

My native city never lied to me. It has always reciprocated me with kindness, it responded to my sorrow with sympathy, to my tiredness – promising cheerfulness. I got used to my silent dialogue with Kyiv, I feel its mood, its heartbeat. And when I am asked to show Kyiv to somebody who does not know the city, I take the newcomers to the streets, which have a special meaning in my everyday life. They are numerous, these streets, but it is possible to show them in one or two days. However, you should not go fast down these streets. Overall, one should not walk fast in the city – it does not like it. The man who walks fast sees nothing but the road.

We walked around the city slowly with Catherine Gfeller. We walked and talked. She was listening to me, but watching the city, as it was Kyiv speaking to her, not me. The truth is that it was really Kyiv speaking to her, though by means of my voice and my perception. Still, she saw a different Kyiv, hers. And her Kyiv, heard, seen, reproduced in the photographs and texts tells me new stories about myself, makes me smile and think. Every person has its own vision of things: careful or casual, perceptive or superficial. Catherine Gfeller has a multidimensional vision, she retells the city seen and heard by her as something greater than just a city, as a special world you can enter only through the front door, the key to which is in Catherine's hand.

Andrei Kurkov, Kyiv, 2018