

**MADAME SAND: A  
BIOGRAPHICAL  
COMEDY**

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Madame Sand: A Biographical Comedy by Philip Moeller & Mrs. Fiske & Arthur Hopkins

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**PHILIP MOELLER & MRS. FISKE & ARTHUR HOPKINS**

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BIOGRAPHICAL  
COMEDY**



# MADAME SAND.

A BIOGRAPHICAL COMEDY

BY

PHILIP MOELLER

WITH A FOREWORD BY

MRS. FISKE

AND AN INTRODUCTION BY

ARTHUR HOPKINS

"As I have never loved before . . ."



NEW YORK  
ALFRED A. KNOPF

1920

TOP SECRET  
SECRET

To Replace  
383534

960  
M 693  
..

*Printed in Great Britain.*

To

MRS. FISKE

FOR WHOM THE PLAY WAS WRITTEN

AND TO

ARTHUR HOPKINS

FOR WHOM I WROTE THE PLAY

520189





## FOREWORD

*ONLY one man has had the wit to paint Aurore Dudevant in a few swift words—Matthew Arnold.*

*“She was like one of the early gods,” he said—or something like it. Only her own hundred odd books can give even a faint understanding of this amazing woman. Among all women—this creature of a thousand colours—grande dame and Bohemian—gamine and daughter of kings, soubrette and philosopher, pagan and religieuse, housefrau and mad lover, everyday hard worker and impassioned dreamer, simpleton and sage, poseuse and farm woman, tragedy queen and imp of mischief, Sibyl and “big child,” everything that lives and burns and flames in man or woman, George Sand the generous, the kind, the simple. What she loved best in all the world was kindness.*

*Your incorrigibly brilliant and funny play, dear Mr. Moeller, reached me in the North Woods, and I laughed and laughed, and then, when I had quite finished laughing, I set out to learn something of George Sand—something that would give me better understanding than my superficial knowledge of the*

## FOREWORD

earlier flamboyant novels—or the beautiful peasant stories. But to study your astonishing heroine is like swimming in the ocean. Gather into yourself all your knowledge of all men, women, and children—unfold your entire “*comedie humaine*” and George will play every part for you.

Something of all mankind is hers and in splendour. George who could cut the hair from her head to offer it at the feet of her lover. George who could mend furniture at four in the morning. George who, cigar in hand, could “slip from the balcony window” and swagger along the darkened road for twenty odd miles in the summer storm. George who could harangue a nation as well as any man. George who could wait with her kind eyes watching for the “little cat that comes to us over the roofs”—wonderful, wonderful George with the friendly smile almost always playing around her lips. The friendly smile that Heine loved—ridiculous, priceless George.

And as I came to know her more and love her more and more as the most flagrantly human creature in history, I began to feel that we, you and I, were party to an act of unforgivable impertinence in our conspiracy to reveal your Aurora as we have revealed her. But this feeling passed—and passed because I continued to know her more and more and love her more and more, and in this ever-increasing love and knowledge I know that in no other way can she be revealed.

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.

## INTRODUCTION

IN "Madame Sand" the author has brought us past lives free from the odour of camphor and the rattle of moth balls. His resurrection of famous characters is worked with a touch that brings them really to life. It is not the efficacy of the embalming fluid, but the glow of life that he has breathed into them.

The biographical drama usually has the vigour of an obituary. Instead of "Here Is" it is invariably "Here Lies." But not so with George and Alfred and Pagello and Chopin and all the others. They live and breathe and seek. And in their seeking we find all that is at once human and tragic. Can one feel that George is seeking liberty or is it liberation? Is it not the hungry reaching-out for some new contact that will explain all the mysteries of life? Is it not the dissatisfied soul—not dissatisfied with what it has, but with what it feels? Is not the same quest for the unknown to be found in Alfred and Chopin, and to a less degree in Pagello?

Are these not souls between mediocrity and greatness who scoff at the conventions of one and are lost in the mazes of the other? Is it not a form of growth, of casting off, of revolution?