



news/letter

open letter to known / unknown friends

no. 1
29.july.2026

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 words welcome

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

news/letter

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no. 1

15.07.2026 / zürich

two major things happened in the past month:

1. on tuesday before noon, i've been walking home from the main campus when i noticed i love where i live (this city). the it's taken me 4 years to build this affection, which is fundamentally different than how i've related to this world - until this point.

another fundamental difference is ever since the conception of this concept i've been writingthinking, in english. everything wrotethought disappears into vapour, or if you love them let them be.

writingthinking is an action i knew and forgot from 10 years ago, when i thoughtwrote in my mother tongue in istanbul. i remember nothing from between my 16th and 18th years. it's a radical way of engaging with and detaching from your would.

there's a specific moment on (which?) street from which one nearlyonly sees the towers of the ——

feli saw the 2 neighbour cats for the first time

older the city stranger the people - i spent 2 hours of my last saturday in the last ruin of the old town, talking to an eccentric table maker (dölf)

ingeborg bachmann wrote to the sun. i'm collecting sun writings, please let me know.

apparently daniel changed badis (from utoquai to enge) to be able to swim towards the sun in the mornings. i imaged myself dying multiple times swimming towards the sun, but exclusively in the aegean. nothing morbid about that - i only swim long if it's towards the sun or if i have goggles on. both induce (respectively) specific anxieties and resolutions.

swimming in salt, either swimming under rain (described by elias as a helin can moment, what a joy to have friends who seebuild you - cosmogenesis is seebuilding your friends), or swimming towards the sun. i am overcome with peace each time, so thoroughly and deeply that ——

*

it is evening it is raining. strange to consider this a blessing in zürich (a rainless summer is a seal on fate in anatolia) on one day in june my way to work smelled like my summers of my childhood - first scent of dry hot pine needles on dusty barren soil. warm and brown. since that day i speak to myself on streets again.

i bought woven brown leather wedge sandals because they reminded me of nihan. she had very small feet - we had opposing bodies.

(i wrotethought the two major things today. second one escaped me already.)

on the longest day of the year hans (lukas's) father had a heart attack.

we've done listening sessions in the greenhouse. afterhours, close to sundown, when most are gone have an easing/erasing/filling effect.

i spent an evening waiting for the sun to set, at weisse rose. entertained by writing on the back of a long hauenstein receipt, which was my only piece of paper in my bag.

*

29.07. / zürich

i'm reading in turkish again after some time - mektup aşkları by leyla erbil. (the lettermania i'm in) her & bilge karasu's languages made me make peace with my mothertongue. if you know me you know that this falling apart was not one to easily bridge.

still watching clouds, still swimming in rivers,

will you meet me in istanbul in august? i'll tell you about barcelona next time