My Personal Review:
And thats the reason Chris interpolated THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE into DADDYS BOY. Pamela Sue was at the apogee of her scrumptiousness in 1973. In the squeezy-wet summer of her sweet goosey youth. Dont be fooled by Chriss distractionary references to the leggy blonde in the wedgie sandals. Carol Lynley means nothing to Chris. Theres only you, Pamela Sue. Only you.

If Bobby Darin was a triple-threat, Bobby Elliott was a megatuple-threat: When I entered his world, he was at his height. You couldnt turn on the radio without hearing his deep manly baritone belting out a lilting romantic lullaby. You couldnt go to the movies without seeing his rock-solid shoulders and receding hairline fill the screen, and you couldnt go to the supermarket without seeing his cherubic face emblazoned on the labels of Bob Elliotts Famous Salad Dressing, or Bob Elliotts Popcorn, Chewing Tobacco, and Turkey Franks. He monopolized the talk shows and gossip columns. His appearance could turn a boring party into an event. He composed, he performed, he lifted weights, and he painted all the murals in the lobby of the RCA Building. He was King of Comedy, King of Drama, and Teen Beats Hunk-of-the-Month at age 53.

Let it also be known that Chris shamelessly borrowed a bit of shtick from THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE: He [Wulfgang Herbert] also felt that since there were no right angles in nature, there should be no right angles in anything man-made, including architecture. Every attempt at constructing a Herbert school without right angles met with disaster before
the school could be completed, and so classes were held outside, literally on 68th and Lexington.

Chris appropriated Monty Pythons Trim-Jeans joke with complete peace of mind: Still later that night, with my mind lost in the parking lot of the Bates Motel, my nostrils filled with the familiar Mum aroma. I woke immediately, and there, standing in the doorway, was Daddy. He was naked except for a pair of inflatable undershorts. (The undershorts were something he had seen advertised on television. Supposedly, if you wore them to bed, you could lose weight in your sleep.) He stood swaying in the doorway for an eternity. Then, in a hushed voice, almost a whisper, he implored: If you eat spaghetti, please watch out for the bay leaves! He turned and was gone as suddenly as he had appeared.

But the best reason to hate Chris is for the following passage: The twins, A and B, shaved their heads, moved to Iran, and opened a chain of Bobs Big Boys, and the rest of the thugs were at Stanford Medical School trying to come up with a cure for those obnoxious people who insist on closing their eyes whenever they talk.

It just so happens that some of those eye-closers are thinking of Pamela Sue Martin. And there’s nothing wrong with that. Isn’t that right, Chris.

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