

Where's Max? Getting an earful of destruction

A raging vehicular brawl highlights a weekend at the state fair. Max brings news from the front row of the arena.

By Max Socol
Editor-in-Chief

There are precious few things in life that deliver exactly what they promise. Time and again I am disappointed by TV and radio host ads for "The Greatest Show on Earth" and the "Blockbuster of the Summer." In fact, I have difficulty recalling any event or demonstration that ever lived up to its own hype.

Until now.

The demolition derby is, for the "derby virgin," or "dergin," an almost religious experience. The smoke, the fire, the lights, and the bad announcer all create an ambience akin to a Dixie baptism. When I arrived at the coliseum, however, I confess that I was unimpressed. As I drove into the center, I made the first mistake of a demolition derby carnival: under no circumstances are you to allow a carny to direct your

parking. I was forced to park in what seemed to be, by all available landmarks (pavement, other kinds of pavement), High Point.

After wandering aimlessly through lots A through L, I finally arrived at the Special Events Center, eager to begin my journey

into the twisted metal of the unknown. I caught sight of the arena through the double doors along the wall, closely guarded by a coliseum employee. I eagerly approached and asked her to let me in.

"No, no, you need to get a stamp on your hand from the carnival staff." Unperturbed, I wandered back outside and over to a couple of important-looking guys behind the carnival gate.

"Can I get a stamp to get into the show? I have admission money right here, I'll just—"

but anyone who has needed an admit slip from Grimsley before would have been more than prepared to deal with the situation.

Besides, the strange route gave me a chance to check out the educational aspect of the Central Carolina Fair, the "Agricultural Fair." And really, how often does the opportunity to pay money to stand in a huge shed, with many very similar animals all reeking of hay and manure, present itself?

Not very often!

After my brief tour of various award-winning chickens ("Best

dividers, with rows and rows of seats extending in all directions. I sat high enough up in order to see all the action, and to kill time before the show I began glancing around me, scoping out the crowd. I even kept a tally of total mullets spotted, until I realized they were in the majority.

Suddenly, the room tensed.

The suspense was thick enough to cut with a knife, as the house lights went down and the brighter arena spotlights came up...and went down again, as paramedics rushed to the floor to tranquilize a man who had just gone through an epileptic seizure due to the lighting change. The action was incredible; the show had not even

and engine rumbling.

It was the second heat that hooked me.

Over ten cars emerged, all of them built from the finest junkyard scrap. From the green light, the match was a chaotic, frenzied nightmare of sparking metal and peeling tires. Early on, it became very clear to me that I had chosen a seat too close to the arena, as clods of mud and dirt came flying up at me from the pit. I was nearly hit in the chest by an exceptionally large chunk, but the elementary school child in front of me valiantly took the clod full in the face: casualty number two on what I came to know as the "Derby of Tears."

Heat Three was more of the same, but with one annoying exception. Three radio talkhosts, from 98.7 the Zone, 102 Jamz, and Oldies 93, were given cars to crash, and had their helmets wired in order to comment on the match while driving. It seems like an intriguing concept, but only if the particular DJs are actually entertaining. Instead, the audio feed felt like listening to Gilbert Godfrey and his two brothers, all of them on methamphetamines. The match concluded in a satisfying manner, however, when the 98.7 car exploded in a small and unfortunately non-lethal ball of flame.

Choking on the smoke filling the indoor venue, I beat a hasty exit after the final match. But after such incredible experiences, I can safely say I will be back. Probably with earplugs, but back all the same.

started yet and already people were leaving on stretchers!

The first round was a sleeper, however. Only four cars competed in what the announcer described as the "featherweight" heat, and I would have drifted off entirely if it were not for the choking smoke



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"No, we don't do that. You need to go around the front admission booth, through that barn."

I glanced in the direction he gestured, and there was indeed a really huge barn in the parking lot. It was a bit of a runaround, I admit,

dressed," "Swimsuit," "Tastiest barbecue"), I made a beeline for the Events Center again, in order to make it to the show on time.

Inside, the excitement was intense, to say the least. The arena consisted of a huge pit of mud and dirt surrounded by highway

Slick Rick's Top Ten Words That Sound Dirty

10. Disseminate—the opposite of to seminate...
9. Penalize—naughty!
8. Streptococcus—dirty!
7. Titular—those dignitaries sure are titular!
6. Interbastation—do it while quilting!
5. Mastication—you can do a whole lot of that with a hot dog...
4. Decocker—to serve and protect!
3. Honorable discharge—you're not green anymore!
2. Spermophile—they sure love those nuts!
1. Censorship.



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