The Blue Parlor Strikes Back

Don’t cry for us, Bread Loaf. The truth is, Blue Parlor never left you. The reading series returns tonight at 5:30 p.m. in the Library with cheese, crackers and another forty-five minutes of poetry, fiction, nonfiction, humor, and more—delivered to you in three-minute increments. Tonight’s lineup features Steve Davis, Linda Hillman Chayes, Chelsey Beric, Pippa Malmgren, Sean Sakamoto, Kylie Winger, Ileana Florian, Pam Parker, Neil Serven, Carole Firstman, Kit Soleil, Thomas Carrigan, Steven Swiryn, R. T. Jamison, and Byron Yang.

If you’ve ever wondered what you can achieve in just one minute, or aspired to be the Flash, please sign up for the rapid-fire lightning-fast “One Minute in Heaven” reading. The sign-up is available on the bulletin board by the Back Office.

Many thanks to everyone who has attended and applauded the Blue Parlor readings—you have continued to pack the house and make it a vibrant and meaningful space. If you’re wondering what all the fuss is about, then join us! Mark your calendar for the rest of our exciting Blue Parlor events: the Dark Tower reading for writers of color, on Thursday at 9:30 p.m. in the Little Theater; the “One Minute in Heaven” reading, on Friday at 10:15 a.m. in the Little Theater; and the final open reading on Friday at 5:30 p.m. in the Library. Looking forward to seeing you there!

Affirmations and answerable questions welcome. Contact Elisa Gonzalez.

Craft Class Corner

Six more craft classes are here to save your lives. Please note that any required handouts are available on the table by the Back Office.

“Killing the Cliché: Defamiliarization,” with Jeff P. Jones - Barn Classroom 203

“Surrounding the Ghost,” with Samantha Hunt - Barn Classroom 101

“Literal Voice: Translating Sound to Page,” with Mat Johnson - Barn Observatory

“Fancy Pants”—The Use and Abuse of Poetic Language in Fiction,” with David Treuer - Barn Classroom 205

“Effing the Ineffable: Writing about Spirituality,” with Alicia Jo Rabins - Barn Classroom 102

“Improv for Poets,” with Catherine Barnett - Barn Classroom 206

“Less is More: The Art of Implication,” with Patrick Phillips - Barn Classroom 204
ANNOUNCEMENTS

From the Front Desk
While you are here at the conference, you have the chance to order 5x7 or 8x10 color group photos of your workshop. Additionally, there will be group photos of waiters, scholars, fellows, administrative staff, and faculty. Photos of each group cost $12 or $15 per picture (according to size). If ordered by 7:30 p.m. on Thursday, August 23, at the Front Desk, pictures will be available for pickup by Friday lunch.

If you plan to ship boxes home, they need to be sent from the Front Desk by Friday at 12:00 p.m. (This includes boxes shipped UPS or U.S. Postal Service.) This will come in handy for all those books you’ve just bought. Limited shipping supplies are available while they last.

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.

Frost Walk
Those who signed up for the Robert Frost Interpretive Trail Walk with John Elder should meet on the Front Porch of the Bread Loaf Inn at 10:30 a.m. to transport down to the trail head; the walk will start from the trail head at 11:00 a.m. and participants will return at 1:00 p.m. in time to have lunch in the dining room.

Bluegrass in the Barn
Tonight at 8:30 p.m., Caleb Elder and Brett Lanier will perform live music in the Barn! Come for a footstomping good time.

GUESTS
Please join us as we welcome Will Allison, Millicent Bennett, and Barbara Jones to the mountain and bid farewell to Malaga Baldi, Adam Eaglin, and Abe Streep.

WEATHER
Thunderstorms
High: 67°
Low: 47°

FACULTY TRIVIA
Q) Which faculty member once wrote a “cease and desist” letter warning a party about their “use” of Mr. Potato Head?

Look for the answer in tomorrow’s Crumb!

OVERHEARD
“That would keep you from eating eel for, like, three weeks.”
“I met a guy at a concert in California who was abducted by aliens.”
“I’m from New York: when I see a line, I get in it.”
“Poets are the drummers of the writing world.”
“The overheards are the best part of the Crumb—They should do more of them.”

Gather ye overheards while ye may! Email blcrumb@gmail.com

Wonder Bread
Wonder Bread crumbles
black in my soft hands. Classic
White. Fragility.

—A haiku by Alison C. Rollins
**ANNOUNCEMENTS**

**Special Talk Tomorrow**
Tomorrow at 10:10 a.m. in the Little Theater, there will be a special talk featuring editors from *Poetry* and *Poetry Northwest*.

**Massage**
Only three days remaining to receive your massage, life reading, or energy realignment! Sign up outside the dining hall, on the bulletin board.

**Yoga**
Tomorrow’s yoga will take place at 1:15 p.m. in Barn Classroom A.

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**Want to Write for the Crumb?**

Send your limericks, articles, letters to the editor, food reviews, overheards, horoscopes, favorite literary quotes, cartoons, etc. to blcrumb@gmail.com for the chance to be included in Bread Loaf’s most prestigious daily newspaper publication. We look forward to hearing from you! (And by we, I mean me).

—Gabrielle Bates

**Excerpts from the Workshop**

*Annette Wong, from C. Dale Young’s workshop:*

> Medical language is polite:
> she is passing tissue—
> the doctors perform dilatation and curettage.

Translation: bleed.
Open. Scrape. Scoop.
Such tenuous fraying.

*Michele Irwin, from Akhil Sharma’s workshop:*

I stood outside the barn door and watched Gert and my father work in tandem. He threw a bale of straw into a stall, and she threw another. They cut the twine and put it down for bedding. She was long, like him, all leg. They led with their pelvises, not their hearts. Their torsos lagged when they moved. Sculpted jaws, taut faces, critical eyes. Warriors. At twelve she was already his equal, a sparring partner. Soon he would be no match for her. His undoing. But for now he liked his girl/woman. He liked her strength, her lanky height. He liked her thin hips and boyishness, but he liked her chest, too. I’d caught him gazing at her top as if he were lifting a tea towel from a mixing bowl to see how much the bread had risen. I was none of what my father loved about Gert.