

VANITY FAIR

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FROM SUNDANCE TO SUNSET: **EXCLUSIVE PORTFOLIO**

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SANDY'S CASTLE

Premier talent manager Sandy Gallin runs with the tight-knit crowd of Barry Diller, Calvin Klein, and David Geffen, cossets a list of clients that includes Michael Jackson, Roseanne, and Dolly Parton, and communes with an even higher power

BY MATTHEW TYRNAUER



HEAVY PETTING: He gets by with a little help from his pets—a pair of Boston terriers named Mickey and Panda. The huge photo of the two dogs—joined by Gallin's third dog, the much-lamented Uggums—graces the wall of his Malibu screening room.

Mortons restaurant on a balmy winter night. The plates of ahi tuna have been cleared, along with the near-empty glasses of mineral water and Chardonnay. And in the orange glow of the candlelight Sandy Gallin is quietly saying his prayers. The waiters here—no strangers to the town's more visible rituals of supplication and devotion—give him a wide berth as

Gallin, speaking softly and slowly, descends into a wakeful trance. He begins with the Lord's Prayer. "Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day . . ."

Gallin's hands cover his head, and his bronzed, freckled forearms obscure his carefully tended complexion as he speaks. He grows more intense as he diverges from the usual text: "Dear God and God

of our fathers, please accept my thanks for showing me the way to release all stress, strain, anxiety, fears, illnesses, greed, meanness, madness, judgment, hatred, anger, vindictiveness—anything evil, anything ill, anything that you and I would not want to be part of my very being. And, dear God, thank you for showing me the way to fill my mind, my soul, my heart, my very being, with love, joy, laughter, goodness, kindness, good



health, a good personality, a sense of humor, intelligence, strength, power, and all good and wonderful things."

This continues for about four minutes, until, finally, the man who is considered one of the two or three most powerful talent managers in Hollywood emerges from his heartfelt litany and looks up at me from behind his Giorgio Armani frames with a wide and contented smile.

"This is the most powerful thing of everything I've ever done in my life," says Gallin.

What, you may ask, does such ritual provide for this quintessential Hollywood creature—a man who divides his days between his new "Tuscan villa" above Beverly Hills and his very tasteful New England-style compound in Malibu; a fellow whose best friends include Dolly Parton, Barry Diller, and David Geffen, and whose most cherished artifacts include Parton's black high-heeled shoe in a Lucite case fit for the Elgin Marbles? Well, accord-



ing to Gallin, it makes the center hold.

He is the first to tell you just how stressful his life is. His responsibilities include steering Sandollar, the movie- and TV-production company which he owns with Parton, and ministering to complicated clients such as Michael Jackson, Roseanne, Nicole Kidman, Neil Dia-

PRINCE OF TIDES:

Barbra Streisand reportedly tried to buy Gallin's New England-inspired two-story clapboard Malibu home, which features a Picasso in the bar, a back deck with an ocean view, an all-white master suite, and photos everywhere. But Gallin, who designed the house himself, wouldn't sell.

mond, Martin Lawrence, Kathleen Turner, Luther Vandross, and many more. He builds houses, he says, as a form of *relaxation*. The finishing touches are being put, under Gallin's exacting supervision, on the "Tuscan villa," with its commanding views, even as I write.

After the prayer this night, Gallin

moves on to "a big, extra-huge hot-fudge sundae," which does not disappoint. Eating it, in fact, seems to produce almost as much spiritual ecstasy as his devotional. "And I took a diet pill!" he says, scooping hot fudge. Nonetheless, he cleans the bowl. Gallin is a man, friends will attest, who has no interest in denying himself any pleasure if he can possibly help it—and that includes the joy of relating to his dinner guest every detail of his diet-pill regimen. "God knows," says Barry Diller, wearily but clearly affectionately, "Sandy does not hide *anything*."

"I went to the U.C.L.A. weight-loss clinic and they gave me Ionamin, phentermine, and Pondimin—whatever they are—those three. And I lost a lot of

Says Barry Diller, "Sandy doesn't complain—I mean he complains all the time, but he doesn't *complain*."

weight in a very short time. Like 35 pounds," Gallin tells me, in tones ever so slightly reminiscent of the "Coffee Talk" lady. "I've always had a weight problem. Since I was 10 or 11. I sort of conquered it my freshman year of college, until three years ago. And I think that it was then when I started wearing black suits to cover up all the weight."

Gallin is thrilled with the ingenuity of his diet-pill doctors. As, indeed, he has been thrilled by just about every self-improvement program known to man. "I do almost everything that comes down the road," he admits. "Because I think that whether it's est, advanced est, Life-spring, meditation, yoga, Marianne Williamson's Course in Miracles, Tony Robbins, I think that I can learn something from *everything*. I just draw what I can from any course to improve myself as a human being. God knows, there's always room for improvement. I think I'm smart enough not to fall into a cult."

Clearly it would be impossible for someone who does not love, understand, and cherish Hollywood and its very strange ways to love, understand, and cherish Sandy Gallin. His vision of himself comes from movies about Hollywood. He is more MGM than MBA. Gallin is larger than life. He knows it. That's all he ever wanted. He wears only red underwear, for example, when he does business, because

a clairvoyant once told him to. And that's just the beginning.

"He has so many colors," says Gallin's chum Elizabeth Taylor. "I mean, there's the very fast, sharp business manager who would fight to defend his client to the death, and there is the friend who would also fight and defend to the death. And he is magical. He has an amazing spiritual capability. He can envelop with protective vibes as well as with his humor and warmth, and yet I've seen him in situations where he just cuts through like a diamond cutter—I mean, there's no bullshit!"

Testimony from Parton: "Sandy's just a magic little being as far as I'm concerned," she says, sitting in the living room of the Fifth Avenue apartment they share. "I think we're just little soul mates—we have a spiritual link that goes to show you that love transcends everything.... He has the magic touch. He just seems

to see right into things, but he's also very childlike and he leaves himself open to a lot of hurt.... Sandy is often misunderstood, because he's so playful, but anyone who has been around him knows that.... He is the smartest, most talented person, the best friend you could have."

Diller, who counts himself among Gallin's closest friends, doesn't mention magic, but surely sees the wonder of Gallin. "Sandy is a rare good spirit. He has a unique way of establishing very direct contact with people that forms a kind of quick trust, confidence—a kind of complete comfort to both that both sides trust. That's a very rare gift. It's a real talent," he says.

A Hollywood insider—also a Gallin admirer—offers a less burnished view of this L.A. Ariel, however: "Sandy has no shame, and when you have no shame you stick yourself out there. The major thing about Sandy that everyone would say is that he's an incredible exhibitionist. He is not afraid to be embarrassed."

Malibu. A brisk, hazy morning. Gallin and I are in his beach-house bedroom—a white, high-ceilinged room with 19th-century landscape paintings, a fireplace, and a sweeping view of Los Angeles and the Pacific. More prayer is taking place. Gallin stands over a huge sleigh bed with a Jewish prayer cloth called a

tallis covering his face. Strapped to his forehead and his left arm are tefillin, the leather boxes containing scriptural passages that some Jews use during prayer.

"Dear God, please bless all those I work for and all those whom I work with. Thank you for every breath you have let me breathe, for every experience you have let me experience, and for every moment you have let me live on this earth...."

This is how Gallin starts each day except Saturday, the Sabbath. (The praying interlude at Mortons was, in fact, a sort of preview.) If there is a special event, he adds on to the prayer. For instance, "if I'm going on a plane I would say, 'Dear God, thank you for blessing my trip to New York and providing everyone on the flight with a safe, healthy, wonderful trip to New York.' You know, something like that." In this morning's rites, I should note, I was blessed, and God was asked to bless this *Vanity Fair* story.

This daily ritual began after Gallin was diagnosed with metastasized melanoma in 1985. He made a very remarkable recovery, and at that time vowed "to get rid of much more stress.... I became much more spiritual. That's when I started putting on tefillin. I paid more attention to diet, I started drinking wheatgrass every day, and I got to know Deepak Chopra.... Now [the cancer] is something I don't think of at all, and I just think that God is watching out for me."

Friends were amazed at the way Gallin handled what could have been a devastating setback. "I think he changed a large part of his life at that time, much of it not seen," says Diller. "Sandy doesn't complain—I mean he complains all the time, but he doesn't *complain*—which is a good thing, and I think in important areas he did a lot of work. So far as having that kind of cancer, I do think that he had a lot to do with its eradication. I think the reason it has not come back is because of his effort. I wouldn't go so far as to make a spiritual claim for it, but I do think that it was great exertion."

And his exertions are legion. Gallin's ritual begins daily at seven A.M. He also does meditation and lifts weights with Brian Harmon, his personal trainer, in his enormous private gym. Then he gets on the StairMaster or treadmill. The latter two activities are performed with a telephone headset. (He makes and returns up to 200 calls a day and sometimes seems to pant heavily through his

early-morning business conversations.)

He appears to be a very happy workaholic. "I can eat, work, and have sex no matter how sick, no matter how depressed, no matter how unhappy I am!" he says.

He doesn't get to the Beverly Hills office of his management firm, Gallin Morey Associates, until about noon. (However, he stays there until 9 or 10 P.M.) Yet he assures me that "I'm never away from a phone for more than three minutes." He even talks on the phone while he's being massaged. "Don't wor-

Streisand, me, Rosie O'Donnell ... Carole Bayer Sager, Jule Styne, me, Barbara ... Michael Douglas, Swifty, Dolly, me, Lily Tomlin, me—very fat!" Longtime clients have prominent shelf space. These include Mac Davis, whom Gallin discovered in the 1960s and still represents. Par-ton is omnipresent, as are the many knickknacks she has given to her friend. A wooden heart with a message burned into it: "Sandy, I love you with all my heart. Dolly." There are rare candid photos of Jackson. A picture of Gallin with Diller, Geffen, Siegfried and Roy, and two leopards. Even former clients such as Cher and Joan Rivers (with whom Gallin had a rather acrimonious parting

time in my life, just *delivering* a package to Steve Lawrence!") to the post of junior agent, "booking *Password, I've Got a Secret*, and *The Ed Sullivan Show*." In a few years he was repping Steve and Eydie, Richard Pryor, Florence Henderson, Phyllis Diller, Tiny Tim, and Dr. Joyce Brothers. "Then I was made head of the TV department in 1964, at age 24. And I got married on Christmas Day in 1965 and moved to California that day."

The marriage lasted only eight months, for Gallin, throughout most of his life, has been, as his friend Gore Vidal might say, a dedicated "homosexualist." His attempt at marriage is insight into a surprisingly traditional middle-class Jewish disposition. "I felt so good that I was successful sexually with a woman that I thought, O.K., I'm not gay anymore,"

says Gallin. Since then he has had several relationships with men, including a now deceased actor and Scott Bankston, a 33-year-old manager, whom Gallin formerly employed at Gallin Morey. (Gallin recently settled a sexual-discrimination suit brought by a female employee who claimed that Gallin gave preferential treatment to male employees. Gallin refused to comment, except to say, "The case has been terminated.")

As Gallin ushers me through his house, it seems that his favorite stop is the oak-paneled den, which has an entire wall of shelves containing leather-bound photo albums: "A chronicle of 25 years of my Hollywood parties."

"Making these books is one of my hobbies, like building houses and building careers," he says. He pulls down a volume with a gold-embossed spine. It reads, "Valentine's Day 1978." He flips randomly to a page—a photo of Mick Jagger receiving the intent gaze of a handsome young man. "Who's that?" Gallin quizzed, pointing to the young man. I am stumped. Sandy begins, "Here's a clue: *Midnight Express* ... He died of AIDS several years ago."

"Oh, Brad Davis."
"Very good! You see some very interesting things looking at these pictures from years and years ago," Gallin says, somewhat mischievously. "I'm not saying a *thing*. I'll just leave it at that."

More pictures: Gallin with long hair and a close-cropped beard in a white suit à la *Saturday Night Fever* at a Valentine's Day party with Eva Gabor,

Gallin once wore "big, complex" earrings to a CAA meeting which Michael Ovitz was to attend.

ry," he assured me once as he moaned gutturally, "I'm not dying. I'm getting a shiatsu."

The Gallin house in Malibu, a two-story clapboard-and-flagstone affair with a winding Joan Crawford staircase, was designed by Gallin himself and is a shrine to his life and his life's passions, which include work, friends, his dogs—and constructing houses. ("Everybody has his therapy—he genuinely loves the building process," says Diller.) According to his longtime interior decorator, Bill Lane, who has worked with Gallin on 20 projects, the beach house "evolved out of Sandy's love for the Hamptons," where another of his best friends, Calvin Klein, has long held court.

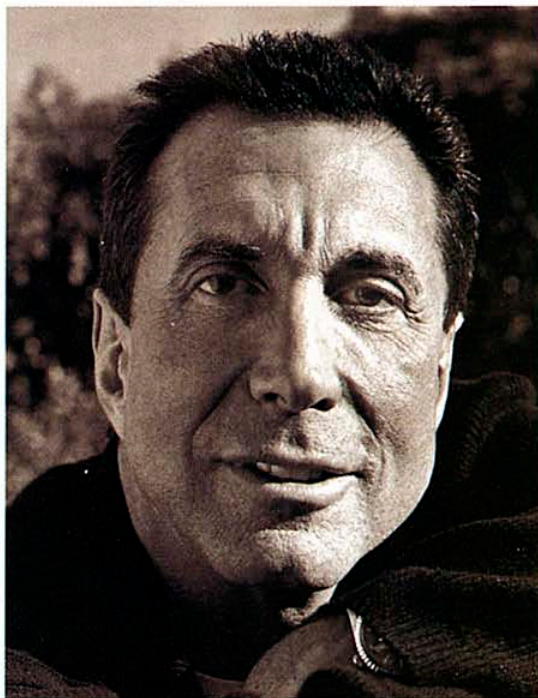
The floor-to-ceiling bookshelves in many of the house's beautiful rooms are filled with little framed photographs—maybe thousands of them—a pictorial collage of Gallin's long and spectacular career, which began in 1962 in the mailroom at General Artists Corporation (G.A.C.), a major agency then.

"I love pictures of people, moments that are captured so that I can remember them forever," Gallin says, pointing out photos of clients, former clients, and friends, artfully arranged by a set decorator acquired through Steven Spielberg's Amblin Entertainment. Sandy scans the shelves, naming names: "Here's Michael Jackson, Dolly, me, Neil Diamond ... Sylvester Stallone, Barry Diller, Fran Lebowitz, Calvin Klein, Whoopi, me,

in the 80s) are on display. ("Joan fired me to save an enormous amount of money on commissions.")

"A guest in my house once asked me if I had an obsession with tiny picture frames," Gallin says. "I wish I had started taking pictures earlier, when I was booking *The Ed Sullivan Show* every week."

In the Sullivan era, Gallin—now 55—was a baby-faced superstar at G.A.C. He almost immediately advanced from the G.A.C. mailroom ("The most exciting



HIGH PROFILE: Though she cites Gallin's "protective vibes," Elizabeth Taylor also says that her friend "just cuts through like a diamond cutter. There's no bullshit."

The Manager

Paul Lynde, Cloris Leachman, Herb Ritts, Diane Von Furstenberg, Barry Diller, Ringo Starr, Frank Rich, Harvey Korman, Ryan O'Neal, Barry Manilow. "I don't look at the photo books, because when I look at them I love it too much," Gallin says. He treats them like time capsules, to be opened much later. "The sad thing is looking at the older books and seeing how many people have died. It's mind-boggling."

Other titles on the photo-album shelf: "David Geffen '48'"; "Sandy's Almost 50th, May 27, 1989"; "Sandy's Mid-life Crisis," Volumes 1 and 2 (I am forbidden to look at these); Gallin's wedding album; and "Sandy Gallin, Bar Mitzvah, May 30, 1953, Temple Beth-El Community Center, 20 Meadow Lane, Lawrence, L.I."

This last event—captured in sepia tones—was a watershed moment for Gallin. Not for any religious reason in particular but because it brought attention to his singing voice. "The rabbi . . . wanted me to become a cantor and I wanted to become a pop singer. I always loved Frank Sinatra, Eddie Fisher, Steve and Eydie, Frankie Avalon. . . . I really wanted to be the male Barbra Streisand, but it was the age of the pretty boy and I thought I had the talent and not the looks. . . . My mother was going to put her head in the oven or jump out the window if I became a singer." (Gallin's father, he notes, was "a sort of wild playboy" and gambler who died when Sandy was 22.) To appease his mother, Florence, Sandy got a job at Gimbel's department store on 33rd Street.

"I had a—what's the word I'm looking for? It means fast rise . . . Mediocre? Meteoric! A meteoric rise. They had a meeting of the sixth and seventh floors because they were going to make me a manager." This was when he was in his early 20s. But then the long arm of fate intervened. The very same day as the meeting of the sixth and seventh floors, "I got a call and was offered a job in the mailroom of G.A.C."

Gallin is dictating a list to me. We are on the telephone. (As any of his associates know, he is big on dictation.)

"A list of the high points of my life, or my career—I don't remember what you asked. . . ."

"That I was first-place tenor in my junior or senior year of high school, my Bar Mitzvah, *Common Threads* [a documentary on the AIDS Quilt], for which Sandollar won an Oscar. Oh! I know!

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Great on the rocks.

Having three clients with variety shows on the air at the same time: the Osmonds, Mac Davis, and Cher—and being the executive producer of each... Seeing Whoopi Goldberg at the Dance Theater Workshop in Manhattan and being absolutely blown away. I remember thinking, I am on an acid trip. How could this person never have had a job on TV? ... Bringing the Beatles to *The Ed Sullivan Show* and being afraid for my life when we were attacked by thousands of fans driving from the Warwick Hotel... The first time Barbra Streisand came into my house... Seeing Judy Garland at the Palace Theatre when I was, I think, 13... Working with Dolly and the creation of Sandollar and the process of her becoming a great music, television, motion-picture star and an icon...

Some amplification: Parton and Gallin were introduced by Mac Davis in 1972. At that time, Davis recalls, "Dolly was really confused in her life, and she was so sweet and gorgeous, and I finally said to her, 'You should talk to Sandy Gallin—he's my manager.' And she said, 'Well, I'd be glad to do that,' in her way. And I told him that she was going to be the next Mae West. I put it in his terms, because he always told me that I was going to be the next Will Rogers... He'd say I was going to be a 'superstar.' I used to tease him that that was spelled 'sooperstah'! ... So, after Dolly met Sandy her career took off and now they're the best of friends."

This is putting it mildly. Gallin and Parton are financially *and* emotionally—they would say spiritually—interconnected through their devotion to each other and their shared profits in the admittedly not very profitable Sandollar Productions, which was founded in 1985. They are so close that after our talk she poked me and exclaimed, "If this story comes out bad, I'll kill you myself."

When I call Parton's attention to the seeming incongruity of this close, multifaceted partnership, she has a ready response: "We were burlap and satin, Tennessee and Manhattan!"

"What little dab of culture I have is because of Sandy," Parton continues. "You know, we both grew up poor—I mean, he was in and out of poor, I believe his father was a gambler—but we're both very similar in trying to bring magic into the world. We want to better ourselves and everybody else."

Someone who knows them both well says, "Dolly likes to be the mother and

the nurturer to Sandy... She's like family and he talks to her like he would talk to a shrink."

When I present Gallin with the idea of Parton as a maternal figure in his life, he is skeptical. "She has as many maternal qualities as she has childlike qualities," he says, curiously repeating Parton's description of him as childlike. "I'd say she's a sister figure, maybe, someone to hope and dream with, always get good advice from and hopefully give good advice to, but the mother figure...?"

Then Gallin pauses. He wants to consult on this matter with his houseman, Lowell.

"Lowell! Come here—I want to ask you something. How would you characterize my relationship with Dolly?"

At first Lowell—about 40, mustachioed, and black—is diplomatic: "Long-time friends... good, good buddies..." Then, finally, he says something odd that has the ring of truth: "Best girlfriends!"

As tight as they may be, Parton notes that Gallin *always* upholds a code of silence regarding other clients. Even with her. "You know how friends usually talk," she says. "But Sandy will not ever confide in me about his clients—even when Michael Jackson was going through all those child-molestation stories. Sandy would not even tell *me* what was going on!"

Gallin says that he "looks at clients with the same fiduciary relationship that an attorney would have." This has, no doubt, helped him succeed at the treacherous game of personal management, but it also drives friends crazy. They want the dish.

Gallin, it is very well known, has familial ties apart from the Queen of Country. He is a member of a group of people whose longtime association makes Bloomsbury look dull and unindustrious. "Barry Diller, Diane Von Furstenberg, Calvin and Kelly Klein, David Geffen, and Fran Lebowitz are like an extended family," Gallin acknowledges with a good deal of pride. "There are a lot of other people in and out of the family, too... but over the last 20 years that's the core."

This glamorous, *rich* crowd goes on vacations together, as they did last Christmas, to Harbour Island in the

Bahamas. And everyone calls everyone else—especially Geffen, Diller, and Gallin, who are all Malibu neighbors—with great frequency.

"Cradle to grave, just like a good socialist state" is how Barry Diller describes the loyalty and support of his group of close friends.

Gallin confirms this: "Just like any family, [we] go through periods of fighting with each other, being disappointed with each other—and that's why it's

"I really wanted to be the male Barbra Streisand, but it was the age of the pretty boy and I thought I had the talent and not the looks."

like a family, because it has lasted for 20 to 30 years."

Fran Lebowitz, who met Gallin through Calvin Klein, says that Gallin's role is as group "peacemaker." "The thing Sandy does is he *hates* it if other people fight. He is definitely the person who calls up and says, 'Now, why are you fighting with your sister? You know she didn't mean this.' ... He is much more tolerant than everyone else. There is no comparison. I mean, he is the most tolerant, he's the least argumentative... where everyone else is *wildly* argumentative, including myself—in fact, I'd have to say especially myself."

When Gallin went for his cancer biopsy in 1985, Diller and Geffen accompanied him to the doctor's office. In 1988, before Calvin Klein checked into the Hazelden drug-rehabilitation clinic in Minnesota, he spent the night with Gallin in L.A. "It was a difficult time for me," Klein once said, "and just knowing he was there was all I needed."

Occasionally, according to Gallin, he consults with Diller and Geffen on business matters. In fact, one of Gallin's greatest sources of profits over the last few years originated with Geffen: he is the one who introduced Gallin to Michael Jackson.

Gallin admits that because of his place in this family he has been an eyewitness to some remarkable events in show-business and pop history. At one point he muses aloud about the best-seller he may write one day. "You're going to ask a question—why don't I write



DUET: "We were burlap and satin, Tennessee and Manhattan!" confesses Gallin's roommate and alter ego, Dolly Parton. The two are pictured in Malibu with Sandy's Christmas gift from Dolly, a Salvi harp.

a book about all my friends and the things I've done?

"My answer is: *Where would I live?*"

We are in Gallin's Malibu living room. A fire is roaring on the hearth as my host attempts to adjust the flames with an ornate gas key. He wants things *just right*. Lowell looks on with concern. Outside, the twilight is a luminous pink, the air crisp, and the lap pool is heated to almost 100 degrees. Supine on a white slipcovered love seat, Gallin is dictating more great life achievements. They come out like mne-

monic snapshots that have been perfectly mounted and framed.

"Repping Roseanne and the TV variety show Sandollar is planning with her production company ... The formative years of Lily Tomlin ... Seeing Richard Pryor in 1962 and booking him on his first TV show and seeing him become a large TV artist ... The release of Neil Diamond's new album, *Tennessee Moon*, because I think it's brilliant and going to be one of his most successful, important albums ever! ... Engineering the four-to five-year plan for the production of Michael Jackson's *Dangerous*, which became one of the most successful albums in the world ..."

Gallin has been attempting to engineer the same kind of success for Jackson's latest album, *HIStory*, which has so far been a disappointment, selling fewer than three million copies in the U.S. He

Says Dolly Parton, "Sandy's just a magical little being as far as I'm concerned."

says the album has to be "viewed as a three-year project," but admits that sales have been slow and that he expected the album would have "jump-started much faster than it did."

Through all the horrendous controversy that has swirled around Jackson in the past several years, Gallin has remained for the most part silent. He leaves public comment to Jackson's press agents, preferring to work with the client behind the scenes. When I ask him if there is any way to control the image of such an un-earthly icon, he is rather surprisingly resigned: "At this moment there is almost nothing anyone can do to control the press regarding Michael. I think that the press has been so vicious and negative toward him that no matter how successful, or no matter what good deeds he would do, they would be misrepresented in the press."

Recently there was a report that Gallin and Jackson were ready to part ways. Gallin denies this and says the relationship is "status quo." He says, "There is no truth to [the rumors] that I am aware of. I have heard in the press that he is firing me, and that I am resigning, neither of which has happened."

Though Gallin Morey Associates is hugely profitable and enjoys a good reputation and has a healthy list of long-standing clients (as well as newcomers such as Oleta Adams, Ben Chaplin, Jon B, Hazelle Goodman, Margaret Cho, Andrew Lowery, Terence Howard, Jordan Hill, Freddy Rodriguez, Jason London, Jane Sibbett, Charlotte Ross, Nicholas Turturro, and Renee Zellweger), insiders have begun to talk about its being "the elephants' graveyard." One former employee faults Gallin: "He wants all the people when they're so famous. It could be argued that taking on Michael Jackson at the end of his career, instead of at the beginning, was a bad move."

Gallin and his agency have undoubtedly made enormous profits from their association with Michael Jackson (who earns Gallin an estimated seven figures annually) and Parton (and even Neil Diamond, who remains, thanks to foreign appearances, among the biggest arena

HAIR BY CATHY HIGHLAND; MAKEUP BY EDWARD ST. GEORGE; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

attractions in the world). But you could say, perhaps fairly, that Gallin is not as adept as his friend David Geffen at staying on the cutting edge with new young artists. He is more old-style in his approach to his role and his tastes. (In his kitchen phone book Phyllis Diller is listed right below Barry Diller.) "Sandy's charm and his curse is that he likes to take a poll before he comes to a decision," says a source. He has made an at-

When Rosie O'Donnell calls to say that her name is misspelled on the stationery that Gallin got her, the manager absentmindedly puts six Equals in his coffee.

tempt to push farther out onto the cutting edge with Gallin Morey by hiring two managers to handle new acts, such as the rock bands Korn, My Head, and the Phunk Junkeez, but this remains an obscure corner of his enterprise. Gallin's long suit has been the cultivation of big-room acts—and big egos.

"Part of Sandy's success with his clients," adds a former employee, "is that he never says 'No' to them. If Roseanne says, 'I want to do a clothing line,' he says, 'Done.' And that's a good thing, I think, unless you're allowing your clients to do something that will hurt them."

Gallin's film-and-TV venture with Parton is another source of interest among industry worthies, some of whom point out that throughout its 10 years in the movie business Sandollar has shown a lackluster performance with pictures such as *Shining Through*, starring Melanie Griffith and Michael Douglas, and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. Says one observer, "He doesn't have the patience for the long development process. But half the other people in Hollywood don't, either."

"Sandy really thought that *Sabrina* and *Father of the Bride II* last Christmas were going to make him an important producer," says another Hollywood source. But *Sabrina* was one of last season's big misses. *Father of the Bride II*, as Gallin is quick to point out, "was enormously successful," but not enough to boost Gallin to the next level. And he admits that "Sandollar Productions hasn't hit the

jackpot yet," but he hopes that a recent reshuffling of his executives will give him a shot.

Gallin, it is said, remains laissez-faire in his approach to his producer's role: he doesn't read scripts. Instead, readings are arranged with actors playing the parts.

There are other shenanigans. Gallin, a mercurial office presence, is not always known for his kindness to underlings. He is known for having manicures during conferences and other eccentricities. At CAA, according to an inside source, Gallin once wore "big, complex" earrings to a meeting at which agents Michael Ovitz and Jack Rapke were to be in attendance.

"Sandy put these earrings on and nobody said anything," says the inside source. "Then he started to giggle and asked, 'Doesn't anybody see that I am wearing these big earrings?'"

Malibu. Gallin and I are having our final visit; we are talking, over cups of coffee, in the living room of the beach house. We're having trouble finishing because the phone at his elbow keeps ringing and ringing. Rosie O'Donnell is calling to say that her name is misspelled on the personalized stationery that Gallin sends to friends at Christmas. During this frenetic interlude, I notice Gallin absentmindedly putting six packages of Equal into his coffee. The phone rings again. He has a business discussion about an actress known for serious drama who wants to be cast in the part of Nellie Forbush in a proposed Sandollar remake of *South Pacific*.

"Is she too old to play Nellie? Do you think we can get her?"

As my mind races with possible images from the return to *South Pacific* (Meryl Streep belting "Happy Talk"?), Gallin sips the Equal-coffee mixture, and I try to slip in a question of considerable concern: "Have you had a face-lift?"

For the first time, Gallin loses his cool. "No! No face-lift! If," he admits, "I had a guarantee that it would look good, I would *definitely* have a face-lift. But I don't want to look like my ears are touching behind my head! I would," he emphasizes, "do *anything* to improve myself physically, mentally, emotionally—in any area of my life—that's not going to harm anybody or myself. The only

reason why I would not do a face-lift is that I have seen too many bad results."

On the subject of his actually completed cosmetic renewal, he is just as frank. "It's probably much less than people would think, much, much less than people think. But you can set the record straight," he says. "I had my nose done in college, and I had my eyes done two years ago."

In the mid-80s, shortly before Gallin appeared as the host of an ill-fated NBC variety show called *Live and in Person* (sort of a post-disco *Toast of the Town*), he also "had a chin implant, because I knew that I had no profile."

While he's on the subject, he adds, "I was thinking this morning that I have to visit [Beverly Hills dermatologist] Arnie Klein for collagen injections. I think I haven't been for about six months."

There is the lingering feeling that Gallin, despite his evolved spirituality, his collagen and real estate, despite the greatness and extravagance of his life, might be searching for something more. But he can't quite articulate what. He is at the center of the kind of life he used to dream about. Even Barbra Streisand is his friend. (She reportedly wanted to buy Gallin's beach home, but he wouldn't sell.) So what's left to have? It's hard to say, but Gallin seems to be in a perpetual state of desire.

I ask him if he is seeing anyone right now. He pauses. "I have been looking," he says. "But I have been advised in the last few days that if I *stop* looking it's going to appear. Right around the corner."

Before he sets off for the office with Lowell at the helm of a black Lincoln Town Car (featuring six cellars), Gallin tries to decide where to place his newest acquisition, a Salvi harp.

"Put it in the dining room, Lowell," says Gallin.

"The dining room!" Lowell exclaims.

Then they consider the den. But that doesn't work, either. "Maybe," says Gallin, "it should go in the closet."

"Yeah, the closet," says Lowell, pulling it that way. "A harp belongs in the living room, the den, or the bedroom, if you play it," he continues, eyes starting to roll a bit. Gallin is oblivious. Mickey, the dog, is chewing a patch of the living-room rug. (Panda, the other dog, is upstairs, having ignored Gallin since he accidentally dropped her in the kitchen three months ago.)

With the harp issue now solved, they're ready to roll. Gallin puts on the jacket of his black Calvin Klein suit. He pauses.

Lowell adjusts the shoulder—so it is just perfect. □