

Like Zeus upon Olympus, "The First American" sits upon his stoney perch somewhere outside of Philadelphia -- a key in one hand, manuscript in the other -- pretty putti all about. What's really on his capacious mind?

--Well, yes, let us see now. . . Hmmm. How can I make a splash at the Really, Really Big Lit/Lang End-of-Year Workshop Bash, this Friday April 25th, 4:30 in G-208? What can I bring that will make me look smarter than my neighbors? Better than the Mother country? What can I do to act my part as unassuming but brilliant Poor Richard? Yes, yes. I shall need a new quip. No one smiles at 'A Penny Earned' any more. I wonder do I look fat today? Shall I wear glasses or no? Ten minutes late? Twenty?

--Most generously I will share my life wisdom with the gathering.

--and I shall wear my silver-buckled shoes!

--I will flirt shamelessly.

--I hope they serve French food.

Meanwhile, some of Ben's associates offer suggestions.

Andrew Bradford: --Do bring the ROYAL Governor of New Jersey? Oops! I forgot you wrote him out of your will.

Anis Boudinot Stockton: --If lightning's in the Air / Don't forget to slick your hair.

Geo. Washington: --Good golly, Ben. No Harmonium this time -- just show up.



THE BIG MAN