**Book Signing and Reception**

The book signing and reception will take place today on the Treman lawn at 5:30 p.m. Authors will be available to sign copies of their books while all participants enjoy refreshments. The bookstore will be open from 9:30 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. today to ensure that last-minute shoppers can get books just before the signing. So, go make some of that hard-earned writer dollars rain and snap up the gorgeous books by the faculty, fellows, guests, and contributors.

In the event of rain, the book signing and reception will be held in the Barn.

**Staff Reading Tonight**

Because they look like born bouncers, professional sound technicians, sleek bartenders, and office divas, you might not immediately realize that our administrative staff members are talented writers as well. In keeping with *The Crumb*’s high standard of journalistic integrity, we would like to state the objective truth: staff readings will be astonishing.

Gather at the Little Theatre at 9:30 p.m. to hear the poetry and prose of Rosalie Moffett, Margaret Ross, Keith Wilson, Jamel Brinkley, Sam Ross, Michelle Peñaloza, Jessamine Chan, Carolina Ebeid, and Steven Kleinman.

**Craft Classes: Back in Action**

Craft classes resume today after a leisurely Monday afternoon. Some classes may still have spaces available; check the sign-up sheets by the back office. Sign-up sheets for Thursday’s classes will be posted by 8:00 a.m.

- **“Writing About Other People: Perils & Ethics”**
  Ted Conover, Barn Classroom A

- **“Email, Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, Text Messages, Spam”**
  Stacey D’Erasmo, Barn Classroom 2

- **“The Poetry of Philip Levine”**
  Edward Hirsch, Barn Classroom 3

- **“The Last Word: Notes on Endings”**
  Randall Kenan, Barn Classroom 4

  Angela Narciso Torres, Barn Classroom 5

- **“Evasive Protagonist Syndrome: Diagnosis and Treatment”**
  Kirstin Valdez Quade, Barn Classroom 1

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**TODAY’S EVENTS**

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

- **9:00 A.M.**
  Lecture: “Marianne Moore and the Zipper,” by Linda Gregerson
  Little Theatre

- **10:10 A.M. - 12:10 P.M.**
  Fiction Workshops

- **10:30 A.M. - 1:00 P.M.**
  Robert Frost Interpretive Trail Walk,
  with John Elder, meet on Bread Loaf Inn Front Porch

- **12:00 P.M. - 1:30 P.M.**
  Lunch, Bread Loaf Inn

- **1:30 P.M. - 2:30 P.M.**
  Special Talk: Warren Wilson MFA Program
  Barn Classroom A

- **2:30 P.M.**
  Craft Classes

- **4:15 P.M.**
  Reading: Manuel Gonzales, Keetje Kuipers, and Helen Schulman
  Little Theatre

- **5:30 P.M.**
  Book Signing and Reception,
  Treman Lawn

- **6:30 P.M. - 8:00 P.M.**
  Dinner, Bread Loaf Inn

- **8:15 P.M.**
  Reading: Charles Baxter & Sally Keith
  Little Theatre

- **9:30 P.M.**
  Staff Reading,
  Little Theatre

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**IMPORTANT SCHEDULE CHANGE**

The *Callaloo* talk with Vievee Francis originally scheduled in the Little Theatre has been cancelled. A special talk on Warren Wilson’s MFA program has been added to the schedule.
ANNOUNCEMENTS

RELIVE THE MAGIC ON ITUNES U
The conference is posting lectures and readings to iTunes U. These audio files are available free of charge. You can also access lectures and readings from previous years. Check the conference home page for a link.

FROM YOUR FACULTY HEAD WAITER
Faculty and fellows, join us as we wait tables at lunch on Wednesday, August 19. Sign up in the Back Office by 12:00 p.m. today. Training for faculty and fellows will begin at 12:15 p.m. Wednesday. Wear closed-toed shoes, please.

CONTRIBUTOR SCHOLARSHIPS
General contributors should consider applying for one of the three scholarships available for returning contributors. The Carol Houck Smith Contributor Scholarship and Donald Everett Axinn Contributor Scholarships are awarded to contributors currently attending without financial aid who wish to return to Bread Loaf in a consecutive year and who found the conference particularly helpful in the revision and inspiration of their work. Applicants are asked to submit the work from their workshop packet, a revision that demonstrates significant attention to what was learned at Bread Loaf, and a sample of new work composed after Bread Loaf. Applications are due March 1 each year. Check the Bread Loaf web site for details.

FROST WALK REMINDER
Please gather on the Bread Loaf Inn Front Porch at 10:30 a.m. if you signed up for the Robert Frost Interpretive Trail Walk with John Elder.

Bread Loafers Run Away, Return
Runners in the Writers’ Cramp Race yesterday morning enjoyed crisp, sunny mountain skies. Despite this being the morning after a riotous Sunday evening Barn Dance, all runners finished the 2.75 miles in good form and sweaty smiles.

Women easily outnumbered male participants, with eleven female runners vying for Bookstore gift certificates. At 16’40”, nonfiction writer Antonia Crane walked away with gold, followed by Sonja Johanson and Deirdre Kelly. Erin Fornoff just missed a spot on the podium, dashing across the finishing line 40 seconds after Kelly.

Prose won the male division as well, thanks to fiction writer Josh Riedel clearing the course in cool fifteen minutes. Gerardo Pacheco and Peter Marber rounding out the top three spots.

— With reporting by Joanna DiLarm-Nori, Chief Sports Correspondent

Special Talk: Warren Wilson MFA
Faculty and graduates of the MFA Program for Writers at Warren Wilson College invite any Bread Loafers interested in pursuing the MFA degree to attend an information session today at 1:30 p.m. in Barn Classroom A. Prospective students will learn more about the nation’s first low-residency program, and will have the opportunity to ask questions about any aspect of the program during the hour-long session.

OVERHEARD
“Brie tastes delicious, so you must have delicious toes.”
“It does feel good, but it also feels like I may have passed away.”
“I guess more than anything, what Bread Loaf does for me is identity”
“Do you want a picture on his toilet?”
“Think of Jared Leto’s hair when you look at this skirt.”
“Bread Loaf is like drinking from a fire hydrant.”
“By the time this is over, we’ll be calling it Dead Loaf.”
“I have this thing where I try to find the best in people.”
“So you can destroy it?”
“Who wants to go to Swinges’ Anonymous?”
“The hike sort of ruins it for me.”
“Let’s face it—The Crumb should just be four pages of ‘Overheard.’”

Overheard anything interesting? E-mail us at blcrumb@gmail.com!
Woof! Belo Cipriani’s guide dog Oslo is turning three today. Won’t you wish him a very happy birthday?

Humans of Bread Loaf

Join us in welcoming the following guests to the mountain.
Carolyn Kuebler
Will Allison
Maudelle Driskell
Millicent Bennett
Michael Wiegers is leaving Bread Loaf today. Please wish him a safe journey.

Guests

Carolyn Kuebler
Will Allison
Maudelle Driskell
Millicent Bennett

Community Item

You have only a few days left to sign up for massage, readings, and balancing with Jayne Webb in the Little Theatre dressing room. Jayne will be available Tuesday afternoon, all day Wednesday, all day Thursday, and Friday morning.

Got a community announcement?
Email blcrumb@gmail.com!

Beasts of Bread Loaf

Beth Aviv spotted two baby moose with their mother while driving along 125.

There have been multiple bear sightings in the past few days. Please be careful when you go running by yourself—and never attempt to wish a bear a happy birthday.

Blue Parlor Relocates

Due to its overwhelming success, the Blue Parlor Reading Series will relocate from its current eponymous home to the Library, starting Wednesday. “I am devastated,” said the spirit of Joseph Battell, speaking through a medium. “I have so enjoyed hearing Bread Loaf participants’ fine prose and poetry.” But the living members of the Bread Loaf community will appreciate the bigger venue and its more ample seating. Check it out when the reading series returns on Wednesday.

Today's Trivia Question

Which faculty member’s ring tone is Uptown Funk by Bruno Mars? S/he knows how to bust out an uptown move or two on the dance floor.

Yesterday's Trivia Answer

Helen Schulman touched Heath Ledger’s butt at an Oscar party. It was accidentally / on purpose. She will be reading in the Little Theatre at 4:15 p.m. today.

TODAY'S TRIVIA QUESTION

Which faculty member's ring tone is Uptown Funk by Bruno Mars? S/he knows how to bust out an uptown move or two on the dance floor.

YESTERDAY'S TRIVIA ANSWER

Helen Schulman touched Heath Ledger’s butt at an Oscar party. It was accidentally / on purpose. She will be reading in the Little Theatre at 4:15 p.m. today.

Annie's Thursday craft class, “How To Get A Reader to Turn From the First Page to the Second,” was listed under nonfiction in the registration packet, but it’s appropriate for both nonfiction and fiction. You’ll find the sign-up sheet posted with the other Thursday craft class sheets near the Back Office.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Chaney,
I wanted to say that you are doing a great job on this year’s Crumb. The graphics are truly an enhancement, and there’s lots of funny bits too, like the sleep advice from Keith and Lydia and Michelle’s cartoons.
I also want mention that I was first published in The Crumb—one paragraph excerpted from my workshop piece—months before a chapter from the same novel was excerpted and published by Narrative Magazine. The Crumb is pretty darn good at spotting talent. :-) - Octavia Randolph, participant from 2008 to 2011

MORE NYT TRIUMPH

Current participant Antonia Crane published an op-ed piece in that other newspaper of note. Check it out at http://nyti.ms/1L8paX0 (Hat tip to Donna Spruitt-Metz!)

Bread Loaf's community invites you to join them on the mountain.

Carolyn Kuebler
Will Allison
Maudelle Driskell
Millicent Bennett
Michael Wiegers is leaving Bread Loaf today. Please wish him a safe journey.

Got a community announcement? Email blcrumb@gmail.com!
I had run out of underpants. It was just day two of Bread Loaf but I had loads of laundry because I live out of my suitcase and there is never a start or finish to my trips. I marched across the grass in my clogs, arms loaded with my underpants and necessary garments that had last been washed in a stream along the Verzere river near St. Leon. I made this march somewhat sheepishly, walking against the stream of freshly dressed Bread Loafers heading to the evening reading. I kept my head down. And because my head was down, I noticed in the grass just under a large tree near the picnic table, a face looking up at me. It was a bird. A very small baby bird the size of a plum. I knelt down and asked her what was wrong and she opened her beak waiting for my worm. The inside of her mouth was a shocking illuminated red. I never wished I had a worm so much as then. I plucked a piece of grass and stroked its wing.

A man in bone crushing boots cut across the grass toward the Little Theater, inches away from us. “Don’t step on the bird,” I whispered to his back. And to her I said, “Don’t die,” and encanted a word I know can help beings at the point of death. “Don’t die,” she said but she came over so at least I was not alone. She told me a horrible story about a fawn she once found whose neck was twisted backward and how the police came and shot her. Her underpants were wet in the machine. The sing song sound of a fiction over microphonetested on the lawn, and felt myself torn in three directions.

“Sorry I don’t mean to be eves dropping,” a girl approached. She had long hair. A sweat shirt. No name tag. Perhaps a Middlebury student or staff. We welcomed her, held out the box for her to see. Joined her in cooing at the baby birds. And then she took them. She took them away and I was relieved. She had a friend who might know something. She said something like, “If you see me again, you can ask me what happened.” But I haven’t seen her. Every day I look for her long straight brain hair. Are you out there, girl who took the birds? Can you tell me what happened?

- Noa Jones

The Mystical Side of Bread Loaf (or A Long Thank You)

In 1970, when I was fourteen, I was recruited into an extreme right-wing fundamentalist cult. My mother, Miller Williams’ editor, whisked me away to Bread Loaf in a vain attempt to save me. I had always wanted to be a writer so it must have seemed like a prudent intervention. But like any adolescent worth their salt, I was intent on driving my mother crazy. That Bread Loaf was the Jerusalem of literary pilgrims and I was rubbing shoulders with their high priests and priestesses meant nothing to me. I was alive for God now, to do His work. So when wild parties erupted at the cottage next door, Dan Wakefield on the floor waving a liquor bottle and singing “Big Party at Shane’s House,” I sat sedately in a rocking chair on the porch and prayed for the souls of those lost adults within. And when they all sprawled on the floor, my mother among them, and raised their raucous glasses in merriment, I prayed even harder.

Even then though, amidst the poetry and beautiful natural setting, something mystical was afoot. Miller Williams reading on the hillside at sunset, fireflies flickering all around us and that unforgettable line from his poem “Caterpillar” which stayed with me through those years in the cult, fifteen in all, and then beyond—“I think he thought he was going in a straight line.” After the reading, I bumped into a man in the shadows, who smoked something fragrant and spoke with an English accent. He patiently listened to my pitch about the Bible, my eyes aglow with the fervor of a new convert then he sliced me through it with the precision of a Kung-Fu master. He must have been a poet because his words stayed with me as well.

“When are you going to drop the facade?” he asked. I stammered a reply but he had already disappeared into the darkness. Was he real or a specter sent by the devil, I wondered. And what did he mean? “A facade.” Was I real? What was real?

“Today, forty-five years later, thanks to the kindness of the Bread Loaf family, I am starting to get an answer. For the better part of a generation, I wandered in the wilderness, searching. How can I be real? What is real? Now, here, among the same gold and green buildings of my youth, the swaying ferns and rows of daisies, the fluttering butterflies and the mystery of goodness with its serendipitous connections, spontaneous friendships, laughter, tears, hard work, practice, wonder and gratitude, here the curtain is pulled for ten days to reveal the mystical underpinnings of Reality. Robert Frost was well acquainted with this process and expressed it best in his poem “The Secret Dance.”

We dance round in a ring and suppose;
But the Secret sits in the middle and knows.

May we revel in each other in the short time left here and take time to listen as the Secret reveals itself in all of us. Thank you, Bread Loaf.

- Kristen Skedgell Devoe