



120/AGENDA



Let anyone forget there was a time before a certain American in Paris let Stephen Sprouse, Richard Prince, and Takashi Murakami have their way with the "LV" monogram, the exhibition "Louis Vuitton—Marc Jacobs" opens at Les Arts Décoratifs on March 9. "It tells the parallel stories of two men, the founder, Louis, and the first artistic director, Marc, who came to Louis Vuitton 143 years later," says curator Pamela

Golbin of the binary show. "The goal is to offer a comprehensive view on what each brought to the fashion vocabulary." One floor contains more than 50 of Jacobs's most iconic runway looks, while another includes examples of massive crinoline dresses from the 1860s—the era before designers signed their creations—alongside original trunks crafted by a packager with the soon-to-be-iconic initials LV. Ironically—considering all of the attempts to copy from the master—Louis Vuitton originally patented the "Damier Canvas" in 1888 to preempt counterfeiting. —A.S.C.



LOST Girls

If Heidi Julavits made an outline of her new novel *The Vanishers* before she embarked on writing it, the convoluted diagram of arrows leading from present to past, from this world to the paranormal, from mother to daughter, and from film to life, should have stopped her in her tracks. Thankfully Julavits is no ordinary writer, and the *meta*-heavy brilliance of her fourth novel is something akin to a Sylvia Plath poem transferred telepathically to a psychic who happens to be solving a missing-person's case while being film-followed by artist Sophie Calle. Julavits's fiction has always been immersed in clinical psychology and female bonds. Here, both play out to mind-oragami-ing effect as a young parapsychology student falls down an astral rabbit hole as she searches for clues about her suicide-victim mother and a missing renegade feminist filmmaker, all the while being tormented by a rival psychic. Several times I thought Julavits wasn't going to be able to pull off this experimental high-wire juggling act. She does. —CHRISTOPHER BOLLEN

RIGGED

"It all started when I went to this small town called Electra, in Texas, for research," says New York-based, German-born artist Josephine Meckseper on the origins of her latest work, *Manhattan Oil Project*. It's an assembly of oil rigs she'll unveil near Times Square this month, courtesy of Sotheby's and Art Production Fund. "Electra has so many rigs, and yet there were no people there. It was just me and thousands of pumps." This unnerving experience inspired Meckseper—known for her capitalism-damning images of mirrored shopping displays and anti-Iraq War video art—to create the imposing red-and-black steel structures that will oscillate up and down as if pumping oil from the Manhattan core. "I wanted to bring that decaying American-oil manufacturing into a commercial center of a city to really exaggerate the paradox between what happens in this country and the propaganda of the entertainment industry and Hollywood," she explains. "I really like the fact that the people who will see the sculptures are going to be visitors, tourists, and those that work in the neighborhood. It's not really an art-specific crowd, and the piece will be ambiguous because of that." —A.W.S.



LIDZ

PRETTY FLORALS, STARRY APPLIQUES, AND WHIMSICAL LONG VISORS—THESE AREN'T YOUR AVERAGE YANKEES CAPS. FROM THE RUNWAYS OF NEW YORK AND PARIS, FASHION HITS A HOME RUN



TOP: JEFFREY MURKIN; BOTTOM LEFT: JOSEPHINE MECKSEPER; MANHATTAN OIL PROJECT: BOB HEID; JULAVITS