Frost Farm Picnic

The mid-conference picnic is the centerpiece of the day off. Located at Frost Farm, about 1.5 miles from the Bread Loaf Inn, the event will be followed by a talk on Robert Frost by John Elder, co-editor of the *Norton Anthology of Nature Writing*. Afterward, participants can tour Frost’s summer cabin.

John Elder will explore the ways in which Robert Frost’s unusual acuteness as an observer of nature informed his poetry. Just as Frost’s poems often illuminate patterns in the forests surrounding Bread Loaf, so too an awareness of the seasons and natural succession in northern New England can deepen the meaning of his poetry for a reader.

The picnic begins today at 12:30 p.m. While many participants take a leisurely walk down to Frost Farm, those who need a ride in a Bread Loaf van may meet in front of the Inn at 12:15 p.m. For those unable to hike the hill from the picnic area to the Frost cabin, a car will be available for a ride to the top (please let the Back Office know before the picnic if you will want a ride up). The picnic area will include portable restroom facilities.

Please note: If the weather prevents us from holding this event, we’ll post new information on the front door of the Dining Hall today by 11:00 a.m.

To reach the Frost Farm, turn right from the Inn porch and walk .7 miles down Route 125. Turn right at the sign for Frost Road; the farm is roughly .8 miles up the road. Those walking should plan to leave around 12:00.

If you are unable to attend the picnic at Frost Farm today, please sign up for an on-campus meal. The sign-up sheet will be posted near the Back Office until 10:00 a.m.

Faculty, Fellows Needed

Faculty and fellows are encouraged to sign up to serve lunch on Wednesday, August 21. Few conference traditions elicit the enthusiasm and dread of the special day when the wait staff takes a breather.

A sign-up sheet is located in the Back Office. Please sign up by 12:00 p.m. on Tuesday. Server training will begin at 12:15 p.m. on August 21. You’ll need to wear shoes that cover your toes.
ANNOUNCEMENTS

PICNIC PARKING
If you drive to the picnic, be sure to lock your car if you're parked on Route 125, as the Frost Farm is a public space.

BLUE PARLOR SIGN UP
The last round of sign-up sheets are up today! You have a chance to sign-up for ¡Abuelas! and Other Relatives on Wednesday, Nonfiction Parlor on Thursday morning, or From the Dark Tower on Friday.

VISIT THE PRINTER’S CABIN
Interested in letterpress and vintage printing? There will be an informal visit to the Bread Loaf Printer’s Cabin on Tuesday, August 20 from 1:30-2:00. Meet Katherine Branch Collier on the front porch of the Inn at 1:30.

CALLING ALL WOODLAND NYMPHS, ELVES, TROLLS for a Celebration Monday, August 19th. Indulge the senses at the stream at the end of the path across from the Inn around 3:45 p.m. provided the weather is good. Contact Shelly Scaletta for further information.

MISSING GLASSES!
I’ve misplaced my glasses perhaps in the Little Theatre, the Barn or the Blue Parlor. If you come across them, please do let me know. Cecily #2349

CHECK YOUR MAILBOX
You know, there may be something in there waiting for you.

The Blue Parlor is Warming My Heart

By Mario Zambrano

Guys, if you haven't been to a BP Reading yet, let me tell you. The readers are ripping it up in there (no, I don't mean the carpet). I’m talking about prose and poetry that’s coming from the deepest source—the heart. So what more can you ask for?

This afternoon we’re kicking off our first themed reading: Travel and Place at 5:30 p.m. in the Blue Parlor. Julia Strayer, Susan Anastasi, Sari Fordham, Annita Sawyer, Mark Price, Sarah Gauch, John Leighton, Natalie Eaton, Kafah Bachari, and Laura Lee Huttenbach will read. Come on over and show your support.

Readers, remember, spread the word by making announcements in your workshop. Yesterday we had Helena Maria Viramontes, Michelle Hoover, and Amina Gautier show up to the morning reading—it was quite a treat to see them there. (No pressure faculty and fellows).

Tomorrow there will be a Poetry Parlor Reading at 11:00 a.m., and — sigh—no reading in the afternoon due to the much-anticipated Book Signing.

Writer’s Cramp Race

By the time many of you recover from last night’s dance, the Writer’s Cramp will be decided. The annual race, which commences at 8:00 a.m. next to the Annex, pits Bread Loafers against each other, themselves, and an inviting 2.7 mile course. Runners of all skill levels should meet by the front porch of the Annex by 7:45 a.m. A map is provided on page 5 of this issue.

Second Waiter Reading Tonight

Tonight at 9:30 p.m. in the Little Theatre, the second waiter readings will give Conference participants a chance to hear fiction, poetry, and nonfiction by this year’s waiters. These special readings are often the most highly anticipated of the Conference.

Sally Wen Mao, Bryan Castille, Julia Yost, Lauren Johnson, Conor Burke, Celia Bell, Lydia Conklin, Julia Jackson, Mario Ariza, Chaney Kwak, Casey Quinn, Jessamine Chan, Beth Lyons and Nicholas Boggs. will read their from their work.
VISITORS

Join us in welcoming the following visitors to the mountain:

Kevin Craft
Abe Streep

The following visitors leave the mountain today:

Stuart Bernstein
E. Emerson Blake
Patrick Donnelly
Tarfia Faizullah
Katherine Fausset
Ru Freeman
Jenna Johnson
PJ Mark
Jamaal May
Fiona McCrae
Martha Rhodes
Jeffrey Shotts
G.C. Waldrep
Mitchell Waters

FIRE SAFETY

Just a friendly reminder from the Front Desk that hot pots and kettles should not be used in campus housing.

A History of Bread Loaf’s
From the Dark Tower Reading

The title of this reading comes from the poem by Countée Cullen, in which he addresses the way discussions of ethnicity are often kept in the dark. He rallies for elevating such communication to a tower, whereby all can hear and benefit. In this spirit, ten years ago, writers of color at Bread Loaf began to hold readings in their rooms and over the last many years the reading has grown, with the Blue Parlor acting as host. The sign-up sheet will be posted Tuesday morning at 8:00 a.m. and all writers of color here at Bread Loaf are invited to sign up. This reading has been among the most popular at the conference and we invite everyone on the mountain to attend the reading on Friday, August 24 at 10:10 a.m. in the Blue Parlor, carrying on this longstanding Bread Loaf tradition.

FROM THE DARK TOWER

We shall not always plant while others reap
The golden increment of bursting fruit,
Not always countenance, abject and mute,
That lesser men should hold their brothers cheap;
Not everlastingly while others sleep
Shall we beguile their limbs with mellow flute,
Not always bend to some more subtle brute;
We were not made to eternally weep.
The night whose sable breast relieves the stark,
White stars is no less lovely being dark,
And there are buds that cannot bloom at all
In light, but crumple, piteous, and fall;
So in the dark we hide the heart that bleeds,
And wait, and tend our agonizing seeds.

—Countée Cullen

WEATHER WITH JAY “WEATHER LION” FERGUSON

83° HIGH / 58° LOW

PHONE BOOTH READING SERIES

Announcing the Breadbox Reading Series. Three readers, 5 minutes each, every night at 7:45. Contact Madebo Fatunde, mfatunde@gmail.com
FROM “THEY ONLY LOOK LIKE THEY’RE SMILING”

By Venita Blackburn

Blabber mouth Vicki caught me talking to the turtle tank in the break room. Now everybody knows and is making a big deal out of my days as an animal physiotherapist. We’re all trying to save something here. No one works at a not-for-profit out of total selfishness, just mostly selfishness. I don’t even know what or whom we’re trying to save anymore, victims of natural disasters, ostriches with mange, that same boy they’ve been showing on TV commercials for twenty years crying with a fly in the corner of his eye, or cats with gimp paws. I shrug. They’re all in the pool of great and awful pity, and we’re all at the edges cheering them on, filling the pool to the brim with our tears and palm sweat. It gives us purpose. The only thing I like about Vicki is that she gets it. I hate just about everything else. She happens to have diarrhea of the mouth, so I can’t talk to her about anything at all and not feel like I just cc-ed the entire office. It was Vicki’s whole effing idea to do a company trip to the marine park, which we had to pay for out of pocket including transportation/lodging. It ended the way it always ended. Everyone nose-dived into the nearest bottle of liquor and turned into a gaggle of gushy, violent fornicating adolescents.

There is one person that understands why I talk to the turtle. Erika smells good like a baby’s head, so she never goes on dates or anything because people just want to protect her and ask her how she’s doing or bring her juice but not actually get close to her that way. She knows it. Sometimes she wears this ode de geriatric femme perfume that makes her look shorter and weak wristed, but the baby aroma comes through just fine still. I think she hopes mixing her scent with an old woman will balance things off, but uh uh. Erika is in love with Caleb whom is in love with Anne whom is our boss and has expressions that say oh no she didn’t but knuckles that look like they’ve made a few grown men brush lips with the concrete, so we all love Anne for hiring mostly women to work in an organization that probably helps struggling women in this country or another with micro-loans, quite possibly, but I am no longer sure.