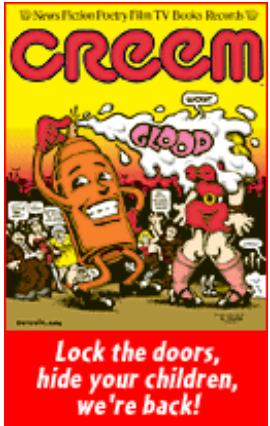




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You can't put your arms around a mammary!



Frank Sinatra And Dean Martin
The Frank Sinatra Show [DVD]
Music Video Distributors

Frank Sinatra reached into the right hand front pocket of his pleated gabardine slacks and pulled out a thick wad of bills. Peeling a dollar off the top, he crumpled it into a ball and tossed it contemptuously on the hotel suite bed.

"Hey!" the blond exclaimed as she stepped back into her pumps. "A blowjob is *five*."

"That's right," Sinatra replied, adjusting his cuffs in the bureau mirror. "And if you ever learn how to *give* one, you might get the fin. Next time, try it *without* your false teeth."

"You rat," the blond hissed under her breath as she scooped up the bill and stomped into the living room. "I don't *wear* false teeth."

"You *will* if you ever talk to me like that again," Sinatra yelled after her. "Now get out."

"Cheap bastard," she snapped, walking out and slamming the door hard behind her.

Sinatra walked over to the bar. "I hope she breaks a heel," he said, pouring himself a shot of scotch. "Whaddya *make* of something like that, huh?"

Sitting across the room in a plush arm chair, Dean Martin casually put down the magazine he was reading and looked up. "Y'know, maybe you oughtta be a little *nicer*, Frank," he drawled. "After all, they're just workin' girls."

"Ah, they're nothing but a buncha whores," Sinatra replied as he carried his drink over to the sofa. "Especially bottled blondes like that."

"Now how can you tell somethin' like *that* from just a blowjob?" Martin asked with wry amusement.

"It's all in the *roots*, pal," Sinatra explained, sitting down. "When you get blown as much as *I* do, you get *used* to seeing the tops of a lot of broad's heads."

"Is that so?" Martin remarked dryly. "I didn't know you were such an expert."

"You mean to tell me you never look down at the top of a broad's head when you're getting blown?"

"Well, that's where I rest the *ashtray*, Frank, so the only time I look down is when I'm pickin' up my *cigarette*. Usually, I'm watchin' *Sunrise Semester* on TV."

Sinatra glanced at his Bulova and frowned. "Where the hell is Lawford?" he asked impatiently. "He should've been back half an hour ago."



"Oh, *you* know Pete," Martin replied airily, picking up the magazine. "He's probably hangin' out with Sammy, talkin' a couple a'pieces of fluff into comin' back *with* 'em right now. Hope you've got another *dollar* left, Mister Big Spender."

"Listen, pal, that broad had more teeth than a comb. I wouldn't eat an egg off her chest. She's lucky she even *got* the buck."

"You're makin' it sound like she didn't even swallow."

"Hey, pal, they *all* swallow."

"What about that one in Utah?"

"Who, the cheerleader?"

"That's the one."

"That was a special circumstance. She was nervous."

"Nervous about what?"

"Her mother watching."

"Well, *that's* understandable. And did *mom* swallow?"

"Hey, pal, they *all* swallow." Sinatra looked over. "What are you reading?"

"This? Oh, just a rag called CREEM that I found downstairs in the bar."

"What is it? A skin mag?"

"Well, it says here on the front that it's 'America's Only Rock 'N' Roll Magazine'."

"Then it shoulda been in the toilet. Rock and roll's for Commies and queers. Lemme see that."

Martin tossed the magazine over and leaned forward to switch on the Philco. Sitting back, he stared blankly at the Indian test pattern. "Hey Frank, how come your pallie Jack can send a man into space, but Entratter can't get the Sands to have TV shows on at four in the morning? Frank?"

"Son of a... did you see this?" Sinatra angrily shook the magazine in his hand. "They've got a review of that show we did on ABC a few years ago! In a rock and roll magazine! Just listen to this!" Sinatra looked down and began reading.

"Years before they recorded their infamous live album at the Villa Venice, the booze laden broad chasin' Frankendean monster lumbered into the living rooms of North America via the ABC television network in a series of seriously soused specials. Now, thanks to the good folks at Music Video Distributors, this rummy run-through from October 1958—which also stars 'Der Bingle' Crosby and Jimmy 'Schnozzola' Durante—has been remastered from the original kinescope, including all of the original Timex commercials. Toss the comely Mitzi Gaynor into the mix and you've got a variety special that gives the slogan 'it takes a licking' a whole new vista of meaning, if you catch my drift."

"Frankendean." Sinatra threw the magazine onto the floor. "Now what the hell is that? Is that supposed to be funny or something?"

"I just spent 10 years workin' with a *monkey*," Martin replied, lighting a cigarette. "I wouldn't know funny if it walked in wearin' a *sign*."

Sinatra stood up. "Yeah, well, it says they're selling this thing on DVD so—"

"Who's selling VD?"

"Look, all I'm saying is that we should get a piece of this action if it's being sold."

"You said Music Video Distributors... isn't that one of Chicago Sam's companies?"

"Well if it is," Sinatra groaned, "then it's a sure bet we'll *never* see a cent from this."

"Oh, come on Frank." Martin stood up. "Aren't you the one that always says any publicity is good publicity? That sounded like a good review to me."

"What's a good review, my brother?" Sammy Davis Jr. said, walking into the hotel suite.

Martin picked up the magazine off the floor. "Here," he said, indicating the spot. "Read this."

"CREEM? What is this, a new skin mag?" Davis looked at the page and immediately started laughing. "Frankendean monster? That's a riot, man! They oughtta call this SCREAM magazine instead 'cause it's so funny. Booze-laden? Broad-chasing? That's hip lingo, baby. Straight from slang junction. Better than the last review I got in *Variety*."

Martin looked over. "What, you mean that pan they headlined: Glass Eye Goes Gassy In Tallahassee?"

"Now don't remind me and don't you go changing the subject," Davis rebuked. "Man, I just gotta get me a copy of this show and see it. Hey Frank, how come you invited Bing instead of me to this rummy run-through of yours? It sounds like you cats had a real blast."

Sinatra glared. "Will you two theatre critics knock it off? Sam, where's Lawford?"

"He's in the bar with pal Joey and five chorus girls specially imported from the lounge, my man." Davis snapped his fingers. "Oh, and Pete says he wants to talk to you about an idea he's got for a follow up to the heist picture. He says we should call it *Ocean's 12*."

"What do you mean *we*, white man?" Sinatra laughed. "And what kind of clod name for a movie is that? Ah, what the hell. Come on, let's go down to the bar and check out these broads. I feel like having eggs for breakfast."

"Say, did you know that Frank here's a big bird watcher?" Martin asked, draping an arm over Davis' shoulder. "In fact, twenty says you can't guess what his favorite feathered species is."

"I'll bite," Davis laughed, looking up. "What is it?"

"Well," Martin said, closing the hotel door behind him. "Have you ever been to Capistrano?"

—Jeffrey Morgan
December 2005

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