

Dawg Fight**VS****Amy Vaerewyck****Greek life:****Gaining perspective or losing individuality?**

With grill parties, Welcome Week bashes and "Getting to Know the Greeks" meetings, the pressure to rush can be felt from the very beginning at Butler. However, there are reasons to resist the pressure. I came to Butler with an attitude of mild disgust toward the Greek system.

I'd witnessed my sister pledge and depledge from a sorority at DePauw University, and, even ignoring the age-old retort, "It's like paying to have friends," the whole system seemed like a digression to adolescent social mindsets — cliques, popularity and categorization based on superficial qualities. Since I knew I would be attending a small, private university where social classes often dominate, I was positive I would not take part in the senselessness.

And I never did. Still, I can't deny that I was tempted.

November rolled around with its dinner parties and recruiting activities, and it seemed Recruitment was all every freshman was talking about. I saw herds of students trooping down to the houses to have home-cooked meals in the beautiful sorority houses. I heard the endless chatter about which house was the best and how the members were so nice.

At the start of second semester, it seemed the entire campus had caught Greek fever. Almost every door in Ross Hall was decorated with streamers, balloons and signs reading "Kappa loves you," "Welcome to Theta" and "Sisters forever." Jealousy welled up in me, as I wished to be a part of all the excitement. I felt left out of my own community.

Then, I heard more chatter about which sorority girls were known as sluts and which were snobs or dorks. I saw the

tears of the bid-less rushees, and remembered why I'd chosen not to rush.

I did not and do not wish to submit myself to the auctioning-block-like process of formal recruitment, only to be part of an organization which blatantly classifies individuals into superficial categories.

As the year went on, I constantly struggled with these classifications as well as my own closed-minded image of the Greek system. I often expressed my disapproval of the stupidity of everyone wearing black pants or dressing formally at the same time or annoying the entire campus with silly serenades.

However, eventually, I began to realize that a large part of my problem lay within my own mindset. Indeed, there are members of sororities and fraternities who are superficial, materialistic ignoramuses.

However, there also exists an equal or greater portion which scorns superficial judgment and classification just as much as I do.

I came to the conclusion that sororities and fraternities are for two types of people: 1) those with a steadfast will to remain level-headed and open-minded while wearing a couple of Greek letters on their shirt 2) those who have always been and will always be shallow, self-absorbed and oblivious of the negative repercussions of segregated social groups.

However, my strength of character falls somewhere in between these two groups, indicating an incompatibility with categorical and exclusive environments. I fear that if I joined the Greek system I would become one of the self-absorbed ignoramuses.

So, I choose to accept it but not join it.

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