

Life In D Minor. Michael de Jong.

Right from the first few seconds of sound, from the initial utterances from the opening of this album's title track, the story is told, and the listener is aware. Sounds are a succession of vibrations, and these vibrations have had their beginnings a long way back. Between the "then" and the "now" there has been a lifetime. A lifetime that echoes, greatness, suffering, injustice, war, politics, civil rights, and it's been a bumpy ride. But vibrations are nothing other than vibrations, until the human elements are driven through it. Then what you have is passion, soul, and the blues. Life In D Minor, has the blues, in spit, dirt, sweat, and injustice.

An amalgam of styles are mixed up here in a textured layer. This album is a preacher, from a deep place. There's shadows of Jimmy Reed, Muddy Waters, there's Richie Havens, holding hands with Cohen, and even Dylan. Michael de Jong, cuts deep into his life; (and in his case it is, I feel a "Life In D Minor,") and all it's shown him, and as the heart is split open it bleeds dark rich blood, warm and it steams.

As the artist reaches for names from great literature to emphasise a metaphor, you realise that this is a guy who has a lot on his mind, he is an unrested soul, and that these songs are in there own way a cathartic release on a personal basis. Personal is the word here. Personal for the artist, and personal to you the listener. Life In D Minor, is an album, you should listen to on your own, it is that personal. Because it is that one to one relationship, that this album demands. It is a private entity. Something that refuses to be shared.

Michael de Jong's vocal has never been more naked and honest, than on this album. Testifying, it cuts, it cries, it judges, it claps the irons around you, and it takes prisoners, and keeps them locked up in a lifetime.

Peter Antony, Radio Caroline. C.2012.