that "je ne sais quoi" that seem to make Whiteley's song distinctively Canadian, though we really did try to keep "je ne sais quoi" to a minimum—the discourse of the blues is already too full of "if-you-don't-get-it-I-can't-tell-you" rhetoric.

But you can't argue about "Black Fly Moan," "Fishing Grounds," "Snow Plow Blues," "Canada Goose Blues," and "Northern Ontario Blues," to name five very different sorts of blues, ranging from city to country and from a fairly dark Mississippi sort of sound to a lighter, raggy feel, and from very funky to something as smooth as Bob Wills ever did in his Las Vegas period. By the same token, Sid Marty's "Dryland Blues" has had some of its minor angles smoothed a bit—the blues here is mediated by the Fred Neil influence—but it's still a blues at root.

We offer you nine songs by nine singers with nine different personalities.

—George W. Lyon

1 Isn't it interesting that Johnny V had Sonny Rhodes sing his daddy's song on the CD? Apparently he felt that the bridge between generations was stronger than the gap between the races or nations!

2 By the way, when Dave volunteered to review Jackson Delta, I was a bit surprised, knowing him primarily as a singer of British and Canadian folk songs. John told me that Dave began his performing life in the skiffle boom in Britain during the 60s, which meant that he played blues and related material. If I were going to attempt to defend the proposition that the blues is the music of this century, I might use Dave as an example. (Or Big John Campbell—check out his "Walking Dog Shit Blues" on page 15!)

Thanks to Phil Thomas, Linda Morrison, Ken Whiteley, Peter Narváez, Johnny V. Mills. For yeoman assistance with transcribing, thanks to Scott Marshall, Maureen Chafe, and Michael Pollock. Michael worked late hours to make the camera-ready copies.

We'd like to recommend to you the fine Canadian blues magazine, Real Blues. It used to be called West Coast Blues Review. We're having trouble finding it on stands in Calgary, a problem we hope will be temporary, but we understand that not only is well distributed in the larger market south of the border and in Europe, it has become accepted as a premier periodical in the field. Editor D. Robertson writes, "We try and focus on 'authentic blues' and cover the whole realm of blues, soul, gospel, zydeco and R&B with features on many obscure artists and rare recordings." Rates are $30.00 per year in Canada, $30.00 (US) in the USA, and $45.00 (US) per year overseas. They publish six issues each year. Write Real Blues #302, 655 Herald Street, Victoria, BC V8W 3L6. <reblues@ampsc.com>

I knew Bill Kinnear briefly during the 80s. He and I were among the hundreds of white boys (of all ages) who were attracted to the blues genre. Perhaps not all of our motivations could be scrutinized closely without embarrassing us, but we were sincere and enthusiastic. Some of us made (and continue to make) some very fine music; some got rich (some squirted a fortune through needles); I suppose we all had our moments. As silly as cultural history may find us (and we won't be judged as harshly as those who wrote the ad copy whenever we managed to get recording contracts), we had a right to do what we did. Most of us made local names or none at all.

Bill Kinnear may not even be a footnote in this very large volume, but he obviously left people who cared to know him and to share music with him. I first learned that he was dead from an emotional notice in Sound Waves, the newsletter from the Georgian Bay Folk Society in Owen Sound. Carlos del Junco informs me that Kinnear died onstage at The Gateway in Collingwood, Ontario. If you have to go, I guess that's as good as any…

Bill came to music late in life; it helps to have practiced a lot as a youngster. He probably didn't even hear the blues until he was grown up. I don't know whether he was chasing rainbows or had simply committed himself to a life he cherished. At the time he died, I hadn't seen him for years. He was too young; how do you like your boy, Mr. Death?

Let's dedicate this issue to Bill Kinnear and let him represent all of those musicians who don't become stars, but who have a right to sing the blues. We miss all of them. Bill left the drawing in Calgary some time during the early 80s. We don't know whether he actually used it as publicity material or who drew it, but we'd gladly give credit if anyone can tell us whose work it is. [GWL]