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F12: Status Certain? **No**

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CF/RA/BX/PA/PP/AD/1996/T001: Audrey Hepburn -contains folders c

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Record Type **A02 HIST CORR ITEM**

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Print Name of Person Submit Image

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VANITY FAIR

MAY 1991/\$2.50

The Man Who Kept
Marilyn Monroe's Secrets



**HOW THE WIMP
WON THE WAR**
by Norman Mailer

**WHY HOLLYWOOD
HATES
MARTY DAVIS**
by Jesse Kornbluth

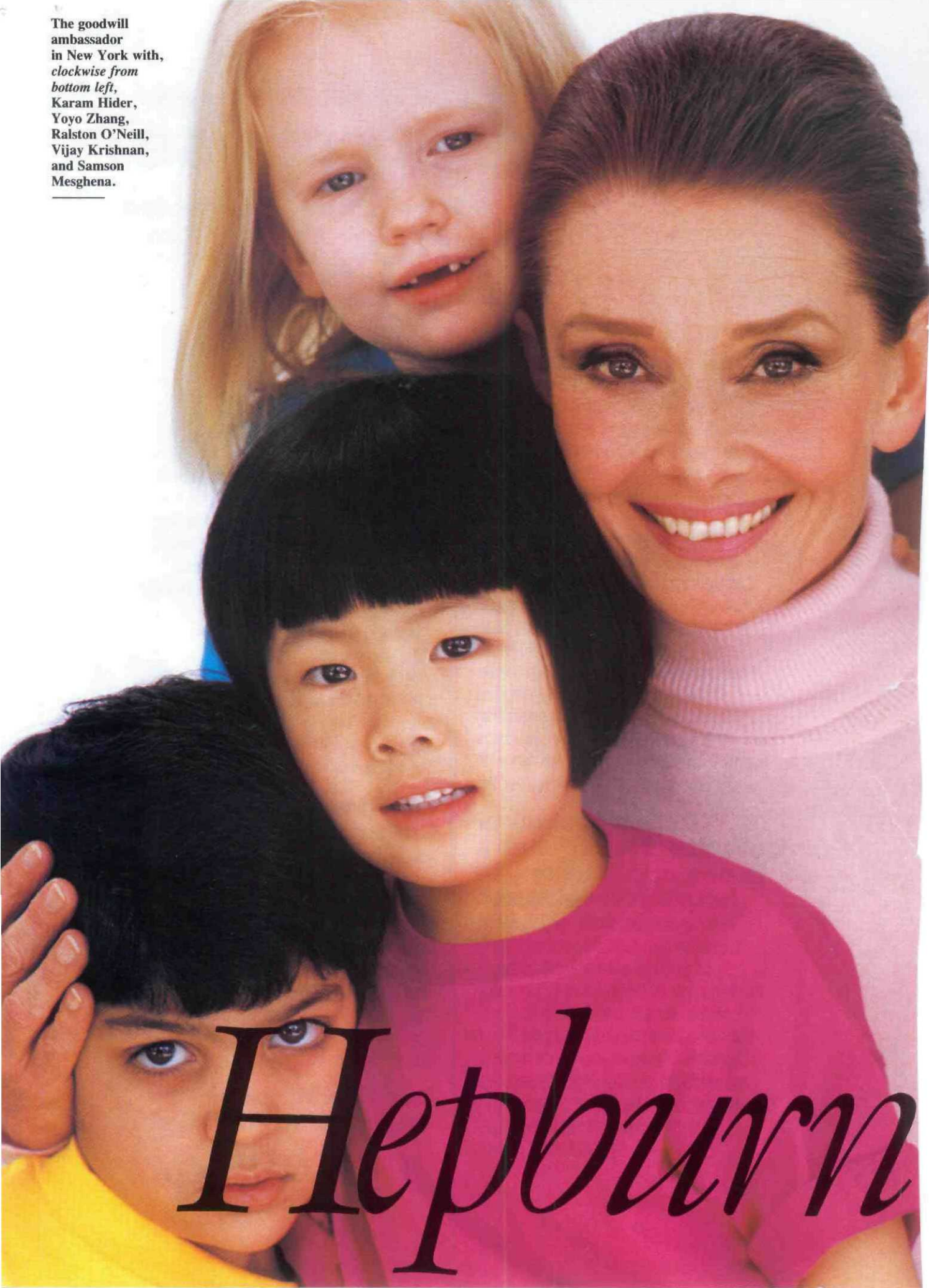
DEATH ON DEMAND
The Trial
of the
Suicide Doctor
by Ron Rosenbaum

**THE
DALAI LAMA'S
MISSION**
Who Will
Save Tibet?
by Alex Shoumatoff

Encore!

DOMINICK DUNNE ON AUDREY HEPBURN'S BEST ROLE

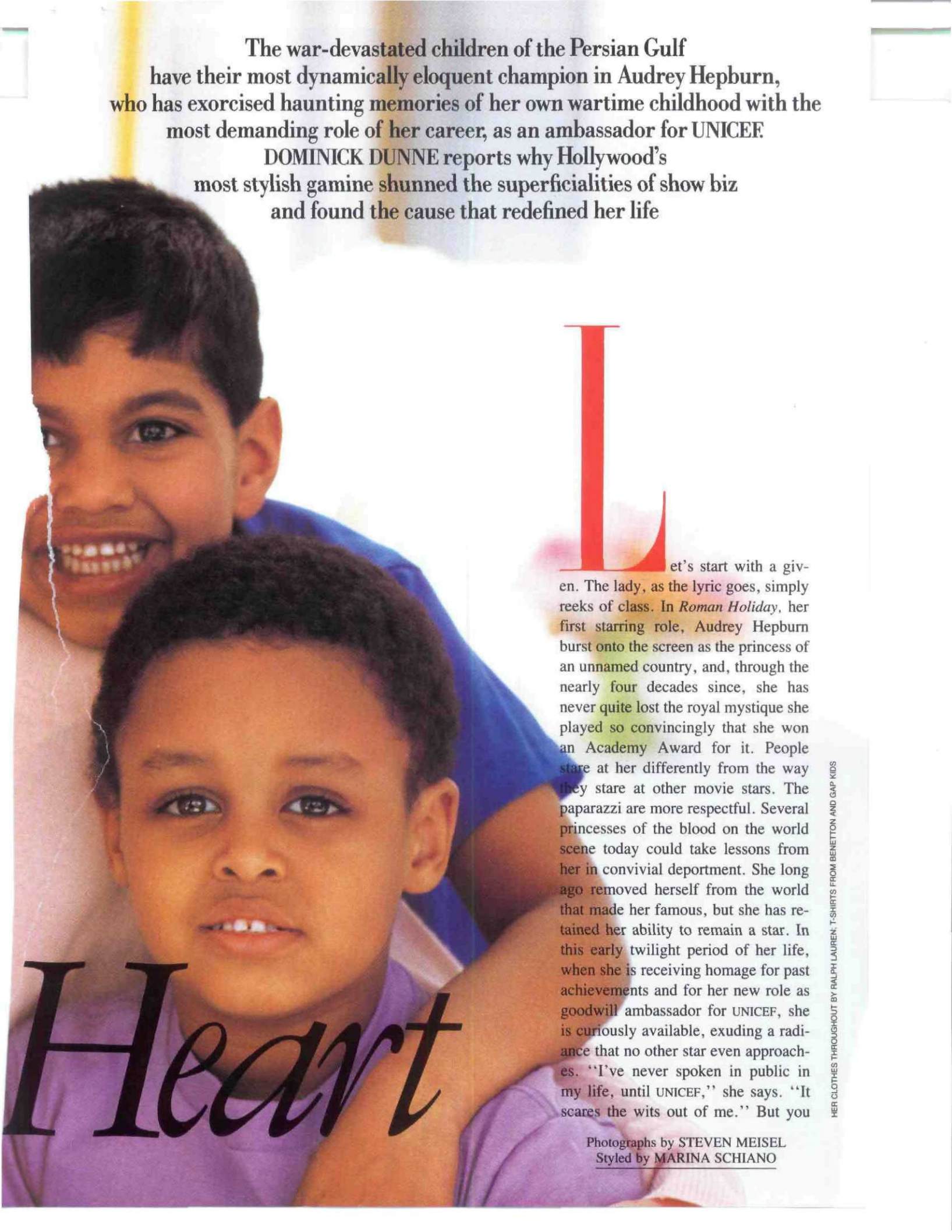
The goodwill ambassador in New York with, clockwise from bottom left, Karam Hider, Yoyo Zhang, Ralston O'Neill, Vijay Krishnan, and Samson Mesghena.



Hepburn

The war-devastated children of the Persian Gulf have their most dynamically eloquent champion in Audrey Hepburn, who has exorcised haunting memories of her own wartime childhood with the most demanding role of her career, as an ambassador for UNICEF

DOMINICK DUNNE reports why Hollywood's most stylish gamine shunned the superficialities of show biz and found the cause that redefined her life



Let's start with a given. The lady, as the lyric goes, simply reeks of class. In *Roman Holiday*, her first starring role, Audrey Hepburn burst onto the screen as the princess of an unnamed country, and, through the nearly four decades since, she has never quite lost the royal mystique she played so convincingly that she won an Academy Award for it. People stare at her differently from the way they stare at other movie stars. The paparazzi are more respectful. Several princesses of the blood on the world scene today could take lessons from her in convivial deportment. She long ago removed herself from the world that made her famous, but she has retained her ability to remain a star. In this early twilight period of her life, when she is receiving homage for past achievements and for her new role as goodwill ambassador for UNICEF, she is curiously available, exuding a radiance that no other star even approaches. "I've never spoken in public in my life, until UNICEF," she says. "It scares the wits out of me." But you

HER CLOTHES THROUGHOUT BY RALPH LAUREN; T-SHIRTS FROM BENETTON AND GAP KIDS

Heart

Photographs by STEVEN MEISEL
Styled by MARINA SCHIANO

With the passing years, her beauty has matured but not

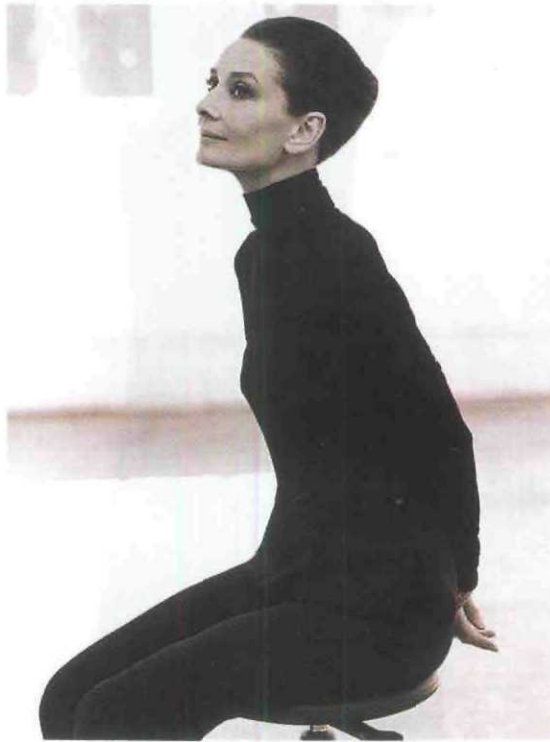


would never know it. Watch her glide across a ballroom floor with ballerina-like strides, dressed by Givenchy, acknowledging a standing ovation. The word “elegant” was invented for her. Watch her listen shyly to words of praise being heaped on her by toastmasters, former co-stars, and directors. And then listen to her speak in the lilting voice we know so well, in the not quite definable accent of a person proficient in several languages, casting the same spell in her new role as ambassador that she cast so consistently in her twenty-six films.

At a benefit in Dallas recently for the U.S.A. Film Festival and the United States Committee for UNICEF, Audrey Hepburn was honored for having made enduring contributions to American motion pictures. This month, the Film Society of Lincoln Center in New York will hold a gala in her honor. After the Dallas benefit, she said about the praise, “It’s all so—how shall I say it?—it’s wonderful, but at the same time you don’t know where to put yourself. You just die in a way. I mean, all those compliments. You wish you could spread it over the year. It’s like eating too much chocolate cake all at once. And you sort of don’t believe any of it, and yet you’re terribly grateful.”

She has the same reticence about the public praise she receives for her UNICEF work. “It makes me self-conscious,” she said. “It’s because I’m known, in the limelight, that I’m getting all the gravy, but if you knew, if you saw some of the people who make it possible for UNICEF to help these children to survive. These are the people who do the jobs—the unknowns, whose names you will never know. They give so much of their time. I at least get a dollar a year, but they don’t. UNICEF went into Baghdad on February 16, before the cease-fire. There was a convoy of trucks with fifty tons of medical supplies for the children and mothers. They also went there to ascertain the future needs of Iraq and Kuwait. There is no electricity, no water, no sanitation, no heating. The water-purification plants are closed down. The sewage system is backed up. People are both bathing in and drinking from the Tigris River. . . .”

It’s only fair to say that I did not come to Audrey Hepburn for this interview as a total stranger. I have had a longtime acquaintance with her, as a friend of several of her best friends, and have some vivid memories of her from times past. One Sunday afternoon in Beverly Hills in the early sixties, I watched her alight from a limousine with Mel Ferrer, her husband at the time, and the then married Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher and run into the Canon Theater for the matinee, as if they were all ordinary people. Another time, at a party at Gary and Rocky Cooper’s house in Holmby Hills, I



watched her laugh with baritone abandon at a funny story of Billy Wilder’s, who had directed her and Gary Cooper in *Love in the Afternoon*. In Rome, during the time of her second marriage, to Dr. Andrea Dotti, at a large and boisterous spaghetti dinner at the home of her then mother-in-law, I watched her sit in dutiful daughter-in-law docility, drawing no attention to herself, while her husband’s mother reigned as the undisputed star of the evening. And more recently, at one of Irving and Mary Lazar’s famous Academy Award parties, after she and Elizabeth Taylor had warmly embraced, I saw her point to one of Elizabeth’s enormous jewels and ask, “Kennedy Lane?,” to which Elizabeth Taylor replied, “No. Richard Burton.” And

the two stars screamed with laughter.

When I reminded Audrey of the time she and Elizabeth Taylor and their husbands of the period had raced into the Sunday matinee in Beverly Hills, her reaction was typical. “That was their limousine,” she said about the Eddie Fishers. “We didn’t have one.” As for laughing at Billy Wilder’s story, she said, “I love people who make me laugh. I honestly think it’s the thing I like most, to laugh. It cures a multitude of ills. It’s probably the most important thing in a person. David was so funny—David Niven. And Billy, of course. I mean, I don’t have the talent to make people laugh.” When I asked Billy Wilder for his impression of her, he said, “Ah, that unique lady. She’s what the Latin calls *sui generis*. She’s the original, and there are no more examples, and there never will be.”

Cecil Beaton once described the young Hepburn as “looking like a Modigliani on which the paint has hardly dried.” With the passing years, her beauty has matured but not diminished, and, God knows, she didn’t get fat, or lifted. There were moments during the time I spent with Audrey Hepburn when the public and press excitement was so great I felt as if I were with Madonna rather than with a sixty-two-year-old woman, semi-retired from the screen, who now works tirelessly for a cause that Gregory Peck, her first co-star, calls “her most wonderful and rewarding role, which she plays around the world.”

“Does it surprise you, the incredible excitement that you still cause?” I asked her.

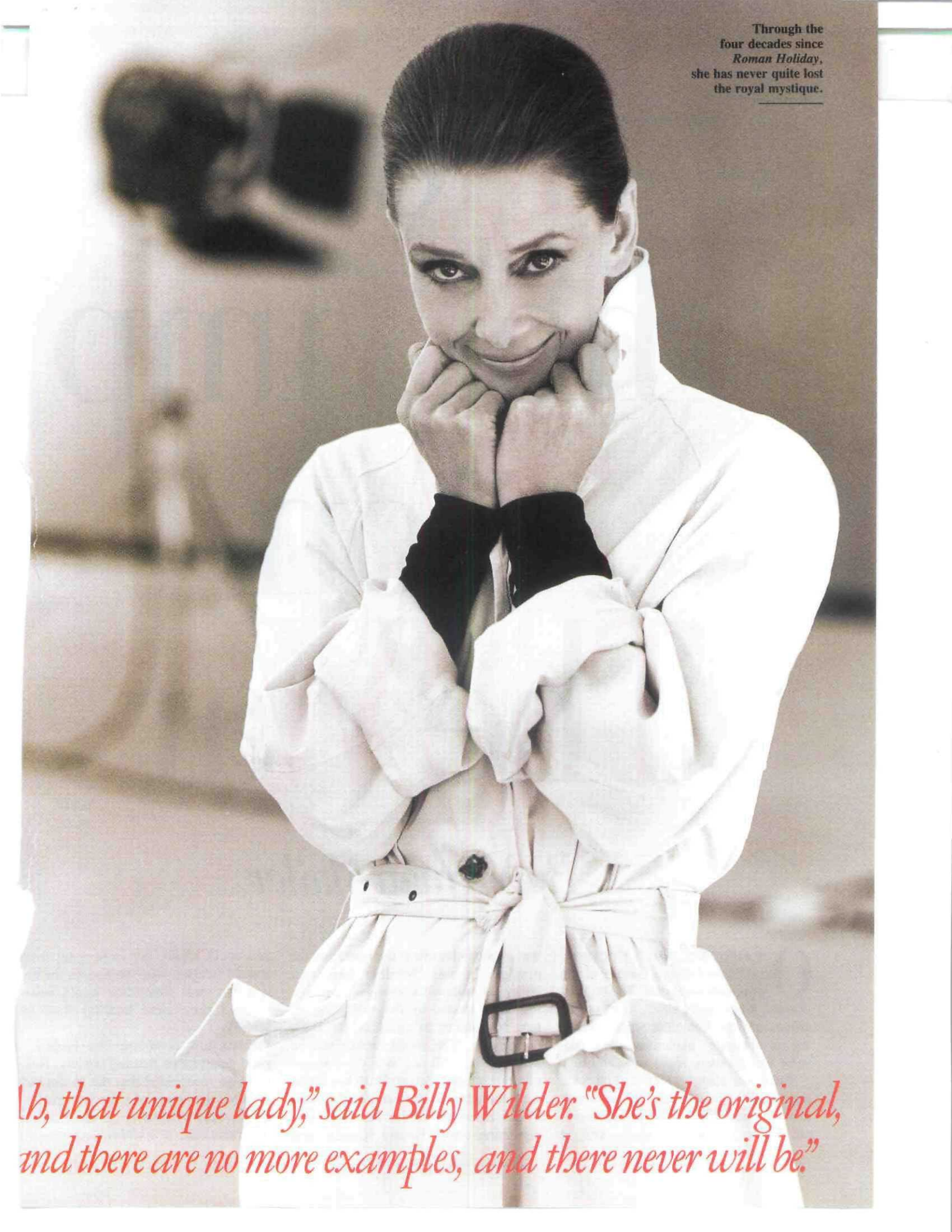
“Oh, totally,” she said. “Everything surprises me. I’m surprised that people recognize me on the street. I say to myself, Well, I must still look like myself. I never considered myself as having much talent, or looks, or anything else. I fell into this career. I was unknown, insecure, inexperienced, and skinny. I worked very hard—that I’ll take credit for—but I don’t understand any of it. At the same time, it warms me. I’m terribly touched by it.”

In public situations, there are those who are content merely to stare at her, but there are more, especially women, who feel the (*Continued on page 197*)

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For a lady of fashion, she travels light. On a recent tour, she dressed mostly in black and, unstarlike, repeated evening dresses.



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