My adventures as a marketing research guinea pig

A while ago, I had responded to an ad in the Coast calling for people who would be willing to spend an hour watching beer commercials and giving their opinions to a marketing focus group. Sounded like an easy way to make $30 to me. I watched three ads in total. Read about my experiences below.

Unfortunately, these weren't new ads. In fact, each of you, if you watch any television at all, have probably seen each one of them:

1. Keith's ad where the guy bequeaths his nephew a fridge. This is just about the worst Keith's ad I have ever seen. The concept of leaving anyone a fridge after you die is the most ridiculous thing ever. It's not even funny. Then, as if in celebration of receiving this magical major appliance, the dutiful nephew throws a party. As Mike pointed out to me later, it looks like he attempts to trap an innocent girl between himself and the fridge in order to have his nefarious way with her.

As you may have guessed, I trashed this commercial. It basically sucks.

2. Molson Canadian ad where the guy slaps his pet beaver on the bar. This has got to be one of my favourite beer commercials ever. Of course, it doesn't make me like Molson Canadian any more than I already do (which is not much), but it makes a good play on existing Canadian stereotypes that our American brethern have. The two Americans at the bar start by ridculing some of these stereotypes, one of which is that all Canadians have a pet beaver. The Canadian proceeds to pick up his pet beaver from the floor and place it on the bar, and summarily commands it to attack.

The beaver, in a fit of such rage which I have not seen since the ferocious rabbit in "*Monty Python and the Holy Grail*" leaps forth from the bar, affixing his sharp teeth (primarily used for gnawing at trees and building its dams) to the American's throat. Hilarity ensues. The beaver, after all, is a proud and noble animal.

3. Keith's ad where the guy from Toronto can't pronounce "donair". Of the "new" Keith's ads, this is

probably my favourite. Doesn't compare to the beaver one though. This one starts off with a maritimer leading his Torontonian friend into a lower-deck-like establishment. There's a band playing "Barrett's Privateers" and he makes his friend promise never to buy him another "donnair". No, no, silly Upper Canadian; that's a DOE-nair. This guy really looks depressing too. I mean, who goes into the lower deck dressed all in black, like they're going to a fucking funeral? I don't understand why the chicks are all over him either. Maybe they think that because he's from T.O., he must be loaded. I can't figure it out.

Blah blah blah, the guy proceeds to have a great time, and go home and tell all his stuffy Upper Canadian friends what a great time he had in Nova Scotia. Well, they don't exactly show that part, but I'm sure that's what they meant. Hell, maybe this goth-in-training is the rich uncle that left the first guy the fridge...

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