

A DAY ON THE ROAD
Maud Powell Relates Experiences That Show What the Musical Artist
Has to Contend with En Route — Another Day and a Contrast
by Maud Powell

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As it Isn't—Except Sometimes

Arrived at 7 a.m. No headache. Had a good night. Train porter intelligent and helpful. Hotel seems good. Breakfast excellent. Bacon curly and crisp—broiled on one side only as requested; eggs fresh and coffee piping hot.

Interesting budget of mail. At 9:30 called up president of the musical club, who seemed bright and enthusiastic. Big house a certainty.

“G” [H. Godfrey Turner, Maud Powell’s husband and manager] went out to see the people at the piano house. They had given two concerts in their salesrooms with a talking-machine to introduce my violin records. Had also sent a machine to the high school, where the pupils were familiarized with the music and the lives of the composers thereof.

At 10:30 newspaper man called, a boy with a bright eye and plenty of imagination. We hit it off admirably and he went away jubilant.

At 12 m. a girl comes to play the fiddle. Protégée of a woman in the club, who is a Maud Powell enthusiast. The girl shows talent, intelligence and industry. She has been well taught, but her instrument isn’t worth \$5, though she paid \$175 for it. I encourage her all I can and try to help her a bit with bowing. How I admire those tense young women who work doggedly through the day, finding the path to some sort of ultimate light, be it ever so dim! This girl will be a helpful influence in the community.

12:45—a few moments in which to open suitcase and trunk, re-arrange the furniture. I put some lovely roses just received in the right place for a happy effect to live with. The room looks cheery when “G” comes back. We go down to lunch, which by good luck turns out better than usual.

See a committee at 2 o’clock—alert, sincere people—then go to the theater to prepare the stage. An understanding stage manager, who is quick to perceive the difference between a concert and a “show.”

“G” and he exchange anecdotes of actors of earlier days and are soon working together in a spirit of comradeship. Everything augurs well for the kind of concert I want to give—one with spirit, or *stimmung*, or magnetism, or whatever it is that puts the artist *en rapport* with his audience and enables him to lift them out of themselves and above their everyday life.

Three p.m., back at the hotel and soon turn in for a nap.

Six p.m., feel as fit as a fiddle. A light palatable supper in my room. After dressing out comes the fiddle. No strings broken; the instrument sounds limpid. My spirits key right up.