



# THE LEPER

## Israel Returnee Not Sure Who Open-Shirt Hair-Gel Guy Trying to Impress

BY ARTHUR CHESTER

New York, NEW YORK—The sight of an open-shirted gel-haired student emerging from the Muss Hall elevator Thursday left second floor resident Maury Cohenbaum disturbed and bewildered.

"Everyone at my yeshiva in Israel said that Muss was the *frum* dorm," said the lower sophomore. "So first I thought that these guys were *goyish* janitors who wore yarmulkes out of respect to the yeshiva. Then when my

*chavrusa* told me that these were Jews, I really started to wonder what the story was."

Later in the cafeteria, the presence of one of Cohenbaum's upstairs neighbors caused further speculation. "I mean...I just don't get it," said an agitated Cohenbaum, apathetically picking at his beer battered pollock. "I mean, we're in the YU caf, for G-d's sake! Who is this guy dressing for? Maybe it's a foreign thing."



Possibly foreign Muss resident.

The foreigner in question, attired in cuffed black jeans, a tight black shirt from Armani Exchange and a silk green yarmulke made himself comfortable with a group of similarly attired students. Cohenbaum, who dresses exclusively in the

black pants and white shirt of many Muss residents turned his bewilderment into a Talmudic style discourse. "Okay, so even if this guy is dressing to impress girls, there aren't any girls here. And even if there were girls here, I can't imagine what kind of girls are interested in someone who dresses that

way," he reasoned. "Not that I speak to girls."

When questioned about his appearance, the elaborately dressed, greasy haired student took offense and responded with highly unlikely denials. "I do not think that this is a foreign way to dress and I am not foreign," responded the student, Moshe Benmorrocco, in a nearly incomprehensible accent.

"Also, there is no gel in my

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## Casual Encounter Turns Awkward as Participants Exhaust Mutual References

BY DARATA PUMPSH

Philadelphia, PA—Sheer awkwardness erupted yesterday as amateur conversationalists Noam Bloom and Daniel Zorch succeeded in exhausting all references common to one another.

The incident, which occurred on the campus of the University of Pennsylvania, began when Bloom, a history major, was approached by his casual acquaintance outside of the Hamilton Hall dormitory. According to witnesses at the scene, Zorch and Bloom engaged in a forearm obstructing "half-embrace" and then proceeded to discuss inconsequential issues with which both men were familiar.

"Yo, so how's your sister," Bloom, who has loose ties to Zorch's elder sister, Jordana, inquired.

"She's working now... likes it mostly I think," finance major Zorch replied. Sensing impending uncomfortability, Zorch proceeded to initiate a brief reminiscence regarding a summer program with which he and Bloom had participated several years earlier.

"So, Mach Hach, eh? Those were some good times," Zorch offered. Bloom concurred, adding, "Yeah... wow."

With the conversation nearing its inevitable conclu-

sion, Zorch struggled to furnish a fresh reference from which the conversation could draw to a smoother close. However, just as Zorch succeeded in locating a suitable topic for discussion, Bloom interrupted him with a reference of his own. Signaling that his remark was to be the more conversation-generating, Bloom proceeded to speak louder than his co-converser until he ultimately was given the opportunity to speak sans verbal obstruction.

"What's up with these new turkey sandwiches they're selling at [kosher campus restaura-

(Continued on page 4)

### In Other News:

#### YU

MYP Student Says Good, Urged to Say Better

Library Printer Successfully Installed

#### Foreign

Arafat Chides Sharon for Housing Expansion on Marvin Gardens

#### Environment

Burning Forest Missed For Burning Trees

#### Local

Homeless Guy Rejects Modern Conventions, Such as Homes

## The Leper Colony

### THE LEPER

is edited-in-chief by  
**BARTON OXENHANDLER**,  
 whose girlfriend,  
**LYDIA VON ESPY**,  
 rooms with  
**KANDI KOETING**,  
 whose stepfather,  
**NEIL GORMAN**,  
 owns a Pomeranian named  
**SPARKY**,  
 whose previous owner,  
**DARATA PUMPSH**,  
 had a thing for  
**ALBINOS**,  
 who are very  
**WHITE**,  
 the Arabic teacher of  
**GAVIN GOLDSTEIN**,  
 who secretly stalks  
**THAT DELL GUY**,  
 whose mother,  
**BLU FRINGE**,  
 enjoys watching films featuring  
**KEVIN BACON**,  
 who is actually  
**A LEPER.**

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## Why We're Not Bathing



- ◆ Late, late Midterms.
- ◆ Girlfriend busy till next Thursday.
- ◆ To beat the terrorists, we must live like them.
- ◆ Richard Joel.
- ◆ Electronic ankle bracelet.
- ◆ We're Iranian chic.
- ◆ We're Iranian sheikh.
- ◆ Hard water, soft body.
- ◆ Want to blend in.



*(Please note: Anthrax does not count as a "highlight.")*

To Dear Whom It May Concern, Mr. The Leper Editors:

I am reading your newsletter for two issues and I am not seeing proper advice. Pictures of Mr. Danza, Tony, yes, stories about erroneous analysis of book, yes, but nothing that tells actual medical condition of lepers. I also see drawing in the first page but not actual leper, just bad drawing misrepresentation of leper. Most unlikely that man is smiling! More likely he has lost arm and will lose leg!!! Please let the watchers of your newsletter understand how really leper is with no hand like me, and is writing letters by dictation.

Geeta Chopra  
 Allahabad Leper Colony

Dear sirs,  
 Doody! Ha ha ha  
 Love,  
 Doody! Ha ha ha  
 P.S. Doody! etc.

Dear Leper,  
 Before time began, what color was purple? The Color Purple, as if there were something like that. Nonsense! Purple is merely an illusion of refraction, more illusive than most things on this terrible Wheel of Things. It is absolutely, nay positively, nay, absolutely positively definitely hands-down no-backsies due to our generation's inability to properly wield abstract thoughts that Alice Walker has been so successful. In a happier time, people would only write books about eternal things, such as the archetypical lion, or the archetypical boy meeting the archetypical girl, they would write about Water, Fire, Man, Horses, the perfect state, the balanced breakfast, but the color purple? Never! Nay, never, say I!

Yours truly,  
 Neo Plato

To the Editors:

In your last issue, issue 2, it came to my attention that I'm a lot cooler than you are. Losers.

Yours truly,  
 James MacPherson

To the Editors:

While checking the facts behind your article in Issue 2 ("Reality TV's Latest Offering"), I discovered a clear inconsistency between the article's title, and the fact that your fly is open. Ha! Made you look! But seriously, your article is quite offensively inaccurately headed, such that a booger is on your cheek, gross. Haha, gotcha again! But *really* this time, I think that your politics is reflected quite clearly in the subliminal mistitling of your arti...eh, my shoes are tied together? ::noogie:: ouch!, oh hoho, you got me there!

Crapfully yours,  
 Random Shot guy, YU 2003

Dear Leper,  
 You're a jerk!  
 Sincerely,  
 The Sy Syms School of Business

Hey The Leper,

It's Monday morning and you awake to the jarring ring of your alarm clock. You drag yourself out of bed to get ready for another dull work day. Your career is going nowhere. Or worse, you've been laid off. Yet you keep hoping you can break away from it all, do something exciting — or work for yourself.

- ◆ Career Diploma Courses
  - ◆ Associate's Degree Programs
  - ◆ High School Diploma Program
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Why not you?  
[dbliefidjidd@yahoo.com](mailto:dbliefidjidd@yahoo.com)

**TO SEE YOUR NAME IN LIGHTS, SEND WORDS OF WISDOM TO:**

*[editors@theleper.com](mailto:editors@theleper.com)*

Q & A  
with  
Dexter Rosenberg



BY GUY ANONYMOUS

*The following is a discussion with Dexter Rosenberg, an honors student and a self-proclaimed intellectual of the YU campus. He belongs to an elite circle of thinkers in YU who can be found acting out Shakespeare on the lawn (that small patch of grass), bowing down to statuettes of Rabbi Carmy, handing out pamphlets entitled "The Dangers of Being Anachronistic," or writing for non-funny underground newspapers.*

**Guy:** What do you think of the intellectual atmosphere of YU?

**Dex:** That is a very postmodern question. How am I to know what I think? For if I think something, perhaps I only think I think it, but in reality maybe I think something else. Descartes writes, "I think, therefore I am." I would amend his statement to say, "I think I think, therefore I think I am."

**Guy:** Good point. Which teacher does the premier intellectual circle to which you belong see as its mentor?

**Dex:** Well, what is a mentor? More importantly, how is it possible to be a mentor if it is impossible to ment? However, if you were to ask me who our leader and G-d is, I would have to say G-d.

**Guy:** What do you see as the primary goal of your intellectual circle?

**Dex:** I could answer your question with another question: If a tree falls in the forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?

**Guy:** Yes, it does make a sound. Why did you choose to come to YU when clearly you could've attended so many other prestigious institutions of academic rigor?

**Dex:** What better institution is there than one in which I have to purchase some special card to do my laundry.

**Guy:** I never thought of it like that. I especially enjoyed the circle's recent performance of Macbeth. Can you give us a hint as to what play will be performed next?

**Dex:** I refuse to answer such an anachronistic question.

**Guy:** Let me rephrase the question. Is there any advice that you have for the common, non-intellectual student at YU?

**Dex:** As a matter of fact I do. Don't use the so-called cleaner on 186th and Amsterdam. He ruined a suit of mine.

**Guy:** You seem to have a thing for clean clothes. One final question. You recently turned 34. Don't you think it's time you left the Heights and did something with

your life?

**Dex:** If you think about it existentially, my being 34 is only due to the fact that there are 365 days in a year, a totally arbitrary number. If there were twice as many days in a year, I would be 17, and you would then be asking me, "You're only 17. Do you really think you're ready for college?"

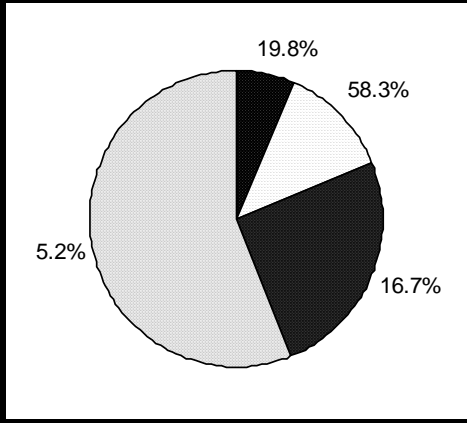
**Guy:** Another brilliant insight. Thanks for your time, and good luck in the upcoming Rubin Lounge D&D tournament.



# Leper Poll

Where we ask the hard questions.

How Big a Slice of Pie Do You Enjoy?



## Encounter Turns Awkward

(Continued from page 1)

rant] Irv's? How nasty are they?"

"Yeah, totally nasty," Zorch replied with contrived ire.

As silence enveloped the two almost-friends, Zorch proceeded in scanning the surrounding area for another peer whom he might be able to draw into the conversation such as to implicitly force Bloom out of it. With no such peer in sight, Zorch again attempted to present a discussable topic.

*Bloom concurred, adding,  
"Yeah...wow."*

"Hey, so I heard you and Sarah [Gorman-Feldheim] are an item. That's, like, really cool," Zorch asserted.

"Yeah, she's great. Great great great great great!" responded Bloom, in a poor imitation of actor Eddie Murphy's "Nutty Professor" character.

At that moment, in order to free himself from the seemingly endless string of trivial references, Zorch commenced feigning a seizure. Overcome with panic, Bloom fled the scene. He has since developed an emergency list of topics that may be discussed with most types of casual acquaintance. Some of these include: weather, class, and the impossibility of properly installing printer ink cartridges.

## Muss Hair-Gel Guy: A Riddle Wrapped in Armani

(Continued from page 1)

hair," said Benmorroco, running his hand through his hair. "I do not know why people in this country—I mean, my country—are so judging," he said, wiping his hand with a scented tissue.

"I don't really believe that guy," Cohenbaum responded when Benmorroco's statement was reported back to him. "I've seen him at the pool. He wears a yellow Speedo. But that's not really the point," he said as he returned

to the Beis Medrash. "I just have to get used to groups of people dressing funny, even if they're not doing it to increase their *yiras shamayim*, like me."

Other realities of life in Muss that have struck Cohenbaum include the strange smell he sometimes encounters when returning from the Beis Medrash late at night. "It smells like that Reva L'Sheva concert I went to over Chol Hamoed Succos last year."

# Filler:

OR...

Wait for it...

**CAPTION CONTEST 2003!**

Send entries to [captioncontest03@theleper.com](mailto:captioncontest03@theleper.com)

**One (1) answer per entry.**

**Unlimited (∞) entries per person.**

**Yay!!!**



## The Leper's Spots

Lately we have been flooded with questions such as "Who are we?" and "Why are we?" and "What gives The Leper its buttery smell and texture?" So, in this piece, we decided to show our readers various places where they might catch a glimpse of us during our late-night escapades. Besides spending our time cramped into a one room studio apartment typing verbiage until our cuticles hurt, we manage to frequent parts of the city and sometimes even "hang out." These spots, henceforth known as "The Leper's Spots," deserve recognition for their uniqueness and astoundingly high toxicity. So, when you want to shoot the breeze about anything from Nietzsche to... whatever it is you people talk about, stop in and say hi.

**This issue's featured spot:**



**The Chimichurry Van**, permanently parked at 181st and Amsterdam, is a local favorite. This eatery-on-wheels features native Hispanic cuisine at a reasonable price. You won't be getting high prices here, no sir! The ready-to-drive-away-at-any-moment motif gives this spot a transient ambience that is rare and/or illegal in our fair city.