

# Marooned in the Big Apple

**Derrick Stokes**  
*New York, New York*

How do you get stranded a hundred miles away from home in America's largest city without any money? It's pretty hard, but I did it.

Dr. Troy Thomas and Linda Ross of the Humanities Department at Penn State Harrisburg organized a trip to New York City to visit the Metropolitan Art Museum. Being an admirer of art myself, I decided to make that long journey to the Big Apple with some of my classmates.

The sight of that metallic blue Greyhound bus put a smile on my face. Weekends at Penn State Harrisburg are too exciting for me. I needed time to relax. So I ran to the Olmsted Building, boarded my bus, and took a seat. To my chagrin, a woman who looked as though she never lost her way to the dinner table sat next to me. She took the aisle seat but one wasn't enough for her. She had to take half of mine. It's hard to get relaxed when you're being smashed against a window like a fly. Well, at

least I had a good view. Four hours and a nose-job later, we were there.

The exhibits at the Metropolitan Art Museum were fantastic. I was totally amazed with the abstractism of Picasso, the surrealism of Dali, and the expressionism of Monet. I was left standing in awe of these great masters. My fascination also made me forget about how long I walked around the museum: 2 hours and 15 minutes.

I was alone and hungry. The smell of food and the clanking of silverware led me to the cafeteria on the first floor. My stomach told me to buy a roast beef sandwich and two Heinekens to wash it down. After drinking those two 12 ounce cans, I wanted more. But it was closing time. Thank God. Those beers were expensive.

Somewhere in the art museum I got separated from my band of hearty souls. But I was feeling adventurous that rainy Saturday. So, alone I braved the elements and Manhattan. By chance I passed a little pub called TGIFridays (Thank God It's Friday). After three and a half hours of intense drinking and

discussion, I realized it was time for me to leave before I miss my bus. The bus was scheduled to leave at 8 p.m., when I left I had 15 minutes to get there.

I then proceeded to walk down 5th Avenue for about six blocks-THE WRONG WAY. I remembered that Dr. Thomas and Ms. Ross gave us a miniature map of the city. I was afraid to use it though. Would you want to tell all the potential muggers in Manhattan that you were lost? Me neither. I just did a 360 and walked the other way. After walking about 10 blocks, I saw the bus.

Feelings of fury, fear, and frustration filled my body as the bus passed me. I thought I was going to wet myself.

I said to myself, "No problem, I'll just go to a MAC machine, get some money, and buy a train ticket back to school."

I had one slight problem. I didn't know where a MAC machine was located. A little old man walked by me and I stopped him.

"Where's a MAC machine," I asked

him. "I need money right now."

He turned pale and ran away. New Yorkers are strange, though.

I saw lots of trees and even more policemen. I knew I was near Central Park. So, I ran into a fancy hotel that was overlooking the park to call my parents. As usual, they weren't home. I sat my weary body on a long, elaborate bench. An older woman, about 40-ish, sat down close to me--almost into my skin.

I told her that I was alone with no money and no place to stay. She gave me a hug and offered me a warm bed to sleep in. I remember my mother telling me to never sleep with strangers, so I turned down her offer.

I just took out my MAC card and started looking at it. I turned it over and LO AND BEHOLD, A 1-800 NUMBER. I called it and an angelic voice told me where to get some money. I bought a train ticket and the rest is history. But I learned a lesson.

It's better not to mix beer and modern art.

Be smart...Don't start.

## LIVE IN THE GALLERY LOUNGE SPRING 1989

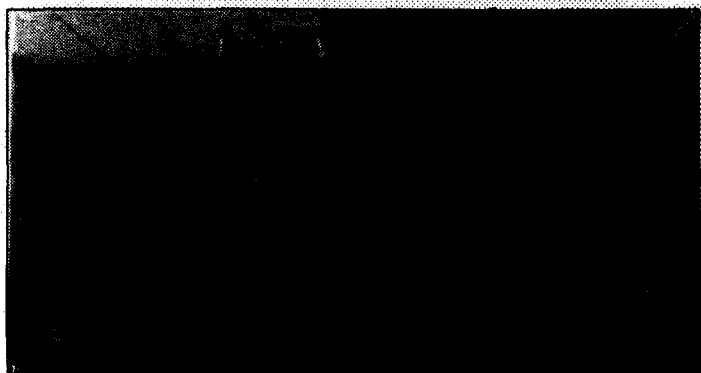
All concerts will be held in the Gallery Lounge at 12:05 to 12:50 p.m. and are FREE and open to the public.

Thursday, March 9 - MARIE BALDYS - Solo  
Music of the 60's /70's  
piano, guitar, vocal

Monday March 13 - HARVI GRIFFIN - Solo  
Bach to Rock  
harp

Wednesday, April 12 - KEN KLINE AND ROGER SCHILLER - Duo  
Classical, Rags & Broadway Songs  
Piano

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Ryck Kaiser (Left) and Henry Koretzky in A Recent Performance

photo by Lucille Corto-Palmer

## Real Men Use Microwaves

*Douglas T. Lawrence*

I saw my first in 1979, in a country club kitchen. It looked like a piece of hospital equipment--a sterilizer. Now, about a decade later, I couldn't live without it. At least two out of three homes in America houses a microwave.

I read in promotional materials that October has been designated International Microwave Month (by whom I'm not sure). I should have seen it coming. Americans are attracted to the promise of speed.

The maximum time for the average American male to spend cooking is ten minutes. That's a fact.

Microwaving--now there's a verb--is just another way to heat. The radiation penetrates to about one and a half inches. The rest of the cooking is accomplished by conduction. The microwaves are attracted to sugar and fat, just like us.

I'm certain good cooking can be done by microwaving, gourmet even. However, this is not the microwave reality. Microwave reality is popcorn and plastic bags, precooked messes, rubbery treats and pallid potatoes.

Microwavers brag about their easy potatoes. A "waved" baked potato is like an oven-baked potato, but holographed. It looks the same, yet the

subtle differences (the smell of browned skin) are gone.

Ah ha, the browning pan. Don't be fooled, this is only cosmetic. Then they add crisping agents, unsuccessfully.

I couldn't bear not being able to use the magic box for more than reheating coffee. I recently finished reading a gourmet microwave cookbook, an obvious attempt to pick the pockets of those spaghetti yuppies. I had tasted one wonderful microwave dish, quiche. It was quick and easy, as if you were used to making it regularly. The only difference being that you wouldn't need to learn the "other way."

Microwaves entertain as well as cook--kind of like television. Some models revolve on a carousel. You sometimes see the show melting or expanding through a screen. The younger generation also entertains placing insects to be waved, a counter-top exterminator.

I'm really still wondering if Sting bleached his hair by sticking his head in a microwave. I haven't figured out how to activate it with the door open.

All-in-all, I couldn't have invested \$99 more wisely. Lukewarm tubers and popcorn-in-an-instant have not hindered my college career any.

### Staff Positions Available For Fall Semester

The Capital Times is accepting applications for the following positions: Editor-in-Chief, Managing Editor, News Editor, Business Manager and Advertising Manager for next semester. All applicants are asked to submit a cover letter, resume and samples of their writing to the Capital Times Office, W-337 for consideration. All positions require good communications skills, the ability to work with people, a working knowledge of Microsoft Word and Page-Maker software systems and the ability to meet deadlines. In order to be considered for the position candidates must work on one issue with the editor in that position. Positions open to all students.