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***The Star Catchers***  
***Kiri Blakeley, 07.04.05***

Want Keanu Reeves or Lenny Kravitz at your next bash? Better pony up for a celebrity wrangler. It is four minutes till midnight on a cool evening on Star Island off Miami, and outside a mansion-turned-nightclub the press pit is getting cranky. The paparazzi have been waiting three hours to get a shot of a big celebrity, but no one has shown up. "I give it five more minutes, and then I leave," one lensman grouses. Suddenly actor Jamie Foxx, still buoyant from his best-actor Oscar for Ray months ago, ambles through the gates. The press begs him to tip his straw hat. He does, bathed in the flash of a dozen cameras. Once inside, he gyrates to the booming beat of the deejay's music, revels in the dotings of a gaggle of long-legged fashion models and poses obligingly for every cell phone camera that is thrust into his face. The paparazzi are happy, but Foxx's arrival has made Noah Tepperberg ecstatic. He is an unassuming 29-year-old event producer, and it was his mission to get Foxx (or any A-lister, really) to this party, sponsored by his client, Heineken. His plot to snare Foxx was worthy of a CIA campaign.

Though he prefers the term producer, Tepperberg's speciality is celebrity wrangling; he's handsomely paid to cajole the famous and trendy into populating his clients' events. The Miami bash begins a yearlong, multimillion-dollar campaign by Tepperberg's company, New York-based Strategic Group, to make Heineken hip among the club set. Heineken USA wanted to start the new push in Miami, so Tepperberg began casting about to see what big fish might be in town. Celebrities are the best bait for reeling in other celebs--even the famous hire wranglers for their own parties.

Sexy rocker Lenny Kravitz, it turned out, was playing the nearby Jackie Gleason Theater. Perfect. Tepperberg wanted to use Kravitz's name as "host" of the event. Hosts don't do much more than let their names be used to headline the invitation and then attend, and sometimes they don't even show up, to the eternal irritation of celebrity wranglers. Tepperberg, a co-owner of hot New York club Marquee, knows that Kravitz likes to throw an aftergig party for his entourage. Why not do it on Heineken's dime (or \$150,000, to be exact)? The wrangler previously had worked with two cousins of Kravitz's, a popular deejay and an Atlanta-based promoter, so he tapped them to work the Heineken event.

Ultimately the singer agreed to play along, and his name could be the bait for other VIPs. The Miami Vice movie was filming nearby, and Tepperberg hoped to lure the film's stars, Colin Farrell and Jamie Foxx, to show up; as further incentive he sent out invites to the all the Miami modeling agencies, to stock the room with arm candy.

Farrell never shows, but the movie's director, Michael Mann, does. So do Sara Foster, Maxim magazine cover gal that month, who was in town filming a pilot, and pro athletes, including Zack Crockett of the Oakland Raiders. And oh, yes, there's Mario Vazquez, a 27-year-old Bronx-bred crooner who grabbed the spotlight by

quitting American Idol in March. Vazquez, on a low rung of the celebrity ladder, is the first "name" to arrive. The press pit goes wild. Inside, he gets his picture taken with Jamie Foxx. "Post-American Idol I've been invited to a lot of parties," he says. "And I'm so damn grateful."

But where's the alleged host? Tepperberg keeps close tabs on Kravitz's whereabouts all night long, checking in by cell phone with the rocker's bodyguard. Finally at 1 a.m. Kravitz arrives in true star style, pulling up alongside the mansion's private dock in his green Magnum 60 powerboat. The deejay cranks up Kravitz's hit "Fly Away." Kravitz--in brown leather coat, jeans and dark sunglasses in the dead of night--steps off the boat, and Tepperberg, relieved, quickly whisks him into a roped-off VIP area and pulls a white curtain around it to block prying eyes. "How do you get in there?" asks Vazquez, so new to fleeting fame that even he isn't invited to hang with Lenny. "I hate that kind of thing!"

In Los Angeles some of the hottest wranglers in town are three guys who call themselves the Alliance. On a recent night the most garrulous of the trio, Josh Richman, 39, revs up for a party thrown by Sony to celebrate the Electronic Entertainment Expo.

A public relations firm has hired him and his partners, Shane Powers and a guy named Hartwell (just "Hartwell"), to land celebs for the bash at the Hollywood Center Studios. Beforehand he sits in a nearby Del Taco fast-food outlet and checks his BlackBerry, which suddenly offers good news. He checks his e-mail and hoots: "The biggest star in the world is coming! And he doesn't even go out very often!" The "biggest star in the world" turns out to be the scruffy actor Keanu Reeves, who does indeed show up, loitering quietly by the bar with a small group of pals.

All three of the Alliance hail from the club-promotion business and excel in befriending the famous, but they never know whether a headliner will actually show. "Until they walk up, we don't know who's confirmed," Richman says. Even with most stars out of town for the Cannes Film Festival, the Alliance comes through. The Sony party is packed with denizens of the gossip columns: the gorgeous Oscar winner Charlize Theron, actor David Spade, American Idol hottie Constantine Maroulis and rapper Eve. She sits herself next to Powers and says: "I just came to support my friend Shane."

"The climate of the media right now is such that if a celebrity isn't there, it's like the event didn't happen," says Lori Levine, a wrangler with a reputation for being "the closer"--a clutch player who can scare up a celebrity at the last minute after a client tries and fails ("They always call me and say, 'I didn't realize it was so hard!']"). Levine has a particular affinity for charity events. Punch a phrase like "breast cancer" into her database and the names of David Arquette and wife Courteney Cox will pop up--Arquette's mother died of the disease. In May Levine's "talent brokering" firm, Flying Television, was hired to wrangle for a Red Cross charity event in Santa Monica underwritten by Mercedes and International Watch Co. Levine tapped in "Red Cross" and her database responded with the name of actor Michael Keaton. She invited him, and sure enough, he attended.

Stars can get 30 invites a day, so offering inducements is a key way to attract them to an event. Sometimes money (upwards of \$10,000) is paid; most wranglers deny that they do it but say many others do. A charitable donation of up to \$20,000 to a star's pet charity can work. So can freebies--gift bags brimming with new stuff worth thousands of dollars. Electronic equipment, high-end beauty products, vouchers for vacations and four-star hotels, gift certificates for hair transplants or plastic surgery, bottles of booze, diamonds--all are de rigueur in the celebrity swag bag.

A few noble idols actually turn these inducements down. Clint Eastwood returned the \$30,000 bag sent to him at Oscar time by Jane Ubell-Meyer of Madison & Mulholland, a swag-bag firm, thus denying himself a tiny \$600 bottle of Clive Christian cologne. "What does Clint Eastwood want with a swag bag anyway?" she muses. "He has everything."

### ***The Hot Shot*** ***Peter Kafka, 07.04.05***

Tennis starlet Maria Sharapova's overnight fame was years in the making. how to make it last?

In an isolated patch of rural Spain, the midday sun broils the clay court. The teenage boys training at the Equelitetennis academy sweat through a series of drills and struggle to focus on tennis rather than stare at the superstar practicing on the next court: Maria Sharapova, a dazzling 6-foot-tall blonde in a sleeveless T shirt and snug shorts who grunts each time her racquet smacks the ball to deliver a blinding, blurry serve.

Sharapova, all of 18 years old and a lanky unknown a year ago, would rather ignore the celebrity thing, too, but these days she is the "It" girl of women's tennis--and the world's best-compensated female athlete, earning close to \$20 million a year on court and off. Her sudden fame since winning Wimbledon last July at age 17, wielding speed and power to topple perennial number one Lindsay Davenport and the often invincible Serena Williams, have made her a hot property to Nike, Canon, Colgate-Palmolive, Motorola and a bevy of other brands. A fragrance named after her will be out in the fall.

This is the payoff for 12 years of six-hour practice days, constant travel and the exclusion of anything close to a normal childhood. Yet the Russian-born tennis star and her crew--her father and her managers at IMG --view it as a dangerous distraction from what counts. After signing her up for nine endorsement deals since Wimbledon, they are closed for business; they turn down millions of dollars in new deals and limit her work for sponsors to just three weeks a year. Sharapova herself--who is a few credits shy of a home-schooling high school degree, won't attend college anytime soon and doesn't have time for friends or beaux--eschews appearances at lavish parties, awards shows and other diversions.

Her reluctance is risky, for a tennis star's time at the top can be fleeting. A bad knee injury in her next tournament could end her career in an instant. Fickle marketers

might lose interest when the next hot newcomer wins a big upset. Why not rake in every dollar while you can? Anna Kournikova, another leggy blonde Russian tennis star once with IMG, made a splash at age 16, then foundered, never winning a major tournament. Yet she parlayed her celebrity and sex appeal into millions of dollars in product endorsements. She stopped playing competitive tennis at 21, two years ago, but still earns upward of \$4 million a year from marketers.

In Sharapova's camp, though, Kournikova is a cautionary tale: a talented, marketable athlete who ultimately didn't fulfill her potential, never ranking higher than tenth in the world. "That's why I play tennis--because I want to be number one, not because I want to be number ten," Sharapova says in an interview, calm, self-possessed and unaccompanied by any handlers. "If you don't want to be number one in the world, then there is no reason for you to even start." She is well aware, though, that looks are as important as winning. "Beauty sells," she says. "I have to realize that's also part of why people want me. I understand it. It's fine. I'm not going to make myself ugly."

Maria Sharapova was born in 1987 in Siberia and moved to the Black Sea resort town of Sochi a year later. She was the only child in a family living well enough to play tennis and go skiing. Her dad, Yuri, worked in construction and had a racquet in her hand by the time she was a toddler. At age 6 she attended a tennis clinic in Moscow and met Martina Navratilova, who advised that she start training professionally. Soon afterwards Yuri and Maria left her mother, Yelena, behind in Russia and came to the U.S., traveling to its tennis mecca--Florida. Maria says she can't recall even discussing the move, only packing for it the night before. The trip was funded by loans from both sets of her grandparents.

"My parents weren't stupid," she says. "The conditions in Russia weren't the best for tennis." Her mother, unable to secure a visa, wouldn't rejoin her until two years later; if this separation hurt, Maria doesn't show it. Soon after landing in Florida, father and daughter showed up at the famed Nick Bollettieri Tennis Academy in Bradenton, Fla., which has molded such stars as Andre Agassi, Monica Seles and Pete Sampras. But the trainers there deemed her too young and advised Yuri to return when she was a little older.

Then came two difficult years of knocking around. Maria can't recall details but says she and her dad made the Florida tennis scene, where she got sporadic instruction and he found ways to pay the bills. "You can never get a real straight answer from either of them," says Max Eisenbud, Maria's main handler at IMG, who speaks with her daily. "Yuri calls it survival. It was just two very tough years. They don't forget what it was like."

When the Sharapovas returned to Bollettieri in 1995, Maria was 9 and raw, gawky and spaghetti thin, but she was more advanced than any other child her age. "She had an air of almost naive arrogance and privilege," Bollettieri recalls. He had sold his shop in 1987 to IMG, which uses it as a profit center and feeder system for future clients. The academy charges \$46,000 for nine months of training, tutoring and room and board. IMG offered Maria a full-ride scholarship, placing her alongside girls who were ten years older. "I never had the experience of actually being around other kids

every day," Sharapova says. "I was never in, like, a normal school, never in kindergarten." But she adds: "It's hard to miss it when you've never really had it."

Her training was handled first by Bollettieri's team and later by groundstroke specialist Robert Lansdorp, who had worked with Sampras. But Bollettieri says, "Make no mistake about it: There is only one coach, and that is Yuri Sharapova." (The dad declines all interviews, to keep the spotlight on his daughter.)

By age 11 Sharapova had signed with IMG. Eisenbud and Gavin Forbes, who runs the agency's tennis division, started out slowly, securing her a modest Nike deal that kept her in sneakers and workout gear while trying to shield her from hype and expectations. At 13 she won a 16-and-under championship. Two years later she was the youngest player to reach the finals of the Australian Open Junior championship. Still her agents were turning down deals instead of seeking them out, banking on delayed gratification. "It was never really about the money," Eisenbud says. "We were all in agreement that something big was going to happen, and we needed to be clean."

By 2003 Sharapova, then 16, had won her first adult pro tournament, in Japan. A month later she had her first endorsement pact, a one-year deal to hawk NEC in Japan. By this time IMG had invested some \$500,000 in Sharapova with little financial return. Exposing her only gradually, Eisenbud booked her on the little-watched Late Late Show on CBS. IMG agents began to talk to marketers about their client but held off on trying to land deals. They figured she would need three more years, reaching age 19, to win a Grand Slam tournament like Wimbledon. Just a year later she won at Wimbledon.

Courtside that day, as the TV cameras rolled, the elated youngster tried to call her mother on a cell phone. An IMG marketing executive, Alan Zucker, watching at home in suburban Cleveland, called his contact at Motorola to make a pitch: Sharapova didn't use a Motorola phone at that moment, but she could have. One month later Sharapova had her first global endorsement deal; the estimated \$1 million a year pact was Motorola's first big celebrity contract in a decade.

The day after Wimbledon Yuri Sharapova sat down with Maria's two IMG agents and pored over a 12-month calendar to plot the days when she would be made available to work with her corporate sponsors, limiting the time to three weeks. They since have signed ten new endorsement contracts and say they are full up for now. Her likely take: \$15 million a year, though some say it surpasses \$20 million.

Other distractions creep in. In May Motorola threw a party for Sharapova's 18th birthday at a downtown Manhattan nightspot, attended by 700 friends and well-wishers and packed with red-carpet paparazzi. The tabloids run adoring photos of her, but she tries to ignore them. "They just don't even make sense. They're so useless," says Sharapova. She turned down cover shoots for the leering laddie magazines Maxim and FHM but accepted one for Italian Vogue.

She still devotes six hours a day to tennis and travels for months at a time, leaving little room for personal relationships. "That's a hard thing," she says. Yet she insists tennis isn't the be-all, end-all. "I've always thought there are a lot of other things, new

things, that I'd like to do," she says, maybe something in the fashion business. "Tennis obviously is going to make my money at this point, and that's what I've been practicing for. But it's not my life."

Even some of her handlers believe she will quit sooner rather than later. "I don't think Maria is going to be playing tennis when she's 28," says her coach, Lansdorp.

Sharapova is clear-eyed about the fact that she must keep on winning; many of her marketing deals reach full value only if she attains certain goals such as winning another Grand Slam match or rising to the number-one ranking in the world. In recent months she has stalled at number two. Last month, playing on a sprained ankle, her first significant injury, she got bounced out of the French Open in the quarterfinals. All of her success could be temporary, she concedes. She is spending cautiously, limiting binges to shoes and the occasional dress. In May she made her biggest purchase: a \$2.7 million, 4,700-square-foot home in Bradenton, where she will live with her parents.

"I know it's really hard to make money and that it's really easy to lose it," she says. "I'm still only 18 years old, and you never know what could happen. I might get injured and, hey, I'm stuck." On many days she wakes up tired and drained, "and I feel in my head that I don't want to see a tennis ball anymore." It's just fatigue, she says, not burnout, though she feels she can quit whenever she likes. "Off the court, my father does his own thing, and he lets me do my own thing. He understands I'm 18 and have another life," she says. But "he knows that I'm under control. I know that I'm under control." Her handlers, no doubt, hope to keep it that way.

### ***The Barbarian at the First Tee Brett Pulley, 07.04.05***

IMG parlayed a stable of golf stars into a sports and talent empire. what's a guy like Ted Forstmann doing here?

In the 27 year since he started his private equity firm, Forstmann Little & Co., Theodore J. Forstmann built a personal fortune by buying and reselling companies such as Gulfstream Aerospace and General Instrument. He had his clunkers, too, such as XO Communications. Now 65 and winding down his career--his fund will raise no future cash--he has bet \$750 million on the most intangible of assets: stars, and the people who love them.

Forstmann grew famous in the leveraged buyout binge of the Eighties and was a prominent suitor in the RJR Nabisco takeover battle immortalized in the book *Barbarians at the Gate*. Last November his firm bought its way into the top of the cozy, insular world of talent management and marketing by acquiring IMG from the estate of its founder and majority owner, the late Mark McCormack, a Forstmann friend.

The deal jolted the talent industry, for Cleveland-based IMG had created modern-day sports marketing and represents many of the world's greatest athletes, models and

writers, including tennis phenomenon Maria Sharapova; baseball's Derek Jeter; Indianapolis Colts quarterback Peyton Manning; model Heidi Klum; the number one women's golfer, Annika Sorenstam; and six of golf's top ten men, including Vijay Singh and Tiger Woods.

Thus has Forstmann, whose personal net worth is \$725 million, won entrée into a coveted world of glamour. An eternal bachelor who has had close friendships with the late Princess Diana, actress Elizabeth Hurley (an IMG client) and other famous beauties, he is comfortable in the currency of IMG. His pals include Singh, a golfing partner, and former tennis pro Andrea Jaeger, whose Aspen, Colo. ranch for kids with cancer is funded in part by Forstmann. He declined to be interviewed for this story.

In acquiring IMG, Forstmann, its new chairman, promised to preserve the founder's legacy, but he has moved quickly to impose hardheaded business principles on a firm that had always been run by ex-jocks and sports-fan lawyers. He has cut IMG's staff about 10% to 2,100 employees, shaken up management and stocked the IMG board with titans of business. He threw out a company structure that supported two chief executives, keeping one, Bob D. Kain, as president, and pushing the other, IMG veteran Alastair Johnston, into the vice chairman's role and a step closer to retirement. IMG's longtime chief financial officer, Peter Kuhn, is out, replaced by Bob Ryder from American Greetings. IMG's new board includes John Mack, former chief of Credit Suisse First Boston, Univision head Jerry Perenchio and Herb Siegel, who built Chris-Craft Industries.

"Let's face it, most of us were sports guys. We grew up on a gut feel. We are now much more of a corporate environment," says Kain, a 31-year IMG veteran.

For over 40 years, going with the gut served IMG superbly. McCormack, a Yale-educated lawyer, started the agency in 1960 with a simple handshake agreement with his first client, a young golfer named Arnold Palmer. McCormack signed more golfers and soon moved into other sports, signing up stars of tennis, track, soccer, baseball and football. Clients such as Pelé and Jack Nicklaus were among the first to transcend their respective sports to endorse clothing and luxury goods, hit the speaking circuit and play in lucrative exhibition matches.

As the roster grew--it now exceeds 1,000 clients--McCormack moved beyond representation, opening nearly 80 offices worldwide, owning and running tennis tournaments, events and exhibitions and producing TV programs wrapped around them. (Some of these events have been sold recently; others are for sale.) An IMG-owned TV unit, TWI, produces more than 6,500 hours of sports programming each year and generates nearly half of IMG's total revenue. The golf unit, which represents players and produces events, accounts for almost 25% of revenue. The remainder comes from other sports and entertainment and from sports schools, including the Nick Bollettieri Tennis Academy and the David Leadbetter Golf Academy.

As International Management Group (IMG's original name) expanded, McCormack cultivated diehard loyalty among his staff, though he never deigned to hand out equity ownership to his employees. He had known Forstmann since the Eighties and grew closer to him in the waning years of his life when they both served on the

Gulfstream board. In 2003, at age 72, McCormack had a heart attack while in his New York office; he died a few months later still in the hospital. Forstmann soon began wooing McCormack's family to sell out, promising to take care of what its patriarch had built. "He has been a man of his word," says Todd McCormack, son of the founder and head of IMG's interactive and new-media unit.

So far, anyway. With IMG, Forstmann has entered the service business, where competitors plot to steal managers and their clients, and keeping pampered personalities in check is critical. Recently tennis star Serena Williams and golfer Ernie Els quit IMG. To keep his managers content, Forstmann has done something that even the beloved Mark McCormack never did. He has given or sold equity in the firm to some 80 IMG executives. So if he does flip this baby, cutting costs and selling IMG at a profit, they, too, will get rich.

### ***The (Porn) Player*** ***Matthew Miller, 07.04.05***

Jenna Jameson made millions having sex on-camera. now she aims to make millions more--without ever again having to deliver so much as an on-screen kiss.

Jenna Jameson, the world's most famous porn star, has done a far better job of exploiting herself than any sleazy peddler could hope to do. Since 1993 the onetime blonde (now brunette) bombshell has starred in 50-odd adult movies, selling millions of copies worldwide. Today thousands of members pay \$35 a month for access to her Web site, ClubJenna.com, where they can linger over nude pictures of her, download her racy movies and read her lurid diary. Her fans can rent her digital moan as the ringer on their cell phones and buy Jenna sex toys, action figures--and even a piece of herself, molded in soft plastic, anatomically accurate and priced to move at \$200.

But here's the weird part: Jenna Jameson hasn't had sex on-camera with a male partner (other than her husband) in seven years; better yet, she hopes to build her thriving business even bigger without ever again having video sex with anyone--male, female or herself. "I always wanted to be a star," says Jameson, 31. "I've always embraced my hard-core roots, but becoming a household name was an important thing to me."

She has transcended the sex trade to become a bona fide celebrity, hounded by the tabloids and fervid fans. Her memoir, *How to Make Love Like a Porn Star*, spent six weeks on the New York Times bestseller list last year. She has appeared 30 times on Howard Stern's radio show, most recently to disclaim a rumor that she was sleeping with Britney Spears, and had a small role in his 1997 film, *Private Parts*. She shows up on such TV talk shows as *The O'Reilly Factor*. The A&E network is looking at the just-completed pilot for her hoped-for reality series, and she wants to do a film on her life story.

Her holding company, ClubJenna, will hit revenues of \$30 million this year, up 30% in a year; the profits may approach half of that. She owns and operates ClubJenna with

her husband, Jay G. Grdina, a producer or director of 900 adult films. "This has developed from an individual star into a porn conglomerate," he says. "Her brand has been developed with the reputation of being the best, and now we are capitalizing on that and monetizing the name." They hope to move into Jenna-branded strip clubs, cosmetics, an apparel line and bejeweled sex toys.

Jameson says she has shot enough new hard-core footage with her husband (who performs under the name "Justin Sterling") to let them release a couple of Jenna flicks each year for a decade. The typical adult release sells 3,000 copies in the first month; a Jenna Jameson sells 50,000 at a retail price of \$50 each. Moreover, she has lined up a stable of five new actresses to make films under the ClubJenna label, boosting her production from three films last year to a projected three dozen in 2005. The first release, which debuted late last year and stars Krystal Steal, features Jameson beside her on the cover and includes a tryst between them--and sold 30,000 copies in the first month.

"Not doing my movies doesn't mean retirement," Jameson says in an interview at her plush home in Scottsdale, Ariz. "It means more work--and more money." She pays her new stars a base of \$50,000 to \$150,000 a year, plus a 3% cut of any sales over the 10,000-copy mark. It is a rare setup in a business that releases 11,500 films a year, racking up \$4 billion of a total \$15 billion in U.S. sales of sex-related goods. Had Jameson herself gotten a cut of sales of her early films, she now would bring in an extra \$750,000 a year, Grdina says.

Jenna Jameson was born Jenna Massoli in Las Vegas in 1974, the daughter of a police detective and a Sin City showgirl. Her mother died of cancer when Jenna was a toddler, leaving her father to raise his daughter and an older son alone. A tough teen, Jameson left home at 16 to live with her boyfriend, a tattoo artist who later adorned her derriere with the "Heart Breaker" tattoo that is one of her trademarks. A year later she walked into the Crazy Horse Too, a local strip joint, to ask for a job, but the owner told her to return when she no longer had braces on her teeth. As she tells it in her autobiography, she went home, looked in the mirror and ripped the metal from her mouth with a pair of pliers. The next day she was onstage flaunting her tattoo and soon becoming the top earner in the club.

By day Jameson posed for nudie magazine covers, and at 19 she quit stripping to act in adult films--mainly to retaliate against her beau, who had been cheating on her, as she tells it. She shot her first scene in 1993 and a year later landed a contract with Wicked Pictures, which paid her \$6,000 a month to perform in eight to ten feature films a year, doing three or four scenes in each. Even better money came in from a return to the brass pole: "After I became famous, I made sick money stripping," she says with a laugh. At her peak she got \$5,000 a show, typically did four shows a night and made extra cash posing for Polaroids with panting patrons (\$40 per), selling her latest movie (\$50) and gouging gawkers for tips. She claims she often made \$50,000 a week.

By 1998 Jameson had shot some 40 films for Wicked, including hits like Lip Service and Hard Evidence. That year she ran into Jay Grdina at an awards ceremony in Las Vegas; he hails from a wealthy cattle-ranching family and got into the adult business after college. The two fell in love and moved to Scottsdale, and Jameson decided to

take a break from making movies. "Wicked launched me into superstardom," she says, "but I was determined to become my own boss."

The duo formed ClubJenna as an Internet porn company in 2000; ClubJenna.com was one of the first adult sites to feature fare beyond explicit picture and video content. Jenna provided diaries, advice on relationships and plastic surgery, even stock tips. They were profitable in their third week, but "Dot-com became dot-bomb pretty quickly," says Grdina, "so we decided to diversify." They began running other porn stars' Web sites and still run them for 16 actors, including all 5 ClubJenna women and Vivid Entertainment starlets Tera Patrick and Briana Banks. Web site management and membership fees make up \$12 million, or 40%, of ClubJenna's annual revenue.

Next they set up a movie production company. Jameson planned to do scenes only with women but decided she needed a man on-screen to keep her male fans happy--so she persuaded Grdina to step in front of the camera. "If I were working with someone else, the audience could tell I wasn't into it--and stop buying movies," she says. The two married in June 2003.

Vivid, the world's largest adult film company, with \$100million in sales in 2004, distributes and markets ClubJenna films for a 30% cut of sales. The raunchy movies, which often feature bondage and have Jenna canoodling mightily with myriad women, make up one-third of total revenue and are the most profitable part of the business, earning net margins well above 50%. Briana Loves Jenna, co-produced with Vivid, cost \$280,000 to make in 2001. It grossed over \$1 million in its first year and still sells more than 3,000 copies a month. This month ClubJenna releases Jenna Loves Pain.

Jameson and Grdina began signing their stable of new stars in mid-2004, when Jenna began trying to get pregnant. (She hasn't been successful thus far, and it rankles her. While she hopes to forgo filming any new sex scenes, he hedges his bets, saying it will be kept to a minimum.) The actresses--Krystal Steal, Jesse Capelli, McKenzie Lee, Ashton Moore and Sophia Rossi--benefit from a Jenna scene as a kind of introduction. "My scene with the girls introduces them to my fan base," Jameson says. "That's my handoff of the football. Don't drop it, bitches!"

Jameson also is in a six-year contract with sex-toy maker Doc Johnson, getting a flat licensing fee plus a cut of sales. Jameson takes an active role in the design and marketing of all her toys, says Ronald Braverman, Doc Johnson's chief executive, who dispels any notion that Grdina controls the business and Jenna is simply a pretty face. "Some people might think Jenna is some blonde bimbo because of her films, but they are wrong," he says. "When we sit down for business meetings, she never leaves the room."

Now she is taking on the ever-growing cell phone market (see FORBES, May 23). Y-Tell, ClubJenna's wireless company, sells Jenna "moan tones," pictures, chat services and games in 50-50 partnerships with 20 carriers around the world. Jenna content is available to 35 million people across the globe, mostly in Europe and South America. Grdina says there have been at least 4 million Jenna-related downloads, though the U.S. market has yet to catch fire.

The couple has high hopes for the reality series they have pitched to A&E. A camera crew will begin following the duo six days a week this summer. "People will see we are a regular, monogamous couple," Jameson insists. "There aren't whips lying around our house, and there are no orgy parties on Saturday nights."

So does Jameson ever get numb to sex? "No, I love it," she says. "It's a beautiful thing. Maybe I'm just an insanely sexual person, but to see a woman's sexuality come to life on film --that's art." And, if you are Jenna Jameson, it's also money, lots of it.

### ***The Daredevil Susan Karlin, 07.04.05***

Mixing equal parts Harry Houdini and Fear Factor, magician Criss Angel attempts his greatest stunt: superstardom.

On a chilly evening in April daredevil magician Criss Angel frantically struggles to escape from a covered barrel of water that dangles in midair 80 feet over a Las Vegas parking lot. He has two minutes to wriggle out of handcuffs, grab a safety bar and disengage the barrel body before the entire thing crashes to the ground. Suddenly he screams: "Stop!" The barrel is lowered to the ground, and a shaken Angel emerges. His body had gotten too twisted to let him escape. Moments later he ascends again, this time sliding off his shackles and pulling the release. The barrel plunges to the asphalt and shatters, while Angel hangs on overhead, bare chested and triumphant. "We weren't sure he was gonna make it," one cameraman murmurs.

Angel was shooting the stunt for his new reality show, Criss Angel Mindfreak, set to debut in July on the A&E cable network. The next day he would seal himself inside a wooden crate and blow it apart with dynamite; by week's end he would hover over a nearby canyon, dangling from a helicopter and suspended by fishhooks in his skin.

This is the year Criss Angel aims to transform himself from cult hero into mass-media star-if he doesn't kill himself first. He is a rock-star version of a magician, tossing timeworn trappings-the tux, the sequined babe assistant, the same old tired tricks-in favor of pain, mortal danger and a palpable underpinning of sex. His dark, shaggy mane cascades over his shoulders, and six-pack abs peek through an unbuttoned shirt, which he rarely passes up the chance to shed. Adorning his chest are a medallion said to ward off evil spirits and a diamond-studded cross bearing the word "believe," the code Houdini agreed to use if he was able to contact his wife after death.

Angel laces his view of magic with talk of profit margins, reinvestment and diversification. You're expecting Tommy Lee, and out comes Donald Trump, but with way better hair. "Magic is a wonderful art form, but it needs to be updated," he says. "I grew up on MTV and wanted to break the caricature of a magician pulling rabbits out of a hat or shoving a girl in leotards in a box. Why are magicians still doing what they did 100 years ago?" His manager, David Baram of the Firm, adds: "We think

Criss can do for magic what Cirque du Soleil did for the circus. He understands what he needs to do to build a company and a brand."

But turning a magician into a superstar is "almost impossible," says Richard Kaufman, editor of *Genii*, an industry trade magazine. He counts six, from Houdini to David Blaine, and says, "Criss Angel will be the next."

Born Christopher Sarantakos 30-some years ago, he grew up in East Meadow, N.Y., on Long Island, the youngest of three sons in a close Greek-American family. He got interested in magic at age 6, after his Aunt Stella did a trick for him. He did his first paid gig-for \$15-when he was 12. By age 19 he was making \$3,000 a week performing at children's parties and nightclubs.

Soon he began experimenting with bigger stunts, mixing magic with loud, pulsating rock music that he composed. "I wanted to combine magic and music in a much grander vision that required a band, larger illusions and more equipment." This paid off in the mid-1990s when Angel landed a spot in an ABC special. Then came a show on Halloween at Madison Square Garden in 1998; he took in \$50,000 signing Criss Angel memorabilia for fans. In 2001 he produced Criss Angel Mindfreak, a bona fide off-Broadway hit, investing \$300,000 (borrowed against his mother's house) and reaping \$4 million in 14 months. Later he landed appearances on the ABC Family channel, TBS in Japan, MTV, Discovery Channel and Sci Fi Channel, with most gigs paying him \$300,000 to \$450,000 in production fees.

Last summer Angel signed with the Firm, which manages Robert De Niro, Leonardo DiCaprio and Cameron Diaz. Baram, the president, matched Angel with Johnny Depp's stylist, who stripped the magician's black nail polish, cut his waist-length hair and traded his leather wardrobe for a more artsy, athletic look.

His new show on A&E premieres July 20, featuring his music, surrealist visions, live street magic, behind-the-curtain preparation and family life. Filmed in ten weeks of 20-hour days, 16 half-hour episodes will allow viewers to trail Angel as he catches bullets in his teeth, gets run over by a Hummer while lying on a bed of nails, is buried and is burned alive. A&E will run on-air spots, post billboards in Times Square and on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood and stage a stunt in New York's Bryant Park in which Angel will submerge himself in a tank of water for 36 hours and then escape. Presumably.

Next spring he may take a three-month tour of Asia expected to gross \$3 million. Also in the works: magic tricks, DVDs, brand sponsorships, speaking engagements, a U.S. tour and a standing gig at a Las Vegas casino. Angel makes \$1.5 million a year, and his handlers dream of surpassing the \$57 million a year earned by David Copperfield. "The show gives me built-in marketing. Without money to reinvest, I can't make more art," Angel says. And more art means more money.

***Pennies For Papparazzi***

***Leah Hoffmann, 06.16.05, 6:00 PM ET***

"Don't believe what they say about the money," Mitch Gerber, a New York City-based paparazzo, says gruffly. "Paps don't want people to quit their day jobs and compete for pictures out there with the rest of us, so they lie about how much they're really making. I've lied about it in the past. But don't get me wrong: We do pretty good--\$60,000, maybe \$100,000 a year. The top guys can make \$250,000."

Gerber and approximately 50 of his colleagues are waiting in a small plaza next to New York's Ziegfeld Theatre on a stifling June day. The premiere of *Bewitched*, starring **Nicole Kidman** and **Will Ferrell**, is scheduled that evening at 7. The first photographer to arrive on the scene showed up at 9 that morning. By 2 P.M., more than 35 paparazzi are waiting with him, reading, chatting and talking on the phone.

The photographs they take will sell to countless celebrity magazines--both domestic and international--for \$150 to \$300. Full body shots, which showcase the elaborate designer outfits stars favor, are the most lucrative. This sort of picture is especially difficult to get with Kidman.

"She's tall," explains photographer Dennis Van Tine, "and she's a beanpole. You're standing so close, the angle looks funny."

With so many photographers jostling for good pictures, mere physical space along the red carpet is at a premium. The paparazzi have solved the problem, to some extent, through fastidious organization. The first photographer at the event starts a list of who arrives when (and signs them in and out for their allotted two-hour lunch break). When the film's press agents let them into a 15-by-5-foot area behind the red carpet around 5 P.M., the paparazzi duly line up in the order they arrived and select their positions accordingly. Inevitably, however, there is not enough room to accommodate everyone, and tempers flare as the paparazzi bicker over who should stand where.

The fact that there are so many paparazzi at this sort of staged event means that they will all end up with more or less the same pictures. And that, in turn, has driven down the prices most magazines are willing to pay. "Photographs of stars at a movie premiere are all over the place, so we don't pay as much for them," says Renee Gregory, photo editor for *Us Weekly*.

"It's a buyer's market," Gerber says ruefully.

Why wait so long for a couple hundred bucks? "If you get the perfect shot of Nicole, where she's looking into the camera and smiling, it'll sell to different magazines well into the future," Gerber explains. Photographers might also get lucky and capture some sort of mishap or altercation, making the pics much more lucrative. But the likelihood that each paparazzo at the *Bewitched* premiere will go home with a much heavier pocketbook is slim indeed.

The real money--up to half a million dollars a shot, if the reported price *US Weekly* paid for an image of Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie strolling along a beach in Africa is to be believed--comes from more candid pictures of the stars, usually taken against their will and often without their knowledge. Enterprising paparazzi cruise the streets or hide in the bushes, hoping to capture someone doing something they shouldn't.

They also often have an extensive network of informants, from doormen to hairstylists, whom they ply with money or gifts in exchange for a tip about celebrity whereabouts.

Serendipity can be just as lucrative, if not quite so reliable. Years ago, photographer John Barrett happened to be in New York's Upper East Side when he spied Brooke Shields and Andre Agassi taking a walk. Startled to see the tennis pro sporting a freshly shaved head, he pulled out his camera and snapped away, coming away with "around \$30,000" for his efforts, Barrett says.

The other way to make big bucks as a paparazzo is to befriend a celebrity and thus be granted exclusive access to his or her parties, premieres and events. Gwyneth Paltrow invited New York paparazzo Steve Sands to take the first photographs of her newborn daughter, Apple. Sands then sold the photographs to *People* for "a nice sum." (Other paparazzi estimate the figure at \$300,000 to \$500,000; the magazine would not comment.) Julia Roberts and Liv Tyler have made similar arrangements.

Indeed, some photographers claim to make their living solely through such exclusive deals. Eschewing the title of paparazzo in favor of the classier-sounding "celebrity photographer," they cozy up to stars and promise not to sell unflattering pictures in exchange for unrestricted access at events and private photo ops.

"They claim they'll never print a bad picture of a star," says Gerber. "Let me assure you, they will. They'll just print it under a different name."

The public's appetite for celebrity photographs may be boundless, but the number of paparazzi that the market can sustain is not. "They like to brag about this or that big shot, but most of these guys aren't doing too well," says Sands.

"For a lot of paparazzi, it's all about being around the aura, the action," says Van Tine. "The money is secondary."

### ***Party Like P. Diddy*** ***Lacey Rose, 06.16.05, 6:00 PM ET***

Wanna party like P. Diddy? No problem. All you'll need is a loaded Rolodex and a bulging wallet.

First and foremost, you will have to hire a party planner--after all, you can't be expected to pull off a celebrity bash on your own. And who better for the job than David Tutera, author of *The Party Planner*, whose clients include A-listers like Barbara Walters and Elton John.

For \$50,000 and up, Tutera will take it from there. He'll facilitate everything from securing the location, to booking the entertainment, to discouraging those pesky paparazzi.

Now you'll need your checkbook. Say you want to host a intimate gathering for 500 of

your closest friends at one of the hottest nightclubs on the West Coast, complete with a catered dinner and top-flight entertainment. To do it like P. Diddy, you'll be footing a bill of some \$660,000, according to our sources. (Click here to see how that bill breaks down.)

Include a \$40,000 custom firework show or a \$75,000 party favor fee, and you could run up a \$1 million bill in no time. And here's the bad news: Unlike the celebs, you'll have to foot the entire bill yourself.

### ***The British Celebrity Drought*** ***Dan Ackman, 06.16.05, 6:00 PM ET***

Is Britain, the land that produced Charlie Chaplin, the Beatles and Princess Di, running out of celebrities? It may be: This year there are just six Brits on the Forbes Celebrity 100, and that's if you count Madonna, who only pretends to be British. Two of the remaining five are aging rockers, Elton John and Rod Stewart, who can't last forever. What gives?

Maybe the situation is not as dire as it seems. After all, the vast majority of the people on our celebrity list are Americans. Of all the categories, non-Americans predominate in just one, fashion models--no talking required--with four out of the five hailing from outside the U.S. Britain, with five of the world's 100 most powerful celebs, beats Brazil (3), Australia (2), Germany (2), New Zealand (1) and Italy (1). Once-reliable celebrity producer France has zero. Ditto Spain.

One could simply consider the data and turn the page, but why not sound the alarm? After all, Americans expect more from the U.K. because the two countries share a language and large aspects of a common culture. American celebrities have long traveled to London to gain a patina of culture, Madonna being the most recent. By the same token, British celebrities have long journeyed to New York and Los Angeles to gain a patina of cash. Many have stayed on.

There is still some interchange, of course. But British actors, though talented as ever, are not getting the starring roles they once did. Americans also have lost their taste for British writers, at least the bestseller sort, with J.K. Rowling being the obvious exception.

No one can say for sure what is causing the shortage of Brits in the top ranks of celebrity, but a few theories have emerged.

One is that movies have become more lowbrow than ever, with action stars dominating the box office. These stars tend to be rugged American types, not classy or bemused Englishmen like Cary Grant or Hugh Grant. If Sean Connery has a successor, it is Pierce Brosnan, and Brosnan is no Sean Connery.

Britain's problem in producing sports celebrities is a perennial one: They insist on playing soccer rather than American football and, worse, cricket rather than baseball. Though Americans will give a nod to a soccer star on rare occasions--provided, like David Beckham, he marries well and has versatile hair--they have never tolerated

cricketers and never will. Brits, quite literally, refuse to play the game.

A third cause of the British celebrity shortage is that the culture (in Britain as well as in the U.S.) has become more focused on the Everyman who performs on so-called "reality" television. The British are no stranger to this trend. Indeed, the man who did more than anyone else to popularize the trend is a Brit, Mark Burnett. But America has plenty of nobodies of its own and hardly needs to import nobodies from Britain. And vice versa. Either way, talent-based celebs get crowded out.

Finally, there is the royal family. Royals have long lost their governing authority, but they remain über-celebrities, famous for being famous. Our list rules preclude royals from being named to the Celebrity 100. But Jessica Simpson and Paris Hilton and their ilk will always have an important place in U.S. celebrity culture. In Britain, that place is occupied by royals, sucking the air from potential celebrities lacking royal birth.