This time, a size 8 was out of proportion

Book Break columnist Mona Grigg is on vacation. Filling in for her is fiction author Julia for h

By Julia Grice special writer

LOVE costume parties.

I also love book parties. A while back I got to combine both when I was invited to attend the 10th anniversary of my literary agency. Writer's Hose, which was to be held at the Harkness Mansion in New York City. "Come dressed as your favorite literary character," instructed the invitation. Well.

To be told to earb oneself as a Bit.

Well.

To be told to garb oneself as a literary character sort as easy as it might sound, if you are female and want to look devastating for umpens and want to look devastating for umpens and suntbors and influential editors, all of whom will surely be milling about in expensive rented costumes of Broadway-show callber. I mean, somithing made of sheets and whipped up on my Singer just would not do.

and the constructed the severed as the mean south of specific principles and policy and a size of specific properties and the specific properties and the specific properties and demanded to try on fluffy crinoline gowns a la Scarlett O'Hara. (I read "Gone With the Wind" nine times since third grade and I felt she times to she will be shown that the specific propping out. By the ninth crinoline, I faced the brutal truth: Scarlett O'Hara was a size eight. Every costume was a size eight. Every costume was a base, I constructed the severed



book break Mona Grigg

size eight. I was not.

Back home, I paced the floor, wondering what to do now. Most of my
second-best favorlite characters also
were period costumes and were size
eight, too. I always liked witches
one of my little-known telents is a
wild, witchy cackle), but I shrank
from the idea of presenting myself
to the New York literary world with
green guck all over my face.

I BOUGHT My plane tickets,
started packling my bag, and I still
didn't know what to wear. Then,
driving to my dance class, the idea
hit me like a tap shoe over the head.
Salome!

head of John the Baptist, adding marble eyeballs, a frowsy gray mustache and wig glinting with a suggestion of blood. When my bodyrinder recoiled at the sight of "John" grinning on his plastic platter, I knew I had the perfect outfit. There would be something ugly and outrageous about the costume but it would not be me.

A FRIEND IN New York also attending the party picked me up in front of my hotel near Central Park, instructing me to "stand right there at the door because the traffic is so heavy and I can't park."

Carrying "John" in a paper sack, I followed her instructions, nervously hoping that she would hurry, People (OK, men) were staring at my lawish eye makeup, the jewel in the middle of my forehead, the gauze "veil"

dangling from the hem of my trench

dangling from the hem of my trench coat.

I was afraid the doorman would think I was a Lady of the Evening and shoo me away, but he ignored me: apparently for New York I was nothing unusual.

Bambe arrived, waving frantically at me from her jeep to cross to the other side so she wouldn't have to turn around. I made the crossing as cabs honked and traffic blared. Sud-enly I felt a presence near me, something breathing. I jumped and urned. From two feet away one of the Central Park carriage horses was teering at me, eyeing my costume as if deciding whether or not to munch it.

The party was everything I had reamed of. A clown on 6-feet stilts leaned against a wall and made small talk from on high. Al Zuckerman, my agent, was a Sultan, his wife Scheherazade, and they had rented a basket full of live spike with the control of the comper of the evening were the Scarlett O'ldrars.

Five of them.

Five of them.

Five of them.

Five people wearing the exact costume had coveted, waist cinchers and hop skirts, flounces, tucks, ruffers and lace. One of the Scarletts six (feet all and boasted a plung-ing neckline that displayed a bony elavided, and a frizzy mat of black

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rived dressed as lobsters. Novelist Ken Follett strolled past dressed as the randy nun from the Decameron, pausing to flash me a skiny leg embellished with a red garter.

Talk of flore bids and subsidiary rights and contracts sweetened the life.

I wandered around, introducing myself to Tinker Bell and Frier Tuck and Robin Hood and "The Spir't of the West Wind." John the Baptist, grinning evilly from his platter, was a huge success. Women took one look at him and said "Oh, how horrible". I smilled, thanked them, and shimmled the five pounds of coins there.

The men pretended that "John" was a plate of hors d'oerves and mimed selecting his eyes as a snack. But the capper of the evening were the Scariett O'Haras.

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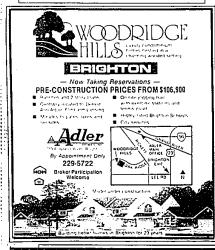
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