

“Not tonight...
I have a headache.”



THE LEPER

WB Developing Coming-of-Age Jesus Series: “Nazareth”

BY KATE ELIZABETH

Los Angeles, CA—Warner Brothers Co. executives have announced plans to develop a television series based on the adolescence of biblical figure and possible deity, Jesus Christ. Christ, who died of complications resulting from crucifixion two millennia ago, was made famous in the collection of novellas entitled “The New Testament,” one of numerous sequels attempting to build upon the success of God’s 1100 B.C.E. tome, “The Old Testament.” Rural Nazareth, Judea, circa 0, will serve as the setting of this weekly-featured bildungsroman, which sources indicate will recount the trials and tribulations of young Jesus as he attempts to establish himself while dealing with the vicissitudes associated with ancient adolescence. *The Leper* has obtained internal WB documents detailing several proposed *Nazareth* storylines, some of which include a feud between Jesus and popular jock Judas, as well

as a love affair between the mysterious hero and voluptuous cheerleader, Mary Magdelene.

The WB’s announcement comes amid a vociferous national debate concerning Mel Gibson’s epic film, “The Passion of the Christ,” specifically the question as to whether or not the picture may arouse anti-Semitic sentiments among America’s Christian majority. Speaking to that point, WB president and chief operating officer, Jed Petrick, acknowledged that “indeed lots of people have lots of opinions about Jesus’ life and who might be responsible for his death and all that,

so we’re definitely gonna be sensitive to those opinions.”

Nazareth creative consultant, Garth Ancier, elaborated on Petrick’s statement. “What the public needs to remember is that this program probably won’t be especially faithful to the gospels.” Said Ancier, “For example, the episode in which Jesus transforms water into

(Continued on page 2)



WB heartthrob Jamie Kennedy on the set of “Nazareth.”

Tzitzis Tail Goes Undetected

BY DARATA PUMPSH

Wilf Campus, New York, NEW YORK — Numerous strands of *tzitzis* were inadvertently left out of a haphazard “tuck-in” procedure executed on the person of SSSB junior Amitai Hirsch, friends of the disheveled Memphisian reported. Though conflicting reports have listed the number of exposed strands at between four and six, there was general agreement concerning Hirsch’s unsightly appearance. Said one acquaintance, “There were like six strings just hanging there. I don’t think that guy has ever been not unkempt. Or is it ‘kempt?’”

The Sy Syms accounting major does indeed have a record of neglecting his appearance; old photographs and interviews with grade school acquaintances reveal that Hirsch’s history as an aesthetic invalid dates back to the mid 1980s when his mother, Esther, made a habit of dressing him in such revolting garb as polka-dotted sailor outfits. Insults and beatings related to the sailor outfits led Hirsch to eschew attempts at style and instead follow a path of garmental laze. Those who have known him say that Tuesday’s *tzitzis* tail episode was only the climax of his mounting sartorial recklessness.

(Continued on page 4)

In Other News:

YU

Leper Staff Discovered Bound and Gagged in Belfer Commons Cellar

Religion

Radiohead Minyan Fails to Inspire



Domestic

Martha Stewart Announces New Line of License Plate Products

Oscars

Some Guy Apparently Snubbed in Sound Editing Category

World Wide Web

Onylsimchas First to Report Engagement of 7777 to !!!!!

Revaya

Breaking News: David Steinberg, Your Crepe is Ready

The Leper Colony

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Why We Didn't Have a Purim Issue

- ◆ Commentator stole all our Jacuzzi jokes.
- ◆ Waiting for Adar Sheni.
- ◆ Too busy with your mom.
- ◆ You wouldn't get it anyway.
- ◆ Our collective lazy ass.
- ◆ Pre-gaming.
- ◆ Because that's just what you would've expected.
- ◆ Richard Joel.
- ◆ At the heart of our publication lies the idea that society must embrace humor on an everyday basis and not only on special occasions; therefore it would have represented the polar opposite of the very ideals we stand for.
- ◆ Needed material for this list.



What I Think about Paying for Things

by Lope Garcia Manuel del Arroyo

Our Sages of blessed memory warned against free medical care, noting that if it costs nothing, it's probably worth nothing. However, for reasons unknown, they did not warn against other free things, most notably and most ominously free Jell-O. But that's beside the point, if this actually develops into having a point. The point is (not THE point, just, the other point, a transitory, almost vestigial point) that there are lots of free things that Chazal never told us not to use: think of free T-shirts or free miles. Significantly for Marxists, the Sages did not warn against the free market or free-trade agreements.

Just think about it: If someone came up to you with a shoe, and said, "Here, take this, it's free," I'm sure your first move would be to look down at the man's feet. I know that's what I'd do. Then, if I saw that he was wearing only one shoe, I would give a whistle to my boys and they'd lay him senseless with a neat blow to the back of the head (his head, that is). Then I'd take the shoe that he had on his foot as well as the shoe he had in his hand. More often than not, they will turn out to be a matching pair. You see, by the offer of one free shoe I then deduced the possible existence of another shoe. Thus, one free shoe became two free shoes. That is the glory of free.

Everyone wants to be free. Man is born free, yet everywhere he buys at least wholesale. Even our beloved island, Manhattan, home of rich assimilated Jews and black drum-playing Rastafarians wearing tzitzis, was not gotten for free, but rather for the infinitely larger price of twenty-something dollars (in beads, no less). A lot has been made over the cheapness of the sale, but compared to the ideal price, zero, the Dutch were actually ripped off. This, as well as the price that plantation owners had to actually pay (just think of it, pay!) for slaves more than justifies the fury of the white men

through the centuries. If you had to pay all the time when you could get things for free you would be very angry, too.

I ask you, if people had hammers, what would they do? Hammer for bargain prices? Hammer for an end to nuclear proliferation? Hammer for Torah and ma'asim tovim? For better or for worse, the answer to all these questions is an everlasting no (the "everlasting," as you may note, is totally gratuitous, or, in other words, free). They hammer for freedom, they hammer for the justice of not paying for anything. Remember, the civil-rights movement was largely about freedom, people marching so that they could vote for free without a poll tax, and then elect similarly freedom-motivated politicians who would abolish all prices and let everything be free (predictably, big business has stood in the way).

Understanding this leads us to the conclusion that the freest human beings are those who don't pay for anything. That is why the Latin Americans, smarter people than we, consistently employed *caudillos* (Spanish for "happy people who don't need to pay for anything") to run their governments. These men would take everything for free. Although the people usually still had to pay, they were very gracious about it; better that someone should get something for free than no one, you know?

So there you are: Be free. Don't play Monopoly, which only encourages the paying habit. Shun stores and other sorts of spending culture. Subsist on the free flow of public water fountains, the bounty of wild berries, and the mints from the concierge desks in hotel lobbies. You may find that people will object to your new ways; that's why I always cover any security cameras in the area with chewing gum before I embark on any of my liberating escapades. But fear not. Rather, listen to the rumble of freedom calling — you can hear it if you try.

Jesus: WB's New Teenage Superstar

(Continued from page 1)
wine and then gets drunk from it right before he's supposed to deliver his student council election speech. That's not necessarily explicit in the text."

United Paramount Network (UPN) is

likewise in talks to develop a bible-based television program. Ehrich Van Lowe, of *Homeboys in Outer Space* fame, has been tapped to produce the series currently known by its working title, *Shem and Aver High*.



Ray's Worst Movie of the Week

This Week: Planet of the Apes

Hey folks, it's that time again when I like to sit back in my recliner, kick off my slippers, raise a box of wine to my lips and share my feelings on the worst movie of the week I have ever seen.

I decided to spend a quiet night at home and rent an old "classic" that critics have been raving about for years and years. To my ill fortune, after only a couple hours of browsing, the bully of a video store clerk made me pick a "damn movie already you're scaring all the children in the Disney section" so I panicked and grabbed "Planet of the Apes."

Let me start out by saying that you have to be a pretty bad director to screw up such amazing ideas as time travel and talking apes. Maybe my expectations were too high after reading the back of the videocassette case but if it's a sin to look forward to some intense primate action then call me Hitler and send me home. And in the end, I was sorely disappointed.

Furthermore, after many informative and educational trips to the monkey house at the zoo as a child, I was expecting this movie to be an extremely rowdy affair. I won't go into the details but I was anticipating the same antics that go on at my uncle Leonard's "New Year's Party" to happen in the movie just with apes instead of drunk middle-aged car salesmen.

However, the only excitement to be found on that dull, boring evening was when my dog, Professor Canine, went no-no number two on the floor. I had half a mind to shovel the no-no into the videocassette case and return it instead of the actual movie and see if they could tell the difference. But they charge more if the movie isn't rewind and I don't know how to rewind no-no.

The movie is about astronauts who crash land thousands of years in the future on a strange planet inhabited by talking monkeys of all sorts. The humans that live on the planet are little more than wild animals in old-fashioned diapers. The astronauts have to quickly figure out what is going on before they get turned into monkey chow, i.e., bananas.

I won't ruin the movie's surprise ending for you, so all I'll say is that this mysterious planet is actually a future Earth where monkeys have slowly,

discovers the horrible truth of the planet's origin when he stumbles upon the decrepit Statue of Liberty sticking up out of the sand on a beach. After he makes sure she is appropriately covered in a towel, he proceeds to let out a stream of '60s-suitable profanity which mostly consists of "dag-nabbit" and "damn hippies."



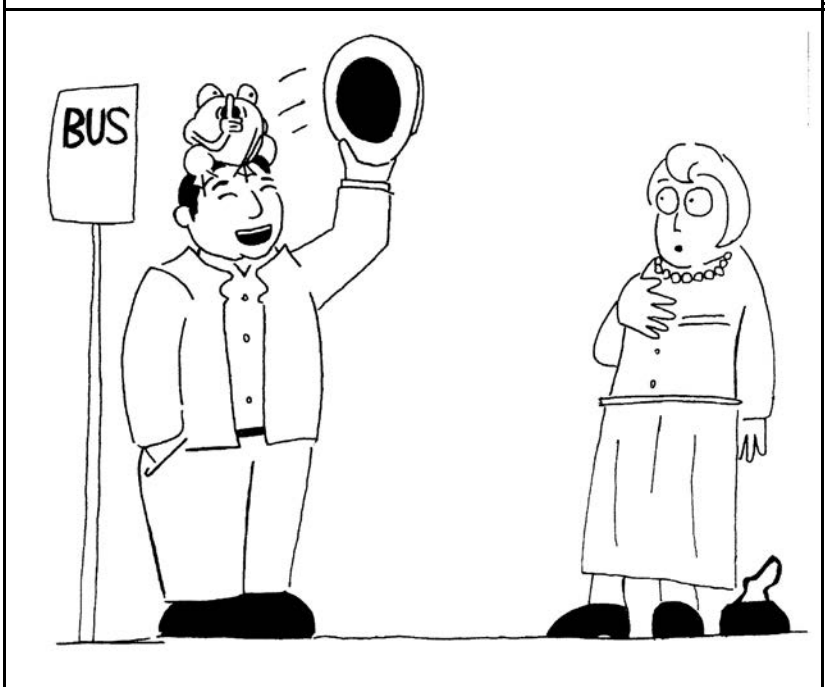
Charlton Heston and his Damn-Dirty-Ape-Killing Machine: A Love Story.

For the so called "president" of the NRA, Charlton Heston can be such a whiny baby sometimes.

The movie's so-called "twist ending" hardly left me asking any questions. The only thing I wondered about was where the casting director found so many talking monkeys for the movie. And this was more than thirty years ago, so is there some quiet retirement community in Florida where the shuffleboard court is covered in hair, and mashed bananas are served at every meal?

So this holiday season, if you're looking for the feel-good movie of the year, I suggest you steer your shopping cart full of screaming, runny-nosed children in the opposite direction from "Planet of the Apes." The only thing you'll be "feeling" with this movie is a new sneaking suspicion that the couple with the unusually hairy child across the street are planning big things for their son. Or daughter. It's hard to tell which, when you drive by the kid at fifty miles an hour with your windows rolled down, honking your horn and screaming "damn dirty ape" at the top of your lungs.

Yaguetown — Cartoon by Spanky St. Claire



From the Public Relations Office...

Rejected YU Logos

**Undetected Tzitzis:
A Tail of Woe**

(Continued from page 1)

According to witnesses, Hirsch's fringes had been exposed to the elements for the better part of the day. Despite hints and gestures from more than a dozen acquaintances, the oversight remained unnoticed until Hirsch prepared for bed in the late evening. Roommate Raanan Itzkowitz was present for the conclusion of this daylong

Those who have known him say that Tuesday's *tzitzis* tail episode was only the climax of his mounting sartorial recklessness.

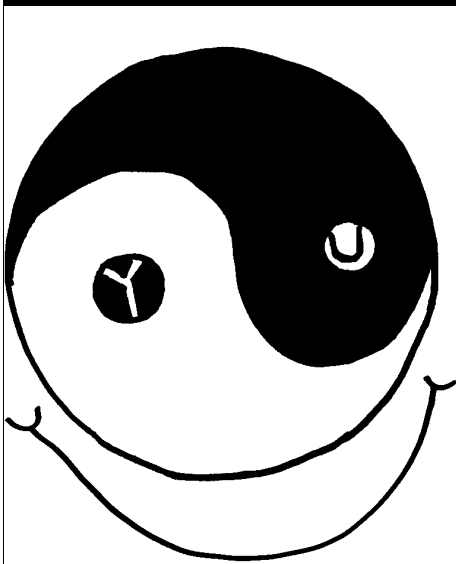
debacle. "As he was getting into his pajamas, he finally noticed his tzitzis hanging out there. He goes, 'Oh man, they've probably been like that all day.' Yeah, well, obviously."

Despite the copious criticism leveled against Hirsch, several individuals voiced support over his tail. Girlfriend Miriam Levana suggested that "by not caring about his appearance, Ami's able to concentrate on the important things in life." Others asserted that the hanging fringes were in fact intentionally left as such; Hirsch, they posit, has decided to strengthen his adherence to *halacha*, or Jewish law, and has allowed his dangling *tzitzis* strands to demonstrate this transformation. Several roshei yeshiva, however, have discounted the latter claim, citing Hirsch's single-digit *shemoneh esrei* length and the fact that only five of the requisite eight strings hang out at a given time.

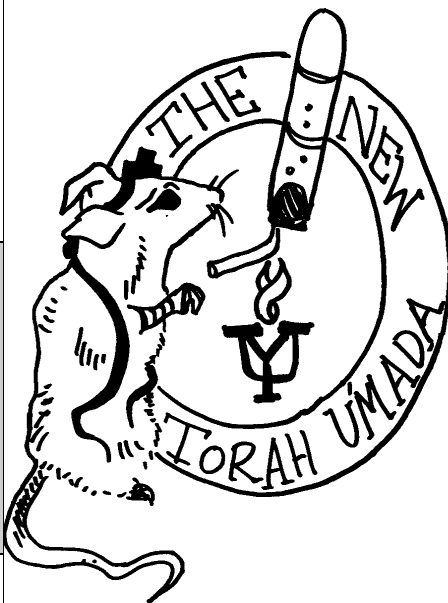
Itzkowitz, the roommate, agreed. "Ami's a nice guy and all, but he's definitely not *shtark*. For God's sake, the kid doesn't even have a belt clip for his flip phone."

Please, for the love of all that is holy, just write SOMETHING to us at editors@theleper.com We need to feel loved! Thank you in advance.

This year's new flaming Yeshiva logo may look simple enough, but for Yeshiva's Public Relations Department it was the decision of a lifetime, a projection of YU's new self-image to an anxious legion of passionate centrists looking for guidance. The new logo needed to encapsulate the new attitude of the incoming administration without forsaking the traditional ideals of this bastion of Modern Orthodoxy. The logo that now adorns everything from monuments to fleece pullovers survived a rigorous selection process; countless other ideas did not, including the ones you see here.



The first logo, above, is a yin-yang representing Yeshiva's eternal dialectic between tradition and modernity, with the interlocking design expressing the belief in the synergetic ideal of Torah U'Madda. The resemblance to the Pepsi logo is not unintentional, as Pepsi also must find the harmonious balance between being Pepsi and simply not being Coke. The message: Be young, have fun, learn Torah. Sounds nice, but isn't Torah wasted on the young? How can they truly understand its beautiful truths when they have yet to live? Truly, learning from the young is as drinking immature,



cheap wines, straight out of the bottle in brown paper bags. Besides, that "Be Young" slogan was already used on an NCSY Kolliel sweatshirt. Not the one I have. That was "Obey Your Thirst." 1997. God, am I old. Where does the time go? When did the years pass? Ah, Maria. It seems like it was just the other day that I was staring into your eyes, those rings of rippling color, telling you that I would love you for-



ever. Was that summer really seven years ago? Could I have forgotten that feeling, that love which felt both immediate and everlasting? But I haven't forgotten, Maria. You're still the one I love, whatever may have happened. I see that now more than ever. No, I can't live this lie anymore. Jennifer, honey, I'm sorry, but I'm going away for awhile, maybe forever. Tell the kids I love them and that it's not their fault. It's nobody's fault. OK, so maybe it's my fault. I'll give you that. Maria, my sweet, I'm on my way. Pick me up at the airport.

