

Wanted: Million-Dollar Dandy

By [Kevin O'Flynn](#)

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Tuesdays are always odd. First a man wrote and asked me whether I could get hold of Hitler's DNA for him on a no-fee-until-gotten basis, and then the million-dollar dandy came calling.

There was an English accent on the phone, the kind that could make a royal wonder whether his blood were really blue. No million dollars were mentioned. There was just relief that he — David, I later found out — did not have to struggle with a non-native speaker.

He did not ask for access to Hitler's parts or Goering's garters as the previous and future e-mails were to, but his offer was just as odd.

David is trying to get somebody to be a very expensive dandy, the young gents of the 18th century a la Beau Brummell, who apparently still exist today — those who live to ensure that they are dressed in as refined a style as possible and would squeal if they had to sit on a boulevard bench without at least six newspapers under them first.

This is no ordinary dandy, who is possibly Russian judging by David's interest in this part of the world. A fondness for a cravat or spats is not enough, but a million dollars will do.

This does not buy you a suit woven from the silkworms of the moon or from the favorite cotton-hanging trees of the most besotted cotton-loving Central Asian dictator you know or even a pure gold suit that looks like an aristocratic version of Iron Man.

No, it will get you 14 suits made by the best tailors on Savile Row, London, which is about two weeks of dandyism if you change clothes once a day as dandies do.

Apart from the suits they also throw in 28 custom-tailored dress shirts, 28 custom-made silk ties and 14 pairs of bespoke shoes and boots for you as well — a wardrobe built by a minor Royal, some precious stones sewn in to wherever you want.

And finally, you also get a luxury car by a British company, which I presumed meant that they would have to go back in time, but apparently the company Bristol is very hush-hush. Advertising is rather vulgar.

Nevertheless, Bristol was known for heading off to the bombed-out BMW factory at the end of World War II so as to sniff out designs and even engines to take back to Britain — which sounds rather similar to what the Soviets did at the end of the war, too.

I prefer the dandy I knew as a child, the British comic — rather than the dapper fashion sense — and of Desperate Dan and his cow pie, which always had a tail poking out of the crust. Anyone eager to cough up a million can write to David at davfro@btinternet.com.

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