

You turn on the television: Le Pen vs. Macron. Explosive belts. The Dax on an alltime high. The South in eternal debts. Corpses floating in front of Club Med bungalows in the Mediterranean sea. A torn continent, a fading legacy. Europe is on the verge. Everyone knows, noone dares to admit.

In these dark climes, Matthias Forenbacher paints his haunting pictures for an exhibition. An exhibition showing stills of the Old Europe. The one that can only be grasped by watching the grand movies of the Neorealismo by De Sica and Pasolini, by reading Houellebecq and listening to funeral choires in Southern Italy. Forenbacher's record "Le Monde Diplomatique" was written over several years in Italy, Canada and Austria, recorded with a field recorder, a sampler and a Gretsch in the most impossible locations, enhanced by an old-fashioned brass band that perfectly managed to integrate traditional Southern European elements into his idiosyncratic rock'n'roll music; a modern "Nebraska", a travelling one man circus sketching the souls of our time: The narcissist in the advertisement show meets the lonesome outsider searching for bargains for 7,99.- in a suburban mall, the neurotic TV cook meets the political analyst, politically correct till death and always wrong, the ghosts of a couple on a balcony watching the tragic romance of Ginger & Pauly, the glamorous girls gone wild in a psychedelic casting show eating a LSD filled collection of stamps while another one loses his job, and another one starts her career as an occupation designer in an immaculate industrial complex in Berlin. This record portrays the descending progress in this European Night.