



BLUE CHIP

Confessions of
Claudia Schiffer's Cat

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Illustrator: Angelica Hicks
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NEW



SAMPLE COVER

A paw-tobiography by Chip the cat, who stepped out of Claudia Schiffer's shadow and took on a leading role in Matthew Vaughn's upcoming film, ARGYLLE.

Blue Chip gives you a glimpse into a world of fashion, film and celebrity through the eyes of a cat. A firmly tongue in cheek story of how a supernova feline finally escapes a supermodel's shadow. With colour sketches by renowned fashion illustrator Angelica Hicks, this story charts the perilous path of a loveable cat as he desperately seeks his fame. A perfect gift, appealing to a lifestyle-savvy audience and cat lovers everywhere.

WHAT TO EXPECT

- A high quality illustrated book about the life of Chip the cat
- Fashion and cat illustrations by Angelica Hicks
- A perfect gift for a lifestyle-savvy audience
- A glimpse into a glittering world filled with fashion, celebrity and film

MARV

is a British production company owned by Claudia Schiffer and Matthew Vaughn, best known for the blockbuster *Kingsman* film series, *Kick Ass*, *Rocketman* and upcoming feature film, *Argylle*.

15 SEPTEMBER, LONDON

London Fashion Week. The work never stops. There's nothing like being on home soil, though – the concierges know you by name, the drivers know your address, and it's more than OK to drink before midday. A champagne breakfast at Claridge's. We are impeccably dressed (as always) and on sparkling form. Breakfast arrives with just the right amount of flourish – the service here is the real Tabasco. Speaking of which, can I get some for these oysters?

16 SEPTEMBER

Wow, the mind is well and truly blown. Just when you think you've seen it all... Richard Quinn, take a bow and then another. The show is the talk of the town; big florals and big hats with a deliciously dark edge – just perfect. I've never seen a standing ovation last so long, everyone was rather jealous of my four legs by the end of it.

The fun doesn't stop there – we are off to Annabel's for the British Vogue party, which is not a bad place to rub ankles with the great and the good. If I can't sniff out a part in a film or two here, I might as well hang up my collar. Only snag is that I've been shafted onto the kids' table, where all they do is vape and stare at TikTok. Safe to say there's no career defining role for me here...



Ah, that's better. Claudia has rescued me and popped me on her lap next to that trailblazing visionary, Edward. Much more my scene. The man is class personified. His dog has been left at home, so I have his undivided attention. We're getting on more than well; lots of eye contact and scratches behind the ears. He's talking with real fervour now, says he has an idea for us, something top secret but he wants to talk more, away from prying ears. This could be it, my big break!

19 OCTOBER

FaceTime with Vogue who have confirmed the creative; we're going with the Egyptian concept. Claudia to be Cleopatra, Chip to be the Sphinx. An ancient communion of the feminine and the feline. This will be iconic, I'll be on every bus and newsagent across the world. Every casting director in town will have eyes on me. And to think, I was actually flirting with the idea of joining the local panto!



The team for Vogue have just pulled up. I do love a fitting, it's when I really get to exercise the meaning of indecision – could we maybe just try one more dress? Ha! Styling is on point as always, every option is ravishing. It's fair to say I'm going to be the 8th Wonder of the World.

We're trying on the outfits in the drawing room, Claudia is donning an emerald-green custom gown and headpiece by McQueen – she looks like the fountain of milk and honey – when suddenly there's a shriek to make the testes shrink. Rollo has bounded in all covered in mud, planting his paws all over the McQueen. I don't know where to look, the shame of association is too much to bear... Who will rid me of this turbulent hound?



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5 MAY, NEW YORK

You shall go to the ball! It's Met Gala night, baby! We hopped across the pond a few days back, and I've shaken off the worst of the jet lag. Champagne is the only remedy for that. Claudia and I are blaring out the tunes in our hotel suite as we get ready, *Oooh Heaven is a Place on Earth* – and Belinda was right, we're living proof. These outfits are simply divine.

Limo to the red carpet, where we are bathed in light. The cameras can't get enough of me. Claudia scoops me up as we swan down the press line, posing together down the track. All the gang are here, new and old. You can't move for all the stars. There are lots of compliments coming our way for these outfits, particularly from America's most famous family, those Kool Kats... I can't keep up! I'm getting lost in all the curves...



Inside, the Met have made sure we're on the best table. A rather famous Gucci muse and singer to my right, is only looking in one direction. Unfortunately, it's not mine, so I leap between his legs and give him quite the surprise! Right, who can give me a treat? Or even better, another part in a movie?

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