



What you don't know about,

# *Emma Watson*

It's the pixie-cut hair and flawless skin that give her away.

Emma Watson is dressed unobtrusively in a cotton flower-print French Connection dress and beige sandals, but she is unmistakable. Fans have accosted her five times in the past half hour alone. Today is the actress's twenty-first birthday, and she is determined to spend it as she pleases—which means a leisurely mid-morning latte followed by a stroll through the Joan Miró exhibition at London's Tate Modern.



# The in *Ivy*



# Inside scoop on this *League* actress.

## Watson tells all.

Emma ignores the stares and continues to chat animatedly about Miró's willingness to take risks with his art. An avid painter herself—"I love it and have a need to do it"—she can talk eloquently about every

picture on the wall. Her favorite is *The Farm*, a painting once owned by Ernest Hemingway that

brought the artist his first taste of success outside Spain. What she admires, Emma tells me, is that Miró was both a draftsman and a painter, unafraid to combine these talents to create something that was simultaneously surreal and hyperreal.

Her words could just as well apply to what is happening around us. The increasingly febrile atmosphere is, frankly, terrifying as word filters through that Hermione Granger, Emma's alter ego (who will make her final appearance in this month's *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows Part 2*), is in the building. A raucous band of teenagers turns around

and heads straight toward her.

"It's time to go," she says, and we head swiftly for the nearest exit.

Outside, a photographer in a tree starts snapping away until she is inside the car and driving away.

This is not an experience most people would ever wish to repeat,

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but Emma resumes her breathless discussion as though nothing untoward just happened. "I have to really enjoy the good things because it makes the bad things OK," she explains. Learn-

ing how to put her life into some kind of perspective and carve her own meaning onto it has been the great challenge of the past two years.

Emma was only nine years old when her love for stories, and for one in particular about the adventures of a boy wizard and his two best friends, drove her to audition for producer David Heyman. One minute

she was living an ordinary existence in the picturesque university town of Oxford with her mother and younger brother, Alex; the

next she was enclosed behind the gates of a converted factory near London, inside a fantasy world that was, to echo Patti Smith's description of the Chelsea Hotel, "like a doll's house in *The Twilight Zone*."

In time, the crew on the set of *Harry Potter* became Emma's surrogate family, too. It was not just about bonding with her costars Daniel Radcliffe and Rupert Grint: Heyman's emphasis on continuity ensured that year after year the same driver took Emma to and from Leavesden Studios, the same cafeteria lady doled out her eggs, and the same hairdressers combed her famous brown tresses. Emma grew close to the head of makeup, Amanda Knight, and would while away the hours experimenting in the makeup trailer. "That was my playground. I would sit and play with lipsticks, foundations, and eye shadows; and every now and then Amanda would let me do the extras' face paint for the Quid-ditch matches."

But in 2007 Emma turned seventeen, and the "doll's house" began to feel less like an alternate

universe and more like an ordinary prison. "She is really, really bright," says Heyman. "She is curious and interested in everything: in fashion, culture, and literature. She

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questioned things more than Dan and Rupert. There were things that she needed to figure out for herself."