

Mother mistakes suds for soda, kids suspended

OUR OPINION:

Packaging similarities between beer and soft drinks is more than coincidence

Budweiser: The Choice of New Generation

Recently in Federal Way, Wash., just south of Seattle, two 12-year-olds were suspended for bringing beer to school.

As the story goes, the mother of one of the students had been packing lunch boxes in a hurry and had accidentally grabbed cans of Budweiser Ice instead of Pepsi.

The children turned the can in as soon as they realized they were sipping suds instead of soda but were punished anyway. This, of course, has raised a debate over the school's "no tolerance" policy and the punishment of children for telling the truth.

What has not been discussed, however, is the intriguing similarity between the appearance of a blue and white can of Bud Ice and a Pepsi can.

For all of the alcohol and tobacco industries' talk about not targeting minors in their marketing campaigns, their packaging and advertising indicates that they are putting their money in the opposite direction of their mouths.

Camel cigarettes has been using the Cool Joe Camel cartoon for more than a year now, with three-page fold-outs in magazines that picture young, hip camels/people hanging out in luxurious dance clubs puffing away.

The company denies that it is trying to influence the youth market. Yet, research on smoking shows that if a

person does not pick up the habit before the age of 21, he or she probably won't.

So even if kids can't get access to cigarettes today, which brand will they be likely to pick up when they reach the age of consent? Benson & Hedges? Don't think so.

But let's get back to the beer.

It's conceivable that the packaging of Bud Ice and Pepsi is just an unfortunate occurrence. But alcohol advertising has never called out to the old and infirm.

Beer ads brim with athletic heroes and beautiful women — the two favorite topics of heterosexual teenage boys. Michelob may even throw in a motorcycle or a cool car just for security. These boys, of course, grow up to be the primary imbibers of the golden brew, guzzling down far more than, say, women and senior citizens.

Even if Budweiser maintains its adults-only marketing stance, it's difficult to ignore its commercial appeal to the future markets now filling the nation's high schools.

In addition, youth-targeted advertising for alcohol coincides with an increase in the number of hours kids spend in front of the television and (surprise) a national increase in teen drinking.

This could all be correlative, of course. There's no proof that beer advertising causes minors to seek out Coors instead of Coke.

But even if the 12-year-olds weren't guilty of smuggling brew into school, most of their peers seem to think that drinking is cool.

Gee, we wonder where they could have gotten that idea.



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GETTING HIM READY FOR CHANNEL ONE IN THE CLASSROOM.

Pussy Galore is more than perfection

You've come a long way, Bond-girl.

When Ian Fleming wrote the James Bond spy series, he created a masterpiece disguised as kitsch.

No film rendition has ever done justice to Fleming's sleazy genius. British and American film producers prefer to emphasize jet-packs and exploding fountain pens rather than mess with the real allegory, Saint George symbolism, and yes, Oedipal by-play that Fleming spun into his fiction.

The result is 18 of the most popular action films in cinema history, but to truly experience Fleming one must delve deep beneath the smut to discover the even deeper layer of smut embedded in the written word.

An example: Bond's curiously intimate relationship with his .25 Beretta.

When M divests Bond of his favorite handpiece in the book version of "From Russia With Love," Bond recalls taking it out and oiling it, packing the bullets into the spring-loaded shaft, and "pumping the cartridges out onto the bedspread in some hotel bedroom somewhere round the world," before wiping it dry with a rag. Sean Connery never showed us that.

Much more can be found between the pages of a Fleming novel, some of it gross, some of it golden. Superficial cinema especially deprives audiences when it comes to the portrayal of Bond-girls.

Take Pussy Galore. Most film fans fondly recall Pussy as the Bond-girl with the best name recognition. She began as a bad Bond-girl in *Goldfinger*, but converted to the cause of right after being exposed to Bond's, er, charisma.

But behind the gold lamé apparel of the cinema Pussy is the tough lesbian of Fleming's fiction. The film downplays Pussy's lesbianism, perhaps because in this light Bond's rough barnyard roll in the hay, coupled with Pussy's unlikely remark that she'd never met a "man" before, is the sort of thing one would hear at a rape trial.

When the first cinematic Bond-girl, Honey Rider, stepped out of the surf and into Bond's life, she was out collecting Venus seashells, wearing her rocket-top bikini. How much better it would have been if director Terence Young had been faithful to the book, in which Honey makes her appearance au naturel and has a badly-healed broken nose.

The broken nose is significant to a Fleming reader — who will recognize it as the fatal flaw of a true Bond-girl — but audiences accustomed to camp expect their Bond-girls to be perfect.

Important imperfections always get left out of the screenplay, which partially accounts for the image of the Bond-girl as meaningless double-oh-

"The enlightened Bond-girl, fresh from Bond's bed, regains her femininity, self-esteem, and sense of right from wrong."

seven decoration. Flawless Ursula Andress was a dear as Honey, but Honey's deformed bridge is what establishes her as a Fleming creation and not just a cinema bimbo.

The ideal Bond-girl is represented in *You Only Live Twice* by Kissy Suzuki, a Japanese spyette. "Bondo-san," despite being told by a Japanese colleague that in Japan, "The man always comes first; the woman always comes second," has a relationship of equals with Kissy.

Kissy is one of the few Bond-girls who hasn't been raped, damaged or in some other way rendered a sexual misfit before encountering the curative powers of Bond's bedside manner.

Honey Rider was an orphan whose only sexual experience consisted of being raped while drugged; Tracy Vicenzo (*On Her Majesty's Secret Service*) was a suicidal; Solitaire (*Live And Let Die*) was forced to remain a virgin lest sex exhaust her psychic energies, and Pussy became a lesbian after being raped by an uncle at the age of 12.

Some critics, notably Tony Bennett and Jane Woollacot, have observed that Bond-girls' abnormalities prevent them from being archetypically feminine.

Bond frequently finds his femme fatales in extraordinary circumstances — working for the villain, walking around naked or cheerfully contemplating a career as a call girl. Housewives they aren't.

Instead, Bond-girls are a confused mixture of the demure and the diabolical, represented by the good and the bad Bond-girl present in every film.

Bond's sexual conquests then, which with a normal girl would verge on exploitation, become acts of benevolence that restore to these girls their natural instincts. The enlightened Bond-girl, fresh from Bond's bed, regains her femininity, self-esteem and sense of right from wrong.

Cured, Bond-girls become perfect Bond mistresses. They are equal but subordinate, free to come and go — provided they come before they go.

This transformation, in which the Bond-girl really does come a long way — by going all the way with Bond — is the most meaningful element of Fleming-style smut absent from the films. The comfortingly static messages of sexism and male supremacy are still intact in the novels (don't panic!), but given an extra shake that shouldn't be missed.

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