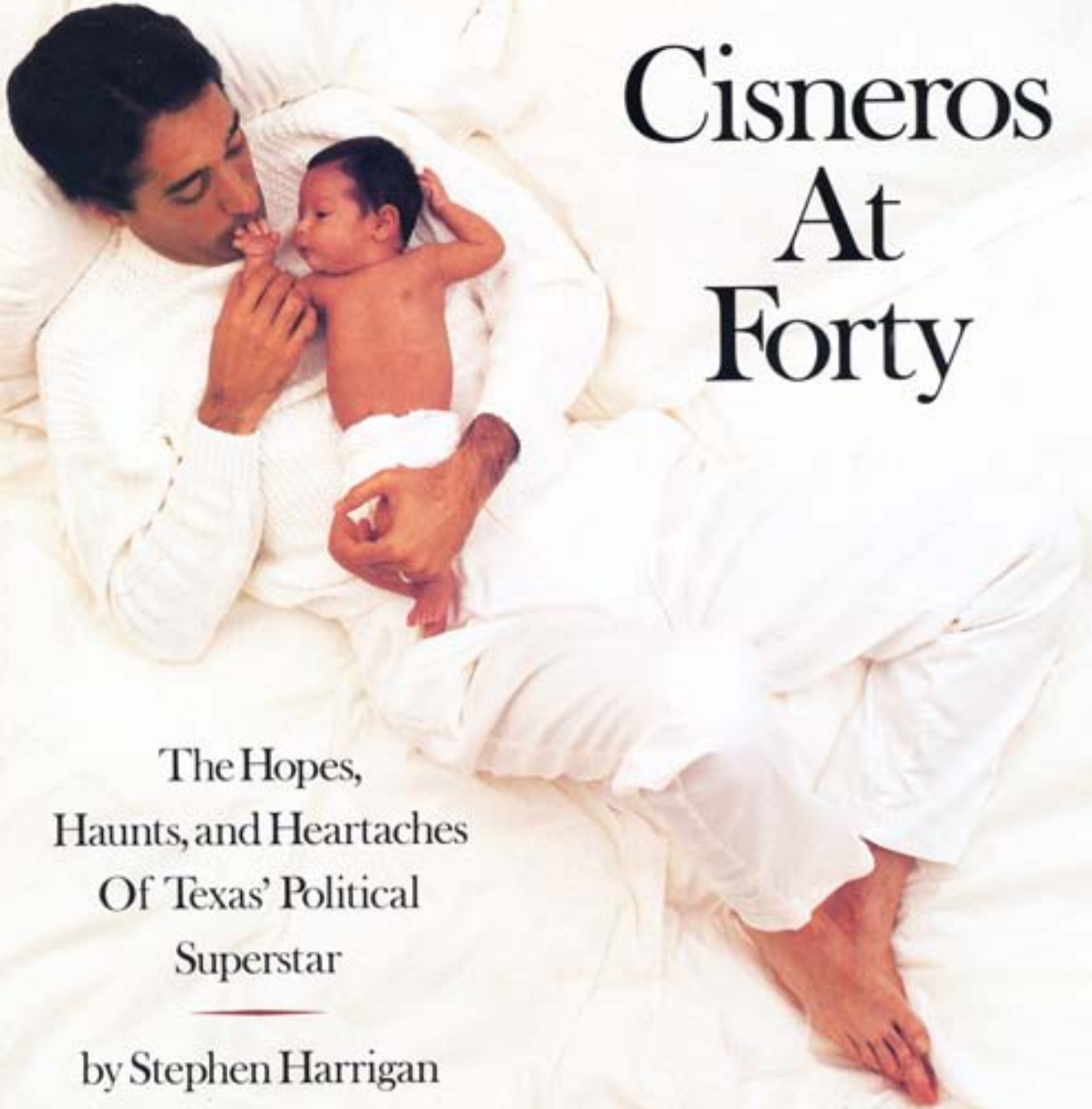


Genius or Copycat? Mimi Swartz on Designer Victor Costa

# Texas Monthly®



## Cisneros At Forty

The Hopes,  
Haunts, and Heartaches  
Of Texas' Political  
Superstar

by Stephen Harrigan

*Henry and John Paul Anthony Cisneros*



# REPORTER

BY ALISON COOK



As goes Ollie, so goes the nation: Dallas hairstylist Paul Neinast snips his salute to the colonel for accountant and Republican Ed Gray.

## OLLIE FOLLY

**S**nick, snick, snick. The busy scissors of Paul Neinast, a rarefied Dallas hairstylist who commands \$75 a whack, are making inroads on the blond curls at the nape of Ed Klaeger's perfectly tanned neck. Klaeger, a 21-year-old model and SMU student who seems the perfect avatar of Dallas youth, has come for Neinast's cut of the moment—the Ollie North look. When he walked past the parking valet into Neinast's Oak Lawn salon, a minimalist confection of glossy grays and pinks, Klaeger had not looked Ollie-esque in the least. Long on top, his locks stood up with the aid

of gel, spray—whatever it took. Now Neinast is coaxing forth the identifying marks of America's latest pop icon: the close-in Ollie sides that roll right around the back; the crisp Ollie neckline; the cleanly defined Ollie arc reaching above the ear; the top that's longer from temple to temple, shading into the merest suggestion of a shelf.

Within twenty minutes Neinast, simmering with barely suppressed glee that occasionally bursts forth in loud "whoohoos," begins tidying up the back of Klaeger's Ollie using an electric razor. He and Klaeger speculate on the particulars of Ollie's do. Does he or doesn't he mousse? "No way he can get it over there to the side that slick without using

## THE BUCK STOPS HER

**F**rank Madla is supposed to understand how a budget works. The San Antonio state rep, after all, is a senior member of the House Appropriations Committee. He served on a ten-member panel that had the final say over the 1986-87 state budget. So how come he and his wife, Helen, recently lost a \$41,000 duplex rental unit to foreclosure? Does this explain why our state finances are in such bad shape? Don't blame me, says Madla. He told a hometown paper that the ill-fated investment was initiated by his wife.



Brylcreem or something," insists Neinast. "He probably just doesn't call it mousse. And he's probably got his personal stylist now that he's a celebrity. He doesn't look like he's getting his hair cut out at the base."

The Ollie look is a high-maintenance one, warns Neinast. "You're irrevocably committing yourself to a haircut every two, or at the most three, weeks." Indeed earlier today he has cleaned up the Ollie cut of 26-year-old accountant Ed Gray, who had spotted an excess eighth-inch of hair around his ears and was beginning to feel positively unkempt. Between cuts, advises Neinast, it's okay to use manicure scissors to trim up your Ollie for a big date.

Not everyone can get away with the Ollie look. A nicely shaped skull is required—no flatheads, please!—and big ears or a big nose spells disaster. Neinast scorns the notion of Ollie clones; he'd rather interpret Colonel North for a variety of hairlines, hair textures, and heads. The soul of the trend is close over the ears and shorter in the back, says Neinast, but within those confines "you can get it real high fashion, boy-next-door, or military."

The question is whether this localized outbreak of Ollies springs from a ground swell of popular demand or from the fertile promotional brain of Neinast himself. Like other dispensers of Ollie cuts who have popped up from Boston to Los Angeles, Neinast has cleverly capitalized on a gimmick that seizes the zeitgeist. He had seen the shorter look coming for months when one Saturday night, during the Iran-contra hearings, he looked around at a Dallas party and realized "we all had Ollie North haircuts." Some of Neinast's clients, like Johnny Johnson of the prominent Dallas law firm of Johnson and Swanson, had worn what amounted to an Ollie look for years, but for the bulk of the salon's clientele, "six months ago there would have been no way." Neinast theorizes that the hearings crystallized the shorter trend at precisely the right moment, in the heat of the Dallas summer.

And what of the politics implied by the Ollie look? Neinast's two subjects this morning have been in tune with Olliedom. Ed Gray, soberly dressed in a dark suit and immaculately buffed shoes, says that in the accounting business, "I need to look conservative." Does he vote Republican? "Of course." Even trendy Ed Klaeger, for all his natural-fiber Eurostyle separates, confesses

that his boss hated his old haircut and that the Ollie look will be "useful" while he trains to be a baby mogul. "I'm going to buy and sell corporations," says Klaeger. "I'm not kidding. If you think Donald Trump is something . . ." If he needs a little extra money to invest, he might try getting his hair cut in Killeen, near Fort Hood, where he can get an Ollie cut from Ollie Tucker at Junior Tucker's Barber Shop for \$4.

## KY TO VIETNAMESE DINING

There are times when it pays to know someone: when you're searching for a job, running for office, or—more important still—looking for good Vietnamese food. I made this discovery at the grand opening of an egg roll factory when I met Viet Nguyen, an accountant and gastronome. My introduction to him came not a moment too soon because I had flagged in my pursuit of new and better Vietnamese spots, new and better Vietnamese dishes. Urban Texans from

## AD LIP

**S**tate criminal district judge Sherman Ross of Houston, on why he's handing out lighter sentences to prostitutes who demand that their undercover "clients" use condoms:

"THAT'S MY CONTRIBUTION TO SAFE SEX."

And here's right-wing radio talk-show host David Gold—the guy who said those eighteen Mexicans who died in the boxcar "got what they deserved"—telling why Dallas is his kind of town:

"I WOULD SAY DALLAS IS THE MOST CONSERVATIVE URBAN AREA IN AMERICA. THAT'S ONE OF THE REASONS I LIKE IT. EVERYTHING'S FRESH. EVERYTHING'S NEW."

Houston to Dallas to Austin know the problem. Vietnamese restaurants have multiplied in bewildering numbers since the mid-seventies. There is simply no way to keep up. I had settled into a few familiar spots; even worse, I had settled onto a core of familiar dishes, having learned to my sorrow that Vietnamese menus are booby-trapped with occasional items beyond the pale for even the most determined western palate.

I was caught in a rut. But when Viet and I began talking restaurants, I knew escape was at hand. Viet turned up his nose at nearly all my favorites, which made me feel sheepish, but he was enamored of the same salt-and-pepper crabs that I was, he had a sly sense of humor, and boy, was he opinionated about food. In short, the perfect guide.

Thus it was that I found myself seated with Viet and his small sons, Minh and Boo Boo, at Lam Ky. It wasn't a place I



For a great Vietnamese meal, find someone like Viet Nguyen (c.)—and let him do the ordering.