

Shady Style

Special Products Battle Summer Sun While Hollywood Hotties Try to Avoid the Daylight

Recently I searched cyberspace to see what I could find that was fun to keep out of the sun.

I discovered some pretty cool things made for the shade, including a chic white beach chair by Crate & Barrel with a canopy overhead and a personal cooling device from the Sharper Image that sits *Star Trek*-like with cooling plates on the back of the neck, pumping cool air upward.

There were beach chairs with attachable umbrellas — not bad till you get a puff of wind (bye-bye, chair and broly). In the sunscreen department, I found one by Phytomer called Body Declic that cleverly fights the cellulite as you slather yourself in buckets of sun protectants.

And then I found the thing, from Hammacher Schlemmer, the gizmo people: the Coolaroo pop-up beach shelter from Australia that opens up easy like an umbrella and is a tent big enough for two.

Those Aussies, to whom I dedicated my last column, know a thing or two about sun and skin cancer. And I would hope so, with all their phenomenal beach-y real estate, blazing sunshine, and cooler-than-thou surf wear.

So I got me a Coolaroo (it's cool as in "trendy" too) and some sunscreen and all I could think of the rest of the day was the sun damage I'd saved myself.

After walking around in a pair of \$7 street-bought shades, my search diverted to better sunglasses, so I perused sunglasshut.com, poring over cool Versaces and Ferragamos. Your eyes need protection too.

Come the summer, many head to the dermatologist for a checkup in anticipation of showing more skin. So I'm at my dermatologist of choice, Dr. Lisa Airan at SoHo Integrated Health on Crosby St. (a doc often quoted in the glamour mags because she's the right mix of fashionista aesthetic and serious medical capability), and learned an interesting fact.

On a perfectly ordinary Wednesday in June, Airan reports to me that 50 percent of the day's patients so far have been men. And it's

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getting back hair zapped by lasers.

Even more interesting, regular guys have been referring the names of their derms (cool-speak for dermatologists) to their girlfriends. So much for just Hollywood's celebs getting addicted to their skin docs.

Anyone who has lived in L.A. will know the great lengths stars and wannabes go to stay out of the sun.

The covered lot at the mall is always full, people wear SPF 50+ all day and night, Wacko Michael Jackson carries an umbrella at all times of the day, and all those Baywatch babes are 100 percent fake-tanned every show — I've interviewed the woman who tans them.

How ironic, I thought, that Hollywood, the town with the most at stake in the youth preservation movement, is a very sunny town. It's like a cruel joke. You dare go outside, you age. You dare swim in your luxury pool, you'll get sun reflection.

Ha ha, it's a *really* cruel joke. Excepting that last month I spotted Susan Sarandon sporting terrific shades while she and her daughter shopped together



Here Comes the Sun King: Michael Jackson shades himself