

Pizzagate:

Excal hacks uncover mock mozzarella

**F** Resident prince of verbosity R.D. Macpherson and trusty sidekick Blakeley recent made a horrifying discovery in the newly-decorated Winters Dining Hall. So sit down, and if you have a weak stomach . . . beware!

*"Although you're grievin', don't think of leavin'. Now that I've go you by my side."*

Some rumblings, a basic urge, and the stomach signals its readiness for a slice or two of Winters pizza. Blakeley and I would honor that call willingly, and Winters would always satisfy. Whether one chose the Deluxe or the Vegetarian slice, one was in for a veritable plethora of tastes, textures and toppings. With such anticipation, Blakeley and I made our weekly pilgrimage to pizza mecca on the first Tuesday of the new term.

Those fresh, lovely hand-made shells (or crusts) were gone. Before us was a machine-made, pre-fabricated, once-frozen hollow reminder of the past glory of the Winters Pizza. The toppings, once garden-fresh, and present in extravagant proportions, were distinctly born of cans and were applied with an unprecedented

parsimony. The result? A noticeably depreciated and, in fact, unsatisfactory product. In a few short weeks, Winters' only reason for existing, the very epicurean rock upon which the foundations of the college had been laid, had disappeared.

What heralded the change, the digression, this trend away from fresh to frozen and canned? Blakeley and I wanted the facts before we began drawing conclusions.

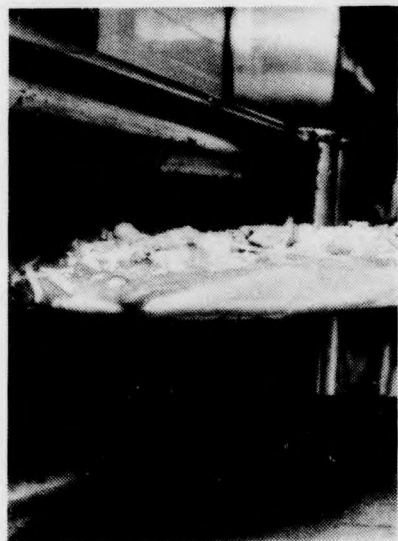
First, we sought to corroborate our findings; we surveyed other diners informally and found a consensus of dissatisfaction. One sagacious consumer—who wished to remain unidentified, for she was going to

continue ordering the pizza irrespective of its decline and feared "selective-slice retaliation"—illuminated us to the fact that the digression had coincided with a redecoration of the cafeteria. Indeed, new ambient lighting had been surreptitiously installed over the Xmas break.

Simultaneously, the very aesthetic appeal of the pizza-making process had been withdrawn. We were short-changed as the cafeteria withdrew the felicitous performance of dough-kneading, and through cleverly-designed visual barriers, had rendered secret the topping ceremony. The consumer is presently fully alienated from the process: s/he might, if lucky, view only the finished raw product being popped from its packing crate into the oven. What the new counter is, in actuality, hiding is the absence of Pizza's traditional labor-intensive base. With Winters' reluctance to disclose to the public their contra-humanistic, machine-fabricated product, we might infer thusly that a sense of shame has been felt at the managerial level. No; a measure so pervasive and unethical as this one perpetrated by Winters cannot be solely an economic one, one which could be flimsily concealed by low lights and new staff and justified only by the final balance sheet: there is a larger principle at work here.

Winters cafeteria has saliently shifted to the political right. In an appeal to the changed consumer face at York, it has sought to match the different political/economic ideologies of the customer. The new right at York, burgeoning and evidenced by the growing popularity of Ayn Rand, are being given the clarion call by Winters. These people appreciate the means over the end. These people prefer the idea of Pizza over its taste, gladly surrendering the old cooperatively-made pizza for the new, mechanized, individual-run pizza parlor.

As disparate as these factors may seem, Blakeley and I could only conclude collusion. Given the continuation of the present pizza-making infrastructure, things will not likely improve. Ayn Rand munches on a McCain frozen pizza and smiles a rare smile.



Above: Unsuspecting student reaches for a slice of 'right-wing' pizza. Right: Winters Dining Hall staffer prepares pizza behind cleverly designed visual barrier. Below: A swarm of fallen pizzas captured at a Batman-like angle.

PHOTOS: GARY BLAKELEY



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