

*Some Exquisites of the Regency When Almack's Club, composed of all the travelled young men who wore long curls and spying-glasses, was in absorbed by Brooks's, the day of the Macaronis was past.*

It is without the pale of art, because its object is deception. The art pleases by reminding, not deceiving. The place was filled with foreigners, and I seemed to be in a cage of magpies. Where transportation was slow and costly, and only the rich could afford to travel out of the country. Then imagine a new cutting edge technology in which lifesized illusions of ancient or distant lands were recreated on large translucent screens and scenes of beauty or disaster were enhanced with lights that simulated scenes containing fire, the changing seasons, and sunrises and sunsets. Dioramas were a 19th century version of virtual reality "spectacles that both entertained and filled the viewer with wonder. Illusionary, seemingly 3D, and augmented by concealed lights in back of the stage, these entertainments were shown in buildings designed to display them. The theater was equipped with windows and louvers that could be opened and closed to front light and back light the images. This caused transparent areas of the scene to change and new images to appear. Most often these were day to night transformations. The building still stands, but the interior has been vastly transformed. The subject matter included landscape scenes of the grand tour, religious stories, recreations of paintings and grand architecture, and historical themes well-known to the public. The images could be made more or less bright according to the mood or atmosphere required by the theme. Props were also added for realism: Diorama theatre

The visitors, after passing through a gloomy anteroom, were ushered into a circular chamber, apparently quite dark. One or two small shrouded lamps placed on the floor served dimly to light the way to a few descending steps and the voice of an invisible guide gave directions to walk forward. The eye soon became sufficiently accustomed to the darkness to distinguish the objects around and to perceive that there were several persons seated on benches opposite an open space resembling a large window. Through the window was seen the interior of Canterbury Cathedral undergoing partial repair with the figures of two or three workmen resting from their labours. The pillars, the arches, the stone floor and steps, stained with damp, and the planks of wood strewn on the ground, all seemed to stand out in bold relief, so solidly as not to admit a doubt of their substantiality, whilst the floor extended to the distant pillars, temptingly inviting the tread of exploring footsteps. Few could be persuaded that what they saw was a mere painting on a flat surface. The impression was strengthened by perceiving the light and shadows change, as if clouds were passing over the sun, the rays of which occasionally shone through the painted windows, casting coloured shadows on the floor. Then shortly the lightness would disappear and the former gloom again obscure the objects that had been momentarily illumined. The illusion was rendered more perfect by the sensitive condition of the eye in the darkness of the surrounding chamber. The popularity of the dioramas generated a debate over whether their pictures were art. Indeed, if contemporary reactions are to be believed, the highest artistic achievement the diorama could attain was providing an entertaining substitute for reality. These pleasant but uncomplicated images required little or no preparation for serious thought" Robert W. Image Wikipedia This first-hand account gives the modern reader a sense of how these 30 " 50 minute light shows seemed to the viewer: Woodcut of a diorama, day and night scenes. A bell now rings, we find ourselves in motion; the whole theatre in which we sit, moves round till its wall closes the aperture or stage, and we are in perfect darkness; the bell rings again, a curtain rises, and we are looking on the time-worn towers, transepts, and buttresses of Notre Dame, its rose window on the left, and the water around its base reflecting back the last beams of the setting sun. Gradually these reflections disappear, the warm tints fade from the sky, and arc succeeded by the cool grey hue of twilight, and that again by night"deepening by insensible m degrees till the quay and the surrounding buildings and the water are no longer distinguishable, and Notre Dame itself scarcely reveals to us its outlines against the sky. Before we have long gazed on this scene the moon begins to emerge slowly"very slowly, from the opposite quarter of the heavens, its first faint rays tempering apparently rather than dispersing the gloom; presently a slight radiance touches the top of one of the pinnacles of the cathedral"and glances as it were athwart the dark breast of the stream; now growing more powerful, the

projections of Notre Dame throw their light and fantastic shadows over the left side of the building, until at last, bursting forth in serene unclouded majesty, the whole scene is lit up, except where the vast Cathedral interrupts its beams, on the quay here to the left, and where through the darkness the lamps are now seen, each illumining its allotted space. They were also popular in other British cities, as well as Breslau, Berlin, Cologne, Stockholm, and the United states. The Annual Peeps Diorama competition grows bigger every year:

*Eighteenth century men about town* Some *exquisites of the regency* A forgotten satirist: Peter Pindar Sterne's Eliza The *demoniacs* William Beckford Skip to main content Search the history of over billion web pages on the Internet.

The Transformation of Philip Jettan was indeed written by Heyer, though initially published under a pseudonym. But that was not all that was changed when the book was republished. Something else went missing. It is very fitting that Susan McDuffie, a writer of historical mysteries, and a talented sleuth, has tracked down the missing bit and provided visitors here with the means by which to view it. As always, visitors are welcome to share their views about this book in comments to this article. Mills and Boon published the book under the pseudonym of Stella Martin. A confession of sorts. I could clearly see the cover of my old paperback in my mind, although I had not read it for years, and I distinctly remembered thinking at that time what a fine film it would make. The cover of that book, however read *The Masqueraders!* Slightly chagrined, I rummaged a bit more in the bookcase and found *Powder and Patch*. So I have now had the immense pleasure of acquainting myself with Philip, Cleone, Tom, Maurice and Sally Malmerstoke for the first time. At age twenty-one she already wrote a delightful comedy of manners, a charming farce with clever dialogue and a host of well-drawn characters, both primary and secondary, who entertain and amuse. Cleone Charteris rejects her country love Philip Jettan with the cruel words "I do not want a-a-raw-country-bumpkin. This feat he miraculously accomplishes in only six months in Paris. We are talking fiction, after all. Heyer herself said of a later book, "I think myself I ought to be shot for writing such nonsense. Into the room came, Philip, a vision in shades of yellow. He carried a rolled sheet of parchment tied with an amber ribbon. He walked with a spring, and his eyes sparkled with pure merriment. He waved the parchment roll triumphantly. Saint-Dantin went forward to greet him. I was consumed of a rondeau until an hour ago. That was a year ago. Since then it has been a sonnet! You shall expound to us at dinner. Cleone knows that you have trifled with a dozen other women. Cleone saidâ€œ"" "So she may have. That does not mean that she meant it, does it? I found it easily online at <http://www.millsandboon.com>. In the second they will retire to Sussex and become a country gentleman and his wife, very much like the Rougiers. By she had spent time living with her husband in Macedonia, where she nearly died during a dental procedure, and in a grass hut in Tanganyika. Perhaps homey Sussex looked better to Georgette Heyer by than exotic Paris. But whichever ending you prefer, I hope you will enjoy, as I so thoroughly did, the chance to revisit this wonderfully fun read, or to discover it for the first time. Susan McDuffie writes historical mysteries set in medieval Scotland and has written Regency short stories. Find out more at:

*The metadata below describe the original scanning. Follow the "All Files: HTTP" link in the "View the book" box to the left to find XML files that contain more metadata about the original images and the derived formats (OCR results, PDF etc.).*

Though Austen lived and wrote during the Regency, and Heyer, who lived in the twentieth century, did a great deal of research to re-create that world, how do you think these two heroes compare? It has long been my favorite Heyer romance after *An Infamous Army*. The heroine, Miss Annis Wychwood, is an independent 29 year-old blessed with beauty, grace, and no small amount good humor. If her blessings are many, so too are the oppositional forces Ms. Heyer set in her path. And Lord Beckenham, a persistent and exceedingly dull suitor with an inflated sense of his own consequence. In other words, they serve no worthwhile purpose other than to vastly irritate all who have the misfortune to be within earshot. But now to the hero sighhhhhh! The very rich Oliver Carleton, said to be the rudest man in all of London, is a well-grounded no-nonsense man given to plain speaking rather than articulating banal niceties like so many of the exquisites who strut their stuff through Ms. Oliver is that rarity in Ms. He knows himself and his faults, does not dissemble, and does not quibble about offering a sincere apology when one is due. We are not told his age, but he must be in his early to mid-forties given that he was born three years before his now-deceased brother Charles who attended Harrow with the current Lord Iverley whose son, Ninian Elmore, is now So how do Annis and Oliver meet, when she resides in Bath, and he in London? Annis writes to the aunt to ask that Lucilla be allowed to remain with her for some weeks and the aunt promptly writes to Mr. Carleton to bemoan the behaviour of her thankless niece. Perhaps you should read the following excerpt while I gather my scattered wits. Her eyes were alive with laughter. She said perfectly gravely, however: Is there anyone whom you do like, Mr Carleton? That made her burst out laughing. Still gurgling, she said: What in the world have I said or done to make you like me? Of all the farraddiddles I ever heard that bears off the palm! I never flummery people. I think it must be your quality "that certain sort of something about you! I so like Oliver. Dash it all, ladies, but this man has the all-important trait of making even the most irritated young woman laugh. What more could you want? He also distinguishes himself as one whose speech is succinct and honest; not longwinded and pointless. I thoroughly enjoyed the seven or eight scenes between Annis and Oliver, and wish more of the story had been given to them, rather than showing Annis with every other character except the hero. Little wonder she cannot explain why she loved him. A word of warning to those with an eye for detail: The clues are contradicted by historical fact. Lucilla says her father died at the Battle of Corunna ie: We also learn that Lucilla had a governess until her 17th year, which means we must be in or at the earliest. See what I mean? Her romance novel characters other than my adorable Oliver Carleton were never truly complex, and her stories never realistic *An Infamous Army* excepted , but she possessed great skill at crafting comic, effervescent dialogue; and, I suspect, no small degree of perceptiveness or insight into the workings of human relationships. Her real interests lay in the Middle Ages, but I am immensely grateful to her for Oliver Carleton, for it is he, out of all her romance heroes, who seized my adolescent imagination and never relinquished it. Darcy thank God the two rub along quite famously , and he shows no sign of moving out. After several years in Defence, she discovered a talent for art, and another for creative writing which saw her resurrect her interest in history. This year she spent several months in the UK researching aspects of the historical period in which she now writes. Her debut story, *Perfect Trouble*, due for release next year, was a finalist in the Historical romance category of the Emerald City Opener contest. Connect with Kalinya online at:

**Chapter 4 : Laughing Moon Mercantile: Breeches to Pants - Regency Period**

*Jane Austen's World This Jane Austen blog brings Jane Austen, her novels, and the Regency Period alive through food, dress, social customs, and other 19th C. historical details related to this topic.*

In Hogarth to Cruickshank: Buckskin breeches, clawhammer coat, and riding boots. This ensemble from the Kyoto Costume Institute could well have been worn by Mr. Darcy as he toured the grounds of Pemberley. I would add to those categories two more distinctions: The latter exquisites, along with the slavish imitators and effeminate dandies, were fodder for cartoonists, especially Robert and Isaac Cruikshank, who took great glee in lampooning them in a series of hand colored engravings. This exquisite was a wholly ridiculous creature, a true fashion victim. An insignificant or trifling fellow. An effeminate dandy required a great deal of care. A new English dictionary on historical principles: Somber and rich, these men epitomized the powerful, restrained dandy. While Henry is not as handsome as Tom, he commands a room with his personality. I would classify Tom and Henry as notorious dandies, for both pushed the limits of what was considered proper behavior. The more modest Edmund Bertram would never behave like either man. He drives a gig, but imagines it to rival a phaeton, which is like comparing a toyota corrolla to a sleek jaguar. John uses cant, and one imagines that his clothes are too loud and his shirt points too high. Great coat with numerous capes, a favorite menswear item described by romance writers. Darcy, his looks and dress are effortlessly elegant. His arrogance, which Elizabeth Bennet found so off putting at first, comes naturally, for he is placed securely high in society. Beau Brummel, I imagine, would have found very little fault with Mr. Two dandies by Cruikshank dressed to the nines. While exquisitely rigged out, they take tea in a mean hovel of a room. Note the ragged curtains and table cloth, the dishes on the floor and the wash hanging on the line overhead. While the term dandy has come to mean many things, among my favorite cartoons of the Regency era are those that make sport of them. These caricatures must have been popular then, and are irresistible to view now.

*Posts about Regency Dandy written by Vic. I would add to those categories two more distinctions: the powerful dandy and the ridiculous dandy, or one who, from behavior or social standing, is a wholly ridiculous and insignificant creature.*

The practical jokers of St. A singular effeminacy and a desperate recklessness alternated in the same individual, and the languid loungeur of the evening was easily stirred into the fierce duellist of the morning. Amid this strange society of brutality and sentiment there moved the portly figure of George, the Prince and Regent, monstrous on account of his insignificance and interesting for the inhuman absence of any points of interest. Weak and despicable, a liar and a coward, he still in some inexplicable way catches the attention of posterity as he did of his own contemporaries, and draws the eye away from better men. Twice a year the Regent should go to Windsor where the lunatic was kept, and satisfy himself as to his condition. It was a formality, but in the strange lumbering British constitution formalities are the ultimate rulers of all things, with Kings, Lords and Commons groaning under their tyranny. And so, sorely against his will, the weak foolish man abandoned his Brighton palace and drove northwards to fulfill his odious duty at the Castle. But he did not go alone. He was no lover of solitude at any time, and least of all when his work might be done or lightened by others. Lord Yarmouth was with them, the foxy-haired red-whiskered sportsman, and all day they drove through the weald of Sussex and over the uplands of Surrey until in the evening, ankle deep in playing cards, they saw the Thames wind through green meadows, and the huge dark bulk of the Windsor towers loom black against the gold and carmine of a September sunset. Another coach and yet another were on the London road, for it had been given out that the Regent had need of company and his friends were rallying to his call. Why should the Prince see his father? It was enough to have paid his formal visit and to have received the reports of Doctor John Willis and his son. To the Regent an unpleasant duty meant a duty to be evaded. He had seen his father once, and he had never forgotten it. It came to him still, that memory, when he lay restless at night, and not all his little glasses of maraschino could banish it from his mind. The royal state had always seemed so fenced in from unpleasantness of every kind! The whole world conspired to keep trouble away. But Nature would not join in the conspiracy. Nature was rough, brutal, unreasonable. This Prince had never heard one harsh or reproving word in all his life, save only from this stern old man, his father, and from the dreadful unutterable German woman whom he had married. Once or twice when the Commons had been asked to pay his debts there had been unpleasant speeches, but then he did not hear them and they only reached his ears in the mildest and least irritating form. Sycophants and courtiers filtered everything from the outer world. And now into this sheltered life, weakened and softened by indulgence, there came the brutal realities of disease. The King himself, the one man whose position was more august than his own, was struck into puling childish imbecility. It brought home to him that there was a higher law against which all his prerogatives were vain. He shrank now from such an experience, and his quarters, with those of his friends, were placed at that wing of the Castle which was furthest from the chambers of the King. There were twelve of them at supper that night, and they sat late over the wine. The Prince drank deeply to clear away the weight which lay upon his spirits. This house of royal suffering cast its gloom upon him. And the others drank as much or more than he out of sympathy with their royal comrade, and because it was their good pleasure and the custom of the time. Sheridan, of the inflamed face and the ready tongue; Hertford, the husband of the reigning favorite; Yarmouth, his son; Theodore Hook, the jester; Tregellis, whose pale cheek flushed into comeliness upon a fourth bottle; Mountford, with the lewd eyes and the perfect cravat; Mackinnon, of the Guards; Banbury, who shot Sir Charles Williams behind Chalk Farm—these were the men who, out of all the virtue and wisdom of England, had in his fiftieth year gathered as intimates round the English Prince. He lay back in his chair, as the decanters circulated, his eyes glazed and his face flushed. His waistcoat was partly undone and his ruffled shirt came bursting through the gaps. Laziness and liquors had made him very fat, but he carried himself in his official duties with a dignified solemnity. Now in his hour of relaxation the dignity was gone and he lolled, a coarse, swollen man, at the head of his table. At supper he had been amusing. He had two genuine gifts, the one for telling a story and the other for singing a song, and, had he been a commoner, he had still been a good

companion. But his brain had softened and he was at a disadvantage with the seasoned men around him. A little wine would make him excited, a little more, maudlin, and then it was but a short step to irresponsibility. Already he had lost all sense of decency and restraint. He raged between his glasses at his brothers, at his wife, at the Princess Charlotte, his daughter, at the Whigs, the cursed Whigs, who would not come to heel, at the Commons who would not vote him the money for which his duns were clamoringâ€”at everything and every-body as far as they had ever stood in the way of his ever-varying whims. And then, in yet another stage of his exaltation, he lied with palpably absurd vainglorious lies which sprang from that same family taint which had laid his father low. Always behind the pampered, foolish Sybarite there loomed the shadow of madness. Now, at Salamancaâ€” They all glanced furtively at each other, for the delusion was well known to them. And why did the heavies charge? I rammed my spurs into my chargerâ€”a big black he was, with white stockingsâ€”and we went right into them. You can vouch for the story, Tregellis. He frowned darkly at his champion, and shook his head. It was the last walk he ever made without a stick. But the company cared nothing for a quarrel so discreetly conducted. The Prince was telling a story. He missed the point, but they guffawed with outrageous merriment. Hook capped it with another which was all point but met with a languid murmur of approval. The talk turned upon racing, why Sam Chifney had been warned off the turf and why the Regent had abandoned Newmarket. There were drunken tears in his dull eyes as he told how scandalously he had been treated. And then it passed on to prize-fighting. His father bet a hundred guineas against him in the coming fight, and the family wager was booked amidst shoutings and laughter. Then the talk came back to the never failing topic of women, and it was seen how a coarse and material age could debase the minds of men, and soil the daintiest of subjects. A shadow of disgust passed over the pale face of Tregellis as he listened to the hiccoughed reminiscences of the maudlin Regent. Hook had risen from the depths to the surface on account of his originalityâ€”an originality which was already losing its freshness. Everyone who had any talent or peculiarity, however grotesque, was brought to Brighton. Mackinnon had never before been in the presence, and his fresh young soldier face was suffused with blushes at the words of Tregellis. The Regent looked at him with his glazed eyes. No, that was Ingleston. Or are you the man who imitates a coach horn? He takes some pounding, I tell you. Now, sir, give us a lead! And so, as we sit! And the man who is pounded shall drink a claret glass of maraschino for a punishment. If wise and brilliant menâ€”a Fox, or a Sheridanâ€”did succeed in such circles, it was by reason of their vices rather than of their virtues. A Wordsworth or a Coleridge would have been powerless before a rival who crowed like a cock or had a boundless invention for practical jokes. So it was that Mackinnon, with his absurd accomplishment, had taken London society by storm and shot over the heads of his superior officers into the select circle which shared the amusements and the vices of the repulsive George. Mackinnon, a little flurried at this strange game of follow-my-leader for which he was to be responsible, had risen from his chair. He was a tall, thin, supple lad, with a wiry, active figure, which bore out his reputation for gymnastic skill. But there was nothing here to test his powers. As the Prince had remarked, any one could, with a little address, have made the circuit of the room without touching the floor, for the furniture was massive and abundant. From a chair he stepped onto the long brown oaken sideboard, strewn with fruit and plate. Walking along it, he found himself some few feet from an armchair, onto which he sprang. The others followed with shouts and cheersâ€”some as active and light as himself, some stout from good living and unsteady from wine, but all entering eagerly into the royal joke. The courtly Banbury sprang with languid grace from the sideboard to the armchair, and, landing on the arm, rolled with it upon the ground, George, balanced among the dishes and wine-coolers upon the sideboard, laughed until he had to hold on to a picture to keep from falling. When he, in his turn, sprang onto the chair his two feet went through the bottom, amid shrieks of delight from his companions. Onto the broken chair they bounded, one after another, until it was a bundle of splinters and upholstery. From there, with all the yapping and clamor of a hunt, they scrambled over a cabinet, and so along a chain of chairs that ended at the broad marble mantelpiece. Here was indeed a perilous passage; nothing but a high pier glass upon one side, and a five-foot drop into an ornamental fender upon the other. Mackinnon tripped over, and then Banbury, Yarmouth, Hertford and the Prince, the last pawing nervously at the glass with fat, moist hands which left their blurred marks across it. He had shuffled his unwieldy bulk almost into safety, when suddenly the shoutings and the

cheerings died away, and a strange silence fell upon the rioters. Another sound, which had grown louder upon their ears, hushed their foolish outcry. It was a long, monotonous, bellowing call; a strangely animal uproar; one deep note repeated again and again, but rising in volume to a retching whoop. For some minutes Tregellis and others had been conscious of the sinister clamor; but now it grew louder with every instant, as if some wandering heifer were lowing down the corridor and rapidly approaching the door of their dining room. It was so overpoweringly loud that it boomed through all their riot and reduced them to a startled silence. For it was an extraordinary noise, animal in sound, but human in origin—a grim, mindless hooting which struck cold into their hearts. They looked from one to the other, the grotesque line of coatless men, balanced upon the tables and the chairs. Who could it be who howled thus down the royal corridor? The question flashed from eye to eye, and it was the bloodless lips of George which found the answer. He had descended to a chair and stood there with frightened, staring eyes fixed upon the door. Outside there rang one last terrific whoop, as the door was flung open, and the mad King stood mewling and gabbling in the opening. He was in a gray dressing gown, with red slippers protruding beneath. His white hair was ruffled, a white beard fell over his chest, and his huge, protruding eyes rolled round him with the anxious eagerness of a purblind man.

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

In the early eighteenth century they were still ample in the seat; usually they fitted over the knee but the man of mode might have them shorter when he wore his stockings rolled. From c. 1750 backs were still cut full. For day wear with boots the legs were extended well below the knee and eventually to the calves. They continued to be worn by the unfashionable until well into the century, and for certain sports and also for country wear. Pantaloon were very generally worn until the middle of the nineteenth century and replaced breeches for formal wear. They fitted closely, like tights. Pantaloon were henceforth also always worn with evening dress, and even salon etiquette now found them acceptable; initially made of kerseymere, by the 1780s they were increasingly made of black knitted silk or wool, and buttoned at the ankle with three or four buttons. Like old-fashioned breeches, pantaloon were shapely, sculpted, and flirtatious. Men over thirty-five therefore wore an intermediate type of semi-clinging pantaloon. From the calf down they were straight and did not cling to the ankle. They took the military image by storm, sprouting moustaches and sideburns that some men even starched clicking their metal heels, rattling their spurs. I had seen these in fashion plates but had no idea they had their own name. These are not so generally worn now, as formerly, but when worn upon a well turned figure, and made with skill, have a remarkably genteel appearance; This garment is the same as Pantaloon, so low as the small of the leg, which may be continued in nearly a straight line to the bottom allowing however, a trifling spring from where it comes over the top of the shoe; the buttoning at the side is to be regulated by the same rules as premised in Pantaloon to allow the heel and instep to pass freely. And be careful in cutting the hind part low enough at the heel, to prevent its riding up above the shoe, which is a great fault, though frequently to be met with. This would explain the apostrophe which Golding always uses. There the trail goes cold. Still others had a half-sole. Cossacks These are so entertaining! Such trousers had foot straps yet were supposed to be worn full, generating further polemics. Thousand-pleat, that is to say twenty or thirty pleats without flap; 2. English-style, with flap and four pleats on each side of the flap; 3. Russian-style, five long, deep pleats with flap. To keep these pants good and tight, Y-suspenders with pulleys are used, attached in front by four buttons. In fact they are mentioned in the chapter on Cossacks and do not have their own section. They are all grouped together apparently because they are all loose fitting. I have quoted from the Chenoune book but there is even more fascinating information in his book that I have not included. The patterns I have drafted of these different types of trousers follow the drawings in the Golding book, along with influence from a several pairs of extant pants and breeches that I have. The only big difference is the drawing Golding has of the Cossacks. He added to both sides of the front of the trousers to give lots of material to the pleats; both at center front and the side seam. I omitted adding to the center front. The samples I made with this construction were not a success! This additional fabric at center front wadded up in the crotch and over the stomach and put center front on the bias; not a good thing for construction. Give it a try yourself though, if you need a good laugh!

Chapter 7 : 10 Restaurants Near Wiesensee Golf Club | OpenTable

*The Beau Monde Chapter of RWAÂ® offers a free online newsletter, The Regency Reader, to anyone interested in Regency romances. This free monthly publication features listings of new, recent and upcoming titles, author interviews and tidbits about the Regency era.*

More to the point, were they ever? The iconic image of Baudelaire is drawn from his final years, his visage wasted by spleen, drugs and venereal disease. As a young man, however, he was quite the dandy. He had long hair, a full moustache, and a dark, curly beard. He had just come into his inheritance, which he quickly squandered on his mistress, hashish, opium, absinthe, food and wine, books, paintings, and "not to be forgotten" clothes. He dressed in his own individual style. He neither affected the negligent disarray of the bohemians nor followed the fashion of the aristocratic lion or incroyable. He instead designed a distinctive yet elegant cut for his clothes: At first he added a dash of color: Later he went all black, cravat and waistcoat included. Eventually, as his abhorrence of modern society intensified and his estrangement from it increased perhaps accelerated by the dissipation of his inheritance and the corresponding accumulation of debt, he shaved his beard, cropped his hair, and died. The club was established as a meeting place for the Society for the Encouragement of Horse Racing in France, ostensibly concerned with improving French horse breeding. In reality the club became the all-male bastion of high society. For fashionable men it replaced the salon, which was headed by a hostess and had been the traditional meeting ground of female socialites. The lives of these dandies revolved around horses, riding, shooting, gambling, smoking, dining, billiards and dancing girls. These dandies, as Baudelaire recognizes, were the aristocratic idle rich. Aggressively haughty, Baudelaire idolized them for their cold aloofness, and devotion to the pursuit of pleasure. The essay certainly suggests such: It is repetitious, circuitous and sometimes recondite. To Baudelaire, the success of capitalism and the rise of the bourgeoisie paved the way for social egalitarianism, a leveling of personal distinction, conformity, increasing materialism, philistinism, a complacent belief in progress, and, above all, mediocrity. Existing archetypes were of no use to Baudelaire in his opposition to these evils. The old aristocracy was on its way out; the rising, but not yet triumphant, bourgeoisie was the enemy, and the common man was all too common. There was a social vacuum, and into this void Baudelaire deposits the dandy. Dandies, Baudelaire opines, usually appear in times of anomie: To re-enforce the image of the dandy in opposition to the work ethic, Baudelaire repeatedly emphasizes that the dandy had no gainful employment. He knew better than that. He did not run with the fashionable, aristocratic dandies, nor did he care to. In fact, he despised them. At the opera, these dandies had disrupted, in protest, new-fangled performances that had dispensed with dancing girls, with whom they were conducting affairs. It strains credulity to believe that Baudelaire, an artist, would actually have considered such philistines to be spiritual aristocrats. For Baudelaire, dandyism is more about attitude and less about clothes. Neither author, then, tries to varnish the dandy with false, conventional virtue. To the contrary, they openly esteem pride and vanity, characteristics Baudelaire thought were sorely lacking in his generation. Quite frankly, it is too philosophical and pretentious for me. That is not to say that a dandy cannot have those spiritual, intellectual and moral qualities that Baudelaire ascribes to him as essential. Take, for example, the original Regency dandy. Brummell never for a moment pretended he had any intellectual or philosophical substance. The Beau was all surface. The Regency dandy was intentionally superficial. His appearance and manner made him superior, not merely reflected his inner superiority. I am not implying that every dandy must conform to the model of Brummell, nor that dandyism is frozen in the Regency. My point is more nuanced than that: If the archetype does not possess a quality, then the quality can not be an essential part of the type. Baudelaire also goes astray in minimizing the importance of sartorial elegance. It is, I believe, the very definition of a dandy. Baudelaire "quite unintentionally, of course" cheapens language. It referred to a particular type of individual, and was a word of distinction. A dandy was different from a Romantic or a Bohemian or an aristocrat or an artist or a philosopher. Not only were they clearly distinct types, they also did not necessarily sympathize with each other. For example, Byron, a Romantic, was proud that the dandies welcomed him to their clubs and considered him a hale fellow well met. By making the dandy

a stand-in for the aesthete or rebel, Baudelaire slurs meaning and thereby demeans language. Baudelaire tacitly acknowledges his faulty reasoning: He mentions, without reconciling the contradiction, that dandyism went back to ancient history and beyond Western Europe. Human society of old was constituted on a very different principle. All were born to a fixed social position and were mostly kept in it by law. It is the exquisites who are going to rule. This disengagement is what sartorially leads to would-be dandies dressing like pirates, vampires or leprechauns. It is a role that Baudelaire would approve. For the dandy still stands for absolute perfection in dress. In a society grown increasingly abstract, mass, collectivist, bureaucratic, anonymous and impersonal, the dandy is more than ever a beacon of individuality. His insistence on standards plays an even more vital role in a debased culture where the lowest common denominator is the yardstick. In order to give the dandy his due, rather than unnecessarily add qualities, however noble, to the dandy archetype, it is better to strip the dandy down to his quintessence. Ergo, a dandy is a male, of whatever class and wheresoever situate, who, dressing within the limits of prevailing social conventions and the broad laws of fashion, is recognizable by his distinctive, elegant and confident sartorial style. Baudelaire would concede as much. Then, having established this touchstone, ask the question: What does being a dandy mean in a particular time and place? Approaching the dandy in this way will result in a better understanding both of the nature of the dandy and of his significance in society, whatever the time or the mores. It will also illumine those times and mores. The legacy of this intellectualization has been to turn the dandy from a person who sparkled in civilized society into a disenchanting loner. Until Baudelaire shanghaied the dandy to be a comrade against capitalism and egalitarianism, dandies had fun. After they finally arose, they spent two hours getting dressed. They wore fine clothes. They ingested good food, fine spirits and wines, and several forms of tobacco. They entertained each other with sparkling conversations spiced with impertinent wit. They ogled women and quizzed each other. They went to the theatre, the opera, dances and other public entertainments and amusements. They spent weekends in the country. They gambled all night. They rode and they dueled. They were the toast of society and the envy of all. It is about aesthetics: It does not attempt to describe the ideal dandy. It is a criticism of a society where artistic and social values have been lowered. Since the publication of the essay, ideas about dandyism have been muddled. It is time to relegate it to the status of an historical curiosity, and bring back the dancing girls.

Chapter 8 : Shelagh's Website | The Hotel ClÃ©one

*An Impression of the Regency It was in those stormy days of the early century when England, in an age of heroes and buffoons, had turned in her intervals of prize-fighting and horse-racing, Almack balls and Carlton House scandals, to grasp the sceptre of the seas, and to push Napoleon's veterans out of the Peninsula.*

The practical jokers of St. A singular effeminacy and a desperate recklessness alternated in the same individual, and the languid loungeur of the evening was easily stirred into the fierce duellist of the morning. Amid this strange society of brutality and sentiment there moved the portly figure of George, the Prince and Regent, monstrous on account of his insignificance and interesting for the inhuman absence of any points of interest. Weak and despicable, a liar and a coward, he still in some inexplicable way catches the attention of posterity as he did of his own contemporaries, and draws the eye away from better men. Twice a year the Regent should go to Windsor where the lunatic was kept, and satisfy himself as to his condition. It was a formality, but in the strange lumbering British constitution formalities are the ultimate rulers of all things, with Kings, Lords and Commons groaning under their tyranny. And so, sorely against his will, the weak foolish man abandoned his Brighton palace and drove northwards to fulfill his odious duty at the Castle. But he did not go alone. He was no lover of solitude at any time, and least of all when his work might be done or lightened by others. Lord Yarmouth was with them, the foxy-haired red-whiskered sportsman, and all day they drove through the weald of Sussex and over the uplands of Surrey until in the evening, ankle deep in playing cards, they saw the Thames wind through green meadows, and the huge dark bulk of the Windsor towers loom black against the gold and carmine of a September sunset. Another coach and yet another were on the London road, for it had been given out that the Regent had need of company and his friends were rallying to his call. Why should the Prince see his father? It was enough to have paid his formal visit and to have received the reports of Doctor John Willis and his son. To the Regent an unpleasant duty meant a duty to be evaded. He had seen his father once, and he had never forgotten it. It came to him still, that memory, when he lay restless at night, and not all his little glasses of maraschino could banish it from his mind. The royal state had always seemed so fenced in from unpleasantness of every kind! The whole world conspired to keep trouble away. But Nature would not join in the conspiracy. Nature was rough, brutal, unreasonable. This Prince had never heard one harsh or reproving word in all his life, save only from this stern old man, his father, and from the dreadful unutterable German woman whom he had married. Once or twice when the Commons had been asked to pay his debts there had been unpleasant speeches, but then he did not hear them and they only reached his ears in the mildest and least irritating form. Sycophants and courtiers filtered everything from the outer world. And now into this sheltered life, weakened and softened by indulgence, there came the brutal realities of disease. The King himself, the one man whose position was more august than his own, was struck into puling childish imbecility. It brought home to him that there was a higher law against which all his prerogatives were vain. He shrank now from such an experience, and his quarters, with those of his friends, were placed at that wing of the Castle which was furthest from the chambers of the King. There were twelve of them at supper that night, and they sat late over the wine. The Prince drank deeply to clear away the weight which lay upon his spirits. This house of royal suffering cast its gloom upon him. And the others drank as much or more than he out of sympathy with their royal comrade, and because it was their good pleasure and the custom of the time. Sheridan, of the inflamed face and the ready tongue; Hertford, the husband of the reigning favorite; Yarmouth, his son; Theodore Hook, the jester; Tregellis, whose pale cheek flushed into comeliness upon a fourth bottle; Mountford, with the lewd eyes and the perfect cravat; Mackinnon, of the Guards; Banbury, who shot Sir Charles Williams behind Chalk Farm—these were the men who, out of all the virtue and wisdom of England, had in his fiftieth year gathered as intimates round the English Prince. He lay back in his chair, as the decanters circulated, his eyes glazed and his face flushed. His waistcoat was partly undone and his ruffled shirt came bursting through the gaps. Laziness and liquors had made him very fat, but he carried himself in his official duties with a dignified solemnity. Now in his hour of relaxation the dignity was gone and he lolled, a coarse, swollen man, at the head of his table. At supper he had been amusing. He had two genuine gifts, the

one for telling a story and the other for singing a song, and, had he been a commoner, he had still been a good companion. But his brain had softened and he was at a disadvantage with the seasoned men around him. A little wine would make him excited, a little more, maudlin, and then it was but a short step to irresponsibility. Already he had lost all sense of decency and restraint. He raged between his glasses at his brothers, at his wife, at the Princess Charlotte, his daughter, at the Whigs, the cursed Whigs, who would not come to heel, at the Commons who would not vote him the money for which his duns were clamoringâ€”at everything and every-body as far as they had ever stood in the way of his ever-varying whims. And then, in yet another stage of his exaltation, he lied with palpably absurd vainglorious lies which sprang from that same family taint which had laid his father low. Always behind the pampered, foolish Sybarite there loomed the shadow of madness. And why did the heavies charge? I rammèd my spurs into my chargerâ€”a big black he was, with white stockingsâ€”and we went right into them. You can vouch for the story, Tregellis. He frowned darkly at his champion, and shook his head. It was the last walk he ever made without a stick. But the company cared nothing for a quarrel so discreetly conducted. The Prince was telling a story. He missed the point, but they guffawed with outrageous merriment. Hook capped it with another which was all point but met with a languid murmur of approval. The talk turned upon racing, why Sam Chifney had been warned off the turf and why the Regent had abandoned Newmarket. There were drunken tears in his dull eyes as he told how scandalously he had been treated. And then it passed on to prize-fighting. His father bet a hundred guineas against him in the coming fight, and the family wager was booked amidst shoutings and laughter. Then the talk came back to the never failing topic of women, and it was seen how a coarse and material age could debase the minds of men, and soil the daintiest of subjects. A shadow of disgust passed over the pale face of Tregellis as he listened to the hiccoughed reminiscences of the maudlin Regent. Hook had risen from the depths to the surface on account of his originalityâ€”an originality which was already losing its freshness. Everyone who had any talent or peculiarity, however grotesque, was brought to Brighton. Mackinnon had never before been in the presence, and his fresh young soldier face was suffused with blushes at the words of Tregellis. The Regent looked at him with his glazed eyes. No, that was Ingleston. Or are you the man who imitates a coach horn? He takes some pounding, I tell you. Now, sir, give us a lead! And so, as we sit! And the man who is pounded shall drink a claret glass of maraschino for a punishment. If wise and brilliant menâ€”a Fox, or a Sheridanâ€”did succeed in such circles, it was by reason of their vices rather than of their virtues. A Wordsworth or a Coleridge would have been powerless before a rival who crowed like a cock or had a boundless invention for practical jokes. So it was that Mackinnon, with his absurd accomplishment, had taken London society by storm and shot over the heads of his superior officers into the select circle which shared the amusements and the vices of the repulsive George. Mackinnon, a little flurried at this strange game of follow-my-leader for which he was to be responsible, had risen from his chair. He was a tall, thin, supple lad, with a wiry, active figure, which bore out his reputation for gymnastic skill. But there was nothing here to test his powers. As the Prince had remarked, any one could, with a little address, have made the circuit of the room without touching the floor, for the furniture was massive and abundant. From a chair he stepped onto the long brown oaken sideboard, strewn with fruit and plate. Walking along it, he found himself some few feet from an armchair, onto which he sprang. The others followed with shouts and cheersâ€”some as active and light as himself, some stout from good living and unsteady from wine, but all entering eagerly into the royal joke. The courtly Banbury sprang with languid grace from the sideboard to the armchair, and, landing on the arm, rolled with it upon the ground, George, balanced among the dishes and wine-coolers upon the sideboard, laughed until he had to hold on to a picture to keep from falling. When he, in his turn, sprang onto the chair his two feet went through the bottom, amid shrieks of delight from his companions. Onto the broken chair they bounded, one after another, until it was a bundle of splinters and upholstery. From there, with all the yapping and clamor of a hunt, they scrambled over a cabinet, and so along a chain of chairs that ended at the broad marble mantelpiece. Here was indeed a perilous passage; nothing but a high pier glass upon one side, and a five-foot drop into an ornamental fender upon the other. Mackinnon tripped over, and then Banbury, Yarmouth, Hertford and the Prince, the last pawing nervously at the glass with fat, moist hands which left their blurred marks across it. He had shuffled his unwieldy bulk almost into safety, when suddenly the shoutings and the

cheerings died away, and a strange silence fell upon the rioters. Another sound, which had grown louder upon their ears, hushed their foolish outcry. It was a long, monotonous, bellowing call; a strangely animal uproar; one deep note repeated again and again, but rising in volume to a retching whoop. For some minutes Tregellis and others had been conscious of the sinister clamor; but now it grew louder with every instant, as if some wandering heifer were lowing down the corridor and rapidly approaching the door of their dining room. It was so overpoweringly loud that it boomed through all their riot and reduced them to a startled silence. For it was an extraordinary noise, animal in sound, but human in origin—a grim, mindless hooting which struck cold into their hearts. They looked from one to the other, the grotesque line of coatless men, balanced upon the tables and the chairs. Who could it be who howled thus down the royal corridor? The question flashed from eye to eye, and it was the bloodless lips of George which found the answer. He had descended to a chair and stood there with frightened, staring eyes fixed upon the door. Outside there rang one last terrific whoop, as the door was flung open, and the mad King stood mewling and gabbling in the opening. He was in a gray dressing gown, with red slippers protruding beneath. His white hair was ruffled, a white beard fell over his chest, and his huge, protruding eyes rolled round him with the anxious eagerness of a purblind man. For a moment he stood thus, his hand upon the door, a piteous, venerable figure.

Chapter 9 : 10 Restaurants Near Fuchskaute Mountain | OpenTable

*An Impression of the Regency* It was in those stormy days of the early century when England, in an age of heroes and buffoons, had turned in her intervals of prize-fighting and horse-racing, Almack balls and Carlton House scandals, to grasp the sceptre of the seas, and to push Napoleon's veterans out of the Peninsula.

Olga Vainshtein Olga Vainshtein. Peter McNeil and Vicki Karaminas. Oxford, New York, Berg publishers, Dandyism, visual games and the strategies of representation. To see is only a language. Recent critical books and essays about dandyism tend to concentrate on dandies as precursors of modernity, the heroes of urban consumerism, camp style and self-fashioning. This chapter considers the culture of European dandyism of the nineteenth century in terms of strategies of visualization. In focusing upon the Regency dandy Beau Brummell, I will argue that newly ordered visual games were part of social codes and models of representation introduced by the British dandies. The welcoming glance of the Beau had such value, that in some circumstances it appeared as a type of monetary equivalent. Once, one of his creditors reminded him of a debt, to which Brummell answered that he had already paid. It was in this window that Beau Brummell sat and held court, passing judgments on passersby, with his inner circle beside him. A company of friends gathered around Brummell, catching his retorts, as they flew by. In fact, the circle of participants in this spectacle was actually wider. Knowing that at a certain time Brummell took up his position at the club bow window, many London dandies went out to walk along St. Because they themselves constituted an audience for the uncrowned king of fashion, even merciless criticism provided a moment of prestigious participation. There was another feature to this spatial arrangement which was both amusing but also created a new dynamic. At the club, Brummell, sitting in the bow window, was himself very clearly visible from the street. All of those passing by at an unhurried pace could glance at the details of his toilette, comparing his own attire with their appearance and evaluating the latest innovations in the costume of the recognized arbiter of elegance. Sharp-witted and sharp-eyed Brummell, sitting towards the centre of the bow window, appeared from the street as a type of doll or mannequin, although at the beginning of the nineteenth century mannequins did not yet exist. They appeared somewhat later, with the rise of the store windows of the department store<sup>3</sup>. Brummell consciously presented himself to the studying glances, and played his role of a fashion-doll with professional pleasure. He shared this passion of being seen by and with many of his contemporaries. In this way, a space was established in front of the club window that was full of lightning-quick glances, where the distinction between subject and object of contemplation, the observer and the observed, was instantly erased. There arose a completely unique visual tension, in which two impulses successfully interacted, voyeurism and exhibitionism. In this game of crossing glances there occurred what the philosopher M. The fashionable people of the Regency looked at one another as though looking in a mirror, having taken pleasure in and convinced themselves of the weight and reality of the body as a visible thing. The selectivity of vision automatically postulated its own system of criteria, imprisoning a whole series of things in veritable inverted commas, enlarging or shrinking them according to its scrutiny. The sophisticated gaze could easily perform the function of face-control, scanning the appropriateness of a person by looks and dress: It is no accident that monocles, lorgnettes and quizzing glasses<sup>7</sup> were often featured as amongst the most salient attributes of dandyism. Ulrich Lehman also notes: Bodily movement, gesture, and facial expression become rigidly fragmented and mechanical, a representation in miniature of the increasing alienation between subject and object. The use of the monocle demonstrated particular sophistication: There existed, for instance, special walking canes with monocles fixed into the handle Figures 5. Something of this verbal sting passed directly later in the nineteenth century to Oscar Wilde. The novels and memoirs of this period contain numerous detailed descriptions of such visual duels: The Prince of Wales, who always came out rather before the performance concluded, was waiting for his carriage. As the crowd flowed out, Brummell was gradually pressed backwards, until he was all but driven against the regent, who directly saw him, but of course would not move. Brummell, however, did not quail or show the least embarrassment. He receded quite quietly, and backed slowly step by step, till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the

Prince. It is impossible to describe the impression made by this scene on the bystanders. There was in his manner nothing insolent, nothing offensive; by retiring with his face to the regent he recognized his rank, but he offered no apology for his inadvertence. It is important to notice that such optical duels also served for the affirmation of gender: Ward, Pelham by E. Bulwer Lytton, Vivian Grey by B. Disraeli and Cecil, or Adventures of a Coxcomb by C. Going to the opera without a proper opera glass was impossible and in Paris there was a special optician, Chevalier, who supplied opera-glasses magnifying thirty-two times. Chevalier binoculars were very finely crafted – the handles were typically made of mother of pearl or could be decorated with hunting scenes. The firm was established in by Louis Vincent Chevalier and continued as a family business throughout the nineteenth century<sup>15</sup> The lorgnette – a pair of spectacles, mounted on a long handle – was worn popularly in the nineteenth century. Sometimes the lorgnette could be used as a piece of jewellery, rather than to enhance vision. Lorgnettes were also widely used by the dandies for contemplating the beauties of the ladies and commencing relationships. You would like, I suppose, to show the lady that you have noticed her beauty – when you reach for your lorgnette, this movement informs the lady that her charms have produced a favourable impression. Her attention concentrates on your person. Then you give her a wink. Nothing can be better in creating the provocative look. It would be understood as if you had appreciated every detail and attentively scrutinized all the body lines under the dress. The surviving material culture of these objects is incredible. The variety of sophisticated lorgnettes was remarkable – they were frequently made in combination with other accessories, like a fan, a small musical instrument or a fob chain. The survival of the monocle into the twentieth century for upper-class gentlemen as well as Sapphic ladies and women of great style can be noted here. Lady Morgan describes the entry of the English dandy thus: I had the honor to be recognized by him; he approached, and half yawned, half articulated some enquiries, which he did not wait to be answered, but drawled on to somebody else, whom he distinguished with his notice. It meant the imperative of dressing elegantly, yet unobtrusively, without attracting undesirable attention. A visual message could be encoded through the careful folds of starched neckcloth, a plain but stylish ring, or blackening the soles of the boots. In more general terms this idea belongs to the broader concept of aesthetic minimalism. Minimalism can be described as a sign of sartorial understatement manifesting the priority of functional construction and geometry of the basic form stripped of superfluous embellishment. The rhetorical equivalent of minimalism is the genre of aphorism, essentially involving the poetics of silence. Minimalism triumphed in the culture of modernity: Once, when a follower whom Brummell obviously did not consider very well, complimented him on the grooming and style of his outfit, Brummell famously replied: To be well dressed, one should never be noticed. One of the stories about Brummell runs as follows. One day the Duke of Bedford met him in St. William Hazlitt enthusiastically commented on this episode: But this principle did, nevertheless, signal an absolute dominance of persons with good taste. The dandies, these self-proclaimed arbiters of elegance, exercised their power by naming and categorizing, thus establishing the new order of things. They appropriated the privilege of culturally informed vision, reserving the right to recognize or ignore the existence of a certain person or object. These complicated visual games point to the detachment from the aristocratic life and style based on hierarchical and stable codes of representation. According to Richard Sennett, The clues the initiate reads are created through a process of miniaturization. The fastening of buttons on a coat, the quality of fabric counts when the fabric itself is subdued in colour or hue. Boot leather becomes another sign. The tying of cravats becomes an intricate business. The deductive method of Sherlock Holmes, the fictional character of Conan Doyle, had numerous parallels in real life. Galton made a crucial contribution to the analysis of fingerprints; A. Bertillon invented a criminal identification system known as anthropometry; S. Freud founded the discipline of psychoanalysis on the theory that marginal details can be analyzed as symptoms pointing to the hidden cause of illness or unresolved conflict. For instance, dandies tried to make their coats as thin as possible to reach a perfect clinging fit. Some of them ended up making holes in their coats, thus achieving a rather modern look of conspicuous outrage, which could remind us, for instance, of the contemporary fashion for ragged or stonewashed jeans. So the textiles had to be as thin as possible in order to accentuate the silhouette of the body. In a similar way Brummell invented a strap reaching under the foot to achieve the perfect clinging fit of the pantaloons. The separate elements of the costume overlap, rather than

attaching to each other, so that the great physical mobility is possible without creating awkward gaps in the composition. This smooth envelope presented the ideal package for visual consumption. It once again connects to aesthetic modernism, like the plates of a streamlined car or a modern enamel stove. In the context of the early-nineteenth-century culture, these persistent efforts to refine the fabric also point to the romantic preoccupation with the ideal of transparency, their permanent efforts to transcend the material things and play with the effects of translucent layers. Images of transparent things – thin veils, glass, windows, shadows and mirror-reflections – can be found practically in every important romantic literary text. The stories of the German romantic writer E. Hoffman provided a rich variety of such motifs, including crystals, microscopes and magnifying lenses. In this period the favorite entertainment was the magic lantern – *laterna magica*. He placed his projector behind a translucent screen, out of the view of the audience. By moving the projector back and forward, he could rapidly alter the size of the images on the screen, much like a modern zoom lens. The range of reactions to its use in the beginning of the nineteenth century varied from fear and disbelief to amazement, reverence and admiration. People were fascinated with penetrating vision – the capacity to expand human vision beyond its natural confines.