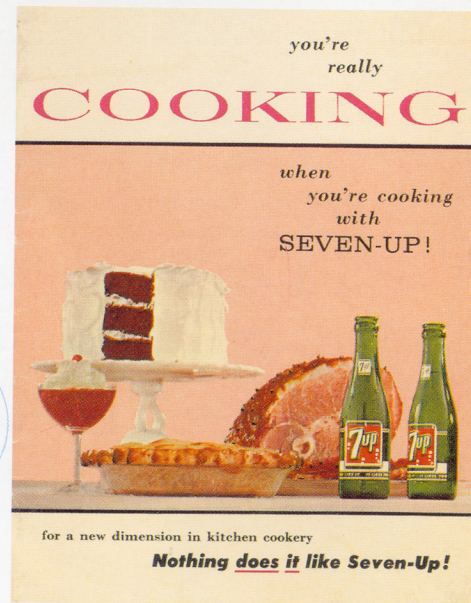


COOKING WITH 7UP



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At first, it seems as if they're trying to reassure us. Really! You're actually cooking when you use 7UP! You're not just pouring sugar water into a bowl, you're *really* cooking.

But you're not. You're committing a sin. As you will see over the next few pages, you are joining an odd mind-control experiment conducted by 7UP in the '50s, an attempt to break free from the shadow of the colas and establish 7UP as an indispensable member of the family table. A refreshing beverage. A condiment. A confectionary aid.

"Nothing does it like Seven-Up!" says the cover, and while you can't dispute the assertion, you could say the same thing about caustic lye.



What planet was this picture taken on?

Would anyone have ever decided to try this without the encouragement of 7UP—and even after this nightmare suggestion was offered, did anyone try it? Once, maybe. Perhaps while sick, or drunk. But twice? No.

On the other hand, maybe this is a still from some Jack Webb-produced anti-marijuana film. Imagine his clipped narration: "Betty had been to a marijuana party a week before. Reefer, mary jane, tea, weed, skeezix, grass, wombat smegma, pot—the kids have all kinds of names for it, but it all comes down to the same thing, Mister: it's dope, it's illegal, and it interferes with a woman's natural sense of breakfast."

Finally, one must ask: two bottles? *Two?*



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The Gallery of Regrettable Food
James Lileks, NY: 2001 pp. 32-33