“We report the news the way faculty and fellows serve lunch.”

**TODAY’S EVENTS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30 A.M.</td>
<td>Breakfast, Bread Loaf Inn</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00 A.M.</td>
<td>Lecture: “To Be Incarnational,” by Tom Sleigh, Little Theatre</td>
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<td>10:10 A.M.</td>
<td>Fiction Workshops</td>
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<td>11:00 A.M.</td>
<td>Blue Parlor Reading Series, Blue Parlor</td>
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<td>12:00 P.M. - 1:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Lunch, Bread Loaf Inn</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Talk Featuring Editors of New England Review and Ploughshares, Barn Classroom 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Craft Classes</td>
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<td>4:15 P.M.</td>
<td>Reading: Will Boast, Christine Byl &amp; Corinna Vallianatos, Little Theatre</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Gala Reception, Treman Lawn (rain location: Barn)</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00 P.M. - 8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Dinner, Bread Loaf Inn</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15 P.M.</td>
<td>Reading: Antonya Nelson &amp; Robert Pinsky, Little Theatre</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Staff Reading, Little Theatre</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30 P.M.</td>
<td>10th Year Celebration for Randy, Barn Pub</td>
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Craft Classes: The Final Chapter

Thursday is the final day of craft classes, with many Bread Loafers bemoaning that they have to end so soon. Handouts for some classes are available on the table outside the Back Office. Visit the sign-up sheets to secure yourself a space in one of these fine 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**

“Escape from the Lonely Planet:

Author and Editor discuss the Craft of Travel Writing

It may be a small world—and getting smaller—but that doesn’t mean that it’s any less mysterious, complicated, or worthy of exploration than in the past. What distinguishes the traveler from the tourist—engagement, curiosity, empathy—is also what separates great travel writing from tourist-brochure hyperbole or a laundry list of "what happened on my summer vacation." Travel writing is a powerful literary form that can transport and enlighten. The travel writer is both an experiential stand-in and an interpreter, going to parts of the world most readers will never see, both exploring and explaining their importance. Much of the best writing in this genre introduces the reader to an unexpected element—something chaotic, absurd, or wild—places, as the writer Tim Cahill put it, "beyond the guardrails.”

(continued page 5)
**ANNOUNCEMENTS**

**YOU CAN GO HOME AGAIN... REALLY, YOU HAVE TO**

If you have not yet made your reservation with Middlebury Transit, be sure to call them by noon today at 1-800-388-1002.

**PICK UP BOOKS ON CONSIGNMENT**

The bookstore is not open Saturday. If you have books on consignment, please pick them up by Friday at 5:30 p.m.

**CONFERENCE FEEDBACK FORMS**

Please check your mailbox for a Conference feedback form. Take a few minutes before you leave the mountain to let us know about your experience at the Conference. We go over feedback forms carefully to see how things went and consider changes for the future. An envelope is posted outside the Back Office for completed forms.

**SHARE A RIDE**

Bread Loafers willing to share a ride—to the airport or to a far-flung destination—should leave their names on the carpooling sheet posted outside the Dining Hall. Those looking for a ride will contact you.

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**Tell The Truth But Tell It Slant**

*By Mario Zambrano*

The time to say goodbye is gaining on us, and it makes me blue to mention it. We have three more Blue Parlor Readings, ending with—drum roll—the One-Minute in Heaven Reading on Friday at 5:30 p.m. in the Little Theatre. Don’t forget about the From The Dark Tower Reading tomorrow morning at 10:10 a.m. in the Blue Parlor.

But today, at 11:00 a.m. in the Blue Parlor we kick off our very first Nonfiction Parlor Reading in Bread Loaf history!

Don’t miss it.

*Questions, concerns, high fives, bones to pick? Contact Mario*

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**Second Staff Reading Tonight, Possibly Too Hot to Handle**

Bread Loaf, the Little Theatre got so hot during Tuesday night’s staff reading that some observers thought it could catch fire. Will the Little Theatre be able to survive a second round of that kind of heat? We hope so, but tonight at 9:30 p.m. you’ll have to be on site to see if readers Chip Cheek, Meghan Dunn, Steven Kleinman, Alexandra Kleeman, Sonya Larson, Diana Khoi Nguyen and Cam Terwilliger.

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**CAPTION TITLE WINNER**

Caption title winner, Cindy Veach writes “Assuming this is Frost, a suggested caption is: Get off my lawn”. Runner up caption by Michael Byers: “Terrance Hayes does everything better than you.”
**VISITORS**
The following visitors leave the mountain today:
Robert Pinsky

The following visitors are leaving the mountain:
Ginger Murchison
Gary and Roland Clark

---

**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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**TODAY'S TRIVIA QUESTION**

Q: Which of these items was NOT found in the Little Theater by the techs before or after a reading?
- water bottle
- sunglasses
- candy wrapper
- live frog
- bug spray
- pen
- sweater
- toothbrush
- glasses case
- nectarine core

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**LETTER TO THE CRUMB EDITOR**

Dear Crumb Ed.,

I'd like to see more coverage in the Crumb of the Bread Loaf 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
Waiting tables at Bread Loaf isn’t as easy you might think. Waiter Steven Kleinman created comment cards for Wednesday’s lunch, and collects some of your reviews and suggestions below.

Tom Sleigh: “Don’t be afraid to show a little leg.”


Michelle Hoover: “Stop saying motherfucker all the time.”

Amina Gautier: “Far too kind. Needs to cultivate more arrogance.”

Terrance Hayes: “I would have appreciated more wild-ness, you know? In the description of the quiche.”

Elyssa East: “My server ate the crust off my quiche. I think she was pregnant.”

Joanna Scott: “Was very, very late”

Tiana Kahakauwila: “In the future she should wear rollerskates.”

Peter Heller: “Inadequately researched and sadly derivative of Michael Collier.”

Randall Keenan: “Cliche. Taking selfies!”


Your Completed Comment Cards

Child Laborer

Cheese!

“Bus your own table, Sweet Pea.”

Adorable
Shapiro/Gay Basketball Challenge Goes Unanswered

By Sebastian Stockman, Crumb Sportswriter, apparently

“It can’t believe the waiters aren’t even showing up,” Alan Shapiro said.

The poet and shooting guard was trading jump shots with Ross Gay. At yesterday’s faculty-served lunch, you’ll recall, Gay issued a challenge to anyone who wanted to take his and Shapiro’s “master class” in basketball. Framed as an open challenge, it was in fact directed at the trio of waiters Shapiro, Gay, and Terrance Hayes took to school Monday afternoon underneath Bread Loaf’s lonesome basketball hoop.

Jesse Donaldson, one of the defeated waiters, blamed the loss in part on his smoker’s lung, but Shapiro dismissed that excuse.

“I have a pacemaker!” Shapiro said, revealing his surgical scar.

While they’d thought the waiters might be reluctant to be embarrassed by their elders a second time, Shapiro and Gay were nevertheless befuddled.

“We have so much to lose,” Gay said.

“We have everything to lose!” Shapiro said.

“We have a perfect record.”

The old-timers spent a couple of minutes rehashing their victory of two days prior.

“They couldn’t defend the back screen,” Gay said.

“They didn’t even know what a screen was,” Shapiro added. “We had too much experience. We pass and cut, old school.”

But there was to be no passing Wednesday, as neither Donaldson nor Kai Carlson-Wee showed up to answer the call. One waiter, Keith Leonard, arrived late, and engaged in a desultory game of “21”.

It was a shame, Shapiro said, as the kids today could use another dose of humility.

“They all wanted to be the star,” he said. “They wanted to score, wouldn’t pass. We had no egos.”

Reached just before deadline, Carlson-Wee disputed some of the Gay/Shapiro account.

“I think they took some poetic license in describing their skills on the court,” Carlson-Wee said.

Still, it was hard not to think that the waiters were intimidated, Shapiro said.

“And you know,” he added. “I didn’t even dunk.”

(continued from page 1)

Harper’s contributing editor Matthew Power and Outside senior editor Abe Streep will discuss the role of the travel writer and the relationship between writer and editor in the creation of literary travel writing. The conversation will cover everything from formulating story ideas to narrative strategies, as well as practical advice from pitching editors to planning and financing travel.

If you plan on going to the talk tomorrow, August 23rd at 5:30 p.m. in the Little Theatre, pick up the handout from the table near the back office so you can read it beforehand.

ASK PHILLIP

Phillip wanted us to let you know that he is happy to take a question or two. Go on ahead and ask. Send questions to blcrumb@gmail.com

BOOKSTORE CLEARANCE SALE!

Before you leave the mountain be sure to stop by the bookstore for late arriving books and sale items. Get 20% off clothing, giftware and books. All sales are final. The sale takes place Thursday and Friday until 5:30 p.m. Keep in mind that if you purchase more than you can pack or carry, items can be mailed from the Front Desk. All shipping supplies except boxes are available for purchase and shipping services are offered until 5p.m. Friday.
EXCERPT FROM “THE ROAD TO MATHURA”  
Pragna Soni

In the first few months after the wedding, Ashok and Manjula wanted each other all the time. He found excuses to come home from work in the middle of the day when Kris would be at the office and Seetha at the market. At first, Manjula would be waiting for him in their small room, having sent the maid to run a meaningless errand. Eventually, she started waiting for him at the front door and would grab him through his pants before he had even crossed the threshold. Some days he would remove his tie and shirt in the car to save even those precious few moments when he walked in the door.

They made love in the heat of spring afternoons when the birds outside had tired from their morning songs and then later while the monsoon rains pounded the roof and left everything feeling wet for days. As soon as he put his hands between her legs and felt her moving against his fingers, he was completely lost in her. It was just a half hour at times, but it seemed to both stretch into hours and still feel unbearably short. Ashok was in love with his wife. Desperately. Completely. And, surprisingly for an arranged match.

EXCERPT FROM WHEN WE WERE GIRLS  
by Natalie Eaton

This is what else she told me: there will be a plain girl covered in blue that stands next to me, not real pretty because life is like that. She’ll do nice things for me, help me take off my overalls one leg at a time. Scoop the panties off the floor, secure a clean pad onto the seam of the crotch, tell me through closed lips how it’s better to do this before, no one will want to fuss with me later. I’ll realize how lucky I am because the same girl who rescues the panties will hold my hand the entire time. Her plain eyes are hypnotic, like the dark beneath the lake; they keep me down on the table. Her rigid fingers around the fat of my palm until a sense of calm wraps up and around my arm like voodoo. Of course this is what she’s hired for, to push me around with a zippered smile, all teeth. Jenna says they all look this way, the baby suckers.

Next my eyelids will soften because the Valium that the nurse fed me earlier will be speeding along my veins. All my parts loose like jelly. The doctor enters, washes his hands at a sink I can’t see. I’m splayed out, smooth against the silver table, covered with a paper sheet that you can almost see through; pick out my nipples. With her free hand, the plain girl will take great care to hoist my legs up onto the poles, then click the stirrups, but I’m not so ordinary, getting more wiggly with the meds, so she’s forced to press a button and we’re joined by another girl. This one will have angry hands and a different job: adjust my knees, fix the light, check my pulse, plug in the machine. There’s crackling from one corner of the room and everyone speaks at the same time. The plain girl will never stop squeezing my hand because it makes her feel important, this is her j-o-b; she can’t let me float away. Float too far away.

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 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