Footstomping,
Hootenanny Expected in Barn Tonight; Clark Duo Certain to Be Cause

Tonight at 8:15 p.m. in the Barn, father-son duo Gary and Roland Clark will perform with several guests that you’ve already seen around the conference.

Gary Clark is the director of the Vermont Studio Center, and has been a long-time Bread Loaf visitor. In recent years, his son Roland has been joining him, and they have been entertaining audiences in the Barn.

Craft Class Cavalcade

Participants celebrated Tuesday when craft classes returned to the schedule, resulting in a Barn packed with eager listeners and participants. Craft classes continue today with six more intimate classes.

Building Character: Why Be Likeable When You Can Be Interesting?, with Christopher Castellani – Barn Classroom 1

Howling in Tune, with Jamie Quatro – Barn Classroom 5

The Problem of Research and Authenticity, with Ben Stroud – Barn Classroom 4

Profile Writing, with Abe Streep – Barn Classroom A

You Couldn't Sound Like Anyone But You: Obstacles to Voice, with Samuel Amadon – Barn Classroom 3

How to Put a Manuscript Together, with Tom Sleigh – Barn Classroom 2

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

FROM THE FRONT DESK
The Front Desk is able to accept boxes/packages for shipping until 6pm on Friday evening. Packing tape is available for purchase in the bookstore and empty boxes may possibly be found through the bookstore, kitchen or recycling areas. This will come in handy for all those books you’ve just bought.

PROOF YOUR NAME
Please stop by the Blue Parlor today to check your listing in the Bread Loaf directory and make any changes needed. The directory will be available for proofing through 10:00 p.m. today. We will then revise the listing and send it to you by e-mail by the end of the Conference.

AGENT AND EDITOR MEETINGS: DON’T BE SHY!
Many editors and agents have packed schedules and it is easy to lose track of time, so go ahead and let them know when you arrive for your appointment. Don’t spend your meeting time waiting for someone else’s conversation to wrap up.

RIDE-SHARE BULLETIN BOARD
If you are willing to offer a ride on departure day, note your name on the carpooling sheet posted near the dining hall. Those looking for a ride can then contact you to make a plan.

LOOKING FOR NEWS. ALWAYS.
The Crumb is looking for news, reviews, or letters to the editor. Send submissions to us at blcrumb@gmail.com.

¡Abuelas! and Other Relatives Reading at the Blue Parlor

by Mario Zambrano

We’ve all done it before, right? Written a story or poem about a family relative, or an extended family even. So why not come down to the Blue Parlor this afternoon at 5:30 p.m. and listen to our line-up of readers sharing work on exactly that topic. Idrissa Simmonds, Brooks Rexroat, Cindy Veach, Daryln Hoffstot, Mary Wasmuth, Bob Bowie, Grace Spulak, Is  abel Choi, Linda Martin, and Matthew O’Connell will surely make it worth your while.

Tomorrow will be the inaugural Nonfiction Parlor Reading at 11:00 a.m. Let me tell you, I’m quite excited about this. Never in Bread Loaf history has there been a nonfiction parlor reading, so guys, let’s make this one shine. Please spread the word so we can make this a sure success.

See you there.

Questions, concerns, high fives, bones to pick? Contact Blue Parlor Coordinator Mario Zambrano

CAPTION CONTEST

Do you have a caption for this drawing by Terrance Hayes? Drop us a note at blcrumb@gmail.com
Invitation to a Dialogue: The Booksellers’ Tale


To the Editor:

Bookselling is an industry suffering through the tribulations of digital transformation as e-books and Amazon have upended longstanding business models and put new emphasis on price. Enter the Justice Department and a judge who agreed in a stunning decision last month that five publishers and Apple, a new entrant in the field of bookselling, conspired to fix prices as they tried to constrain a deep-pocketed competitor, Amazon, from controlling the market with unsustainably low prices.

In the meantime, readers had learned that books could be cheap if ordered online, while the nation’s bookstores were becoming showrooms where some consumers browsed then ordered elsewhere, sometimes from their phones right outside (or even inside) the store. Something needed fixing, to be sure. Publishers, hoping to rescue the bookselling infrastructure that had sustained them for decades, needed another new model and looked to Apple to increase competition and level the playing field.

I was an independent bookseller in the early 1990s during the rise of the book “superstore,” so the showrooming phenomenon was nothing new to me. When a superstore moved nearby, customers started “shopping” in our store, browsing, seeking advice, then leaving without making a purchase. Suspicious, we started following them on their beeline to Barnes & Noble, where they inevitably bought the book we had recommended at a discount we couldn’t afford to give. Dispirited, we closed our store. Now Barnes & Noble and all brick-and-mortar bookstores face the same circumstance.

Your local bookstore can’t survive as a showroom. The Justice Department apparently wants you to have cheap book prices above all else. But isn’t there a bigger picture?

We vote at the polls, but also with our wallets. What is the value of the best book you’ve ever read? Can you even put a price on it?
Excerpt from “American Jukebox,” novel-in-process
by Len Joy

Tommy was nearly finished with his breakfast when Marcus returned with a large manila envelope. He stood at the end of Tommy’s table – he couldn’t have wedged into the booth even if he’d wanted to – as Tommy opened the envelope. Inside was a photo of Tommy standing in front of the church van with his arm around Mabel Anne Tabbington. Tommy remembered Mabel Anne’s husband Günter taking the picture with his instamatic camera when Tommy and his Meals on Wheels crew delivered hot meals to them last month.

“Your looking out for Mabel Anne.”

“Mabel Anne your kin?” Tommy asked.

“Hell no. She’s my wife’s cousin.”

“Well they’re having some hard times, what with Günter being disabled.”

“Disabled, my ass. Those Tabbingtons are all no account. Allergic to work, that’s Günter’s disability.”

“Well thank you very much for this photo. This is providential. In my sermon I’m going to discuss our meals program. I want us to hire a fulltime driver so I can devote more time to feeding their spiritual—”

“You betcha, Reverend. Well I gotta get going. Hogs don’t wait for no man.”

Chrissy refilled Tommy’s coffee cup. “You don’t need to hire a driver, Reverend. A fine looking man like you needs to get hisself married. Then you’d have a full-time driver.”

Tommy could feel his face getting hot.

“The Reverend don’t want that kind of driving, Chrissy,” Marcus said.

FROM "STAMPEDE"

Phillip Williams

II.
A running horse at the end of its final lap collapses just before the finish line into a ball of meat breaking dust from the track, passed by other horses who are taken by the sound of their hooves and obligated to bear the small men on their backs while cameras flash like the pout of a gun that, years later, will put the losing horse down with its single applause.

III.
At a derby, a horse chewed up the wreath of roses meant to crown the winner of the race. Petals, slippery from horse spit, glided down her muzzle onto the shoe of a little boy who wanted nothing more than to pet the giant snout with his working hand, the other hand frozen, fingers assaulting the palm as though all they wanted, more than duty, was to see themselves in the hoof of their ever-locked grip. No one had loved his body so it learned to love itself. Fingernails dug into the palm, the palm accepted this pain as affection.

WEATHER LION JAY

89° high
61° low
isolated thunder storms

FACULTY, FELLOWS TO WAIT

Faculty and fellows will serve as honorary waiters during lunch today, which begins at 1:00 p.m. following a rigorous server training program. The Crumb invites all participants to review the quality of the service they receive. E-mail reviews to blcrumb@gmail.com.

Training for faculty and fellows who will be serving will begin at 12:15 p.m. Wednesday. It is important that all participating faculty and fellows wear closed-toed shoes.
**THIS IS JUST TO SAY**

by Sebastian Stockman

For Ross McMeekin, roommate

I have used
the laundry detergent
that was on
your dresser

and which
you were probably
saving
for your clothes

Forgive me
it was so useful
my clothes were so dirty
and I am so cheap

---

**TODAY’S TRIVIA QUESTION**

Q: Which of these items was NOT found in the Little Theatre by the techs before or after a reading?

- water bottle
- sunglasses
- candy wrapper
- live frog
- bug spray
- pen
- sweater
- toothbrush
- glasses case
- nectarine core
- hairband

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**EXCERPT FROM "HUNTING SEASON"
by Shelley Scaletta**

Shifting into reverse Gil pulled out of the driveway. Beside him his grandmother pursed her lips and worked her cheeks, making an intimate wet and squishy sound that made Gil squirm. Beneath her thin nylon jacket Gert’s Kissimmee Cloud sweatshirt was faded and her brass-rimmed glasses were too large for her face, men’s glasses really, that she had bought at the pharmacy from one of those twirl-about racks, too tired to look for something more. The skin on her face was weathered, marked by sun-spots and gouged by deep lines, especially around her lips where they were drawn tight from incessant sucking on Parliament Lights. Gert wasn’t tall - five foot four, maybe five-five, a scrappy pile of bone and muscle - but her presence was large and her odor was ripe. She smelled like stale tobacco and Gold Bond powder but most of all she reeked of disappointment and contempt. It was a rancid smell that seemed to ferment in the depths of her belly and ooze from her pores. Sometimes Gil imagined he could see her stench rising like steam around her, burnt orange in color and corrosive, making things turn. To Gil, Gert had smelled this way for thirteen years, from the moment Susie, Gil’s mom, had dropped him off on Gert’s doorstep when he was five years old, never to be seen or heard from again. Susie had left him with nothing, just a sticky kiss laced with the scent of brandy and forty dollars pinned to the front of his overalls like some sort of delivery tag. That was one month after Gil’s dad had been deployed for the first time and in the beginning Gert’s smell wasn’t so strong; there was just a hint of disdain in the air, like a warning that forced Gil into a quiet state of submission while he and his grandmother waited for Susie’s return.

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**LETTER TO THE CRUMB EDITOR**

Dear Crumb Ed.,

I’d like to see more coverage in the Crumb of the Breadloaf tennis scene. Did Gail get a game? Was it a decent match up? It is much harder for a strong player, she describes herself as a former "pro," to find an appropriate partner than it is for a writer to hook up with an editor or an agent.

What kind of courts do you have? I wonder if Gail would be interested in contributing a short notice or two about her tennis adventures on the Mountain?

My interest: merely that I’m a tennis playing writer who hopes to attend the conference myself. I’m the book critic of Long Island tennis magazine so both as a player and a critic, I’d love to see more coverage of the Breadloaf tennis scene in the Crumb.

Brent Shearer