Maker’s MARC

Lest anyone forget there was a time before a certain American in Paris lent Stephen Sprouse, Richard Prince, and Takashi Murakami their way with the "co" 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 41 years later. "We converse Proust," Goblin 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 Jacob's most iconic runway looks, while mother includes examples of massive emblazoned dresses from the 1990s—the era before designers signed their creations—alongside original trunks crafted by a bagster with the accent-to-be-eclectic inside. Ironically—considering all of the attempts to copy from the master—Louis Vuitton originally patented the "Duomo Canvass" in 1888 to preempt counterfeiting. —AGC

THE VANISHERS HEIDI JULIETT

LOST Girls

If Heidi Juliett made an outline of her new novel The Vanishers before she embarked on writing it, the convoluted diagram of arrows leading from place to place, from the world to the paranormal, from mother to daughter, and from film to life, should have stopped her in her tracks. Thankfully Juliett is no ordinary writer, and the meta-heady brilliance of her fourth novel is something akin to a Sylvia Plath poem transformed telepathically to a psychic who happens to be solving a missing-person’s case while being film-followed by artist Sophie Calle. Juliett fiction has always been immersed in clinical psychology and female bonds. Here, both play out to mind-blowing effect as a young parapsychology student falls down an astral rabbit hole as she searches for clues about her actress-victims mother and a missing renegade feminist filmmaker, all the while being tormented by a real psychic. Several times I thought Juliett 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 was at a small town called Elecra, 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 Society of Arts and Production Fund. "Elecra has so many rigs, and yet there were no people there. It was just me and thousands of pumps." This unerving 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 foiling 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." —AGC

LIDZ

PRETTY FLOWERS, STARRY APPEALING, AND WHIMSICAL, LONG VISORS. THESE AREN’T YOUR AVERAGE YANKEE CAPS. FROM THE RUNWAYS OF NEW YORK AND PARIS, FASHION HITS A HOME RUN