

The Oregon Daily (Portland)
 October 24, 1907

**MISS POWELL PRAISES WESTERN LOVE OF MUSIC
 More Men Attend Concerts Here Than in the East —
 Clever Woman Violinist Says Musical Tones Strike
 Responsive Chord Among People in the West.**

Maud Powell, known in private life as Mrs. H. Godfrey Turner, besides being the cleverest woman violinist on the stage today, is an exceptionally clever talker. She is well versed in all subjects, not only musical, and speaks freely and frankly. This is her first visit to the coast and she confesses that she is ashamed of that fact.

“To be an American,” she said, “and yet know more about the other side than your own country is really something to be ashamed of, but I have lived so much abroad. I love the west. It is full of life and broadness and bigness. What amuses me is that here you can actually feel the pulse of your towns. I felt it the moment I stepped off the train here. There is civic life and civic pride, something that does not exist in New York.

“New York is probably the worst of our cities as a dumping ground and there is no Americanism. Mr. Turner, my husband, is far more American than many so-called ones. It is his misfortune, not his fault, he says, that he is an Englishman, and when he came to America with me he asked, ‘But where are your Americans? They all have foreign names and are trying to revert to their foreign ideas.’ I told him to wait till we came west, to my west, for I am an Illinoisan, and so western. And my heart fairly quaked when we came nearer the west for fear I would be disappointed, but we were not.”

Miss Powell is most sanguine in her expectations for America’s musical life. We have not the traditional training of Europe, she said, but have the desire and the money to pay for it.

“We are distinctly a commercial nation, but like all wealthy people we have money to pay for what we want and we will not be satisfied with less. The musical life has grown wonderfully in the last 15 years since I first entered musical circles. Then I played a half dozen recitals, or rather selections, at program recitals before colleges. Now I give five or six concerts a week and tour all over the country and find the people actually hungry for music. And they want the best. I think the women are the salvation of this country musically and I hope they will keep up their work. Here in the west I am pleased to find that more men attend concerts than in the east.”

Miss Powell speaks most enthusiastically and almost reverentially of Joachim, the great violinist, who recently died and with whom she studied. She was one of his favorite pupils and so impressed was he with her work that he waived the usual red tape in admitting her to his

classes.

“He had such a strong personality that while he was a wonderful man and a thorough nobleman I fear he ruined more violinists than he made. They sank their individuality into his and all over Germany they are imitating his every gesture.”

She regrets the limitations of violin music and says that whenever a pianist begins to do Chopin she grows green with envy.

“We have no Chopin, you know,” she said, “and so little else that we are reverting to the old French and Italian masters. And they are beautiful. Vieuxtemps is probably the best of the more modern writers for violin, but he is old-fashioned. Grieg’s music is so full of melody it is suited for the violin. And I find here in the west it appeals because it is about a country of similar bigness and vast outlines that it seems to strike a responding chord. I find the Americans quick to respond to music and they always want the best. They resent a lowering of the program standard.”

From the Archive of The Maud Powell Society for Music and Education

Oregonian (Portland, Oregon)
October 25, 1907

MAUD POWELL, A MUSICIAN WHO IS NATURAL AND UNSPOILED

**Violinist Talks Music With Rare Understanding and
Discourses on Variety of Other Topics Equally Well.**

By Arthur A. Greene

If Maud Powell plays the violin as well as she talks, there is something splendid in store for music-lovers at her recital this afternoon, when she will draw her bow at the Heilig Theater. Miss Powell has never learned to pose, or possibly she knows how but declines to work at it. At all events, the young woman whom I met at the Portland yesterday afternoon is so sane and human that it was difficult to believe she was the great artist we have been led to expect. She is so natural and unspoiled that cynical people must instantly be disarmed. She talks music with rare understanding, but she discourses on a wide variety of topics equally well. It is a treat to meet a musician who gets out of the shop occasionally, and that is why all who come to know in private life this really great violinist must be predisposed in her favor from the very outset.

She has been playing her fiddle in public since she was 12 years old, which I assume must be something like 18 years. From the little Illinois town in which she was born and grew into young womanhood she went to Europe, where she devoted some years to study. Time was when she was regarded as an infant prodigy and got a chance because of her tender years, but his was a good while ago and she has recently stood on her merit as an interpreter of the immortal compositions that have been written for the violin.

Miss Powell is eminently an American in spite of the fact that she has spent a large number of her years abroad. She is thoroughly patriotic, and believes that this is the best country under the sun in which to accomplish great things in music or any other line of endeavor. She has never before been west of Denver, and her tour of exploration has filled her with enthusiasm for this Coast country.

There is a certain degree of allowance to be made for any visitor "in our midst." They all seem to think we expect huzzas and handclapping because we have a fine climate, furthermore because our distances are magnificent. It is farther, you know, from Walla Walla to Portland than it is from Schenectady to Troy, and there is scenery between. Consequently the caller who talks through the newspapers usually feels called upon to say nice things about Providence for being so kind. Miss Powell did this, but with a difference. She seemed to mean what she said. The lady of the fiddle thinks musical taste, for example, is equally as good in Portland as in Boston, and to square herself with her protestations will give a programme this afternoon that is absolutely the same as carried the effete Easterners off their feet.

Those who follow the trend of musical affairs know that Maud Powell is the superior by many points of any American violinist. Her work stands for itself and has won the plaudits of the most critical wherever she has appeared. In England, continental Europe and her own country, she has been voted a great artist, and it is easy to understand why. Her methods are absolutely devoid of sensationalism. She plays the violin as birds sing. It is in her and whatever of cultivation her art has been subjected to has not turned her genius awry as so commonly happens. To this day she is a simple womanly American woman, who plays the fiddle considerably better than any other native of her country, and she prefers to demonstrate her abilities simply and honestly, rather than to stoop to the sensational methods of exploitation, which frequently jar our notions of things as they should be.

It is interesting to note that the violin upon which she will play this afternoon dates from 1775, when it was made by Jean Baptiste Guadagnini in Turin, Italy. In spite of its age it has all the qualities of a young virile instrument, with the mellowness of age added to perfect its tone.

It seems a safe prediction that those who attend The Heilig matinee today will discover that Maud Powell and her fiddle are a musical combination worthy of the highest consideration.

She is an artist who need ask no concessions from the foremost masters of the time and withal, a fine, genuine American woman who is doing yeoman service in maintaining the musical standard of her country.

From the Archive of The Maud Powell Society for Music and Education

The Daily Ledger (Tacoma, Washington)
Wednesday, October 28, 1907

WEST APPRECIATES THE BEST IN MUSIC

**Maud Powell, Famous Violinist Talks Of Her Art
Finds That the Best of the Classics Are Loved Out Here and That Appreciation Is Even
More Sincere Than That of the East — Program for Tonight.**

Americans should thrill with pride whenever the acknowledged position of Mme. Maud Powell in the world of music is called to attention. Through her this country, for the first time, may justly claim the honor of having given the public one of the world's most able violinists — the world's greatest woman violinist.

And they are proud of her. From the time when she was a slip of a girl, with shining black pigtailed and short skirts, her career has been eagerly followed by the American public. Her successes have been its successes, her triumphs its triumphs, until now she stands with her wonderful ability given its defined recognition the world over.

Madame Powell arrived in Tacoma yesterday evening and, when seen by a Ledger reporter, she was quietly dining at a café with her manager.

"We rather wished to escape the publicity of the hotel," she explained. She was thoroughly gracious and did not in the least resent the intrusion into the privacy which she sought at the café. Maud Powell is cordial and entertaining and thoroughly American.

"It is absurd to say that the people of the great West are not as musical as the people of the East. They are so appreciative! They love the best of the classics and their appreciation is even more deep and sincere than is shown in the East," said Mme. Powell, when asked her opinion of the West.

"I find that appreciation in regard to localities differs but little, after all, and I never arrange a schedule of programs for concerts in different sections of the country as some musicians say they do. I never play down.

"Tacoma must be musical. I was glad that, of the two programs submitted by my manager, they chose my Boston program. In regard to demonstrative appreciation in the East, the audiences are probably more matter-of-fact. I love to play for the Western audiences.

Instance of Great Concerto.

“I once found a concerto of Jean Sibelius’ which appealed to me strongly. It seemed to convey a message to me, and a message which I wished to impart. I tried it in New York. The critics would have none of it. They said I was wasting my time. Yet I felt I could not be mistaken – the message was there, and I would not give it up until I had made others feel what I felt when I played it.

“I tried it again in Chicago. The orchestra tried it, and it seemed, in a way, to appeal to them. We tried it a second time and every player in the orchestra was intensely interested. We played it again and again and I have never seen anything like the hold it secured on us. When I gave it every man in the orchestra felt that he himself was imparting the wonderful message of the piece as much as if he had stood upon the concert stage” – and Madame Powell’s brilliant dark eyes fired with enthusiasm, the soul of the artist shone through them as she clasped her hands and continued:

“The concerto simply set me tingling – it was wonderful, and the audience who heard it were held by the same magnetism which had consumed myself and the orchestra. The critics were intensely enthusiastic.

“So there you are – New York would have none of it and yet the Western critics have felt the message which I am sure Sibelius wished to convey. Sibelius was a Finn – his music told of the great ice mountains with the sun shining and the great distances – silent, boundless distances.”

Ragtime Typically American.

“Do you know, I like ragtime,” said Madame Powell suddenly when the conversation had turned from critics and localities. “It is so full of American spirit, that no wonder Americans enjoy it.

“Ragtime is typically American. In some serious music little passages are found which, while not termed ragtime, have the ragtime rhythm and swing and, invariably, foreign musicians will frown and stumble through the passage – they cannot finger it, cannot quite catch the time. It is work for them, yet it is easy for the Americans.

“I am delighted with the West and regret that I am unable to see more of it than the little pleasure trips about the various cities. I am proud that I am an American and I love the country. My father was Welsh and though he loved music never developed the talent. I am a mixture of American, Welsh and Hungarian. Hungarian, you know, isn’t bad for a musical inheritance and it is probably there that I get much of it.”

Program to Be Given Tonight.

Mme. Powell's program for her concert tonight at the Tacoma theater is the same as given Monday night at Seattle and which was so thoroughly enjoyed. . . .

[Grieg sonata, op. 13, C minor for violin and piano

Vieuxtemps Concerto, op. 31, D minor

Piano solos:

Rameau-Godowsky – Sarabande and Rigaudon

Chopin Nocturne, F sharp major

Liszt Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 4

Violin:

Fiorillo Prelude

Hubay The Zephyr

Mozart Minuet

Schumann Traumerei

Wieniawski Airs Russes]

From the Archive of The Maud Powell Society for Music and Education

Cleveland Evening News
November 21, 1907

Symphony Concert Series
Opened by Theo. Thomas Orchestra at Grays' Armory

MAUD POWELL ELECTRIFIES LARGE AUDIENCE
by Brilliant Playing of Tschaikowsky's Violin Concerto

Here is one woman who is willing to concede that the greatest violinists have been men, that the greatest composers have been men, and that men still hold this distinction in music as in other things.

"But you wait. Don't imagine for a moment that women are getting into the commercial life and succeeding at it and will stop there. No, sooner or later, and I believe it is coming pretty soon, women are going to be reckoned with in the arts. Woman is a pretty old article as history goes; but it is only recently that she has found herself. There is a whole world of possibility opening before her and she isn't asleep. I am an American and I believe in American women. I have lived abroad many years and know the women of the world. I say, watch the American woman. Keep your eye on her. She is going to do things that will startle the world."

So said Madam Powell, the famous violinist, who appeared at Grays' armory last night with the Theodore Thomas orchestra of Chicago.

"Don't misunderstand me," she continued. "I don't imagine that every American girl is destined to become a great artist, author or composer. Real greatness is the rarest thing in the world. There are only a few, say eight or ten, really great pianists in the world today. You can count the violinists on your fingers. I do not wish to encourage girls to undertake the struggle and hard labor for recognition that I endured. I have seen too many failures which were tragedies.

"What I believe is that girls usually know whether or not they are adapted to the life-work they undertake. They should study the matter well before they launch out. Most of us are leaners and should be. There are few props and strong pedestals. But I believe the American girl is destined to be among these towers of strength in the near future."

Then America's most famous woman violinist admitted that she had her limitations and thanked her stars that she knew them. For instance she realized that she was not a composer and therefore did not attempt to create, but was satisfied to interpret the works of others.

And how she can interpret! Those who heard her play the big Tschaikowsky concerto last night have seldom heard such glittering sparks fly from the forge of genius. Madam Powell exhibited the most impetuous virtuosity on occasion, and then picked rugged blocks of melody or

soared off into bird-like twitterings as soft as the note of the thrush. It was wonderful playing, as intelligent an exposition of fiddling as a Cleveland audience has witnessed for many years.

The audience, too, seemed en rapport with the performers. I have rarely witnessed such marks of keen appreciation. Even the opening strains of “Euryanthe,” which marked the commencement of another season, hushed the crowd, and a burst of enthusiasm greeted the conductor and orchestra after the rendition.

The Beethoven Fifth symphony gave Director Stock an opportunity for poetic treatment which he fully met. This, which is perhaps the most popular of the symphonies, was delivered with a mature judgment that is too frequently lacking in modern rendition.

The closing number, the gorgeous “Capriccio Espagnol,” by Rimsky-Korsakow, showed the flaming sun of Spanish noon, the languorous twang of the fiddles and the castanet in tropic moonlight, and the full, dazzling passion of a nation. It was a brilliant triumph for composer, director and every individual in the orchestra.

Thomas Opens Music Season
Great Orchestra Scores Triumph in Concert in the Grays' Armory
Maud Powell Proves Herself Master of the Violin
By Florence E. Allen

Cleveland Plain Dealer, November 21, 1907

Excerpt from review of Theodore Thomas Orchestra, Frederick Stock, conductor
Date of Concert: November 20, 1907

It was Spohr, was it not, who refused to let his wife play the violin, an instrument unsuitable for “females?” Would that the great Ludwig himself had been there, long and lank and lean; Maud Powell could have given him some points in women’s suffrage.

That she had finger power came out in her phenomenal tone in the cadenza, with its clean and rugged chords, and in the tremendously difficult rondo. That she had “temperament” and flame of soul was evidenced in every phrase with its sharp and puissant accents. That she was poet even more than artist was amply proved in the canzonetta, with its plaints and questionings. Here there was not only tone of varied tinting and warmth, and direct appeal, but that still rarer quality of the highest playing— style. Style was instinct in all Mme. Powell did – in the incisive openings of her phrases, and in their exquisite dying away, in her songlike and yet thoroughly controlled inflection, quiet, yet as vibrant with unfathomed feeling as the voice of a Maude Adams [actress]. And it is style, mark ye, which differentiates [Francis] Macmillen and Fritz Kreisler.

From the Archive of The Maud Powell Society for Music and Education

Worcester (Mass.) Post
October 8, 1907

MAUD POWELL PLAYS AS LADY BOUNTIFUL

Festival [Violinist] Does Act of Charity On Arrival

“I might have been at the police court this morning instead of at the festival,” said Miss Maud Powell in an interview with *The Post* reporter.

Miss Powell and her husband, H. Godfrey Turner, an Englishman, arrived in Worcester last night at 8:30 o'clock, and registered at the Standish. “Yes,” continued the violinist, “when we got off the New York train in Worcester, last night a little boy with pleading eyes stepped up to me and handed me a card. He was evidently an emigrant, sad and lonesome. On the card an address was written. The character of the handwriting was Russian.

“I read the address and called a cabby. He said there was such a place but it was in the slums. I told him we would take the child there, just the same. The cabby seemed astonished. But Mr. Turner and the boy and I went to the address indicated and there found the immigrant's friends. They recognized each other but had evidently not known on what boat he was to arrive. I felt glad to get away again for I expected all sorts of things to happen before we got out of the slums.”

Little does the immigrant boy realize the favor bestowed upon him, say the violinist's friends. To be taken to his destination in her cab is an experience which, if he learns and remembers, he can relate to his grandchildren with gusto, some day.

Miss Powell speaks with pride of her violin. It is a new old one, she says. The instrument is a Guadagnini. It was found by an itinerant dealer in America and offered for sale to the person from whom the violinist obtained it. He had refused other instruments from the dealer, but saw that this was a real find. It was early in 1907 that Miss Powell obtained it. Indications are that for 70 or 100 years nobody had played upon it. Yet it is without a crack, a remarkable condition for so old a violin. Nearly all the ancient instruments are marred.

The old short neck was upon it and this had to be changed to meet the demands of modern music.

It is a healthy instrument. Miss Powell is charmed with it. The cost was only about \$270. A lawsuit threatens for its possession as the dealer claims the instrument was not really sold, but Miss Powell has it and says it was sold. Possession is nine[-tenths] of the law. She claims that the one wanting it now has no right to it.

Miss Powell, in explaining her love for adventure and experiment as witnessed in the case of the young immigrant, says that she is a niece of Major J. W. Powell, the first white man to enter the Colorado canyon. He was a member of the geological survey, and is also famous for ethnological research.

Miss Powell was born in Peru, Ill., but she says nobody ever knows where that is. She comes of a musical mother. Her mother wrote good music, music which today is recognized as well done though then nothing especial was made of it. Miss Powell has composed many pieces for her own instrument. She writes her cadenzas. She studied in Chicago with William Lewis and in Paris, Berlin and Leipsic. In Berlin the celebrated Joachim was her teacher.

Miss Powell has many souvenirs of pleasant meetings. Recently she played in Tennessee and received from there a gift of fresh water pearls which she prizes highly. She wears as a mascot a tiny violin and her husband also wears one of smaller size as a scarf pin.

Miss Powell will go westward to fill engagements after the festival. Next year she will tour Australia. She is a great favorite in Scotland. In Edinburgh she was presented an aquamarine and pearl brooch which she is wearing today.

Miss Powell walks a great deal, fishes and enjoys as much outdoor life as possible. She does not practice regularly but gives a half hour or five hours to this routine as time permits.

Miss Powell's hand is odd. The fingers are long but there is no span to them. Her thumb is ignored, sometimes, and she plays as if handling a 'cello instead of a violin, to the amusement of the orchestra. Her hand is not a violin hand but she did not discover this until too late, she says.

Miss Powell wore this morning a blue skirt and blue and brown hat. Her blouse was of ecru lace trimmed with narrow black velvet. She will wear at the afternoon concert tomorrow a white gown which she describes as made of some soft material, showing that her interest is not in what she wears so much as in what she does. She praises her couturiere highly. This woman lives in Staten Island and once made gowns for actresses. She gave up the trade and was secured as a great favor by the violinist, who is now afraid that some other woman will discover the dressmaker. So Miss Powell will not tell the dressmaker's name.

The violinist expresses great concern over the illness and obscurity of Max Bruch, the composer.

He gave all he had to the world which gives him nothing, was the substance of her pitying comment.

From the Archive of The Maud Powell Society for Music and Education

The Arkansas Gazette, Little Rock
Sunday, December 22, 1907

MAUDE [sic] POWELL ON MUSICAL CLUBS

Citing Little Rock Coterie as an Example, She Tells of Work Women's Clubs Are Doing for Art.

Miss Maude [sic] Powell, who has achieved an international reputation as the greatest violinist of her sex in the world and who is pronounced the greatest violinist that America has produced, arrived in the city yesterday and is a guest of the Hotel Marion. She talked interestingly to a Gazette newspaper representative on the influence the women's clubs of America have had on musical advancement, citing the Little Rock Musical Coterie as an example, and also of the struggles endured by ambitious artists while awaiting the recognition which their talents and the time and money spent in cultivating them warranted. This is Miss Powell's first visit to the South.

Notable Advance of Late Years

Asked about the progress of cultivation in musical taste in this country, Miss Powell said:

"There has been a most notable advance in the last 10 or 15 years, and I am satisfied that the women's musical clubs have been the greatest factor in this advance. This is my first tour in recital work. I have been en tour with Theodore Thomas' orchestra, in quartets and in concert, but never before in recital with only my accompanist. I am therefore in a position to judge. It is easy for the performer to recognize the exact appreciation of an audience; to know when your audience is really en rapport or only applauding perfunctorily just to be polite or because it is the proper thing to do. Our American men are practical, busy, energetic, money makers. Their wives are full of energy, too, and their club work is one exposition of it. Their work is all for good, all for the betterment, not only of woman, but of man, through woman, for the spiritual as well as the physical uplifting of the race, and music, as one of the most important factors, has not been neglected. I have been amazed at what the musical clubs have effected, not only among their own members, but in cultivating the musical taste of the community. I have just come from Texas. I found there women familiar with and able to discuss intelligently the most difficult works of the great composers, works which only a real musician can fully understand. You know that means a great deal. It means not a superficial love for good music, but an understanding grasp of its meaning which is highly gratifying.

"I have heard of your Coterie Club here. I understand that in addition to its regular meetings it has brought here at its own risk great artists like [Lillian] Nordica and [David] Bispham, impresaries [sic] like [Walter] Damrosch and other notables, whom your city would not have had the advantage of hearing otherwise. The people of Little Rock, owe such a club a

debt of gratitude, and it is just such work that the clubs are doing throughout the country that is responsible for the higher cultivation in music that is so apparent.

Experience in Europe

Talking of her experiences abroad Miss Powell said:

“I was fortunate in obtaining recognition in London and that is half the battle. Yes, more than half. I have seen so many great musicians struggle for a hearing; such genius go unrecognized and unrewarded. The trouble is in the surplus of talent. The great capital of England draws everybody who is ambitious and there is a surplus of professional talent just as in the large cities there is an excess of clerical and almost every other kind of help, skilled and unskilled. Every London musician, who aspires to shine, does not go to Berlin, but every Berlin artist goes to London. There are so many real musicians there who cannot get the recognition their talents deserve. They must have influence.

“It is not necessary to say that influence, alone, however potent, will make a career. The influence must be brought to bear to gain a public hearing under such auspices that will insure a proper review and criticism by the musical critics on the influential newspapers and magazines. They are exacting critics, too, naturally more so where great artists are to be heard almost every night than where such visitors constitute a rare occasion to be remembered. Until that time comes the aspirant for fame must be content to appear when and where he can in the less important concerts where, although their genius may be recognized by competent musicians, the latter have not the entree to the influential journals. I have seen very pitiful instances of this soul-wearing waiting. Some day by an accident they may be heard by some famous impresario or critic and then comes their opportunity.

“I had the advantage of letters of introduction to Hans Richter, the successor to the late Sir Charles Halle, who organized and directed the Halle orchestra, the most famous musical organization in England. I played for him with the Halle orchestra in Manchester and the coveted London debut was made possible. Afterward I played at Windsor castle before King Edward, before the czar of Russia and I have been treated in the most kindly spirit by the critics everywhere.”

From the Archive of The Maud Powell Society for Music and Education

San Antonio, Texas
December 21, 1907

Passing Show

MR. MANTELL

It often happens that some of the best attractions that come to San Antonio play to empty houses while mere clap trap will cause standing room to sell at a premium. This was notably the case when Maud Powell, one of the greatest violinists of the day appeared at the Grand Opera House Tuesday night. And this fact is exceedingly discouraging to those who work hard and try to give San Antonio the best in the way of musical attractions.

Maud Powell, who is known off of the stage as Mrs. Turner, has an exceedingly attractive personality, her beautiful and shapely hands showing the most refined and artistic temperament. She is a native of Peru, Ill., her father, Prof. Powell, having been superintendent of schools in that town.

“I was educated,” said Mrs. Turner, “mostly in . . . [Chicago] and Leipsig but I have not taken a lesson since I was sixteen years old. That does not mean that I have not studied since that age for a musician never ceases to study. I consider the playing of the violin a far more difficult task than playing the piano; it is more creative. In one sense every time a selection is given on the violin it is created anew. Where do I like to play best? Where they like me best. I like Chicago because that is my old home and Theodore Thomas really brought me out. Baltimore is fond of the violin and I enjoy playing there. I do not think the love of music belongs to any section of the country. We often see the greatest difference in neighboring towns.

“I am in love with this town. I do not think there is another place in the country like it. But you are paying the price of progress and are losing many of the things that have been so charming to visitors in the past.”

From the Archive of The Maud Powell Society for Music and Education

Baltimore, Maryland
November 26, 1907

HAS HAD A LONG TOUR

Maud Powell Is Here From Western Trip **Famous Violinist has Spent Twenty-Four Nights Out Of Forty-Two On Sleeping Cars.**

Here after a tour in which she spent 24 nights out of 42 on sleeping cars, Miss Maud Powell, the famous violinist, nevertheless looked in the pink of condition when she talked this morning about her work.

"I began my season at the Worcester (Mass.) Festival the first part of October," said Miss Powell, "and immediately started on a tour of the West. I went all through California and parts of Utah and gave recitals also in some of the Middle West States. I really played the part of 'pioneer' in many of the places I visited. They had never had a chance to hear any good music in some of these towns, and the delight and appreciation of the audiences was well worth traveling for. At one place they were so pleased with the recital that they promised next time I came they would have a grand piano for my accompanist. They did not know beforehand that a piano was necessary at a violin recital, and so at the last moment they had to obtain from somewhere an upright, which they pressed into service.

"In acting as pioneer, by-the-by, I was merely following an inherited tendency, I suppose. My father was an educator who blazed the way for many new educational methods. He was one of the first men in this country to advocate manual training. An uncle was the first white man to explore the great canyon. When I was in California, I met a man who had been one of my father's pupils, and who wrote a very charming critique of my work, which only goes to show how strangely things come around."

"Do you practise much while you are on tour?" asked the reporter.

"Very little. I don't know whether you know it, but playing on the violin is a great physical strain. The mere holding up of the violin becomes an effort after a while, and the vibration of the instrument against the neck and cheek tells on the artist. It is a wonder to me sometimes that I am not entirely deaf in the ear on that side. When I am on tour I go over the thing I am to play mentally and find that a great aid. In Cleveland I was to play a concerto with the Thomas orchestra, now led by Mr. Stock, a very able man. I practised that concerto two hours, and that was the greatest amount of practising I did at any one time during the tour. At others I would go over the things I had to do in my mind.

"At Los Angeles I was invited to a banquet. I had had recitals the four nights before, and my train was 10 hours late, so I arrived in the city just one hour late for my engagement. I went to the feast in a traveling dress and a big hat. It was a celebration of the Celtic club, and there

were representatives of all its branches there –Scotch, Irish, Welsh, indeed there was even a Manx-man present. Each branch claimed me as a kinswoman, and I had a delightful time in spite of my fatigue. After the dinner I improvised on some Celtic air, and was heartily applauded.”

“Was this your first tour in the West?”

“Yes, I have played in South Africa, Russia and Hungary and all over the Continent, but this was the first time I ever went to our own Pacific coast.”

Miss Powell spoke of the violin as the greatest of all instruments. “One can create on it,” she said. “The tone depends upon the player. In the piano, I have always held, though the pianists do not agree with me, that the notes are there, and no mood of the artist can change them.”

Miss Powell, who off the stage is Mrs. Turner, is very animated and has a vivid personality. She is a tall and handsome brunette. She will give a recital with Miss Clara Ascherfeld at Lehmann’s Hall tonight. During her stay she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Randolph at 28 East Preston Street.

From the Archive of The Maud Powell Society for Music and Education

*[No source, no date, from Maud Powell's scrapbooks]
[same article appeared in a Butte, Montana newspaper on October 6, 1907 with this heading:
"Maud Powell's Great Ability, Well-Known Musical Authority Writes Entertainingly of Her."
"Says That Flawless Intonation Is One of the Features of Her Playing — A Violin Finger That
Seems to Possess Blazing Eyes."]*

A VIOLIN FINGER WITH EYES

Flawless Intonation one of the Features of Maud Powell's Playing

Well do I recall my first hearing of Maud Powell. Her violin had split open, this had cracked her temper a bit, and, broadly speaking, the "Devil was to pay." As music critic of the Pittsburg "*Post*", I had cut her performance into little checkered squares, and to my excited amazement, was complimented in a letter from Miss Powell for honesty of opinion. Only a superior artist could do an act so self-humiliating, for the reason that most artists have another and more easy way of dealing with the critic. If he be flattering in his comment, it's, "Isn't he a fine writer!" If he be severe, yet wholly honest and without bias, it's, "What does he know anyhow?"

Next time, though, all was changed! Powell's violin was healthy and sound and she gave an exhibition of intoning so flawless as tumbled a whole mountain of bravos over her head. That second left finger of hers seemed to have big, bulging, blood-shot eyes, that were fiendishly keen to the exact spot where every string on her instrument should be stopped. And those eyes never, by so much as a hair, missed the exact spot. Had the lights been turned suddenly down, I do believe those finger-eyes would have blazed out, and sparked the fierce fire of temperament that manipulated them. That "blaze" of intonation and interpretation was crawlingly uncanny at times, almost frighteningly devilish.

Maud Powell, no doubt, is one of the great, very great violinists, because all the time she has been tearing her own work to pieces and been building anew. She has been adding to her stature as interpreter, and well knows it, for, declares she, "Years ago I played the master concertos and they had no particular meaning for me, except that they forced me to raise my standard of performance. But today those same concertos take violent hold of everything about me that feels and breathes, and at times, as I play them I find myself muttering: 'Truly there is a God.' People talk much about correct breathing as an aid to proper singing, but have you ever heard of the breathing that comes when one draws hard on the violin string and the master spirit shakes your whole frame? That *is* breathing, I tell you, such as quickens its pace then clutches the throat almost to suffocation."

Miss Powell is a fiend on ownership of fine violins, and it is well worth an hour's time to listen to her use of characteristic terms when describing them. She has just secured, by purchase,

a magnificent Guadagnini that can only be likened to a great big, whole-souled, heroic, magnetic personality. It needs no orchestra's flood for support or for cover of its scratchiness in solo work. It stands nakedly alone, sings with the purest voice ever put into human throat and is ready with instant response to the tenderest touch of bow.

"You simply can't appreciate how beautiful an instrument this is," she exclaims joyously. "Look at its big broad chest under the bridge. No hollow, caved in consumptive lines there that tell of the 'one-lunger.' Then listen," rapping the wood with her knuckles, "do you hear that strong, healthy ring? This fellow never knows what it means to be frozen, husky and hoarse; he's a big, lusty boy, whom I do love to thrash and beat black and blue, so different from the other violin in the box there which is best likened to one of the gentle, many-mooded women of the world who become still-born, and for sake of peace, must be cajoled and cautiously wooed.

"Do you know," Powell said, her voice deepening and slowing down, "that the fine Strads and Amatis of the world have almost reached tone bottom, and that the Guadagninis and Bergonzis are about the only instruments of today that have good, sound bodies? Not long since I was playing one of the most famous of all the Strads ["Le Messie" or "Messiah"]. It had cost its owner \$15,000.00 and he was insanely proud of it. As I started to bow gently, its tones startled me with their strange, weird beauty. Then they excited my nerves, and I began to draw heavily across the low strings, when to my positive shock, tone power and beauty suddenly vanished. The quality had gone, Heaven knows where, and I was scraping bottom."

Luncheon hour in the interesting companionship of conscientious Maud Powell had ended and the writer was happy in the acquirement of much that had interested him or more that had lastingly benefitted his quest for knowledge. But particularly had he been impressed that some artists do *really grow* and press toward the high mark of *perfection*.

– G. Schlotterbeck

From the Archive of The Maud Powell Society for Music and Education

The Violinist
October 1909
also in *Musical Standard*, 1907

WOMEN VIOLINISTS SHOULD MAKE BEDS

If, being a woman, you're all run down and your nerves are simply driving you crazy, make your own bed after a sleepless night. Shake the sheets, pat the pillows. If you can bite the pillowcase and then run clear around the bed to smooth the crease of the northeast corner of the top sheet, so much the better. Because it's all exercise; and, in the opinion of Mme. Maud Powell, the best exercise in the world to cure fagged nerves.

"Making beds is fine exercise for feminine musicians," declares this greatest of women violinists.

"Still," she observed, adjusting a stray lock of black hair with the end of her diamond-studded bow, "still, I don't know that I'd recommend it for a housemaid or farmer's wife. But for the multitude of women that haven't the good fortune to be kept well by a reasonable amount of active exercise about their homes – for women with too many servants, women with too much society, or with club duties, literary or artistic pursuits to occupy their minds and tantalize their nerves – there's nothing better than simply making beds.

"I know because I've tried it, and I've tried the more pretentious, fashionable and expensive cures as well. When I got back from England, some time ago, I was a wreck – simply a wreck."

The intonation of this statement was that of some scarcely-breathing graduate from a Siberian prison, but the speaker was so fresh, youthful and energetic – so comely also, as every concert-goer knows – that she might sell her portraits to advertise a breakfast food.

"I was, really," she protested. "I was a well-nigh perfect ruin as to nerves. I went to a German doctor in New York whom a friend recommended. 'So?' he exclaimed, when I told him that I might as well be buried at once.

"Then he asked if 'the frau had the beds ge-made.' No, she hadn't; certainly not. 'Aber the frau should the beds make – all of them in the house, not one only.' Well, I went home and made beds and kept making them, and it did me a hundred times more good than tablets, motor-caring, the rest-cure and the Riviera.

"You see, violin playing is hard on any woman or man; it twists the left arm around snake-fashion; it kinks the spine a trifle, compresses the chest, and throws all the exercise upon

the right arm. Women, especially girls, who aren't strong, should not take up the 'fiddle.' The closeness of the sound and the vibration to the left ear also tries the nerves. But the woman strong enough to learn the violin has special advantages. Her touch is more delicate than a man's; her ear is often truer; she more quickly masters the technique. After that it's a difference of individuals, not of sex."

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