

(Free read ebook) Gone With The Wind: The Definitive Illustrated History of the Book, the Movie, and the Legend

## **Gone With The Wind: The Definitive Illustrated History of the Book, the Movie, and the Legend**

*Herb Bridges, Terryl C. Bookman*  
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**Herb Bridges, Terryl C. Bookman : Gone With The Wind: The Definitive Illustrated History of the Book, the Movie, and the Legend** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised *Gone With The Wind: The Definitive Illustrated History of the Book, the Movie, and the Legend*:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Arrived in good condition. Briefly glanced through it - can't wait ...By CustomerArrived in good condition. Briefly glanced through it - can't wait to read this book cover to cover. Lots of good pictures you don't normally see when GWTW is/was advertised. Can't wait to read it! I purchased a 2nd copy for a friend of mine who is retiring and is a huge GWTW fan! She'll love it.1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Superb Photo Gallery of "GWTW" ProductionBy Larry GevirtzThis was a very good examination of the phenomenon of turning Margaret Mitchell's "Gone with the Wind" into an iconic movie. The written section of the book could be more comprehensive, but the cavalcade of photos in the book (many of them not widely shown before) compensate for that. As such, this is an excellent book companion to the film, for those who are "Gone with the Wind" enthusiasts.1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. A Must Have For All Fans Of Gone With The WindBy JayAnyone who is a fan of the book and movie will love this very informative book that has so much interesting information that you never knew before. It is filled with beautiful photos and this is definitely a book you can always refer back to.

Celebrate the 50th Anniversary of an American Classic. Published in the spring of 1936, Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind* was an immediate and overwhelming success; millions of copies were sold in its first year alone. By the time the film opened on December 15, 1939, the anticipation and excitement were so great that the city of Atlanta declared the day an official holiday. Since then, more than 300 million people have seen the film and every year hundreds of thousands of copies of the novel are sold in dozens of languages. This lavishly illustrated book is the ultimate behind-the-scenes history of the novel, the film, and the phenomenon of *Gone With the Wind*. It includes wonderful anecdotes, original quotes from the stars and the directors souvenir programs from the original premiere, many rare never-before published photographs, and more, from the smell of the smoke and the heat of the flames during the filming of the "burning of Atlanta" sequence to the soft touch of the red dust at the location Tara; from the fangue on the faces of cast and crew after grueling months of shooting to the thrill of premiere night, you will experience the unfolding drama as if you were there.

About the Author Herb Bridges is the world's leading authority on *Gone With the Wind* and has amassed the world's largest collection of GWTW memorabilia. Along with Terry C. Boodman, he is co-editor of *Gone With the Wind: The Screenplay*. He has published three other books about the movie, *The Filming of Gone With the Wind*, *Frankly, My Dear...*, and *Scarlet Fever*. He lives in Atlanta, Georgia. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER ONE The Legend In the spring of 1936, a new novel blew onto the American scene with the force of a hurricane -- *Gone With the Wind*. Essentially the story of a willful girl and the people around her during and after the Civil War, the book was an overnight sensation, selling a million copies and commanding thirty-one printings in its first year of publication. People were crazy about GWTW, as it soon became known. The first printing sold out almost as fast as it rolled off the presses. Eager fans thronged around its author each time she set foot on a city street, as if she were a movie star, while the press beat a path to her door and never left it. GWTW had arrived. Now, more than fifty years later, it is still popular. Readers are just as apt now, as then, to discover it sold out in bookstores and already checked out in libraries. What was the mind behind *Gone With the Wind*? How was a work of such enduring popularity created? To know that, one must know its author, Margaret Mitchell. And to know her, one must slip back in time. Atlanta, Georgia, 1900. The War Between the States had been waged and lost only thirty-five years earlier and was still a fresh and vivid memory. In the gracious homes that lined Peachtree Street and the shanties along Decatur Street still lived the survivors of a conflict that had already taken permanent root in the collective consciousness of the South and flourished. Margaret Munnerlyn Mitchell was born on November 8 of that year, the fifth generation of her family to proudly call themselves Atlantans, steeped in the legends of the city and the South. As a child she spent long, lazy Sunday afternoons "sitting on the bony knees of Confederate veterans and the fat, slick laps of old ladies who had survived the war," listening to tales of relatives who walked fifty miles with their skulls cracked by Yankee bullets, stuffed wrapping paper beneath their corsets to keep warm during the blockade, and sat down to supper with Rebel leaders. And all these tales were told not as epic drama but as ordinary family happenings that could have occurred just yesterday. When she was six, Margaret herself became a rebel, against going to school. On a blazing hot September day her mother drove her out along the road to Jonesboro, pointing out the ruins of great houses that had fallen during or because of the war, chimneys standing ghostly among the scattered leaves and creeping foliage of the encroaching woods. She also pointed out the proud homes that still stood, testimony to their owners' steely spirit. She explained that all the people who had once lived in all the houses had believed they had wealth and beauty and good times that would never end. But their world did end. And it would happen again, Margaret's mother warned. And when it did, she had better be prepared. "...All that would be left after a world ended would be what you could do with your hands and what you had in your head," not the least of which was an education. Margaret went to school. Margaret grew up with the twentieth century, a Jazz Age baby, sufficiently enlightened in the New Era of women's equality to set off for college with aspirations of becoming a neurologist or psychiatrist. During her first year, however, her mother died in the influenza epidemic of 1919, and she came home to keep house for her father and brother. A freethinking flapper, "one of those short-haired, short-skirted, hard-boiled young women who preachers said would go to hell or be hanged before they were thirty," as she described herself, Margaret talked her way into, and succeeded admirably at, a position as a reporter for the *Atlanta Journal Sunday Magazine*, no mean feat in an age where the only newspapermen were men. Margaret -- Peggy, her friends called her -- moved about in a modern world of moving pictures, speedy automobiles, electric iceboxes airplanes, and radios, but to her the Civil War was just as recent and probably more real. She found herself in 1926, at the height of the Jazz Age, housebound with a broken ankle that developed into arthritis she began to write a novel about the Civil War. She was first of all a voracious reader. Her husband, John Marsh, brought home armloads of library books every night to entertain her until one evening he announced that he had exhausted the supply; she had read every book in the library except the exact sciences. Dropping a sheaf of copy paper in her lap, he told her she now had no choice but to write her own book. She didn't know why she chose the Civil War as her subject, she would later say; it was just always there in her background. The first chapter she wrote was the final one, in which Rhett leaves Scarlett alone to think about him "tomorrow," and from there she wrote a chapter here and a chapter there, apparently in no particular sequence, but as the spirit moved her. As

each chapter was completed, it was sealed into a manila envelope and stacked next to the typewriter. When the stack became two and the two became towers, the envelopes were squirreled away in varying spots in the three-room apartment -- some under the bed, some under the sofa, others in the pots-and-pans cupboard. When friends visited, the typewriter and the current chapter were covered over with a large bath towel. Peggy didn't like people to know she was working on a book. And, anyway, she never planned to sell it; it was only for her own amusement. Sometime in 1929, the novel was finished, all except for the opening chapter and two others. The stock market crashed, a black and ominous Depression fell over the world, and Margaret Mitchell went on about the business of being Mrs. Peggy Marsh. She had written the book mostly during the three years she had spent laid up, sometimes bedridden, with her bad ankle, having been told by doctors that she might never walk again. She finished the book, her ankle thankfully healed, and as she put it, "When my foot got well, I stopped writing because walking seemed far more interesting." Peggy had been engaged once, to a young man who was shortly thereafter killed in World War I, and married once before -- for a period of only months -- to a fellow emotionally unequipped for life with the headstrong Margaret. But now her ship had come in. Being Mrs. Marsh was fun. Peggy and John lived in a small, dark apartment they affectionately called "The Dump" and used as a base for lively, intellectually stimulating dinner parties and evening entertainments. Life flowed on like Southern molasses, sometimes thick and grainy, crystallized with illnesses or the woes of friends, but always sweet. Then, in the spring of 1935, life abruptly changed. Lois Cole, one of the few intimates who knew Peggy had been writing a book, was working for the Macmillan Company, publishers, in New York. The firm had reasoned that Southern books by new authors were frequent sellers and decided to send senior editor Harold Latham on a tour of the South. Lois suggested that he stop and talk with Peggy Marsh. Mr. Latham followed through, calling on her at her home. Mrs. Marsh, however, insisted that she was not an author, was not writing, had never written a book, and wasn't the least bit interested in being reviewed by any publisher. Mr. Latham packed his bags and prepared to leave Atlanta. But first he attended a tea where Peggy introduced him to a young girl who did hope to make it big as an author. As she drove the girl and her friends home from the tea, another young lady in the car spilled the beans about Peggy writing a book. The first girl was amazed. She couldn't believe that Mrs. Marsh could write. She didn't seem the type. She took life much too lightly, the girl said, and was wasting her time trying to be a serious novelist. As Peggy put it later, the girl had said,