<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30 A.M. - 8:30 A.M.</td>
<td>Breakfast, Bread Loaf Inn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 A.M.</td>
<td>“Drawing the Dragon”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Afaa Michael Weaver</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Little Theatre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:10 A.M. - 11:10 P.M.</td>
<td>Special talk featuring editors of Poetry &amp; Poetry Northwest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Little Theatre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:10 A.M. - 12:10 P.M.</td>
<td>Fiction Workshops</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00 P.M. - 1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Lunch, Bread Loaf Inn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>12:00 - 1:30 for poets &amp; nonfiction writers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>12:30 - 1:30 for fiction writers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15 P.M. - 2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>One Minute in Heaven Reading</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Little Theatre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30 P.M. - 2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Special Talk: “Confronting the Holocaust Through Research and Poetry”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Barn Classroom 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Craft Classes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:15 P.M.</td>
<td>Reading: Maggie Shipstead, Angela Narciso Torres, and Vu Tran</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Little Theatre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Gala Reception, Treman Lawn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(rain location: Barn)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00 P.M. - 8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Dinner, Bread Loaf Inn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15 P.M.</td>
<td>Reading: Jane Alison and Terrance Hayes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Little Theatre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Staff Reading</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Little Theatre</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Final Staff Reading Tonight**

We check your IDs, make your copies, run the Blue Parlor Readings, control the microphone, and carry the beacon of truthful journalism, also known as *The Crumb*. But the social and administrative staff are also writers, and we will showcase our work tonight at the Little Theatre. Come to the final 9:30 p.m. reading of the year to hear these former waiters and contributors: Meghan Dunn, Lydia Conklin, Conor Burke, Jason Lamb, Tyler Goldman, Chaney Kwak, Phillip Williams, and Jamey Hatley. Each writer will read for four minutes in the lightning rounds of prose and poetry—it will be short, sweet, and possibly salty.

---

**Gala Event Today**

Each year, the conference celebrates the hard work and dedication to craft of its attendees with a gala reception at 5:30 p.m. on the Treman lawn. This gala reception is one of the best-attended events of the conference, with many participants dressing up to enjoy complimentary drinks and hors d’oeuvres. The event will feature a hay ride around the field behind Treman.

continued on page 3

---

**Craft Classes: The Final Chapter**

Today is the final day of craft classes. 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:

- “Throwing your Voice: Experimenting with Personae”
  - James Arthur, Barn Classroom 5

- “The Invisible Turn”
  - Christopher Castellani, Barn Classroom 1

- “The Sentence”
  - Robert Cohen, Barn Classroom 2

- “Getting Things Done with Dialogue”
  - Angela Flournoy, Barn Classroom A

- “How To Get A Reader to Turn From the First Page to the Second”
  - Ann Hood, Barn Classroom 4

- “How to Put a Book of Poetry Together”
  - Tom Sleigh, Barn Classroom 6

- “Profile Writing”
  - Abe Streep, Barn Classroom 3
ANNOUNCEMENTS

YOU CAN GO HOME AGAIN... REALLY, YOU HAVE TO
Saturday departure schedule will be posted by this evening. If you have not yet made your reservation with Middlebury Transit, be sure to call them by noon today at 1-800-388-1002. Ask for Bill or Sara.

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 email 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.

SHARE A RIDE
Bread Loafers willing to share a ride should leave their names on the carpooling sheet posted outside the Dining Hall. Those looking for a ride will contact you.

GREGERSON HOT OFF THE PRESS
Copies of Linda Gregerson’s just-published book Prodigal: New and Selected Poems will be available in the bookstore starting tomorrow afternoon.

Blue Parlor Coordinator Is Blue
The time to say goodbye is gaining on us, and it makes me blue to mention it. Thanks to all the folks—readers and listeners alike—who have made the Blue Parlor readings such a supportive and significant space this conference. We have one more Blue Parlor Reading—drum roll, please—the One Minute in Heaven Reading on Thursday at 1:15 p.m. in The Little Theater. Readers, please meet in the Little Theatre by 1:10 p.m. at the latest so that I can line you up and get us all set to start on time. Remember: everyone gets one minute! Not one minute and ten seconds, not one minute and five seconds, but one minute. Come join us for a lively last Blue Parlor Reading!

Questions, concerns, high fives? Contact Michelle Peñaloza

HUMANS OF BREAD LOAF

Isha Singh Sawhney of New Delhi and Karin Gottshall of East Middlebury traveled the longest and shortest distances to attend Bread Loaf this year.

“I don't know why people are surprised that I came from so far. I love every minute here! This has been worth every hour I spent traveling. Besides, I think Karin’s spent more time on the road by now.” - Isha Singh Sawhney

“I have driven back to my house, but I still stay overnight on campus. I don't want to miss out.” - Karin Gottshall

New Q&A Session About Agents Announced
Fellow Brando Skyhorse is offering an impromptu discussion on Friday at 5:30 p.m. titled “An Agent Wants/Doesn’t Want to See My Work—Now What?” Skyhorse says, “I’ve answered a lot of questions about pitching agents and working with editors here and would love to do some kind of Q & A that helps people as they make their transition to the post-Bread Loaf world.” Join him in Barn 1 on Friday!
Gala Event Today  (continued from page 1)

Jamey Hatley and Steven Kleinman, heads of social staff, promise a memorable evening. “The gala is going to blow your mind,” said Kleinman. “We can’t wait to ‘ride the hayride’ with you.” As many participants already know, the Simpsons episode about Bread Loaf was factually incorrect except for the hay ride. Keeping with traditions, the ride will take place rain or shine.

Assistant Director Jennifer Grotz was effusive in her praise of the signature Bread Loaf Bloody Mary. “It’s the perfect mix of spicy and salty,” she said. “The recipe is part of Bread Loaf history.”

Conference-goers are reminded to bring ID if they wish to be served an alcoholic beverage. If you’re over thirty and are asked for identification, we are not just flattering you—we do need to see your license or passport.

Dinner will be served at 7:00 p.m., following the event, in the Dining Hall.

In case of rain, the reception will take place in The Barn.

Please reclaim your lost silk scarf, mini umbrella, charcoal-colored cap, Starbucks cup, and half a breath mint on top of the fireplace in the Little Theatre. Lydia would also like to remind you not to drag chairs onto the sidewalks outside.

TODAY’S TRIVIA QUESTION

Which faculty member’s spouse has been painting landscapes around Bread Loaf?

(The answer will be published tomorrow.)

YESTERDAY’S TRIVIA ANSWER

Buzz Aldrin kissed fellow Margaret Lazarus Dean (on the cheek).

Norton Girault
In Hokkaido, the first snows often come in October. We walk along the beach with our warmest robes wrapped around us, watching the gray tide pull seaweed into its foaming mouth. Our robes flap and tug in the wind. We are thinking lofty thoughts of infinity, of ceaseless cyclical change. Or we are thinking about waking slowly as young newlywed women, our husbands heavy and solid beside us, their warmth, their smell, their weight like a frame that will encase the whole of the rest of our lives.

Somewhere far across the dark sea is our home; but we don’t really know if it exists anymore. Then Sandy is running, robes flying behind her. “Caw! Caw!” she’s crying like one of the seagulls that swoop and dive around our heads. And before we know it, we’re all running with her, flapping our arms and croaking our hoarse cries. We screech and keen and fly over the water.

From “The Home for Buddhist Widows” by Blair Hurley

The girl waded toward Allen, her robes swelling and bunching about her waist like a jellyfish. Her black lips reminded him of loneliness and sex, twin skewers that slid deep between his ribs. When Melody was swollen inside her coma the first month after the accident, he’d sat by the bedside clutching her pudgy splinted fingers, telling her what was going on. Once while she was under, she’d squeezed his hand as if to let him know she was listening, and he thought she was in there after that, despite the hemorrhages blooming in her brain. But Melody came home hollow. Her eyes held specks of light the distant way that water gleamed in wells. She still squeezed his hand when he touched her, but it was a response with no feeling: A reflex, not a message.

From “Goshen Pass” by Michael Alessi

She should have known by the sheets. All those years working in the laundry should have told her. She could tell the hotel sheets apart from their texture and weight. Knew a Peabody sheet from a Holiday Inn from a Hotel Chisca. She could have known. Willie Ruth knew something had been amiss in her household, but with the end of the school year approaching and the final inventory and paperwork that was necessary for to close the cafeteria down for the year with a bunch of silly gossiping girls for help, she missed it. The cicadas had been everywhere and they had been concentrated in Rabbit’s room more than the others. They were in the little shelves that made up the headboard and Willie went about swatting and spraying them with poi on, so she didn’t notice the bed.

From The Dream Singers by Jamey Hatley

Ally shifts her legs, cramping with anticipation. She wishes they’d get there. The only illegal thing she’s done before today is shoplift: Resee’s Pieces, batteries to resell, nothing good. Until Willa she never knew a terrorist, never knew steaming animals was terrorism, or that anyone bothered with those sepia-tinted actions anymore: tree spiking, chaining yourself to buffalo, sugar in bulldozer gas tanks, chanting and waving your hair around your white cherub’s face. It’s 2013, twelve years since 9/11. Terrorism is Muslims in planes, visualizing virgins as they penetrate walls of glass. Terrorism is Oklahoma City; diseases exploded in subway tunnels, violence that makes people change their lives. Nobody’s going to stop using mascara because Ally saves a kitten, though that’s supposed to be the point. The immediate point, the one she can believe in, is scooping away a little suffering. She likes the fierce-ness of the word terrorist, thought she knows how wrong that is. She thinks of it sometimes when they’re fucking.

From Homes for Bad Animals by Lydia Conklin

She stands on a foot stool and watches Bill from the kitchen window. He lies on his back in the fresh-cut grass, tightening the legs on the picnic table with a screwdriver. Her dislike for him today hinges on permanent, like she’s carved the sensation into a square of wet cement outside a bank or a grocery store. Colleen hadn’t wanted to spend money on something as dull as a picnic table. He purchases such items on his own, and stores them in the garage or the tool shed without fact, has caused them to drift. She is no longer helping with the landscaping efforts. She offered him no assistance erecting the aboveground pool the previous summer. She’d only watched from her spot in the kitchen, where she paced with coffee veins and eight weeks of growth under her sweatshirt. That was a year ago, just days before the drive through Wellington. Now they have no baby and a picnic table. Now they have a ripped lining. They have a useless pool, covered with a tarpaulin after a handful of lackluster dips.

From “Knots” by Tim Howard
WHERE AT BREAD LOAF IS
Michelle Peñaloza?

Today’s Where at Bread Loaf Is Michelle Peñaloza takes you to a place where you can gather around a piano for a tune or two. Guess where!

The previous edition featured Michelle posing in the laundry room. Remember that the Front Desk has $1 cups of detergent for your use.

Two Special Talks Today

Today at 10:10 a.m., the editors of Poetry & Poetry Northwest will give a special talk about the publications in the Little Theatre. Lindsay Garbutt, the assistant editor of Poetry magazine, manages the digital editions of the magazine as well as editing the print publication. Kevin Craft, the editor of Poetry Northwest, directs both the Written Arts Program at Everett Community College and the University of Washington’s Creative Writing in Rome Program.

“Confronting the Holocaust Through Research and Poetry” at 1:30 p.m. will feature Jack Porter, a former Atherton Fellow of Bread Loaf in 1976 and now at the Davis Center for Russian and Eurasian Studies at Harvard University. A survivor of the Holocaust, he published over 30 books including The Genocidal Mind. In his talk he will discuss how to do research on resistance in Ukraine and Russia and some poetry of resistance as well as the Shoah and being Jewish.

OVERHEARD

“I’m trying to pay you a compliment.”
“That’s not how roads work.”
“I don’t want to be disappointing—unless I’m sober. Then I can take full responsibility.”
“Are you talking about a Prince Charles?”
“Do you sleep in both beds?”
“I’m pretty well adjusted. I’m married and I have a child.”
“I only get cooler.”
“I’m having an ice cream baby.”
“So straight people have taken that, too.”
“Your sadnesses are incompatible.”
“If you’d been at the dance, I would have descended on you like a locust on a wheat field.”
“Boo. Your sexism doesn’t work here.”
“If you want to be the young blood that keeps this vampire going, come on over!”
“I’m highly susceptible to magical thinking”
“I think that they’re prostitutes.”
“Did you hear that tree leaves have mouths?”
“Dig the hole deeper, Steven! Go ahead!”
“I’m not your f-ing waiter.”

Today is the last day to submit overheard items. Deadline: 3 p.m.

GUESTS

The following guests are leaving the mountain today.
Gary & Roland Clark
Maudelle Driskell
Carolyn Kuebler
Janet Silver
Allison Wright

Please wish them safe journeys.

COMMUNITY ITEM

TWITTER DIRECTORY

Saturday’s issue of The Crumb will include a Twitter directory. Email blcrumb@gmail.com your name and Twitter handle if you want to be included. Remember to tag #blwc15 when you are posting on social media.
RATE MY WAITERS

Really honest reviews by people with wild imagination

Charles Baxter: “...poured our coffee table-side in blatant disregard for server rules. We have agreed not to sue.”

Sally Keith: “...a force of nature, pure poetry in motion!”

Terrance Hayes: “Amazing, friendly, efficient, too tall.” “He should sign more books.”

Keetje Kuipers: “She was a squirrel, hurrying back and forth to meet the needs of our demanding table.”

Michael Collier: “... awesome in his ambiguity.”

“Dubious sense of humor.”

Chris Castellani: “...people who are such good waiters shouldn’t be tying up creative writing faculty positions.”

Helen Schulman: “...cocked an eyebrow when I ordered all three desserts—a little judgmental, yo!”

Tom Sleigh: “... a newly rabid squirrel; scampering about in an endearingly frantic nature.” “...a Beluga whale of a laugh trying to perform the worm surgery of lunch.”

Vu Tran: “He is the pop tart of waiters: a little crusty but sweet inside.”

Peter Mountford: “...as gentle as a bear, attentive as a mama grizzly.” “...like a mother bird delivering the juiciest worm to a handful of chicks...” “...a teardrop pearl earring dangling over a high chasm filled with quiche.”

Jen Grotz: “...made the real waiters look too good.” “...never, ever, ever want her to...”

Kirstin “Gouge” Valdez Quade: “...nice work with the hat. Very precise.”

Hele na María Viramontes: “...an artisanal condiment, the mayo of my dreams.” “...the entire reading public should be kneeling.”

Lan Samantha Chang: “...mellow as a chip of warm butter.” “Mommy... is the very very very best! Best best best! In the whole world!”

Ann Hood: “... a disco ball that sparkles from every angle and does not stop spinning.”