

Stark Raving Sane: On Guilty Pleasures

by Catherine SWEET



I have three guilty pleasures. Three that I care to admit. I don't really know why they're called guilty pleasures - I'm not really consumed by guilt. Guilty pleasures don't hurt anyone, really, do they? They're just the silly crap that we all indulge in. I'll do these things, and then I'll do them again. No qualms. I had to cut myself off of Conan O'Brian because I was turning into the walking dead. I also don't eat french fries anymore. I had to knock off these guilty pleasures because, ultimately, it was better for me. My big three aren't harmful in the least.

1. I like to smell guy's sweaters. It's not as creepy as it sounds. It's not like I root through their dirty laundry piles or anything. There's just something about the smell of a man. I've heard it said that smell is the sense that most triggers memories. It's like the way I smell Juicy Fruit gum and I think of my grandfather because he used to chain-chew it. Anyhow, there are two colognes that really knock me over. One is CK One (a good friend used to wear it), and the man who wears the other cologne will not tell a soul what he wears. Maybe he thinks it makes him more mysterious. Maybe it works.

2. I like to sing out loud in the car. When I say "out loud" I actually mean *loudly*. Ear-splittingly, window-

bucklingly loud. I like to imagine I can wail like Marvin Gaye. If I'm at a stop light, I'll usually stop singing so no one can watch me. Otherwise, if I'm in traffic, I don't care. I figure if someone sees me, they'll think one of two things: either I'm an idiot (and they think themselves superior) or they can see I'm having a good time and have a little joy in that. Either way, it can't hurt the other lucky person who happens to glimpse my tonsils.

3. I watch *Dirty Dancing* every time it's aired. I don't look for it in the TV listings, but if I happen upon it when I'm flipping through the channels, I can say most of the lines along with the characters. I sincerely believe that a choreographed dance scene instantly makes an enjoyable movie and *Dirty Dancing* is all about a choreographed dance scene, so it's golden. And *I know* that "I Had The Time of My Life" is an 80s anachronism crammed into a movie set in the 60s, but I don't care.

I supposed it's that unabashed uncaring that categorizes a guilty pleasure. There's very little reason for me to stop performing these idiosyncrasies. So what are your guilty pleasures? Like me, I'd bet you don't want to abandon your favorite indulgences, either, but perhaps you're not as willing to reveal your guilty pleasures as I am mine.

Come and celebrate with Alexander Keith's.

wednesday, feb 6

Myron's: Greg Doucette

thursday, feb 7

Baba's Lounge: Jeff Morris
Myron's: Big City
Olde Dublin Pub: Pub Soda

friday, feb 8

Baba's Lounge: Mitch Schurman Band
The Barn: Port Citizen
Melons: Monkey Dust
Myron's: Big City
Olde Dublin Pub: Pub Soda
Brennan's: Compilation CD Release Party

saturday, feb 9

Baba's Lounge: Sweet Tooth
Harp and Thistle: Wannabees
Melons: Port Citizen
Myron's: Big City
Olde Dublin Pub: Pub Soda

sunday, feb 10

Watch *Malcolm in the Middle* or something.

monday, feb 11

Prepare for your oral presentation.

tuesday, feb 12

Baba's Lounge: Clint MacFarlane

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