

*The Daily Ledger (Tacoma, Washington)*  
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**WEST APPRECIATES THE BEST IN MUSIC**

**Maud Powell, Famous Violinist Talks Of Her Art  
Finds That the Best of the Classics Are Loved Out Here and That Appreciation Is Even  
More Sincere Than That of the East — Program for Tonight.**

Americans should thrill with pride whenever the acknowledged position of Mme. Maud Powell in the world of music is called to attention. Through her this country, for the first time, may justly claim the honor of having given the public one of the world's most able violinists — the world's greatest woman violinist.

And they are proud of her. From the time when she was a slip of a girl, with shining black pigtails and short skirts, her career has been eagerly followed by the American public. Her successes have been its successes, her triumphs its triumphs, until now she stands with her wonderful ability given its defined recognition the world over.

Madame Powell arrived in Tacoma yesterday evening and, when seen by a Ledger reporter, she was quietly dining at a café with her manager.

"We rather wished to escape the publicity of the hotel," she explained. She was thoroughly gracious and did not in the least resent the intrusion into the privacy which she sought at the café. Maud Powell is cordial and entertaining and thoroughly American.

"It is absurd to say that the people of the great West are not as musical as the people of the East. They are so appreciative! They love the best of the classics and their appreciation is even more deep and sincere than is shown in the East," said Mme. Powell, when asked her opinion of the West.

"I find that appreciation in regard to localities differs but little, after all, and I never arrange a schedule of programs for concerts in different sections of the country as some musicians say they do. I never play down.

"Tacoma must be musical. I was glad that, of the two programs submitted by my manager, they chose my Boston program. In regard to demonstrative appreciation in the East, the audiences are probably more matter-of-fact. I love to play for the Western audiences.

### **Instance of Great Concerto.**

“I once found a concerto of Jean Sibelius’ which appealed to me strongly. It seemed to convey a message to me, and a message which I wished to impart. I tried it in New York. The critics would have none of it. They said I was wasting my time. Yet I felt I could not be mistaken – the message was there, and I would not give it up until I had made others feel what I felt when I played it.

“I tried it again in Chicago. The orchestra tried it, and it seemed, in a way, to appeal to them. We tried it a second time and every player in the orchestra was intensely interested. We played it again and again and I have never seen anything like the hold it secured on us. When I gave it every man in the orchestra felt that he himself was imparting the wonderful message of the piece as much as if he had stood upon the concert stage” – and Madame Powell’s brilliant dark eyes fired with enthusiasm, the soul of the artist shone through them as she clasped her hands and continued:

“The concerto simply set me tingling – it was wonderful, and the audience who heard it were held by the same magnetism which had consumed myself and the orchestra. The critics were intensely enthusiastic.

“So there you are – New York would have none of it and yet the Western critics have felt the message which I am sure Sibelius wished to convey. Sibelius was a Finn – his music told of the great ice mountains with the sun shining and the great distances – silent, boundless distances.”

### **Ragtime Typically American.**

“Do you know, I like ragtime,” said Madame Powell suddenly when the conversation had turned from critics and localities. “It is so full of American spirit, that no wonder Americans enjoy it.

“Ragtime is typically American. In some serious music little passages are found which, while not termed ragtime, have the ragtime rhythm and swing and, invariably, foreign musicians will frown and stumble through the passage – they cannot finger it, cannot quite catch the time. It is work for them, yet it is easy for the Americans.

“I am delighted with the West and regret that I am unable to see more of it than the little pleasure trips about the various cities. I am proud that I am an American and I love the country. My father was Welsh and though he loved music never developed the talent. I am a mixture of American, Welsh and Hungarian. Hungarian, you know, isn’t bad for a musical inheritance and it is probably there that I get much of it.”

### **Program to Be Given Tonight.**

Mme. Powell's program for her concert tonight at the Tacoma theater is the same as given Monday night at Seattle and which was so thoroughly enjoyed. . . .

[Grieg sonata, op. 13, C minor for violin and piano

Vieuxtemps Concerto, op. 31, D minor

Piano solos:

Rameau-Godowsky – Sarabande and Rigaudon

Chopin Nocturne, F sharp major

Liszt Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 4

Violin:

Fiorillo Prelude

Hubay The Zephyr

Mozart Minuet

Schumann Traumerei

Wieniawski Airs Russes]

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