

*Huntington, West Virginia Advertiser*  
March 20, 1914

**MAUD POWELL DREAMS ANY UNDUE NOTORIETY**

**Great Violinist is Woman of Much Refinement and Remarkable Personality**

**ARRIVED HERE THIS MORNING**

**Says That She Will Compose Phantasy Embodying "Dixie" and Other Well Known Airs**

Graciously granting an interview to a newspaper man, despite the fact that she had travelled all night in order to reach Huntington and become rested before her recital, Maud Powell, the most celebrated woman violinist of the world, talked interestingly this morning of music, climate, art, differences in American and European culture, and a variety of things.

"I am afraid that I am not much of a person to interview," she laughed as she terminated a fascinating comment on the good music which has been written by certain American composers. And therein lies Maud Powell's charm. She does not impress one as self-conscious, or as a woman who is trying to impress her great artistry upon one for the sake of the publicity which she might get. In fact Mme. Powell rather dislikes undue notoriety, if one is to judge her correctly. If her art is worthy of mention, she is grateful and that is all.

A woman of innate refinement, of true culture, of splendid personality and remarkable magnetism; these are the conclusions which one reaches after conversing with the great violinist. Temperamental? Yes, but not falsely so. She does not attempt to impress the fact upon those with whom she converses that she is Maud Powell, the great artist. She does not use her temperament as an excuse to indulge in wild flights of fancy and action, principally for the effect which it might have on newspapermen. She is simply Maud Powell, an American woman, who is endowed with a great art and who does not have to stoop to petty things to convince people of it.

"I am glad to know that your people here are interested in music," she exclaimed. "It will make it so much easier for me to play tonight, as it is hard for an artist to go before an audience and feel that she has to win them over."

Madam Powell stated that she would be glad to play any requests which might be sent her, providing that the request were not too many, or of such a character as to render her consent impossible.

"They have never quite dared to ask me to play ragtime," she said. "But I have had some funny requests, and I have not always been able to grant them."

In discussing American music Madam Powell lauded “Dixie” and “My Old Kentucky Home” as splendid tunes. “Sometime I am going to arrange a phantasy which will contain them,” she explained. It is regrettable, indeed, that Huntington is not to have the pleasure of hearing this phantasy, as it would surely be a most interesting one. But perhaps at some future date, when Madam Powell has realized her dream, she will play the composition here.

Like other artists who have visited here this year Madam Powell took a keen interest in the effort which is being made by the choral association to develop the city musically. She asked several questions regarding the progress which is being made.

A splendid program has been prepared for tonight’s recital. Mme. Powell will play several of her best numbers. Harry Gilbert, her accompanist, will also render two piano numbers, one a Dohnanyi Rhapsodie.

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

*Saint Paul (Minnesota) Dispatch*

15 April 1918

Untitled clipping

**Dislikes Being Spoken of as a Famous Woman Violinist**

“I have always disliked being spoken of as a famous woman violinist,” said Maud Powell. “It seems to imply that there is something unusual in a woman achieving distinction of any kind. This war is doing more than anything else to level such distinctions.”

Maud Powell will appear in recital at the Metropolitan theater tonight. She is an American woman, born in Illinois, but connected through marriage with a distinguished English family, her husband being H. Godfrey Turner.

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

*New York Times*  
September 15, 1918

## PLAYING TO THE ARMY

### Maud Powell Tells of Experiences in Western Camps

Between soldier and civilian audiences there's a difference, according to Maud Powell, the violinist who told the Chicago Musical Leader some of her experiences while playing in Western camps. She found in the soldiers "an expectancy, an eager desire for something fine, born of their outlook on the serious aspect of life and their unity of spirit."

"I face them as I play, and everywhere I see those wonderful eyes. And the applause is a spontaneous, hearty outburst that rocks the roof. And when they cheer—well, it sends thrills all up and down the back of your neck, when they give those heartening, earsplitting yells.

"Are soldiers an ideal audience? That depends again," said Mme. Powell, "On what you play. For instance, I should not consider them an ideal audience for a chamber music recital. Once, when I stopped off to play at a camp in Canada, I was amazed to find that only a handful of soldiers came to hear me. It was one of the best recitals I have ever given, just at twilight, with only the piano score illuminated, and I marveled the more when I found the few who had come so warmly appreciative. Afterward the officer in charge told me that a very large assembly had turned out to hear a violinist who had played in camp about a week before me. She began with the 'Kreutzer' Sonata of Beethoven, which takes forty-five minutes to play, and that effectually stopped the soldiers from coming to hear any more violinists.

*[KAS Note: The violinist in question was the Belgian violinist Eugène Ysaÿe who seized the occasion to rehearse for his next concert.]*

"Academic players and inexperienced players should not go into the camps," said Mme. Powell. "I do not necessarily mean by that the younger fiddlers. Some of them have wonderful dash and spontaneity and I love to listen to them. But the interest of the soldiers is killed by anything that is badly done or is cold and studied. They love the kind of thing May Peterson did when she stayed over two and a half hours at a station filled with troop trains to walk up and down the cars singing little songs, and called a halt on her manager when he wished to announce that she was of the Metropolitan Opera company. They would love an artist like Bert Williams, for he is a real artist," she added emphatically.

"So please," concluded Mme. Powell, "make everybody understand that there is a big place in the Liberty Theatres for real art and real artists. Make them understand that the boys in camp want good things—not elaborate, complicated, hard-to-understand performances, but the beautiful expression of a simple human emotion."

*[KAS Note: Bert Williams (November 12, 1874 – March 4, 1922) was a Bahamian American entertainer, one of the pre-eminent entertainers of the Vaudeville era and one of the most popular comedians for all audiences of his time.–Wikipedia]*

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

*Daily Tribune*  
Bismarck, North Dakota  
15 April 1919

## MAUD POWELL PLAYS CONCERT FOR PRISONERS

### Famous Violinist and Accompanist Delight Convicts at State Penitentiary

An unusual treat was accorded prisoners at the state penitentiary this afternoon when Maud Powell, the violinist who will bring together the music-lovers of the Slope for her concert at the Auditorium on Wednesday evening, brought the magic of her violin within the prison walls.

Accompanied by a delegation from the Thursday Music club and her accompanist, Axel Skjerne, Madam Powell visited the state institution this afternoon, when she gave an impromptu concert for the 110 inmates in the prison auditorium. Madam Powell has seldom played to a more appreciative audience, and her classical numbers won as spontaneous applause as did those of a more popular nature.

### Plays for Everyone

“While we are in our infancy as a musical nation,” said Madam Powell this afternoon, “we are making rapid progress. I was delighted to find a real musical awakening throughout the northwest. I attribute this to a general reaching out for the finer things in music upon the part of all of us and to the influence which good music has had upon the thousands of young men who have had an opportunity of hearing the best in training camps.

“There is nothing so mysteriously technical in good music that anyone who likes music and knows music should not be able to enjoy it. To too many of us the term ‘classical’ as applied to music has come to mean something incomprehensible—a mystery whose beauties are withheld from the untrained ear. That is not true. Mozart’s masterpieces are fully as ‘musical,’ in every sense as intelligible to any ear that appreciates music as ‘Louisiana,’ or that finer popular air, ‘Smiles.’

“I have been delighted, here in the northwest, to find so many men in my audiences, and oft-times they have come alone, not ‘dragged in’ by their ambitious wives. There was a time when a man was a trifle ashamed to admit an understanding of or an appreciation for really good music. That is not true today.

“I play for everyone. I even throw in a trifle now and then for the T.B.M. as our humorous papers call that very important part of our pleasure-seeking public known as the ‘tired business man.’”

### **Likes Our City.**

Madam Powell likes Bismarck. “You have a beautiful little city,” was her enthusiastic comment. She is pleased in advance with the reception which she is assured tomorrow evening. She has had two days of complete rest following an arduous tour of six months, and she will have another day for recreation before she appears at the Auditorium tomorrow evening.

Bismarck is certain to see and hear Maud Powell at her best—a gracious, warm-hearted, whole-souled, winning American woman; a finished artist of wonderfully human perceptions; a master of the most facile of musical instruments; an interpreter of all that is best and finest in music.

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

*The Times*  
St. Cloud, Minnesota  
January 18, 1911

## MAUD POWELL THE VIOLINIST

### Famous Artist Arrives and Is Interviewed by TIMES Reporter

I am very glad to meet you Mr. Reporter. Won't you take that rocking chair? What a busy and attractive little city you have." Such we presume are remarks approved for the overture to an interview between a master musician and a newspaper man. At least that is the way in which Maud Powell, the occupant of a premier position among women violinists and regarded by musicians universally as the best on that instrument America has ever produced, opened and interesting half hour's talk with the press representative last evening.

The artist is not a person combining a fair amount of talent and musical education with ability as a gymnast who at every moment bespeaks the circus ring. To the contrary, Maud Powell is entirely free of the slightest affectation. She is real, she is earnest, she is a true woman and a wonderful musician. Having arrived last evening from Houghton, Mich., where she appeared in concert on the preceding night, Miss Powell, her manager and husband H. Godfrey Turner and her accompanist Waldemar Liachowsky, went directly to the Grand Central. It was in her rooms at the hotel that the interviewer was presented to the musical genius and where he passed one of the most pleasant half hours of his life.

The newspaper man in response to the violinist's cordial welcome mentioned the fact that since youth, when he had studied the violin, he had desired to meet Miss Powell and that the occasion was one of exceeding pleasure. At the mention of musical studies the virtuoso exchanged stories of early experiences with her visitor.

She covered at some length upon the value of teaching children classics rather than developing their regard for popular music and told of the love of music, good music, in the western states. Such a state of affairs, said the artist, exists contrary to the beliefs of the eastern residents of the country. Miss Powell told of her travels during concert tours which have taken to remote parts of the globe. On one tour the artist visited the Isle of St. Helena and gave a series of concerts in South Africa. The natives of that zone displayed a surprising liking for good music, she said. In fact she had seen natives of the southern continent stand for hours listening to the tones soaring from the strings of her instrument.

At the age of eight years Miss Powell commenced her musical studies in her native town, Aurora, Ill. Six months later, having familiarized herself with the reading of notes and time, she commenced studies upon the violin. The instrument did not appeal to her and because of her sensitive ear the tones she forced from the violin were anything but pleasant. After hearing a

French artist in concert she took great interest in her work resulting in studies abroad and her subsequent career as an artist of great ability. Her debut was made in New York under Theodore Thomas when she was sixteen years of age.

She will appear at the Opera House this evening, and should be greeted by a large audience.

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

*New York Evening Sun*  
November 1, 1911

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

### KNEISELS AT A HOTEL, MAUD POWELL AT A THEATRE.

“By the way,” said Mrs. H. Godfrey Turner, who as Miss Maud Powell was named as part composer on her own programme at the Lyceum Theatre yesterday, “please don’t give me credit for composing the ‘Deep River’ piece. I have only recast the Coleridge-Taylor setting in great haste.” And there’s another matter, to which reference was made in this column last Saturday. It is the foreign title “Madame” applied to married women artist who use their maiden names. Said Miss Powell to a friend:

“You may have observed that people, especially printers, love e’s. The words program, artist, violinist, Maud and Madam all suffer undue ornamentation in consequence. However, this ‘Madam’ question has set me a-thinking. Does ‘Madam’ specifically refer to the married woman? I think not. ‘Madame’ in France does, probably because they have also that pretty word ‘Mademoiselle.’ And further they have a kind way of calling a woman ‘madame’ by courtesy after she has passed a certain age. Mr. Turner has never for a moment expected me to use a name other than that under which I first appeared in public. So I have felt that I at least owed it to him to tack the ‘Madam’ on to my own name. Perhaps my reasoning is all wrong. I wish some one would work it out for me in the right way.”

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

*Daily News*  
Omaha, Nebraska  
December 5, 1911

**SHE SIGHS BECAUSE HER HANDS ARE SMALL**

**Maud Powell, the Violinist, Can Not Indulge in Outdoor Sports.**

**DIFFERENT IN JAPAN [Current]**

A woman who sighs because her hands did not grow larger—it doesn't sound credible.

Maud Powell, the famous violinist, who is here for a concert on Tuesday evening, looked at her small and slender hands and sorrowfully remarked: "I am sorry they are not larger."

"But the fingers are long, and that is an aid," she continued.

"We violinists take as much care of our hands as the mother does of her baby. Golf, tennis, rowing—Oh, dear, no. I can indulge in none of these and only permit myself one pastime of this kind, swimming. For swimming will not stiffen the muscles nor make the hand stiff.

"We must not lose the intelligence from the ends of our fingers," and Mme. Powell thrust into a big muff the incredibly small pair of tapering hands that have done their big part in producing such wonderful sounds from the violin.

"But when one crosses the great divide [*Continental Divide? Rocky Mountains?*], then hands do not bother one," she said. "There is a marvelous relaxation and the high tension is no more."

Mme. Powell believes that this serene state, both mentally and physically, is due to the Japan stream, and declares that all artists are able to do their best in its salubrious zephyrs.

Mme. Powell has visited Omaha before and has many friends here who are claiming her time. She was born in Peru, [Illinois], but studied abroad and has made a name for herself in Europe as well as in this country.

*[KAS Note: It is possible that Maud Powell was referring to the Japan Current and attributing to it the refreshing air of the West. She never toured in Japan and this interview pre-dates her two journeys to Hawaii (1912 and 1915).*

*The Japan Current is defined in Wikipedia, from which the following is quoted:*

*“The Kuroshio,” “Black Tide”, “Japan Current”) is a north-flowing ocean current on the west side of the North Pacific Ocean. It is similar to the Gulf Stream in the North Atlantic and is part of the North Pacific ocean gyre. Like the Gulf stream, it is a strong western boundary current. It begins off the east coast of Luzon, Philippines, Taiwan and flows northeastward past Japan, where it merges with the easterly drift of the North Pacific Current. It is analogous to the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic Ocean, transporting warm, tropical water northward toward the polar region. It is sometimes known as the Black Stream — the English translation of kuroshio and an allusion to the deep blue of its water — and also as the “Japan Current” (Nihon Kairyu).”*

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

*The Daily Oklahoman*  
Oklahoma City  
October 27, 1912

**GREATEST WOMAN VIOLINIST IS HERE**

**Traveling Incog., Mrs. Maud Powell Comes to Rehearse**

**FOND OF THIS CITY**

**Stimulating Interest of Men in Fine Arts One of Her Purposes**

**By Edith C. Johnson**

Maud Powell, the world's greatest woman violinist, is in Oklahoma City. Arriving on the wings of the morning Saturday she alighted safely and comfortably in a room in the Skirvin hotel, and believed that she was actually traveling incog—until she was discovered by The Oklahoman. Madame Powell cannot successfully hide her light under a bushel, even though the bushel be as large and substantially built as the Skirvin.

Madame Powell is not here to give a concert—more's the pity for the music-loving public and the friends she made here last November, when she gave a concert under the auspices of the Ladies' Music club. She is here to spend two quiet days in strenuous rehearsal and program building. For she is en route to San Francisco where they demand great things musically, and where they understand great music. But Madame Powell likes Oklahoma City, and so quiet logically she chose this particular spot for a two days' stop.

"I've just come in from shopping," she said Saturday afternoon, "and I bought a blouse that I could not get in New York. I did all my Christmas shopping here last year, and I remembered that one could get the things one wants, beautiful things, too."

We soon fell to talking of that subject all-absorbing to persons interested in the development of a fine sense of esthetic harmony in the American people.

**The Husband's Interest.**

"Men leave the understanding of music, art and literature too much to the women in this country," Mme. Powell asserted. "'You mention a new book. I heard my Fanny talking about that book the other day,' the husband vouchsafes. You speak of a new opera. 'Oh, yes,' he murmurs reminiscently, 'I believe my wife has some Victrola records from that out at the house.' To say that we are new has become trite. But when you live for a time on the other side and return, you realize how true the saying is. We are, indeed, new. Men must make money, and it is such an absorbing pursuit.

“When you do get a man interested in good music, however, his interest is so well worth while. I remember an instance of a man who strayed into a woman’s musical one afternoon. Somebody played a MacDowell sonata. ‘I never knew MacDowell wrote things like that,’ he said at the end of the performance. ‘If you women would leave out the little songs about violets, and the foolish melodies and give us more of the great things, we would give you, in turn, our support.’ ”

“You like to see men in your audiences?” I asked.

“By all means,” said Mme. Powell with emphasis. “When a man does appreciate good work, he appreciates it more than the average woman can. He knows how to count the cost of effort, study and time in the making of an artist.

“I wish women could succeed in securing a more intimate co-operation of men in the encouragement of the arts. It is not enough that they give their money. They should, for their own sakes, at least, be able to give a more sympathetic understanding.”

### **Each Wants to Exchange.**

The question of public life versus private life for women arose.

“We all seem to be wanting to exchange places with each other,” said Madame Powell smilingly. “The woman at home thinks it would be the most delightful thing in the world to live in the eye of the public and to receive its adulation and applause. The woman in public life dreams of a joyous home and children. And, perhaps, she has a greater love, a more intense longing and feeling for them because of her wider emotional range. She has touched life at so many points.”

Reminded of the occasional pleasures of home life she enjoys, Madame Powell arose to get a photograph of her husband which she had in a little ivory frame on her dressing table.

A big, strong, likeable-looking man was pointing a camera at someone—undoubtedly his charming wife. He is in the east now, but will join her in San Francisco.

Maud Powell is a small woman with a big brain, and a talent that amounts to genius. With an almost masculine power she lifts her audiences up to her height and carries them with her. This power to reach out over the footlights and touch her hearers, almost hypnotically, is the result of the tremendous output of her vitality.

Ever striving to reach greater heights in her art she is not content to play one or two programs during a concert tour, but is constantly working up new ones.

“I love program building. It is so fascinating. And when I go back to New York I want to feel that I am playing better than when I left it.”

And that's the reason why Maud Powell is spending two days within our gates. Working, still working, striving, ever higher.

Yes, "rather," as she would say with a broad soft-voiced "a".

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