

My High School Husbands

The more I dive into the paraphernalia of my high school years, the more I realize, surprisingly, how much fun my friends and I had. It makes me feel a little guilty when I hear most people talk of the utter agony those years were for them. It's as if there were only so many spots open for people to have fun in high school and I took one.

In high school we were obsessed with MTV. It launched the summer I was going to start seventh grade, 1981, and we spent that summer, emotionally tethered to the TV, memorizing words, copying dance moves and choosing our favorite bands.

I often wonder how my life would have turned out if MTV didn't enter when it did— if I would have spent my time more productively. Maybe studying or practicing a sport, like tennis, instead of trying in vain to reproduce Bananarama's look.

By high school, we were well versed in all things MTV and had sworn our unwavering devotion to our favorite bands. These became our signature bands; the lead singer, our future husband, their names appearing only on OUR Pee-Chee folders. You wouldn't ever choose the same signature band as your friend, that would be a complete betrayal.

So, for instance, my signature bands in high school were, U2, The Split Enz and Aztec Camera. Carol's, The Psychedelic Furs, The Jam and The Talking Heads. Andrea's, Simple Minds and The Alarm. (She showed her faithfulness by hand-making a "Sixty Eight Guns" jean jacket that was coveted by every 11th grader at Marina High School.)

This borderline fanatical behavior was best demonstrated in our note writing. We were prolific writers, mostly in class when we should have been paying attention. Again, what would have become of me if...

All notes were addressed to us in our appropriate “married” names. Here is an example for you, a note I triumphantly found last weekend in a box in my garage. Hint: Keli’s signature band was Elvis Costello and the Attractions.



Oh, Keli was clever, she took it a step further tailoring our addresses. Another letter was devoted to the discussion of whether a certain boy in our class looked more like John Taylor (Duran Duran) or Michael Hutchence (INXS). I mean pages and pages comparing eye color, hair texture and eyeliner application. The conclusion, he looked like neither– just a “poser.”

(note to self...love that word, poser, should use it more often.)

I wrote many, many a note to: Carol Butler, Andrea Peters, Louise George (Boy George). I received countless addressed to Suzie Finn, or Mrs. Frame.

Here is a very uncomfortable situation for the adolescent me, my two high school husbands singing together...

(Neil Finn, Roddy Frame and for some reason the guy from
10cc.)