The display which is being made at Farmer’s Blaxland Galleries in connection with Authors Week is unique in many ways and one which should enlist the interest of all good Australians.

No less than 1600 books written by Australians, or by Australians about Australia, have been given or lent to the Committee, and will be included in the Book Exhibition. In addition to books, there will also be book-plates, portraits of authors, bindings, manuscripts and other literary treasures. Mr. J. J. Hardie is in charge of this exhibition, which will open on April 8 at 9.30.

To illustrate the versatility of Australian writers, a number of pageants representing scenes from Australian books will be performed every afternoon. There will be 10 of these pageants, and 60 actors and actresses will be engaged in their production, under the direction of Mr. John Gould and Miss Jeanie Ranken. The first performance will be on Monday, April 8, after the opening ceremony, when the Governor, Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven, will officially launch Authors Week.

The Week will conclude with a Grand Ball on Saturday, April 13, to be held in Blaxland Galleries at 8.30 p.m., concluding at 1.30 a.m. Both plain and fancy dress will be worn, and the hall will be appropriately decorated to give the literary atmosphere.

Fellowship of Australian Writers

FOREWORD
1. THE PROLOGUE

By Jeanne Ranken

Good Audience! Your ears a moment, pray;
From our Australian Literature to-day
The Drum Folk will step forth to give you greeting,
And play their parts for you. And does the meeting
Conjure you, will you think on all its means
To hold in memory these Folk of Dreams—
There are so many scenes we'd like to show,
But time is short—Though Art is long you know—
Bushland Bards who sing of roving ways;
And Robbery under Arms in olden days;
Old Haby wandering with his Circus Band;
And "We" who loved the "Never Never" Land;
The mighty pageants of the past unfold,
We hear the Dramas of old Greece retold
In singing words:—One raged that Poetic
Is bound by no clime, but wanders fancy free;
A Wild Swing singing—all the unnamed Band
Of Troubadours who tell of story and:
—-
Let us look forward—see our literature
Growing in power and beauty, founded sure
On their sincerity without which art
Is but the great sheme of things but little part.
So we may worship at old shrines, yet be
The voice of our own Land and Time, and see
The Commonplaces of our cliler days
Livened by laughter, and the wandering ways
Of Dreams—and when old Time has struck his Knell,
The Dream may be the business—
Who can tell?
12. EPILOGUE

BY BARTLETT ADAMSON

Spoken by Marie Bremner

Now, though the moving pageant ends,
Keep this for memory, good friends.

Those actors you have seen and heard,
Have sought to show, by deed and word,
Their intimate, for your delight,
Our own Australian artists write.

Not only of the lonely bush,
Nor goldfield rush, nor city push,
Nor yet alone of outlaw days,
Nor even old colonial ways,
Their stories tell. But ranging far,
Our writers roam through peace and war,
Making the whole wide world their stage
And taking toll of every age.

Yet all these tales, how they change,
Give scarce a hint of what wide range
Waits to delight the one who looks
To those, our own Australian books.

And since all books, or so it seems,
Are born of dreams, and since those dreams
Demand, much more than we may guess,
The subtle touch of friendliness.

Good friends! how great, how great the cheer
You give us by your presence here,
Inspiring all, unconsciously,
To greater tales and dreams to be.

The dream lives, though the pageant ends.
And so farewell, farewell, good friends!