

The latest dope on the stars? Most depressing



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The following is the true, actual first paragraph of a story that was sent over The Associated Press wire recently: "LOS ANGELES — Marty Ingels pleaded no contest to charges he made annoying phone calls to June Allyson. The dispute involved a fee the comedian claimed Allyson owed him for helping her arrange an endorsement contract for adult diapers."

That's enough for me. Don't need no more.
How about you?

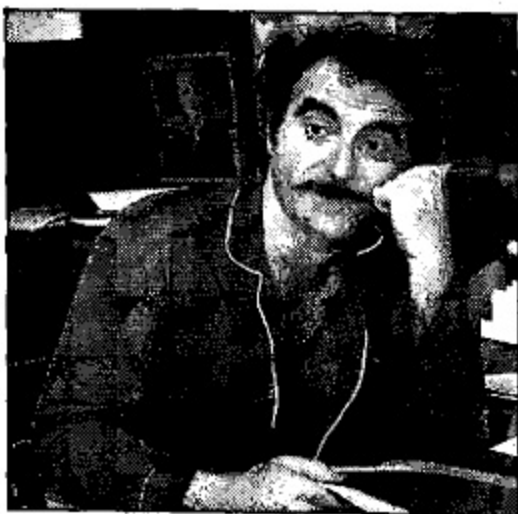
Think about this: Marty Ingels, a no-talent comedian from the 1960s with a chin large enough to land an airplane on, who co-starred with fellow no-talent comedian John Astin (who, himself, was later married to Patty Duke, the former child star, who played cousins, identical cousins, Cathy and Patty, who, sadly, had only seen the sights a girl can see from Brooklyn Heights; Patty Duke, whose autobiography revealed in excruciating detail the extent of her paralyzing bout with manic depression) in the stodgeball sitcom, *I'm Dickens, He's Fenster*, the stupefying daily adventures of two moron carpenters; Marty Ingels, who is now married to Shirley Jones, who was formerly married to Jack Cassidy, a leering, rubber-faced actor who died in an apartment fire that was started, reportedly, after he'd been drinking and fell asleep holding a lit cigarette; Jack Cassidy, described

by his son, David Cassidy, a no-talent rock 'n' roll star, as having "madness in him"; David Cassidy, who played his real-life stepmom Shirley Jones' child on *The Partridge Family*; Shirley Jones, once a celebrated musical comedy star, later reduced to wearing bell-bottoms and playing the tambourine and feeding straight lines to Danny Bonaduce, a no-talent, bat-faced wise-ass who became a drug addict and was once found hiding naked under a pile of clothes in his bedroom, and arrested for beating and robbing a transvestite prostitute, and feeding lines to lovely Susan Dey, who later became an alcoholic, but did so well in L.A. Law that she now has a hit sitcom of her own, *Love and War*, with Jay Thomas, who, in real life, is a radio deejay in L.A., which — small world, isn't it? — is what Danny Bonaduce does now in Philadelphia; Shirley Jones, married to Marty Ingels, who made annoying telephone calls to perky, husky-voiced June Allyson, who was a musical comedy star long before Shirley Jones was in *Oklahoma*; June Allyson, never married to Ronald Reagan, that was Jane Wyman, but formerly married to Dick Powell, a smoothie who died of cancer; June Allyson, now 75 years old and no longer singing with the Harry James Band, but now pitching adult diapers on television, padded things that will soak up an inadvertent whiz, just to show you how far people can fall.

Amazing, I mean, that we know all that, but we can't name our own U.S. senator?

What is it about celebrities, and their needs to expose their wounds to us, and our inexplicable appetite for their ooze?

Because, seriously, I can't stand reading about Cher's tattoos anymore. Cher, who used to be married to Gregg Allman, who had more tattoos than Zelda the Human Tapestry, and before that, the self-aggrandizing Sonny Bono, who somehow acquired a political credential, and not only was mayor of Palm Springs, but actually ran for senator from California and wasn't hooted off the ballot, which brings up the notion that so many of these people are constantly mouthing off about politics, and are given a forum, as if there were actually something rattling around inside their heads other than avocado pits, like that slobbering cipher Tom Arnold, who would be working a gas pump somewhere if not



Hold the phone, Marty Ingels.

for that pushy wife of his, who is always talking about how horrible her childhood was, but apparently it was never so bad that she pushed away from the table, or the utterly vapid putz and a half Richard Gere or even Cher — no, really, I don't want to read another word about her new boobs and her new butt and her new cheekbones and her capped teeth and the goop she puts on her hair. I don't want *Entertainment Tonight* to give me the inside story on her latest gum disease. Isn't anything private anymore? Doesn't she have any hobbies that don't include plastic surgery? Does Cher have nothing better to do than peel herself raw like an onion? Speaking of peeling, is there a single magazine left where Madonna hasn't been photographed eating a banana in the nude while shaving her back? Woody, Mia, Demi... Can I please get through one single day without having to read another theatrical detail about how hard or how often LaToya Jackson gets beaten up by her brisket-faced husband?

There are things we don't need to know.
There are paragraphs we don't need to read.
June, disconnect the phone. LaToya, leave him.
And Marty — get a life.