

Hotel Balkan: Honey and Yogurt
Unconditional Hospitality, Instant Hostility

Balkan Hang-over, strolling in Helsinki, in search of thousand pieces of Kosovan porcelain. Or just a smell, an ordinary Sunday in Biteka. Broken Haiku between dead-line and border-line, between Vienna and Helsinki.

Hotel Bristol in Skopje, Istanbul, Odessa, Sarajevo. Hotel Moscow in Belgrade, Casablanca fish restaurant in Ulcinj and Varna, Lido and Trocadero in Budva, Hotel Berlin in Istanbul, Sofia, Bucharest. The whole of Italy in Tirana, Durres, Ouzeri Symrna in Salonika, Hotel Beograd in Umag, Dubrovnik everywhere... Semi-Sad, Demi-Sec Balkan global-exotica.

Where is the Balkan, where are the Balkans? Rhythm, color, sound, smell, fight...Gypsy mapping, everywhere you go. Garlic, paprika, meat in the morning, rakija in the afternoon, fire-works in the evening. Same accordion, same dusty air, full of tubas in the lobby. Hospitality, unconditional, hostility instant.

Salt and pickle, acrylic blankets, drunk drivers, turbo weddings, cheap melancholia, tough rough dolce-vita.

Honey makes blood, Blood makes spin for damned cross-bind stories. Bal: The sweet movie, Kan: The tic of old neuralgia. Balkan is the other, the famous alter-ego of Europa: Abandoned Hotel Evropa, the extension of Mitropa. Where is the threshold, where is the center? Belgrade? Istanbul?

Balkan is a bloody honey, good for Western hangover after completion party of over-cooked cartographic folklore crime symposium, recommended with yogurt.

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