



Streaking

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In the spring of 1974, as the quarter wound down during exam week, rumors circulated about a pop culture phenomenon coming soon to campus and keeping with the times—streakers. Streakers were all around the country, seen by millions during the Academy Awards ceremony and, of course, as the hero of Ray Stevens’ radio hit “The Streak.” Nothing happened for a week or so, and then, suddenly when the weather was right, the grapevine went wild with the news—“Noon today!” everyone said. Two seemingly endless lines stretched along the center of campus from one end to the other. A throng of thousands gathered, layers deep on both sides of the sidewalk from

Schrank Hall all the way to Spicer Street. Anticipation, anxiety, and excitement were palpable. At my spot between the College of Business and Gardner Student Center, there was a crescendo of cheers and applause from the west, and there they were—three young guys wearing only Zorro masks, streaking between the parted sea of people toward Buchtel and Memorial Halls. They were shielded by the crowd, isolated from any authorities, who seemed to be nowhere near. Both amusement and admiration were in the air, and just like that, they were gone, never to be seen again—not that we would have recognized them anyway.