



Get Outta the House

By CAROL F. DAVIS

Specially Written for The Westfield Leader and The Times

You can take care of both the jazz-lover and craft aficionado in you with one visit to the **Gala Silver Anniversary Morristown Craft Market & Jazz Fest**, from Friday, October 26, through Sunday, October 28. The show will take place at the National Guard Armory in Morristown. Shop or just browse at the wide variety of goods, including handblown glass vases, elegant handmade paper, sleek wooden furniture, and hand-woven and painted clothing items. All weekend long, there will be performances by a variety of jazz ensembles. There will also be special craft-making projects for the kids.

The **Jazz Duo** of Ray DelVecchio and Andy McCloud will perform on Sunday, October 28, at 2 p.m. in the Parlor at Mount Saint Mary Academy, 1645 Route 22 at Terrill Road, Watchung. The Duo, regulars at the Clover Leaf Tavern in West Caldwell, has played on and off-Broadway, and has made a variety of recordings with fellow jazz musicians. McCloud, from New York City, is the bassist, while Plainfield pianist DelVecchio has been spending the last six years playing at the South Street Seaport. It's free, but donations will be accepted.

The Printmaking Council of New Jersey, 440 River Road in North Branch Station, is hosting the **27th Annual Juried Members Show** from November 3 through December 21. Featured in the exhibition will be prints, photographs and alternative media created by the Council members. The opening takes place on Saturday, the third, from 2 to 4 p.m. and the public is invited. There is no charge for admission. Visit them online at www.printnj.org.

214 Years and 5 Days Later. That's how much time will have elapsed from the first performance of Mozart's Don Giovanni in Prague, to the Little Opera Company of New Jersey's performance of this masterpiece on Saturday, November 3, at Cranford High School. It's \$25 for adults, \$18 for students and seniors, and if you have a child under 12 who can sit still, it's free. The opera, which takes place in 17th century Seville, will be performed in Italian and narrated in English. The story is about this guy who winds up going to hell for being a player. Ah, there is justice in this world.

If you dabble in acrylics, and would like to learn how it is really done, award-winning artist Joseph Hulsen will reveal numerous techniques and ways to use this versatile medium. This demonstration will take place at the meeting of the **Westfield Art Association** on Sunday, November 4, in the Community Room of the Westfield Municipal Building at 425 Broad Street, from 2 from 4 p.m. This self-taught professional artist has received numerous awards for his works, which, by the way are not limited to acrylics. He also works in watercolors and colored pencils. Perhaps a little inspiration is just what you need.

Williams Nursery Costume Contest Planned Sunday

WESTFIELD - Williams Nursery, 524 Springfield Avenue, Westfield will host its ninth annual Halloween Costume Contest on Sunday, October 28, at 2 p.m.

Participants are urged to arrive early.

Three age categories, 5 years and under, 6-12 years, and adults, will be involved in the competition. Age disclosure will not be required.

First place winners for both the 5 and under, 6-12 categories will receive \$50. The second place winner will be awarded \$25. The third place winner will receive a Beanie Baby.

Adults will receive a \$50 nursery gift certificate for first place. Second place winners will be awarded a \$25 gift certificate.

For more information or directions, please call (908) 232-4076.

Happy Halloween

A September Saturday at Ground Zero's Hell Shakes Reporter Upon Visit

By FRED ROSSI

Specially Written for The Westfield Leader and The Times

SCOTCH PLAINS — I've seen too many tears, both at home and on television. I find myself flinching on occasion at the unexpected sound of a car horn or other loud noise.

When a plane flies overhead, I now watch it, making sure it's flying level, at an adequate altitude and in the direction of the airport. I listen to the all-news radio all day and watch television late into the night. I see replays of all of the horrors of September 11 and still find it hard to believe that it actually happened.

After four straight days of watching the shocking, then tragic, then gut-wrenching events stemming from that lousy day, I needed a break from the newspapers, the television, the radio and the constant conversations.

So, for some reason, I took the train into New York City on Saturday, September 15. I wondered if

the city would feel palpably different to me, like the times in my life when I've walked into a grandparent's house for the first time since their death and immediately felt the void.

Instead, that Saturday, the city felt like the city on any sunny September weekend. People were out, sidewalk cafes were open, shops were open, and cabs drove too fast.

I walked down to 23rd Street, lugging the case of bottled water I had brought in with me, then cut over to the West Side Highway to find a place to donate it.

I crossed over to the Hudson River side of the roadway and looked south and saw that it hadn't been a cruel hoax or a bad dream or a silly rumor. The highway before me disappeared into the horizon two dozen blocks down, near the bottom of Manhattan Island, into a jumble of vehicles, people and familiar buildings. Except one set of buildings.

Instead, there was smoke obscuring the gap in the blue sky.

Back in the 1960s, my grandfather had driven me into New York and we had just come off the Staten Island Ferry and were making our way up towards the Holland Tunnel. We passed a large construction project to our right, with massive holes in the ground and some scaffolding.

"One day," he said, pointing to the site, "those are going to be the tallest buildings in the world." And they were — for a short time.

Today, they are a smoldering pile of concrete, steel, office furnishings and several thousand good people. Plus two airplanes and a handful of dead maniacs.

I walked a few blocks down the West Side Highway and added my case of water to a pile of probably two or three hundred 5-gallon water bottles. I continued walking south, along with pedestrians, cyclists and rollerbladers.

In several places, I stopped to read the posters taped to the fence with photos of people not heard from since the morning of September 11. I passed a few small encampments where rescue workers could come and rest, eat or just sit and stare into the distance.

South of Houston Street, television trucks from all over the country were parked at curbside. A woman tied several dozen yellow ribbons to a chain-link fence. A sign written in marker pen read: "Thank You."

A line of people waited to volunteer to do something, anything. Boxes marked "socks," "juice," "masks," "blankets," "gloves" and "underwear" were stacked on the sidewalks. A row of burned-out candles from the previous night's vigil dripped wax all over the blue police barricade they were perched on.

And the smoke, snaking its way amongst the surviving buildings several blocks away, was more clearly visible.

Unless you had a valid reason to go further, Canal Street was as far south as the police would let you go. Yellow police tape marked the border of the disaster zone. A gas station at the corner was not pumping gas; rather, it was yet another

spot to store and distribute bottled water, food and other supplies.

Across the yellow police tape, I looked at a group of weary firefighters slumped against a building. Next to me, a reporter from the BBC interviewed a tired rescue worker, who described the nightmare he had just left.

At the corner of Canal Street and the West Side Highway, a group of several hundred stood behind barricades, many waving American flags and some holding homemade posters, expressing their support and appreciation for the efforts of the relief workers.

Soon, a small caravan of police cars, fire trucks, dump trucks and other vehicles drove north out of the hell to the south and were cheered wildly by the exuberant crowd as it passed. This was repeated whenever any vehicle — be it an ambulance, a Red Cross van, an army jeep, an unmarked squad car or a tow truck — drove past.

I had seen this on television, but in person, it gave me the chills. I walked east on Canal Street, stopping at Washington Street to look south at the smoke — sometimes white, sometimes gray, other times brown and occasionally black — now enveloping still-standing buildings familiar to me from the four straight days of television-viewing.

I walked over to Hudson Street, past the closed entrance to the Holland Tunnel, and saw ground zero from a slightly different angle.

Out of film and out of energy after three hours, I walked back to the West Side Highway, watched a few vehicles pass the cheering crowds, shook the hand of an exhausted fireman and then took a long look at the smoke-filled gap in the southern skyline.

I had never made it to the top of the World Trade Center, but had promised myself earlier this summer that I'd take my 5-year old son there sometime soon. I guess we'll have to settle for the Empire State Building — after I figure out how to adequately explain to him that the city he's already grown to love is forever changed.



POPCORN™

Joy Ride: Psychopathic Trucker Delivers Halloween Chills

By MICHAEL S. GOLDBERGER

2 ½ popcorns

There's no horror like real horror...no horror I know. Everything about it is alarming. And thus nothing Hollywood can show me is going to be more frightening than the plague-like horrors, both real and imagined that have been visited upon us since September 11.

For the time being, The War on Terrorism has taken the fun out of horror. Somehow, seeing the three young people in *Joy Ride* being stalked by a psychopathic truck driver as they try to wind their way across our country isn't quite the kick it used to be.

Now understand, horror has never been my strong suit. Sure, as a film buff I've delighted in the classic *Draculas*, *Frankensteins* and *Wolf Men*, but more for their kitsch and camp values than for any desire to be filled with fear. Scary stuff? No thank you. The regular monthly arrival of the mortgage statement and its lesser brethren has always adequately filled any strange need I might unwittingly have in that area.

Truth be told, I never could quite figure out why someone would want to pay to be frightened when there was so much free product in abundance. But now I get it. I'm sad to say I finally understand. Methinks it has to do with freedom. It is indeed the joyous luxury of a secure and free society to be able to fully enjoy the thrills and chills of a horror movie.

And that's because one cannot do so without knowing full well that, after the closing credits roll, outside that movie theater your right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is just waiting to give you a big safe snuggle. Sure, this bit of bad history will make us all stronger, more vigilant and appreciative. But still, I think it would take at least two Wars on Terrorism to make me comprehend what it is people see in *The Three Stooges*.

That bit of inspirational venting said *Joy Ride* is a moderately scary film by pre-September 11 standards. Solid direction by John Dahl (*Red Rock West*) and good performances by Steve Zahn, Paul Walker and Leelee Sobieski as the petrified principals place it a cut above the usual teen slice-and-dice fare. And the effort is further complemented by a somewhat typical yet nonetheless well-written screenplay by Clay Tarver and Jeffrey Abrams. The scribes do a nice job of injecting a cultural note or two about the terrorized trio that will probably get the college crowd to relate.

It all begins when Berkeley student Lewis (Paul Walker) offers his avowedly Platonic pal Venna (Leelee Sobieski) a ride back to New Jersey. It matters not that he hasn't a car at the time of the offer. It's just that Venna, a co-ed in Colorado, just broke up with some poor dude and she'd like to saunter and contemplate her way back East rather than jet right

home. Wanting to accommodate her, Lewis does what any young man who really isn't in love with the girl would do. He cashes in his plane ticket and buys a 1971 Chrysler Newport, two-door hardtop to be specific.

Ah, the joys of youth. I've been trying to find a good second vehicle for months with no success. And this kid thinks nothing of buying a 30-year-old car for a few hundred dollars and driving it cross-country.

What's more, he'd probably have no problem making it all the way to New Jersey, if only it weren't for the homicidal long-hauler he encounters.

You see, Lewis is a nice guy. So on his way to Colorado he stops in Salt Lake City to bail out his reprobate older brother, Fuller (Steve Zahn), an inveterate troublemaker. Having a CB radio installed at the first stop, it's only a matter of hours before the black sheep sibling makes the aforementioned trucker the brunt of a rather embarrassing practical joke.

So we come to learn that apparently hell doth have a fury greater than a woman scorned: It's this lunatic truck driver, who then proceeds to inflict his devastating reign of terror on the young travelers. Too bad the car isn't warranted against such a possibility.

Since we only hear the trucker's haunting drawl over the CB and don't see his face, at least not in the early stages of his rampage (and then maybe never), much of what follows is a 16-wheeled version of *Christine* (1983), which really was in essence a 4-wheeled variation on the Headless Horseman. But it all boils down to the same thing: a faceless, omnipresent menace who hideously anticipates the hapless victim's every move.

You know the drill. The fits and spates of terrorization are the same for all pursuing monsters, with only minor variation in the case of deranged machines. Here's how it goes: After the well-scrubbed kids dodge the initial wrath of the angry tractor-trailer, all is quiet for a moment. They think they've escaped. "Whew, that was close." And then suddenly comes the maniacal exhaust clatter of the Freightliner diesel. And then the glare of its headlights. It has found them again and is going to crush them under its giant wheels...unless they can escape. Maybe they do, maybe they don't.

Repeat this cycle of perceived safety and renewed fear two or three times and you've got the fixins' for most horror movies. *Joy Ride* is no exception. But it's all done in good fun. And I look forward to seeing it in a time and place when this sort of film once again proves frightening.

Joy Ride, rated R, is a 20th Century Fox release directed by John Dahl and stars Steve Zahn, Paul Walker and Leelee Sobieski. Running time: 96 minutes.



FIDDLIN' AROUND... Scotch Plains residents Marlon Murillo, 1 ½, and Tanni Cordero, 2, sat down on Ellie Murillo's lap on the lawn of Reeves-Reed Arboretum to listen to the bluegrass fiddling during the Arboretum's Harvest Festival. The event in Summit attracted more than 3,000 people.

John 'Ol Blue Eyes' Esposito Will Perform at UNICO's Dinner Show

SCOTCH PLAINS - On Sunday, November 11, John "Ol Blue Eyes" Esposito performing a dinner show at Mezzogiorno Ristorante-Caffe at 450 Park Avenue in Scotch Plains.

Mr. Esposito, a renowned Sinatra stylist, will perform hits from Sinatra, Dean Martin, Jimmy Du-

rante, Perry Como and more.

The event sponsored by the Scotch Plains-Fanwood Chapter of UNICO National, is only \$49 per person inclusive of tax and gratuity and will begin at 6 p.m.

The buffet-style dinner will include Antipasto Misto, Penne, Grilled Salmon and Antipasto Misto. Soda, coffee and dessert are included and attendees are welcome to "bring their own bottle."

Reservations may be made by sending a name, address, daytime and evening telephone numbers to Scotch Plains-Fanwood UNICO, P.O. Box 10, Scotch Plains, 07076. Please include the number of people attending in the party, and check made out to Scotch Plains-Fanwood UNICO.

For more information about this event or other UNICO sponsored events please call (908) 889-2200, extension no. 2 or visit <http://community.nj.com/cc/UNICOSCOTCHPLAINS>.

Ray Bolger

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fell prey to a series of cameos on shows like "The Love Boat," "The Partridge Family," and "Baretta."

Before succumbing to cancer at the age of 83, our brave leading man kept his straw chin up and returned to charming audiences with his most beloved talents — the art of vaudeville dance and the replay of the early image of a loyal friend with a straw shoulder to lean on.

www.goleader.com

Home Fires

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ently his first call about the possibility of an anthrax infection. He phoned the public health authorities, and called her right back.

The consensus was that the appearance of her symptoms occurred too long after her contact with the substance to warrant any real fears.

Coincidentally, my mom started taking another antibiotic just one day before her throat became infected, in preparation for a root canal. She later found out that amoxicillin is also an effective treatment for anthrax.

None of this made me feel better. I urged my mom to call her physician back, and ask to be tested. As she would say, "It couldn't hurt." He understood her concern, and sent her to the emergency room.

We are awaiting the results. What the initial culture did reveal, though, was that if she didn't start an antibiotic now, she would be in danger of developing a strep throat. So, she was given Cipro. They told her in the ER not to be alarmed, that this was a commonly prescribed drug for strep.

She's home, eating homemade soup, and feeling a tiny bit better. So am I.

I just got off of the telephone with the FBI. Strange, I have called them twice in the last few weeks, but never once before September 11. They politely listened to the entire story, and even seemed interested. The best they could do was to tell me that they hoped my mom would be all right. There was, after all, no evidence.

My Take on It

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up and selling out all over the country. I think it is wonderful that people are trying to contribute in their own special way.

Stepping away from the entertainment industry, I was recently very impressed with the kids in my neighborhood. These industrious grade-school children went door-to-door around the neighborhood selling flags that they had made themselves with construction paper, colored markers and sparkles. The little flags only cost a dollar, but, with matching donations from their parents, these terrific youngsters raised \$750 for The American Red Cross. They should be very proud of themselves.

Other than prayer and a few dollars here and there, I was feeling that I needed to do something more as well. It didn't have to be big or advertised or even directly related to the events of September 11, but still I needed to reach out somehow.

So, on October 4, my husband and I rescued another dog from a shelter. Call us crazy. We now have two wonderful beagles that used to live in cages. Now they sleep in our bed. They smile and bark and laugh with us. They snuggle up next to us when we are sleepy, and they lick away our tears when we are sad. When those two little angelic faces are gazing up at us with trusting eyes, we feel, temporarily, that all is right with the world.

So whether it be a concert or a flag sale or adopting a homeless animal, let's all try to continue to reach out to one another. This is a terrifying, changing world that we live in, but I believe that if we truly put our minds to it, the healing can begin.

Pen & Ink

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horror of September 11, must be treated as the gifts that they are. In one day, a woman can go to any doctor she wants, after coming home from work, laughing with friends over lunch, listening to music in the car, while picking up her husband who just got the latest American haircut.

Such acts are enough to make the Taliban spontaneously combust. And, I have no problem with that.