

The Aurora Daily News
Thursday Evening, October 8, 1907

MAUD POWELL WILL APPEAR THIS EVENING

Famous Woman Violinist Chats of Early Life Here

AURORA IS HER HOME

**While Other Cities Claim Her, She Claims Aurora and Will Spend Declining Years Here
— First Public Appearance in Aurora in Several Years.**

Maude [sic] Powell, and she will always be known by that name to Aurora people, chatted pleasantly with a representative of the Daily News this afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Holden, where she is a guest during her stay in Aurora. Mrs. H. Godfrey Turner (Maude [sic] Powell) is the same charming woman she was when she made Aurora her home and during the visit she said that Aurora would always be known as her home, although Chicago and Washington, D.C., claimed her, the latter place because she was accustomed to visit her father, the late Prof. W. B. Powell, every season. Mr. Powell, after resigning the principalship of the East Aurora schools, went to Washington, where he assumed charge of the schools there.

“Chicago,” said Mrs. Turner today, “claims me perhaps because I am an Illinoisian. I was born in Peru, Ill., but came to Aurora when I was a little girl and for a long time lived with my parents on West street. By the way, I walked past the old home this morning and it has not changed one bit.

Aurora Seems Natural

“It seemed quite natural to come through the park on my way from the train last evening, everything seems the same, only I think that the city is more beautiful than ever. The foliage is prettier and everything looks so nice and fresh. I want to spend my old age here.” This latter was said with a rippling laugh.

“Tonight I will wear on my wrist a snake bracelet of Roman gold, having ruby eyes, presented me by Willie Hawkins in behalf of the people of Aurora upon the occasion when I made my farewell appearance in this city before going abroad to take up my musical studies. It has always been a precious keepsake of mine and the sentiment with which it is associated makes it doubly so. I received the gift on the stage in Aurora when I was a little girl and have guarded it diligently ever since. Many people in Aurora, all old friends of mine, will remember the night the bracelet was given me.

“Mr. Turner will be here this evening and he will enjoy this reunion as much as myself. I met Mr. Turner in England. He had charge of the company and has lived in the Bohemian world and world of art for a great many years.

“It is now eight years since I appeared in Aurora in public. Tonight after the concert I will enjoy meeting many old acquaintances. I learn with a great deal of pleasure that the attendance will be large and I am only sorry that the Peoples’ church is not larger.

Father Sang in Church

“There is a coincidence in the engagement here tonight. My father at one time sang tenor in this church, and I played the violin obligato. It is a source of pleasure to realize that I will be able to remain in Aurora over night and not hurry away on the train after the concert.

“I am more at ease since we heard that our accompanist and piano soloist, Maurice Eisner, will be here tonight, for a while I was somewhat disturbed, thinking that perhaps he would not be able to fill the date. He came from Minneapolis and is a charming young man to meet and an artist of ability as well. He is an Illinoisian, having been born in Champaign.”

In speaking about the surroundings in Aurora and that particular locality near the school buildings, Miss Powell said:

“Things look about the same when I was living here, the Center school occupied the center of the lot, and the boys played on the south side and the girls on the north side, now I notice that the boys and the girls play together on the north side of the grounds and the high school building stands on the former vacant lot.”

Mrs. Turner is a charming woman to meet. She has a fascinating English accent and is a pleasant conversationalist.

There is a every reason to believe that the Woman’s club of Aurora will realize handsomely tonight from the concert given by Maude Powell, who belongs to Aurora alone, and who is known as the celebrated woman violinist in the world. The proceeds will be turned over to the school for the deaf.

Considerable interest is being manifested in the concert. Aurora people will attend this event for a two-fold reason.

In the first place Miss Powell is generally regarded as an Aurora product having spent her girlhood in this city where she obtained her first instruction in the violin from William Fickensher and [in piano from] his daughter [Emma].

Then she is playing this evening partly for the benefit of the school for the deaf, an adjunct of the East Side high schools and a most worthy object. Many tickets have been sold and the indications are that this wonderful artiste will be greeted by a very large audience.

Sketch of Her Life

Miss Powell was born in Peru, Ill. Her father, the late Prof. William Powell at one time superintendent of the East Aurora schools, was of English-Welsh extraction, and her mother was of German-Hungarian stock. At the age of nine Miss Powell was playing the pianoforte and the violin in public.

Her earliest lessons were from William Fickensher and his daughter in Aurora. For four years she studied the violin with William Lewis of Chicago and the piano with Miss Agnes Ingersoll. Went to Europe for further study at the age of thirteen. She spent a year with Schradieck in Leipsig, at the end . . . [1882] was awarded a diploma at the examination held in the Gewandhaus; a year at the Paris Conservatory with Dancla; then at the advice of Leonard, went to England in 1883.

Taught by Joachim

She played in London and the English provinces. In London she met Joachim, who became so interested in her that he put her at once into his class in the Royal Academic High School of Music. She made her debut in Germany at the Philharmonic concert in Berlin in 1885.

At the end of a year she returned to the United States and made her first appearance at a concert of the Philharmonic society of New York, Theodore Thomas conductor, November 14, 1885, when she played Bruch's First Concerto. Since that time she has lived the life of a virtoso. She has played in the chief cities of the world, with orchestra and in recital. She has toured in Germany, France, Denmark, Austria, Holland, Poland, Russia, Belgium and South Africa.

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

Good Housekeeping
 "Music Club"
 March 1907

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS VIOLINIST

By Gustav Kobbé

When I speak of Maud Powell as a woman violinist, I use "woman" in a descriptive or decorative sense, not in a qualifying one. Miss Powell is famous because she is a great violinist, and she is great because she measures up to the standard of violin playing established by virtuosos of the highest rank, without any allowance being made for the fact that she is a woman. "She is a blood descendent of Spohr," wrote a distinguished critic [W. J. Henderson] of her last winter, "and when she tucks her fiddle under her chin, she makes a solemn reverence before the altar of music and officiates as a priestess in the temple."

The will power which Miss Powell can bring into play in surmounting seemingly impossible difficulties is illustrated by an anecdote of her study course with Joachim.

"That master," she said, in telling me the story, "had an assistant named Jacobsen, who was so very sarcastic and cutting in his comments on the pupils' work that often I have seen girls in tears as they left his class. If you never made me cry it simply was because, if he said anything disagreeable to me, I answered him back in kind. But he got even with me by giving me longer lessons than could be made ready without exceptionally hard work. I always prepared them, however, and so he made them harder and harder. Finally one Tuesday he gave me as a climax the *'Moto Perpetuo'* of Paganini to make ready for Friday. This was an almost impossible task, but fortunately I had tried it by myself and I made up my mind that not only would I master it technically, but treat him to an extra shock by memorizing it.

"In due time, on Friday, I appeared in the class. He asked if I was ready and I told him I was. With a mean grin, he took out the music, put the violin part open on the stand, placed the music for the accompaniment in front of himself and sat down at the piano to play it. I closed the violin part. *'Auswendig?'* (from memory) he asked, with another grin. I nodded and he started off, doubtless thinking that it would be a farce of very short duration; that I would soon come a 'cropper.'

"My heart was thumping when I began, but I was only a little more than half through before I could see him getting on the edge of his chair and showing in every way that he was more anxious that I shouldn't break down than I was myself. When I finished there were no sarcastic comments from him, I can assure you, and from that time on we got along capitally."

No wonder!

Maud Powell comes from the west. She was born in Peru, Illinois. Her father was Welsh and his knowledge of music was limited to singing hymn tunes in sections as they were “lined out” in the old style from the pulpit, the minister reading a line and the congregation then singing it, and so on through to the end of the hymn. “My mother, however,” says Miss Powell in telling of her own early years, “is musical, but her talent, whatever it might have been with cultivation, remained undeveloped. She often says to me, ‘I have achieved through you what I never was able to do myself.’ It was my mother who, so to speak, first ‘tried music on me’ to find out if I was musical.

“Without desiring to seem egotistic, let me say that whether I was to have a ‘career’ or not depended at that time more on what I may call ‘character’ than anything else, the habit I had acquired, although I was even then only twelve years old, of doing what was expected of me and of trying to do it a little better than was expected of me. Whether it was playing baseball with my brother or walking or learning my lessons, I wanted to excel. And so, from the time I was set to study the violin I would slave to achieve not only the task that was given out, but a little more – a little more, at all events, than my teacher anticipated. It was in this spirit that I memorized the Paganini ‘Moto Perpetuo’ for Jacobsen, and in this spirit I still approach every composition I add to my repertoire and prepare for every concert appearance.” It is this constant keeping up to concert pitch, this constant keeping herself in tune, so to speak, that shows Miss Powell’s reverence for her art. For the true devotee of art best proves that he reveres it by a constant preparedness to contribute his best efforts toward its advancement.

Miss Powell began taking violin lessons in this country when she was eight years old. Her first teacher was William Lewis of Chicago, who, doubtless because of her very evident earnestness, took great interest in her. She describes him as an “unfettered” player, without much refinement of technique, but extremely vigorous and “rugged.” Within artistic limits Miss Powell puts a splendid energy into her own playing and there seems little doubt but that some of this energy can be attributed to her early lessons with this “unfettered” player. Elemental strength is a great attribute in art, and fortunate is the virtuoso who does not lose it in acquiring that finished style of execution which is the aim of almost every teacher. Miss Powell studied with Lewis four years. When she returned from Europe and made her preliminary debut in the Theodore Thomas summer concerts in Chicago, her old teacher was in the audience. She played the . . . [Bruch] Concerto, and when he heard the artiste, who, as a slip of a girl, had left him to go abroad, playing this concerto with complete mastery of its difficulties and a full understanding of its depth and beauty – playing it as he could not have done himself – “the dear man,” to quote Miss Powell, “sat there dissolved in tears.” Soon afterwards she had the “joy,” as she expresses it, of playing for his violin class, and it always has been a source of satisfaction to her that she had the opportunity of doing this because, before another similar chance would have presented itself, he had died.

It is worth noting here that, while she was taking lessons of William Lewis, Miss Powell also was receiving instruction from a woman [Agnes Ingersoll, who partnered Lewis in chamber music] who was “objective” in her teaching, that is who did not approve of individuality of expression but believed that the composer’s meaning and intention should be carefully reproduced by the player. In this way the girl got a solid classical foundation. To a certain extent

music is today suffering from excess of temperament, the substitution of super-fervid expression for solid musicianship. There is nothing of temperamental exaggeration in Miss Powell's playing, although it is amply individual to satisfy modern taste; and, just as she considers that she owes her energy to the early training she received from Lewis, so she is grateful to her piano teacher for those "objective" lessons.

When Maud Powell went abroad, a girl of twelve, she studied first with Schrädieck in Leipsic and then with Dancla in Paris. Afterward Joachim heard her play in London and offered to take her into his classes in Berlin without obliging her to go through any further preliminary studies. The great advantage of being with Joachim was to hear him illustrate. He would be listening to a pupil, stop him in the middle of a phrase and say, "Play it this way," then pick up the violin and play it for him. And the sincerity of the man was so great and his personality in music so powerful that he made every example of this kind a "shining example."

"It is a strange thing about Joachim," says Miss Powell, "but I believe that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he dwarfs the individuality of his pupils. He is a man of such tremendous individuality himself that many of them are just little copies of him. I have seen pupils of his sit in a chair and curl their feet around the legs of the chair just as they had seen him do when playing quartets. I was three years in getting back to myself after I had studied with him. But I would not take anything in exchange for my lessons with him. To come in contact with his high ideals was a baptism."

I heard Miss Powell when she made her debut with the New York Philharmonic in . . . [1885] in the Bruch G minor concerto. She played even then with a large, solid tone and a technique that was finished without being finicky. Classical repose, romantic tenderness, grace, esprit and great technical nerve – all of these are points in her style and can be brought into play by her when called for by the composition she is interpreting. She is sufficiently modern to re-create through her own individuality whatever she interprets without, however, turning a piece inside out so far as perverting its composer's meaning is concerned. Practically everything that is worthy in violin literature is in her repertoire and she is constantly seeking to add to it by trying over new music. Like all distinguished violinists she finds the music for the instrument limited in quantity and she is now going back and making re-discovery of some of the very old Italian violin compositions – works by Tartini, Corelli and Vivaldi, who were masters of the instrument in their day and composed many pieces which can, she finds, with slight modernizing, be made to serve in the repertoire of the twentieth century. "It is startling," she says, "how soon some of the new music begins to sound old-fashioned and how new some of the very old music is beginning to sound again." And then she takes up her violin and makes the room echo and re-echo with Tartini's *Trillo del Diavolo* or the Bach *Ciaconneu*, thus illustrating her remark with one of those "shining examples" of which she spoke when referring to her own great master, Joachim.

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

The State
 Columbia, South Carolina
 Tuesday Morning, January 14, 1908

MAUD POWELL, A GREAT WOMAN
Her Superiority Consists Not Alone in Her Art.

It's an inspiring fact that those who are great—whether by a life work they have achieved this greatness or whether through an impulse of a generous fate they have had greatness thrust upon them—still keep just human—in many ways just ordinary like the rest of us—those who met Maud Powell yesterday could not have failed to be struck by this.

Quite a number of Columbia people called on her at the hotel—some for the love of music and the desire to pay respect to one of the ablest exponents—some out of a sort of hero or rather heroine worship—and some to do the honors of the city to a distinguished guest—all had a sort of curiosity as to what “the world's greatest woman violinist” would be like and she was so like, so delightfully and encouragingly like, other people we know and are thrown with every day—no sign of greatness, no air of renown, no halo of glory—a delightfully easy, natural, woman who was unaffectedly pleased at the simple attentions accorded her and as genuinely interested in ordinary every day folk as they in her. She told of the trials and tribulations of her journey from New York, that she had rushed off without the pile of music which was to compose her programme here, of how this feminine trick of hers cost Mr. Falkenstein hours of labor on the way down, writing out the missing music—and in characteristic feminine fashion she told it with a complacency which bespoke the prevailing belief of the sex that truly “All's well that ends well.” Mr. Falkenstein was not present to give his opinion in the matter. Then she told, because everybody wanted to know about it and because she seemed to want to tell about, of the “fiddle” she had with her.

It has an interesting story. It is a Guadagnini and is now worth thousands of dollars. Once it sold for \$7. Miss Powell tells it as if she were relating a tragedy. Somebody found it dusty and rusty and hidden away in a little old shop and took it away for that paltry price. Later it sold for \$250 and then its owner parted with it because Miss Powell eagerly gave the enormous sum—several thousands—that was asked. Immediately as she had bought it another purchaser offered an even larger amount and the owner denying that the bargain with Miss Powell had been closed, though the instrument was then in her possession, attempted to dispose of it to the higher bidder with the result that Miss Powell is just about to enter a lawsuit to settle the matter and secure for herself the coveted treasure.

Have you ever heard Miss Powell's records in the Victor talking machine? She tells about it all so naturally that you don't at all realize that she is famous enough to command hundreds of dollars for allowing a single number to be made a melodic monument for all time to her greatness. “It's simply fearful,” she says, “You go into this perfectly bare room, built for the

purpose with special acoustics and you stand in front of this yawning chasm and without inspiration and with awful fear lest you make the slightest sort of a slip—you play! You dare not breathe lest your breath be recorded. Then imagine how you feel when after it's all gone beautifully and you are over with the ordeal, you give vent to your feelings in such an exclamation, 'Ye gods, such a way to play!' That as a climax to the Mendelssohn concerto in E minor would be effective in an undesirable way, so you have it all to do over again, much to the disgust of yourself, your accompanist and the man in the funny little box arrangement who is regulating the sound."

After the recital last evening Miss Powell was visited by numbers of those who wished personally to express their thanks and appreciation. After her long, taxing performance, she was undisturbed and unexcited and displayed more than ever her wonderful characteristics—poise, self-control and splendid reserve power.

Miss Powell has made many friends and admirers in Columbia, personally, professionally, and from an artistic standpoint and when she comes again, if come she ever does, doubtless all the boxes and most of the pit and part of the balcony will not stare vacantly at her in so discouraging and unwelcoming a manner.

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

Musical America
December 26, 1908

MAUD POWELL TRIO RETURNS FROM TOUR
Famous Violinist and Associates Win Remarkable Success in Far West

H. Godfrey Turner, who has had charge of the Maud Powell Trio's transcontinental tour, returned to New York last week a few days in advance of the three distinguished artists, who arrived at the Grand Central depot on Monday. Mr. Turner speaks enthusiastically over the remarkable success of the tour, which proved among other things, that operatic activities have not crowded out interest in instrumental music in that growing and progressive section of the country.

"The musical situation in the Far West is really not understood in the East," said Mr. Turner. "The remarkable appreciation of the highest form of the severest classical musical literature is astounding, and the manner in which audiences turned out to hear Mme. Powell and her associates, the tremendous enthusiasm displayed wherever the organization appeared, and the interest shown in the selection of the works presented, told a story of remarkable musical development in that part of the country that would surprise Eastern musical authorities.

"In many cities, where our programs were sent on ahead, music lovers who found unfamiliar items in the list made it their business to procure the scores and study the selections so that when the trio appeared before them they were not only familiar with the work, but ready to criticise it from an artistic point of view.

"In Seattle, Wash., at the University of Washington, nearly two thousand people suffered a forty-five minutes' car ride out of town and on a wet night, to get to the concert. This was on a Friday night. On Saturday morning we advertised that Mme. Powell had been engaged by the Symphony Orchestra to play at their Sunday afternoon concert, with the result that the beautiful Moore Theater was filled to the doors."

An example of the impression made by Mme. Powell in her various appearances is found in a special dispatch sent to a Portland Ore., newspaper by William Wallace Graham, who wrote among other things: "I have never heard any other great artist hold the attention of a Portland audience to such a marked degree, with the exception of the great Schumann-Heink. For ease and gracefulness and musicianly interpretation, Maud Powell's playing cannot be surpassed. I have heard the three great European lady violinists, Lady Hallé, [Gabrielle] Wietrowitz and [Marie] Soldat-Roeger, and, with the possible exception of Lady Hallé, when she was at her best, I have never heard a lady violinist the equal of our own American Maud Powell."

Although traveling as a Trio, the three artists who compose the organization, Mme. Powell, May Mukle, the English 'cellist, and Anne Ford, pianist, appeared individually and aroused great enthusiasm by their work. A record of large audiences is not, in itself, significant

of the success achieved, for there were dozens of encores, recalls, and a degree of enthusiastic applause not commonly witnessed at recitals of the severest forms of classical music.

In Los Angeles Mme. Powell received a royal welcome from the Celtic Club, of which she is the only woman member. Two hundred members of the organization entertained the distinguished violinist at a banquet in the Lankershin Hotel. There were many speeches of a complimentary nature, to which Mme. Powell responded by playing "The Last Rose of Summer."

The success of the Trio's Los Angeles concert was such that the *Evening News* of that city, on December 5, printed a two-column editorial deploring the persistence of "the concert hog," who was much in evidence at the concert. "It is time that measures be taken to curb his porcine appetite," says the editorial. "In a program of eight numbers, six were encored insisently and the artists forced to respond with additional contributions before the entertainment could proceed. . . . To the everlasting credit of Mme. Powell and her associates, be it recorded that their response was always gracious, and although they must have been wearied to the utmost by the demands made upon them, they never dropped from 'concert pitch'."

Beginning with their first appearance at the Herman Klein "Pop" at the German Theater in New York, the success of which was noted in *MUSICAL AMERICA* the trio went to Aurora, N.Y., where they played in Wells College. Other cities visited were Ypsilanti, Mich., where Mme. Powell gave a recital; Butte, Mont., on November 13; Victoria, B.C.; Vancouver, B.C.; Seattle, Wash., November 20, and again on the next day, when Mme. Powell played the "Otello Fantasie," by Ernst, with the Symphony Orchestra, astounding the audience by the perfection of her work. At Forest Grove, Ore., November 24; Portland, Ore., November 25; Tacoma, Wash., November 26; Hoodriver, Ore., November 27; Salem, Ore., November 30; Santa Barbara, December 3; Los Angeles, December 4; San Diego, December 7; Phoenix, December 11; Denver, December 14, and on the 15th in Denver, again as soloist. Mme. Powell will play for the National Music Teachers' Association of Washington, for December 30.

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

The Arizona Republican (Phoenix)
December 11, 1908

MAUD POWELL SAYS SHE LIKES ARIZONA
FIRST WOMAN VIOLINIST PLAYS HERE TONIGHT
In An Interview She Gives Her First Impressions of Arizona and Talks a Little About Music.

A modestly gowned woman, with a black fur boa carelessly entwining her shoulders, a black hat trimmed with vari-colored feathers, hair as black as a raven's wing and eyes that shone like some of Arizona's native gems, their brilliancy conveying an idea of great reserved force and depths of emotion – such was the impression received by a representative of *The Republican* on meeting Madame Maud Powell whom critics proclaim the first woman violinist of the world.

This is her first visit to Arizona and she is enjoying it—partly for the sake of associations—almost as much as Phoenicians will enjoy her presence here for the beautiful music that she contrives to draw from her violin.

“Oh! let me tell you,” she said, in her vivacious way, “why I have looked forward to my visit to Arizona ever since it was arranged for. Ever since I was a little girl I have wanted to come here to look down from the precipices of the Grand Canyon into the Colorado River and thus try to get some idea of the frightful hazards my uncle, Major Powell, ran, when in 1869, he made the first trip down the river ever made by a white man. I made all arrangements to visit the canyon a month ago, but now I am very much afraid my engagements in Colorado will interfere with that anticipated pleasure.”

The interviewer had sought out Mme. Powell with the firm determination beforehand to say nothing whatever about music on the theory that it must be an awful bore to have to discuss the same subject so many times, so he asked:

“What do you think about this big chunk of partially irrigated desert we call Arizona?”

“People who live in the big Eastern cities,” was the reply, “who visit the capitols of Europe each year, who live in an atmosphere of cathedrals and sky scrapers, cannot be said to have lived till they have seen the West in all its glory of mountains and deserts. There is nothing like it to enlarge one's horizon. We are too prone to stray away from nature and the West brings us back to it. In Portland I played in the Forestry building—a cathedral of logs. The wooden violin sang its song to the great tree trunks about and acknowledged fellowship with the forest whence it sprang. My father was a pioneer of the plains and I, in the same spirit, am trying to be a pioneer in music.”

“This country reminds me strongly of South Africa where we played 42 weeks. The Hotel Adams is almost a reproduction of the hotel at Kronstadt and another at King Williamstown in Africa. Their climate and character of architecture are also similar. They have the same pretty bungalows that I see in Phoenix.”

Madame Powell then spoke of her violin which is said to be a wonderful instrument. “It was made in 1775, but unlike most old instruments has been little used and is not worn out with too much playing. Arizona air is good for it just as it is for a person. Frost and dampness are ruinous to violins.

“Speaking of music,” said Madame Powell, “I will say that I never play ‘down’ to an audience. While I try not to weary them with displays of technique I do try to lift them to a plain above popular music. I try to select a poetic appeal which all can understand. I try to get at the elemental force of things as Carreño did with his [her?] piano. Cheap music is ruinous to the taste and love for good music and I think mothers should not permit their children to acquire their musical tastes from the ten cent show places. Just what my program will be tomorrow night I do not know, but there will be by request the Vieuxtemps concerto in D minor, the Vienna waltzes of Schuett and the Chaminade trio.

“I think I am very fortunate in my assistants. Miss Mukle is of the type of the Amazons and is a perfect genius. She is simple and direct and of a charming personality. Mistress Ford has an intuitive ability that is remarkable. She has that same faculty that Arthur Nikisch possesses and uses so effectively as an orchestral leader.”

As the interviewer made his adieux he complimented himself that he had been compelled to ask but a single question and that he had not introduced the subject of music.

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

Newspaper not named, 1908
San Diego, December 7, 1908 – date of concert

GREAT VIOLINIST PRAISES THEATER

Maude [sic] Powell, probably the greatest woman violinist the world has ever known, renowned in every civilized land as the acme of all that is pleasing in an entertainer of the musical world, says that in all her travels, she has never enjoyed a concert as much as the one in which she figured last evening.

“To play to a San Diego audience,” said Miss Powell after the concert was over last night, “is to play before people of talent and appreciation. Nothing can give a musician greater pleasure than to know that one’s music is stirring the souls of the audience, and I could play all night to such people as sat before me tonight.

“Another reason that I am pleased with my concert is that the acoustic properties of the house are such that I know my music fills the auditorium to the most remote corners and yet is not thrown back in harsh, raucous strains as in many larger houses in larger cities.

“I have never played in a house which was better suited to carry and contain music than the Garrick, and San Diego is to be congratulated upon possessing so charming and well designed a playhouse.”

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

Louisville Evening Post
January 19, 1909

**TALKS OF MANY LANDS AND CLIMES.
Maud Powell, the Violinist, Has Seen Much of the World.
SOUTH AFRICA RESPONSIVE
Believes the Music of America Will Be Influenced by the Negro Melody.**

Mrs. Maude [*sic*] Powell Turner, who is known to the public as Maude [*sic*] Powell, the distinguished violinist, whom Louisville will have the privilege of hearing tonight at the Woman's Club, is in private life the most charming of women, of broad interests and delightful personality. Her conversation is full of entertaining comment on things she has seen in her travels, which have been comprehensive, extending from South Africa through Europe and our own country from coast to coast. Mrs. Turner is the wife of a London theatrical manager and has spent much time in England and touring the English provinces. Last year she gave forty-two recitals in South Africa, where, she says, she found a most enthusiastic musical spirit. The Boers are especially demonstrative, and vent their delight in vociferous yells and with throwing up of hats. The English residents are naturally more repressed, but all South Africa seems hungry for music.

"South Africa," said Mrs. Turner, "is very much like our own Western country. It reminds me decidedly of Arizona in its broad plateaus and scenery, but the people are altogether different. The difference is that the South African population are not pioneers. They go to dwell there a few years to gain wealth, as they hope, always with the idea of returning home again."

Mrs. Turner has just completed a tour of the West to the coast, taking with her as accompanist, Miss Ford, a young English woman, who had not been to America before. Mrs. Turner says it has afforded her the greatest delight to see the impression made on the English girl by the grandeur and vastness of our western country. Miss Ford is particularly delighted with the climate.

"Don't you ever have cold weather?" she asked, thinking of the English shivers that seem to possess even the natives of that country. "It was then about twenty degrees below zero, in Northern Minnesota," said Mrs. Turner, "But, oh, so different from the damp, penetrating chill of English winters. England is adorable in spring and summer," she added.

A Native of Illinois.

Mrs. Turner came to Louisville directly from Aurora, Ill., her native town, where she gave a recital last week. "I love to go back there," she said. "They receive me with such pride and enthusiasm, and tell me I look like my mother, and give euchre parties for me, and I love it all."

Mrs. Turner is a devotee of the music of the colored race and thinks that if a distinct school of American music is ever established it will be greatly influenced by the [line missing from the article]. "Dvorak said the same thing," she said.

The true American music will owe much to the old-time folk songs of the Negroes. She spoke of having heard some unusual music by Negroes in Africa, of its beauty and elemental charm—then, "Don't you just dote on Williams and Walker?" she asked impulsively. "I do. I never miss them. I've seen them three times, and the musical swing and rhythm of their productions is inimitable. The music of America will surely contain an element that will be very much like a sort of glorified 'rag-time'," she said.

Miss Powell, as she will appear on the program tonight, will not include any rag-time in her concert, but she says she finds that everybody likes music "with a tune to it" and her program promises to be very enjoyable. Miss Ford, her English accompanist, is with Mrs. Turner at the Seelbach.

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

The Times, Louisville, Kentucky
Tuesday Evening, January 19, 1909

**ENTHUSIASM
AN ASSET IN ART
BELONGS TO YOUTH AND TOO EASILY WORKED OFF.**

Miss Maud Powell, the Noted Pianist [sic], Chats Charmingly on a Variety of Subjects.

The enthusiasm that, as a girl, I put into my work," said Miss Maud Powell, the violinist, to a Times representative this morning at the Seelbach, "made me reach my climaxes much too soon."

Miss Powell attended the performance of "Polly of the Circus" last evening and had been thoroughly delighted with the charming little actress, Edith Taliaferro. She went on to tell how much she enjoyed just such exhibitions of enthusiasm and zeal as can be made only in youth and which cannot be equaled or mimicked at any other stage of an artist's career. Miss Powell said that it was only too easily worked off and one of the greatest assets toward success was thereby lost.

Miss Powell comes of English and Welsh ancestry with a strain of Hungarian, to which perhaps she owes her musical talent. She is interested in outdoor life and such sports as will not hurt "her fiddle hand" and this doubtless is due to the English in her. To her Welsh she ascribes a touch of fanaticism.

Miss Powell says that life in America is conducive to sanity; that here even musicians are expected to have clean finger nails and conform to normal ideas in dress.

She is a close observer, has a keen sense of the ridiculous and an interest in young musicians. Miss Powell has spent little of her time in the South and on each visit says that she is getting a clearer idea of the Southern girl, admiring her ambition and growing independence. "Women are responsible," said she, "for culture and much depends on them for the future of music in America."

To-night Miss Powell will appear at the Woman's Club with Mr. [Ernest] Hutcheson, in a piano-violin recital under the auspices of the Musical Art Society.

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

Tacoma News (Washington)
February 14, 1910

MAUD POWELL IS GREATER THAN EVER
Violinist Plays a Wonderful Program.
But Her House Is Shamefully Small — She Talks of Music
and Trouble with Americans Who Are Too Intellectual.

“Animal emotion is after all the soul of music, and especially violin music. Intellectuality is but a means toward the expression of that emotion, and that it is as often a bar as an aid is proven by the fact that among the great violinists few have been really intellectual. It is the primitive heart throb that goes out to stir the listener and find the answering chord that must be touched to make the violin really effective.

“There’s the rub with us Americans! We are too intellectual, and our instincts are superfine. I do not mean that the finer feelings are not the better ones in music as in everything else. But I do mean that intellectual people find it hard to express deep feeling. The educated man, or woman, used to modern, repressed life, is more or less ashamed of any passionate emotion. He feels it within him, but he hides it. His face is a mask and his tongue has been schooled. When suffering mental agony he does not beat his chest with his fists as does the savage. He does not curse and rail in the open. He loves, hates and weeps within himself.

“What has this to do with music and the violin and us Americans? Just this. If we have repressed every other form of emotional expression by masking our faces, schooling our tongues and banishing bodily gestures, we have likewise crippled expression by the bow of the violin or the instrument of the voice. We are inclined to be practical musically. We seek for fine shades of intonation, with all the other requirements of good musicianship, and we get artistic effects, but rarely do free ourselves from our chains of repression and really stir those before us. We do not fiddle madly or sing with abandonment as do the Europeans. We are self-conscious. Our natures rebel against letting go of the government over the feelings. We have to fight to let them out, while your little Pole, or Bohemian, or Hungarian, knowing nothing but his violin, for what does he care? He just fiddles, and he laughs and weeps, and cries out loud with it, with never a thought of the figure he is cutting. He has known no restraint; he has no sense of delicacy in baring his soul; he gives his naked passions to you without a blush, and he stirs you to the bottom of your emotions as only another’s kindred emotions may. Were one able to let go of the feelings and yet have intellectual attainments, that one would rise to the very highest notch of musical success. But it is a much harder task for the intellectual artist than the half savage. The training of life has been against him, as have the lives of his educated and repressed parents, and the grandparents before them.”

So said Maud Powell after her concert yesterday, when she played a beautiful program with wonderful art before a house shamefully small. . . .

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