Edna Ferber wrote vividly of the first time she saw a film: “It was in 1897 that I glimpsed the first faint flicker of that form of entertainment which was to encircle the world with a silver sheet. We all went to see the new-fangled thing called the animatograph,” she recalled. “It was hard on the eyes, what with a constant flicker and a shower of dancing black and white spots over everything. But the audience agreed that it was a thousand times more wonderful than even the magic lantern.”¹ Twenty years later, Ferber made her first sale to Hollywood Save.

Chapter four Marking the Boundaries of Classical Hollywood’s Rise and Fall

CIMARRON, 1928–1961. (pp. 113-152). Ferber reflected once, “I have always thought that a writing style should be impossible of sex determination. Although Ferber sought to write fiction that looked at America’s ugly past through the prism of contemporary problems, she was often criticized as writing just for bookish women, or worse – Hollywood, which made the most derided of genres, the women’s picture. Ironically again, her novels were often shaped (or at least promoted as) more masculine adventures, particularly those made or remade in the 1950s.