

the **QWERTY** Institute



(annual report)

FIRST EDITION

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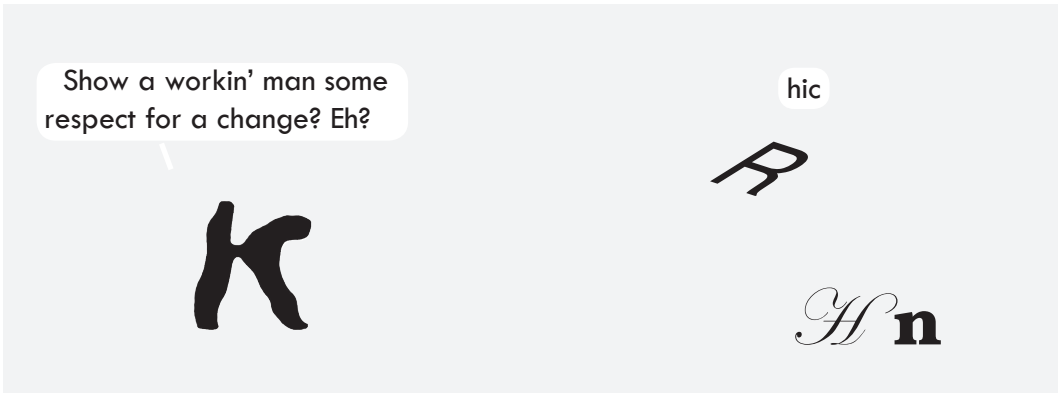
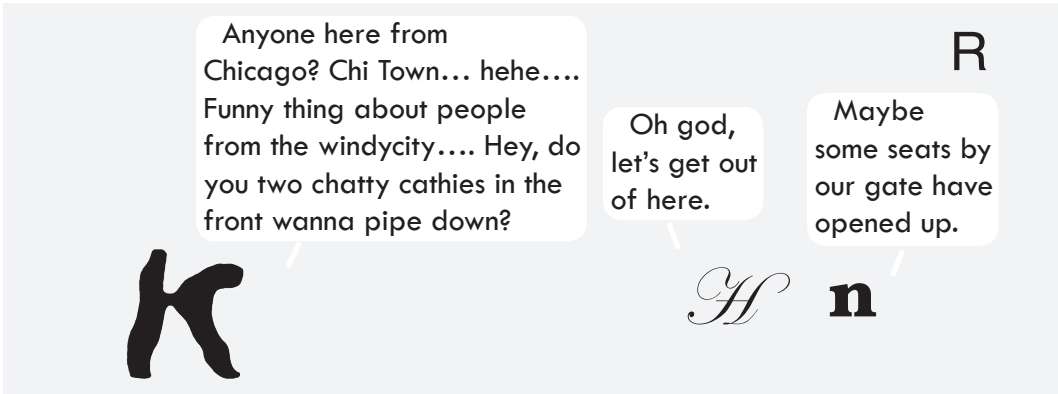
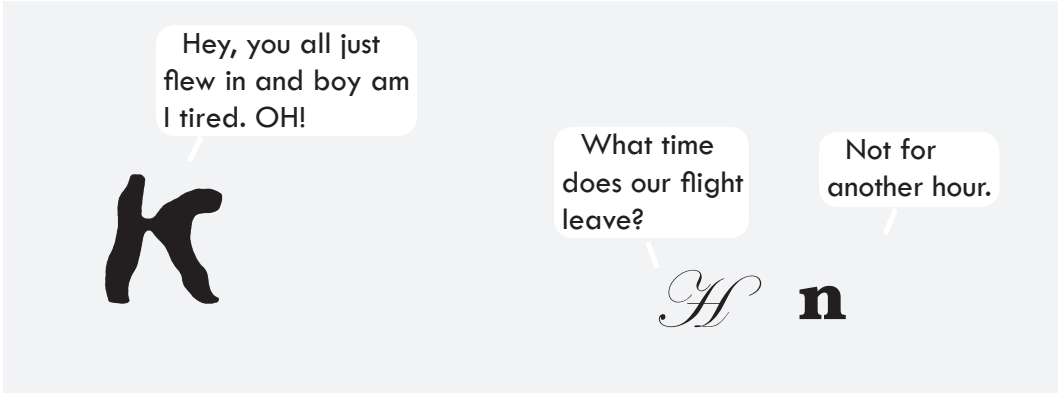
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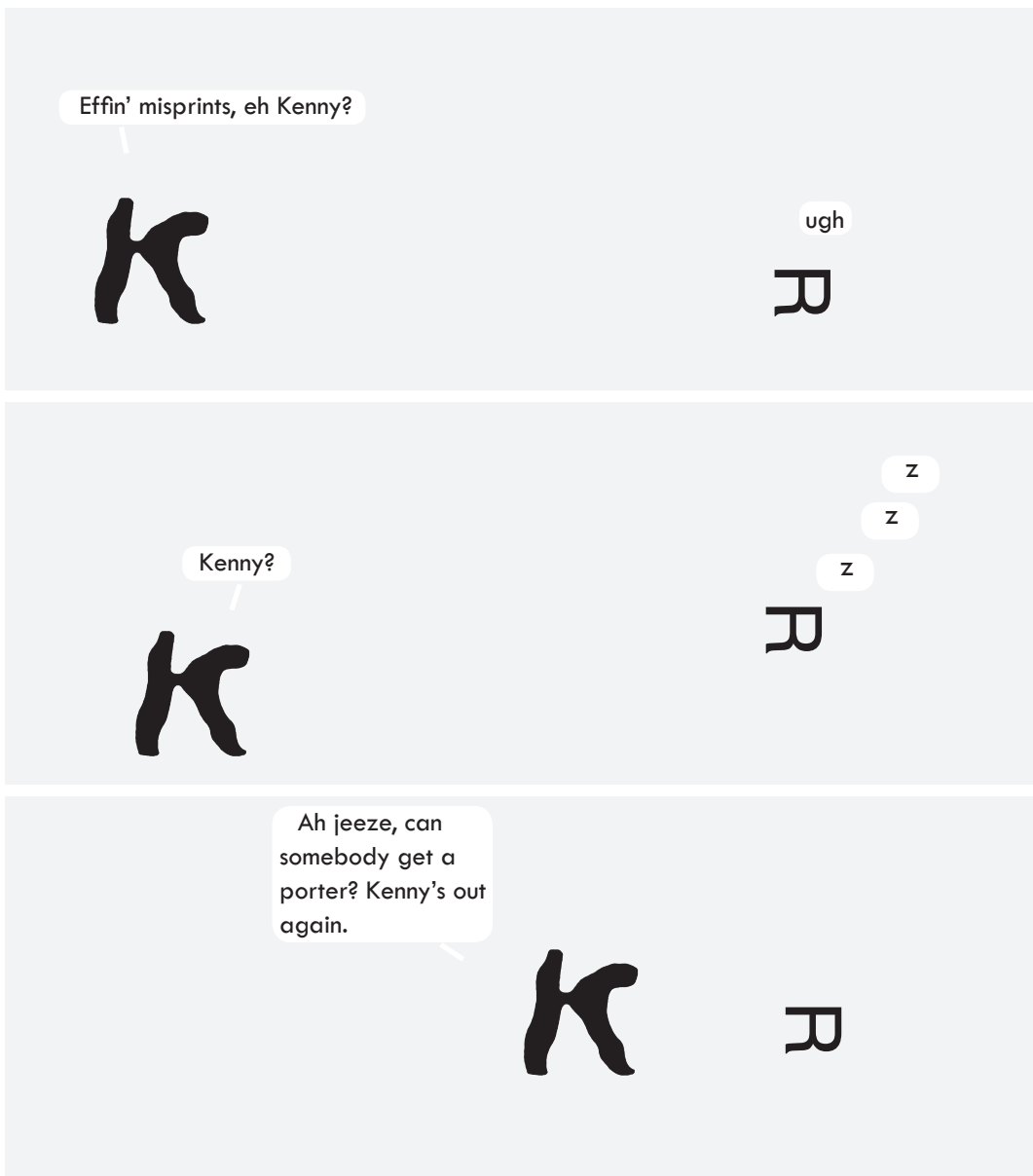
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This is a font comedian. Look at him. Observe him in his natural habitat, the deserted airport bar.



Hard to believe this faded waste of a punchline was once one of The QWERTY Institute's most promising comedic talents. A goldleaf typeface comic, by all accounts.



From his first open mic at a local fontbar, he quickly won the crowds and built a steady and devoted following, eventually landing top billing at Hee-Hee's.

Amateur Night

So this typo walks into the bloodbank. Dr. says, "Well, I guess you'll do. But I'd prefer a few pints of AB."

K

My buddy—great Courier guy—goes up to this girl. Before he even says hello, she goes, "Sorry, you're not my type."

K

hehehehe

ha!

hahaha

An Asterisk and a Spur toss some print at the spacebar. Asterisk goes, "Watch it, Cowboy, I'm the serif in these parts."

K

aha ha ha

ha!

Laff yer CAPS off at

Hee Hee's!

featuring the fabulous



With support by DY Diggs & his
Amazing Washboard Antics!!

\$8 advance \$10 door

So this uncial, a hieroglyph, and a rune walk into a bar...

K

hehaha!

Kid's a good fontman.

ha!

heehee

G

Mark my words—he's really gonna make an imprint.

M

But the effects of all the attention soon weighed on him. He faded in the limelight as he struggled to meet the constant demand for new material. Turning to alcohol and drugs to dull the pressure, his work quickly became careless and derivative.



He went through endless phases trying to rewrite himself. Caving under pressure from his agent, he abandoned his esoteric typeface material in favour of more mainstream, relatable fare.

Zany Prop Comic

Remember folks in the front row, you're in the splash zone.

K

Quirky Observationalist

Ever notice there's always that one typewriter with the squeaky paperbarrel?

K

Wacky Impressionist

C

Charming Misogynist

Ever date an interrobang?
I mean, those girls are so...
excitable. The name says it all,
if you know what I mean...

K

As the crowds thinned his bitterness thickened into a tough callous. His jokes became increasingly hostile and in poor taste, culminating in the ugly racist phase that was so well documented in the tabloids.

I hear those ideograms can hold, like, a hundred signs—talk about overachievers. OOH!

K

And what's with all this up and down bull@#%? I mean, talk about backwards.... It's left-to-right, people! Am I right? Am I right?

oh my

K

gasp!

Don't'cha get it? Must be all Cryllics in the house tonight.

K

Following the massive public outcry, club owners had no choice but to ban him from all the national chains. He ended up pulling sets anywhere he could.

Laff'n Fold
Laundromat Chains

My wife's so rigid she sleeps in a file folder!



Corporate
Team-Building Retreats

Anyone here ever get photocopied naked?



All-Night
Convenience Stores

You know you're in trouble when you wake up in a typing pool of your own—



Hey buddy, I left the car running—can you just pass over some smelts and a Tab?



Children's Birthday Parties

Look, lady, I got a daisy that squirts water. You in or what?



I don't know.... Kids these days won't find that funny.



For adults I use piss. You want me to try that?



But font comedians are resilient. Finally returning to his typeface gag roots, our champ is currently poised to stage a class-A comeback. He's got a lot of things in the pipeline. Talks to get things in development. His eye firmly on the much-coveted HBO special that haunts every funny fontman's dreams. Until then, he can be seen in one of several Midwest airports.

