



no. 3
13. october 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. 3
12.09.2026

i try to live without regrets

in turkish: hevesi kursaginda kalmak - roughly to be unable to satisfy one's desire in en - there's a (bodily) spatial attribution where one's desire remains in a state of regret - where do your hope and dismay live?

one thing - no matter how insignificant - has been an irreversible regret: not finding a way to go to the monet-mitchell exhibition at fondation louis vuitton in paris (05.10.2022-27.02.2023). i've thought about it sporadically since then, which intensified with finding the catalogue in caligramme before leaving for istanbul in august. incorrectly: i tell everyone that she took over his garden Giverny (when in fact she was in Vétheuil, much later).

as in this case my recollection of the events does not matter - i'm free to warp/rewrite as it pleases me (actualite vs projection)

✱

02.10.26

i should be more rigorous either in remembering or writing

collecting the moments to write about does not mean i get to share them with you
a couple precious ones from august/september nevertheless:

- in pergamon i've meet a carpet dealer, tahsin, who used to be a coppersmith. his shop was an exceptionally high and deep room, with bright white light, and a very specific flaky cold light blue paint that i've only ever seen in pergamon. from him i got 2 kilims to gift, and a ottoman copper coin gifted. it became one of the two charm like objects i carry on my person, other being the miniature (smaller than 3mm) book made out of the last printed Fahrplan of SBB, leather bound by the bookbinder herr hitz in niederdorf. only gifts without goal make their way deep into my life.

- there's a state of being slightly overcaffeinated that i enter only when i'm in istanbul. it comes with a disproportionate tiredness of being in the city, walking without measure, and being exposed to who i could have been. there's one moment before that state, in which i'm always alone (inside and outside), and find myself often confronted with paper (written or blank). this time it was once in ara cafe. their coffee is terrible, food insignificant, location very close to the drum and bass club i loathed as a teen, decor same since ara güler found it. any time spent in beyoğlu before 10 am is precious. there's comfort in (known) insignificance.

- within one day in ruhrgebiet i remembered. a wish never dared dreamt (came true).

it is possible to stay overnight in the hambroich museum. if you find the correct people to accompany you, it's possible to enter a dream state of wandering the land, seeing (of an unfocused collection with works that make you aware of the fact that - yes - you breathe - and yes - you see), sharing silence, admiration, potatoes, toe pain, sunset, song never dared sung (in front of others, in dark; echoed).

there i saw a raimund abraham building: with whom i was obsessed with during my entire architecture education.

and a small wooden chair, red. i had one just like that, until when i don't know. kenan, marie-paul's husband built it for me when i was around 5. my mother painted small flowers on it. it was an object i loved so much that i never really acknowledged its presence, it was there where i was, which was Truth. i loved it so much that i bit it (the paint had a bitter and the wood had a sweet taste but they were both soft). i noticed i Had it. it's not as powerful as seeing a horse being whipped on a square in torino but it was enough to question the way i walk.

i started skipping afterwards
it seems i grew since the last time i skipped as i felt i went higher than ever.

✱

have you ever read yaşar kemal? please do.

✱

13.10.26

my stack of borrowed books grow evermore - ask me about two romes

i've read thorough anne carson that virgina woolf shared my discomfort of days not written about
just today i've read (skimmed through) the last thing she ever wrote (suicide note to husband)