

consistently tasteful and pleasingly melodic. His vocals are more limited in expression, however, as he sticks to his middle range and to one tone colour for nearly the entire album.

The songs for Rocket Radio were recorded over the course of eight years (although one track dates back to 1986) and are mix of studio and live recordings. The sound and production quality is remarkably consistent from track to track, however, which is quite a feat. The production is clean and sparse, which serves some tracks well. Morrison's liner notes document the process that led him to write or choose these songs—he has interviewed many of the original performers and songwriters of his cover tunes—and this sets the context for the songs quite nicely.

This is a highly personal journey through some of the styles that lie at the roots of rock, but Morrison is careful to make sure that journey is friendly and accessible. Admirers of rockabilly and blues guitar playing will find some fine moments here.

*Review by Chris McDonald, York University*

## In memoriam LEON KOSSAR

*By Kevin Budd*

The co-founder of Caravan, Leon Kossar, Toronto's multicultural festival, died in early August. With wife Zena, Leon started and ran the event for many years. Caravan had a significant part in making available many aspects of the the remarkable cultural variety of this city. Now referred to by some as "the world's most multicultural city", Toronto of the sixties was seemingly almost a monoculture. In an interview heard on the radio, Leon talked about how, at the time, Toronto had only a few Chinese restaurants, as its exotic part, but little else. Caravan presented not only Leon's Ukrainian heritage to the city, but, more and more, the other cultural expressions of the many groups who were previously almost unknown in the general populace. (Ask Al Gladstone for the full story as he understands it)

In the seventies and eighties I would regularly go out with friends to this annual offering, clutching my "Passport" to the many pavilions around town. According to one source, Zena was inspired to begin this "dream" after visiting a multicultural event in Pittsburgh, held in one location. Allowing it to disperse around Toronto meant that people presented dancing, music and food on their own turf. Successful as a

largely non-political cultural experience, Caravan and Toronto grew up together. Local residents could (and still can) grab a mango drink at Ivory Coast, eat debreceni sausage and watch a dance show at Budapest, have an ouzo and enjoy village dancers at Thessaloniki, hear booming taiko drums at Tokyo, have a belly dance lesson at Al Khaima, and end up with "domashno tanche graf" (homemade beans) and more music at Skopje. Sometimes a rumour of a Saturday party would circulate, and extra local folk dancers would show up here or there, (often Beograd) to dance with the locals. I had my first falafel in those days...and loved it!

As Toronto developed, and became more proud of its mixed and changing heritage, more festivals sprang up: Harbourfront's various musical and food events, Taste of the Danforth Greek festival, Chinese Dragon Dance and Dragon Boat holidays, Caribana, and others. To some degree, these meant that Caravan became less unique and more integrated into the city's everyday personality. Other towns started their own similar events, and the amazing variety of who we have become was available for all.

Noting the passing of Leon Kossar, OFDA member Stephen Puschuk sent in the following recollection of the early days of Caravan:

I was saddened to hear of the death of Leon Kossar, co-founder of Caravan. I remember the first pavilion set up at University Settlement House in 1968. It was a three-day weekend affair at the end of June. A small group of folk dance enthusiasts helped decorate one of the rooms in a British theme. The pavilion was titled, "London". Ernie Krehm was the Lord Mayor and he looked resplendant in his gown and chain of office. The following year the event was held in the same place, but was a week long affair. I enjoyed playing my violin along with other musicians acting the part of a buskers.

Toronto now boasts an incredible collection of remarkable ethnic restaurants of all types: Italian, Thai, Hungarian, Japanese, Middle Eastern, Portuguese, Spanish, Eritrean and Ethiopian, Greek, Polish, Hispanic, Korean, South Asian, Vietnamese, and still, one of the finest Chinatowns anywhere. We can hear "exotic" music many nights of the week. Because of the diversity of our cultural make-up, at my local grocery I can buy five kinds of olives, twenty kinds of sausages, (including blood sausage) thirty kinds of cheese, kaffir yogourt, Brio (Italian soft drink) twenty kinds of coffee, octopus, squid, vine leaves, plantains, black rice and pita.

*Kevin Budd edits the Folk Dancer, from which this article was reprinted. He is vice president of the Ontario Folk Dance Association (OFDA).*