

Potential Greek gets classic rush

By BRAD LEMLEY
Of the Emerald

I've got to do it, I kept telling myself. If I move from the dorms to an apartment I won't have any social life, I won't make any new friends, so I've got to do it.

And there was another reason for my going through formal rush. Sheila Jablonski, the light of my life, my earth angel whose crucifix earrings had been my guiding stars, had pledged Quad-Delt, and since that time I had found myself transformed from Principal Male Interest to GDI pariah. The incestuous romantic guidelines set forth in unwritten Greek laws prohibited extra-tribal coupling, and though Sheila admitted during secret midnight trysts in her room that I was still her Main Interest, our romance was taboo and doomed to fail as long as I stood outside the shining ivory gates of Greekdom.

But even so, I approached the whole thing hesitantly. The purpose of rush, the rush chairman had explained at the orientation meeting, was to give us "rushees" a chance to check out all the houses on campus, but I knew that the real purpose was just the opposite — the houses would be checking us out.

Normally, the idea wouldn't have bothered me, but sitting there at that meeting, surrounded by tall, athletic youths with burnished tans, bulging biceps, blonde hair coiled with calculated carelessness and Ryan O'Neal faces framing enough gleaming white teeth to make a "Jaws" sequel, my self-confidence began to wane. Who was I to market myself among such choice and tender cuts of pledge material as these? Shuffling up the sidewalk in front of Helta Skelta Delta I eyed myself critically in the reflection of a Stingray window: the hair — Christ, much too long, short hair was back and everyone seemed to have gotten the message but me; the khaki jacket bearing the silkscreen likeness of Mr. Spock — unspeakably gauche; the logging pants with the roadrunner patch — inexcusable; and the hobnail boots smeared with 12 coats of pungent mink oil — well, at least they went with the rest of the outfit. It couldn't be helped, I told myself resignedly as I strolled past a string of Mach 1's, Firebirds and 240 Zs. These were the best clothes I had.

I clicked my spiked boots across the cement porch, which was emblazoned with slogans like "Give us back our underwear, you crazy, lovable kooks," "Go for it!" "Go around it!" and "Go under it!" and knocked on the great oak door.

"...faces framing enough teeth to make a 'Jaws' sequel..."

It swung open slowly and I found myself confronted by a god — a Greek god, to be precise. His skin was a brilliant, polished white, stretched tight over mammoth muscles laced with a roadmap of high-relief veins. The eyes were blue and piercing, the nose was straight and thin as only 20th generation Anglo-Saxon noses can be, and the chin jutted nobly into next week. Only a vague hint of weariness in the skin around the jowls and the merest trace of a beer paunch marred the picture of masculinity in full flower.

"Hey, how's it going, good to see you pal," he said, wrapping my hand in a grip that said, 'I could crush your puny fingers to jelly if the mood struck me.' My name's Julius, senior, business, member, St. Maria's of the Lake, Portland. You?"

I told him my name, adding, "Sophomore, philosophy, rushee, MF Union, Milton-Freewater."

"No kidding, Milton-Freewater? Hey, you must know Shei..." He caught himself and threw a furtive glance over his shoulder.

Oregon Daily Emerald

"Well, let's take a look around, shall we?"

"Wait a minute, what's wrong? Were you going to say Sheila Jablonski? Always wears crucifix earrings and a blue bandana? Sure, I know her, we're... well, that is, she's a friend. Do you know her?"

"Uh, well, yeah, you could say that I guess. Come on, let's look at the upstairs." He wrapped a brawny arm around my shoulders and guided me upstairs to a dim hall filled with the odors of Aqua Velva, football leather and sweatsocks. "One of the big advantages of fraternity life is that anyone can decorate his room to suit his own taste." As if to prove his point, he pulled me into a nearby doorway.

The "Taste" of this room's owner apparently extended no further than hops and barley. The floor was papered with Budweiser labels, the bedspread was a giant

copy of a Coors advertisement, the desk was a board set across two kegs, the wastebasket was a pop-art Blitz can, the walls were covered with thousands of painstakingly stacked Miller's stubbies and the ceiling was plastered with whirring, clicking buzzing beer signs that depicted everything from frosted mugs orbiting the globe to a neon outline of Ed McMahon kissing a Clydesdale.

"Looks like whoever owns this room likes beer," I pointed out sagely.

"What kind of a comment is that?" Julius demanded. "Of course he likes beer. Everybody likes beer. You like beer, don't you?" It was more of a command than a question.

"Oh, sure, love it," I said quickly.

"Well then," Julius harrumphed, "Let's look at another room."

He led me down the dingy hall through a maze of basketballs, tennis rackets, lumber, and dirty underwear. We halted in

front of another open room from which a freshman rushee emerged, his eyes as big as his nametag.

"I'll join," he murmured, "Omygod, I'll join, omygod, where do I sign, omygod, I'll join..."

"Wow," I said, "what brought that on?"

"I suppose," Julius said, grinning slyly, "he was impressed by our 'facilities.' You see, this room doesn't belong to anyone — it was built as a cooperative venture and all the members are entitled to use it. It has," he winked and elbowed me in the ribs, "everything."

I went inside and gasped. It had everything, all right.

The floor was covered by a satin-wrapped wrestling mat, upon which rested a huge fluffy bearskin rug. One wall was of polished mahogany, hung with the most detailed etching of the Kama Sutra I had ever encountered, along with more diagrams illustrating couples locked into positions that seemed at least illegal, if not impossible. The ceiling and the other three walls were covered with flawless, polished mirrors, so that I had the impression of standing in an endless chamber, and every movement I made was duplicated by thousands of evenly spaced twins of myself until they were lost in the vast distance. At the far wall was a leather-cushioned bar with enough shining bottles to make any drink conceivable, and at its side was a teak coat rack with a dozen hangars.

But the dominant fixture was the bed. Bed, in fact, hardly seemed an appropriate word. Calling it a bed was like calling San Simeon a house, or King Kong a monkey — technically correct, yet missing the point entirely.

It was a water bed, ostensibly, but closer inspection revealed that the mattress was filled with something quite apart from water, for when I pushed down on it, it began to writhe and wriggle and caress my hand beneath the crimson satin sheets with tiny, undulating ripples. Julius explained that it was the latest thing from Denmark's biology labs — a jelly-like organic substance which, if kept properly fed, responded with uncanny sensitivity to human touch.

Surrounding the "bed" was a "head-board" — again, an inadequate term. Built

into it were four speakers flanking a shock-insulated turntable and amplifier, a record rack with nothing but Barry White albums, a mini-bar, a bank of light switches with labels like "moonglow madness" and "Purple passion," an amphetamine dispenser and an electronic variable speed metronome.

"And that button over there rolls down the trapeze," Julius beamed.

"Huh? Oh, yeah," I said absently. Something was wrong. I bent down for a closer look. "You guys get a lot of use out of this room?"

Julius' smile flickered, then gleamed whitely. "Hey, this is a fraternity! Chicks, parties — I guess I don't have to tell you, you can figure it out."

He was right, I could. There was a thick layer of dust on the sheets.

We stepped back into the hall. "Lots more rooms to see, we've opened them all. We can take a look at Hoyt's collection of bronzed brassieres, or the catapult Mad Dog made out of surgical tubing and girdle straps — he can get a dumpling through Crazy Elizabeth's window at Sigma Phi Nothing on a clear night — or there's..."

"Omygod, I'll join, omygod, where do I sign, omygod..." We turned to see another freshman rushee — different from the first one we had seen, because the cleft in this one's chin was slightly deeper — stagger numbly from a room behind us, with the whirr of some kind of machinery following him out from the dark interior. It was, I noted, the only room in the hall with a closed door.

"Uh, what's in there? I think I'd like to look at that one next."

"Huh? Oh, uh, nothing, that's... that's for members only."

"But that guy who just came out was only a..."

"Forget it. Come on," Julius smiled. "Let's talk pledge. Whaddya say, you want to be a 'bro'?"

"Well... what's involved?"

"First," he recited, "there's the pledge fee. Then there's the social fee, which you

(Continued on Page 9)

