



CAPTION

“GET ME MARTY SINGER!”

The bane of studio chiefs and tabloid editors, Hollywood lawyer Marty Singer is a rabid defender of stars in trouble: John Travolta, Sharon Stone, Charlie Sheen, Scarlett Johansson, and many others. But after years in Bill Cosby’s corner, Singer has mysteriously split with his most notorious client

By **DAVID MARGOLICK**



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he guests who gathered for the Beverly Hills Bar Association’s annual “Entertainment Lawyer of the Year” dinner nearly five years ago may have anticipated another of those dreary evenings—one more oxymoronic “lawyers’ gala,” filled with the customary droning speeches and lame attempts at fun. But the honoree for 2012 was different. It was Marty Singer. Nothing about him is dull—especially the company he keeps.

So, the crowd was bigger than usual, with around 400 people crowded into a ballroom at the Beverly Hills Hotel. The commemorative program was fatter and more star-studded, with ads from, among many others, Steven Seagal, Eddie Murphy, Nicolas Cage (“Thanks for being the best lawyer in the world”), Stevie Wonder, and Mike Myers (“Yea, though I walk through the valley of San Fernando, I fear no man: for my litigator is a mean son of a bi@*#”). And the videotaped tributes were more spectacular, with cameos by James Caan, Sylvester Stallone, Bruce Willis, Magic Johnson, Marie Osmond, Paula Abdul, and Scarlett Johansson. “Marty Singer, Marty Singer . . . you lifesaver, you!” Johansson purred. “You are a real-life superhero.”

Even TMZ, which covers the pratfalls of so many Singer clients so assiduously, weighed in on the tape. Its founder, Harvey Levin, recalled his very prototypical first encounter with Singer (“He called and threatened me”), and then various subalterns

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wisecracked about Singer’s trademark manner (blustery), appearance (semi-portly), and work habits (dogged). A TMZ staffer named Mike described Singer’s attempt to protect the Olympic-gold-medalist snowboarder Shaun White. “There was [*sic*] naked photos floating around, and Marty Singer called me at like eight o’clock on a Sunday and said, ‘You can’t put “Triple X” in the headline!’” he gushed. “And I’m like, ‘He’s on top of a naked girl with his balls showing, with all the red hair—what do you mean I can’t say it?’ He says, ‘You can’t say “Triple X!” There’s no penetration!’”

Joining Singer at the head table was one of his most stalwart clients, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and perhaps his most remunerative one, John Travolta. (Fending off—or burying—all those allegations of gay assignations can be extremely lucrative.) But

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what really made the evening memorable were the speakers—stars who appeared in ascending orders of magnitude. The M.C. was Tom Arnold, whom Singer has seen through four weddings and more than 20 years’ worth of legal problems. He praised Singer for that rarest of elements on Hollywood’s periodic table: loyalty. When he and Roseanne Barr split, he recalled, Singer, unlike just about everyone else in town, stuck with him, even though Barr (“a fucking walking lawsuit”) generated vastly more billable hours. He told of asking Singer to enforce the confidentiality agreement he and Barr had made during their divorce, one he’d believed she’d breached by going on *Saturday Night Live* and proclaiming to all the world that his penis is



only three inches long. “Marty is passionate, but he’s also very honest,” Arnold explained, “and he’s like, ‘Well, *do* you have a three-inch penis?’”

The director William Friedkin then declared that “there are two words that strike fear in the hearts of every network head or studio chief,” and paused pregnantly. “*Marty Singer!*” the crowd dutifully chanted back. Then Sharon Stone slunk to the microphone. “You call Marty because Keyser Söze is a fictional character,” she said. “You call Marty because you need someone like Mike Tyson in the Holyfield fight.” And with that she made the sound of chomping into something, like an ear, then spitting it out. “Marty is such a badass motherfucker,” she went on. “When people give me a hard time, I just c.c. Marty,” she said, snapping her fingers. “And very rarely do they consider continuing with their harassment of Sharon Stone.” She, too, extolled Singer’s loyalty, nearly choking up as she did: whenever she had stumbled or been pushed, she said, it was Singer who’d reached out and pulled her back up.

Next up was everybody’s favorite train wreck: Charlie Sheen. Among Singer’s many, many other rescue missions, he had recently gotten Warner Bros. to pony up for dropping Sheen from *Two and a Half Men*. “I got a hundred million reasons to say, ‘Thank you, Marty,’” Sheen said. But he was just warming up. “A lot has been said about my past exploits, but trust me, I never screwed any hooker as hard as Marty screwed Warner Bros.,” he went on. “Marty Singer might be the only person who’s fucked more people in Hollywood than I have.”

But nowhere in sight, not even in the printed program, was the man who’d soon supplant Sheen as Singer’s most notorious client: Bill Cosby. The two were then working together, closely and happily. “Get Marty for me!” Cosby would periodically tell aides—and part of what Singer had to celebrate that night was keeping a lid on charges that Cosby had drugged and sexually assaulted all those women. “He’s like a masseuse,” Sheen had joked about Singer. “He’s hands-on, gets paid by the hour, and you always, always—always—get a happy ending.” But with Cosby it hasn’t been so. Two years later, the lid on the Cosby cases finally blew. And in the middle of it all, Cosby and Singer quietly, and mysteriously, parted ways.



The Problem Solver

At \$950 an hour (likely to rise this year)—and ever on call, even while playing golf at the Brentwood Country Club (the place took a record two years to admit him) or on a cruise—Martin Dori Singer, 64 years old, born and raised in Brooklyn, is Hollywood’s concierge *consigliere*. He has remained so for 30 years or more, even as the competition grows and the Internet has made his business ever more frantic and complex. More than any other Hollywood lawyer, Singer, seeing celebrity coverage metastasize from checkout lines to television to Twitter, has colonized territory other lawyers have shunned, and turned garbage into gold.

Geeky-looking and heavysset (a Marvin Hamlisch type) and utterly unaltered (a couple of chemically or surgically enhanced specimens, Schwarzenegger and Sheen, have delighted in ridiculing his appearance), Singer is a throwback: the scrappy, working-class, self-made son of European Jewish immigrants, who studied nights at C.C.N.Y. and Brooklyn Law School rather than go off to fancier places so that he could support his newly widowed mother (a survivor of Auschwitz) and little sister. Nearly 40 years after decamping to Los Angeles, where various snooty law firms spurned him, the scent of Eau de Canarsie still clings to Singer. His hardscrabble origins, he believes, have given him a great competitive advantage over sun-softened locals. “The California lawyers had the surfer’s mentality, which was ‘Hey, 5:30, 6 o’clock, rather go surfing now’ or ‘I’ll get to it tomorrow,’” he told me in a conference room at Lavelly & Singer, the Century City law firm he established with John H. “Jay” Lavelly Jr. in 1980. He’d just apologized for keeping me waiting—busy killing a story for a client, he explained.

Singer is a family man. He’s been married to his wife, Deena, for 41 years, and is more likely to spend an evening with her and their three dogs or go to a Lakers game with their three kids than dine with clients at Mr. Chow. He might hang around with Priscilla Presley or Stallone but not with most of those he represents (and certainly never with Cosby, who always approached him, he says, only through intermediaries). Not that there aren’t opportunities. Michael Jackson, Oprah Winfrey, Tom Hanks, Britney Spears, Naomi Campbell, Jim



Carrey, Kevin Costner, Liev Schreiber, Matt Damon, Celine Dion, Jamie Foxx, Justin Timberlake, Brendan Fraser, James Gandolfini, Anthony Hopkins, Alicia Keys, Stacy Keach, Demi Moore, Katy Perry, Joaquin Phoenix, Jeremy Piven, Brett Ratner, Sofia Vergara, David O. Russell, Liam Neeson, Don Rickles, Adam Sandler, Steve Bing, Martin Scorsese, Jerry Bruckheimer, Kiefer Sutherland, Marisa Tomei, Whitney Houston, Eddie Murphy, Jean-Claude Van Damme, Simon Cowell: he's represented them all, plus sports figures like Dennis Rodman, Serena Williams, and Albert Pujols, plus politicians like former senator Harry Reid, plus plutocrats like Sheldon Adelson and George Soros, plus paramours (Sumner Redstone's ex Sydney Holland), plus many others he can't or won't disclose.

The bulk of what Singer does for his clients—at various times with me he pegged the number at 70, 90, and 98 percent—he says no one ever knows. Most of them first encounter Singer under what Stone called “dubious circumstances.” They are in trouble—not existential trouble, maybe, but about to be embarrassed, or outed, or harassed, or exploited, or extorted. Through guile, bluster, finesse, intimidation, and money, Singer makes their problems disappear. He scares off or placates the reporters, the parasites, the crazies, the opportunists, the aggrieved. He keeps an unflattering documentary on Bruce Willis off the air, gets Arnold Schwarzenegger gun-toting bobblehead dolls pulled off the shelves, or, by settling a hit-and-run for her, lets Halle Berry go off to make (and win an Oscar for) *Monster's Ball*.

Around Hollywood, his letters to anyone about to report anything nasty about one of his clients are as familiar, and predictable, and apocalyptic, as the Haggadah of Passover, recounting the smiting of the ancient Egyptians. (This magazine has received its share of them over the years.) They repeat the guts of a proposed story—that a celebrity is linked to the Mafia, say, or approaching a nervous breakdown following a stint in rehab, or hitting on under-age girls (or boys), or neglecting animals, or abusing the help, or tossing chicken bones around a hotel room, or having sex in a stairwell during a Bar Mitzvah—then explain why such things couldn't possibly be true, then list the plagues that will rain down on anyone daring to publish them. “Proceed at your peril” or “Govern yourself accordingly,” they inevitably



conclude. They spook the uninitiated and the uninsured. They impress the press, which invariably calls Singer the “Legal Pit Bull” or “Stealth Rottweiler” or “Doberman” or simply, in a nod to his first two initials, “Mad Dog.” And, to those who get them most frequently, they amuse. “You’re jamming my shredder,” a tabloid editor once jokingly complained to him.

To these veterans, who have learned how to calibrate the seriousness of his threats with great precision, Singer is actually less canine than feline. “A roaring paper tiger” is how Dylan Howard, the chief content officer and vice president of American Media, Inc., publishers of, among other things, the *National Enquirer*, RadarOnline, and the *Star*, describes him. Howard and others in the tabloid press praise Singer lavishly, and give him the benefit of every doubt: what may sound deceitful or delusional or willfully naïve to others—like his defenses of Cosby and Sheen—is to them genuine conviction and zealous, even matchless advocacy. Despite all the jawboning and fulminating, they and Singer are conjoined organisms in the Hollywood eco-system, serving (and making lots of money for) one another: they manufacture plenty of billable hours for Singer, during which he occasionally feeds them a good story (usually in order to get another story quashed). When a camp for children with heart disease honored Singer at a dinner last spring, the *National Enquirer* sprang for a table.

Tough Guy

In the fall of 2014, as more and more Cosby accusers surfaced, the Marty Singer playbook was on full display. In letters and statements, he threatened the media and characterized some of the women themselves as liars and swindlers, extortionists and confabulators. But this time it backfired: Singer in high dudgeon had, in the eyes of some, given Cosby’s accusers, too tardy to seek criminal prosecution, another crack at him—this time for defamation. Within a few days of the time in mid-November when Los Angeles crisis manager Howard Bragman told the *Wrap* that Cosby’s lawyers should “shut the fuck up,” it was arguably too late; the seeds of several defamation cases against Cosby (one brought in Los Angeles by the supermodel Janice Dickinson, another in Pittsburgh, and a



third, featuring seven separate accusers, in Massachusetts) had already been planted. While the Pittsburgh case was dismissed last January, the other two are now proceeding, even as Cosby faces criminal charges outside Philadelphia.

Not that it has slowed Singer down. Just ask Dylan Howard from American Media. In the past two years he has received dozens of additional threatening missives from Singer, concerning the alleged wrongdoings of, among others, Johnny Depp, Harrison Ford, Ben Affleck and Jennifer Garner, Clint Eastwood, Ashton Kutcher, Julianna Margulies, Michael Strahan, Matt LeBlanc, Hayden Panettiere, Ellen DeGeneres and Portia de Rossi, Orlando Bloom, Reese Witherspoon, George Clooney, Matthew Perry, Kim Kardashian, Michael J. Fox, Kelsey Grammer, Julia Roberts, and Jennifer Lawrence. Jake Bloom, the Hollywood talent lawyer, says he feared Singer “could have become collateral damage”—in the Cosby case—“but he seems to have extricated himself well.” Along with the equally prominent industry lawyer Skip Brittenham (Harrison Ford, Eddie Murphy), it’s Bloom (Schwarzenegger, Scorsese, Depp) who helped build Singer’s practice in the early 1990s by fobbing off various matters concerning those A-list clients, at least some of them schmutzy, to him.


For every story Singer kills or gets taken down, there’s another he’s delayed, or defanged, or pushed off the front page, or had corrected or retracted. Singer is a kind of legal termite, eating away at foundations: one errant detail, he tells editors, makes a story, or a source, or a reporter, wholly unreliable. John Travolta couldn’t have assaulted a male massage therapist at the Beverly Hills Hotel, because he was in Manhattan at the time. The waistline-conscious Jonah Hill didn’t keep ordering, and scarfing down, French fries at a restaurant: the refills were free and his dinner companions were sharing them. Bill Cosby couldn’t have forced an actress to perform oral sex on him backstage at the *Tonight* show in 1971, because he wasn’t on the *Tonight* show with her in 1971.

When the facts aren’t on Singer’s side, he deals: exclusive interviews with his clients, or photographs, in exchange for killing stories about them or declaring moratoriums on them for a time. An editor might happily drop some half-assed scoop upon



learning from Singer that the Kardashians are suing their ex-stepmother over their late father's diary or that Quentin Tarantino is going after his Oscar-winning screenwriter neighbor (Alan Ball) over his alleged earsplittingly noisy pet macaws. (Perpetually newsworthy are Singer's unceasing efforts to suppress hacked nude photos or sex videos of such clients as Eric Dane and Kate Upton, or garden-variety but surreptitiously taken shots of Caitlyn Jenner.) But Singer couldn't kill outright an exposé about Duane "Dog the Bounty Hunter" Chapman's fondness for using the n-word. With absolutely no cards to play, he appeals to sympathy—not to run stories about Priscilla Presley's botched plastic surgery, for instance. (In that instance, at least, he failed.)

"He's bright and tough, and that's a combination you don't often find," says the veteran Hollywood entertainment lawyer Bert Fields. It's hard to find any who will criticize Singer, at least publicly, either because people like him or it's just not worth tangling with him. Even normally voluble types like Gloria Allred, who has represented various men and women allegedly groped, molested, or manhandled by Schwarzenegger, Cosby, or Travolta, goes mum when asked about him. (Then again, Allred's daughter, Lisa Bloom, is the lawyer representing Janice Dickinson. And by defending a lawyer's right to be outspoken, Singer is effectively defending Allred too.) So, too, through a spokesperson, does Cosby.

Promised anonymity, Singer's critics depict him as coarse and slightly primitive—"visceral" was how one competitor put it. "He doesn't have a great governor sometimes," another says. Though Singer does get to court and arbitrates cases regularly—he helped Ryan O'Neal hold on to his multi-million-dollar Andy Warhol portrait of Farrah Fawcett and won Tommy Lee Jones a \$17.5 million box-office bonus from Paramount for the actor's work in *No Country for Old Men*—they say he is more fixer than lawyer. Singer was not one of those lawyers dragged down by the notorious Anthony Pellicano, the private eye to the stars convicted of illegal wiretapping and racketeering in 2008. But a taped conversation between the two produced at Pellicano's trial placed Singer squarely in the felon's demimonde: "That's why you get hired by me and by Bert Fields and others," Singer tells Pellicano on one recording, "that even if you have a shitty case, 

knowing that you're on our side, you'll uncover a lot of dirt that can be used." (He says Pellicano handled only five or six minor matters for him.)

Many of Singer's fellow lawyers watched gleefully when, in 2011, a Los Angeles Superior Court judge found that one Singer letter amounted to criminal extortion. In it, Singer threatened to expose the alleged gay dalliances of *Big Brother* contestant and VH1 *Famous Food* host Mike Malin unless Malin settled a dispute with his business partner, whom Singer represented, pronto. ("Of course!" says Singer: his lawyer rivals "wanted to get rid of me!") An appeals court subsequently overruled the judge's decision, holding that Singer's threat was a legitimate legal maneuver. Another Hollywood lawyer who'd attempted, unsuccessfully, to enlist colleagues in filing a friend-of-the-court brief opposing Singer in the case said that other attorneys were too intimidated by Singer to take him on, and that many judges were, too.

It leads to a situation in which Singer has become both a bit of a caricature in the Hollywood bar and someone inspiring no small amount of envy. "I don't like Marty Singer, because I want to *be* Marty Singer," one of Singer's competitors confesses. "He pushes a button in me because I want to prove that I'm as good if not better. Every time I see a case he's involved with, I snap my fingers and I say, 'Damn.' I want to hate Marty unjustifiably. The truth is probably that I admire what he's been able to do and how he's built his practice."

The Hunter Becomes the Hunted

Cosby's file originally belonged to Singer's partner, Jay Lavelly, and then gradually migrated to Singer. It lay largely dormant until early 2005, when Andrea Constand, an administrator in Temple University's athletic department, told the police that Cosby had drugged and assaulted her.

Constand subsequently sued Cosby (and, later, Singer), and Cosby's deposition in the Constand case provides a rare peek into the Mad Dog at work. (Singer, as a defendant, says he was not allowed to read it after it was given and hasn't to this day.) There's Singer on the telephone, attempting to mol-



lify Constand only days after she went to the police, extending to her Cosby's offer to pay tuition for graduate school. There's Singer, both for and without attribution, telling *Celebrity Justice* that Constand's accusations were a "classic shakedown" and "sheer nonsense." (And Cosby giving him carte blanche: "He is my lawyer and he has a right to say what he wants to say.") And Singer striking a deal with the *National Enquirer* to kill a story about another Cosby accuser in exchange for an exclusive interview with Cosby and more to come. And Singer not just stage-managing that interview (a Cosby attorney was to be present during it but would not be mentioned in the story) but also scripting it (the tabloid would have to make do with the sort of bobbing and weaving—"he apologizes to his wife if he did anything to hurt her"—generally offered by high-profile adulterers). And Singer negotiating a two-year moratorium on any further stories in the *National Enquirer* about Cosby's women. In November 2006, the cases against Cosby and Singer were settled, with—as is so often the case in Singer's deals—all lips zipped.

But then, on November 18, 2014, Janice Dickinson told *Entertainment Tonight* that sometime in 1982 Cosby—in the customary guise of concerned mentor and career counselor—drugged and then took advantage of her in a hotel room in Lake Tahoe. Twenty years later, she said, she'd tried telling the same story in her autobiography, but fearing lawsuits from Cosby, her publisher, HarperCollins, which later published at least two of Cosby's books for children, wouldn't let her. Her ghostwritten book offered a sanitized—or, really, a fictionalized—account of the episode, in which an entirely sensate Dickinson spurned Cosby's advances, and Cosby gave her nothing worse than a dirty look.

News of Dickinson's *E.T.* interview, along with word that *Good Morning America* and BuzzFeed, among others, planned follow-ups, quickly reached Singer. Contradictions between Dickinson's two accounts, plus a suggestion—which is untrue, and which she insists she never made—that Cosby's lawyers had pressured HarperCollins to omit the rape story, dominated Singer's inevitable warning letters to the press. Dickinson's "alleged rape," he wrote, was "fabricated," "an outrageous defamatory



lie” concocted to advance her “fading career.” Failing to vet her claims before reporting them, he warned, would constitute the recklessness that plaintiffs need to prove defamation. “Proceed at your own peril,” Singer concluded. In public statements reflecting his increasing exasperation with the accusations, he broadened his comments to the whole universe of Cosby accusers “coming out of the woodwork” with “unsubstantiated,” “fabricated,” “fantastical,” and “more ridiculous” claims. Those comments, along with others not involving Singer, became the basis of the defamation cases against Cosby.

Before calling Dickinson a liar, Singer states in court papers, he amassed substantiation online. That confirmed what he claimed he already knew about her through personal experience, specifically the unfounded paternity claims she’d made against one of his clients. (Though not providing a name, Singer was clearly referring to Stallone, whom Dickinson once dated.) But one of Dickinson’s lawyers, Lisa Bloom, countered that Singer’s research consisted largely of collecting the “snarky comments” of “anonymous Internet trolls,” and that, by failing to interview witnesses at HarperCollins, or, for that matter, Dickinson or Cosby himself before going public with his charges, Singer was guilty of the very recklessness he was forever warning gossipmongers to avoid. And thus far at least, two trial courts have allowed the cases to go forward.

Good-Bye to All That

Neither Cosby nor Singer will say who left whom or why, though in the Hollywood entertainment bar, theories abound. Cosby grew dissatisfied with Singer, they go, or his wife, Camille, did. Cosby suddenly needed a criminal lawyer, something Singer isn’t. (He resolved never to do criminal work, he says, after his brother-in-law was murdered, in 1991. “I did not want to help people get away with things,” he explains.) Addicted to the fame and attention and fees, the thinking goes, Singer would otherwise never have walked away from such a client. Alternatively, Singer grew disillusioned with Cosby as the women, and revelations, piled up. Or Deena Singer—active with a rape-counseling center in Santa Monica—did. Or Cosby was hurting Singer’s practice, scaring



off other clients. Or Cosby stiffed Singer on hundreds of thousands of dollars in legal fees, just as he is refusing to pay the lawyers who represented him for a time (from the firm of Quinn, Emanuel, Urquhart & Sullivan) once Singer left the scene. (Cosby's representative won't comment about Singer, including whether Cosby still owes him money.) Still, others speculate that it was mutual, with both men realizing Singer had become too enmeshed in Cosby's cases to keep representing him: he has already given a deposition in the Massachusetts case brought by the seven women, while Dickinson's lawyers are still attempting to name him a co-defendant.

But some things seem clear. First, the rupture—which came in October 2015—wasn't exactly sudden. Singer had talked about walking off the case months earlier and, friends say, seemed relieved when he finally did. Second, the breach is complete: Singer and Cosby no longer speak. Third, Singer refuses to take the fall for Cosby. According to a source, the purportedly defamatory statements he made about Cosby's accusers were all team efforts, pre-approved by Cosby himself. And fourth, if Singer's been tarnished by Cosby—by defending him either too zealously or too carelessly—it hasn't hurt his business. If anything, in a town that prizes tough talk, Singer's association with Cosby has only enhanced his appeal. Singer nonetheless seems eager to leave it all behind. “The Cosby case to me is one minor part of my practice over the past—how many years have I been practicing?—39 years,” he tells me. “I think I'm much more interesting than the Cosby case.”

Singer refuses to comment on the defamation cases, except to say that he's confident Dickinson's case will be dismissed and that the Massachusetts case brought by the seven women should never have been filed. Last October, a federal appeals court in Philadelphia held in the Pittsburgh case that his statements were legitimate advocacy, just as Singer and Cosby's latest lawyer, Angela Agrusa, of Los Angeles, had argued. (Singer, she had told the court, was “doing exactly what a lawyer would be expected to do.”) In the meantime, Singer's legal life goes on as usual: shortly after we first spoke, he filed a multi-million-dollar defamation suit for Arsenio Hall against Sinéad O'Connor for saying that for decades Hall had supplied



Prince with illegal drugs. And, in the past few months, Singer has (1) diverted a sordid assault-and-battery case brought by Charlie Sheen's former fiancée into private arbitration; (2) procured apologies for reports on Tom Hanks (the *National Enquirer* and the *Star* had said Hanks was in love with two of his co-stars and divorcing Rita Wilson) and Kim Kardashian (mediatakeout.com accused her of staging the heist of her jewels in Paris); (3) killed several derogatory stories about Harrison Ford; and (4) gotten some nude photographs of the actress Lucy Hale taken down. And going forward, he is (1) defending Jim Carrey against charges brought by the husband and mother of Carrey's late girlfriend that his conduct led her to commit suicide; (2) jousting with Harvey Weinstein in a fraud case brought by the director David Frankel; and (3) representing Schwarzenegger in a pay dispute with the maker of some nutritional supplements he endorsed.

Last year Singer signed a new 10-year lease on his Century City office, so he's not disappearing anytime soon. He says he does not feel threatened by Charles Harder, a former Lively & Singer lawyer who, having helped secure Hulk Hogan's win over Gawker Media, could challenge Singer as the celebrities' lawyer of choice. "He's got Melania Trump, and I don't know who his other clients are," Singer says. "We have not lost one single client to him to my knowledge."

In the tribute film shown at the bar dinner for Singer, in 2012, Singer's daughter joked that the first coherent phrase out of her baby brother's mouth was "Fucking jerk." But wisdom, maturity, and the changing mores of the bar have conspired, Singer says, to mellow him out, at least a little. "Maybe the f-bombs don't come out that came out 20 years ago," he says. Still, when he talks about the boldfaced names who continue to need him, and thank him, and even worship him, the mellowness is not all that apparent. "I love a lot of my clients, and I care for them," Singer says. "I think of my clients as my family. And if somebody fucks with my clients, they're fucking with my family. Or they're fucking with me." 