Musical America
May 7, 1910

The "Woolly West's" Response To Music
Maud Powell's Unique Experience in Small Towns in the Rocky Mountain Region

It would be a venturesome artist, indeed, who would dare present himself to a New York audience to the tune of three dollars a seat. A beggarly array of empty seats would greet him even though he were proclaimed as one who had attained the summits of his art.

Is it likely, then, that anyone would dare to exact similar prices in a Western town of some one or two thousand inhabitants? Assuredly not. Yet such is the irony of fate, that an experiment which in a large city is fatal would be very likely to succeed in a "watering tank" in the midst of the American desert. Such an assertion is not the result of idle or idealistic speculation. It is the outcome of actual observation and experiment, and this on the part of so experienced a manager as H. Godfrey Turner, who, with Maud Powell, but recently returned from a phenomenally successful tour through regions hitherto almost unexplored by musicians.

"It is a mistake and an absurd one," said Mr. Turner recently, "that musicians should have to confine themselves to the beaten track, visiting only the large cities and ignoring those which lie between. These are the very places in which people are hungry for music—good music, I mean—and they are willing to do anything to pay any price to hear it. Of course, it must not be thought that they will one and all welcome you with open arms and crowded houses; as yet the proportion is about equal in that respect. But you must see for yourself and you can easily tell after one visit whether it will be worth your while to stop at that place again on your next trip. It cannot be denied that the arrangements for dramatic and musical functions in these wayside towns are exceedingly crude as yet.

"We visited one place in Montana where there was a really beautiful little new theater. The manager paid little attention to its appearance, however, and the place was hopelessly dirty. There were plenty of stage hands—all of whom had to be remembered by the visiting artists but there was not a single man of them willing to handle a broom. Miss Powell actually ruined one of her gowns in walking across the stage. The crowd that filled the place was a pretty wild looking one and it did not seem as though it were of the kind to absorb any amount of aesthetic enjoyment.

"There was a cowboy, who took a seat as near the door as possible so that he could get out without too much noise. Well, not only did he stay till the very end, but all the rest of that curious audience let it be known in a very emphatic way that they had enjoyed themselves more than they had in a good, long time.

"Miss Powell's programs are the same quality for these audiences as for the city ones. I

have already had requests for 'light' music on the ground that the audience was to be a 'society' one, not a 'musical' one. Nevertheless, we never allow the standard to be lowered for such humiliating considerations.

"The program begins with something heavy—a movement of the Tschaikowsky concerto, for instance—and ends with some fireworks of the Wieniawski type. Owing to the fact that many persons in these remote localities own talking machines, they have become familiar with much good music and we often have requests for such and such a classic that these people have learned to love through the medium of the phonograph. These are the people who are willing to pay almost anything to hear an artist like Miss Powell, and in such cases we can ask prices that would be considered prohibitive in this very city, in Boston, in Philadelphia, in San Francisco or anywhere else. In San Francisco, you know, you cannot make a cent if there is any other attraction, theatrical or musical, occupying attention at the same time. It is distinctly a 'one audience' town.

"Some of the musical clubs out West are doing much good for the propagation of the love for music, but there are also many others which are musical only in name and which are as good as useless as far as art is concerned. Still the general outlook is favorable and the possibilities for musicians in these little and apparently insignificant cities are more than they seem at first glance."

Mr. Turner spoke with special admiration of the work of Vladimir Liachowsky, Miss Powell's accompanist. "It is impossible to travel with any but an accompanist of the very highest rank," he said, "for no other could ever undertake successfully the difficult piano versions of the orchestral portions of concertos --- to mention only one type of composition. Now it would have been quite impossible for us to have presented, for instance, that of Tschaikowsky, . . . which . . . [is] scored so heavily, had it not been for the exceptional ability of Mr. Liachowsky. Most persons on tours of this kind overlook the fact that the accompanist is very often quite as important as the soloist, and therefore, when they reach Chicago they make the foolish move of engaging an inefficient one. Such a proceeding foredooms the artist to failure."

During their tour the great violinist and her manager visited the Grand Canyon of Arizona, the scene of famour exploits of Miss Powell's uncle, Major Powell. In the appended photographs the little party is shown descending the precipitous heights on mule back, an adventure which Miss Powell enjoyed to the utmost. The contemplation of such marvelous sights as those of this region, she insists, never fails to inspire her with greater artistic impulses than she had ever known before.

Republican Gazette
Lima, Ohio
22 April 1911

AUDIENCE HELD ENRAPTURED BY WORLD VIOLINIST

Maud Powell, Without a Peer, Meets Highest Expectations of Her Hearers

A PROGRAM OF HIGH MERIT

[Review of Maud Powell Violin Recital with Vladimir Liachowsky]

Maud Powell, most distinguished among living violinists of her sex, played last night before a Lima audience in Memorial hall. She received an ovation and was encored after every number, including the finale. It was a fitting climax of the most remarkable season of music Lima has ever had.

Maud Powell is probably known in more communities and by more people on this continent, artistically than any living musician. Her successes extend over many years. And, although she is an American, she is almost as well known in Europe. She has played the violin on every continent except Australia. She has appeared before and charmed kings, emperors and presidents.

There is nothing theatrical or sensational about Maud Powell. She indulges in none of the tricks of a Paganini. She is a thorough artist of full stature, obtaining effects by dignified procedure. Her playing is characterized by a classic simplicity. Her technic is faultless.

Miss Powell, who is Mrs. H. Godfrey Turner in private life, is no longer young but she maintains a youthful enthusiasm and a stage presence that leaves nothing to be desired.

Pleasing Personality

In the center of the big stage beneath its rich mahogany curtain and flanked on either side by backgrounds of green, she made an interesting figure, slender, gowned in pink and golden, a rich red rose in her hair that is still raven, luxuriant and high upon her head.

A particularly gracious presence marks her. Her bow is low and sweeping. She has a trick of rising and throwing her energy into the upper stroke of her bow in a fortissimo passage that is as striking as her peculiar way of whipping off the final note with a slashing downward stroke.

The recital began with Lalo's Spanish symphony. Three movements were played, the Allegro non troppo, the Andante and the Rondo; Allegro non troppo. A symphony is a musical form. It does not necessarily express any concept. But, as in this case, it affords opportunity for an exhibit of skill in manifesting the resources of the instrument. It was in later numbers that Miss Powell's powers of interpreting expressive music were seen.

The first movement of the symphony was rather tame. It was not until the elaboration of the theme began in the second movement and the full third backed by exceptionally brilliant piano effect, developed that the audience began to fully realize how great an artist stood before it.

Beethoven Popular

The Bach number, a gavotte and prelude in E major, was beautifully delivered. The encore, a minuet by Beethoven was one of the gems of the night, possessing an undulating melody of peculiar charm.

"I chose that," said Miss Powell afterward, "because Beethoven can hold his own anywhere. They are few that can properly follow Bach."

The middle number was composed of "Ave Maria," by Schubert, "Minuett" by Mozart, "Hungarian Dance" by Brahms arranged by Joachim and "Valse" by Tchaikowsky, certainly a notable group of violin composition by a distinguished quartet of masters of composition.

Here the player had an opportunity to show contrast in expression, in delicacy and vivacity of treatment. The Ave Maria suggesting the organ tone and the churchly came into relief against the "Minuett" that sounded as from a far off chamber where lords and ladies gay were bending low in graceful curtsey. Then the fire and dash of the "Hungarian Dance" and finally the fascinating "Valse" with its gliding melody. The encore number was "The Souvenir" by Drdla.

The "Fantasie on Airs" from the opera Faust was the final number, a splendid treatment of familiar musical themes. The audience remained to applaud. The violinist bowed again and again, then suddenly turned to the audience. She played "The Arkansas Traveler" as arranged by Vieuxtemps.

Admires American Music

"I think that American music should be selected as often as possible," said Miss Powell after the concert, "and the 'Arkansas Traveler' is certainly good music.

"I certainly enjoy playing as fully as I ever did. Why ask such a question? Did not my playing tonight indicate it? Why, I feel that I am growing constantly. The depths of music can never be fathomed. There are always newer fields to be explored.

"Yes, there is pleasure in playing for a king if he is appreciative of music. King Edward of England was one who understood and enjoyed. But my greatest joy is playing with an

orchestra. That gives illimitable possibilities of expression. Next to it, I enjoy a recital such as tonight, where there is a nearness to the audience and one has a feeling that real pleasure is the result."

It will interest musicians to know that the violin used by Miss Powell last night was made in 1775 in Cremona, Italy, by Guadagnini. Until four years ago it had lain in a trunk in California for 60 years. It was first sold for $8. Miss Powell paid $750 for it and no money could buy it. The workmanship is imperfect but the tone is superb. The bow used last night was made by Francis Tourte about 1815 and cost $250.

The credit in bringing Miss Powell to Lima is due Miss Vera Watson.

The Gazette
Houghton, Michigan
January 1911

INTERVIEWING MAUD POWELL

Maud Powell chatted with a reporter for the Gazette at the Douglas House yesterday morning. The reporter had called for an interview but remained simply to take delight in the conversation of a charming woman who is content to leave her art behind for a time and just converse about everyday topics.

Mme. Powell was interested in copper country weather, in the local peculiarities of speech, in the copper mines, refusing to pose before the reporter's pencil. But when she was requested to say something which might influence ambitious musicians of the copper country she was all interest and enthusiasm at once. She said that the very best training for young musicians, before they have decided that they want to seriously take up musical study with a view to music as a profession, was ensemble music. One of the best instances of this she found in school training in vocal music. She found another in the practice of young musicians who get together to play ensembles for violin and piano and the instruments they are learning.

The violiniste was told that this idea was carried out rather well in Houghton and Calumet by the high school orchestras and she declared that she was delighted to hear it. She was delighted to hear of the Calumet and Hecla band because she knew a good band to be a most potent influence on the musical taste of a community, citing the old Gilmore's band as an instance of this influence on the musical taste of the nation.

Mme. Powell does not decry popular music. She says she takes delight in tunes from "The Merry Widow" and the "The Chocolate Soldier" and the like but she hopes the Calumet and Houghton high school orchestras will not neglect the more ambitious music, such as the symphonies of Beethoven. And she insists, as all great musicians do, that once a young player gets a taste for good music, poor music will satisfy him no more than will poor food, once he has a taste of richer viands.

Mme. Powell spent yesterday in her room practising. She is working up a concerto which she is to play in New York in March. [Sibelius violin concerto, New York Philharmonic, March 14 and 17, 1911]. She says she is familiar with the concerto, that she knows it thoroughly in fact, but that each day she finds some new sentiment in it, some new opportunity for applying technique. It is only by practise, constant hard work, that she preserves her technique. Mme. Powell says that no matter what inspiration, what soul an artist may have for music, he or she must develop technique in order that that inspiration may be better expressed. But she does not say that hard work will bring every one to artistic excellence because without the inspiration the work is wasted. She deplores the fact that in the United States there are so few people who are

capable of judging from a child's early struggles with music whether it contains within it that touch of the divine which years of hard work may develop into artistic greatness. This lack is what causes so many American failures who go to European masters only to find that they are not encouraged in their ambitions.

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

Musical America
1 April 1911

"WOMEN ARE MAKING OUR MUSICAL WHEELS TURN, SAYS MAUD POWELL"

Perhaps not in New York, but Throughout the Country, They are Chiefly Responsible for To-Day's Activity in Every Form of Culture, Declares Violinist—Elgar's New Concerto She Believes is "Made" Music

By Herbert F. Peyser

I found Maud Powell at the piano busily communing with a score of the new Elgar violin concerto, intent upon determining whether the composition or her judgment were at fault.

Beside her stood a great heap of music surmounted by Brahms's D Minor Violin Sonata and close at hand was a miniature full orchestra score of the aforesaid Elgar.

Affectionately wrapped up in silken covers lay the violin—the famous instrument which had been cruelly dragged off to unjust and ignominious imprisonment while Miss Powell was touring Texas a few weeks ago.

Miss Powell admits that she does not know just what to say about the Elgar. "I know that it is cleverly made, beautifully scored and all that sort of thing. But, somehow or other, I can't rid myself of the idea that it is 'made' music. Take this sequence which you find near the beginning as an example. It is the sort of thing any small writer or any beginner would write.

Then the themes don't seem to please me—and after all, they are the things that count. Now it may be that my judgment is wrong, but I felt very different about the Sibelius concerto when I came across that for the first time.

"I unearthed that, as you know, accidently, among a pile of other things. I became interested the minute I saw the first theme. My interest increased by leaps and bounds. I was delighted with the way the theme was developed in the cadenza. 'If this sort of thing can only continue,' I exclaimed as I turned to the second movement. I read it through and 'this will go beautifully' I decided when I pictured to myself the effects with orchestra. 'Now for the last movement.' Of course that, being the last movement, must show some falling off. But on the whole I was thrilled by that concerto, thrilled by its themes just as Mr. Finck is thrilled when he hears Grieg."

Which is certainly putting it very strongly!

Miss Powell seemed to anticipate my question as to the critical treatment which the Sibelius had called forth.

"Oh yes! I know that there are only a few who have agreed with me in my estimate. But there are also a few more people who, if they have not given in to it with all their hearts, are following close behind me, as it were. But, after all, they liked it very much in Chicago and in Boston. It simply isn't a thing you get fully at first hearing. For all that I wish the Elgar were something like it, I can't bring myself to believe it is, in spite of the disposition abroad at present to look upon the latter as in the same category with the Brahms."

Concertos are, no doubt, important beasts of burden, though hard to catch, an the average musician will fully appreciate the difficulty of lassoing new ones that are really fit for the serious business they have to perform. Nevertheless, Miss Powell has been doing things of much greater interest than concerto hunting as of late. She has been observing the musical growth of the country in a very literal sense. She has made observations on the spot. And after duly noting conditions from Maine to Texas she reports that all's well.

And who is to be thanked for this?

"The women," says Miss Powell, emphatically. The women are making the musical wheels revolve.

Not quite in accordance with the Lambertian hypothesis, is it? I could not forbear mentioning the fact to Miss Powell. Whereupon she smiled blandly and insisted even more firmly that the women of America deserved the largest slice of credit for the land's musical awakening and advancement.

"Maybe not in New York," she said, "but you know that you cannot judge by this city. As long as women continue to spend their money on those absurd and hideous Spring bonnets one cannot look to them for undivided support of artistic matters.

"Besides, that, New York is full of *nouveaux riche* and is *so* different from the rest of the country!

"But get outside of it and you will find that women are not wasting their money on their Spring hats. They deserve a tribute for encouraging not only music but every form of culture. They have formed their art clubs and societies and in little, out-of-the-way locales you find that they can discuss the art of Botticelli and have on the walls of their homes reproductions of the great masterpieces of painting rather than the cheap chromos one might be inclined to expect.

"They have their musical organizations, they arrange and patronize the concerts of the great artists. They insist upon their husbands accompanying them and if the latter don't want to they drag them there by the scruff of the neck.

"If in New York men decline to attend musical functions the reason is simply that they are worn out by working. And why must they work so much? To make money to satisfy their wives' extravagance. When women take it into their heads to become less extravagant the men will find more opportunity to patronize concerts.

"A touching episode happened at one of the concerts I gave in the South. A farmer and his family were in the audience. He was a strikingly handsome, although uneducated, man and had gone along with his people largely for the reason that he would be needed to drive then back home again.

"After the recital there was the usual crowd on the stage to greet me with the usual kind of compliments. But what this man said to me meant more than all the applause I received during the course of the evening. He managed to stutter and stammer that a certain part of the program had meant so much to him that it seemed to him joyful, sorrowful and a multitude of other things which he simply could not express, much as he tried. When he finally stopped I gathered that he meant to tell me that the music represented to him an epitome of life. The piece in question was the first movement of the Tschaikowsky concerto."

In spite of occurrences of this kind there are also unpleasant *contretemps* to which the travelling musician is subject. Miss Powell had her share of these and one in particular is worth relating.

"I realize that a Brahms sonata is a pretty heavy dose for some audiences and on a certain occasion I arranged to place some light and simple pieces immediately after one of these so that the hearers would feel altogether disconcerted. Before beginning I noticed a baby in the audience. It was 'goo-gooing' considerably and I had my misgivings as to what might happen during the Brahms sonata. Strangely enough it kept remarkably quiet and the sonata went off well. Then I started Schumann's 'Träumerei.' No sooner had I played the first ten bars than there arose loud 'goo-goos' from the baby. I was disconcerted and I stopped and addressed the audience, telling them that I had them in the hollow of my hand and did not want to lose them, that the baby was undoubtedly a dear one but that I could not continue while it 'goo-gooed.'

"Still the mother did not make the slightest attempt to leave. I played a little further and the same performance began again. I came to an abrupt halt in anger and told the audience that the concert hall was not a nursery.

"Then the mother took the hint, got up and left and the audience broke into applause. I played the rest of the music, still trembling with rage though fortunately I managed to control my bow.

"Another time I was informed by a woman that I was the second great musical attraction they had had during the year. The previous one had been an 'Italian orchestra.' I was puzzled and asked the woman for particulars, thinking she might, perhaps, refer to the French orchestra from New Orleans. I learned that the 'Italian orchestra' consisted of three young men with a harp, a sort of mandolin, and a banjo!"

Musicians are guilty of a certain type of selfishness, believes Miss Powell, which they should do their best to eradicate and which is often the means of marring the pleasure of their hearers.

"Music is so utterly self-satisfying that one occasionally forgets to be expressive in a way that shall convey the meaning of the composer to all hearers. By this I mean that while one may personally feel the emotion latent in the composition and enjoy the task of performing the work

one may forget to play it in a way that will convey this emotion to the most uninformed listener. To accomplish this end musicians should cultivate the habit of listening to themselves, to hear their own playing objectively. This is a thing that is by no means as easy as it seems, but the importance of it cannot be over-estimated.

"In general I have noticed that violinists are better musicians than pianists. The violin, you see, has to play in quartets, he has to play in orchestras. The pianist does not and the moment the average pianist tries to accompany a violin piece disaster follows. They can play in time, but for some mysterious reason they are not rhythmic. For all this I do not mean that musicians—pianists, violinists, and any others—should devote hours and hours to mere technic. That is the fault of the pupils of Sevcik, of the Prague school of violin playing. They can play scales and trills, and have a nice, pleasant tone but they miss the higher aspects of their art. It goes without saying that an excess of technical drudgery will rob a player's work of precisely those elements required for its greatness and generosity of appeal."

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

The Tribune
Los Angeles, CA
December 3, 1912

Greatest Woman Violinist Says Southland Sunshine is Ideal for Her Art
By Edna Lee Booker

Her fingers are worth $10,000 each.

She says: A husband helps art and that art should be an aid to matrimony instead of a deterrent.

She says: Los Angeles is the 'artistic affinity' to music.

She says: The mellowness of the southland climate lends mellowness to the musical tones.

She tries to transplant Los Angeles sunshine to her New York flat, but—she can't, so she's coming here to live.

She is Maud Powell, the world's greatest woman violinist.

Los Angeles music lovers will be privileged to hear Maud Powell in concert early in January. The concert to have been given this week was postponed to next month, because her husband insists that she have a midwinter vacation in Honolulu.

Right Husband Aids Art

"No, indeed, marriage does not interfere with art," declared Miss Powell at the Hotel Alexandria yesterday. "My husband is an absolute essential to my art. I advise all artists to marry. But—be careful! Be certain you choose a man who loves your work, who can listen to a concert of classical selections without having visions of Broadway, and who understands an artistic temperament and knows when to comfort and pet you.

"Do not make music subjective to marriage, or marriage objective to music. Marry, for your life will not be complete without a good husband."

"Yep, that's me!" exclaimed her husband, entering the room with an exquisite bouquet of violets. "I'm fifty-two and rather dressy for my age."

Coming Here to Live

"I certainly am coming to Los Angeles to live," exclaimed Miss Powell, her soft brown eyes sparkling. "The flowers, the climate, and the sunshine are ideal for violinists. Even my fingers respond to the harmonizing loveliness.

"I believe that the mellowness of the climate is conducive to mellowness of tone; that the warmth of the sunshine brings forth the most dulcet and melodious harmonizations; and that the brilliancy of the flowers' tones the most colorful phrasing.

"I try to transplant the spirit of California to my New York flat, but—I can't, so I am coming here to live. Los Angeles is the coming musical center."

Her Hands Insured

Tenderly picking up her violin, Miss Powell continued:

"Yes, my hands are insured. They are my life and I take great care of them. My fingers are extremely sensitive and require careful handling."

The soft white hands with their tapering fingers are those of a great artist. Beneath their softness, there is a strength and mastery of touch.

No other feminine hands in the world can produce such haunting melodies, such joyous rhapsodies, or such powerful harmonizations.

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

Denison Daily Herald
Denison, Texas
November 17, 1912

Woman Violinist's View

"Do you always have weather like this? It is perfectly glorious," was the first thing the celebrated Maude [sic] Powell said when interviewed by a *Herald* representative at the Denison Hotel Friday afternoon. Miss Powell was in the city only a few hours en route to Bonham where she gave a violin concert Friday night. She is a lady of most charming personality and a splendid conversationalist.

"I have never played in Denison," said the artist when questioned, "but this is my third year through Texas. I was first attracted to Texas when I was in Chicago at the World's Fair-as far back as that-1892. In the same hotel in which I was stopping was a man from Texas, and having heard me play he made himself known to me. At once he began talking of Texas, describing the lovely climate, the splendid crops and enterprises. I was very much interested and thought that Texas must be the Garden of the Gods. So I had my manager book a number of concerts throughout the State and I have found everything the man said to be true."

"I have passed through the city several times and spent a few hours here and I think it is marvelous the way the city is growing. The first thing I saw when I alighted from the train at your grand new union station was 'Well, everything was alive.' And the people are certainly lovely; they overwhelm me with kindness. I can also speak most highly of your hotels and dining rooms. I ate a splendid dinner at the station today."

Miss Powell's home is in New York. Her husband, H. Godfrey Turner, was formerly a theatrical manager in London, and realizing the difficulty of making one name famous, advertised his wife to retain her maiden name, Maude [sic] Powell, and thus she is known to the world of music lovers who delight to hear her. Mr. Turner is manager for his wife and they nearly always travel together, though he did not accompany her through Denison.

"I have never had the pleasure of playing in Denison," continued Miss Powell, "but next year I shall have my manager write to your people and try to secure me a concert here. You should have things that Durant, Oklahoma, and Bonham can afford."

When asked if she had had time to observe the social life in the city the player stated that she loved the people here, but not having played in the city had never been given a reception. However often after her concerts in other Texas cities, Miss Powell

received the congratulations of her audiences and is sometimes honor guest at suppers and the like.

"One giving their whole soul to a profession however," said Miss Powell, "can not go in much for society, as you will find in every other calling."

With Miss Powell was her accompanist, T.W. Musgrove. C.S. Whitney of Durant accompanied them to Bonham to hear the artist again.

MPI 0047

"Von den Muttern beruhmter kinder"
Morgen Journal
New York
26 May 1912
Translated from the German

ABOUT MOTHERS OF FAMOUS CHILDREN

I'm sure there are other people who feel the same, i.e., you meet someone, you talk for awhile and you go home friends. I had this experience with Maud Powell.

Most of you know Maud Powell as an artist and the New York German-Americans most certainly have had the opportunity to hear her as a violinist.

Maud Powell's violin playing gave her an international reputation. We know her as the Queen of the American violinists and her personality is as enchanting as her playing. When I visited her she had just finished one of her tiring practice sessions. The music was still lying open on the piano — a new concerto by Coleridge-Taylor.

"Oh, his works are so full of melody, I call him the colored Dvořák. I will play this piece the first time at the Norfolk Festival on the 4th of June. And can you imagine? The music for the whole orchestra (all the orchestra parts) was on the Titanic and sank with it and we were all very anxious about it! By the way, next year I will be playing with an American pianist and we would like to play as many American compositions as we can to gain recognition for American talents."

Maud Powell speaks fluent German. I was very pleased to discover this and I complimented her for it.

"Well, why shouldn't I? I studied for several years in Germany and at that time, when my mother and I came to Leipzig, I was only twelve years old and got used to the German culture very quickly. Unfortunately, it was not that easy for my dear mother. Anyway, I tell you that any mother who has a talented daughter has my full sympathy. It is difficult enough for the daughter to spend all her youth concentrating her thinking and energy only in this direction and to practice six to eight hours a day and her poor mother is always there. She has to hear each line again and again until she goes to the dear professor for an hour lesson. If I think about Leipzig, I can still see three mothers accompanying their daughters to their music lessons. My mother was one of them, a Mrs. Carpenter, another one. Here we were, sometimes the three of us sitting next to each other, afraid that one of us could be set back or might not get as much attention because she was a foreigner.

"If there was a concert in which the daughter was a participant, the mother had to worry about everything—the dress and the fitting and the fear (what they call stage-fright) as if she were playing herself. And then, there is the program, and maybe the first name is not correctly

printed or her number is not in the right place on the program or maybe the next morning the reviews are not good enough. It is dreadful, just dreadful, for the poor woman.

"Well, I'm telling you, my own mother had a nervous breakdown. Her nerves are still not as good as they should be now. That is why she is not with us but in her own villa in New Jersey. And another one of the above-named women had to spend five months in a psychiatric institute. Who finally pays double for all the fame of a talented daughter? The mother, of course!"

From somewhere, Mr. [Godfrey] Turner joined us and because we were already talking about his mother-in-law, he joined us in our conversation. With regard to the mother-in-law, Mr. Turner is splendid. He said, "I don't only have an ideal wife, I also have an ideal mother-in-law. You can believe that because I am actually after her. Now I have been after her for several weeks to take her for a ride in our new automobile."

Godfrey then imitates Mrs. Powell: "Ah, leave me alone, I'm not going to sit in that bloody box and drive along the street!" Godfrey: "And that's all I hear about that."

In the meantime, his wife starts to clean very softly the strings of her violin that is lying in the case.

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

The Musical Leader
16 May 1912

MAUD POWELL WHO IS NOW FINISHING TENTH CONSECUTIVE SEASON IN AMERICA TELLS OF AMERICAN COMPOSERS AND THEIR WORKS

Maud Powell, the foremost woman violinist with no reference to sex, an artist who stands by the side of the greatest violinists living, has totally disproved the belief that an artist cannot remain several seasons in this country and still retain hold upon the public. Miss Powell has just closed her tenth consecutive season in America where she has a larger and a more enviable following today than ever in the history her career – and a wonderful career it has been. Miss Powell has been pointed out as one of the greatest talents that America has ever produced, and in this influence alone she has been invaluable to the musical life and development of this country.

In the next season during which this violinist will again go as far as the Pacific Coast, she will play with a great number of the foremost orchestras. Her recital programs have a distinctly educative value outside of the fact that she aims for a general appeal. Miss Powell claims that the best program that can be given the American public is not beyond them. She rejoices in the steady strides which she finds and she says that the programs which she has given in the smallest cities have elicited the same sort appreciation and enthusiasm as they have in New York or Boston.

Miss Powell has given much attention to the American in composition and she believes that very much is to be expected from this country in the way of creative ability. "The American," says Miss Powell, "begins at twenty-five, where others have left off. He is progressive, and he lives in an energetic world. I do not believe that this American rush is detrimental to musical development. It is true that no European could live in it, but it is part of the American who is unusually cultured and advanced in thought and he is built to endure it; there is something in the air that invigorates people to a point where they can accomplish great things through the exhilaration they receive.

"It has been noted that a number of American compositions are to be found on my programs, and I expect to carry this still further, but that is certainly not new. If anyone looks into the old programs he will find the first violin concerto written by Henry Holden Huss, and one by Harry Rowe Shelley, and there was a time when I was more interested in what our country could produce than in what was regarded as popular accepted repertory. And so I have had very great success with a Scherzo by Edwin Grasse, as also with another of this talented young writer's compositions. I have also played with much satisfaction a Scherzo by Harry Gilbert, and that it was a success will be proved from the fact that I will retain it and the Grasse works in my programs next season.

"Then I shall play a new work which is of an elaborate nature, although it is not a suite and it is not a rhapsody or fantasy. I would almost call it a tone picture, taking into consideration the story that called it into being."

Miss Powell then told of a trip she took down in Florida, where the only way in which she could get from one city to the next was by boat, which traveled down the Ocklawaha River, a rapid stream running through vast swamps, out of which and on either side of the river arose great gaunt trees heavily hung with the deadly Spanish moss which kills all vegetation upon which it fastens itself. These trees stood out against a heavy sky like grinning gargoyles, gray, gruesome and ghastly, or like skeletons draped in mourning, and everything surrounding the section seemed to signify Death, not peaceful and majestic, but hopeless, desolate and strangely cold. She was deeply impressed by the picture and upon her return described it to Marion Eugenie Bauer whom she asked to put it into music when she might feel moved to do so.

Miss Powell states that the work has been completed and that she has never experienced a more remarkable expression of color and picture drawing in music than this work, which has been written for the violin with piano accompaniment, and she will embody it in her programs for the entire season. Needless to say, it is dedicated to the violinist, who will also play a new concerto which has been dedicated to her. This is one by Coleridge-Taylor and it is a regrettable fact that the score and part were lost on the Titanic as Miss Powell was planning to play it at the Norfolk festival, where she usually brings forward a new work of importance.

Miss Powell speaks with enthusiasm of the concerto which is built on American melodies, and it is bright and fresh with what she calls "a bit of the Negro pull at the heartstrings."

Miss Powell describes Coleridge-Taylor charmingly as follows: "As Dvořàk was a Bohemian Schubert, so Coleridge -Taylor is a colored Dvořàk." She also plays an arrangement of the Negro composer of some of the American Negro melodies to secure which the composer came to this country a few years ago.

Miss Powell's name has been blazoned far and wide, in this country by means of the Victor talking machine, for which her records have been made and which she has found have made her of unique interest wherever she appears. It is not unusual to have a series of requests prepared and awaiting her with the significant plea: "Please play for encores some of the numbers we have heard on the talking machine." Miss Powell's records are as full of educational value as are her programs and the manner in which she plays them.

Again, it may be said that Maud Powell is a towering figure in the artists which America has given the world, and her influence is of the best and it is far reaching.

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

The Lyre of Alpha Chi Omega
Boston, April 1912

MAUD POWELL
By Gladys Livingston Olmstead

In the quiet sunny quarters of a Commonwealth Avenue hotel I found Mme. Powell snugly ensconced. Fear, I confess, caused my steps to lag as I approached her rooms, because, I argued, so famous a lady must of necessity be formidable. One glance, however, dispelled this illusion and I perceived that in spite of – or perhaps because of her greatness Maud Powell was kindly and sympathetic. Our greetings over, I ventured to offer my congratulations on her masterly interpretation of Sibelius' concerto at the Symphony concert the day before.

"It seems a veritable *tour de force* of technique and yet requiring much depth of expression," I remarked.

"Yes," she replied. "It's difficult because it's so simple; the critics persist in calling it a show piece, but it's far too dramatic and poetic for that – a great, gray, grim Saga of the North – full of pathos and yearning. It's tremendous – simply tremendous – a piece not yet *properly* appreciated either by the critics or the public."

"You speak so lovingly of it, Mme. Powell, is it by chance your favorite concerto? Have you such a thing?"

"It is one of my favorites, yes – but of course there are many others as beautiful; the Mendelssohn one is always lovely and the Beethoven concerti seem more and more wonderful the longer I play them. They are so uplifting and inspiring."

"You are a classicist then, Madame?"

"Most decidedly. The modern men are undoubtedly great and interesting, but one feels their material restlessness – forever seeking and never satisfied. The music of Debussy and Strauss is not full of great aspiring ideals as is Beethoven's."

"Do you think their works will endure?" I queried.

"I think so, for they have their message too, and express truthfully the spirit of the times. I for one welcome gladly the new works, as violin 'literature' is all too limited. The trouble though with most composers is their lack of intimate knowledge of the *idiom* of the violin. I have already played two new concerti by American composers."

"You think, then, we Americans will sometime produce music that is worth while?"

"Certainly I do, but not for long time. Music here is still in its swaddling clothes. We have everything to learn. Before we produce anything great our musicians must travel; know their country and people thoroughly; know all types of our music, Negro, Indian – all sorts. The national music will not be based on Indian or Negro themes alone – (themes must come from the heart) – not from one section or another but on the assimilation of music of every kind. That some hint of this very thing is dawning on our musicians is indicated by the significant title of Hadley's new symphony, 'North, East, South, West.' Why a trip to the coast is a revelation, and our music must embrace all these wonders. But we are only at the beginning and as long as the materialism so dominant in our country continues, just so much thereby is our artistic development retarded. I for one feel the solution lies with the American women. If they would teach their daughters to think more about the Arts and less about dress, and their sons to consider these things to be at least as important as the pursuit of the Almighty Dollar, our national music would arrive that much sooner. In London and on the continent such a state of affairs is incredible. There Art and Science are seriously considered and appreciated."

"Then I infer you feel the chief advantage of studying in Europe to be its broadening influence?"

"Yes, young violinists can get fully as good instruction at home – but study abroad is a sure cure for provincialism, and gives a wider outlook which is very valuable to possess. But I would never advise young women to go over alone or with insufficient funds. It is far too hard and precarious a position and the European point of view too different."

"As between the public and domestic career, which would you advise the young violinist to choose."

"The domestic" – Mme. Powell replied without hesitation. "Personally I have been very fortunate, but because my husband has been not only willing but anxious to devote himself to my career, and we are absolutely agreed on all points, but even so we cannot have a domestic life in the true sense. Of necessity an artist must be selfish, and save and consider herself whenever possible. Under these circumstances true home life is impossible and to my mind it is even a question as to whether an artist has the right to have children and a home when it is so clearly out of the question for her to do them justice. I recall the case of a friend of mine, herself an artist of prominence, whose daughter once said to me that she never could help feeling a little bitter toward her mother, although she realized the professional claims made it impossible for the mother to give her fuller attention and care. But a career has its humorous side too" – with a reminiscent smile – "I will tell you an amusing experience I had in a Western town recently. I cannot play behind for footlights as they dazzle me; and the sidelights, the electrician informed me, where down cellar and would be dugout for the next 'show,' but they could not be found in time for my concert, so I was obliged to play in almost absolute darkness. Afterwards I complained of this to the electrician. 'Well mum,' he said, 'the truth is you look at damn sight older on the stage than you do off, but you *sure* did deliver the goods!'"

Speaking of recitals I asked, "Do you prefer them or playing with an orchestra?"

"Of course the latter is more dramatic and stimulating. An orchestra supports one and helps one to do the big things, but the recital is more intimate and one feels closer in touch with the audience."

"You ask me how I feel about Fraternities? It is hard to explain. I have always seen people in huge masses. You see I had no college life, nothing of that sort. As you know I was born in Peru, Illinois, and played both piano and violin in public at the early age of nine. When thirteen I went abroad to study, first in Leipsic then at the Paris Conservatory and later was advised to go to England. Here I met Joachim who became interested in me and took me at once into his class. After my debut in Berlin at a Philharmonic concert I returned to America and made my first appearance in New York, at a Philharmonic concert under Theodore Thomas, playing Bruch's First Concerto.

Since then I have played in the chief cities of Europe and even toured in South Africa – no time for college fun you see – and that leads me back to Fraternities. My intercourse with the Alpha Chi girls has been so charming – their youth and jollity has made me feel at ease and also the sense of their serious views and high ideals has always awakened a responsive chord in me."

"My plans for the summer?" as I paused in leaving. "I shall take my violin – its full name is *Joannes Baptista Guadagnini*, named in honor of its maker – to some quiet spot where I shall have absolute rest and maybe a chance to practice, the thing that never happens while I am touring. If it were not for the climate I would stay in London."

"And join the suffragettes?" I asked with a touch of mischief.

"No indeed!" interposed her husband, Mr. Turner, hastily.

"Truly," added Mme. Powell, "I think it's a form of obsession with English women, but the laws are so abominably unjust it's no wonder they lose their heads. Oh, I believe in equal opportunities for women, co-education and all that. Did you know that the latter had been tried unsuccessfully in England? I know that women musicians receive less pay than those of the opposite sex although they are often far superior. I confess injustice like that is most annoying, but personally I am too busy to do any suffragetting!"

And Mme. Powell returned to her work.

New York Times
March 4, 1912

VIOLINISTS SHACKLED CRIES MISS POWELL

Little Music of the First Excellence for That Instrument, Noted Artist Says

AMERICA'S DEBT TO HER

She Has Introduced Many New Works Here –
Conquers Her Cowboy Auditors – Hunting a New Work

Maud Powell is much more than an American violinist. Recently she took a hand in the outburst of protest hurled against the Society of Authors and Composers, which tries to exact payment for the performing rights of musical compositions from those who give recitals of various sorts. She also had a good deal to say in a recent copy of the New Music Review about women violinists, a letter which contained so much to interest the public that, although it was more or less personal in its nature, Philip Hale, as editor of the publication, gave it publicity. Her activities and interests are many, and her opinions are not only of a decided tone, but they are also backed by a forceful intelligence. Miss Powell admits frankly that if she were a man she would be a conductor rather than a virtuoso.

One of the greatest obligations which the American public owes her is on account of her constant offering of new compositions. The Sibelius concerto in D minor she was the first to perform here, and she has made this composition peculiarly her own. The latest Bruch Concerto also she performed for the first time in this country at last Summer's Norfolk Festival. This season, at the same festival, she will play a new concerto by Coleridge-Taylor.

"It reached me but the other day," she said, "and it is now in the hands of the copyist. A manuscript by Coleridge-Taylor is almost impossible to read, the writing is so fine. Even the copyist is having his troubles, and he is an expert. I read the work over once, tried the themes, and found it interesting. In fact, I at once wrote Mr. Stoeckel, who gives the Norfolk Festivals, that I would play it.

Took Back His Music

"Its history has an interest of its own. Coleridge-Taylor agreed to furnish me a new concerto for last season's Norfolk Festival, and he did so. He sent me a work, dedicated to me, based on American Negro melodies. He is an extremely modest man, however, and perhaps my letter of thanks was not as warm as it might have been. At any rate, in the course of a month or two he wrote and asked me to return the concerto, that he had reconsidered it, and decided never to publish the work or to have it performed. He also said that he was writing a new work at white heat, which he would send me as soon as it was completed.

"I wrote him at the time to preserve the slow movement. And in the new concerto he has also incorporated the first theme of the first movement of the other work. The new work however, has nothing to do with the American Negro. It is pretty, melodious music – like a bouquet of flowers. That is the comparison that comes to my mind.

"I wish somebody would suggest some name besides that of 'concerto' to be attached to a composition which is not too serious in its nature. I had a pretty composition which I often played at one season's concerts which I dubbed 'Concerto de salon,' but I can't do that with a work by Coleridge-Taylor. Still, it is not quite a full-grown concerto, nor is it yet a suite. Isn't there a simpler word than concerto for a work in the sonata form for violin and orchestra?

"We violinists do have our difficulties in finding new works. The Bruch concerto is only moderately satisfactory. I have played it on some of my programmes this season, but the unfortunate lack of a third movement has proved a drawback. Then the slow movement is lacking in contrast. I think the slow movement Bruch wrote in England, and the first movement when he was 20 years old. He simply put them together. Their publication is recent, but not their inspiration, I am sure.

Critics Ask for It

"The Sibelius concerto is a great favorite of mine, and I am to play it in Boston next week with the Boston Symphony orchestra, by request, mind you, of critics and public both! The work has not been liked in New York, but they are fond of it in Boston.

"What are we poor violinists to do? The literature for the violin is so poor. The critics in Berlin recently jumped on Elman because he performed the Tchaikovsky concerto. 'Is he going to play this forever?' They asked. But what is there? Even the good violin works are usually not the great works of the composers. The Brahms concerto is inferior to the symphonies, the Tchaikovsky concerto is inferior to the symphonies. Perhaps the Beethoven isn't. And Mendelssohn's concerto is assuredly better than his symphonies, a masterwork for the violin that, but so hackneyed! Even in my recent trip to Florida they asked me not to play it – and the request came from a Mendelssohn club!

"Occasionally one can play Goldmark, but it is not the composer at his best as he is in 'The Queen of Sheba' or 'Sakuntala.' I like Wieniawski's Concerto with the gypsy finale, but the middle movement I could never play in public if I had rehearsed it the same day. It is the kind of music you must be fresh for, or it bores you to do it. Vieuxtemps is almost dead, and the de Beriot quite. Still, there is one movement of a de Beriot concerto which I nearly always play at concerts on shipboard. It goes very well without accompaniment.

"I had a bitter experience in regard to the Elgar concerto. Carl Stoeckel wanted the work performed for the first time in America at the Norfolk Festival, and I wrote Sir Edward Elgar offering him $500 for the first performing rights. I also invited him to be the guest of honor at the festival. The letter was answered by his publishers, who demanded $1000 for the performing

rights to the work. I told Mr. Stoeckel, who, of course, would have been willing to pay this amount if the work had been worth it, by no means to consider it.

Elgar Concerto Empty

"Bruch took the place of Elgar at the festival. It is an empty, pompous work, the Elgar concerto, in my opinion, and scarcely worth the $500 except because of the fact that it was a novelty."

"Do you play at the Norfolk Festival every year?"

"No," Miss Powell smilingly replied, "but I played there last year, two years before, and I shall play there this year. You see, Mr. Stoeckel, who gives the festival, has an idea that there is too much sensationalism in American musical centres. He often repeats works year after year if he finds that they make an appeal. He also feels that it is good to have the same artists come back, and he tries always to invite American artists.

"The Norfolk Festivals are very fine. You can't buy seats for them, you know. The tickets are by invitation only. You are Mr. Stoeckel's guest while you are there. There is a bequest of $10,000 a year, which partially covers the expense of these festivals, but Mr. Stoeckel usually adds $20,000 a year or more to this. The course is extremely fine, almost as good, I was going to say, as the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, and the soloists are always excellent. Mrs. Homer sings there nearly every year, and so does Herbert Witherspoon. The festivals are given early in June, and usually extend over three days. The works performed are of interest, including several novelties each year.

"I have just returned from a concert tour in Florida, which was full of interest for me. I found especially that the smaller towns are appreciative of good music. The larger fashionable resorts are more like sanitarium. People sit on the porches until 9 o'clock and then they retire.

"Jacksonville, of course, is a metropolis, and I had success there. But everywhere in the smaller towns I was surprised at the interest. I always make my programmes maintain a certain standard of classicism. For instance, I frequently play Brahms's D minor sonata for piano and violin, for I invariably take a good pianist with me.

He Wanted to Know

"During the afternoons we visit the theater, my husband and I, to try to find a simple set for the stage. I don't want a deep set, and I want one as subdued in color as possible. I find that the background makes a difference, even if the audience does not know that it does. Once recently my husband, during one of these afternoon visits, heard one of the stage hands ask another if Miss Powell did 'nothing but fiddle the whole evening.' The answer was yes, and the questioner didn't seem overpleased.

"It is true, however, that during my concerts the stage hands are the most alert listeners. They stand or sit in the wings the whole evening without moving. In the West I have sometimes seen cow-punchers or cowboys enter and take seats in the back of the hall. They expect to get bored and have to leave. But they stay through the concert and then ask for more. It is surprising how much this public cares for good music.

"And this is especially true since the various clubs and organizations throughout the country have taken to engaging artists to give recitals instead of presenting miscellaneous concerts as they used to do. They find that one good artist costs less and makes more money for them in the end than four or five mediocre ones."

"Is it true, Miss Powell, that you have Hungarian blood? "

"It is. Through my mother I have inherited real gypsy blood, I am sure. My mother was a German, but she must have had Hungarian ancestors. I remember her once saying, when she heard a band of strolling players, 'I could follow them.' She meant it. She was a gypsy, and so am I. I always think of that remark of hers when I play the final movement of the Wieniawski concerto."

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