

Errata and programme changes

The correct date and time for the readings by Nyk de Vries and Louis de Bernières is Saturday September 18th at 10pm.

Because of TC Boyle's indisposition, Robin Black will now read with Owen Hill on Thursday September 16th at 9.30pm.

The extract attributed to David Constantine in the festival brochure is in fact by David Vann. Here is an extract from Mr. Constantine's shortlisted book:

The reason why I don't like going round there for supper (though I always accept) is the atmosphere. Catharine is quite a good cook really – a lot better than me, at any rate – and I know she makes an effort when she invites me round. But she loses heart. Often she can't eat it herself, which isn't very encouraging. He eats all his and I think if I wasn't there he'd eat up hers as well, the way he eyes it. He's very mean. His best friend, which may well be me, couldn't call him a generous man. The wine, for example, which I suppose is his responsibility. The wife usually leaves it to the husband, so I believe. With a decent glass of wine you don't mind what you're eating. At least, that's how I help my cooking down. But at their place it's always been open a week. Red or white, he brings it out of the fridge with a stopper in. And that's what we get. I honestly think it makes for vindictiveness, wine like that, fetched out like that, never a new bottle of anything any good.

I don't know what it is he's done and is so worried about. I mean his box of cuttings and his one topic of conversation. Nothing, would be my guess. I've read that a man can become obsessed about anything, for no reason; or for no reason you could call halfways adequate. Once he did say something, but not enough to explain his collection of horrible revelations and court cases. It was some while ago and I was round there for supper. I was surprised they asked me again after that. But they did, and before very long. What I call the atmosphere, why I don't like sharing a meal with them, was worse after his sudden coming out with something. It became more of a burden—a burden on me. As though they were looking to me for another confession. I don't mean one of my own.

'Regrets,' *The Shieling* (Comma Press, 2009) by David Constantine.