

Death By Hollywood

There has been a rash of celebrity deaths lately – Art Linkletter, Gary Coleman, Dennis Hopper, and Rue McClanahan (second to last survivor of the Golden Girls) to name a few. As with many celebrities, circumstances surrounding some of these deaths have been quite out of the ordinary.

Dennis Hopper was in the midst of a frantic and nasty divorce when he lost his battle to cancer. His wife is currently battling for her share of the estate – seems the pre-nup stipulated that the couple be married AND living together at the time of his death. She contends that living in the guest house on the same property IS living together...

I listened to the 911 call from Gary Coleman's wife, and it's creepy to say the least. I've never heard a person so cold – “send someone quick because I don't know if he's going to, like, be alive.” And that she can't help him because she “doesn't want to be traumatized right now...” and “I've got blood on myself, I'm gagging, I can't deal.” Me, me, me. So WOW. Does Shannon (aka Mrs. Coleman – well, not really... as it turns out, there was a secret divorce back in '08) have something to hide? My guess is that she is digging herself a deeper hole with every press conference, er, day that goes by... It's especially interesting how she is quick to do press conferences, shooting a video for tmz.com just one day after her ~~husband's~~ er, roommate's death. You can listen to Shannon's refusal to help Gary [here in the sad 911 call](#), and [here is a link to the video](#) shot a day later when she contradicts herself – in the 911 call, she says she can't help Gary because she has seizures so she can't drive, whereas in the video, she says that Gary has done nice things for her, like buy her a car. So... why would he buy her a car if she can't drive? Oh, and not a tear has fallen from Shannon's eyes publicly since Gary's death. Something's fishy here, and Ms. Price's penchant for being in the spotlight is going to be

the catalyst to her unraveling, it seems.

Last night was the first night I was able to spend at home in a long time. I was excited to see that the Cubs had a night game, and I was looking forward to getting to sit and watch my first entire baseball game since opening day... but I had read the schedule wrong – actually I've been a day off all week. My husband being off work on Memorial Day got me a day behind, and then somehow I overcompensated and got a day ahead in the later part of the week. Just the latest on a lengthening list of stupid things I've done lately – where is my brain? So anyway, baseball-gameless, I decided to watch some “junk tv” – whatever I could find in useless reality shows or documentaries. I was looking for “Fantastic Houseboats”, but I couldn't find the Travel Channel (have I mentioned that I never watch tv? I don't even know what our channels are! Well, I know Noggin, PBS, and Nickleodeon by heart, but nothing other than kids' channels...), so I ended up watching something called “Jail” that was really a Cops knock-off and then an interesting show on E! – 20 Most Horrifying Hollywood Murders. Ah, celebrity gossip meets true crime = perfect junk tv! It was quite interesting; though I had already known about most of the cases which included: Nicole Brown Simpson, Bonnie Lee Bakley, Rebecca Shaeffer (an 80s tv star that was murdered by a stalker, how sad), Dominique Dunne, Bob Crane, Sharon Tate, Black Dahlia, Tupac Shakur, Biggie Smalls, and Jose and Kitty Menendez. I did miss a little bit of the show, but I kept waiting for the Phil Hartman case to come on – I thought that would be considered ‘horrifying’ as he was unexpectedly murdered by his cocaine-addicted wife Brynn who then committed suicide. Perhaps it was one of the 20 on the show and I just missed it? And the show also spotlighted something I'd like to try if I ever find myself in Hollywood again: the [Dearly Departed Tours](#). The name speaks for itself. I have a macabre sense of curiosity that way, which is also why I'd like time someday to delve into Steven Bochó's (famous producer who gave us NYPD Blue, Hill Street Blues, and

Doogie Howser, MD) first attempt at a novel – where I got the title of this post. Found Death By Hollywood at the Dollar Store and it looked worth a buck to sit on my shelf for years until I had the time to read it.

So anyway, lots of death in Hollywood lately, and it's sad. Even for those of us with somewhat morbid curiosities; there were still people behind the celebrity facades, and their loved ones left behind are hurting. No matter to what degree of fame they rose, they were all human beings, so how could their deaths be anything but sad?

Thank You For Bein A Friend

They say tragedies come in threes. This past week has seen the passing of three celebrities. Each of them left their mark in one form or another. How will they be remembered? Two of them were adored by millions on the small screen while the other made his mark on the silver screen.

I can well remember many Saturday nights in front of the tv watching the pint sized Gary Coleman deliver his catch phrase: "Whatchu talkin' bout, Willis" week in and week out. Hopefully, he will be remembered as the 10 year-old, pinchable cheeked, comedic ingenue instead of the tabloid hunted adult. Not even a week following his death, Coleman's life is being dragged through the muck.

One of my favorite Golden Girls, Rue McClanahan, passed today. Blanche was the hussy of the group. Kind of a modern day Scarlett O'Hara ("a little more Scarlett than O'Hara"). Hopefully, Betty White will be with us for a while longer. Ms. White shows no sign of slowing down. Her Super Bowl Snickers commercial, stint as host of Saturday Night Live, a

new sitcom coming to TV Land, and a new petition for her to be next year's host of the Academy Awards have all put her once again in the limelight.

I am less familiar with the work of Dennis Hopper. I am too young to remember *Easy Rider* and have never had the desire to seek it out. I do remember *Speed* as well as one of my favorite sports movies, *Hoosiers* (a little sleeper movie from 1986 for which he was nominated for the Best Supporting Actor Oscar).

Prayers and thoughts to the surviving families and friends. And may the fans remember all three for the artistic accomplishments of each of them.