

FASHION WRAP

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Holiday Fashion

I got lucky and attended the annual Festival of Trees mental health fundraiser at the end of November, and, as it turns out, a lot of other people got "lucky" too when I reached down for my clutch at the base of my dinner chair.

You see, I'd caught myself up in the age-old "didn't have time for the tailor" routine - a sin that ended up costing me a little of my dignity (I know, who cares?!), when I showed everyone at the table (who happened to be watching) what I'd had for breakfast. Seems it was two eggs sunnyside up - if you know what I mean girlfriends.

Anyway, seeing as I don't really walk about town clutching my dignity to my chest (although maybe I should have that night), I thought I'd reach out to you sister friends with a friendly reminder (wish I'd done this for myself), to make sure your gownless evening straps (translate evening gowns, I'm just trying to be cute), sprightly cocktail dresses, heels and toes, and assorted undergear all get check marks in the right boxes before you do the "Big Reveal."

Evidently I was going for a bigger reveal than I even realized.

So let's get this party list started, shall we?

First, get your hot buns into your dress and in front of a full length mirror. Does everything sit the way, or settle down as it's supposed to? Are the girls in their proper places, and are the bulges (caused by rampant champagne and chocolate abuse) smoothed out like a spanked baby's bum?

Is there any reason you should be fined by fashion regulators for a wardrobe malfunction, a little too much cleavage, or will the cops put out an all points bulletin because of a sighting that rhymes with triple? Janet Jackson can tell you how much fun that was.

Be honest here girlfriends - you've still got time for the tailor/seamstress or a girlfriend who's handy with needle and thread, because that Scotch tape and paper clip combo just aren't going to cut it when you and your tipsy friends try the quickie repair job in the ladies' room.

I've also seen some too tight numbers that really take away from the greatness of the dress. Don't be afraid that you're five pounds more than last year, just go let out the seams and work on the weight issue after the event.

Now that your dress fits - how about those stilts you're wearing? First, can you walk in them upright? Big question - because one martini may put a whole new perspective on the matter...face down plants, inadvertently eating carpet or a nasty, scuffed up dance

floor just isn't how you wanna roll this season. (Believe me, I've been there. I'm not proud of it, I'm just sayin'....)

Now, are those heels from this century? Another good question...are they too clunky for your strappy (slightly tarty) cocktail dress? And, if they're new, remember - all the stylists (okay, the blogs I've read in recent years) say, and I wholeheartedly concur - that you should scuff up the bottom ball of the foot section just a titch so as to avoid the face plant. (I tried out the elbow plant last spring, and I'm not in the mood for a repeat I can tell you.)

I know, if they're your brand new numbas, it's hard to give them a little scrape, but rather them than you, n'est ce pas?

Now, is your dress from this century? Sure, vintage is nice, but it's gotta be good, sisters, for you to pull it off. Remember, you don't want to look costumey - unless it's for Halloween.

And, does your dress even remotely look like it could do double duty in that bridesmaid-y sort of way- because if it even has a scent of "eau de bridal party," you really should go through your girlfriends' closets instead. There's nothing worse (well, of course there is), than showing up at an event looking like you just left the ceremony.

Another thing - while bling is in - do not overdo it. You don't want passing airliners to pick up signals from your rhinestone necklaces, earrings, brooches and bracelets. You're on a fashion runway, not catching the next flight to Bermuda, as much as you wish! And, I do!

And, never be too matchy, matchy.

Remember, you've got your own style, so you don't need to be a fashion mag cookie cutter. Get in front of the old miroir and take it down a notch - possibly remove a necklace if you've already got significant earrings on and so on. Too much translates into tacky.

You'd rather be the understated bell of the ball, than the girl who's married to the mob - no offence to mob members or their wives and girlfriends everywhere, BTW.

Because unless it's a "naturalist" resort, not everyone is interested in seeing what you had for breakfast!