

The Oregon Daily (Portland)
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**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.”

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