Final Workshops
Meet at 1:30 p.m.

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

Luis Alberto Urrea — Barn Classroom 3
Jane Alison — Library, main floor
Andrea Barrett — Barn Classroom 5
Eavan Boland — Little Theatre
Marianne Boruch — Library, first floor (back end of building)
Maud Casey — Schoolhouse
Michael Collier — Frothingham Cottage
Kate Daniels — Barn Classroom 4
Percival Everett — Treman Living Room
Ursula Hegi — Upstairs in Library (back end of building)
A. Van Jordan — Barn Observatory
Victor LaValle — Upstairs in Library (front end of building)
Margot Livesey — Blue Parlor
Josip Novakovich — Earthworm
C. E. Poverman — Tamarack Living Room
David Rivard — Barn, Main Room
Scott Russell Sanders — Barn Classroom 2
Danzy Senna — Homer Noble Farm
Alan Shapiro — Inn West Seminar
David Shields — Barn Classroom 6
Natasha Trethewey — 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 Slideshow

Bread Loafers, get those comfortable shoes on, and don those dancin’ duds. Tonight at 9:30 p.m. in the Barn, we’ll congregate for a little fun. We start with a slideshow 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. (Well, technically, it’s not over until after breakfast on Saturday.) The DJ will spin tunes as late as we can legally let him, which is midnight, and we’ll expect to see you throw down. Remember: bring your ID!
ANNOUNCEMENTS

YOGA RIGHT NOW
If you’re reading this before 7 a.m., head to the Library. Ani Raya-Flores, an L.A.-based yoga teacher is giving the conference’s final lesson. Namaste.

PICK UP BOOKS ON CONSIGNMENT
If you have books on consignment, please pick them up by Saturday at 12:00 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. The conference will also e-mail a link to an online feedback form, in case you prefer to complete it electronically.

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.

PLEASE RETURN LIBRARY BOOKS
If you borrowed library books, please be sure to return them before 4:00 p.m. today.

New England Review Announces
New Scholarship

The New England Review and BLWC are thrilled to announce that a generous benefactor has established a new NER/Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference Fund for Emerging Writers, in honor of former NER editor Stephen Donadio’s inspiring commitment to writers and students. This endowment gift will support NER’s efforts to find and publish gifted emerging writers and will provide scholarships for honored writers to attend the Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference. Every year, the NER editorial staff and BLWC director will select an emerging writer, in any genre, who has been published in our pages, to receive tuition, room, and board to the Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference the following August, beginning in 2015.

—Carolyn Kuebler

Staff Win Awards

While hard at work serving Bread Loaf attendees, two of the staff scholars received good news.

Social staff Cam Terwilliger learned yesterday that he is the winner of the 2014 James Jones Fellowship, awarded to an author working on his or her first novel. Terwilliger receives an award of $10,000. Terwilliger worked on the novel, tentatively titled Yet Wilderness Grew in My Heart, while on a Fulbright fellowship in Montreal this past year.

“I’m stunned and thrilled. I couldn’t think of a better place than at the Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference to get the news.”

It was also announced yesterday that Head Waiter Keith Leonard won the 2014 Beacon Street Prize for Poetry. Terrance Hayes, longtime Bread Loafer and faculty member in 2013, selected Leonard’s “Ode to the Name of My Banker” as the winner of the competition. Leonard read the poem at the Waiter Reading on Saturday, and you can listen it again, along with all previous lectures and readings, on iTunes U.

Please join us in congratulating Terwilliger and Leonard.
Humans of Bread Loaf

“In my next life, I’m going to be cute.”
- Miles Everett

Follow the Crumbs Around the World:
Bread Loaf Conferences Expand

—Jennifer Grotz, special to The Crumb

“I loaf and invite my soul,” wrote Walt Whitman, and so, reader, can you. The Bread Loaf Conferences have expanded over the past couple of years. Here are other Conferences that take place on and off the mountain during the rest of the year.

Next month, for instance, the Bread Loaf in Sicily program will take place. “Inspiring readings on the steps of a medieval church, olive oil tastings and festive meals. . . . by all means go—you will keep the experience with you long after you return,” said Cathy Donovan. “I intend to go again!”

Kate Bullard Adams, another Bread Loaf in Sicily participant, agreed, adding: “Imagine the Green Mountains of Vermont as Sicilian hills, the Robert Frost Cabin as Roman ruins, your morning coffee as cappuccino, and Michael Collier as Don Corleone. You now have some idea of the allure of Bread Loaf in Erice. The setting is magical, as is the intimate size of the gathering. By the end of the conference, you will have been initiated into the innermost circle of the Bread Loaf family.” It is an opportunity not to be missed.

Then, for the month of May, seven to ten former Bread Loafers are given a writing residency to work on an extended project. “Cassis is stunning: towering cape, turquoise sea, limestone canyons, fishing harbor,” JoAnn Balingit, among the first crop of Bread Loaf Bakeless Camargo fellows, commented. “An all-day hike up and down the Cap Canaille’s high sea cliffs transformed me! The Camargo Foundation, in the middle of all this beauty, is a magical place to work and I was honored to be there.”

Finally, in the first week of June, two Bread Loaf Conferences will run simultaneously here on the Bread Loaf campus in Ripton. When I asked Julianne Warren, who had applied both to the Bread Loaf Orion Environmental Writers’ Conference as well as the August conference, what the first Bread Loaf Orion was like, she replied, “Crazy is what! I didn’t think I’d get in to either conference, then I ended up at both.” Warren also offered this provocative comparison. “I used to be a trumpeter. Bread Loaf Orion was like rehearsing a chamber group; ‘regular’ Bread Loaf like with a big jazz band or some sort of fusion. I’ll no doubt understand it all better when I look back. I know for sure right now, though, that I am grateful for it.”

Starting next June, the Bread Loaf Translators’ Conference will also be taking place. Don Share, editor of Poetry magazine and himself a translator from the Spanish, will be serving on the inaugural faculty. When asked to describe the conference, he exclaimed: “The great legacy of Bread Loaf now extends to translation! You just know we’ll be fostering important work—and making history—at the BLT. The mountain will be speaking more languages than ever from now on.” Current participant Linda Baker also expressed her enthusiasm about applying later this fall: “This conference is a rare and unique opportunity to study the complex and little-taught art of literary translation with some of its best practitioners today.”

The Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference website (www.middlebury.edu/blwc) is the host site for all of these conferences, which I nicknamed: the Bakery.
Tabula Rasa

I WILL MISS BREAD LOAF

This place used to scare me, because I’m not a native son. From outside the fold, I’ve been adopted. Walking toward the barn this morning, it occurred to me that I will miss Bread Loaf.

In years past, I’ve taken lots of pictures to carry home; a yellow chair, the hand-wrought handle of the barn door, the campus as viewed from across the road, the buildings aligned with such precision above the cresting field of goldenrod, the buildings made small by distance.

Photographs of teachers and friends. Those awkward poses when we’re trying so hard to look like ourselves.

There’s a hunger in this place that I will miss, and an eagerness. Not just to be heard, but to hear, clearly through the clatter of the world. To hear the clatter itself.

I will miss the urgent suggestions of a book I should read, to help me with a problem on the page. All the marks on all the manuscripts. Seeing people sitting close, talking.

This place, and all these people are a gift. So, thank you. I hope to see you again.

―Paul Austin

FINDING ROBERT FROST TRAIL

From the inn, cross the road. Run facing oncoming traffic, except on curves. Then, run on the wide side, where you’ll have more visibility. Watch for speeding Porsches, determined Fed Ex vans, and lumbering heating oil trucks, especially on the curves. Run past the cemetery. Avoid reviewing the headstones. They’re not for you. Yet, unless, of course you’ve run on the wrong side of a curve. Next, there’s a clearing. The Robert Frost Wayside, I think it’s called. Cross the road, walk over to the sign to confirm you’re there. You’re not. Cross the road again, run again, and there it is, just a 100-meter dash farther. Run through the parking lot and find what you seek. Rain saturated soil dusted with spruce needles and still green birch leaves. A rock, a stone, a boulder. A branch, a trunk, an upended root. A path, a trail. A real way through.

And here’s the beauty. Such a banal term. Find a synonym. Something universal, ethereal, something we all want, but more than necessary fail to grasp. No, beauty’s fine. It still means what it means. So here’s the beauty. Poetry now runs with you. Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening. Stop. The Secret Sits. A Young Birch. Reluctance. Even the botanical sign your brain misinterprets as Interrupted Fern. As if you cut it off mid-

At the Road Not Taken, take one. It won’t make a difference. It’s just a loop. Except for this. In opposite directions, all is new. The brook, the creek, the stream. The fields, the pastures, the clearings. And that hill you took down? You’ll have to take up.

―Joan Nockels Wilson
From The Dark Tower to One Minute in Heaven: The Blue Parlor

Bread loafers, the From The Dark Tower Reading is happening this morning at 10:00 a.m. in the Blue Parlor. It’s a tradition here at Bread Loaf and it’s sure to be a captivating event. Also, don’t miss the One-Minute in Heaven Reading at 5:30 p.m. in the Little Theatre. Fifty readers, one minute each—it’s gonna be cray in the best way! (Readers, please report to the Little Theater by 5:15 or so, so that we can get everyone in order before the cheering masses appear!)

—Michelle Peñaloza

A History of From the Dark Tower Reading

The title of this reading comes from the poem by Countee 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, fourteen 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. 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 22 at 10:00 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.

—Countee Cullen
My curiosity having been aroused by David Bain’s allusion to the musings of Joseph Battell, I consulted Middlebury’s library to find Ellen or Whisperings of an Old Pine, a remarkable 1,200-page book written by the donor of the land for the Breadloaf School. Regarding Ellen T.S. Eliot wrote, “In this work I find all the machinations and ideals of my own craft fulfilled.” Ellen, structured as a dialogue between a sixteen year old Vermont girl and an old pine tree, reverses roles with Ellen instructing the old Pine Tree about the world and its ways. In honor of farsighted Joseph Battell who enabled our gathering here, some passages from his Ellen:

“The winds of the autumn blew fresh, and its deep colors stretched far and wide over our mountains, when Ellen came again.”

“Then I saw her enter the barn, where the horses are, look after the cows, feed the poultry, tie up the vine, and fix the flowers. Gertrude, the older sister, stood looking on, and Edith the younger, was jumping over all the beds to assist Ellen. And thus I watched, as I have watched before, this most wonderful of homes in the whole world, or a thousand worlds, where dwell together the Good, the Beautiful, and the True.

“And death, - is that not an evil?” “The least of all,” she answered; “for it is universal among created things. It is a mistaken judgment that calls anything evil, because we do not understand its whole intent. It is true that that which we call evil abounds in this world, and if the existence here was all there was of existence, life might well be said to be born to evil as the sparks fly upward. But it does not end here, old Pine. There is not existence that ends here, or, as Ellen thinks, that ever ends. Nothing is destroyed of substance or of spirit. It exists forever, and, with changing force and varied conditions, performs its functions in the universe. The necessities of creation may produce what we call evil, but we may be sure that these necessities are all ultimately harmonized.

“Good-bye,” she added; then, lightly as a startled fawn, darted from my side and sped into the forest. No step could be truer, and none fleeter. Between her and the valley is over three miles, but in less than half an hour I saw her emerge from the great forest, bounding over the brush fence which separates it from the meadow. Swiftly she still continued her course up the hillside and along the highway until she reached her home, when her step slackened and her eye wandered. The shadows were a little longer, but the sunshine yet lingered. She turned and looked at me, waving her hand.”

—Kyril Calsoyas

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**TRIVIA ANSWER:**

Arna Bontemps Hemenway donned a red sequined suit for Percival Everett. Ask him why.
Bread Loaf, Bread Loaf: The Waiter Song

It’s close to 6:30. Some writers are lurking in the dark
Of the hallway of the Bread Loaf Inn at dinner time.
You try to scream, but workshop’s zapped you of your energy.
You start to freeze: So much food, no time to exercise
Anything but your mind!

Capitalism! You realize there’s nowhere left to run!
Except to Bread Loaf, where you wonder if you’ll ever see the
sun.
You close your eyes, pretend you went to med school like your
Mom said.
But all the while, a plot, a rhyme, a thread is in your mind.
You’re out of time!

Cause you’re a writer! At dinner time
And no one’s gonna save you from the need to always write.
Cause you’re a writer! At dinner time
You’re eating for your life inside a killer need to write!

Summer came to the mountain for two days.
Bread Loafers wasted no time to show a little
bit of skin. The styles varied wildly, but every
single fashionista had one must-have acces-
sory in common: a bag containing books.
Controversy: Censored Content Discovered!

After The Crumb’s sole employee Chaney Kwak was made redundant by budget cuts, the following bits were discovered under his desk. We present the shocking evidence in its entirety so you can form well-informed opinions about the newspaper’s integrity.

Dear Dr. Chill,

I’ve been following Fauxprah’s advice, and frankly, my life isn’t any better. What should I do?

Lonely at Bread Loaf,
Not Chaney

Dear “Not” Chaney,

Have you tried chilling? Just go to the Barn Dance tonight!

With dancing shoes on,
Dr. Chill