

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

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Store offers gifts of love and romance

By Kathryn A. Ratliff

Staff Reporter

Finding a gift for a significant other is a snap at The Romantic, located at 400 N. 48th St. in Centro Plaza.

Locally owned and operated, The Romantic is a new love and romance theme store specializing in gifts for that special someone. The store offers a variety of unique and interesting items including cards, music, books, baskets, lingerie, bath supplies and candles.

"We offer 'just because' gifts for the people you care about," store owner Terry Kraft said.

Kraft said one of the store's specialties was the "Hurry Home Bouquet," which comes with a balloon, card, stuffed animal and a red bag to stuff with goodies.

"The 'Hurry Home Bouquet' is a unique gift sure to make someone you love hurry home," Kraft said.

Each "Bouquet" is different. Customers can choose from several stuffed animals and cards to create their own special gift.

For example, one "Bouquet" comes with a stuffed cow and the card, "I'm in the Mooood." Another comes with a crab and the message, "Sorry I was crabby."

Customers can create their own gift baskets, Kraft said, and with the purchase of three or more items to fill it with, 10 percent is taken off the total price — and the whole thing is shrink-wrapped for free.

Some of the more original, unique items include Chocolate Body Paint, edible flowers (chocolate), glow-in-the-dark lingerie and heart-shaped pasta.

"The heart-shaped pasta is really tasty," Kraft said.

For those Harlequin romance fans, there's the opportunity to fill out a questionnaire and star in a personalized romance novel. The questionnaire is processed, sent away and returned to the customer in about 45 minutes, Kraft said.

Lingerie is a popular item, Kraft said, as well as the store's selection of Kim Anderson cards and ceramic angels and teddy bears.

The Romantic also offers a selection of instructional 'how to be romantic' ideas including books on how to write love letters and poems



Tanna Kinnaman/DN

An at-home picnic basket, containing chocolate body paint, edible chocolate roses, heart shaped pasta, romantic music and lingerie, is being prepared by Terry Kraft.

and "1001 Ways to be Romantic."

Kraft also carries board and card games, love puzzles and colored chalk for writing love letters on the sidewalk or driveway. This shop of love even has its own special blend of gour-

met coffees.

The store focuses on couples in love, Kraft said, and the merchandise is in good taste.

"It's not sleazy," Kraft said. "I bring my kids here."

Kraft owns the shop with his wife, Cheri. They opened their doors May 15 and Kraft said business has been good and shows no signs of slowing down.

"Romance is hot in the summer," Kraft said.

Drinking, singing, puking make Lollapalooza memorable

By Doug Kerns

Staff Reporter

The third stop of the '95 Lollapalooza tour was in Kansas City's Sandstone Amphitheater on July 10. The Kansas sun sucked sweat from a great mass of culturally diverse white midwesterners as bands played to sporadic applause.

Perry Farrell's leftist, credit card friendly band blitz/cultural revival had a lower turn-out and less spunk than last year's gala event, but it nevertheless offered as good a reason as any to get really wasted in Kansas.

This kind of thing is too big to really 'cover'; only something of a core-sample (stool-sample?) of the day's events seen from a personal angle is possible in such a mass spectacle.

In the interest of the readers, I guess I should say something about who played. I missed 98

percent of Doo Rag (accompanied by Beck), the first act on the Second Stage. This was probably the best set of the night, but I'm only guessing.

I left the Mighty Mighty Bosstones and The Jesus Lizard at the Main Stage and meandered in the pricey flea market dubbed the Mindfield while munching on free food (perks o' da biz) from a vendor stand appropriately named "Garlic Chicken, Lamb Kabob, and Falafel on a Bed of Seasoned Rice" (free ad).

Then, after spending the lion's share of my money in the beer garden, I got my second wind. I wandered off, paranoid and twitchy, reporter's notebook in hand, and arrived at the small stage called the Lab.

Here, a drag queen on stage was verbally assaulting the illiterate and inexpressive audience while vainly groping to find some meaning in the event. I began to swoon as faces in the crowd turned ogreish, and bungee-fettered,

bikini'd women rolled wildly on stage; the sun, the sun...

Back at the Main Stage, I caught the genius Beck as the day really heated up and coherence began to slip away.

I wanted to catch Sinead O'Connor, but the twin lures of shade and beer drew me inexorably away. It was at this point that I ate the orange Jolly Rancher someone had given to me in the parking lot. Things began to turn strange, but hey, when in Rome...

As I listened to Second Stagers Yo La Tengo (beautiful!), I felt a tug at my leg. A one-eyed dwarf mime in a jester's hat was gesturing something about the evil trees and Bob Dole, frat boys and lesbianism; I left to hear Pavement, who played, got lost and afraid as night fell...

As I was vomiting in the portable toilet, I could hear the crowd going mad over simulta-

neous shows of bong-hitters Cypress Hill on the Main Stage and rapper Coolio on the Second. The rhythmic throb of bass, along with the heat and the toxic odor of the deadly blue water rejuvenated me, and I went out to face the music.

The next act was the always pristine Courtney Love and her band, Hole. As I chewed beer-soaked grass from the lawn, I wondered if I should be offended by her didactic rants, but the band sounded great.

The whole thing wound down to transcendental sounds of the amazing kids of Sonic Youth, a perfect cornice to the rickety structure of the day.

What about some kind of theme, tying it all together?

What's the point? Entertainment with an agenda? Free love and pseudo-intellectualism? Anti-suicide and sick irony?

Ah hell, who cares?