



150 MPH for God, Country and STP

Darting through air heavy with fumes from gas, oil and hot rubber, PR men in nylon jackets—*everyone* is wearing a nylon jacket—jockey to get their driver, their crew, their product in front of the nearest microphone or camera. Every jacket, every hat, everything that can carry a patch or a decal, from the yellow hood of Darrell Waltrip's Pepsi Challenger Chevrolet to the rear pocket of those white hotpants on the leggy blonde handing out free samples of Skoal tobacco, is branded with the logos of the American marketplace. Every fender is a billboard on which Hurst shifters, Valvoline motor oil, Champion spark plugs and Puriflator filters share advertising space with Gatorade, Piedmont Airlines, Pet Dairy products, Hardee's burgers, Miller beer and Wrangler jeans. And towering over it all, like Zeus surveying Olympus, up there, above the raceway's first turn, as big as a house, looms a gargantuan pack of Winston cigarettes.

While the NASCAR boys chase checkered flags, the fans gather like Woodstock groupies. Southern-style, and Madison Avenue cashes in on cigarettes, spark plugs and beer.

by Mike D'Orso

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