

Hair Doctor

When It Comes to That New Barnet, New York Has Got Los Angeles Beat

It's around this time of year when one too many dips in the swimming pool means your carefully colored barnet (British slang for "stylish do") starts to look a little worse for wear. All those \$75 haircuts and \$200-plus highlights get ruined by a war of attrition by the elements and the urge to cool off. (Chlorine is the biggest culprit, with salt water coming in a pretty close second.) The sun makes roots get long, the wind and salt splits your ends, and both make chemically colored hair look quickly lackluster.

My do is no different. So I ask the ultimate blond pro, Brad Johns at the Avon Salon, "What should I have done?" while he repairs it.



'Do' Gooder: Brad Johns has the Midas touch

"I mix my clients a little bottle of their root color to take with," he says, not missing a beat. "If you can't do it yourself, find a basic salon who will."

Johns also plans suitable color schemes for clients who will travel.

Soon I'm left with just the foils and wonder if Johns's celebrity clients Natasha Richardson, Jamie King, Christy Turlington, and Johnny Depp take minibottles of color away with them. I bet they do.

Johns's popularity means that his speed is unparalleled. He can be attending to three heads or more at one



Once upon a time in L.A., I went to meet many hair gurus. Beverly Hills seemed to have more high-profile celebrity hair gurus-of-the-moment than anywhere else on the planet, and I pretty much met all of them. Jose Eber, Christophe (called away from tending my tresses to speak to Patricia Arquette — cruel, no?), and even Mr. Lazartigue himself, the man behind the hair-repair chemist-biologist line.

I even had a nice, stratchy head treatment from trichologist to the stars Philip Kingsley using some pretty freaky looking instruments. But Philip, to my surprise, I found out, was British, and we had some ex-pat nostalgic moments.

Now all this is a big blur. I can't remember which hair star did which TV sitcomer and who preferred which products. That's because I moved to New York. Every corner has a celebrity hair guru. And a publicist. And a trillion civilian devotees.

It took about three years of style writing to get the scoop on each. The socialites hit Brad Johns for signature "chunking" blond highlights; the young models

frequented Bumble & Bumble and Warren-Tricomi for edgy precision cuts; uptown girls went Euro-chic at Frédéric Fekkai; and Madison Avenue's lunch set camped at Garren at Henri Bendel and Oribe at the Elizabeth Arden salon.

Most recently, former British Hairdresser of the Year Charles Worthington set up shop in SoHo as a Mecca for "It" girls and to give Charles a base from which to head west for the dressing up of heads for many award shows in L.A.

But just for the record: Although