TODAY’S EVENTS

7:30 A.M. - 8:30 A.M.
Breakfast, Bread Loaf Inn

9:00 A.M. - 10:00 A.M.
Lecture: “A Man of Care: Seamus Heaney’s Primal Reach into the Physical,” by Tom Sleigh
Little Theatre

10:10 A.M. - 12:10 P.M.
Poetry and Nonfiction Workshops

12:00 P.M. - 1:00 P.M.
Lunch, Bread Loaf Inn
12:00 - 1:30 for fiction writers
12:30 - 1:30 for poets & nonfiction

2:30 P.M.
Craft Classes

4:15 P.M.
Reading: Ansel Elkins, Angela Flournoy, and Ted Thompson
Little Theatre

5:30 P.M.
• Blue Parlor Reading Series, Blue Parlor
• Special Talk: “Getting The Pitch Right,” with Miriam Altshuler
Little Theatre

6:30 P.M.
Dinner, Bread Loaf Inn

8:15 P.M.
Reading: Lan Samantha Chang and Edward Hirsch
Little Theatre

9:30 P.M. - 12:00 A.M.
Dance, Barn

Bread Loafers Delighted by Craft Classes

The Barn was still for an hour on Saturday while several classrooms were full of participants immersing themselves in the art of writing. Six more craft classes take place this afternoon at 2:30 p.m.

“Mixed Signals: Modulating the Third Person”
Christopher Castellani, Barn Classroom A

“‘It must change’—But Before It Changes We Hope It Will Stay the Same for a While: The Longing for Both Pattern and Variation”
Patrick Donnelly, Barn Classroom 5

“Poetics of (Ir)reverence”
Keetje Kuipers, Barn Classroom 4

“Experimenting with Narrative Time”
Peter Mountford, Barn Classroom 1

“Breaking Writer’s Block: Exercises to Jumpstart Your Nonfiction Writing”
Brando Skyhorse, Barn Classroom 2

“Prosody Lab”
Ellen Bryant Voigt, Barn Classroom 3

Sign-up sheets for craft classes are posted by 8:00 a.m. two days in advance of the class. The conference recommends that you arrive early to sign up for that can’t-miss class.

NYT Honors Bread Loafers


Sign Up for Trail Walk with Elder

John Elder will lead two trail walks titled “An Introduction to the Natural History of Bread Loaf for Writers” this week. The walks, which require advance sign-up, will explore the Robert Frost Interpretive Trail. “The walk is always a pleasant, relaxed event,” Elder said, “with lots of chances to connect names to the trees, flowers, and birds and to relate Frost’s poetry, and
ANNOUNCEMENTS

WAIT, WAIT, DO TELL ME
Faculty and fellows, sign up in the Back Office to wait tables at lunch on Wednesday, August 19.

BARN PUB
Beer and wine are available for purchase most evenings in the Barn. The Barn Pub is located in the back, by the vending machines. Complimentary beer, wine, and soda will be available on the nights when dances are held in the Barn.

EAT RIGHT: LUNCH
To avoid long lines at lunchtime, we urge you to follow the procedure noted here, based on your workshop schedule:
• On days when your workshop does not meet, please go to the Dining Hall starting at noon.
• On days when your workshop does meet, please go to the Dining Hall between 12:30 p.m. and 1:00 p.m.
Lunch service continues until 1:30 p.m. each day.

PAMPER YOURSELF
Breakfast and lunch are available as buffets inside the kitchen, as you know, but dinner is full-service, thanks to your skillful waiter scholars. Please refrain yourself from entering the kitchen during dinner, as things get quite hectic in the evening. Your waiter will be happy to take care of all your culinary needs. Well, almost all.

MOOSE SIGHTING
A moose jumped in front of Ted Thompson’s car last night. Please be careful if you drive at night.

Workshop It!

After days of intellectual overload, it’s time to release some energy on the dance floor. Tonight at 9:30 p.m., the Barn will begin rocking with the sounds of the first dance of the conference. Social staff would like to remind you that only one alcoholic drink may be served to an individual at a time. Additionally, participants who look young will be carded, so bring your valid ID if you, like The Crumb’s editor, have retained your youthful good looks. (Quit that eye roll.) A cordoned perimeter will let you know where it’s acceptable to drink. Participants may not bring their own alcohol to the event. Taking away drinks is not only verboten, but plain tacky.

Sign Up for Trail Walk with Elder

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poetry in general, to all our observations.”

The Robert Frost Interpretive Trail is a National Recreation Trail that commemorates Robert Frost’s poetry; several of his poems are mounted along the trail in the woods and fields. Blueberries and huckleberries grow in an old field at the far end of the trail. The Forest Service maintains all of the old fields along this trail with prescribed fire to preserve the scenic, open appearance of the area. The trail is an easy walk, and the first 0.3 miles across a beaver pond boardwalk out to the South Branch of the Middlebury River is accessible and suitable for wheelchairs.

The first walk will be 11:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. on Tuesday, August 19, and the second walk will occur on Wednesday, August 19. Each walk is limited to 30 participants. Vans will transport participants from the Bread Loaf Inn to the trail. To get a ride, Bread Loafers should start to gather on the front porch of the Bread Loaf Inn at 10:30 a.m. Bread Loafers who prefer to walk to the trail head from the Inn should leave at 10:40 a.m. Participants will return in time to have lunch in the dining room.

Participants must sign up in advance. The sign up sheet will be with the craft class sign ups by the back office.

In addition to the trail walks described above, John Elder will offer a talk on Robert Frost just after the Frost Picnic on Monday, August 17. The picnic is served in place of the dining room buffet that day, and no sign-up is required for the picnic or talk that follows. More details about the picnic and talk will be included in the Monday edition of The Crumb.
Blue Parlor Is on Fire
(Not Literally)

Congratulations to our amazing readers! The Blue Parlor reading series is off to a beautiful start: Packed room! Enthusiastic audience! Fancy-schmancy cookies and Pirate’s Booty! And, most importantly, impressive poetry and prose! This afternoon, at 5:30 p.m., in the Blue Parlor our themed reading, “Ghosts,” will take place! Elizabeth Shafer, Beth Aviv, Nancy Garruba, Janet Martin, Naheed Patel, Michael Schiffman, Elizabeth Cleary, Blake Reemtsma, Sonja Johanson, Michael Carr, Doris Ferleger, Angel Gunn, Margaret DeAngelis, Mark Purdowsky, Rolf Ygnve, and Selia Linowes will step up and hit it out of the park. Join us to hear great prose and poetry and meet some of the loveliest people at the conference!

And don’t forget; you still have a chance to sign up for a reading. You want to read, right? Of course you do. Another round of sign-up sheets are up on the board for Monday’s “Family” reading (at 10 a.m.) and the 5:30 p.m. open reading as well as Wednesday’s “Wishful Thinking” at 5:30 p.m. and the Dark Tower Reading at 9:30 p.m. (check out The Crumb article on Tuesday to learn about this Breadloaf tradition). So don’t be shy, be bold! Be brave. Be audacious. Be that writer you’ve always wanted to be. I’ll see you there!

—Michelle Peñaloza

Writers’ Cramp Race

The Writers’ Cramp Race, a friendly competition along a 2.75 mile course, begins tomorrow at 8:00 a.m. Runners of all skill levels should meet by the front porch of the Annex by 7:45 a.m. for instructions and an overview of the course, which winds through the campus and down to the Frost Farm. Volunteers are welcome to help with providing water and cheering.

The Crumb is also looking for a sports writer to cover the race. We will accept articles and photographs from the race. Submit your short essay in The Crumb box outside the Back Office or via e-mail to blcrumb@gmail.com. The deadline is 5:30 p.m. Monday.

Keep in mind that The Crumb nominates the Writers’ Cramp Race coverage to The Best American Sports Writing Anthology every year, albeit unsuccessfully.

Also, keep your ears open for overheard items!
The Crumb’s literary critics selected morsels of delicious prose and poetry from this year’s workshop manuscripts. Here is a small selection.

They can hear the ewe begin to pant, her body heaving with each breath. After a few minutes, she lies down on her side. The lamb emerges almost instantly, a slick motionless body.

For a moment, it’s as if everything freezes. The panting quiets. The other ewes still, even the barn ceases creaking. The white fog of Anna’s exhale seems to hang in space, refusing to dissipate. She can feel her own heart stop beating, but what’s more, she can feel Katie’s heart stop, the sheep’s hearts stop, all inside her own chest, dozens of dissonant rhythms halting together for one cold moment. Then the ewe rises to her feet and moves towards her lamb, like a stone breaking the surface of a pond and sending waves rippling outwards; the girls, the animals, and the building all begin to breathe again, then the lamb is breathing, too, as the ewe licks the mucus from its face.

From "Lambing Season" by Maggie Hadley

Shirley had long ago accepted the risk of being Lea's friend. She heaved away from the aisle. The windows were foggy with morning breath and scalp grease. Her tongue extended like a snail and flattened against the window: Lea's small breasts trembled with her laughter, and I wondered if she was wearing a bra. I had never seen a girl without her shirt, so I didn't know how to tell.

Shirly swung her legs back into the aisle. Truth or dare? Dare. The way she said the word was in itself a dare.

From “Entangled Particles” by Lara Ehrlich

... Looking back, I realize how stubbornly I refused to give him what he wanted, maybe what he needed, like he was some stray dog, and if I threw him even a scrap of food, he would come back begging and I'd never get rid of him. I'm ashamed of it now, this time and all the other times during this period, after we'd grown apart, when I acted like I had gone on to bigger and better things outside of our old life we'd had together—our neighborhood, our church, our parents, our friends. I acted like I didn’t have time for Jacob, and he must have felt that. I'll always regret the way I acted that day, because although it's true I was unsettled by his actions, by what I saw then as awkward behaviors but know now were symptoms, I was also relieved he'd shown up. Some part of me, the part that still saw Jacob as my best friend, had been happy to see him there in the parking lot, had been relieved to have some time with a friend who might take my mind off of Espe for a minute, off of Sandra who'd be arriving later that evening, and whom I'd go home with when I got off shift. Jacob didn't know about all of this that Espe was pregnant and I was sabotaging the best thing I had—but maybe he did, in a way. Maybe my pulling away from him, my quiet detachment and unwillingness to meet him for beer or video games or weed was a kind of symptom he picked up on at some level. And the further I moved away from that night in time, the more Jacob's behavior, odd and unsettling as it was, felt like a small act of kindness he'd tried to give to me, but that I'd pushed away.

From This Is My Body, Broken for You by Lajla Cline

Dr. Vaz reached into the box and took out a large globe. This one was far from the standard fare. The oceans were black onyx and the countries were made of milky-white mother-of-pearl, bright green malachite, garnet, and tiger’s eye.

"Much too much for a simple doctor's visit, no?” Dr. Vaz said.

“Mai, it's beautiful. Take a look,” Sarto called, putting his nose right up to Australia, and waving for his mother to come closer. The countries were up to date. China and India and Brazil -- so huge -- and the United States of America and other smaller countries, too, but all brilliant on this new globe. Even the blackness of the oceans seemed just right, Dr. Vaz thought, capturing the depths, the very depths of what wasn't yet known.

“Oh my,” Fatima said.

“Sarto, your turn,” he said and put his son's hand on the sphere. “Give it a spin.” And Sarto did, with more force than he had thought possible from his son. The three of them watched it whirl. So much darkness, and yet the colors sparkled, like stars in a night sky.

Sarto and Fatima were drawn to the gleam, where the light hit the countries, but for Dr. Vaz, it was the dark waters that would forever mesmerize. When he looked at the black oceans, he would imagine the feeling of the explorers on unknown waters, how in even the most gentle rise and fall of the waves, lived fear rising and falling in one's own heart.

Even Dr. Rosario Vaz could admit that the farther one went on in this life, the less assured was any possible return; the farther away one went, the louder the murmur of what one has left behind.

— From “Saudade” by Roseanne Pereira

My sisters and I always knew that it was better to be ugly.

... From “The Stepsisters” by Felicity Sheehy

...Big Mike shift his eyes to the same moon I was watching fore he came. It's bright underneath the useless swing-set; yet darkness swallow the rest of the complex around us. It's powerful to watch cause He own the night. Most folk scared of the night cause all the darkness floating around in it. I don't see the horror in the night, though. Moon and stars got healing power. Loving power, too. Weeping endured through the night need to be enjoyed much as the joy promised in the morning. Can't be scared of none of creation. Night beautiful as day. A lot of folk write praise songs bout the day, but they seem to forget that He in the night. I like to watch Him there. In the darkness. In the night.

From “He Own the Night” by LaToya Watkins
Join us in welcoming the following guests to the mountain.
  Amy Holman
  Janet Silver

The following guests are leaving today.
  Owen Davies
  Jonathan Farmer
  Ryan Murphy
  Jeffrey Shotts
  Rick Simonson

Will you wave them goodbye?

Werner Herzog once said, “Civilization is like a thin layer of ice upon a deep ocean of chaos and darkness.” What is a topic you could lecture on for hours to prevent him from mentioning “civilization” at your daughter’s birthday party?

Lan Samantha Chang answers:
Because we try to protect “Little Fox” from malevolent spirits, we don’t do birthday parties.

Overheard anything interesting?
Email us at blcrumb@gmail.com

Deep Questions

With Keith Leonard
The Crumb’s Ultimate Guide to the Barn Dance

Waiters Matt Kelsey, Alice Kim, and Jordan Jacks demonstrate some of this season’s hottest Bread Loaf moves, inspired by dance club anthems of their choice.

“Ooh watch me, watch me / Ooh watch me, watch me / Ooh watch me, watch me / Ooh ooh ooh ooh”

“Ooh watch me, watch me / Ooh watch me, watch me / Ooh watch me, watch me / Ooh ooh ooh ooh”

“I want to freak in the morning / a freak in the evening just like me”

“You spin me right round, baby / Right round like a record, baby / Right round round round”

“Like a Record”