

# QWERTESSA YUIOP

The adventures of Qwertessa Yuiop ran in *The Frieze Brieze*, a staff newsletter at the U-M School of Social Work. *The Brieze* ran for 56 issues, 1976-1984; Yuiop appeared in 14 of these. More notes appear throughout.

She came from double space

QWERTESSA YUIOP

GALACTIC SECRETARY

4:15 pm. Professor Hiram Layemoff deposits a tonnage of paper on Qwertessa Yuiop's desk... then demands her full, immediate, and flawless attention.



Don't interrupt typing this for any reason... why isn't it already done?

Layemoff then retreats to the solitude of his office.

Qwertessa fumes, but obediently digs in.

I may be the fastest typist in the galaxy but but but but!

Then, in the middle of page thirteen, her super-hearing picks up a surprised whisper of horror — coming from behind the prof's door!

HALP!

Professor Hiram Layemoff had settled into reading one of his many scholarly works — only to realize, too late, that it was terminally vapid, and a portal into the fearsome Void of Mediocrity...



HALP!

Qwertessa's first impulse is to rush to his aid....

I could use the invisible matter-creator I affixed to my selectric keyboard.... but I'd need to type the secret code and then the "restitution" too! Page 13 would be ruined... and there isn't time to take the sheet out!

HALP!

...and he told me not to interrupt my typing for any reason....

Dutifully, she keeps on typing.

Shortly after, though, there is silence.

Layemoff is gone.


Come to think of it... what's the point of rushing, now? Might as well take it easy....



As 5 pm nears, it's easier and easier to forget about poor Prof. Layemoff and his inadvertent journey into the Void of Mediocrity.

Then, it's 5 pm. The School of Socializing closes, the secretaries head off.

See you at volleyball?



If I'm not too pickled to find my way out of the job!

10 pm. The building is quiet, the janitors asleep. But in Prof. Layemoff's office something stirs.... something emerges from out the open portal of the Void.... something with a dim memory of academic life. It's....

**CURRICULA!**

The monster that walks like a professor!

CONTINUED



Social Work staff met weekly for evening volleyball, hence the occasional references.

The Dang computer system mimics the Wang system Social Work used in the early 1980s.

References to correcting Selectrics, liquid paper and Snowpake are all artifacts of clerical work in an earlier age.

Of course, Qwertessa draws her name from "qwertyuiop," the top-most series of letters in the "Qwerty" system on the keyboard.

# QWERTESSA YUIOP GALACTIC SECRETARY

While Qwertessa languishes in Literary Police prison, Curricula—the erstwhile Professor Layemoff—has entered his old classroom. But one student is suspicious, and decides this is a job for...

The Byronic Woman!

Fortunately, due to the chemical properties of CO, these students are half-asleep and didn't learn my secret!

"And so I interfere, and with the best intentions..."

"Eyes of leaden hue, and gummy; Carcass picked out from some mummy; Skin all sallow, flesh all sadden—Form the devil would frighten God in!"

In pain, Curricula flees!

Meanwhile, in Qwertessa's office, the editor of the staff newsletter (the "Hot Air") arrives to interview.

She's not here? How my readers'll learn how many socks she owns? Or how many pets she has? Or if she's cute? Or...

Suddenly, Curricula literally roars through the office, the Byronic Woman hot on his heels...

...many things to wound him.

ROAR!

HOT AIR

POOK?

"Vampire, ghost, or ghoul, what is it? I would walk ten miles to miss it."

"He quits the scene—or the scene quits him."

Meanwhile, in her Lit Pol cell, Qwertessa fidgets...

Gads! This is the third straight comic I've been wearing the same blouse!

Then she hears a voice from the next door cell...

It's Tom Not-So-Swift, inventor and adventurer!

Fudge dudge! Plucked from my most promising research!

\*such as: T.N-S-S and his Water Soluble Suba Gear, T.N-S-S and his 4th Dimensional Flying Pen, etc ad nauseum. —ED.

Qwertessa asks about it.

I can see it now... I'll call it: Tom Not-So-Swift and his Inflatable Ego. In fact, I'm perfecting it now.

Oh?!

She has an idea!

So she plies Tom with platitudes...

Gee, that's a swell thing to say to a guy.

Wow, you mean it? Go on...

Gee....

Free!

Concluded next issue!

MADAJ 1/80

The Byronic Woman mimics *The Bionic Woman* and *The Six Million Dollar Man*, tv shows popular around that time. My son called the latter "The Six Dollar Man," which conjured up images of duct tape and paper towel tubes . . .

# QWERTESSA YUIOP

GALACTIC SECRETARY

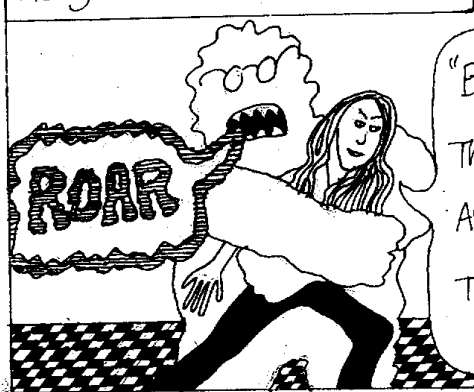
## ACT IV - CURRICULA



Back at work, she finds....



The Byronic Woman and Curricula!



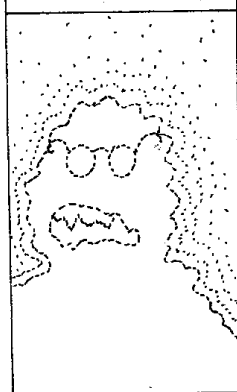
"But the hound bayeth loudly,  
The boar's in the wood,  
And the falcon longs proudly  
To spring from her hood!"

Recognizing Curricula as Professor Hiram Layemoff, Qwertessa takes her seat at her modified "matter-creator" selectric.



Yet nothing comes this easy — and the Void of Vapidity demands a price for Layemoff's return to normality....

Curricula vanishes.



Layemoff recovers quickly.

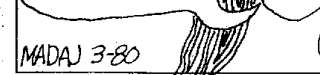


Alas, it was traded for your release!



But what of the Byronic Woman?

"Tis to be wished it had been sooner done, But stories somehow lengthen when begun."



# QWERTESSA YUIOP *and* Galactic Secretaries' Week

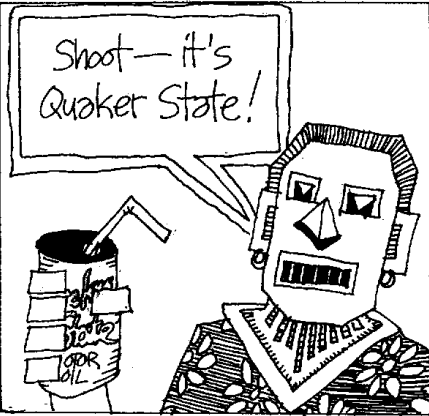
MADON 4-80



Obviously, Mr and/or Ms Bambi Dextris easily repeated as the winner of the Galactic Award for sheer volume of work performed in the previous year....



For accuracy, the Golden Keyboard goes to Ms. Roboflexotron of Knutsen Botts University, for no errors in fifteen million chances....

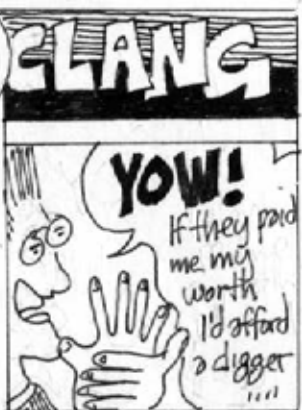


For versatility, the award went to Ms. Rosetta Stone, in the Inter-organismal Practice Division of her School, for deciphering the hand/appendage writing of faculty from 14 planets and of six different life forms!



# QWERTESSA YUIOP and the SCHOOL of SOCIALIZING

## #6 -in- The Forgotten Files



Several of Tom Not-So-Swift's adventures are viewable (or will soon be viewable) elsewhere on this website.

# QWERTESSA YUIOP and the SCHOOL of SOCIALIZING

The Conclusion  
of

## The Forgotten Files

Prof. Funningame...



Yesss, the  
Socializing  
Party Center  
was a real  
swinging  
place....

Hey... how many 'k's'  
in 'decadent'?



I dunno.

...til the rooms were closed....



Hate to do it,  
but the School  
needs the  
file space

First things first

The Party  
Center was  
silent....



but still the  
School's filing  
needs grew.

Prof. Lobotomy had an idea...

Files in rockets into space!  
Oodles of room for our  
research!



But how will we  
retrieve it?

How can  
we shut  
that  
idiot up?



Trust the future, my friend!  
When needed, the appropriate  
technology will be developed...



Brilliant!

But before any decision  
was made, greenhorn  
lecturer Dudley Dell  
snuck into the Center  
to check some old data.  
The poor fellow just  
didn't know any  
better....

My husband?!  
How?



Stale  
air....  
Couldn't  
breathe.  
He was  
purged,  
wasn't he.

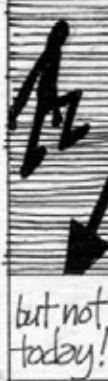
The Center became  
a shrine.... and  
the files were  
surreptitiously  
stuck in vacant  
fields. Only the  
Dean knew  
where....

And she  
for-  
got.



Anyway...

I ought to  
look at  
these old  
files...



but not  
today!

Mean-  
while...



Autumn...



I made  
this with  
your  
garden  
veggies!



ACK! This is  
the blandest  
drive I've  
ever et!

MADA 8-80



Oh, boo hoo hoo!

This is a job for  
an expert on  
interpersonal  
practice!

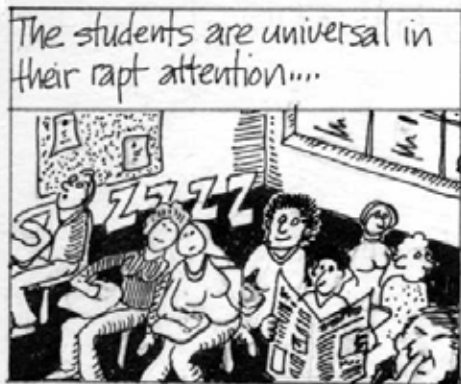
Yet he pauses...



I wonder  
why the  
veggies  
were so  
tasteless?

END

# QWERTESSA YUIOP and The FATAL TYPE



END

Freely adapted from "When the Swallows Came Back From Hot Pastrami," 1971, by permission.

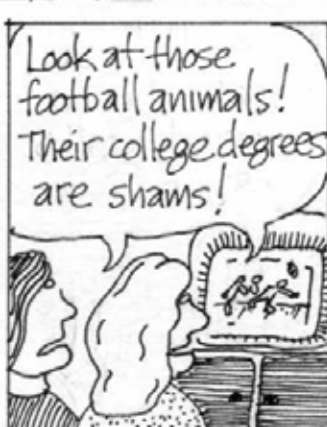
11-80

# QWERTESSA YUIOP and the HOT AIR BALLOON



**FILLER DILLS**

and the **SMALL JOKE**



**Next...**

The jungle 'z-time thriller:

**SECRETARY TO KONG!**

Or as Dr. Suess might say, "I dreamed I ran the zoo in my Maidenform bra."

# QWERTESSA YUIOP as the SECRETARY to KONG

Dreams....



Look at those gals!



Ashore.



Only nine? Tell them it's a deal if they throw in a visiting professorship.



They say they may be out in the boonies, but they're not stupid!



That night.



Predictably....



CONTINUED..

12-80

## FAIR BYTES and the Frankincense Monster!

Christmas candles of every scent...



Not here! L.I. Junk



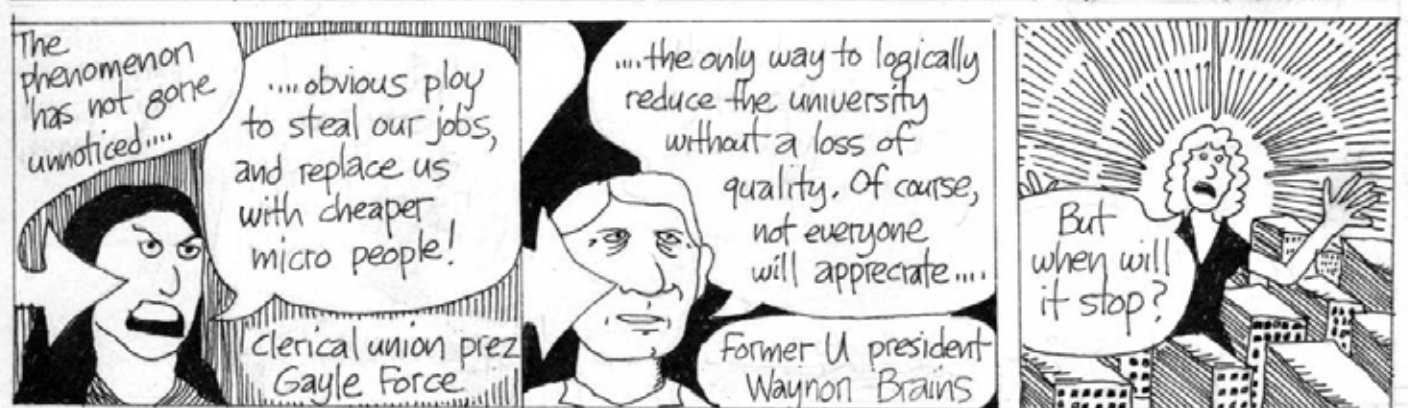
Not here!



ROWRI



# QWERTESSA YUIOP and the SHRINKING UNIVERSITY



# QWERTESSA YUIOP and the KONGLUSION

MADAT

12

5-81

Haw! No way out of THIS dream until you finish ALL my backlog correspondence, manuscripts....

"Haw," yourself! you're bifurcating in the wrong forest, buddy.

I was just going along to help the strip.

But this is MY dream, I'm the boss here!

What?! Such insolence so near evaluation time? Tsk. No 8% raise for you this year!

I don't want to get tough, so lay off, or I'll turn you into rhesus pieces.

You? Tough with ME? Haw!

Eventually....

One small kick for woman — one giant pain for....

WAIT A MINUTE

Who said that?

The stupid cartoonist. He purports to write an androgynous strip, but reverts to his true colors in a pinch.

A pinch? We have standards here, y'know. This newsletter is rated G. Remember....

...what happened to EC Comics.

Standards? Well, since you are the one to start it....

No! Don't!

...you finish it

Don't! Please!

YAH!

He'll think of something!

END

# QWERTESSA YUIOP and the MYSTERY of the DISSOLVING PRINT



One reason for two versions of episode 13 is that there was a lull in the Brieze's publication; the earlier version was redone for the revived publication.

# QWERTESSA YUIOP and the DISAPPEARING INK

Another day at the School of Socializing... and Qwertessa gripes to Shirley True outside the parking lot.

This comic is so shallow, it makes me sick! NO character development! Why... I never even get a chance to SEE my boyfriend!

Wow! I hear what you're saying. I never even KNEW you HAD a boyfriend!

I don't.

But I might have one — if I had a chance to socialize in this comic. That's what I mean!

What about that editor of the Hot Air?

Egad, Shirley! It's only the 13th episode, not the 13,000th!

13th? Hmm... did we cross any black ink? Walk under any educational ladders?

No sooner does Qwertessa reach her desk, when... trouble!

Help! Help!

At least is it in pants?

Nothing?!

No... nothing

I mean... nothing-NESS....

Yike! It's HERE!

She's not kidding. Just like a grade-B movie? So what else is new? I got a bad feeling about this.

# QWERTESSA YUIOP as the HUMAN SECRETARY!

REMEMBER QWERTESSA YUIOP?



SHE VACATIONED FOR A MONTH WITH "HIM," A PROSPECTIVE BOYFRIEND

IT WAS GREAT... AND GRATING.



MEANWHILE, THE SCHOOL OF SOCIALIZING HAS SWITCHED TO DANG'S WORDPROCESSING



Isn't this Dang's printer working again?

3BZZZ-BRRTE

ALL WELL AND GOOD... EXCEPT THAT HER OLD TYPEWRITER WAS EQUIPPED WITH THE "MATTER CREATOR" FEATURE...

YOU MAY RECALL QWERTESSA IS FROM SNOPIAKIA, OUT IN DOUBLE SPACE.



THE "CREATOR" FEATURE WAS ESSENTIAL IN "ERASING" THE CURRICULA MONSTER

AND FANNY GIRTH'S DEMISE EXPOSED "CREATOR" DANGERS.

HER TYPEWRITER WAS AUCTIONED, THE RECEIPT MISPLACED. QWERTESSA BROODS ABOUT OTHER HORRORS...



BUT NO MONSTERS DEVOUR THE CAMPUS, AND IT GRADUALLY OCCURS...

IT'S GONE! AND THAT SHE THEREBY IS...



Not special anymore.

Just a human secretary.

QWERTESSA WALLOWS IN LOW ESTEEM.



What's with Qwert?

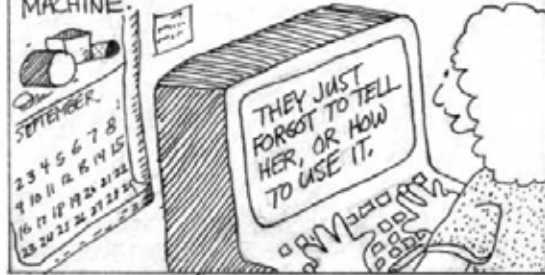
Probably moaning over that jerk of hers.

AND LEARNS HER W.P.



This is how we merged documents in the old days.

BUT OF COURSE THE SNOPIAKIAN BISNISS HAD PREPARED FOR THIS. THE "CREATOR" STUCK WITH QWERTESSA AND HER NEW MACHINE.



THEY JUST FORGOT TO TELL HER, OR HOW TO USE IT.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN HANDY AGAINST THE CONDOR NOSTRA.



Then again, the Recorder might never have gotten her pinball machines.

AND IT MIGHT YET PROVE ESSENTIAL AGAINST THE GROWING, UNGLIMPST MENACE OF

**SOFT-WAREWOLF!**

I mean... who ever heard of silicon bullets?



# QWERTESSA YUIOP in a tale of GOTHIC HORROR

MADAT

15

P-84

LETTER GOTHIC, OF COURSE.



MONTHS AGO, IN A DEPARTMENT MORE HEAVILY COMPUTERIZED THAN THE SCHOOL OF SOCIALIZING — A PROFESSOR BECAME SO OBSESSED WITH HIS COMPUTER HE NEVER LEFT IT. HE WORKED IT DAY AND NIGHT...



AND PROFESSOR A.C. VAN VOLT BECAME ALLERGIC TO SUNLIGHT.



HOW CAN YOU SEE...

DON'T TOUCH THAT SHADE, YOU STUPID TYPIST!

HE TIRED OF WORK/STUDY DELIVERED MEALS AND EVENING PIZZAS. HE FEELS A GROWING CRAVING...

I COULDA HAD A V-8?

OR A SLANT-6?

OR A QUAKER STATE?



A TERRIFIC STORM HITS TOWN.



THE CITY EVACUATES. EVEN THE U ALLOWS EMPLOYEES "E" TIME...

BUT VAN VOLT REMAINS. HE ONLY FEARS THE STORM WILL KNOCK OUT HIS POWER.



I'LL PROTECT YOU, MY SWEET!

BUT LIGHTNING KNOCKS HIM OUT.



AND WHEN HE AWAKES, HE'S BEEN QUICKENED INTO BECOMING



**HACKULA!**

WHERE VAN VOLT WAS HUNGRY, HACKULA IS STARVING! BUT HE KNOWS WHAT HE NEEDS. THE TOOLS ARE HANDY. — THEN HE LURES A FELLOW PROF TO HIS OFFICE FOR A "CONFERENCE."



THE ELECTRIC PLUG LEAVES TWO MARKS IN THE NECK...

THE PROF FELT DULL, DRAINED.



NO ONE NOTICED.

AHHH! I HAVEN'T FELT THIS GOOD SINCE I FLUNKED MY FIRST STUDENT!



THE DEPARTMENT SUCCEDES. BUT HACKULA QUICKLY REALIZES THAT, TO AVOID UNDUE SUSPICION, HE NEEDS A SOFTWARE PACKAGE — HE NEEDS

**SOFTWAREWOLF!**

I LOVE TO BITE!



SOFTWAREWOLF MESMIRIZES OTHER PROFS AT THEIR OWN SCREENS, AND PLUGS THEM IN. HACKULA FEELS NURTURE UNDREAMED OF!



THE U FALLS! EVERY PROF IS RENDERED DULL, DRAINED...



NO ONE NOTICES.

AND SO IT MIGHT HAVE INSIDIOUSLY SPREAD TO OTHER CAMPUSES ACROSS THE STATE AND COUNTRY. EXCEPT...



QWERTESSA YUIOP WASN'T FATHOMING WORD PROCESSING. SHE WAS PERMITTED TO REMAIN LATE AND PRACTICE.

SOFTWAREWOLF APPEARS!



AHH, PROFESSOR — WORKING LATE! I MISSED YOU BEFORE. LOOK INTO MY SCREEN... I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO PLUG IN...



SURK?

IT WOULD'VE BEEN A GOOD TIME TO ACT HEROIC.

BEGONE, WOLF! I NEVER NECK ON THE FIRST DATE!

IT WOULD'VE BEEN A GOOD TIME TO USE THE MATTER-CREATOR.



WHICH WAS THERE ALL ALONG.

ALMOST  
AS GOOD,

AND TRIPS OVER THE CORD.



SHE FLEES



SOFTWAREWOLF  
GOES DARK!



SOFTWAREWOLF ASSUMED  
I WAS A PROFESSOR...  
PROBABLY DOESN'T CONSIDER  
SECRETARIES AS HUMAN...



SO SHE DECIDES  
... TO GO OUT  
FOR A PIZZA.

BUT IF IT HAPPENED ONCE,  
IT COULD HAPPEN AGAIN...  
IT MIGHT BE SHEILA GREE.  
OR SHIPLEY TRUE.  
LOIS COMMON-DENOMINATOR  
WOULD NATURALLY FALL  
INTO IT.



WITH THE HELP OF A NON-U COMPUTER "EXPERT"—  
HER OLD PAL TOM NOT-SO-SWIFT— SHE DESIGNS  
A SOFTWARE PACKAGE OF HER OWN...



IT'S TOO EASY.  
BACK AT THE U,  
HALFWAY INTO  
THE PROCESS,  
HER SCREEN  
FLASHES TO  
LIFE—AND  
THE FACE IS  
FAMILIAR!  
TOO FAMILIAR.

## THE JERK!



NO— MY IMAGE.  
WHEN THE MATTER-CREATOR  
TRANSFERRED, IT TOOK THE FORM  
OF THE PERSON NEAREST YOU AT  
THE TIME.  
A FLAWLESS CHOICE, I MIGHT  
ADD.



QWERTESSA  
TELLS THE  
JERK TO  
DELIVER A  
MESSAGE  
TO SOFT-  
WAREWOLF.

THE JERK  
SAYS



SO SHE  
PLIES THE  
KEYS OF  
HER CON-  
SOLE—AND  
THE JERK  
HAS NO  
CHOICE!

QWERTESSA  
SAYS

I THINK I MIGHT  
LIKE THIS  
RELATIONSHIP...



THE JERK SAYS

...SO THE SCHOLARLY  
WRITING IS THE  
DISTILLATION.



IF A PROFESSOR CAN  
NURTURE HACKULA,  
WHAT ABOUT THE  
DISTILLATION OF HIS  
SCHOLASTICISM?  
HACKULA CAN HARDLY  
CONTAIN HIS EXCITE-  
MENT AS HE AWAITS  
THE TRANSFUSION OF  
POWER...

HE  
WAITS  
AND  
WAITS



GROWING EVER  
WEAKER, HACKULA  
FADES. VAN VOLT  
RETURNS.



THE FACULTY  
RETURNS TO  
NORMAL.



THE JERK  
ASSUMES  
QWERT  
WILL  
IGNORE  
HIM FROM  
NOW ON.  
AND HE  
MAKES  
BIG PLANS.



BUT



SOME OBSCURE REFERENCES ARE TO PREVIOUS EPISODES. A TIP OF THE COFFEE CUP TO THREE MOVIES THAT HELPED SHAPE THIS TALE — TRON, DARK CRYSTAL, AND ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN.