your existence and behaviour, that makes you tremble, astonish and ask: - ????? -:)

Merchant of vanish: when a person dies, something is becoming different, something seems to go away, effuse, fly away, disappear, vanish. What remains is a feeling that can not be fully explained, but it leaves us behind within an atmosphere of insecurity and this needs and requires a therapy. Something has to happen to fill the gap. It definitely matters! We are a part of it and one day we also will play that particular and highly important and fundamental role for those around us. This is why it also matters for *European Surgery*. We all serve the same “little” something.

As such, at the end, all our surgeries, studies and achievements are placed into the right and adequate universal perspective.

PUB MED knows and owns, what we have tried so far. Next slide please!

What is it, that has been filling the gap; what is it, that has been there before the gap of absence has developed during the process of death? What is it, that flies away, disappears, evades when somebody dies? What became absent? What is life?

Around your corner there is a pub. *Gullet gardens of phantasy*. We are open! Giving a fundamental toast, Mr. Everybody states “In the presence of absence, absence is present!” Then he would have swallowed the acid bile shake a billy rum drum rubber dub dip style drink named

“Amlohdi Hamlet Aletheia—you can’t beat the ceiling”

produced by food & beverages *Sent High Ceremony Sweet Bush St. Louis Missouri*.

Stay tuned, keep calm, life is coming to follow. Nowadays cosmic winds blow through the lands to mingle, collect and blister in the east. The west for those who live in the far east. It all comes around. You

simply have to wait. Balls we are and we fly. Infield! Outfield! Who got the base?

The approximation: this something, that goes away during the process of death, exactly equals the invisible *power*, which rules us, endures us, strikes us, has always been there, creates time, space and any form of perception. You can not see it, but you can feel it! Allow that now! It even is there and around and beyond and during your surgeries, either open, laparoscopic, robot or hybrid or human assisted. And this is the reason why all editorials published in *European Surgery* speak about this “little” something. Next slide please!

Impact, reason and relevance of this “little” something

Probably this something is not little at all. Anyway, for the purpose of our model we assume to hold it within the shelter of our momentum and continue to see, follow and observe.

Watch out! Next slide please!

This something that goes away during the process of death translates into our existence. And we are the translators of this energy. Our arts and grafts aim to translate this powerful idea into our perception. As thus academical surgery also translates this idea, this energy, this power, this momentum of our perception.

PUB MED publishes all without being enabled and *entangled* to consider this highly significant portion of the above concept. This “little” something simply can not be translated into the form of statistics, summaries, methods and results. Thus it usually is left out.

Due to the fact that others leave it out, the editorials published in *European Surgery* focus on this essential phenomenon, on this fundamental idea, because there is no medicine, no health, no disease, no life, no death, no diagnosis, no surgery, no survival, no relapse, no love, hope, greed, humility, anger and cry without this energy. No corn mills without this *power for will*.

According to our great and late Leonard “Lenny” Bernstein, the first “Ma” of a human being does not cry for the breast, it directly and honestly *shoulders and shines* the “little” something. Thereafter, during postnatal development the larynx exclusively forms, stretches and modifies to allow and enable us to speak our mother/father tongue (MFT 4 ENT).

This is why the *little notes* are so important, everywhere, in Paris, London, Frankfurt, Berlin, Graz, Innsbruck, Linz, Bolzano, Salzburg, Vienna, Zurich, Geneva (smoke on the water), Brussels (utopia), New York (central park), Los Angeles (Jurassic park), Washington, Moscow, Ankara, Jerusalem, Cairo, Kiev, San Francisco, Rome, Belgrade (Vinca), Kingston (Reggae), Rio, Monte Video, Santiago, Buenos Aires (Salsa), Accra, Lagos (Juju music), Addis Ababa, Sydney, Church Town, Wellington, Tahiti, Easter Island, Hawaii and

many more around the globe and within the middle of *your* heart, dear reader.

This something underlies all you think, perceive, remember, deal and feel. Name it as you will, but it is all about you. And this is the reason why you may continue to read those lines.

Why do other Journals hesitate to focus on this fundamental issue? Why do other Journals lack to address this issue at all? Are these Journals superficial? Do their authors hesitate to allow science to focus on the essentials? Are their authors too young for it? Do they think that this fundamental something has to be kept out of science? May artificial intelligence keep and turn us away from this “little” something?

It seems that many of us have forgotten, that science is nothing else than to show and to prove, that we do not know it, we are not allowed to measure it: either it is too big or too small. **It equals invisible black holes** ranging from *quantum spacetime* to *large scale dimensions*. Here stands the truth. It is not the music of the ghetto. Definite anger shakes our horizon. Droplet of destiny coming around. Watching you carefully. Looking into the middle of your happy face. Do not be shy! Particular heroic commands are given. Stars scramble the belly shelter of the cosmos. Our globe equals the well-boiled egg of the solar system. We should take care of its skin. Epidermis hides the secrets of our embryology. Wound healing elicits its possibilities and cancer. Elective mood measures minorities.

Statistics number out the possibilities and probabilities. Read out your Paul, Peter and prostate values being your p -values 0.0001. Highly distinct and significant Whitney Houston Tests required. Get the tune, temper and atmosphere. Public buildings mirror excel lists. Who are you: a mean value? A deviation of means? Countless? An error? A mistake? Not wanted at all? A probability? Here we move to the essence of it all. Listen and learn. Twinkle and earn. Cut the coin. Reap what you sow. You are what you eat. Twitters face book to google: *pride rides the tide of the wide*.

The song of the user of the cell phone singing to the cell phone: I wanna hold your display. As thus the user continuously connects to the cell phone and does what the cell phone teaches: what and where to eat, drink, smile, cry, dance, enjoy, work, mingle, reset and reproduce. Apps are not the gaps of the apps.

Thanks for having come to this line. You are an exceptional reader, because you allow yourself to look and read out of the box. Now let us ask: what is this something, that seems to fly away from a person when this person undergoes the process of death? What is it that seems to control all our perceptions, behaviour and interpretation? It even formats our conduct of reasoning and how we process any matter of fact: twittered, googled, linked, edited, pasted, copied, deleted, tranquillised.

The answer: approximations create possibilities, and probabilities we are. Knowledge equals the inter-

pretation of probabilities divided by your momental awareness *times* reason. Crazy equation! Could have been developed by the *She-he bird* (see below).

Coffee break now

Allow yourself a spacetime laughter now.

This is the only editorial where such a pause is implemented, designed and allowed. Estimate your hunger and thirst. Get yourself a glass of still water, a cup of Italian espresso with *crema* and eat half of a green apple to swallow and consume the readers digest. PUB MED equals the public market place for academical pride and self-esteem, too. True? What is YOUR guess? Issues of ignorance, too? Sometimes?

Please, dear reader, get yourself an other drink and an other apple. If you do not tolerate apples try cucumber! Take care of the skin. You should not leave it out. Why cucumber plus the skin? Neutralises bad sensations. Creates beautiful burbs. Eradicates unloved ancestors and annoying colleagues from mouth, ears, throat, nose and lungs. Secrets, ideas and desires burn under your tongue. Coral sea swallow for the benefit of your pacific fleet carrier (oesophagus). These are the rules of the system.

While you eat and drink, stay off from your cell phone, tablet or computer. This behaviour serves the digestion of good data. Again, the answer is the wind. This is not complex at all.

Play the games

You are embedded within a system, while the slide is embedded for the eye of the pathologist. Cells tell it all. *Cell biology counts missiles of emotion*.

Put in history. Cell lane skies clouds are not wet. Both are full of anger. Deviated towards the bloody main stream. Overcompensated apoptosis. Foliage of the Americas. Indian Summer.

European Surgery follows an idea. This idea equals the concept of how to compensate stupidity. Let us unite. We are one people, one family, one beautiful organism. Silk roads carry the legacy of Thetis sea Jurassic parks. Birds remember the orientations of the magnetic fields. Oceans of inventions cover and suckle the truth. Drop by drop the bloody streams carry the desires of our “little” something. Heart beaten we are. Kept in equations. Reproduced for eternity. Calculations for sunshine, beauty and happiness. Let us live tolerance. Avoid warfare. Do not fight the cancer. Strawberry fields forever, let it be (Beatles), let it go (Peter Tosh), let it smile (*European Surgery*). *As life is a process, arrangements are possible*.

Language aims to translate images into treatable signs, that can be given from one person to an other. As such the above topic is one of the most difficult and fascinating topic of reasoning and kept within the text books of philosophy, history, physics, medicine, music, arts and grafts.

Captains and cookies we are. Slaves and joy sticks of an other processor.

Our language translates our reasoning, which models our world, and the song would go this way:

Beautiful concepts we are, as long as we allow open minded reasoning.

This extremely powerful and meaningful “little” something triggers our reasoning, selects our perception, and decides on how we vote: it equals the momental tune temper of our *actual atmosphere*.

It seems that we are the translators of this cosmic and individual atmosphere. Waves are and vanish. But this something continues to stay, at least within the context of our reasoning. Hope road desires. As such we model the world. As such we cartoon our carbon copied imaginations.

Every day's sun lifts within the rise of our ideas and mingles with the fascinating horizons of our consciousness.

Going in line with physics and behavioural sciences this particular atmosphere equals the translation of the actual, *momental space time curving* energy into our perception. You feel, what you are. You can not escape it.

When someone dies, her or his capacity to translate the *spacetime curving changes*, but it does not *vanish*. As such culture and science came into our existence to help us to get rid of this phenomenon and to somehow handle it. Name and model it as you will: cosmic and individual consciousness, energy, power, spacetime curving or simply I and I (Jamaican version of this concept); or Be You (*European Surgery* version of the concept) or fields (farmer's version).

Here you see, how academical surgery definitely works and happens directly connected to the above idea. The older you get and the more restricted you are to live in the face book dimensions of our globe you may transform: the river gets slower and empties into the ocean. The ocean hides it all: all rivers, all solutions, all futures. We are the blue planet. So we are at turn to unhide and reveal what is going on.

Parmenides warranted, Heraclitus warranted, Pyramid Texts warranted, Gilgamesh warranted, Antigone warranted, so much things to say, so much things to pay. James Joyce, Robert Musil, Marcel Proust, Thomas Bernhard, Peter Handke warranted. Oscar Wilde warranted. Walt Whitman warranted. Accurate dissectors of our embryology, of our anatomy, of our state of mind and behaviour. The music of our times: is there a place for those who allow the negative vibrations? If we could overcome them, then we would sing: one love. But we lack to understand that one love means unity and unity requires from us:

- discipline
- education
- endurance
- passion, humility,

- understanding, respect, tolerance,
- will for open minded conduct of reasoning.

One love, one science

Positive statements aim to foster love, peace and unity. Team workers (surgeons) have to know that. Do not shout, anger and shit storm on your nurses, assistance and supportive personal.

As long as we lack the above listed attributes, we may sing *one love*, but we show that we do not understand the *real* meaning of *one love* and thus we are forced to continue to dance and tremble around and around on the ground.

We lack the adequate and appropriate understanding to *outbalance and harmonise* the human qualities. Pave the way. Yes. But no one sees the trail, so we fade out, as usual ($p < 0.001$). Thrill the trailer from the hill. The hill is the place where you get the overview and this is the real meaning of the term philosophy: love for the wide, distant, large scale view and open vision. *Veni, vidi visi*. Caesar salads without vinegar but with olive oil warranted! Why? It prevents metabolic *alea iacta est* to act on your gullet, gut, intestines, heart, liver and thyroids, as you will. Certain types of food and beverages have not been invented to heal. Ask the bull, as it rises in the west to counterbalance the gas-bloated precession of the earth. Tilt within the dog as it hunts for Orion and the scorpion. Milky way Cherokee Indians new: milky way, that is where the dog ran. Now we use 4 wheel – Cherokees to drive over the land that we have stolen and taken from them. An other manifestation of human qualities.

The answer is the wind

It is so easy and so positive. Make friends and share your ideas. Harmonise your personalities. Become a pellet within the chain of beauty. Open your eyes and within you may see your brothers and sisters and children and kids of mind. Twinkle the drops of our destiny. Nourish your desires. Take your time living. Momental drops within the beauty of mind.

The pancreas equals the thyroid of the belly, the liver the parotid glands of the neck, who are the brother and sister of the oesophagus? The nerve cell complex within the area of the brain where your ancestors are stored? How? In the form of remembrance, emotion and sensations. As such we learn about atypical reflux symptoms. Bile acid bitter taste of desperate thunder of memory. World wars within a single tongue. It simply burns. Spitfire. You can not speak it out. *Culture earns suppression*. Text books take a part of it, but they leave out the “little” something, which in turn may be very large, too. Who knows? The cosmic consciousness? Individually translated into your perception, dear reader?

Pluto wares no rings of fire, he takes very long rides around the sun, when compared to us. It is cold out

there, vague and relative. Very cold! At least according to our imagination. At present, due to the changes of our times, emotionally many more people transfigure into a Pluto: they become isolated, egocentric, insecure, wobbling around a sun, which they can not see clearly anymore. They run, handle and follow a significantly different time, when compared to us ($p < 0.001$). Distance delineates, impedes and impairs vision. What remains is the feeling of having been *misused, devalued and misunderstood*. Today space-time emotionally translates into numbers and money. What remains is the ambiguity of the clouds around, which definitely makes up our actual atmosphere: the “little” something. The dark side of the moon (Pink Floyd). The natural mystic (Bob Marley). The answer my friend is the wind (*European Surgery*). To order a field (farmer, physicist).

Meeting friends and ideas

As such we meet ourselves during scientific meetings. This something that we have been talking about, this atmosphere is not negative. In contrast to that, it shines and smiles and is highly positive. Bright is, what you can not see. It follows a special paste, rhythm and groove. As such it provides positive vibrations for the nations. We only have to allow that! Expressive we are and now we follow the trace to the interesting stories to come.

Welcome to this issue of *European Surgery*, which includes a beautiful mix of papers related to minimally invasive surgery, robot surgery, general surgery and multidisciplinary disease management. Thanks are to be expressed to the authors, the editors, the reviewers, the members of the faculty board, the beautiful people of the editorial office in Vienna and the industry. Without their contributions, support and passion, this project would not have been possible. We also thank their families, friends and colleagues for their passion and endurance to support the activities, cartooned in the papers within this issue of *European Surgery*.

We also thank the patients, who are included in the published studies for their trust into modern medicine. Finally this is to thank you, dear reader, to invest your space-time reading and leading. May the articles of this issue enrich surgery and the understanding of mechanisms underlying the development of disease. Irrespective, if you are a younger (<40 years), middle aged surgeon (41–49 years) or an older surgeon (>50 years): we are all aware of the following: stars express within the heart. There, the universe pulsates and shares its fundamental qualities to foster the excitement and happiness to support our search for the truth; read the score of your mind, play your song. Now we enter to recall the excitements of recent scientific meetings.

The first meeting we recall took place (get seated!) where there once—at *Kakanian times*—has existed a large transeuropean railway station. As such the lo-

cation of the meeting mirrors the major theme of the academical scientific approach: connect and bridge ideas for the orchestration of our future. Let us board the train arriving at a pulsatile innovative platform! Next slide please!

New trends and dimensions: Vienna 2022

We are happy to report about the **AMIC CAMIC Swiss-MIS minimal invasive surgery meeting**, which has been held in *Vienna from May 20 to May 21, 2022*. The president of the meeting, **Prof. Dr. Sebastian F. Schoppmann** and his team are to be congratulated for having put together a fascinating, well structured *fugue of scientific novelties and actualities*, which are of major importance and clinical relevance.

The presentations were given by outstanding speakers and included the major topics of minimally invasive surgery and multidisciplinary disease management. As such we learnt about the impact of novel technologies and techniques for modern disease management including laparoscopic, robotic and hybrid procedures for the surgical treatment of benign and malignant diseases related to general and endocrine surgery.

A time and episode of human history, which suggests to lack intelligence, seems to be open for a respective replacement strategy. Most excitingly the meeting addressed the potential impact of *artificial intelligence* on minimally invasive surgery. As such *artificial intelligence* aims to support surgical performance for the benefit of increased security and pit fall prevention during surgical procedures. Innovations foster possibilities.

Promising is the outlook for our future. We are allowed to meet friends. We will be allowed to share love, peace and unity. We will be open to bring together our ideas and motivations. Ideas coin techniques and technologies, which in turn coin the coin to increase life quality and wellbeing of those involved and of those to whom it may concern. Interwoven we are. Safety shares purity. Sun shines for all. Planets share days and nights, rings, bubbles and turn arounds bounds. No nights for a star, no pauses for a sun. Pulsations count the tune of time. Extract time and you will end up at the point, where the river meets the sea, the ocean meets the heavens and the stars meet *your eye—entangled retina*. Horus meets Osiris. Feel the momental kiss of your universe. Is there an other one?

Beyond lays the beauty of the founder of the corner stone. Rivers *know* what they *collect*: the sea, the ocean. That, what has been held *within* the heart—beat of the universe, keeps us alive. May that find the attention of the reader.

We do not forget the following: important life time has been invested by those who participated to make the event possible. As a consequence we were allowed to receive a fruitful positive motivation for the future.

It seems that we are allowed to regain intelligence, prosperity and phantasy.

Hide Park. As what does it show up? What is it? Who feels it, knows it. Minimally invasive comes *what* endures and tunes. It always has been around and uses us to translate its existence *into our perception*. Serious faces are everywhere. Hereditary hesitation calls for laughter. Do not hide your happiness. Show it! Unhide Park.

Work it out and transect the adequate and appropriate layers of your domes, tubes and horizons. Embryology reveals our past and our future. Collect your clouds. They are the lungs of your phantasy. Put them into the bag. Let them breath. Skin bag. City bag. Shopping bag. Retrieval bag. Catch your clouds. Bring them to the attention of your pathologist. Await the histopathology.

Emotional transfer reads out the slides. H & E. Hamilton & Ecclestone.

Scores of beauty. H & E. Play it with your flute, violin, piano, guitar or with your entire orchestra.

H & E tune to place a happy smile into the middle of our heart. Minor, Major or both.

Tailored genetics for microbiology

Unravel your desires. Paste your ideas. Stain your life. Process your gratitude. Offer humility. Colours for happiness. Dots of gesture. Act fact. Smile at your face. Mirror the oncologist. Twisted minds unravel paradox appearances. Cakes of cookies. Shakes for smoothies. Candles for dinner. Restless eggs thunder the zodiac belt. Pelvic goes Palestrina. Pit falls water falls. Caesar goes Hollywood. Speeches. Talks. Video presentations. Discussions. Summary of Methods and Background revelations. Cock cooks chilly peppers for radiations. Jack the knife hunts out for humour. DNA mix up with RNA clustering for critical laughter eradicated of expert eminence and appraisals. Other *p* values for institutional academical power game justifications. Receptor mediated effects of various hormones format the personality.

The purpose connects possibilities. We meet a friend. We sit down with a friend. We drink a cup of Italian espresso, a glass of water and swallow life. How does it taste? Bitter? Bile? Buddy? Cream style well being? Sweet and excited it is!! We talk about life, musics, family, children, cars, houses, holidays, work out and outlook. We definitely need more respect, passion and humility. You will not find that in PUB MED. You will not find that in these usual publications (papers, reviews, case reports, text book chapters, editorials).

Here we are allowed to be different. Creativity counts. We definitely need good ideas. We lack women and men having great and illusive ideas. We lack transfiguration and progressive motivation. We definitely suffer collective and individual ancestor reflux. We meet friends and share our ideas. We address

molecular biology. We do not adequately listen to the tune.

Genetics read out science. In the middle of a thought. Check point Charles De Gulleys. Genes suit into the belly of a jean, blue jean. Swiss knives collect them all. Oncologists carry open jeans on French fries Fridays, but not during closed thunder Thursdays. They take off Saturdays and Sundays. Click freedom. Select randomised ginger. Geneva tricks the turtle to the strings of fibre. Clever we seem to be. Important we are, when we leave. Then we get prospectively thumb.

Future is nothing else than a special form of "once upon a time". As such we do not forget the space within. Let us speed down. Probes measure and count. Decode vintage. Read out your data. Lolly Pop experiences. Fits dear friend. Select your interests. Variations move. Fugues encircle. Themes appear. Editorials motivate. Topics mind. Issues dissect. Perspectives stimulate. Tropical gardens of pus pudendal in the middle of your inflammation. Some like it hot. Infuse cytokines, hormones, markers of destiny. Receptor kinetics are different. Toy let paper rush and rinse the location. Piles upon files upon nodes abodes. Catch a fire with the metal sling. Let it follow spacetime curving to find its way into the beaker which will carry it to the lab of the pathologist. Diagnosis shoulders the treatment. We do not want to hurt. Enrich your life. Spend a smile. Visualise the code of your genes. Let them dial your number for health and wellbeing.

Taken together, the **AMIC CAMIC Swiss-MIS minimal invasive surgery meeting** fostered a positive motivation for the ongoing developments. We are happy and excited to be a part of this beautiful modern world. We are at turn to tailor the tables for the dishes to come. Thanks to **Prof. Dr. Sebastian F. Schoppmann** and his team. Good is the food for the mood. Space time tailored multidisciplinary approaches warranted. Journeys are to travel your mind into novel dimensions. Occasions are happy blisters of your phantasy. Within the genes swings the information: *you feel, what you are*.

Towards the south we turn and figure out the mel-low mood singing beauty of a river anchored city, where space is sheltered within a black and green coloured hat and time is kept within a tower on a hill. Next slide please!

Catching the heart of surgical science: Graz 2022

Next we have to congratulate the organisers of the recent annual congress of the **Austrian Society of Surgery, June 15–17, 2022**. The meeting was held in the beautiful city of *Graz*, where music and Jazz and arts and grafts, talk and walk, sit and read, live and love, coffee and break, watch and care, us and them, time after time, *fuse to foster* the playground for intel-

lectual multicultural prosperity and interdisciplinary development.

It reads so easy: Mur, more, most! Ideas bridge, run and connect! Tower hides the time, while space waits to nourish. *No perception is an island, no idea comes alone.*

Orchestrations we are, full of hope, love and desire. Dreams count the possibilities. Phantasy fosters imaginations. As such we select and resect. Point by point filling the space. To whom it may concern. Open the gate and read: it turns out, that you are highly welcome to have ideas and to put them into reality. Stages exist for better calculations of survival. Imagine if this was also true for the stages of happiness, unity and freedom? Next slide please!

Thanks are to be expressed to the president of the congress, **Prof. Dr. Huber Hauser**, the General Secretary of the *Austrian Society of Surgery*, **Prof. Dr. Albert Tuchmann** and the highly motivated team of organisers, speakers, presenters and the industry, without their profound help and support the meeting would not have been possible. Together we are strong, as such goes the song, minds spray their rays, to make your days.

Major thanks are to be given to the participants of the congress. Their contributions enriched a delightful and colourful spectrum of talks, presentations and stimulating discussions. The topics of the congress included all themes related to general surgery and its subspecialties. We imagine how much work load, working hours and enormous emotional and scientific investment had to be put into the design and the organisation of the congress.

Special thanks are again to be expressed to the team of organisers and *their families (wives, children!)*, friends and supporters. Without their help, passion and understanding the congress would not have been possible at all. At the end of the day we are allowed to summarise that the congress has been an outstanding success and will be remembered as a collection (logos!) of positive and highly motivating tunes, tempers and atmosphere. Thanks to **Prof. Dr. Hubert Hauser** and his excellent team. They gave us a strong, promising and *highly motivating* stimulus for the future.

Provocative humility may help us to harmonise the positive orchestration of our interests and fascinations. As such we await the future to come.

Finally we have to thank for having been allowed to publish the abstracts of the Graz 2022 congress within a special issue of *European Surgery*. As such, dear reader, the beauty of these melodies are brought to your attention. Read it and take the lead, enjoy the ideas of those, who coined the future for the benefit of our world.

Cold dryas episode return

Dark was the silence to cover the eyes, to shelter the ears, to navel the nose, to fold the globe, to feed the world aside any existence, no time, no space, no light no sound, no motion, no thought. Perception was taken out of the range. And then, suddenly, a single thought opened a gloom, gave it a mind and spirit of tune, caught a sign, a shimmer of glance, a temper of thirst.

Step by step quiet emotion, light by light a shallow tune, opened your eyes, opened your nose, nostrils gave life to your ears, navel started a wind caressing your face, playing with your hair striking the beauty of the frame where the secrets started to reveal the beauty of a very new day.

Light created the shine which commenced the cosy gloom which rose the space and went to move and dance and mingle and shake and spend the sun for brotherly love and sisterly love peace and unity for all forever from this day. Quietly sounded and full it has been. Strong it appeared and soft it was. The dance of the glance gave it romance. Bright it became inhaling the spirit and mind of the light: the *all in one in all* opened your thought and gave it a play.

In the middle of the image there stood a large and beautiful tree. On top of the tree sat a bird. *She-he*. Colourless. Bright. Definitely true. The bird turned his head and her eyes *paired*, looked out of this page into the middle of the face of the reader. The bird opened the mouth and started to sing:

“When my work is done, I will spread my wings and fly home”, *she-he* sang.

“Where is that?”, you may ask.

Then *she-he bird* lifted, took off and flew away. Time and space came out of vision and fell and fell and drifted away towards trembling horizons into other dimensions to care. There you would not be allowed to speak, listen, wish, want, earn, hate, love, take, receive, give and get. Spaceless and timeless, free of colour, tension and sound it became the absolute *pure thirst of thunder* and atmosphere. Short cut sensations. Helping eyes. Breathing clouds. Dustless winds. Beyond all ready for return. *She-he* tune tempered knows it all.

Slightly turns what does not fall apart. Gently smiles the stranded land to hold your hand. Through desire watches out the pasture of your thoughts. Whose imaginations are the visions of our mind? Questions we are, made up of phantasmic laughter. Due to that, remembrance fell and fell and fell. Continued to fall. Sensed the “little” something and fell. Your heart became a quiet happy place.

Then with a sudden there was a crash, an explosive sensation. Things left, fell, crossed, curved and banged into a floor. Thunder and lightning. Wizards of walls and cold winds of fire. Erosions of ice and ulcers of holes covered the trembling sea. Waves of tsunami lifted the floor of the grounds. Rain drops

from tissues made out of blood broke out of the shore line and sounded beyond. Heavens shivered and dust dissected the cores. Hell seemed to swallow the world. *Young dryas return*. Where did *she-he* go? Will *she-he* help me to get out of here?

Then he awoke: it had been a dream. The office room was quiet and dark. He switched on the light. He found himself sitting at his desk. He must have been fallen asleep. It had been a hard and busy day with a lot of major and minor surgeries, cases and ward rounds, discussions with colleagues, sharing ideas and managing complex situations. The crash, that made him awake, rooted from an outstanding well known and highly reputed text book (Cell corners and check points: novel insights into the non surgical treatment of cancer), that he pushed down to the floor at the end of his sleep. Before him waited the last issue of *European Surgery*. A silent smile went over his face. The dream has been a great and cosy one and told him: world and nation wide harmony is possible. Why the hell do people always act against it?

Dream and reality are the same.

May it be, that it is stupidity, that allows perceptions to wear the cloth of truth?

He got his things together and was ready to leave. He looked at his clock: 10:30 p.m. Well, he thought, now it is time to go home to see my wife, my children. I think I need a rest. This is what I wish for all of you, dear readers: have a great holiday, meet friends, make friends, share positive vibrations and ideas. Harmony is possible. Let us tune a song for peace, love and

unity. Stay away from greed, envy, hate and high speed races!

Be happy and smile!

Next slide!

Be you!

Next slide!

Thanks for your attention.

Sincerely,

Martin Riegler.

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