“...and now it is news of the outside world which feels unreal.”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30 A.M. - 8:30 A.M.</td>
<td>Breakfast, Bread Loaf Inn</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 A.M.</td>
<td>Lecture: “Rules to Write By,” by Cheryl Strayed, Little Theatre</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:10 A.M.</td>
<td>From the Dark Tower Reading, Blue Parlor</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30 A.M. - 1:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Lunch, Bread Loaf Inn</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30 P.M. - 3:30 P.M.</td>
<td>All Workshops Meet</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:15 P.M.</td>
<td>Reading: Amanda Coplin, Ross Gay, Kristiana Kahakauwila, and Chinelo Okparanta, Little Theatre</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 5:30 P.M. | • One Minute in Heaven Reading, Little Theatre  
• Special Talk: “The Craft of Travel Writing,” With Matthew Power and Abe Streep, Barn 1 | |
| 6:30 P.M. - 8:00 P.M. | Dinner, Bread Loaf Inn | |
| 8:15 P.M. | Reading: Michael Collier and Ted Conover, Little Theatre | |
| 9:30 P.M. - 12:00 A.M. | • Bread Loaf 2013: A Slide Show Retrospect, Barn  
• Dance, Barn | |

**All Workshops Meet at 1:30 p.m.**

Please note these locations for our final day of workshops. Vans will leave from the front of the Inn at 1:15 p.m., taking participants to workshops at Earthworm and Homer Noble Farm.

- Charles Baxter – Barn Classroom 5
- Linda Bierds – Barn Classroom 6
- Robert Boswell – Earthworm
- Michael Byers – Little Theatre
- Christopher Castellani – Upstairs in Library (back end of building)
- Vikram Chandra – Upstairs in Library (front end of building)
- Michael Collier – Frothingham Cottage
- Ted Conover – Barn Classroom 2
- Stacey D’Erasmo – Blue Parlor
- Terrance Hayes – Barn Classroom 4
- Sally Keith – Barn East Classroom
- Randall Kenan – Tamarack Living Room
- James Longenbach – Fritz Cottage
- Antonya Nelson – Treman Living Room
- Lia Purpura – Barn Classroom A
- Joanna Scott – Homer Noble Farm
- Alan Shapiro – Inn West Seminar
- Tom Sleigh – Barn, main room
- Cheryl Strayed – Library, main floor
- Helena Maria Viramontes – Barn Classroom 3
- Ellen Bryant Voigt – Barn Classroom 1

Please note: Poets and nonfiction writers arrive for lunch at 11:30 a.m. Fiction writers arrive for lunch at 12:00 p.m.

**Dance and Slide Show**

Bread Loafers, tonight at 9:30 p.m. in the Barn, we’ll congregate for a little fun. We start with a slide show featuring photos from throughout the conference. But don’t get too misty-eyed about the end of Bread Loaf, because it’s not over until the last dance is done. Remember: bring your ID!
Express Your Gratitude

If you would like to tip the waitstaff or housekeeping (which we strongly encourage), you may do so by leaving money in an envelope at the Front Desk. For housekeeping staff tips, please make sure the building name and room number are on the envelope. Please hand in all tips to the Front Desk by 8:30 p.m. on Friday.

The Bread Loaf Waiter Song

Lonely waiter gazing at a computer
Staring at a draft that he just can't touch
If at any time he's in the barn, he'll drink booze till dawn
But he doesn’t realize it hurts him so much
But all the coffee just ain’t helping at all
‘Cause he can’t seem to find the plot of his novel
So he goes out and he seeks Charles Baxter the best way he knows how
Another waiter for Bread Loaf in the summer

(Listen to me)

CHORUS:
Don’t go chasing writer’s block
Please stick to the Adirondack chair that you’re used to
I know Cheryl Strayed is gonna take you right out of this world
Don't make Noreen rip out her hair
Little poet has a natural obsession for Terrance Hayes
But she just can't see
She writes metaphors that her workshop can't handle
And all they can say is “You don’t get poetry”
One day she goes and takes a glimpse in the mirror
But she doesn’t recognize her own face
Tom Sleigh is laughing and she doesn’t know why
Too many cocktails at Shapiro’s place

(ya’ll don’t hear me?!)
From the Dark Tower and One-Minute in Heaven is Happening Today!

From the Dark Tower and One-Minute in Heaven is Happening Today!

Bread Loafers, the From The Dark Tower Reading is happening this morning at 10:10 a.m. in the Blue Parlor. This is a reading you do not want to miss. It’s a tradition here at Bread Loaf and it’s sure to be a captivating event. Phillip Williams, Jason Rochz, Amina Gautier, Kristen Gentry, Ayodele A., Anjanette Delgado, C. C. Perry, Charly Kwak, Michelle Whittaker, Tomas Morin, Michelle P., and Jonterri Gadson will surely bring the house down.

Also, don’t miss the One-Minute in Heaven Reading at 5:30 p.m. in the Little Theater. Fifty readers, one minute each—you can’t beat it.

Yesterday in the Blue Parlor, we kicked off the first Nonfiction Parlor Reading in Bread Loaf history. Ted Conover, Cheryl Strayed, Lia Purpura, and Elyssa East showed up, and it was an incredible event.

This is your last chance. Come to a Blue Parlor Reading and see what all the buzz is about.

VISITORS
The following visitors leave the mountain today:
Louise Glück
Ladette Randolph
Janet Silver
Bill Roorbach
Robert Pinsky

RE: THIS IS JUST TO SAY
by Ross McMeekin

For Sebastian Stockman, Roommate

Your use of my detergent: an invitation to greater intimacy

True brothers, separated at birth, now share everything

Your clean clothes fit better than my dirty ones
“Let’s try again,” said the small, serious man beside you. His voice sounded kind – maybe too kind – as if he were making a special effort to protect your feelings. “How many weeks are there in a year?” The room was empty except for a wooden table, your two chairs, and a dented, gray metal bookcase with some old magazines stacked on its shelves. The table stretched almost the entire length of a bare, cream-colored wall. A worn black briefcase, stuffed with papers, lay open on its side near the table’s far edge. An old-fashioned window with lead-lined panes let in dim light. Outside the glass, a thick safety-screen smudged the view of a hazy, late summer sky. “Could I please have a minute to think about it?” You moved your chair, straightened your hair, checked the pencil, looked out the window and around the room.

6-South had all kinds of patients, but none of them frightened you. There was a beautiful concert pianist, a woman who worked in publishing, and a stockbroker. There was a prostitute and an anesthesiologist. There was a nurse who got into trouble from handling too many pills and a teenager whose parents were psychoanalysts. There were even identical twins who traded off which one was hospitalized. They never came in at the same time.

A few patients were still students like you, without jobs or careers. One had been in the honors program at her college and made perfect scores on her SATs. Another came from a special boarding school for gifted students. You were twenty and hadn’t finished high school. You tried not to think about that.
FROM LOS ANGELES, TO ASHEVILLE

by Nathan McClain

How silent this neighborhood is.
How vacant an silent.
And thank God it is, that it isn't

Los Angeles, where there is very little
--scratch that, nothing--
that you miss. What could you miss?

Certainly not the noise
of semi after semi
dragging their big tankers

along the slow lane of the 10 freeway, the 405.
Not the erratic sprinklers
which, by now, have stopped hissing.

Not the ugly, brown grass.
It’s Wednesday.
You’d take Watseka to walk to work.

The cross outside St. Mary’s would still be lit,
the organist warming the organ,
tapping the pedals, gently, with his foot.

Most cars on the Wednesday side
of the street would be gone--to clear a path
for the street sweeper. To avoid a pink slip

pinned beneath your windshield wiper,
fluttering, the way sadness flutters,
to get your attention.

No one would miss that.
On Cardiff, you’d pass the miserable bedroom set
someone set out on the lawn,

or you were the bedroom set:
mattress, dresser and nightstand
(both missing drawers), body-length mirror

(half the glass smashed out)--
wasn’t that funny, though, how
unfinished you appeared? But not here;

here there are no toilet bowls
stacked in front of an apartment building,
no pot-holed roads.

There’s no Farmer’s Market on 3rd street
serving stuffed crepes
you never tasted, that you missed.

It isn’t raining. In Los Angeles,
it rained the night prior
to your leaving.

So why can’t you sleep? Isn’t the silence
enough? How much more
could you possibly need?

WEATHER

LION JAY

77° HIGH
50° LOW
SUNNY

Norton Girault
Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference
Bakeless-Camargo Foundation
Residency Fellows

Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference is pleased to announce the establishment of an annual residency fellowship program at the Camargo Foundation in Cassis, France, available annually beginning May 2014. The Bakeless-Camargo Residency Fellowships support a month’s stay at the Camargo Foundation, providing an apartment as well as stipends for travel and food. Funded by the Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference Katharine Bakeless Nason Endowment and co-sponsored by the Camargo Foundation, this exciting new residency program creates a partnership between two literary arts organizations that have long and distinguished histories of helping writers develop their craft and of providing the time and space in which to complete significant projects. The 2014 Bakeless-Camargo Fellows will be chosen from applications received from Bread Loaf Writer’s Conference participants who have attended the Conference between 2008-2013. Applicants who have previously received a Bread Loaf Fellowship, Tuition Scholarship, or Bread Loaf-Rona Jaffe Foundation Scholarship are not eligible. Complete information regarding deadlines, application forms and fees as well as more detailed criteria will be posted on the Bread Loaf website in September, 2013.

The Comics of Norton Girault