

### Clara Wieck, letter to Robert Schumann (1837-38)

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Yet, art is a beautiful gift. What, indeed, is more beautiful than to clothe one's feelings in sound, what a comfort in sad hours, what a pleasure, what a wonderful feeling, to provide an hour of happiness to others. And what a sublime feeling to pursue art so that one gives one's life for it.

### Clara Schumann, diary entry (December 1841)

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As a performer, however, his [Franz Liszt's] concert on the 13<sup>th</sup> absolutely astounded me, especially his *Don Juan* Fantasy, which he played overpoweringly... the bravado, the pleasure with which he played was unique... Of Liszt there was not much to be seen, since two women had attached themselves to him. I am convinced that the reason Liszt displays such arrogance at times is really the fault of the women, because they pay court to him everywhere in a way that is intolerable to me and that I also find highly improper. I venerate him too, but even veneration must have a limit... On the 16<sup>th</sup>... Liszt came to the soiree [at the Schumann house], as always, late. He seems to enjoy making people wait for him, which is something I don't like. He strikes me as a spoiled child, good-natured, tyrannical, amiable, arrogant, noble, and generous, often hard on others—a strange mix of characters. Yet we have become very fond of him and he has always treated us in the friendliest way.

### Review of Clara Schumann in *The Musical Times* (London, 1 April 1884)

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We think we are correct in saying that no pianist ever before retained so powerful a hold upon the public mind for so long a period ... Madame Schumann's character, intellect and training saved her from becoming a mere partisan: though for years she has been acknowledged unequal as an exponent of Schumann's music, yet one always hears of her wonderful interpretations of Bach, Mozart and Beethoven. By her modesty, prudence and talents she has gradually achieved a veritable triumph.

### Clara Schumann, letter (1894)

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My father had to put up with being called a tyrant; however, I still thank him for it every day; I have *him* to thank for the freshness that has remained with me in my old age (at least in my art). It was also a blessing for me that he was exceedingly strict, that he reprimanded me when I deserved it and in so doing, prevented me from becoming arrogant from the praise the world showered on me. At times the rebuke was *bitte*