“All my life I had one dream and that was to be in the movies.”

He was the Golden Boy of the Golden Age. A prince of the silver screen. Dashing and debonair, Tony Curtis arrived on the scene in a blaze of bright lights and celluloid. His good looks, smooth charm, and natural talent earned him fame, women, and adulation—Elvis copied his look and the Beatles put him on their Sgt. Pepper album cover. But the Hollywood life of his dreams brought both invincible highs and debilitating lows. Now, in his captivating, no-holds-barred autobiography, Tony Curtis shares the agony and ecstasy of a private life in the public eye.
No simple tell-all, American Prince chronicles Hollywood during its heyday. Curtis revisits his immense body of work—including the unforgettable classics Houdini, Spartacus, and Some Like It Hot—and regales readers with stories of his associations with Frank Sinatra, Laurence Olivier, director Billy Wilder, and film industry heavyweight Lew Wasserman, as well as paramours Natalie Wood and Marilyn Monroe, among others.

As forthright as he is enthralling, Tony Curtis offers intimate glimpses into his succession of failed marriages (and the one that has endured), his destructive drug addiction, and his passion as a painter. Written with humor and grace, American Prince is a testament to the power of living the life of one's dreams.

**Personal Review: American Prince: A Memoir by Peter Golenbock**

I'll tell you what, Pilgrim -- there's a whooooole lot of farking going on in this memoir.

-- Tony Curtis farked Marilyn Monroe.

-- He farked Gloria deHaven.

-- He farked Natalie Wood.

-- He even went back to his acting school after he became famous, rolled down the window of his limousine and yelled out to a startled, still-unknown Walter Matthau: "I farked Yvonne de Carlo!"

Teah, baby! Yahoo! (The yell, not the multinational corporation.)

One might say that Tony Curtis is to farkin' what the burning bush is to the Old Testament.

(Or not.)

If this book were made into a musical, the lyrics to the theme song might go ... something like this:

~~ Tony Curtis had a harem, e-i, e-i, oh! ~~

~~ And in this harem he farked some strudel, e-i, e-i, oh! ~~

~~ With a fark-fark here and a fark-fark there. ~~

~~ Here a fark, there a fark, everywhere a fark-fark. ~~

COME ON, LET'S HEAR IT! EVERYBODY SING!
Oh, I know, I know, some of the previous reviewers have criticized this book, The Holy Grail of Hedonism, maintaining that all it does is prove that Tony Curtis is an immature, irresponsible, good-for-nothing profligate. Well, do you know what I say to that, buddy? -- FARK YOU!

And the turkey you shot on Thanksgiving.

Oh, ye, of little faith. Don't you realize that every red-blooded American, male or female, given half a chance would just love to do all the upscale farkin' Tony Curtis has done. Quoting the great Sigmund Freud on the importance of farkin' to sound mental health: "Yahoooooo! Yeah, man! Go, baby!"

Ok, so maybe it wasn't Sigmund Freud who said that. Big deal. Maybe it was Mickey Rooney. I get them mixed up. One was short, right?

Oh, sure, all you self-righteous moraliziers, we know -- you wouldn't *dream* of doing what Tony Curtis did, i.e., fark all those famous Hollywood movie stars; all those Grade-A bipeds. Oh nooooooo, 'course not. You'd rather attend the next PTA meeting, take copious notes and volunteer for next month's field trip to the science museum.

And do you know what I say to that, Your High Heineness? Ha! That's what I say to that, quoting that famous American philosopher Stanley Kowalski: HA! HA!

And the horse you came in on, Hester.

Oh, sure, we all know you'd avoid like the plague the utterly irresponsible notion of tooling around in a Rolls Royce convertible, the way our boy Tony does -- one hand on the steering wheel, the other signing autographs, and blessing the multitudes.

You'd rather go to your in-laws house and discuss Aunt Shirley's gall bladder operation, right? (Oh, you fools! You accursed fools!)

And perish the thought you'd ever want to hobnob with all those groovy jet-setters Tony knows. Oh, noooooooo; no-no, no-no-no; not you. You'd rather attend the Jerry Falwell lookalike contest, faithfully held every year in beautiful downtown Horsepucky, Colorado.

We know.

But just remember this, all you hypocritical, self-righteous, green-with-envy moraliziers: "TONY CURTIS LIVES FOR YOUR SINS!"

Shove that up your Funk and Wagnall, Heathcliff.
The fact is, Tony Curtis is a very interesting fellow. (So there!) In fact, in my humble and infallible opinion, Tony Curtis is *unique* among actor-celebrities. He comes across in this book in a very simpatico way: warm, friendly, vulnerable. And that's what makes him such a world class B.S.er! Yahoo, Yahoo! (The emotion, not the heartless corporatist stronghold). How do you think he nailed all those Hollywood starlets. Warm, friendly, vulnerable -- AND THEN HE FARKED 'EM!

(Sepentine, Tony, serpentine! ... Wot a guy!)

Lemme tell ya: this boy doesn't just lay down a load of crap. He buffs it, baby, he buffs it!

Follow me on this now. ... Hollywood is the B.S. capitol of the world, right? So, therefore, Hollywood, by definition, must be loaded with B.S.ers, oui? And Tony Curtis is, hands down, the best of the best, the creme de creme, the "capo di tutti capi" of showbiz B.S.ers.

Well done, Mister C., well done. We in the customized manure business salute you!

What's interesting about this memoir is that whilst Tony-baby pays lip service to whatever harm he may have done, given his wild and wacky ways -- we all know he doesn't mean it. If he had the chance, he'd do it all over again. Twice.

He makes no real apology for his self-indulgent lifestyle. And why should he? Who are you -- yeah *you,* you in the cheap seats over there, you wretched peon -- who are you that Tony Curtis should be worried about apologizing? Take a hike, Elmer.

Oh, and one more thing, Tony, in case you're listening, just a thought. From now on, why not sign your autograph: "I'M AN AMERICAN PRINCE. AND YOU'RE NOT."

'at'll fix 'em.

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American Prince: A Memoir by Peter Golenbock 5 Star Customer Reviews and Lowest Price!