

— ERNST BLOCH —

The Principle of Hope

— VOLUME TWO —



Translated by

Neville Plaice, Stephen Plaice & Paul Knight

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Translated by Neville Plaice, Stephen Plaice and Paul Knight

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PART FOUR

(Construction)

OUTLINES OF A BETTER WORLD

(MEDICINE, SOCIAL SYSTEMS, TECHNOLOGY, ARCHITECTURE, GEOGRAPHY, PERSPECTIVE IN ART AND WISDOM)

The act-content of hope is, as a consciously illuminated, knowingly elucidated content, the positive utopian function; the historical content of hope, first represented in ideas, encyclopaedically explored in real judgements, is human culture referred to its concrete-utopian horizon.

The Principle of Hope, Vol. I, p. 146

33A DREAMER ALWAYS WANTS EVEN MORE

Too many are queuing up outside. From him who has nothing and is content with this shall be taken away even that which he has.* But the pull towards what is lacking never ends. The lack of what we dream about hurts not less, but more. It thus prevents us from getting used to deprivation. What hurts, oppresses and weakens us all the time has to go.

Just a short breathing-space, this never sufficed for long. Above all, dreaming always outlived the brief and private day. So this is the beginning of something other than the desire to dress up, to see ourselves as our masters wish to see us. A larger image is sketched in the air here, a wishfully deliberate one. Even with this deliberate element mistakes have often been made, but it cannot so often be used to deceive. Nor will it be cheaply fobbed off, its will aims at something more, and everything that it attains tastes of this something more. So that it seeks to live not merely beyond its own means, but beyond the poorly available means of conditions as a whole. Longing holds strong and true, especially when it is deceived, even when it is racing aimlessly now in one direction, now in another. All the more so, when the path leads unerringly and caringly forwards.

34PHYSICAL EXERCISE, TOUT VA BIEN

Fresh, frank, frolicking, free. Motto†

Only what is little moves downwards. The child has no say, the woman cooks and washes. The poor man stands hunched up, not many people eat their fill even once a day. How do we stay healthy, that is the question, how do we feed ourselves well and cheaply. Where is the leafy bough, others can be seen on it, they are sitting pretty. A fortnight off, that is already a great deal for most people, then back to a life that nobody wants. Fresher air here stands for much that could sparkle.

It is freely available to the body, and everyone has a body after all. Sport

* Cf. Matthew 25, 29: 'but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath'.

† 'Frisch, fromm, fröhlich, frei.' Motto of a nineteenth-century gymnastic movement in Germany.

has never been more desired, practised, planned than today, and never have more hopes been pinned on it. It is regarded as healthy, the athlete's heart has ousted the enlarged heart of the beer-drinker. A suntan automatically creates a healthy glow, brings back in the flesh the South or the mountains. The price paid for this is that in backward bourgeois conditions sport often stultifies the mind, and for this very reason is promoted from above. It is not just free competition, for which there is now no room, that is replaced in the search for records, but also the real struggle for improvement. A powerful need drives the masses out into the open air, but water only cleanses their bodies, and the home to which the outdoor type returns in the evening has not got any fresher. Though in the Vormärz,* when gymnastics appeared on the scene, the jolt it gave to leaden limbs still seemed to be bound up with another kind of jolt. Let steel spring from rust, from wineskins the must, through the mist blows a wind from the east, down with the frost, so went a song in the days when gymnastics replaced drill. Storm and Stress† of the body came to the fore among bourgeois youth; Jahn, the so-called father of gymnastics, wrote in 1815: 'The soul of gymnastics is the life of the people, and this only flourishes in public, out in the air and light.' Thus dangerous ideas were spawned by the straightened back or associated with it, and the young gymnast thought of freedom. Though what he meant by freedom was walking upright, the strength not to cower before the enemy but to hold his own, manly pride before royal thrones, and the courage to stand up for his beliefs, none of which followed, as we know. This freedom also remained poor later on, especially amongst the Germans, because there was a double layer of lords and masters here, the bourgeois and the feudal. Thus the tradesman himself emerged as a hero, the bourgeois himself doing the goose-step, and the Nazis, even citing Jahn as their authority, completed all this. Exercise of the body without the mind ultimately meant being cannonfodder, and thugs beforehand. There is no unpolitical sport; if it is free, then it is on the left, if it is blinded, then it hires itself out to the right. And only in a nation that is not cowed, where the able body is neither abused nor stands as a substitute for manly pride, does Jahn's wish become meaningful. It is only when the swimmer also parts the given in other ways that he has swum free and loves the deep water.

Even athletic exercise remains wishful, hopeful. It does not merely seek

* The period of political ferment in Germany leading up to the revolution of March 1848.

† A reference to the 'Sturm und Drang', the revolutionary movement in literature and drama in Germany in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

to gain control over the body so that there is no fat on it and every movement is pleasantly uninhibited. It also seeks to be able to do more, to be more with the body than this body seemed to promise at birth. Genuine athletic postures are very different from cosmetic postures in front of the mirror, from make-up that is wiped off a woman's face again at night, or from other rebuilding which is dismantled when we take off our clothes again. The body should not be concealed at all but rather shed the distortions and disfigurements which an alienating society based on the division of labour has inflicted on it too. The wish is to give it a 'return to health' with so many exercises formerly confined to chivalry and so many newly discovered ones too in the new society. Namely a return to health which does not presuppose any illness at all, but is rather the verb, the action of health itself, a healing precisely without an illness. Whereby sport is also relieved of its emergency function in bourgeois society to create a so-called balance with the predominantly sedentary way of life, in both the narrow and broad sense, typical of the indoor worker. There will always be a sedentary way of life, but not always the unpleasant consequences which arise from the lack of open air of any kind. The sportsman wishes to have such control of his body that, even on the ski-jump when he is flying through the air, every situation is familiar, even the new, exaggerated one. Thus the mind certainly does not build the body, but it keeps it in shape, often beyond its innate capacity.

Nothing ventured, nothing gained; it is easy enough to say this of course. It is presented as if it was also easy to do, indeed as if this saying illustrated the best thing to do here. For apparently there is another way to make the body powerful, namely that which cheerfully and blindly disregards it. Coué* adopted this approach, with his motto: *Tout va bien* (not to mention utterly silly faith-healers). Fortune favours the brave in this kind of world, even though no-one needs to be particularly brave. Colds and more serious illnesses are supposed to be driven away by means of *Tout va bien*, in a light-headed way so to speak. The famous rider on Lake Constance is the prime example here: since he rode over the danger so staunchly and unsuspectingly, it simply did not arise, and the ice did not break beneath him. This is the dangerous example of disregarding the trouble; it is as if, by being ignored, it does not exist. Though the whole thing does also acquire a dash of truth the moment the courage is not blind or cheap but — again in a truly sporting way — goes under the name

* Emile Coué, 1857–1926, French psychologist, whose popular books advocating psychotherapy through autosuggestion enjoyed a vogue in the 1920s.

of 'Chin up'. The brighter the mood here, and the more hopes are pinned on 'Chin up', the more this insistence combats listlessness. And this listlessness can even be the beginning of an illness, not just its effect. *Tout va bien* certainly does not mean that everything is as right as rain, but even here the dream of a better life entails that a will is following its path. Also, not even our body is so constituted that it can get by unchanged, unextended as it were. This man can definitely be helped,* and so can the woman, along the road that can be planned.

35 STRUGGLE FOR HEALTH, MEDICAL UTOPIAS

Once cured, the patient must feel a new man, he ought to be healthier than before.

Inscription

A warm bed

The physically weak must exercise instead of relaxing. They cannot wish to rest without completely rusting. But the sick man insists on resting and relaxing, his bed both hides and shelters him. And when asleep the sick man also feels healthy, that is, he does not feel at all. He is then like the sound body itself, which does not even have a sensation of itself when it is awake. It is seemingly very simple to prolong this, to shake off discomfort as a dog shakes off water. Illness does not belong to us, there is even something shameful about it, it resembles a kind of nightmare, it has got to disappear overnight. At first we wish for nothing more than its mere disappearance, just as sleep gets rid of tiredness. The aching tooth has to go, even a diseased limb has to go, this desire to shake them off can itself be diseased. As in the case of a randy woman who would take her skin off too if she could. Or even as in the case of fat people who would like to see themselves as skeletons if they could. So the sick man has the feeling not that he lacks something but that he has too much of something. His discomfort, as something which is hanging around him and superfluous, has to go; pain is proud flesh. He dreams of the body which knows how to keep comfortably quiet again.

* An allusion to the final line of Schiller's play 'Die Räuber'.

Lunatics and fairytales

Thus every sick man wishes to get well again in a flash. An honest doctor cannot give him this, but this sudden recovery has always been pictured. Swimming around in blood in the morning, healthy and up and about at midday. Even doctors indulged in dreams of this kind, mostly deceitfully, often themselves deceived. The two most general favourite wishes of mankind are to stay young and live long. And a third is precisely to achieve both, not in a painful roundabout way but with a fairytale quality of surprise. As the sick man does not skip and leap around, his wishes do so all the more. The quack lives off this will for abrupt recovery, and now comes the really lunatic stuff. A doctor rushed out into the street in his nightshirt and shouted that the fiery owl had arrived, death and disease were abolished. Healing potions, healing lotions, what a short cut, how literally condensed they seem, how intensively the fairytale has been preoccupied with them. There is the ointment that heals injuries at a stroke, there is the fountain from which old people emerge rejuvenated, which is particularly good for preserving the fleeting quality of female beauty. A Cockaigne of healthiness is spread before us, without pain, with bounding limbs and a stomach that is always merry. It is no accident that quacks are closely linked with the medical fairytale, with magic ointments, wands, and lotions; they are all living dispensers of old wives' tales. Count St Germain, who in the prime of life claimed to be many hundred years old, used to sell a 'tea for long life'; it was a mundane mixture of sandalwood, senna leaves and fennel. On a higher plane, Mesmer belonged to the guild of the half-deceitful, half-utopian short cut; he believed he could cure diseases by stroking and soft tones, hypnotically in other words. A perfect example of the business of physical renewal in Mesmer's day was Dr Graham's 'Celestial Bed', which was supposed to have the capacity to rejuvenate the person lying in it by a pleasant shock; electric currents, perfume and glass domes were built into the frame. The belief in magic herbs seems older and sounder as it were; it is shared by the fairytale and folklore alike: this same impatience for a sudden cure also characterizes the hope in medicinal herbs, the breakthrough which changes everything: the leaves of the box-thorn, for example, are effective as plasters against ulcers, one quick wash with its decoction is said to be good against infected ears and rotten gums, bad eyes and shrivelled lips; even such a common plant as this seems as if it had been brought over from distant islands. It is as if herbs from Frau Holle's meadow were standing around all

over the place, and it was just a matter of knowing which ones to pick. Extraordinary things were hoped for and demanded, not just in lunatic medicine but also in this kind that resembled colportage, as it were. But we must not forget that extraordinary things, on a highly changed path, have also accompanied all major medical plans. There is always an element of adventure and strangeness in them, in the poison that does not kill but frees from pain, in the knife that does not murder but heals, in borderline creations like the artificial stomach. The fact that what is patched up or replaced in this way does not last particularly well and is definitely not better than the healthy organ does not lessen the adventure, certainly does not make it a failure. Disease is not abolished, but its end, death, is amazingly pushed back. If the exploited lives to which so many are returned were worth something, and if a war did not make up in days for years of lost death, then doctors could be half content with the course of the last hundred years. This is the place to die — this inscription at any rate no longer belongs over hospitals but over the states in which they stand. Healing is a waking dream which is only brought to an end by restoring the old state of health; and is there an old state of health? The real medical dreams surface here, they surge around a rock which is itself not as permanent as it seems. The couch from which the sick man arises would only be perfect if he was refreshed instead of merely patched up.

Medicines and planning

This means nothing less than rebuilding the body. Conducting life into channels where it has not flowed before or not so easily. New from the start, and added to the body, are pain-killing drugs. They have been sought from the beginning; in addition, there is the sick man's dream of not being present during the operation on his body. The body too can sometimes deaden its pain, as in the shock after an accident. But no doctor will operate while this shock lasts, the number of fatalities is too great. It is different in the case of anaesthetics, this unnatural relief added from outside. And most medicines, vegetable and metallic, come from outside, including many readressed poisons. The poison of the foxglove, for example, protects it from being eaten by animals, in drug form it helps to fight heart disease: what a roundabout method, what far-fetched aid. This is even more true of cutting into life, removing diseased tissue, stitching up the opened body after changing its contents, antiseptic treatment, the fight against germs. All this is artificial and does not proceed along the lines of the self-protective

mechanisms which exist anyway, of the regeneration which is possible anyway. It took bold planning, a far cry from accepting things as they are. Wishful images of combatting disease must be the oldest along with those of combatting hunger, and from the start healing was regarded as winning a battle. On the other hand, the frail body also pursues the brightest dreams of a better life; thus even fairytales of an ideal state, in which there are no longer any other deprivations, cannot avoid considering disease and the role of the doctor. Plato's 'Republic' (Book 3) even demands that the ideal doctor 'must also experience all diseases himself in his own body and not have a totally healthy constitution himself'. For only in this way can he assess diseases from within, from his own experience, with a soul which has remained spotless and 'which certainly must not be in a bad state, otherwise it cannot possibly produce a good cure'. However extravagant this demand that the doctor must know at first hand in his own body the diseases that he cures, indeed all diseases, Plato nevertheless also includes as part of the disease the treatment which is imposed all too indifferently by the all too healthy doctor. And the treatment can in fact be not only more painful but also more dangerous and longer lasting than the disease itself. The more recent fairytales of an ideal state, More's 'Utopia' and especially Bacon's 'New Atlantis', also make medicine easier, less painful, more of a short cut, an art of newly constructed life or, if life cannot be preserved, of effortless death. Instead of gloomy medieval infirmaries, More portrays friendly, roomy hospitals for all on a happy island. Bacon adds food and drink which do not encumber the body at all any more, together with wholesome mountain air, artificially produced, serum and vaguely described baths which are nevertheless supposed to make everybody into a Hercules. This is all the more necessary as the existing body itself in these utopias does not live up to the level of the rest of existence, which is imagined as running so smoothly. That is why in the background even here, precisely here, there is the wish to develop a body less susceptible to illness. This finally emerges, quite openly, in a very late social utopia, Swesen's 'Limanora, The Island of Progress', 1903. The people on this island laugh at the idea that medicine is merely therapeutic. They are well 'over the crude stage of mere cure of disease', they intervene in the mere *laissez faire*, *laissez aller* of the body, restraining, promoting, stimulating, arranging and re-arranging. Thus the doctor is never conceived here as a cobbler who patches up the old again after a fashion. But they wish him to be an innovator, liberating the flesh not only from its acquired, but even from its innate weakness.

For even the healthy body could be helped much further. Along these

lines are all plans which are not preoccupied with each single case of healing but with striving to abolish generic ills. These are: influencing gender, artificial selective breeding, and the abolition of the ageing process. These plans, utopian as they are, still partly cast a reactionary shadow of course. It is no accident that the phrase 'toughening up' temporarily smacks more of cannon fodder than of the superman. The greatest silence now surrounds the plan for influencing gender, though it was the loudest plan of all for a long time. This dream is mostly a bourgeois conformist one, it seeks male sons and heirs for Smith and Jones, as if there were a coat of arms and sword to be passed on. It is pointless in any case; for even if more boys than girls were born in accordance with the wishes of their parents, the girls would become particularly coveted, and therefore particularly precious, and in the course of time the fruits of love would never escape this constant alternation of genitals. Secondly, the plan for efficient breeding existed even prior to the Nazis, it is reminiscent of an agricultural research station. After all, none of our nutrient and ornamental plants is the same as it was in its natural state, all of them are artificially cultivated and changed. As are most domestic animals, they too were grafted on to one another so to speak and interbred, until the fattest pig or the fastest racehorse or even simply the most patient mule emerged. In accordance with Mendel's rules of heredity, this is now to be applied to human beings, it is a question of consciously planned interbreeding, a question of a better sorted blend of genetic inheritance. But this sorting occurs by means of intrusions on human love, which does not consist as such in a particular selection of mutual germ cells. And it would then be only logical to abolish love and, as in the breeding of thoroughbred horses, to use the Pravaz syringe, filled with the sperm of the best breeding stallions, by-passing the remaining men who are not so pure-blooded. In his authoritarian novel of an ideal state 'Civitas solis', 1623, Campanella had the time of sexual intercourse determined by astrologers; these astrologers have now become the strict breeding masters and gamekeepers. And they do not merely choose the hour of mating, but the couples themselves, according to the auspices of the genetic inheritance. This with regard above all to a product which is useful to the ruling class, in the age of the little man on the conveyor belt. Such selective breeding is to occur before birth, though after it Mendel's rules, which are complicated anyway, no longer hold, but the simple ones of murder instead. This is practised on all those who stand outside the norm, and the norm for the Nazis was simply the ass at the bottom, the beast at the top. The Babbitt is the measure of this in the still inhibited bourgeoisie; all the rest, after

assessment by the same type, are to be exterminated when it becomes uninhibited. Thus so-called eugenics has degenerated to this level; Beethoven, the son of an incurable drinker, would never have been born according to this scheme of things, and even if this had occurred, 'war the breeder' would have obliterated him. Only a society which was no longer a capitalist one would be able to put everything to rights in the problem area of eugenics, with other means and standards of selection. While the best eugenics presumably consists in good board and lodging, in an unspoilt childhood. This promotes successful development, and also makes superfluous that selection according to the strange tincture that has been called pure blood and that presumably only stems from inbreeding, with its rare advantages, and vast dangers. The nobility has propagated itself eugenically along these lines for a very long time, and it has not, in purely physiological terms as it were, proved to be gold, which has retained its value throughout the long series of individual recastings or even become more and more purified. What distinguished and singled out the nobility as such, namely not as individuals but as a group, was solely the class code which gave it obligations and standing, was primarily good upbringing, and therefore not heredity. And that quality in King Lear's face to which one would like to say Sire does not stem from his family tree; on the contrary, his family tree produced despicable material enough in the shape of his two daughters. Thus even the chances of nobility do not stem from breeding; it is rather that social hygiene, a society in which an upright posture is not suppressed any more, in which no mean trick pays off any more, reveals noble behaviour anyway, indeed it is truly revealed by that society alone. Only here does the 'breeding' of geniuses really succeed, of these true and solely desirable 'blood minorities'. At least so long as the peculiar kind of 'hormone', or whatever we like to call that which gives rise to creative talent, is physiologically unknown with regard to both its nature and the conditions in which it arises. Certainly, from father comes our stature, from little mother our cheerful nature,* or also, in many other cases: little mother showed signs of hysteria, and this now seems like a prerequisite for the brilliant birth. Yet on the other hand, how many meticulous fathers and fantasizing mothers have merely produced inconspicuous creatures, or possibly even meagre and frail ones? The mixture of blood which produces great talent therefore still lies too much in the dark for this talent to be promoted and encouraged physiologically with

* Allusion to lines from Goethe's 'Zahme Xenien VI'.

any prospect of success. Whereas after the brilliant birth has occurred, history is crammed with those unfavourable circumstances which prevented the great talent from even being aware of itself, and then from developing. Most of the goldfish have always swum at the bottom, there have been thousands of Solons who were cowherds, of Newtons who were day-labourers, and nobody knows their names. Efficient breeding would have a social field here to keep it busy for a long time, before entering or being able to enter the still largely opaque field of controlled insemination. The control of the individual biological disposition and the abolition of the element of 'fate' about it are certainly a goal, but first this planning will pull down the real slums before it approaches the slum of the puny body. There is everything to be said for reducing the aggressive drives and promoting the social ones even by means of organic breeding; just as the nutritional value of cereals and the sweetness of cherries has been improved. But the breeding society must first be bred itself, in order that the new human nutritional value is not determined by the demands of the cannibals.

The third kind of planning finally looks purer, i.e. without cannibals: the fight against old age. It probably strikes out most boldly of all, it begins early in women. It does not want to leave the peculiar wound unattended which the body inflicts on itself. As far as the renewal of lost or damaged organs is concerned, human nature is the most obdurate of all. Only in his brain is man the most highly developed living organism, not in other organic capabilities however. After all, progress frequently also represents a certain retrogression in organic development as a whole, by concentrating on one-sided training. By allowing organs to become over-specialized, so that development in a direction other than the one that has become established stops, and even capabilities of an earlier level are lost. The capability of regeneration in particular constantly decreases at higher organic levels: in the case of the earthworm a few rings are sufficient to produce the rest, in the case of newts legs and eyes grow again, the same is true when lizards lose their tails. In the case of mammals however, in the case of human beings, mother nature is by no means generous in this respect. When they lose a limb, human beings are dependent on artificial ones, and the strongest wear and tear of all: ageing, which begins so much later in many animals anyway, is for them the most severe. The wishful dream of the fountain of youth was placed in this field, and the route towards it was constantly cultivated, by quacks or others. Count St Germain's 'tea for long life' has been mentioned above, as has Dr Graham's 'Celestial Bed' from the so enlightened eighteenth century. From Persia came the advice to use

breathing techniques, from Tibet the control of one's breathing, from the faith-healers the belief that one will soon be immortal in the flesh. Compared with advice like this, that of Hufeland in his 'Macrobotics' of 1796 sounds modestly correct: 'Sleep and hope are the two best elixirs.' But the more rational wishful path was not lacking even amongst more material elixirs: the Chinese used to take the sex glands of stags and monkeys, the Indians those of tigers; and in 1879 Brown-Sequard actually did discover the supposed material of rejuvenation in the sex gland, the hormone. The further assumption that every organ produces the substances which will heal it when diseased ('dentine' in the tooth, 'cerebrin' in the brain) quickly fell by the wayside; although it was defended by Bier, in a somewhat modified form, even as late as the Twenties. But the hope which the sex gland had kindled was not completely illusory in the case of substances which are extracted from the glandular organs themselves, they permit diseases to be treated successfully from the hypofunction of these glands at least. Since then a totally new medical dreamland has opened up here: in 1922 a hormone against diabetes was obtained from the pancreas, in 1929 an ovary hormone from the urine of pregnant mares, which is six times as strong as the natural one. All diseases which are based on the hypofunction of the endocrine glands (pituitary gland, parathyroid gland, thyroid gland, suprarenal glands, ovaries and others) can in fact be treated by preparations from these glands. It is precisely with the dream of most general interest, with the active substance against old age, that expectations have not yet been realized, despite mobilization on all fronts. Steinach tied the spermatic cord, and thereby achieved a growth of the puberty gland, the hormones produced to excess passed into the blood, while Voronov transplanted sex glands from monkeys. Both efforts were in vain, rejuvenation did admittedly occur, but such a momentary one that it seemed as if the cause of ageing did not lie in the sex glands at all and as if the wear and tear on them was itself simply an effect of unknown causes. Though dreams are still left surrounding the thymus gland, the growth gland till puberty, at sixteen it is used up and then only has some functions during pregnancy which have not been adequately clarified. It is here, and not in the sex glands, that rejuvenation is said to lie waiting, and means are being sought to keep this organ functional up to a ripe old age, so that if this ripe old age is not a fertile one, it is still an upright, sprightly, open-minded one. The utopian apple of rejuvenation nevertheless still hangs quite a long way off, and — as far as the examination of heart and kidneys* is concerned

* Bloch is playing on the metaphorical meaning of this expression here, i.e. a thorough examination.

— old age remains almost the same as it was in grandfather's day. What has changed is the way of handling it, which is no longer hypochondriac, no longer exaggerated. But this is a psychological intervention, not one from the standpoint of the substructure, of the glands and internal secretion, from which vitality is probably fed. The most conscious and also the most felicitous fight against the degrading effects of old age is to be found in the Soviet Union; and this for reasons which capitalist society cannot allow itself at all. In the latter, as a competitive society, old people have to make room, stand down, simply so that so-called younger blood can take their place. From a socialist point of view, however, the fight for a healthy vigorous old age becomes the same as the fight for the preservation of valuable cadres in all areas of the great programme of construction. 'Old age', as Metshnikov said, 'which under all previous circumstances has been a superfluous burden for the community, now becomes a particularly useful period of work from a social point of view. It can devote its indispensable experience to the most difficult tasks of the life of society.' A future is indicated here in which a significantly possible ageing has replaced the pathological kind, and even physiological decline is no longer acknowledged to be inevitable. The successful Soviet attempts at resuscitation shortly after death has occurred even challenge the most definitive fact to be found in the lives of human beings, and show it to be premature. To drive life beyond its previous limits, beyond those which are much too narrow for our capabilities, unachieved works, and ranks of purpose, this is the wish that includes that of healing and clearly surpasses it.

Hesitation and goal in actual bodily rebuilding

The wishes of the sick man himself do not extend so far. His main concern is that his complaint is cleared up, that is enough. He wants to be restored to health, is content if he is rid of his affliction, if he can get up and be his old self again, and does not immediately demand any more than this. Equally the plans of the doctor, at the patient's bedside, are far more subdued than the general ones for rebuilding mentioned above. In each particular case, with each actual illness (ageing is not an illness) it is enough for him to restore the former state of health. The surgeon by no means regards his work as a process of rebuilding and improving, but as a stopgap measure. The artificial stomach in no way surpasses the one we are born with, good enough if a person can hold out for a few years with such artificial aids

and limbs without complaint. And good enough for the general practitioner if a patient returns from the interesting skittle-alley of surgical possibilities to his last. Perhaps even Götz von Berlichingen of the Iron Hand, although knocking off table-ends with it and acting as a pulverizer, did not feel this artificial limb to be solely a source of strength. So here is a countermovement against the utopian rebuilding of the body, against that rebuilding that has ventured so far forward in the case of generic ills (artificial selective breeding, the fight against the ageing process). The general practitioner essentially contents himself with forcing back the end of the disease, i.e. death, he fights against the acquired weakness of the flesh, not against the innate one. His medicine does not yet undertake to assume the high office of being an improver of the body on the same scale as the rebuilding and improving of society and the vast bold changes of inorganic technology. This is a powerful distinction between medical wishes, in so far as they are individual and practical, and those of the more far-reaching attempt to change the world. Thus, however bold the operations and changes may be, in the consciousness of most doctors the goal itself is a stationary one: namely the restoration of the status quo ante. This is also why doctors often succumbed much more easily to the fascist slogan of Blood and Soil than other less restoratory professions. And it is why the doctor is given a significant, thoroughly incisive role in most social utopias, but few or no purely medical utopias have appeared; unless Hufeland's or Feuchtersleben's tranquil works are seen as such. One will not find explosive dreams in them, both Hufeland's 'Macrobotics' and Feuchtersleben's 'Dietetics of the Soul' contain little more than the wishes and images which a clever man had recourse to anyway during the age of spas in the colonnades of the Biedermeier period. One reason for this utopian hesitation may possibly lie in the caution and responsibility of the medical profession. Another reason possibly lies in the empirical sense which is closely related to caution and which acts like a lead weight on the inspired flights of the mind. But the final reason for this astonishing utopian reserve which is often even salutary itself, alongside all 'creative' medicine, must be philosophical, whether it is conscious or not: the origin of European medicine among the Stoics. This school trusted in the natural course of things, did not want to explode it at any point but to act in accordance with it in every particular. Hippocrates, the older medical teacher, was active before the Stoics of course, but he too came down to us through Galen, the head of the Stoic school of healing. In its view, health is the right mixture of the four main humours of the body (blood, yellow bile,

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