

A LOAF OF BREAD AND THOU

"Bread making has just got to move from niche and geek. It's going to go through an artisanal thing, we're going to charge a shit-ton for it, and then it's got to go into your every day, and you're good." – Adam Leonti of Brooklyn Bread Lab, February 8, 2016

THE FLOUR

Produced from wheat grown on a half-acre field in Idaho, cultivated using only mindfully hewn legacy wooden plows drawn by supportively raised Sicilian water buffaloes. This agricultural site is unique in the continental United States: not only is it at least 100 miles from the nearest Walmart, but during germination the wheat plants are shielded by the mountain topography from any radio station broadcasting either country music or Rush Limbaugh. The ripened grain is differentially harvested using hand-cast bronze scythes and then ground between naturally cooled basalt millstones that deviate from perfect flatness by less than 0.03 microns, rotated by steam power generated with virgin Ogallala aquifer water (EPA exemption on file) and sun-dried bison dung. The resulting flour is packed into biodegradable sacks empathetically stitched by Native American craftswomen, sealed with non-GMO abyssal kelp mucilage, purged with nitrogen extracted only above 12,000 feet in the Peruvian Andes, transported exclusively via zero-emission electric vehicles to our distribution center above a former yogic flying school, and brought the last mile to the bakery in Brooklyn by Stu, on his cargo bicycle made of non-judgmentally hacked-down lactose-free bamboo.

THE YEAST

Propagated since 1285 in the crypt of a Carthusian monastery in Liechtenstein, in a sealed underground room with a measured air exchange rate of less than 3.8 cubic meters per decade. Spores are individually selected (spore names and artist statements will be microengraved onto each loaf), transferred into hand-blown glass vials and packaged into custom-fitted boxes crafted from sympathetically felled teak and lined with compassionately skinned Malaysian vole fur. Each box travels on its own first-class seat to JFK airport in New York, and is then hand-carried through customs and

delivered to us by Stu (who, for this critical operation, rides a fixie assembled by solar welding from tubing made of Bolivian aluminum, refined using hydroelectric power from bauxite ore thoughtfully mined by retired fair-trade coca growers. Or his Mom gives him a ride.)

THE WATER

Sourced from a single spring (location confidential, but definitely nowhere near Flint, Michigan) and collected only on moonless nights to prevent free radical formation due to UV irradiation. Decanted into repurposed glass bottles that were previously used for organic goat's milk and have been sterilized with ethanol quadruple-distilled from artisanal brown rice grown in Louisiana (location also confidential, but absolutely nowhere near all those petrochemical plants. Honest). The closures are hand-whittled from Brazilian balsa wood (nobody in Brazil gives a rat's ass about trees so they just chop the damn things down with a chainsaw, OK?) by recovering meth addicts paid a living wage at an undisclosed location in Arkansas (but absolutely positively nowhere near a Walmart. No, really). Stu has some weird issues with water that he can't talk about, so FedEx just leaves the bottles behind the dumpster out back.

THE SALT

We don't know where Stu finds it but the package looks really cool.

IF YOU HAVE TO ASK

\$375 per loaf, not including transport surcharges (Stu is a busy guy).

Production is limited to 12 loaves per week, and there is an eight-month waiting list which you're not on.

We strongly recommend a three-day fast to establish spiritual purity before even opening the bag, and for peak experiential value we suggest a complete gastrointestinal purge followed by confession, penance, and absolution.

Please consult our staff for recommendations regarding the alloy content and blade profile of your slicing knife, as well as appropriate hardwood varieties, seasoning procedures, and responsibly synthesized adhesives used to make its handle and your cutting board.

The temperature, relative humidity, atmospheric particulate concentration, electromagnetic interference intensity, and karmic charge alignment in the immediate slicing area must be within acceptable limits, otherwise this stuff will end up just tasting like bread.