



PROPHET

AND

LOSS

By Kevin Gray
with Nikki Finke

A manic money manager with a lust for celebrity, Dana Giacchetto played with Leo and Ben, Cameron and Courteney, while their millions were in safe keeping with his Cassandra Group. But when the party spun out of control, Giacchetto was the last to get the message.

W“Will everyone just shut up!” The Times Square ball had dropped, and a minute into the millennium, Dana Giacchetto was struggling to quell the pandemonium in his 3,000-square-foot SoHo loft. Clutching a microphone in one hand and a paperback anthology of Greek plays in the other, the beleaguered money manager had planned to mark the occasion by reading a few portentous words to the 50 guests at his New Year’s Eve party. But Giacchetto, who had named his Cassandra Group investment firm after the unheeded prophet, refused to start until his guests were focused on him. • “Just read and they’ll shut up,” advised a woman in black. Anxiously tugging at his Dolce & Gabbana T-shirt, Giacchetto launched into a passage from Aeschylus’ *Agamemnon*, in which Cassandra declares that despite the machinations of her enemies, her legend will endure. “I am not like a bird,” he intoned, “scared at an empty bush, trembling for nothing. *Wait*: When you shall see my death atoned with death . . . then witness for me—these and all my prophecies were utter truth.” • The performance, an observer would

