

**VIGGO  
MORTENSEN**  
*Hollywood's  
grungy antihero*

BY ZOË HELLER

**Happy Holidays** from Aymeline Valade,  
CHARLIE DAY, Cbris Lilley, David Webb,  
EMMANUEL CARRÈRE, Joan Juliet Buck,  
JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT, Lexi Thompson,  
LOUIS C. K., Marjane Satrapi, Miranda Kerr,  
Raquel Zimmermann, RICHARD THOMPSON,  
Ryan Trecartin, Sarah Mower, Taïssa Farmiga,  
Theophilus London, The Selby, TORY BURCH,  
TYLER, THE CREATOR and Will Self.



176 EAT YOUR HEART  
OUT. SPIDER-MAN!  
TAKE A PLUNGE WITH  
PARKOUR IN GAZA.



## 147 GIFTED

What a year! For these talented 10, name recognition at last. Photographs by [Sebastian Kim](#). Fashion editor: [Ethel Park](#). Text by [Jacob Brown](#).

## 161 COME AND GET IT!

Artwork by [Walter Martin](#) and [Paloma Muñoz](#)

## 162 THE FULL BRAZILIAN

Frolicking on her native beaches in resort's flirty new silhouette is that gorgeous national treasure, Raquel Zimmermann.

Photographs by [Angelo Pennetta](#). Fashion editor: [Andreas Kokkino](#).

## 170 VIGGO TALKS AND TALKS

The actor Viggo Mortensen is not the strong, silent type he always seems to play. In his new role, as Sigmund Freud, he finally gets to speak his mind. By [Zoë Heller](#).

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## 182 SPLIT DECISION

A first look at spring suggests a delightful duality: do you reveal or conceal? The choice is as plain as black and white.

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## 184 PERFECTLY PERFECT

When they made Tory Burch — gorgeous, successful, smart, loving — they forgot the flaws. Damn it. By [Daphne Merkin](#). Photographs by [Andreas Laszlo Konrath](#). Fashion editor: [Ethel Park](#).

## 194 TIMELY

Alex and Victor Carril, actors (and twins). Photograph by [Ami Sioux](#). Fashion editor: [Sara Moonves](#).



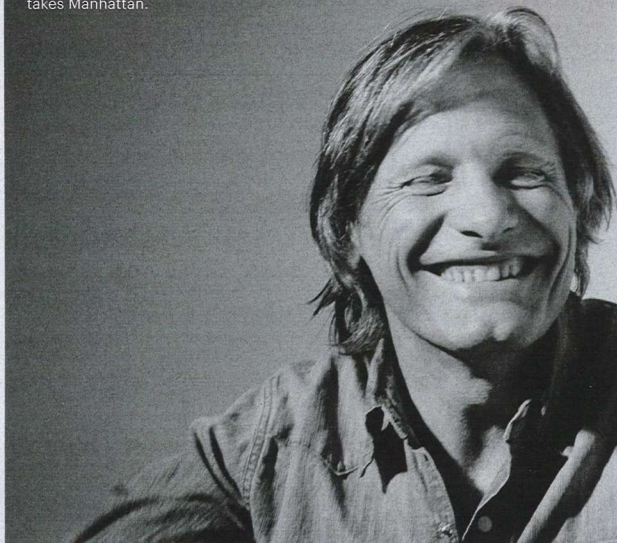
**ON THE COVER**  
PHOTOGRAPH BY CASS BIRD. THE ACTOR VIGGO MORTENSEN WEARS A BANANA REPUBLIC SHIRT, \$50. GO TO BANANAREPUBLIC.COM. MAGASCHONI HAT, \$152. GO TO MAGASCHONI.COM.



## editor's letter



**Postcards from the edge** Clockwise from left: DW Gibson (standing) experiences a delay in his chronicle of the unemployed; Viggo Mortensen smiles for the camera; Tory Burch takes Manhattan.



**T**he purpose of a “holiday” magazine is, invariably, to talk about gifts: those we want, those we give, those we dream about in abstract and lustful ways. And this issue contains an extraordinary number of all of the above. Jane Herman and Ethel Park’s selection of presents (Page 103) is as delightful and diverse as one could hope for. Their strategy for those on your list? Give a small bundle of items that, taken together, provide charming commentary on the personality of the giftee. They love canary yellow diamonds (hello, Rihanna!) with a crane-shaped bedside lamp, sandals for the beach with a jigsaw puzzle and stormproof matches (monsoon insurance!), local green eggs and Dutch eco magazines. It’s an adorable and adult spin on a Christmas stocking. (In the course of their shopping, they unearthed and juxtaposed a vast number of cool items; visit our Web site for even more.)

Of course, when we talk about gifts, we also look beyond the wrapping paper. There is the gift of great writing: we are delighted to share a part of Emmanuelle Carrère’s “Lives Other Than My Own” (Page 117), his meditation on loss in the wake of the Asian tsunami of 2004, and to publish Joan Juliet Buck’s memoir of a Christmas spent in Venice, fitfully and miserably, with her parents and Peter O’Toole (Page 140). There is also the gift of discovery: Sebastian Kim and Jacob Brown’s portfolio, on Page 147, of the breakout talents of 2011 (including Tyler, the Creator and Charlie Day) is terrific fun.

And then there is the gift of being in the company of extraordinary people. Viggo Mortensen and Tory Burch are two individuals I admire enormously. Mortensen, whom I have never met, reveals himself in Zoë Heller’s profile (Page 170) to be thoughtful, elegant, moral, a late bloomer in Hollywood with a professional ethic and a sense of decency that could seem tedious if he wasn’t so disarmingly clever. Burch, whom I do know, has a clarity of mind and an unflappable kindness, both at home with her children and when running her 1,200-employee fashion brand, that are riveting and incapable of replication (see Daphne Merkin’s profile on Page 184). What I take away from both these stories is how valuable work is to both these people—not just their own labor, mind you, but for their teams and collaborators.

The value of a job is something very much on the mind of DW Gibson, a young writer who has undertaken to compile an oral history of unemployed Americans, 2007 to the present. It’s his rethink of Studs Terkel’s seminal study from 1974. In this issue he discusses the project (Page 124) and his own status as a demi-employed freelancer married to a small-business owner. It is so tempting when we think about gifts and holidays and all the fluffery associated with this time of year to believe that leisure is the greatest present, that thing we dream about in abstract and lustful ways. But I think we know otherwise: what we are reminded of by Gibson is that jobs, good jobs, are the greatest gifts we can give and receive.



SALLY SINGER







# Perfectly PERFECT

WHEN THEY MADE *Tory Burch* — GORGEOUS,  
SUCCESSFUL, SMART, LOVING —  
THEY FORGOT THE FLAWS. DAMN IT.

BY *Daphne Merkin*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY *Andreas Laszlo Konrath*  
FASHION EDITOR: *Ethel Park*

For someone like me, someone like her presents an existential problem. Conditioned as I am to peering under the surfaces of things and sussing out the dark truth, how am I to parse the enigma of transparency — the lack of discernible neuroses, the absence of characterological curveballs — that is Tory Burch? Despite her many roles as a ragingly successful business entrepreneur, divorced mother of three sons and devoted stepmother to three daughters, crack skier and tennis ace, adored friend, philanthropist, consummate hostess and general woman about town, she is disconcertingly all of a piece. There is — but how can this be? Can Dostoyevsky be all wrong? — no lurking secret self, no rattling skeletons. What you see, as God knows how many people have told me about her, ranging from her own mother to the society maven Billy Norwich, is what you get. And what you get, as far as I can tell, having spent some time with her and having talked to numerous people about her, is someone annoyingly close to perfect. Someone it would be nice to dislike, if she were only dislikable. Someone it's impossible not to envy, if only because her life seems sun drenched from the get-go, with a childhood that sounds near magical, spent climbing trees and romping with her brothers and the German shepherds her parents bred on a 35-acre gentleman's farm in Valley Forge, Pa., replete with tennis court and swimming pool.

But here I am sitting with her at lunch in early October at one of her favorite haunts — Kelly and Ping on Greene Street in SoHo — and what I can't help noticing immediately is that she really listens, not like a person pretending to be interested

until she gets the chance to talk but like someone who's actually intrigued by what you have to say. Right now, for instance, we are discussing the ordeal of clinical depression — one of my favorite subjects. My sense is that bleakness is not a component of Burch's inner landscape (indeed, her sister-in-law Patty Isen tells me that she's "not that kind of person"), but all the same she seems compassionate, tells me about a dear friend of hers who suffers from the disease. For a moment or two I forget that I am here to interview her, rather than vice versa.

Some novelistic details, to help set the scene: She is 45 but doesn't look it. Her hair is a beautiful, expensive blond; her features delicate; her skin poreless; her teeth white and even. She is either very pretty or downright beautiful, depending on your point of view, but most of all she is good-looking in an unethnic American way, like the girl from the long-ago Breck shampoo ad. It is a pleasing image upon which she has built, in astonishingly short order — seven years, to be exact — a \$500 million brand, which includes three New York stores, the latest on Madison Avenue, done up by the interior designer Daniel Romualdez in the same bright colors (lots of orange and purple) and casual opulence as her home. Not to mention the 60 stores worldwide (in the

#### Home base

The retail mogul. Tory Burch in her apartment at the Pierre wearing a blouse, \$250, from her own collection. Go to [toryburch.com](http://toryburch.com). CND Pink Wishes Colour Nail Polish, \$9. Go to [cnd.com](http://cnd.com).





## THE SENSE OF CALM SHE EMANATES IS PALPABLE, *a testament to powers* OF WILL AND A LUCKY ROLL OF THE GENETIC DICE.

course of my writing this piece, a new store opened in a mall in Washington, D.C.) and the recent deal she just signed with Estée Lauder to develop a fragrance and beauty line. She has clear, intelligent hazel eyes and picks at her food in the manner of small-boned women who have trained themselves to eat sparingly without calling attention to it. The first time we meet she is wearing jeans and high-heeled boots, a striped blue and red sweater over a navy blouse with a fringed tie. The clothes are from her own label, the boots are Balenciaga's. Later on I will discover that the wood floor of the kitchen at her enormous (9,000 square feet) yet inviting apartment at the Pierre is painted an unexpected Tiffany blue. I keep thinking any one of these details will help me place her in a familiar context so that she will come to resemble a type I can recognize, but she keeps flying out of reach, like a creature favored by the gods, overflowing with winning attributes, not least of which is a healthy sense of humor.

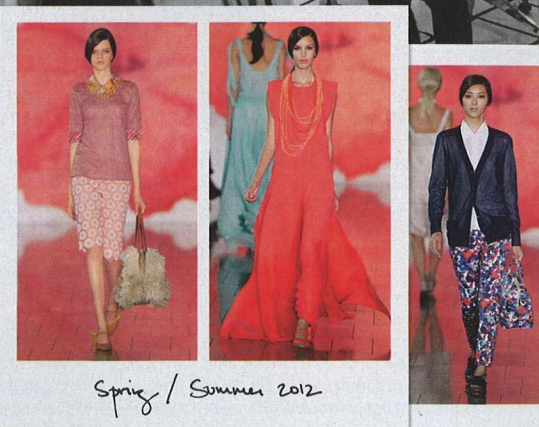
**ACTUALLY,** we have met, once before, briefly, at Burch's first runway show, this past September during Fashion Week. Despite the fervor with which her logo-rich clothing and accessories were greeted from the moment they hit the shelves of her Elizabeth Street store in 2004, when almost the entire inventory sold out the very first day, this was the label's debut as a fashion house to be contended with and assessed by the fashion press. The Reva flat, Palm Beachy cotton tunic and dickie sweater that were the original best sellers for the line — the last worn by Oprah, who featured Burch as an up-and-coming talent ("The Next Big Thing") on her show her very first year out and thereby helped accelerate her meteoric rise — have been supplanted





**High/Low** Burch brings her uptown glamour downtown. Tory Burch top, \$250, and blouse, \$295. Clockwise from top: with her son, Top, \$295, and jeans, \$185. To and from. Cardigan, \$225, tank top, \$95, and skirt, \$595. At her showroom. Dress, \$495. David Webb earrings, \$17,500. Call (212) 421-3030. Reed Krakoff shoes, \$750. Call (877) 733-3525.

**Day in the life** Top left: Burch at the Viand Coffee Shop. Sweater, \$250, and blouse, \$295. Clockwise from top: with her son, Top, \$295, and jeans, \$185. To and from. Cardigan, \$225, tank top, \$95, and skirt, \$595. At her showroom. Dress, \$495. David Webb earrings, \$17,500. Call (212) 421-3030. Reed Krakoff shoes, \$750. Call (877) 733-3525.



Spring / Summer 2012

in the intervening years by a full-fledged aesthetic vision that embraces current trends in a wearable, nonedgy way.

Although Burch readily admits to having no design training and is quick to credit her design team, she seems to have an infallible instinct for what resonates with female consumers across class and age divides. (The average price point for her clothes is \$250 to \$300, but her Madison Avenue store carries \$1,200 evening dresses and a shearing coat for \$2,295, and a customer with an Hermès shoulder bag is not uncommon.) It hasn't hurt that after graduating with an art history degree from the University of Pennsylvania she spent years toiling in P.R. for everyone from the idiosyncratic designer Zoran to Ralph Lauren, with stops along the way working as a sittings assistant at Harper's Bazaar and at Loewe with Narciso Rodriguez before she decided to dip her toe into these hypercompetitive waters. "There's a certain classicism to Tory that's innate to who she is," says Vera Wang, for whom Burch worked as director of

*Continued on Page 188*



public relations and advertising from 1995 to 1999. “She understands the business from a P.R. standpoint,” Wang adds. “That’s what the business is about today.”

Another way of putting it, in a phrase that keeps recurring when I talk to people about what need or gap her clothes are filling, is “affordable luxury.” Her clothes, all of which are manufactured overseas, give you — how should I say this? — bang for your buck. Trend-driven but accessible, always feminine and often nostalgic, they look good whether you are a mother picking up your kids from school or a lawyer rushing to lunch with a client. They don’t, in other words, leave you guessing in the morning when you’re trying to cobble together a comprehensible image to present to the world. They read fashion beneficiary, not fashion victim — “professionalism with a touch of whimsy,” as Joan Ferraro, a personal stylist, puts it. “She gets the ease that women want,” observes one industry insider, “that is often not provided by the designer brands.”

Backstage at the fashion show at Alice Tully Hall, all was a hubbub of blond young women in black and racks of delicate clothes for spring 2012. A fitter was anxiously muttering about “the back neckline” to an assistant, and the air was charged with nervous anticipation. At the still center of the storm I spotted Burch, being interviewed in front of a TV camera. She was very focused, her eyes pinned to the interviewer’s, not looking to the left or right. The sense of calm she emanated was palpable, a testament to powers of will and a lucky roll of the genetic dice. Her even-going, unflappable character comes by way of her late father, Buddy, a bon vivant who inherited a paper-cup fortune, did needlepoint, played the market (where he had a seat on the exchange) from a home office, drove an enormous tractor and instilled in his daughter the sort of humane interpersonal skills that have come to be known as “Buddy values” around Burch’s office.

The theme of her show was Deauville in the ‘20s, flapperish and casual, channeling Coco Chanel, with lots of navy and some daunting knit shorts, all set to a jazzy soundtrack that opened with ocean waves. Two of Burch’s sons — the 14-year-old identical twins, Henry and Nick, looking ineffably cool, taking the morning off from school — put in an appearance, as did two of her stepdaughters, Alexandra (Pookie) and Louisa. Her mother, Reva, for whom the iconic flats were named, and whose own love affair with clothes was in many ways the inspiration for her daughter’s career, was there, looking glamorous and *haimish* at the same time. There was a sense of private and

public worlds coming together, a smooth interweaving of life and work — no cracks in the facade, no hidden corners containing a crazy first cousin or a dissed former employee — that was genuinely impressive, a tribute to the sort of orchestration most of us can only dream about. Then again, Burch is, by her own admission, “a total perfectionist. I can see,” she adds, “if a picture’s off by a 16th of an inch.” The details, animate as well as inanimate, appear to fall in place for her, as if in deference to her force field, her cleareyed, determined idea of how things should be.

THE MORE I LEARN AND SEE OF BURCH, the more golden her aura seems to be, like someone born under the most fortuitous of astrological signs who also happens to be blessed with a phenomenal work ethic and indomitable energy. She either can’t sleep much or doesn’t need much shut-eye, but in any case she is up at 5:30 every day to exercise and then take her sons to school. Most nights she is home by 6 to have dinner and help with homework, but she also turns up occasionally at events on the society circuit, looking lovely and unmgolish, despite overseeing a global business that employs 1,200 people and ships new merchandise 11 times a year. How does she do it all? “There may be a few of her,” jokes her friend Jamie Tisch. I keep looking for flies in the ointment, but none appear; I find myself wondering whether hers is an example of what the poet Philip Larkin called “a life reprehensibly perfect.” Except in Burch’s case, the lack of missteps seems attractive; one wants to join her club, to huddle under her embracing umbrella.

True, there are two divorces in her background — the first from William Macklowe, whom she married at 25 and divorced six months later, and the second from Christopher Burch, father of her boys, to whom she was married for 10 years — but they don’t seem to have put a crimp in her style. According to someone who’s known her since childhood, “every man always fell in love with Tory.” These days she goes out with Lyor Cohen, the 52-year-old pioneer in the development of hip-hop music and C.E.O. of Warner Music Group. Cohen calls persistently one Friday afternoon right before Yom Kippur when I am visiting Burch and her family at home until she finally takes the phone, sounding both tender and cool, a woman sure of her own allure but not foolish enough to overplay her hand. It occurs to me that if I hang around her long enough I might learn a thing or two, discover some important clues to navigating the world. There is nothing overtly tough-seeming about her, for instance, yet her friend Gigi Mortimer tells me that Burch hits the ball so hard in tennis her nickname is “Mighty Mouse.”

IN MANY WAYS, TORY BURCH’S STORY is one of abiding family values, in the best possible meaning of the phrase. She was raised by doting parents — she still talks to her mother at least once a day — and remains very close to her siblings, one of whom works with her. She talks often about her parents, says she still misses her father acutely more than three years after his death and is ready at a moment’s notice to break into praise of her mother’s talents as an organizer of holiday festivities and organic farming. Then, too, for all her multifold achievements, Burch’s first priority, according to everyone I talk to, is her children. She is an ardently hands-on mother, not above dashing into the Apple store past midnight on a weekend when one of her sons’ computers has broken down.

On a Sunday night in mid-October, the weather having turned abruptly colder, I am invited for a weekly family dinner at Burch’s apartment. I show up promptly at 8:08, aware that this is a woman who could write the book on effective time management. Burch has arrived minutes before me but looks predictably unflustered. In the kitchen her housekeeper and a young chef are putting together the last touches on a steak buffet. Her youngest son, Sawyer, 10, announces that he has bought the dessert — a vanilla meringue cake and iced cupcakes from Citarella. The dining room is painted a deep orange, and the round dining-room table is beautifully but informally set, with vividly patterned china and cloth napkins. All three girls are present, including Elizabeth (Izzie), who is studying at Parsons and whom I haven’t met before. Burch’s brother, Robert Isen, a former lawyer who now works at her company, also joins us, having driven in from Philadelphia to attend a “town hall” meeting of employees the following morning.

Over dinner the boys pepper me with questions: When did I first start writing? How long does it take me to read a book? What is my favorite book? What was my most interesting assignment — other than profiling their mother? I am struck by their curiosity and their receptivity to me, an alien grown-up. Two of the girls, Louisa and Pookie, are starting a clothing line of their own, and we discuss possible names. Burch listens, laughs, enjoys an easy camaraderie with the kids, discusses their coming Halloween plans. As the evening winds down, I find myself ever more drawn into the circle of warmth that Burch generates and ever more reluctant to leave. Why don’t adults have sleepover dates? As if sensing my wish to connect with her life, Burch wraps up a slice of cake and two cupcakes for me to bring home to my daughter. What can I say? I’m sold, lock, stock and Reva flats. ■