

Hahnemann and Beranger
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RESUME

The essay presents impressions and considerations about the influence of famous French poet on work of genius creator of homeopathy.

keywords: Blok, Beranger, Hahnemann, poem, medicine, homeopathy.

SUMMARY

The essay presents impressions and considerations about the influence of the poetry of the outstanding French poet on the activities of the brilliant creator of homeopathy.

Key words: Blok, Beranger, Hahnemann, poem, medicine, homeopathy.

Recently I had a chance to watch the old wonderful Soviet film "By the Lake". Once again I admired the ability of the old masters to create large, significant, memorable. Against the backdrop of the current "shooters" and criminal showdowns, the film by S. Gerasimov is perceived as a wonderful revelation that stirs the soul and heart, makes you think and feel. And how modern Blok's poem "Scythians" sounds in the film in an incomparable performance by Natalia Belokhvostikova. It was during these days that I was preparing for a scientific and practical conference dedicated to the founder of homeopathy, Samuel Hahnemann, so in this splendor I highlighted the lines:

"We love everything - and the heat of cold
numbers, And the gift of divine visions,
Everything is clear to us - both the sharp Gallic
sense, And the gloomy Germanic genius.

The word "gloomy" draws attention to itself. Which of the German geniuses specifically had the poet in mind? The great scientist Leibniz, the brightest philosophers Kant and Hegel, the rulers of human souls Goethe and Schiller, the outstanding composers Bach, Beethoven and Handel (and this is only the 17th-18th centuries)? It is clear that neither one nor the other, nor the third. "Gloomy" is in this case a characteristic not of a human character, but of an era. It was the era of mankind's exit from the centuries-old darkness, the oppressive atmosphere of which was weakened very slowly. No less, and perhaps even more oppressive, was the situation in

medicine. Just think: for one and a half thousand years (!) European medicine was illuminated only by the sun of Galen's ideas, which, being once bright and life-giving, gradually turned into heavy and fruitless shackles holding back any development. Even the brilliant ideas of Avicenna and Paracelsus bogged down in this quagmire (it is by no means permissible to blame Galen for this, he was a great pioneer, in many respects even perhaps greater than Hippocrates, but the faceless and parrot followers turned his ideas into dogma, stopped their development, mothballed and gradually turned his teaching into a brake).

It is enough to read the assessments and judgments of prominent doctors of that time in order to feel the atmosphere that prevailed in medicine at that time. The well-known German physician Bergaav writes: "If we compare all the good things done by some half-dozen true sons of Aesculapius since the emergence of medical art on Earth, with the evil that innumerable doctors of this time have inflicted on humanity, then there will be no doubt that it would be more profitable if there were never doctors in the world. He is echoed by the physician-professor Wedekind, who lived a little later: "The significance of medicine, to put it in a few words, lies mainly in the fact that civilized sciences suffer much more from doctors than from diseases." And finally, the hero of our essay, Samuel Hahnemann, wrote in 1808: "We must finally say loudly and openly, and let it be said loudly and frankly before the whole world: our medical art requires a complete transformation from head to toe. Everything that is not needed is done, and what is most essential is completely visible. The Austrian physician and anatomist Girtl, who lived a little later, echoes him: "... even now she has not ceased to be the same as she was from the very beginning - not without zeal, pieced together and simply professed by a system of conditional delusions." And these are far from the most critical arrows fired at the then medicine. Reading these critiques, it's hard to shake off the feeling that poisonous arrows fired almost three centuries ago find their targets in modern medicine as well. Of course, the Minister of Health of the Russian Federation Veronika Igorevna Skvortsova will not agree with me, President of the National Medical Chamber Leonid Mikhailovich Roshal, President of the All-Russian Public Organization "League of the Health of the Nation" Leo Antonovich Bokeria and many others (he named these three names because they are more famous than others). They will bombard me with facts and figures testifying to the progressive movement of our health care forward, about newly built magnificent medical centers, about the successes of domestic transplantation and cardiac surgery, about many other things, which, of course, we should all be proud of, which we are doing, believe me. dear organizers and inspirers of our medical victories. But, as the poet wrote: "... and yet, nevertheless, nevertheless, nevertheless ...". It pains me almost every day to hear on television about the collection of funds for the treatment of children (I admire the kindness and cordiality of our people, but is the treatment, even the most expensive, not a duty of the state?). I am afraid of the so-called optimization of the network of medical institutions, especially in rural areas. I look with dismay at the dead ends in which the insurance system and licensing imposed on us are wrestling - or these

Western guests are not suitable for us at all, or are we doing something wrong? I'm not talking about the commercialization of medical care, what can be paid medicine in a country where a fifth of the population is below the poverty line?

Unfortunately, we rarely hear criticism from the lips of health care leaders, let alone self-criticism. The euphoria emanating from them reminds us of lines from a magnificent poem by the great P.-J. Beranger, familiar to us from the play of the great A.M. Gorky "At the bottom":

"Gentlemen! If the holy World cannot
find the way to the truth, Honor to
the madman who will inspire
Humanity with a golden dream.

Unfortunately, all dreams eventually end, and the more delightful the dream was, the rougher and more painful the reality turns out to be.

Hahnemann was very fond of Beranger's poetry. He especially liked the poem, the stanza from which we have quoted. In the original French it is called "Fools". But in Russia, it fell into the hands of the remarkable poet Vasily Kurochkin, who did not agree with the definition of the heroes of the work "fools" that sounded very plain in the "great and mighty" Russian language and called the poem "Mad Men". What new colors the poem played with! For this alone, V. Kurochkin fully shares the glory with the author of this work.

Hahnemann was especially fond of the following lines:

"Idea waits like a pure virgin,
Who will crown the bride. "Hide!" - the sage
whispers to her timidly, And the fools already
tremble with anger.
But the mad bridegroom comes to her
At midnight free in spirit And their union
- its firstborn fruit - Gives happiness to
Humanity.

Did Hahnemann see himself as this groom? How to know. We only know for sure that the idea fertilized by him helped create a magnificent healing method, unfortunately still underestimated, mercilessly kicked by arrogant academics and laymen. We are confident that homeopathy has a great productive future.

How does this wonderful poem end? Here are the last prophetic lines:

"If tomorrow our Earth's path To
light up our sun forgot - Tomorrow
the whole world would be lit by the
Thought of some madman."

In medicine, the light of this thought is already persistently and stubbornly breaking through layers of lies, fictions and falsifications.

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