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ARE BLAHNIKS GOOD FOR YOUR HEALTH?



LAST WEEKEND, a couple of girlfriends stopped by after a retail therapy blitz. Over several glasses of wine and endless plates of food, they described how their plans to window shop were totally skewed by a magnificent display of shoes.

It seemed rather puzzling that a good intention could go awry for the sake of a pair of size 6 leather sling backs. But these were no ordinary sling backs, I was told. They were TDF – To Die For! The mother of all shoes, worn only by women of good taste, and elegant sophistication.

In other words they were Blahniks and only an adorer of *Sex in the City* could understand the orgasmic rapture my girlfriends slipped into as they described how they blew a year's budget on these babies!

Needless to say I was short on any understanding, as I'm not a *Sex in the City* fan, and I deeply resent paying anything above £40 for a pair of shoes.

Personally I find the adventures of Carrie and her chums rather dull, and their observations on the behaviour of the average male incredibly hackneyed. But I'm the first to concede that their feet look glorious as they flit from the bed of one stud to another. And boy how they flit! I'm not referring to sexual technique here but the hair-raising speed at which they move in those magnificently daunting six-inch heels.

Let's face it Blahniks are built for show rather than for movement, hence they're not very practical. However that didn't deter my girlfriends from risking financial meltdown. Furthermore, one of them is an osteopath! She's often advising her patients to wear flat shoes and obviously doesn't practice what she preaches.

'No problem', she said reassuringly, 'what they don't know won't possibly hurt them. And besides my feet can't talk so there's little chance of them giving me away.'

By the time we reached our third bottle of wine 'shoe talk' drifted into unexplored territory. According to my friend the osteopath, wearing a pair of Blahniks is like having sex: at first you feel a slight stab of pain as your foot descends into the shoe (or as your credit card slides into the machine), but that slowly gives way to pleasure as the soft leather gently cradles your foot....

My other friend disagreed. As a psychologist, she asserts that the need to wear a pair of Blahniks is rooted in something more fundamental. It isn't a matter of sex but a question of cycles.

Cycles? I couldn't imagine Carrie bicycling her way through the streets of New York in her six-inch spikes.

'Not those cycles', she interjected. 'Menstrual cycles'.

Our puzzled looks told her we

needed an explanation.

'It's all rather obvious', she said, 'Just as our cycles define us as women so too do Blahniks. And not only because they enhance our stature by giving us poise and elegance when we need it most, but they're also phenomenal mood lifters.'

I was now really perplexed. Apparently, when you're wearing a pair of Blahniks you don't get PMT. Even Freud couldn't have topped that one!

But it cut no ice with the osteopath who pointed out the practical difficulties of looking statuesque and graceful whilst suffering stomach cramps and crushing back-ache.

A thoughtful silence followed, during which time the third bottle of wine was consumed, and the light of the afternoon gradually surrendered to the faint darkness of the evening.

'Time to go' announced my guests. 'It's been a really interesting lunch. Let's do it again soon.'

Warily they dragged themselves away from the table and carefully packed the precious shoes in their precious boxes and carrier bags.

'Just when do you plan to wear your Blahniks?'

I asked. The osteopath threw me a wide grin.

'I have no idea', she said.

'But I'll tell you one thing. I'm gonna be one hell of a bad girl once I slip them on.'

Somehow I can believe it.

'APPARENTLY, WHEN YOU'RE WEARING A PAIR OF BLAHNIKS YOU DON'T GET PMT'