

board, with themed chapters running from 'Prospect Street' to 'Displacement Street'. Each chapter includes three 'levels' of information: data visualisations / cartographies, case studies / essays and captioned extracts from the project's image archive. Chapter by chapter, the slippery nature of information is met with a willingness to understand, and to undertake the labour that understanding requires.

This effort is particularly evident in the way that chapters integrate photographs, graphics and text, employing whichever is appropriate to continue the argument. For instance, in the chapter on 'Representing a Transversal City' we learn how Claudia, a 52-year-old Moldavian cleaner working in Venice, supports her family abroad: 'There are boys who come with a van twice a week. Through them I send money, clothes and pasta that I buy by the kilo. They're honest. They don't steal anything.' The images of Claudia that accompany the interview focus on her environment: her personal affects, her papers, her walk to work. These discrete pieces of information are then placed in a broader context by visualisations of sociological data, for instance a map that depicts the web of routes between Venice and the surrounding provinces. Well-captioned, colourful but not sensational, the visualisations make evident, for instance, that Claudia's commute to work is indicative of the lack of borders between 'Venice' and the communities around it where the majority of the population lives.

Taken as a whole, *Migropolis* makes clear the degree to which Venice is a forerunner of the anonymous globalised city of the future. Finally we come to understand the connection between wealthy tourist and illegal immigrant; how the two groups sustain each other against a background of dreams and commodities. We not only read their stories, we see their relationships in the thin pink lines of money flow and travel paths that stretch over so many maps, graphs and plots.

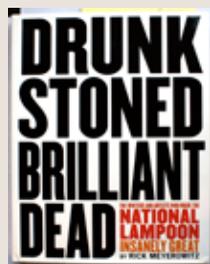
But the last word still remains to be said. As Scheppe says, the project concluded just as the Italian government was taking an increasingly radical stance against immigration, ramping up border security and easing restrictions on deportation. Meanwhile, a weak website, some instances of over-complication and a prohibitive cost call the study's accessibility into question. *Migropolis*'s real test will be whether it has the capacity to reach an ever broader public, to infiltrate the parliament and the town square, and thus to contribute to social change.

If you don't read this, the dog dies

Drunk Stoned Brilliant Dead: The Writers and Artists Who Made the National Lampoon Insanely Great

By Rick Meyerowitz. Designed by Laura Lindgren Abrams, New York, \$40, £24.99
Reviewed by Steven Heller

Allow me to get something off my chest. Of the two jobs I once most coveted in the world, one was art director of the *National Lampoon*. I got the other one, at *The New York Times*, but I was never even shortlisted for the *Lampoon*



Above: Cover of *Drunk Stoned Brilliant Dead*, designed by Laura Lindgren.
Below: Robert Crossman's August 1972 Nixon-as-Pinocchio gatefold cover.

and it bugs me to this day. So, when Rick Meyerowitz (incidentally, the first illustrator to whom I assigned a professional job in the late 1960s) invited me to write a brief essay for his book about the magazine, I jumped at the opportunity to open my wounds after almost 40 years. But it was not meant to be. Over lunch one day, Meyerowitz casually said that my essay was edited out ('thrown into the trash' were his exact words). He paid the cheque.

Now that the book is out, I cannot say it is worse for not including my words. In fact, I can say that it is an insanely great account of America's premiere humour magazine during its golden years. Smartly and wittily written (as it should be) and beautifully designed by Laura Lindgren, *Drunk Stoned Brilliant Dead* is as entertaining as it is solid first-hand reflection and history.

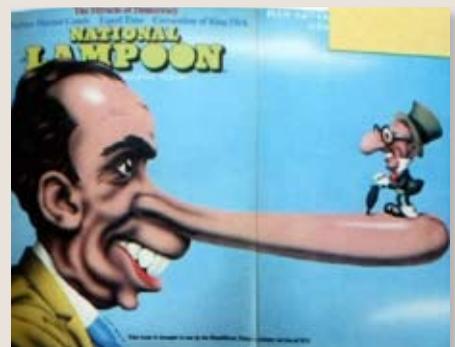
If, as the late Michael O'Donoghue, a founding Lamponer, said, 'Making people laugh is the lowest form of humour', I'm happy to wallow in the depths. For every joyously tasteless, anti-establishment component of the *Lampoon* made me, as a young reader, rise above the frustrations of American life during the Nixon-Vietnam War era. Robert Crossman's August 1972 Nixon-as-Pinocchio gatefold cover (with extending nose) gave me hope in the Watergate days that political satire was alive and punitive. In fact, as I flip through the book, it is amazing how many (89.5 per cent) of the contents I vividly recall.

What I did not recall, however, was all the inside dish I was not privy to because I was never on staff. The inner workings are brilliantly recalled in Meyerowitz's text and the written contributions of successful former Lamponers, Tony Hendra, P. J. (Pat) O'Rourke, Emily Prager, Christopher Cerf, M. K. Brown, Shary Flenniken (one of the pioneering women underground commix artists) and more.

Then there are the classic parodies. I recall my high-pitched squeal (or gasp) when I saw the take-off of Volkswagen's 1960s 'Think small' campaign: 'If Ted Kennedy drove a Volkswagen, he'd be President today'

showed a VW Beetle floating in water, an irreverent reference to the tragic drowning of Mary Jo Kopechne (which indeed was blamed on Kennedy and cost him the us presidency). I still am amazed by the spot-on exactitude of 'Stranger in Paradise' by Michel Choquette with Anne Beatts, a photographic travelogue following a perfect doppelganger for Adolf Hitler and his faithful indigenous companion, Freitag, on a South Sea island beach. And of 'Barbar [sic] and His Enemies' by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra, illustrated by Peter Kleinman, in which the monkeys take revenge on imperialist elephants – it still has political resonance.

There are few things more memorable than *Lampoon*'s covers, and Meyerowitz, who illustrated a few, including 'The Mona Corilla', devotes chapters to its various art directors and their wares. Michael Gross was responsible for some of the consistently memorable, including 'If You Don't Buy This Magazine, We'll Kill This Dog' with a photo of a nervous pooch with a gun to his head (the 'Death' issue, January 1973); the portrait of Che Guevara with a pie thrown in his face for 'Is Nothing Sacred?' (January 1972); and the partly eaten chocolate child beggar for the 'Dessert' issue (July 1974). And who of a certain age can forget the cover of the *National Lampoon 1964 High School Yearbook* (1974), the work of P. J. O'Rourke and Doug Kenney, art-directed by David Kaestle with Vince Aiosa, and featuring skirt-twirling cheerleaders, with one showing her perfectly



airbrushed, blemish-free naked behind?

Launched in 1970, the *Lampoon* was the wellspring of American written and visual humour. If it didn't exist there could be no *Animal House*, no *Saturday Night Live* (*Lampoon* alumni had everything to do with both), no *Spy* magazine, and definitely no Jon Stewart or Stephen Colbert. So thanks to the *Lampoon*'s crew for altering the course of wit and satire. Thanks to Rick Meyerowitz for reprising the work and writing the history. And thanks to whomever did not put me on the short-list for art director. I probably wouldn't have been that good anyway.

Programmed to keep the pages turning

Form+Code in Design, Art, and Architecture: A Guide to Computational Aesthetics

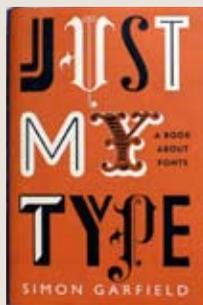
By Casey Reas, Chandler McWilliams and LUST
Princeton Architectural Press, \$24.95, £14.99
Reviewed by Tom Hartshorn

Form+Code is an interesting addition to Princeton Architectural Press's Design

Briefs, a series of books that aims to inspire students, designers and artists to look over the hedge at the sweet green grass and consider taking a walk on it.

The book, in rough terms, is an attempt to discuss the point where programming meets art, and the work created within this scene. The various authors (among them the always inspiring Casey Reas, co-creator of the Processing programming language, of which more in *Eye 65*) trace this theory through its roots in the application of mathematics to sculpture and painting, into early computing and up to modern digital artists such as Karsten Schmidt (see *Reputations, Eye 74*).

It would be all too easy to pass by *Form+Code* if you saw it in a bookshop, its thin spine propped among a hundred other 'design' books churned out to be bought by designers to fill shelves in their studio, and eventually be stolen by interns. Unlike such books, however, *Form+Code* fills an interesting gap in the market, to give an approachable exploration of a complex and often mystical subject. It feeds the appetite to understand more about the mechanics of programming, shows some incredibly inspiring work and then points you in the right direction if you wish to put what you've learnt into practice.



Above: Cover of *Just My Type: A Book About Fonts*, designed by Peter Dyer.

The book nicely breaks down the theory behind modern programming languages into component parts, shows how these building blocks fit together and what each piece brings to the table.

And you don't need to have read about the history of computational art covered in the first third of the book to enjoy the imagery and ideas presented later in the book, though it may help.

Perhaps most impressive of all, the book held my attention from start to finish and didn't make my brain start leaking out from behind my eyeballs. That's right, I said it. Somebody has written a compelling book about computer programming.

A welcome break from tradition

Just My Type: A Book About Fonts

By Simon Garfield
Profile Books, £14.99
Reviewed by Gery Leonidas

It was hard to avoid *Just My Type* in the weeks before its publication in October, with excerpts featured in newspapers, in online magazines, and a free 50-page app (for iPad and iPhone).

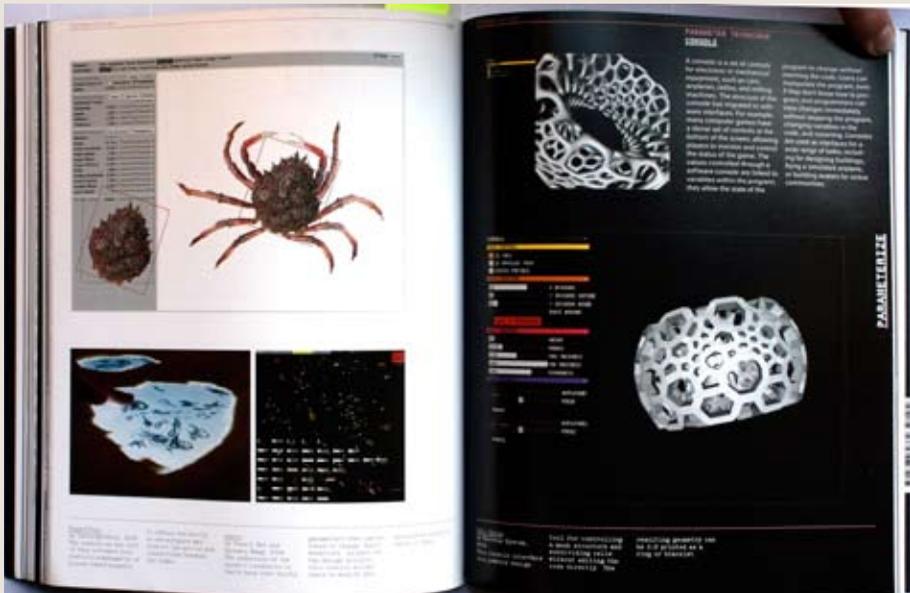
Now designers can look forward to the day their formerly unenlightened friends will know the origin of lower-case, that someone designed the motorway signs, and that type on screen looks like that for a reason. But designers are very much not the intended audience: *Just My Type* is for the mainstream, people who are aware that the font menu in Word can fix as well as mess things up, that the distinguished chap with the ponytail in that documentary about type made sense, and how fascinating this Gutenberg press documentary was, and – well, probably not much else.

Just My Type breaks with a long tradition of books on typefaces, which almost without exception have been intended either for design students or professionals. Everything about this book suggests that display cases in Waterstone's (or Fnac, or Barnes & Noble...) are a higher priority than specialist bookshops; the profusion of images, however lighthearted in arrangement and tone, is there to reassure the reader 'this is what we're talking about, you've seen this before'.

The chapters are modest in length, and interspersed with bite-sized case studies of well-known typefaces, reinforcing those 'a-ha!' moments for the general reader. There is an expert lightheartedness to the style of writing that – let's be honest – is often missing from books on typography.

Garfield's enthusiasm for type is obvious, and he has researched his subject well, drawing both on printed resources and a wide range of interviews. He makes every effort to convey how typeface design can be commercial, serious and sometimes pedestrian, while at the same time containing the capacity for reflection, surprise, joy and even indulgence.

He treats type's esoteric, slightly obsessive personalities with respect for their skills and professionalism, and a hint of admiration for the level of achievement. He conveys well the disconnect between the



Above: *Form+Code*, cover. Left:

