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of men.

~~not taped~~

### High School Reunions

TAPED

If you've waited more than twenty years to show up for a reunion of your high school graduating class, don't go at all. You won't know anybody there. Or if you do know them, you'll spend all night talking too fast and laughing too loud and trying to hide your shock that the boy voted Most Likely to Succeed just got out of prison for embezzlement. Or the Prettiest Girl in the Class is still teasing her hair. Or the Most Athletic, boy or girl, has had triple heart bypass surgery.

And all your teachers--your teachers will either be dead or they will come with a nurse and have to feel your face to figure who you are. "Yes, you're Betty: I can feel the scars from your acne," they will say. Or, "I'm surprised you're still alive <sup>CHILD,</sup> after riding around with that boy in that fast car." That was your sister in the fast car.

But what you'll hate most, at your high school class reunion, are classmates who hated your guts reminiscing about what fun you had at the party you weren't even invited to following the junior prom. And everybody going on and on about how everybody has changed, but you can see in their eyes that they don't think they've changed that much. You know it because you think the same thing. Otherwise you wouldn't be here.



The ones who don't show up--remember, this was you last reunion--are probably going through bankruptcy, divorce, or have AIDS. Obesity, balding and loss of teeth are big reasons for not deliberately placing yourself in a lineup with your former classmates, who you remember--if you remember them at all--as slim, hairy and toothy. And too, unless you've lived each day of each decade since graduation working toward this day-of-days, you've likely grown comfortable with gaining a few pounds and losing a few hairs or teeth. You've likely even lost track of what was important to you as a teenager; your opinions and tastes have changed. It's doubtful whether you'd single out a single one of these classmates, some of whom you saw daily for twelve years, to ask out to dinner or to a movie.

If by some quirk of luck or hard work, you've become rich or famous, or both, DO NOT! DO NOT! show up after twenty years: half your classmates will pretend they don't know, and the other half will shun you and act as if you are shunning them. They would come closer to mentioning the Most Likely to Succeed's embezzlement, or your weight gain or the loss of your hair or teeth. And God help you if you became rich and famous after not having qualified as a senior superlative for the school's Yearbook.

But the main reason not to go to your high school class reunion after twenty years has gone by, is that if you haven't "made it" by now, you probably never will. At the five or ten year mark, you could say you were writing a book, or you were about to become president of the bank where you worked. Your children hadn't joined a religious cult yet, and your husband, or your wife, hadn't dumped you for

~~SOME PLAYBOY BUNNY,~~  
~~December's Playboy Pinup.~~