

April 27, 2000

Marlon Bares All

So perhaps you are wondering why. Well, perhaps you are not, but I will tell you anyway.

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The tradition of streaking goes back a long way. When I first encountered the streakers in the good old 1900s, I was only a freshman. As a young whippersnapper, I witnessed a pre-Ganza, ride-by streaking. Five women rode their bicycles slowly past the large windows in the cafeteria. I was astonished. I was shocked. I was really intrigued.

Afterwards, he was a solid young man, about six feet tall, two hundred plus pounds, he played rugby and he was a well-known flirt. Unfortunately, the force was not with him that day. I vowed to avenge his mishap.

I sought training in the art of the streak. No one could tell me much more than, "Have a few drinks, put on some paint, then run and run some more." I decided to gradually adjust to being nude in front of strangers. I acquired a trenchcoat and on certain days I would go about sharing the news that I was naked underneath it. For the most part, I received positive responses, but as Ganza loomed ever closer, I wondered if I was ready.

The Thursday night before Ganza I did a test run. I donned my trenchcoat and set out to see what trouble I could arouse. The people who were up varied in their reactions. Many were already well into the bottle. Nevertheless, I needed opinions and these would have to do.

"Oooh! You should definitely streak!", one young lady said with a grin. I was suddenly overcome with the feeling that I was a gazelle with one broken leg in a den of wolves. Another friend said that she would prefer it if I didn't streak, but she would still love me just the same afterwards.

Friday it was overcast and cold. I was ready to go, but there was one problem. I thought about my "costume" as I undressed. What would I paint on myself? Would I want to wear any paint? I had an idea for my back ("READ THE LANCE") but what about the rest of my 2000 parts?

Luckily, there were volunteer painters at the ADL where the streakers met. These groupies must have gotten some sort of thrill from painting all the naked folks. I was painted with the help of four different women. One of them firmly grabbed my cheeks, leaving red handprints on my rear like some sort of weird taillights.

I did not know there would be such a huge crowd there. Nor did I know that there would be so many cameras. Somehow I ended up at the front of the line with a veteran streaker.