## **PRADA**

Like our various selves, literature should function as a pattern with a label on it, like the lines in a parking lot at the local A&P or the indistinguishable, partially imagined street names found in private, gated communities throughout North America: Elm Place, Elm Tree Lane, Ellingham, Elsingham, Ellen Tree Road, Elmwood Ave., Elm Circle Rd., etc. The most beautiful books are the most invisible ones, just as a pink chemise with embroidered flowers by Marc Jacobs would be almost meaningless without a label and just as a Prada shoe should carry a red stripe down its sole or a bag by Louis Vuitton should have its initials prominently scrambled all over its surface *in order to* be read. And by read I mean not read in any meaningful way. After all, who has really read a bag by Louis Vuitton or a sweater with a deliberately unraveled collar by Martin Margiela although I have read these things for many hours of the afternoon?



