

Playbill for 'Master Harold' ... and the boys

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ON A PERSONAL BIAS by Bernice Peck

NEWS IN NOSTALGIA: Ralph Lauren, our undisputed designer-prince of American folkloric fashion, may yet be challenged. By ghosts of little old ladies all atwirl in their graves. Because he's been cutting up their hand-stitched, now antique patchwork quilts - into jackets, vests and Williamsburg "hostess" skirts. These will probably end up on dames who couldn't fix a decent snack without a Cuisinart, let alone join a quilting bee if they fell into one. Fashion is such an Amusing mixed bag, isn't it? As any Saturday stroll in Soho could prove. Well, back to your butter churn. Matilda.

CROWD-PLEASER DE LUXE: Some cookie, the simple dessert that can delight a mob of 20. Even the price is right, \$24.30. And sublime is the best word I can dredge up for this three-pound giant, a chocolate chip cookie big as a pizza (actually baked in a 13-inch pizza pan). It's crammed with over a pound of those heavenly chips - top-grade chocolate - or mocha if you'd rather.

Anyway, the gorgeous goodie is hand delivered to your door the very day it is baked. Gift-wrapped, floating a little rainbow of ribbons. Everything about it delicious and de luxe. If any's left (not likely) freeze it or fridge it to stay yummy. Makes a nifty gift. Call The Cookie Courier, 307-0008

THE MALE ANIMAL, BAFFLING: Got this special dog-chum Bambi, an aristocratic, feisty Yorkie. Unique in dogdom. His owner knocks himself out to please his whimsical, imperious appetite, enticing with whitest bits of chicken (simmered in home-made stock, yet), morsels of choice sirloin, the best stuff. Proffered on a long-handled spoon along with coaxing noises (did you ever?). So sure he eats - some - grudgingly.

Yet there really is something that Bambi falls upon with rapture - the bare bone I always bring him from one of my plebian stews. His Ma says he treasures this for days - usually on, in or under her bed. Could there be a message here? Beats me. But doesn't it call to mind the type of husband who's pampered to pieces by a loving, lovely wife - so how come he's seen around with such trashy broads? Just a thought.

NEW GUY IN TOWN: Too many men's colognes are just too noisy, that's what I think - trumpeting the old mating call clear across a room. Not so of that new boy in town, the citrus, woody bouquet Pino Silvestre, a smooth Venetian from the House of Vidal. Pino is young, lively, fresh and at the same time mellow (like some gorgeous hunk of 27 with no sharp edges, you know?). If you have the man for it, Bloomie's has the Cologne, \$10 to \$23.50, and Father's Day is June 20th.

LOVE FOR SALE, 20¢: Almost everyone dotes on the current 20-cent stamp that spells out L-O-V-E in tiny fragile flowers. It's been a sellout with a continuing demand so it looks as if our romantic Postal Service will keep on printing the pretty thing. I read that the artist, Mary Faulconer, got the standard \$1,500 payment, and for my tax dollars they could have given her more. (I own two of her early watercolors, treasures. So her L-O-V-E at 20¢ seems a pure bargain each time I lick a stamp.) More theatrical, the 20-center, featuring the Barrymores, issued 6/8/82.

SOME SAY that folks who resist change have been on the back burner



too long. Then that's me, at least about the scary new sport, mudwrestling for women. Gad, the one match I glimpsed had me sissystomached with disgust - the girls looked and behaved like angry hogs in a trough. Well, maybe I'll have a go at croquet, now that Brideshead has made that new again. Seems a nice stately game for an old sport like me

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