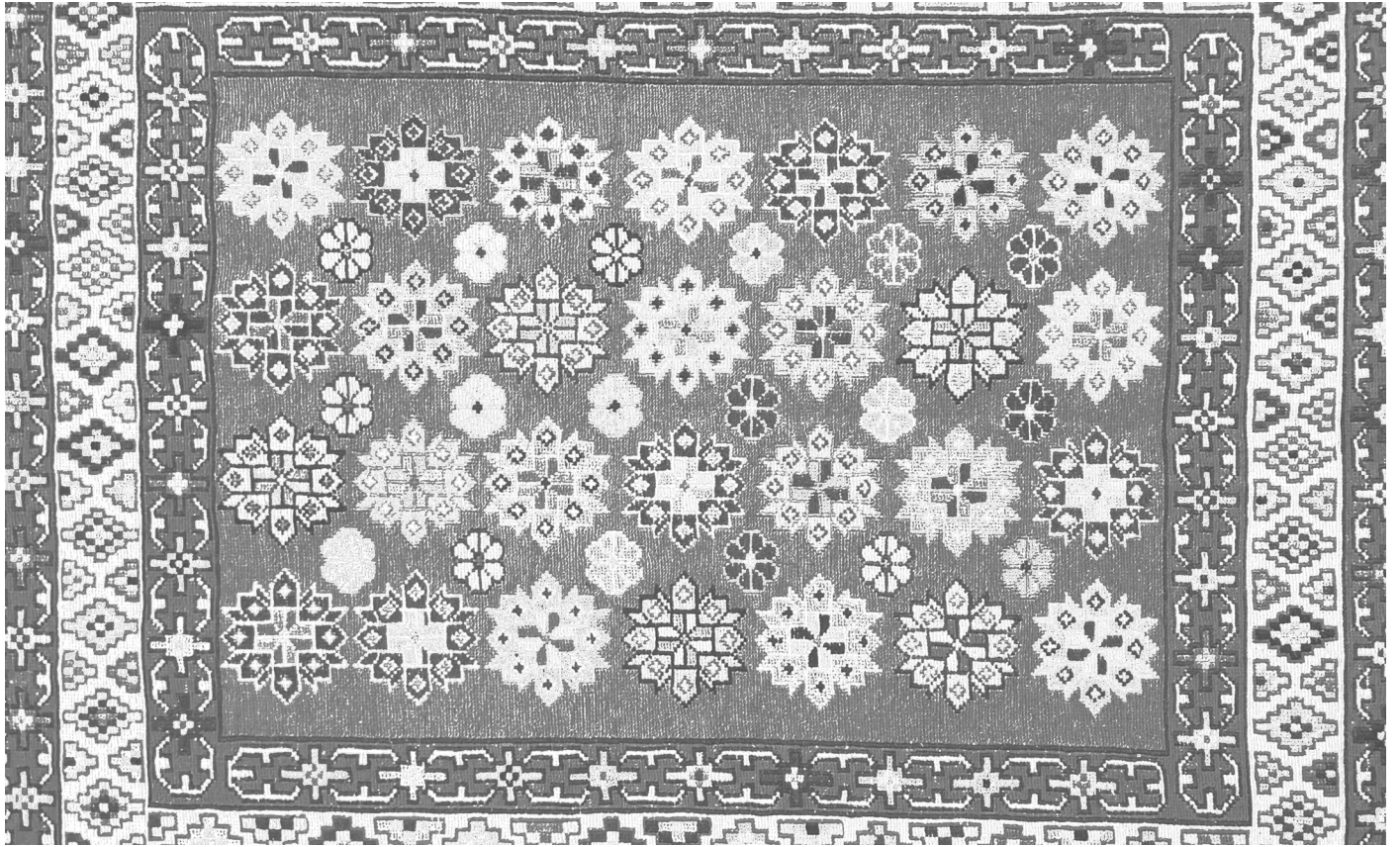




no. 2
20.august.2026

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 words welcome

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

news/letter

open letter to known / unknown friends

no. 2

20.08.2026 / istanbul

i landed in istanbul yesterday evening after a couple turbulent days at home. my last actually memory of zurich will remain bathing in the fountain with carl immediately after his arrival in town. day of aviation.

towards the end of the flight, while hovering over istanbul, the exceptional rose gold light of the summer sunsets of this city seeped through (seats upright table folded windows open) hit the page of the book i was reading.

(what a contrast to the cold white of the airbus reading lights.)

i was reading anne carson's eros the bittersweet. eros is a verb.

my arrival comes with a bestandsaufnahme of my previous belongings in my parents house. i go through each cabinet, drawer, bookshelf, box in my old room, check out the book collection again. it's a place where objects move but never disappear, and seem to never age. dust settles.

i've told them multiple times, i'd not be upset if they've turned my old room into anything else. the answer is why would we. the curse of a big house is the space it gives you to live without iteration, reflection or overview.

the carpets change. i've never understood how.

✱

i've been told: as a child whenever we travelled the first thing i'd do when we'd be back (no matter the time) would be to tip over my toybox and check them all.

i've done this in my teenage years by playing the piano (no matter the time)

bless the ears of neighbours who let live

each time comes with the realisation of my deteriorating piano skills

it's been 10 years since i've finished my piano studies. 10 years since my first and last piano competition that made me decide otherwise. 10 years since i left home -

(those who know me know that i on occasion talk of this event as my running away) (accurately)

✱

my rounds continue in the city (the bestandsaufnahme in an extended sense) as i visit a couple fixed points.

(those who visited my istanbul have been brought to these places)

once i stopped living here, it started shrinking. what i know disappears and any new connection lacks the intensity of a local connection. i'm frozen here, forever 16-19.

i'm always looking forward to see bosphorus. in any weather under any colour with everyone i love it. i enjoy who i am on a boat on bosphorus in its blue / silver / white / wind. the explanation of why the seagulls of the city fly so low has been provided by one of the biology teachers in my high school (which was also at bosphorus):

they're being overfed simit.

i'll go to kapalıçarşı and greet hikmet, get some stone beads to gift, drink alarming amounts of tea, go to cağaloğlu hamami (is so beautiful it always makes me giggle when they start the bubble ceremony), call azimet to see if he has a room for me at grand londres, have rakı meze at asmalı, visit the old book sellers and take each vortex at a time, enjoy the multitude.

✱

lukas will arrive tomorrow. i'll meet ahmet (leyla's boyfriend of years) for the first time.

next week we're at the aegean (another vortex another time). it'll be my first time in pergamon, and first summer without a visit to nisyros in 4 years.

mine is a life between two southern winds: *lodos* and *föhn*

bless the skin that feels the wind

will you tell me where you've read this summer? still haven't told you about barcelona.