

A detailed illustration of a woman, Dulcie Deamer, sitting and looking upwards and to the right. She is wearing a green long-sleeved dress with a white lace collar and cuffs, and a green and blue striped hat with a floral pattern. Her right hand is resting on her lap, and her left hand is extended outwards. The background is a textured, light blue-grey.

Panic

Dulcie
Deamer

"QUEEN OF BOHEMIA"
& FREELANCE WRITER

SKILLS

- Anti-Intellectual4
- Be Dulcie Deamer5
- Born Actress4
- Chaste4
- Contortions (Splits)5
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- Deflect Unwanted Attention4
- Hide True Feelings4
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- Investigate Story4
- Joie de vivre5
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HEALTH

- Dead as a Maggot
- Crook as Rookwood
- Completely Rooted
- Sick as a Dog
- A Bit Buggered
- Hearty
- Absolutely Stoked

VITALITY

- Unconscious
- Woozy
- Dazed
- Head-achy
- No Worries
- Magnetic
- Masterly

STABILITY

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NON-CONFORMITY

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QUEER

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SENSUAL

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MYSTIC

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RAW TALENT (SECRET)

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What is your ecstasy, in art or in life? What is your life’s intended masterpiece? What would you sacrifice to achieve it?

New Zealand-born Dulcie is a charismatic and vivacious woman in her thirties: a prolific and talented writer. Her views are daring for the age and so is her behaviour. Dulcie has been an actor, journalist, world traveller, wife and mother before entering full-time Bohemianism in Sydney. Born in 1890, Dulcie grew up in the New Zealand bush. At seventeen, she joined a knockabout company of theatrical barnstormers. That same year Dulcie won a major short-story competition run by the *Lone Hand* magazine. 'As It Was in the Beginning', was illustrated by the famous artist Norman Lindsay. It was a sensual tale of Neolithic life and love. Within a year Dulcie was married and had started on years of international travel with

her stage-struck husband, Albert (Goldie) Goldberg. Fifteen years her senior, Goldie proposed the same day he met her. The couple travelled, with brief spells in Sydney, until the early 1920s. They lived in America, England and France, and visited many countries. Despite the rigours of her nomadic life Dulcie was able to bear six children—two sons were to die early—and wrote books, short stories and travel pieces to help feed and clothe them. Dulcie's novels include *The Suttée of Safa*, "a hot love story about Akbar the Great"; *Revelation* and *The Street of the Gazelle*, set in Jerusalem at the time of Christ; and *The Devil's Saint*, a tale of Middle Ages witchcraft. In the early 1920s three of Dulcie's novels were run as serials by the giant Hearst

Dulcie Deamer



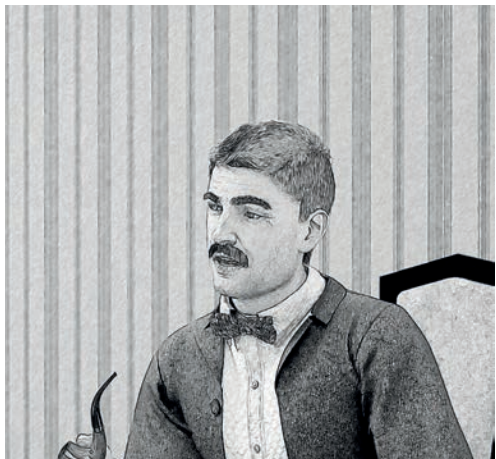
MOIRA DARTLY Sydney *Sun* women's page social scribbler. A talented woman oppressed by men. Her lover, Meryk, drowned three months ago. A close friend who brings comfort.



HOPE Enigmatic sculptor and street tough. A shy lost soul, a mystery. He has little trust in people and needs to be loved.



JACK LINDSAY Headstrong and sometimes pretentious poet, son of Norman Lindsay. We are rivals of sorts, but fond of each other. We constantly clash.



KEN SLESSOR Dapper poet and *Sun* journalist. Ken needs to unwind a little. A gentleman and friend.

DULCIE: THE WOUND, THE SCAR, THE LIE

Dulcie's Wound: Mask of Celebrity

Being 'Queen of Bohemia' is a full time job. People expect so much. Yet I have lost my husband, and my mother raises my four children.

Dulcie's Scar: Mania

Being the celebrated Queen of Bohemia; being highly independent, living on the fringes, focusing on writing, being constantly entertaining.

Dulcie's Lie: Irresponsible

I am irresponsible and selfish. I cannot care for my children. I am a failure as a mother.

Associated Attitudes

Annoyance, desire, impatience, indifference, insecurity, reluctance.

Positive Aspects

Most people are enthralled by Dulcie: her mask slips only rarely. She is adept at reading and inspiring people. She constantly pushes the boundaries of social convention and expectation.

Negative Aspects

Dulcie is trapped by her own persona, and she does not know how authentic it is. She can be irresponsible. Her celebrity status constantly attract unwanted personal attention.

Healing

As an artist, Dulcie can heal herself through the creation of a great work or the performance of a great act. If her actions or inactions have bad effects, Dulcie may see a need to change.

newspaper network, making her one of the most widely-read authors of the day. The frank eroticism of her romantic plots made her very popular indeed.

Dulcie is frank about her work. It is competent enough, well-crafted and, most importantly, saleable; but it is not deathless art. Years of travel, frequent pregnancy and the loss of two children have taken their toll on Dulcie's health and on her marriage. Around 1917 she had a nervous breakdown, and her relationship with Goldie deteriorated.

Dulcie's mother had brought the children up in Sydney during her travels, and continued to do so after Dulcie's separation from Goldie in 1922. Dulcie had few maternal instincts and this arrangement guaranteed her freedom. She remained in Sydney, working as a freelance writer and journalist, never more to roam.

Dulcie contributed stories, articles and verse to the *Australian Woman's Mirror*, the *Bulletin* and the *Sydney Morning Herald*, often using pseudonyms.

Living at the Cross, Dulcie is now an habitu  of most of the town's Bohemian caf s. She has earned a reputation for performing the splits, dancing the hula ("It's simply a matter of revolving one's body around one's navel") and for her exuberant jazz dancing.

With china doll features and lustrous 'jewel-bright' eyes, Dulcie is a stealer of scenes and of hearts. She embodies *joie de vivre*, a term she herself often uses.

Dulcie was the belle of the riotous first Artists' Ball in the Sydney Town Hall in 1923. She pranced around the dance floor as Eve, dressed in a leopard skin and skin coloured tights.

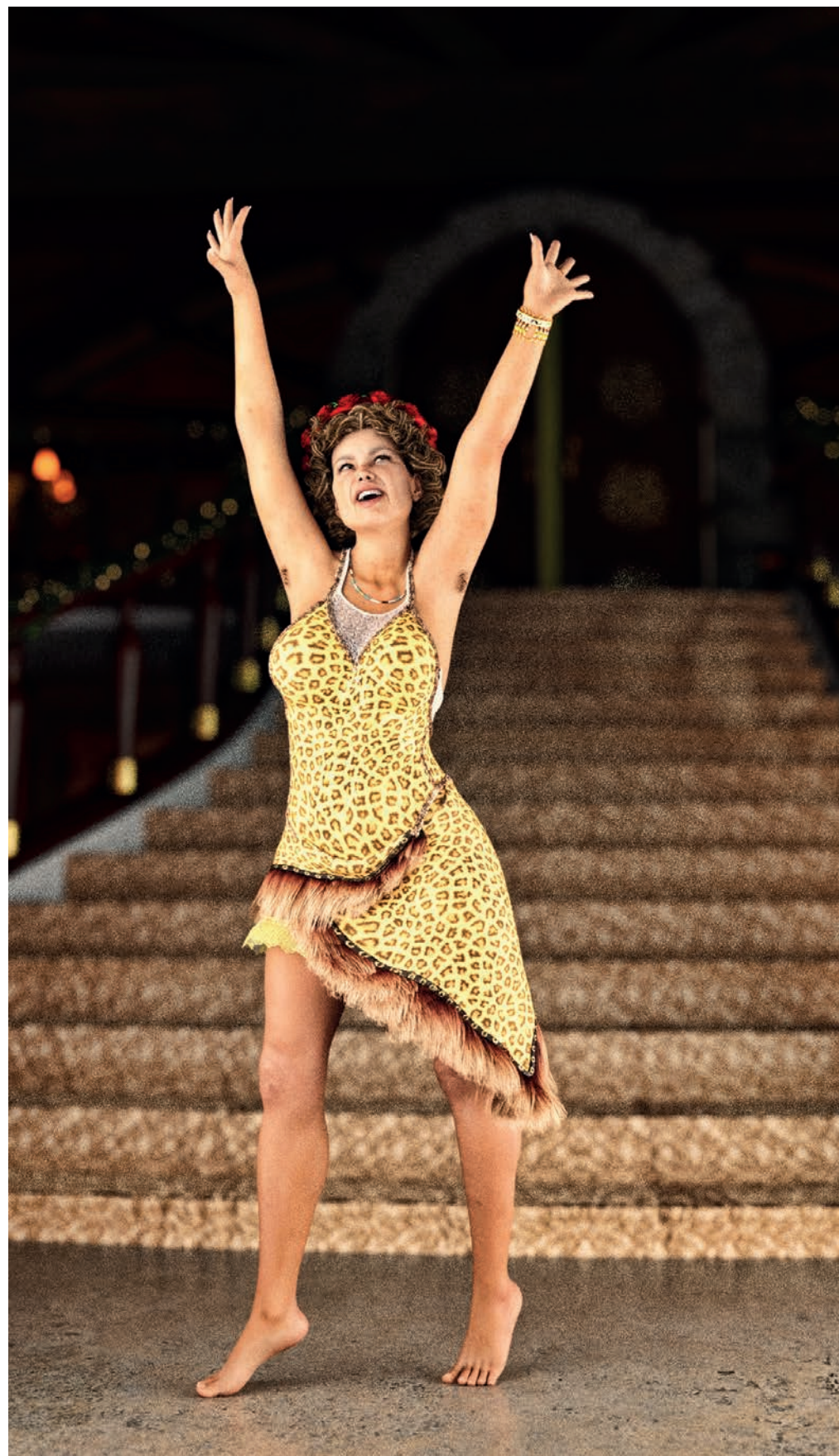
In 1923, Dulcie became a member of the Noble Order of *I Felici, Letterati, Conoscenti e Lunatici*—the Happy, Literary, Wise and Mad. The 'Evil Itchy', as it was scurrilously known, first met at Betsy's Cafe la Boheme in Wilmot Street.

In 1925, in celebration of her great popularity, Dulcie was crowned 'Queen of Bohemia' in an elaborate mock ceremony.

Dulcie can be an outrageous flirt and has been propositioned many times. Her response is often a curt, "I am vowed to Diana!" and perhaps she means it. Dulcie has other things on her mind, such as writing.

The Noble Order is an enlightened alternative to much of the Sydney Bohemian scene, from which women are largely excluded. Dulcie's emphasis on frivolity and on keeping things strictly above board at gatherings enables other women to participate freely in the Noble Order without having to endure overt sexual harassment.

Battles between the flesh and the spirit underlie much of Dulcie's written work. She maintains a mystical attitude to life that incorporates elements of Theosophy, including a belief in reincarnation.



On adolescent rambles through the New Zealand bush Dulcie experienced mystical ecstasies. She sometimes encountered a 'Presence' in a tree-fern gully that filled her with religious awe. Despite Dulcie's achievements both as an author and journalist, her life itself is perhaps her most important art, her real masterpiece. Dulcie Deamer is, in short, famous for being Dulcie Deamer.

Dulcie's life is bright and filled with laughter. Her companions are her joy and inspiration (even Jack). They mean so much to her, especially in these dark times, when so many members of the Sydney arts community have been struck down by Fate or simply disappeared.



Dulcie

The Strong Man squatted beside her; she did not shrink. He put his hand on her hair; she bent her head as if to display it to him. Truly it was a wonderful colour. Like a fox's midwinter coat. The man was filled with a vast satisfaction. Tomorrow he would bring her wild strawberries in cool leaves, and redberry spoils for her threading. The lion's teeth also should be pierced and strung. No other woman of the cliff-dwellers would possess such a necklace.

—*As It Was In The Beginning*

I am type of singleness. . .
Dazzling breasts that never bless
With their bared surrendering
Amorous strengths that man may bring
To their conquest. They are free
As two wild white mares may be

By a fainting wanderer seen
From a midnight-dark ravine,
Spur his thirst and hurt his soul,
So I stand the hopeless goal
Of the finite world's desire.

—'Artemis'

My jungles! Quick with lawless, fearless life;
The teeth of love, the deathfang of a knife,
And satyr brawls, and Maenad women's strife.
I'll enter by some strait, scarce-lighted door,
Cross with bare feet the dank and wine-wet floor
Ah! Now I am the Emperor's wife no more!
Swordsman, Greek boxer, Goth they wait for me;
Now does my body live now am I free!
My shredded robe slips downward to my knee. . .
I am as naked as Life's naked flame!
None ever spoke of law or coward shame
In that spring-fevered world from which I came. . .
. . . I fear no death. Let swift sleep end the game!

—'Messalina'

O give the Silver Branch into my hand,
That I may go to the Silver Fountain
That springs in Otherworld's caverned mountain
Where the dragon sleeps on the strand
Of the tide on which there is no return;
And the boat is waiting, and silver light
Showers the shadows of Wonder Night.

—'The Silver Branch'