

MY FAMILY has what must be London's only dachshund on wheels. She's called Muffit. Crufts and suchlike are fine—working dogs, gun dogs, pedigree chums, prowling prancers and canines with unpronounceable Chinese names. But against her, they pale into insignificance.

Muffit was under the supervision of Keith Butt, the Adonis vet whom women cross London to see (they stop off in Harrods en route to buy a pet to take with them).

Following an accident in which her back legs had become paralysed, he suggested she be sent to the kennel in the sky.

My father went to see her in doggy hospital to give her her last grapes. He ended up writing a cheque for some fantastic amount (relative to the size of the dog) which was duly dispatched to the States (where else?) where some doggy wheels were speedily fired, or run up or whatever you do to make canine roller skates.

Anyway, she now has this appendage for her back legs for when she visits Kensington Gardens. She looks a bit like Dog on a

Roll out the doggie

Skateboard, free wheeling round the palace grounds. Pekes are in danger, and she has no compunction about treading on the paws of the great and the good.

Should dogs take some sort of test before being let loose with a pair of wheels, I wonder. Given the number of people who come up to the man running behind Muffit to ask whether there is anything wrong with her makes me wonder whether it's the two-legged animals who need a quick test before a jaunt in the park.

I HAVE been following the latest starve-in-style regime. I

recall a champagne and oyster diet a while back, then there was one where the lobster tails were supplemented with acorn cups of Pouilly Fume; high on price, low on calories. Now the trend has spread to Meals on Wheels.

Not your actual local borough tin-foiled mushy peas—no, this is an altogether classier service. Classy to the tune of £140 a week, to be precise, and run by a company called the Narrow Gauge.

For that they deliver daily your brown carrier bag of rations (1000 calories) to the office. They leave out some of the bits one would

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normally have with a meal—like a knife, fork and serviette.

Inside are such exotic delights as brown bread and butter minceur, chicken in tarragon (squirrel sized helping) and a petit portion of petit potatoes. Normal food in small quantities and so lovely not to have to cook.

I can't say I stuck to it rigorously—my supplements came in business lunches (7320 cals).

However, Saturday's dinner was the coup de grace. Quails eggs with smoked salmon and fromage fraîche, pork in plumb sauce, brill steamed with ginger, delicious consomme nicely chilled, orange and fennel salad, baked potato and a variety of desserts: lychees in red berry sauce, sugar-free cheesecake and a nice line in gooseberry fool.

Diets are perfectly acceptable if you combine the different days sensibly. And certainly he was massively impressed with my culinary expertise.

Shrink rapt . . .

IT SEEMS to me that most of London is in therapy or going into analysis. That's true of my friends, at any rate. It has become a game for me to get through a dinner party counting the number of times people say "my therapist", "I feel", or relate some present trauma to some past angst.

Which shrink is now a hot contender—with property stories and whether to put Beatrice down for Francis Holland—for pride of place over the grilled endive and pasta with radicchio, two interminably trendy designer pasta dishes.

There's Sandy, (not her real name, to protect her analyst) who goes to encounter groups three times a week before her publishing job and indeed breakfast.

There is Domenica who has moved from Kleinian to Jungian to Freudian and is now onto Gestalt and probably knows more about couch-side manners than even the British Psychotherapy Association.

Transference

David, 32, in advertising and not past his prime for going into therapy, was heard to moan at a party in Brook Green the other evening: "Am I the only one who's not in some sort of therapy?"

At the theatre last week all everyone did all evening was discuss transference, mother-daughter relationships and other psycho specials. The play was, after all, Mrs Klein, about the noted Thirties psychoanalyst. Wherever I go, I seem to come up against therapy babble. Come to think of it, I must remember to mention it to my shrink next week.

Eau, to be in Kensington

I WAS in the Kensington Close Health club sauna the other day, and a lady started massaging her feet. "I hope you don't mind if I rub my soles," she said, although I think it highly doubtful that she would have stopped if I'd said that I had a problem with people rubbing their feet in the sauna.

Anyway, it transpired that what she was rubbing her feet with was none other than goats' milk. She had probably had to take delivery of it Red Star from some environmentally-sound Shropshire farm in which the beasts were fed with organic nuts grown in Brazilian rain forest soil.

Where is it going to stop? Are we going to see an influx of middle-aged, middle-class Royal Borough

ladies spreading Alfalfa over their feet soon; a regiment of bimbettes newly out of the punishment chamber (the health club's aerobics class that takes place on the squash court, leaded arm bands optional) gently spreading truffles mixed with tofu over their limbs?

And then there is the question of what essentials the natives are spending money on.

I notice, for instance, that they have just started a door to door Perrier delivery service in Kensington. Not that I could afford to live in Kensington; but it is helpful to know that if I got terribly thirsty one day, I could make an appointment with an estate agent to view a house to coincide with the foot-in-the-door Perrier salesman.