



Frank: The Voice

James Kaplan

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Bestselling author James Kaplan redefines Frank Sinatra in a triumphant new biography that includes many rarely seen photographs.

Frank Sinatra was the best-known entertainer of the twentieth century—infinitely charismatic, lionized and notorious in equal measure. But despite his mammoth fame, Sinatra the man has remained an enigma. As Bob Spitz did with the Beatles, Tina Brown for Diana, and Peter Guralnick for Elvis, James Kaplan goes behind the legend and hype to bring alive a force that changed popular culture in fundamental ways.

Sinatra endowed the songs he sang with the explosive conflict of his own personality. He also made the very act of listening to pop music a more personal experience than it had ever been. In *Frank: The Voice*, Kaplan reveals how he did it, bringing deeper insight than ever before to the complex psyche and turbulent life behind that incomparable vocal instrument. We relive the years 1915 to 1954 in glistening detail, experiencing as if for the first time Sinatra's journey from the streets of Hoboken, his fall from the apex of celebrity, and his Oscar-winning return in *From Here to Eternity*. Here at last is the biographer who makes the reader feel what it was really like to be Frank Sinatra—as man, as musician, as tortured genius.

Frank: The Voice Details

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From Reader Review Frank: The Voice for online ebook

Harold says

This is the first volume of a two parter. It ends just after Sinatra wins an oscar for “From Here to Eternity” and ressurects a stagnant career. Kaplan is still working on the second part. Kaplan apparently took his cue from Gary Giddens’s two parter on Bing Crosby. He alludes to Giddens’s work several times. Frank is well written and thoroughly researched. Probably the best of the four Sinatra bios (I’ve also read several books that pertain more to Sinatra’s music) I’ve read although I read Earl Wilson’s Sinatra bio so long ago that I really don’t remember it. I disliked Kitty Kelley’s book. Her Sinatra was a one dimensional lout and much of her info is open to question, although Kaplan does use her as a source at times. Tamborelli’s book was good but Kaplan goes a little deeper and delves into Sinatra’s music more than previous bios have done. Will Friedwald’s book “The Song is You” is really the volume for those interested in Sinatra’s music, but it is commendable that Kaplan addresses it as well as he does. Kelley and Tamborelli really don’t go into what a comsumate artist Sinatra was, concentrating more on the show business and or sensationalistic aspects of his career.

Julie Wilding says

Phenomenal. Now to gear up for the second half!

brian says

from 1955 to 1959 frank sinatra recorded four of the greatest and saddest albums of all time with four of the greatest album covers ever printed. check 'em out:

1955. *In the Wee Small Hours*:

1957. *Where Are You?*:

1958. *Only the Lonely*:

1959. *No One Cares*:

ranging from the lush & melancholy to the almost unbearably bleak, this is the finest collection of ballads, saloon songs, and torch songs sung by the greatest crooner of all time. (tied with morrissey who, incidentally, considers frank as one third of his 'holy trinity')

kaplan's biography stops a year before this remarkable string of albums: his book tracks sinatra's rise through the early and mid 40s, his ruinous fall at the end of that decade, and his resurrection in 1952/3 after winning an oscar for *from here to eternity* and partnering up with genius musical arranger nelson riddle. and there's all kinds of fun, gossipy stuff along the way: fights with reporters, singers, managers, lawyers, journalists; fucks with lana turner, ava gardner, and thousands other anonymous starlets; drinks till the wee small hours with actors, mobsters, crooners, restauranteurs, zillionaires... and all that stuff is great. kaplan infuses it with the novelist's sense of purpose and drama and is pretty brutal about what a motherfucker frank could be -- but what makes this a special book is the attention kaplan pays to sinatra the artist. sure, kaplan delves deep into the technical aspects -- sinatra's particular genius in phrasing, reading songs lyrics as poetry, etc -- but more interesting is how kaplan tackles (as best as words can hope to untangle the ineffable majesty of pure musical *feeling*) that *thing*, that ghost, that shade, that x-factor sinatra possessed. kaplan quotes a reviewer for the london times who attempts to get at it:

Here is an artist who, hailing from the most rowdy and self-confident community the world has ever known, has elected to express the timidity that can never be wholly driven out of the boastfullest heart. To a people whose idea of manhood is husky, full-blooded and self-reliant, Sinatra has dared to suggest that under the crashing self-assertion, man is still a child, frightened and whimpering in the dark.

yes! it is very much that sad, existential quality that lies at the heart of much of frank's artistic genius. the swing numbers are terrific, his readings of the classics have become the standard, but, for me, it's sinatra's ability to convey the inherent longing, sadness, and fear inherent to the human condition that separates frank from the rest (particularly at a time when popular music wasn't really all that much about exposing existential despair).

it's who he was by nature. as much as frank played at being (and eventually became a parody of) the tough guy, saloon-singing, new jersey bruiser, he was an incredibly complex, sensitive guy exploding with the temperament of the miserable artist. after ava gardner left him for that spanish bullfighter frank was more of a drunken, suicidal wreck than usual. frank, afraid to be alone, moved a friend into his beverly hills apartment. here's jules styne's recollection of those months alone with frank:

I walk into the living room and it's like a funeral parlor. There are three pictures of Ava in the room and the only lights are three dim ones on the pictures. Sitting in front of them is Frank with a bottle of brandy. I say to him, "Frank, pull yourself together." And he says, "Go ahead, leave me alone." Then he paces up and down and says, "I can't sleep, I can't sleep."... Then he paces up and down some more and maybe he reads, and he doesn't fall asleep until the sun's up.

in an attempt to re-engage life, frank has friends over for poker. a friend recalls:

He went into the den, opened a bottle, and started drinking alone. There's Frank drinking a toast to a picture of Ava with a tear running down his face. All of a sudden we hear a crash. He had taken the picture, frame and all, and smashed it. Then he had picked up the picture, ripped it into little pieces, and thrown it on the floor. So we go back to the game and a little while later Sammy (Cahn) goes back to Frank, and there he is on his hands and knees picking up the torn pieces of the picture and trying to put it back together again. Well, he gets all the pieces together except the one for the nose. He becomes frantic looking for it, and we all get down on our hands and knees and try to help him.

All of a sudden the doorbell rings. It's a deliver boy with more liquor. So Frank goes to the back door to let him in, but when he opens it, the missing piece flutters out. Well, Frank is so happy, he takes off his gold wrist watch and gives it to the delivery boy.

alright, enough.

if you're not already sold, just watch this.

the 15 seconds b/t 2:30 - 2:45 are just fuuuuuucking haunting.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sbYyOk...>

Judy says

I have always liked Sinatra's singing but didn't know much of his life beyond the Rat Pack image. I became interested to know more about him after seeing a couple of his films recently, and was intrigued by this book because it looks in detail at his early career, which I knew little about.

It's certainly a dramatic story, telling how the brilliant but troubled singer originally rose to fame as idol of the Bobbysoxers. He then saw his career plummet during his disastrous marriage to Ava Gardner, even making a series of suicide attempts, but clawed his way back to the top with his Oscar-winning role in 'From Here to Eternity'. The book ends with him clutching that Oscar - and with most of his best-known albums and films still to come. (Kaplan is currently working on volume two.)

Much of the time it is a fascinating read, especially when Kaplan discusses recording sessions, the contributions of the various musicians, and Sinatra's interpretations of particular songs. I was able to listen to many of these recordings online as I read, and now have several albums I need to buy!

However, to my mind the book comes unstuck at times when Kaplan (who is also a novelist) leaves the facts behind and tries to get into people's heads. He sometimes veers into writing sub-Chandler hardboiled prose, imagining conversations and even people's thoughts. Some of these sections also come across as rather sexist - surely we don't need a description of what a group of young girl fans in a hot theatre might have smelt like. I also suspect the whole relationship with Gardner might come across differently if seen from her angle rather than his. So maybe my four-star rating is a bit generous, but I have lived and breathed this book over the past week and can't really give any less.

Carl Rollyson says

Frank Sinatra makes good copy. Just ask Kitty Kelley, Pete Hamill and a host of other biographers who have charted the transformation of the small-fry singing sensation from Hoboken, N.J., into an international star. Excuse the hackneyed phrasing, but the style of James Kaplan's ambitious yet pedestrian tome is infectious.

A fresh approach this is not. Although he does add some worthy research to the story, Kaplan relies heavily on the previous Sinatra biographies, while indulging in clichés such as describing the young Frankie as a boy who could not "punch his way out of a paper bag."

Kaplan begins his biography with an epigraph from Danish philosopher Soren Kierkegaard, clearly signaling that this is a serious biography along the lines of what Gary Giddons has done for Bing Crosby and Peter Guralnick for Elvis Presley. But Kaplan cannot write with either writer's grace or critical skills.

This detail-laden biography, which ends in 1954, is a kind of compendium, when what is needed is a more rigorous rinsing out of stories already familiar to Sinatra fans. And Kaplan enjoys retelling certain stories even when he cannot vouch for them.

For those just beginning their seminar on Sinatra, reading Kaplan is a good start. But Sinatra still awaits his best biographer.

Phil says

Interesting book to review. It has a tremendous amount of detailed information about Frank Sinatra. For me, that was a positive and a negative. Having detailed info is good, but I finally got tired of reading that much detail. If I were a huge Sinatra fan who wanted to learn as much as possible about Sinatra, I would feel differently about the amount of detailed info in the book.

While the author includes a ton of info about the part of Sinatra's life the book focuses on, the book addressed only the first 39 years of his life. He lived to be 82. The author may have a two-volume biography in mind. I don't want that amount of detail.

Kathryn says

I read the second book of Kaplan's two-part Sinatra bio first. Having done this, I think if you haven't read either book you should read *The Voice* first if you want to better appreciate it. Reading *Sinatra: The Chairman* first, I found I enjoyed this book more because I found this era of Sinatra's life more interesting. In *The Voice*, there's so much to muddle through and it's not all happy. To me the book didn't really start rolling until he met Ava, and right when it gets to a pivotal moment in his life, the book's over.

If you're really that interested in Frank's first thirty years, pick it up. You may appreciate *The Chairman* more for it.

Danusha Goska says

James Kaplan's "Frank: The Voice" offers an intimate portrait of a truly weird human being, a portrait as deep as anything you might read in an Ancient Greek tragedy. Sinatra's life was intertwined with the lives of

major entertainment figures like Bing Crosby, Gene Kelly, Louis B. Mayer, and of course Ava Gardner, as well as Mafiosi, and politicians. This book offers a panoply of life in mid-twentieth-century America.

I'd read two previous Sinatra books: Kitty Kelley's "His Way: The Unauthorized Biography of Frank Sinatra" and "The Way You Wear Your Hat: Frank Sinatra and the Lost Art of Livin'" by Bill Zehme. The Zehme book, as the title suggests, is a light-hearted guide to gentleman's style, as mentored by Frank.

The Kitty Kelley book filled me with revulsion. The Frank in those pages is a creep, more of a tabloid headline, and a social climber desperate for fame, than a worthy artist. Two anecdotes from the Kelley book stand out: how badly Sinatra treated his friend and songwriter, Jimmy Van Heusen (the Norman Rockwell painting anecdote) and how badly Sinatra treated Humphrey Bogart's wife, and then widow, Lauren Bacall.

Kelley mocks Sinatra's Hoboken accent and his elocution lessons. Kelley quotes someone who knew young Frank "He spoke with deze dem and dose diction. He had a terrible New Jersey accent, but it didn't show in his singing. It's like the Japanese who sing English and sound just like us. If you can string it out into syllables, it will sound right, and that's what Frank did, I guess." Kelley also mocked the indecipherable Southern accent Ava Gardner had when she first arrived in Hollywood, and her autobiographical statement about "picking bugs off of tobacco plants." Kelley quoted an MGM producer who dismissed Gardner as a profitable no-talent. "She can't act, she can't talk, but she's a terrific piece of merchandise."

In short, the Kelley book reflects one major stream in the American response to Sinatra. Sinatra, in the Kelley book and in the mind of many Americans, was a sleazy upstart with all the wrong pedigree: he was from New Jersey, a contemptible state, he was Italian-American, his mother was a sometime abortionist. Trash.

James Kaplan's "Frank: The Voice" leaves Kelley's bio, and all contemptuous dismissals or trivialization of Sinatra, in the dust. Anyone interested in Sinatra and indeed in twentieth century American popular culture will want to read this book. It is probably the most detailed, well researched biography of Sinatra that we will ever have.

As I read the book's final pages, tears flowed down my cheeks. Though I was mere pages away from completing the book, and eager to do so, I had to close it and turn away and think about many things.

I was astounded by this. The book had made me feel as if Sinatra were a fellow human. Given how extreme Sinatra's biography is, and how loathsome his behavior all too often was, that Kaplan was able to wring tears from me was a remarkable accomplishment. To see the humanity in a remote character is a profound accomplishment of good writing.

Kaplan keeps his sentences short and easy to understand. He eschews big words, and mocks one writer for apparently using a thesaurus. Kaplan's style is almost pulp fiction, it is almost film noir, but it is not that artistically ambitious. Rather, it is the rat-a-tat-tat style of who-what-when-where-why journalism. Whether he is describing Sinatra doing something cruel, kind, or self-destructive – like slitting his own wrist – Kaplan just reports what happened, and makes almost no attempt to embellish, analyze or moralize. At first, I found Kaplan's lack of literary ambition off-putting; I love beautiful writing. By the end of the book, though, the mere accumulation of facts themselves was moving enough for me. I didn't need pretty prose.

There are many dirty words in this book. It opens with a description of Sinatra's childhood home, "Guinea Town," as "s - - - flecked." Kaplan interjects the name of God as an expletive, and he uses the f word. We all know why. Sinatra spoke this way, as did his milieu.

Sinatra screwed around. Epic screwing around. Screwing around while single, while married, while his friends were in the next room. He used fans, fellow megastars, and prostitutes – "blond, brunette, and brown sugar" – in singles, doubles, and with friends. He thus hurt the women he loved and it's undeniable that he hurt himself. Frank loved Ava; Ava dumped Frank, so she said, because she knew he could not be faithful.

Kaplan makes zero attempt to plumb the moral depths of this ravenous, epic screwery. I kept craving that – I really wanted to hear someone say, "This level of debauchery may sound appealing but it causes much human suffering. What was going on with Frank that he needed cheap hookers when he was married to the most beautiful woman in the world?" But Kaplan never raises the question. He does, though, describe Frank's relationship with the shrink his friends forced on him after one of his multiple suicide attempts.

Kaplan details Frank's early years as the alternately abused and spoiled son of Dolly Sinatra, a local mover and shaker, and silent ne'er do well Marty. Frank was emotionally unstable, oversexed, and immature from the start. He was also talented and ambitious. His early career as a singer was meteoric.

And then it all came crashing down. Sinatra was hugely talented, and, when it came to his art, very hard working. Suddenly, none of that mattered. Professional blow followed professional blow. As much as you might hate Sinatra the creep, you can't help but admire Sinatra the dogged artist who refused to give up when maybe only his first wife, Nancy Barbato, still believed in him. And you can't help but think that maybe you had been too judgmental of that friend whose life went south. It can happen to the best of us, no matter how hard we try.

At the same time that Sinatra's professional life was crashing, he was falling in love with, divorcing his wife for, marrying and feuding with MGM film star Ava Gardner. Their affair is out of a bestselling novel or a Broadway play.

The received story is that Frank and Ava was one of the great love affairs of the twentieth century. To me it read like cockroaches mating. They drank. They smoked. They fought, sometimes physically. They cheated on each other. They publicly humiliated each other. He was utterly obsessed with her. The image of him drinking alone with her photograph, tearing up the photograph, then getting on his knees to put the pieces back together, then mourning because he could not find her nose, then rejoicing when a delivery boy bringing more booze stirred up a breeze that brought the nose floating down, then Frank giving the delivery boy the gold watch he was wearing – it's operatic.

I hated Ava Gardner while reading this book. Her great asset was her beauty, and she did nothing to earn that – it was an accident of birth. Unlike Sinatra, she had no art she cared about. Kaplan quotes her as saying that her favorite thing to do was "nothing." That's all too believable. Gardner comes across as a selfish, shallow, non-entity, just a bundle of selfish and temporary appetites spun together in an all-too-attractive form. She doesn't even rise to the level of being interestingly evil.

The one person I could like is Nancy Barbato Sinatra, Frank's first wife. I don't know if in real life she was the saint she is depicted as here, but in all the partying, successes, failures, show business, Mafia ties and politics herein, she is the one "fixed foot," the one stable, human, loving presence. The event that made me cry in the final pages involved Nancy Barbato Sinatra and a St. Genesius medal. Nancy's gesture, in a world of Hollywood fakery, is human, and truly exemplary of the word "love."

We care about Frank Sinatra, primarily, because of his singing career. Kaplan spins on a dime and goes from lurid accounts of smashups, abortions, and orgies to delicate, aesthetically detailed analyses of Sinatra's key songs. I've listened to a lot of Sinatra, and Kaplan's commentary illuminates these songs for me in new ways.

After reading his analysis of Sinatra's 1954 "Songs for Young Lovers" recording of "A Foggy Day in London Town," I had to listen to the song five times in a row in order to fully appreciate the book's comments.

In addition to a soap opera bio and a sensitive appreciation of an artist's output, Kaplan's book gets Sinatra's ethnicity, and America's frequent hostility to Sinatra's ethnicity, home state of New Jersey, and his blue collar roots exactly right. Kaplan has combed the press contemporaneous with Sinatra's life. Powerful journalists were quite open about denigrating Sinatra for being Italian and for being a New Jersey parvenu who had no right to America's riches, economic, social, or erotic. Kaplan places Sinatra's genuine and important support for Civil Rights in this context.

"Frank: The Voice" is 800 pages long. Never have I cared less about the length of a book. It is only part one of Kaplan's bio. It ends with Sinatra winning the Academy Award for "From Here to Eternity."

Frederick says

This is a pretty recent book. I think it came out in 2010. It covers Frank Sinatra's life up to the moment of the 1953 Oscar ceremony, when he awaited the verdict on his nomination as Best Supporting Actor for *FROM HERE TO ETERNITY*. (I won't tell you if he won or not.)

Chances are you have an opinion about the man and an opinion about the music. James Kaplan's book goes into great detail about Sinatra's climb.

What I came away with was a sense of how dependent entertainers were on newspaper columnists in the mid-twentieth century. More to the point, this book shows Sinatra at the mercy of Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper, who weren't so much columnists as mouthpieces for the movie studios. Parsons and Hopper acted as social police.

I don't think there is a 21st-century equivalent of Walter Winchell, but he could ruin an entertainer with a keystroke. Sinatra battled, quite literally, with a minor version of Winchell, a scold named Lee Mortimer, who took Sinatra to court in the 1940s over an ambush Sinatra seems to have arranged. That is, a physical beating at a restaurant. I forget who won the case, but Kaplan has included a great photo of Mortimer in the courtroom, hand on hip, staring at Sinatra, who may or may not know he's being stared at. We see Sinatra in the foreground, seeming to lean his head on the surface of a desk, a wary expression on his face. The caption is: "Pure hatred."

This book essentially makes the case that Frank Sinatra overcame significant odds in becoming the cultural touchstone we know. A profound insecurity was one obstacle. Add to it the prejudice against Italian-Americans when he was coming up, the entertainment world's insistence on an appearance of sexlessness, and the Mob's grip on the music industry and you'll see that Sinatra was struggling to be heard. He made things extremely difficult for himself, but he was fighting for his art. Difficulties would have found him if he hadn't had a desire for self-expression. But that very desire is what made him contribute that inimitable sound so many have imitated and so few have ever matched.

Chamberlon says

Like most biographies written by an outside author, the text could have benefited with a shorter final draft

and it tends to get a bit littered with unnecessary puff and wordiness. But the engaging stories (both hilarious and tragic) are very much worth it for die hard fans and history buffs.

Brian Willis says

As with most other popular culture icons, biographers examine the National Enquirer tabloid style details about Frank, and what is not to like with that approach? Mafia ties, tons of women, excessive drinking, tragedy and triumph and more tragedy and triumph. None truly explore how his talent worked, his psychological motivations and needs, as well as what made the man tick.

This biography is the first to do that. The lurid details are here, especially in the section dealing with Ava Gardner (crazy love indeed, they were absolutely obsessed with each other) but also the deep physical and psychological scars of a childhood in Hoboken, the twisted mental aftershocks of his early family life, the long slow steady obsessive climb towards superstardom including rivalries with Dorsey and Bing Crosby, the famine years when popular fashion left him behind, and the desperate climb back to relevancy, begging (as Johnny Fontaine - the supposed Sinatra stand-in in *The Godfather*) for a role he was born to play in *From Here To Eternity*. He somehow manages to do so, and we leave Frank at the end of this book, having just won the Oscar for that role, suddenly relevant again but not for singing, permanently cut off from the love of his life, Ava Gardner, and still wanting to revive his singing career.

What sets this apart from other biographies, and why I do indeed give it five stars, is that not only does it cover all of the bases with a significantly higher level of respect and sympathy for its subject than other books, but Kaplan actually explores Frank's VOICE and how he used that instrument in a distinct and unusual way. He refers to the recordings, noting the evolution of his voice into the rich baritone the world has come to know, but explores phrasing, inflection, the tender caresses of notes and diction, and the intelligence Frank brought to bear with his recordings. THAT is the root of Frank's genius, that he sang songs as a great actor would deliver their lines, as if they were spontaneously singing to YOU on the other side of the speaker. Despite the reservations of many critics and readers, this - along with the sequel *SInatra: The Chairman* - is likely to remain the definitive biography of Frank SInatra, and for the exploration of his art, we should be grateful.

Stewart Mitchell says

Sinatra: a complicated figure, as every person is when looked at under a microscope. A man with many talents and many fears, many accomplishments and many shortcomings. Unparalleled singer, irresponsible husband, unbalanced actor, scandalous celebrity. An American legend, in the truest sense.

Kaplan's biography, divided into two books, covers every aspect of Sinatra's life, from his musical and film careers to his family life and failed relationships to his personal struggles and mommy issues. The author writes with flair, sometimes threatening to overstep his boundaries by mixing fact with speculation, but never being aggressively assertive in his narrative. From the very first chapter, it's clear that this is an epic story, and as such, it will be told in a grand fashion. However, since this book (once again, part 1 of 2) only covers half of Sinatra's life, it never fully hits the glorious heights that it hints at, instead meandering around a climax, a catharsis, much like the meandering of the singer's life itself.

However, this incompleteness doesn't detract from the research and effort put into this volume. This is a long, sprawling biography of an extremely interesting man, and it just so happens to be written by an author capable of telling a great story with his writing. I wasn't a Frank Sinatra fan when I picked this book up, just a lover of stories, and I loved this story.

Joy H. says

Added 5/1/15. (This book was first published in 2010.)

5/2/15 - I listened to the unabridged audio of this book. It's disappointing to hear the downside of Sinatra's life. I'd rather remember him for all the enjoyment he gave us with his great talent. It seems it's always the first wives of celebrities who get the short end of the stick. Celebrities like Sinatra are subject to too much temptation.

At any rate, I'm reliving the days when the teenagers screamed and swooned when Sinatra sang. The book says that that phenomenon was manipulated by Sinatra's publicity people. What started as an innocent thing was turned into what became a huge publicity stunt.

It's interesting to hear about Sinatra's early days with the Dorsey band. Sinatra eventually revolutionized the music industry with his singing style. But he had his ups and downs.

Tosh says

Along with Buster Keaton, Marcel Duchamp, Howard Hughes, Duke Ellington, Louise Brooks and Fritz Lang, I think Frank Sinatra is an icon of the 20th Century - or in many ways he is the 20th Century. Famous, but still a mystery, and a man who saw things differently than everyone else. James Kaplan, the biographer, sees him as a genius, and if that is true, then he is a man pretty much made up by his inner personality - which is insecurity, doubt, and pure instinct.

The plus side of the book is that it deals with Sinatra from birth to 1954. Professionally speaking, a bumpy ride to end all bumpy rides. He went from being an early teen star to the bottom of the heap, to the top again - but over time he became a great recorder of human emotion via his music.

So the book in ways reads like a fictional narrative where it starts off good, the middle part is despair, and the ending is hopeful for a better future. And all of this pretty much has a strong second character Ava Gardner, the muse, the wife, and demon for Mr. Sinatra. In many ways a perfect couple, in the Sinatra world, but in reality it must have been a total mixture of boredom, total despair, and pure blissfulness all in parts, but never put together like a perfect cocktail drink.

Although the book doesn't cover the entire 1950's, which I consider to be the golden age of Sinatra-life, due to making perhaps the first of a series of conceptual albums with a particular theme for capital Records. Those series of albums are without doubt landmark albums, and they are made to play all the way through from the first song to the last.

So yes, the book ends in 1954, my birth year, and also one can argue the beginning of commercial white Rock n' Roll with respect to Elvis hitting Sun Studios. This decade he would grow as an artist, and yet the

doubt lurks in the murky background....

Brooklyn Tayla says

James Kaplan has penned what is one of the most spectacular biographies I've ever read. A rabid Sinatra fan; it was thrilling for me to discover lots of things I hadn't learnt about Ol Blue Eyes :) definitely can't wait to read book 2 :)
