

We'll Meet in Venice.

My Tumour and I, Me and My Tumour, in Intensive Care for 33 Days, Some before and Way Too Few after

GEORGES HAUSEMER & SUSANNE JASPERS



Following his latest diagnosis with cancer, the writer Georges Hausemer decided in April 2016 to report on his affection in a blog. Published under the title *My Tumour and I*, which he changed a few months later into *Me and My Tumour*, feeling the tumour had no right to come first, he described his life with the disease up until a few weeks before his death in August 2018.

Since Georges Hausemer could no longer tell his story to its end, his wife, the author Susanne Jaspers, played her part in documenting the period following the last blog entry. A time marked by fear and hope, despair and confidence, by intensive care and internal medicine.

What remains is infinite grief over the loss – and the hope for a reunion – perhaps, one day in Venice.



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Georges Hausemer, born in Differdange in 1957, lived as an author, travel writer, translator and painter in Luxembourg, a small village in the northern Eifel and in San Sebastián in the Basque Country. In 2017, he was honoured with the Prix Batty Weber, Luxembourg's most important distinction in the field of literature, for his complete works. He died in 2018.

Susanne Jaspers, born in Aachen in 1970, works as a publisher, travel writer and author. She shuttles among Luxembourg, the northern Eifel and northern Spain. She was married to Georges Hausemer until his death in 2018.

Latest publications by Georges Hausemer: *Der Schüttler von Isfahan. Karawansereien* (2016), *Fuchs im Aufzug. Erzählungen* (2017), *Bushäuschen in Georgien. Texte und Fotos* (2017) as well as the novel *Kleine luxemburgische Literaturgeschichte* (published posthumously in 2018).

Publications (selection) by Susanne Jaspers: *Trio mit Ziege. Kriminalroman* (2009), *Der Duschenkrieg. Eine transsibirische Reise* (2010), *ALLES ÜBER LUXEMBURG* (7th edition, 2019), *Dann drehe ich mich um und gehe. Restaurantgeschichten* (2014) as well as *Mit Jean-Claude auf der Hühnerstange. Kuriose Orte in Luxemburg* (2018).

Jointly, Georges Hausemer and Susanne Jaspers have published the travel books *Donostia/San Sebastián. Die glücklichste Stadt der Welt* (3rd edition, 2019) and *Luxemburg. Das einzigartigste Großherzogtum der Welt* (2017).

Wir sehen uns in Venedig. Mein Tumor und ich, ich und mein Tumor, 33 Tage Intensivstation, ein paar davor und viel zu wenige danach

GEORGES HAUSEMER & SUSANNE JASPERS

Teil 1 (Georges Hausemer)

Der letzte Therapiezyklus liegt bereits drei, nein, bald vier Wochen zurück, ich kann mich schon fast nicht mehr daran erinnern [...] Dabei ging alles gut, die Resultate waren ermutigend, die „Stable Disease“ ist stabil wie gehabt, die nächste Kontrolluntersuchung steht erst Anfang Oktober an, vor mir ein ganzer Sommer, um mich mit dem Garten, Übersetzungen, Himbeer- und Johannisbeermarmeladen zu beschäftigen, mich regelmäßig in Ralfs Körperfabrik ins Schwitzen zu bringen, die Oktoberreife vorzubereiten, Gäste in kurzen Hosen und lauen Blüschchen zu empfangen, die neuen Zeichenstifte aus Alkmaar auszuprobieren, mich in die Unterwäscheverkäuferin aus dem Nachbarort zu verlieben, spanischen Nacktschnecken zu einem kurzen, schmerzlosen Tod zu verhelfen, Manuskripte zu lektorieren, mit der (hoffentlich) nur gespielt knurrenden S. Frauenfußballmatches zu schauen (bisher keine Offenbarung), mit S. schon am frühen Nachmittag unter den Birken Sekt (alkoholfrei!) zu trinken, einen hübschen Zeitungshinweis auf das neue Buch von Tomas Espedal zu lesen.

AUSSERDEM SIEHT ER
GUT AUS. WIE KANN
ICH UNTER DIESEN
UMSTÄNDEN NUR
SOWAS DENKEN ?

Teil 2 (Susanne Jaspers)

Am dritten Tag auf der Intensivstation habe ich endlich eine Begegnung mit einem Arzt. Dr. H. ist jung, nimmt sich Zeit, erklärt uns die Situation ziemlich ausführlich und vor allem verständlich. Außerdem sieht er gut aus. Wie kann ich unter diesen Umständen nur sowas denken? Dr. H. erläutert uns – wobei ich nicht genau weiß, was Du von diesen Erläuterungen mitbekommst und was nicht –, man müsse Deinen Körper in seinem derzeitigen Zustand mit einem Kartenhaus vergleichen, aus dem eine Karte nach der anderen herausgezogen wird. Die Karten sind in diesem Fall Deine Organe, die eins nach dem anderen zu versagen drohen und die man nun zu stabilisieren versuche. Mal ganz abgesehen von der „Grunderkrankung“, die man ins Visier nehmen werde, wenn die akute Gefahr gebannt sei. Diese Grunderkrankung, das ist natürlich Dein verfluchter Tumor.

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Part 1 (Georges Hausemer)

The last therapy cycle was three, no, already four weeks ago, I can hardly remember. [...] Everything went fine, though, the results were encouraging, the „Stable Disease“ keeps on being stable, the next control examination is not due till early October, ahead of me an entire summer to attend to the garden, translation work, raspberry and redcurrant jams, to regularly break a sweat in Ralf's body factory, prepare the speech for the event in October, to welcome guests in short trousers and light blouses, try the new drawing pencils from Alkmaar, fall in love with the underwear saleswoman from the neighbouring village, help Spanish slugs die a brief, painless death, proofread manuscripts, watch women's soccer matches with S. who grumbles (hopefully) just in pretence (thus far no revelation), drink champagne (non-alcoholic!) with S. under the birch trees shortly after midday breaks, peruse a lovely note on the latest book by Tomas Espedal in the paper.

WHAT'S MORE, HE'S
GOOD-LOOKING.
HOW CAN I THINK
THAT UNDER THESE
CIRCUMSTANCES?

Part 2 (Susanne Jaspers)

On day three in the intensive care unit, I finally get to see a doctor. Dr. H. is young, takes his time, explains the situation to us rather extensively and above all comprehensibly. What's more, he's good-looking. How can I think that under these circumstances? Dr. H. explains – although I am not quite sure what you catch of these explanations and what not –, that one has to compare your body in its current state to a house of cards, from which one card after another is being pulled out. In this case, the cards are your organs, which threaten to give out one by one and which they presently aim to stabilise. Not to mention the “ground sickness” which they will focus on once the imminent threat has been contained. This underlying disease, of course, is your damn tumour.