



no. 0
20.june.2026

open letter to known / unknown friends

news/letter

absender:

helin can
neustadtgasse 11
8001 zürich
schweiz

an:

you've received this because i know your address and miss you
no answers required / all answers welcome

wishes (register to receive) / complaints (deregister from receiving):
mail(your address)to: abc@helincan.xyz

news/letter

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(inspired by Cortney Cassidy's mail blog)

this is an exercise in reclaiming autonomy in communication methods/platforms/technologies
my right to remain silent has been used and abused for too long

today i learned that i share multiple heliotemporal alignments (star signs) with clarice lispector - she's a figure that sporadically reappears in my life, not unlike myself in the orbits of my loved ones. within those appearances, her mundane moments of understanding herself (in others) push me into a many whirlpools - in this weather all pools are welcome. i wish to collect mine (mundane moments),

what a june. we've moved, since the beginning of the month i wake up looking into other windows through a wild olive (*Elaeagnus angustifolia*) tree. uetliberg lies beyond this axis of gaze - and remains my only visual anchor (empirical evidence) to zürich. anchors are tools of detecting conditional realities.

✱

if every person continues multitudes all my multitudes contain fig trees.

see: <https://polytropy.com/2021/11/16/figs/>

This (as well) is about figs, because the opening of "The Sixth Elegy" of the Duino Elegies of Rainer Maria Rilke is about them, and I turn out to live among them.

see: clarice lispector, one hundred years of forgiveness

Someone who has never stolen is not going to understand me. And someone who has never stolen roses will never be able to understand me.

what remains is my obsessive collection of experiences and how such fleeting moments have deep thorough effects. i'd love to tell you about the one fig tree in mids of the olives in babakale one time. or about the one that sprouted from the wall in our parking lot (in zürich!). second was cut down, first is a naturecultural practice angewendet over centuries.

*or about wooden/jean heels nihan used to have in her car, about never wanting to clean the kitchen, about Still House Plants or João Barradas, about the bracelet i lost in barcelona, about bathing in a fountain with water from the mountain, about cool winds blowing, about everywhere i go i bring (you)
what will follow?*

everywhere i go i love (them)

always on the lookout for figs, stone roses, dry brown dust, brown skin, deep blue sea and a sun so bright her shadows fall blue. aligned with the aegean - drying without dying (tolerating desiccation)

✱

my very first (plant) planned project was built last year. now: climbers are climbing, ferns are wide, and the *glockenblume* blooms. some are gaps no-one wanted to occupy. we'll see what happens next year. the mystery of designing with life is that it unfolds.

such joy in loving what i do

✱

feli has this beautiful miao that goes *me eh*. her autonomous tool of communicating discomfort.
what follows?