

## The Pimlico Turkish Baths

# WILL PATRONS KINDLY REFRAIN

FROM



INAPPROPRIATE  
SWIMWEAR



SMOKING ANYTHING OTHER  
THAN TOBACCO OR OPIUM



TALKING SHOP



PETTING



LETTING ONE'S OCELOT  
OFF ITS LEAD



THE USE OF  
UNGENTLEMANLY SCENTS



WALKING EXCESSIVELY  
BRISKLY



EXPULSION OF  
NOXIOUS GASES

# Am I Chap?

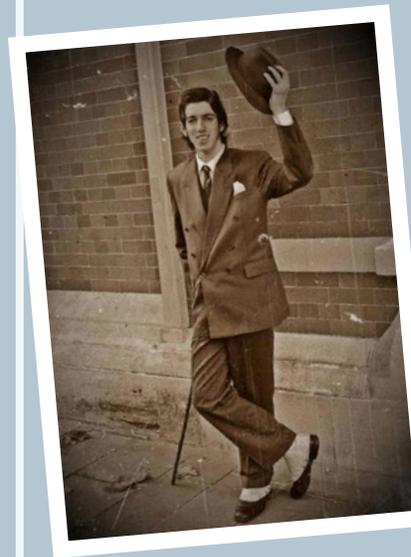
READERS ARE GIVEN A THOROUGH AND UNCOMPROMISING ASSESSMENT OF THEIR CHAPPISHNESS. SEND YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS TO [CHAP@THECHAR.NET](mailto:CHAP@THECHAR.NET)



It isn't quite clear what this chap is protesting against, but he is wearing gloves to hold his placard and is almost impeccably dressed. If he is a true chap, he is most likely protesting against the dress code of his fellow protesters, but in such a subversive way as to make them believe he is on their side.



These two ghoulish creatures have been sent to us from the future, to warn us that Human Beings will, unless properly informed on how to dress, end up looking something like this.



"I live in the nineteen thirties," writes Stewart Vickers. Well, sir, you had better move.



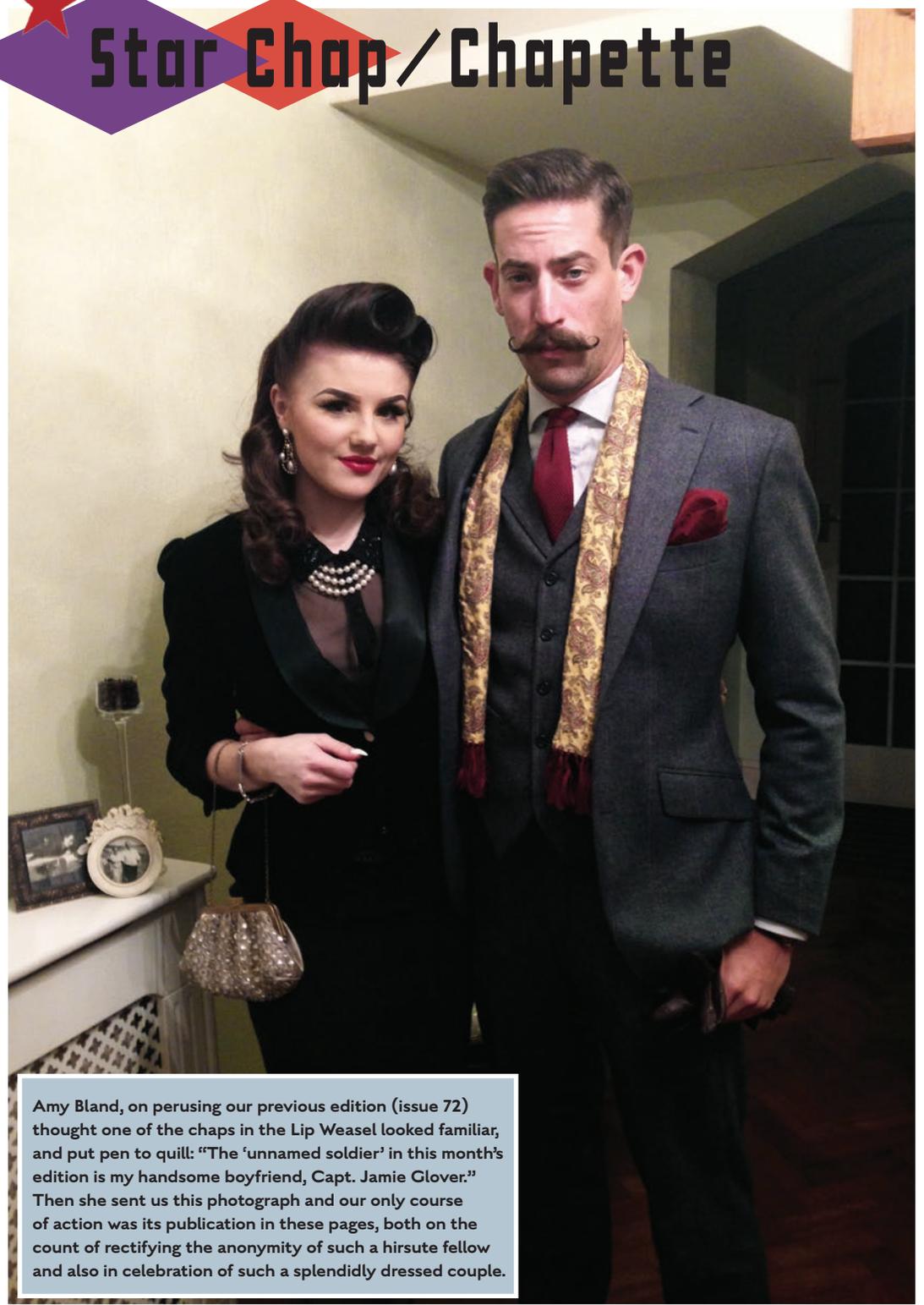
Ruben Baumgartner sent us this photograph taken at our Grand Anarcho-Dandyist Ball last December. He seems as proud of his waistcoat as of his lady companion. In our humble opinion, they are both a tad on the vulgar side. As to the rest of Mr. Baumgartner's outfit - we didn't realise they actually made school uniforms in adult sizes.



The cursory glance that Paul Wilson's clothing merits is immediately drawn to the appalling collection of artwork on the Anagypta walls of his abode. If his intention was to dress as an homage to the china dog on the mantelpiece, then Mr. Wilson has been entirely successful.



# ★ Star Chap / Chapette



Amy Bland, on perusing our previous edition (issue 72) thought one of the chaps in the Lip Weasel looked familiar, and put pen to quill: "The 'unnamed soldier' in this month's edition is my handsome boyfriend, Capt. Jamie Glover." Then she sent us this photograph and our only course of action was its publication in these pages, both on the count of rectifying the anonymity of such a hirsute fellow and also in celebration of such a splendidly dressed couple.



"I'm seated," writes Jeff Gallo of New York, "on my custom faux AJS Motorbike in tweed 1930s suit but lack the requisite hedgerow and a Cotswold Cottage in the background." These Americans are obsessed with being "cool", aren't they? Mind you, a chap who thinks a hedgerow and a Cotswold Cottage are cool can't be all bad, and his tie is knotted superlatively.



"My name is Nikola T. Krastev and I am a 26-year-old computer programmer living in London. In the photograph you can see me leaning back on my little 1967 BSA Bantam and smoking Samuel Gawith's 'Fire Dance'. My crumpled, yet unadulterated, appearance is due to my riding for 50 miles, in today's not so warm weather. I do not remember an occasion in the past few years when I have been in public without proper neck-wear. Usually my efforts in tying bow-ties leads to better results than those visible in the picture." Bloody foreigners. Outdoing the home-grown by a long chalk. Take this as a wake-up call, Chaps.



Mr. William Par Lintell entirely proves our point above right. "He is a teacher of English," informed the accompanying letter from Matthew Lavery and Meagan Lassaline, "and insists on wearing matching coloured shirt and socks with his suit whilst educating the future chaps and damsels of this fine country. He enjoys reading The Guardian of a Sunday whilst sitting on a deck chair in a gentlemanly fashion, cross legged and smoking a cigar in his back garden." The Guardian? No wonder.



Patryk Fiedotow doesn't even read The Guardian. He reads skateboarding magazines and lives in a shed.



The Chap met this extraordinary fellow sauntering about Hastings Old Town one fresh morning. He goes by the name of River and never wears shoes. Which, in our view, is certainly better than being called Patryk and wearing horrible shoes (see left)