

imagination to remain faithful to the text, recreating it with the greatest possible exactitude?

With some supplementary points of reference, this is what I now attempt to apply in my teaching and performing. Then, I add, homogeneity of sounds, in the musical scale, adding to the time-values and pitch of the sounds, the “breadth” which is usually not taught.

Since instruments, unlike the human voice, do not have imperative voice register-shifts, this is what has drawn Lyndon LaRouche’s attention to my competency in registers.

The difficulty resides in that, in our stringed instruments, including the piano, each note depends on the weight of the fingers and the manner of attack on the note. In the organ, harpsichord, and fortepiano, certainly the personal touch of the artist counts, but it is more the style which intervenes, because he is limited by the very construction of the instrument, which tends to produce an equilibrium of sound, by itself.

For the string quartet, the modern piano, and the wind instruments, the proportion of air or weight is what must correspond to the volume, to the breadth of sounds.

Notice the organ pipes, the different caliber of the strings of the instruments—each note must be different. Each note emitted must correspond to a different caliber of string. One must find equilibrium for the emission of the totality of musical registers.

This application and attentiveness to the “breadth” of sound is definitely the secret of my sonority.

Have I succeeded in the six Bach suites which I just finished recording for the Schiller Institute, thanks to you, in rendering everything that I wished to put into my musical thought? I don’t think so. Despite a certain joy in completing this project, it brought with it numerous cares. A long learning process in the same recording conditions, the same studio, would be required to accomplish the tapings as quickly as possible.

Often it was enough to make my hair stand on end. Mr. Kisselhoff, my sound engineer in Paris, would announce: “Not enough rosin. Too much rosin. Put some alcohol on the strings. Would you please do the second repeat again?” etc. One has to pay so much attention, that it becomes difficult in those conditions to find the inspiration, and even to succeed in playing and realizing what you would like to do. Inevitably a certain mechanical side slips in, where it is difficult to bring out your entire feeling.

Moreover, you know that my deficient state of health did not simplify the task.

But I wished to record the Bach suites at the request of my friends who, after my concerts, were always asking for the records that did not exist! Was it not pretentious to have had a stubborn weakness for giving in to their proposals?

“She plays grandly, she plays passionately. She imparts to Bach’s music its profound beauty, its evidence of human truth.” (Antoine Goléa, *Témoignage Chrétien*, Paris, January 1979.)

In Memoriam: Eliane Magnan

On Dec. 21, 1990, the beloved ’cellist and secretary of the International Commission to Investigate Human Rights Violations, Eliane Magnan, passed away in France, just a few months before her 70th birthday. We print here a selection of remembrances and tributes.

I knew Eliane for a little less than ten years. When I first met her, she was already seriously ill with cancer and the doctors were saying that she would soon die. She was also profoundly depressed by the war being waged to wipe Lebanon off the map. Many people, upon hearing they have this disease, die from fear. They curl up and die within weeks. Eliane however believed in the importance of life, including her own. There is no doubt that she decided after meeting Mr. LaRouche that here finally was a political figure who understood one thing: that the people who destroyed Lebanon had to be stopped before they did the same to the rest of the world. This political idea was a new leaf she turned at that time.

I do not believe that there are any great artists who are really unpolitical. If you do not know what a life-or-death question is for millions of people, how can you get across any idea Beethoven stood for? How can you be anything but effeminate in your art? Eliane was a powerful person, because she got this point. She never had any money because she wouldn’t toady up to people in the art world. She gave up her job security at the Paris Conservatory when she was past 60, to campaign for LaRouche. She just let go of things.

As a complete amateur, I am very interested in music and I like to sing. Eliane, though she was a brilliant professional, did not despise to direct our small amateur choir. In March 1990, she directed a Mass which Schubert had composed as a 17 year old, and we sang this in the Salle Cortot in Paris. She walked out onto the podium and told the audience, which included a number of people very hostile to Lyndon LaRouche, that she was dedicating the concert to getting him out of jail. Although I am not a Christian, I think I know one when I see one. There are few people in the world at the moment who believe in the teachings of Christ and have thought about what the words of the Mass in fact mean. During the rehearsals, when we came to the words in the

Mass, *et vitam venturi seculi*, some of the singers cried. You cannot describe, you can only know, what was written on her face at those words. You could see the centuries marching past.

I would like to say that this was nothing piteous or sad. This was a woman who knew with certainty that she would not live to the end of the year, and what she got across to the audience and the singers, was not “Let *me* be saved” but the idea of the immortality of the soul, an idea which most of us would otherwise not get. You die, but before you die, you toss the ball and you know that out there, someone will run with it. That may sound rude, but when she wanted to, Eliane could be pretty rude too.

—Katherine Kanter
Wiesbaden, Germany

The truthseeker

A truly creative person in a sense most highly valued by her friend, Lyndon LaRouche, Eliane Magnan was not afraid to have her ideas challenged, when the issue before her was the prospect of embracing a higher concept of truth.

One of the last times Eliane visited Leesburg, she unexpectedly shared with me her thoughts on a matter she had struggled with since first coming into contact with the ICLC association, in the early 1980s. I was somewhat surprised when she began to speak, though her later actions make clear to me that these thoughts were part of a change in her life toward the end.

The subject she raised was her apparent disagreement with Lyndon LaRouche over his uncompromising rejection of composers from the “Romantic” movement. A little bit of explanation is called for.

As a virtuoso ’cellist, Eliane was required as a child to master the repertoire of technically difficult ’cello concerti (solos accompanied by orchestra). For historic reasons, the majority of the concerti for ’cello were written by secondary Romantic composers. Wolfgang Mozart never wrote for solo ’cello, and Ludwig van Beethoven was restricted to sonatas for piano and ’cello, also having written only one violin concerto.

Also, being French, Eliane was surrounded by the music of Debussy and Ravel—French Romantics—from earliest childhood. While her precision of moral judgment was beautifully proven by her rejection as a teenager of the radical French Romantic poets, she was tolerant of the French Romantic composers.

Thus, when Eliane first became associated with the ICLC, her earliest contact included impassioned intellectual fights with particularly some French members over LaRouche’s denunciations of the Romantics. Since LaRouche’s investigation of the Romantic syndrome and its deadly effect upon classical art is available in many of his writings, it is sufficient to just point out here the following:

The French Romantics were known for compositions that relied heavily on “special effects” to trigger emotional reactions in audiences—“below the belt” so to speak—in place of the kind of rigorous examination of the human creative process which is the subject of classical composition.

Unprompted, Eliane in 1989 told me: Look, I know that Lyn is right when he says that Beethoven and the other classicists are superior to the Romantics! That is absolutely obvious, there is nothing to discuss. It is just that sometimes I worry. I find that people don’t necessarily understand the great classical compositions, the public finds them difficult. It has just seemed that sometimes the Romantics are easier to understand.

As anyone who knew Eliane quickly learned, her life’s involvement in music had always been for the purpose of bettering the world’s population. The context for her raising this matter soon became clear. Soon after this discussion, Eliane assumed a more active role as a political spokesman for LaRouche’s cause. An important moral and intellectual quest was coming to resolution in her mind: It was not possible to educate the public alone through music. Rather, the challenge was to address the public, simultaneously through science, politics, poetry, and music, and always on the highest level, to achieve the greatest good. To be troubled to fight through such ideas when otherwise heavily burdened with personal adversity, is the hallmark of a truly Beautiful Soul.

—Renée Sigerson
Leesburg, Virginia

We remember Eliane Magnan as someone who radiated joy, humor, and a Christ-like quality of love of her fellow man. She came to Leesburg in 1985 to participate in the Schiller Institute performance of Mozart’s Requiem in memory of Indira Gandhi. To our astonishment and delight, Eliane accepted our invitation to stay in the United States and help us create a cultural renaissance.

On one of her last visits here, we took her to Gettysburg and we read Lincoln’s famous address together. She said that she felt more at home in America’s vast open spaces, than in her native France. And she could say that, in the autumn of 1988—when the monstrous injustices being committed by the U.S. government against Lyndon LaRouche could have induced any European to become very cynical about America! She was truly a world citizen, who fought for Lebanon, and near the very end of her life, went to Thailand to guide the efforts of the Ibycus Orchestra and its fledgling classical music program.

Everyone who ever played or sang under her direction, or attended one of her classes, or benefited from her coaching, had to marvel at her ability to convey to musicians—whether they were professionals, or amateurs like ourselves with very modest skills—the *poetic concept* in the music, and to get them to execute it at a level that sometimes seemed

miraculous. Perhaps it was because she had carried her musical mission to so many remote places, that she found a means of rigorously communicating these ideas that surmounted all linguistic obstacles. She insisted on the *metaphysical* content of great music. Therefore, we were not surprised when we heard the view stated, from professional musicians who had also played under very famous conductors, that she succeeded in expressing the composer's musical intentions *better* than those more celebrated "big names."

We who were close to her struggle for life, against her terrible disease, know that she continued that struggle, breaking all the rules and odds against her, in order to better prepare us to meet the standards she was setting. May perpetual light shine upon her.

—Warren Hamerman and Nora Hamerman
Leesburg, Virginia

Eliane Magnan was for us, in America, a present which we will continue to cherish in a precious corner of our memory, as a person who touched people by her simplicity and natural grace. So her music, especially her rendering of Bach, radiated that same simplicity, naturalness, and grace. All who were fortunate to hear her play will testify how her whole being took hold of the music, and the music was made beautiful through her. Her secret, she did not keep for herself, so concerned was she that others might love music as she did. "You have to work very hard, you must overwork yourself, and it is still very hard," she once told us. Very hard work, tenacity, heroism in fighting the physical constraints and pains of her disease were her daily life in order to reach what we would perceive as simplicity and naturalness. She worked hard to achieve beauty in music; she worked equally hard to achieve greatness and beauty as a human being.

—Louise Ghandhi, Los Angeles
California

The day I met Eliane Magnan was the birthday of my friend Alejandro Pēna. Quite a few of us Ibero-Americans were attending a conference of the Schiller Institute near Washington. When the first day was over, we heard that Alejandro had invited us to a toast. Shortly afterward his small hotel room was crowded with well-wishers, not just from Ibero-America, but also including Europeans and Americans. We toasted and sang and joked and made a ruckus.

Suddenly somebody said, "Eliane should play!" This small woman had just entered the room, with her black dress, her sweet smile, and her 'cello. Someone gave her a chair. And with her eyes shut, pulling the music out of the depth of her soul, she started playing Bach as I had never heard Bach, with a majesty I could never describe to anyone who had not had the good fortune to hear Eliane play. A reverent silence

fell. Our humble birthday party had turned into an extraordinary celebration: Alejandro was receiving a gift from the hands of an angel.

I shall always remember her like that: surrounded by that crowded group, playing Bach with her eyes closed, deeply concentrated, forgetting herself so as to give generously to the others her treasure, and so to elevate our souls to God. Like an angel. May God keep her in Glory.

—Salvador Lozano
Leesburg, Virginia

During the first conference of the Schiller Institute in the Washington area, I had the pleasure of accompanying international guests from Europe on a tour of the National Air and Space Museum. Eliane Magnan was among the guests, and as we stopped in front of the life-size exhibit of two Apollo astronauts on the Moon, Eliane started to cry. I was completely horrified, as I know not one word of French, and had no idea what was wrong.

I asked her what was the matter, and between tears, she told me that that landing on the Moon had been one of the most important moments in her life. She tried to indicate to me through halting English and some gestures how beautiful she felt this accomplishment of mankind was, and did so very effectively.

—Marsha Freeman
Leesburg, Virginia

There are a precious few people today who have made it their life's commitment to bring joy to other people. Eliane was one of these few. I knew Eliane, personally, since I first traveled to France in 1985. Despite the tiny size of her apartment, she graciously let me stay there until I could find another apartment. This type of unselfishness was the hallmark of her personal relations with people.

The main vehicle through which she expressed her love for humanity was, of course, through her music. To be one of her students it was impossible not to be affected by her excitement. I was present, as a tenor, at many of the choral practices Eliane would lead in Paris. Eliane had the capacity to rehearse the most difficult aspects of a choral piece by immediately going to the heart of the composer's musical conception. She would often sing out some key phrase, going "Ta-Da," "Ta-Da," "Ta-Da," and before any of us realized it, an amazing transformation occurred. The same musical piece which we had previously plodded through, like a herd of elephants through quicksand, became totally effortless. What remained was the pure joy of rediscovering the composer's original ideas.

God entrusts to each of us a divine spark, and our responsibility as human beings is to give this spark to others. Eliane

truly made this responsibility the active force of her life. Fortunately for us, she left behind a part of her beautiful soul through her wonderful recordings. She will always remain for me someone very special.

—Don Phau
Leesburg, Virginia

I remember Eliane as my sister. When in 1985 she decided to maintain a permanent household in Virginia, as well as France, we laid plans to share a house, or live close by. Christmastime, 1985, was a comical scene when she and her daughter, Indira, arrived, and I was amazed to see, tagging along behind, a big, white cat. This was the family pet from Paris, which Eliane said she brought along so that the city cat could have a two-week holiday to try country life in America!

From then on, I had the pleasure of the frequent company of someone, who not only was an inspiring, generous musician and teacher, but who found joy in the diversity of mankind. She had musical projects around the globe, and the mementos she kept around the house—from Mexico, Bangkok, Gorbio, France, Berlin, Gettysburg, and many more places—were never tourist souvenirs, but always reminders of people and projects. Only Lebanon had no prominent mementos in her Virginia home, I think because memories were so painful for her. Instead, she kept a beautiful white and gold Lebanese caftan and scarf in her room, and occasionally she wore these for a concert performance, as a symbol of her love of Lebanon and civilization, and her defiance of tyranny and barbarism. In this way, she was very deliberate about things, especially so about her daily schedule—when to practice, when to do correspondence, to teach, to read, to enjoy flowers and food, when to entertain and visit with friends, and so forth—all calculated to live life in a way to do the most good. This trait always reminded me of Benjamin Franklin, who wrote in his autobiography about the virtue of cultivating “useful” habits, or Lyndon LaRouche, who admonishes his friends to try to “be more productive.” And so, despite the cancer, she made people work harder at their music, and have fun at the same time. I personally miss her so, and I count myself blessed to have her as an example.

—Marcia Merry
Leesburg, Virginia

This poem was written by my husband, Will, during the first few months of his incarceration as a political prisoner. As we re-read it on Christmas, after hearing of Eliane’s death, it spoke to the feelings we had of her and the love she brought to the world.

—Marianna Wertz
Leesburg, Virginia

A Prayer

Our Father, teach us how to pray,
That with our will we tempt not Thee;
To us the fortitude convey,
That to Thy will we faithful be.

The world rejecteth Thy command,
Thy holy image is profaned,
Satanic arts defile the land,
Thy faithful, God, have been detained.

Yet in Thy Wisdom we believe,
Not for ourselves we Thee beseech,
But that Thine end we shall achieve,
To be Thine instrument us teach.

For we like David wish to sing
Thy praises to eternity,
And wielding music as a sling
Thine enemies subject to Thee.

And if an angel there may be
Today as in the days of old,
May Thou unto us gracious be
And in our hands Thy purpose hold.

—Will Wertz

Eliane Magnan spent several weeks during the summer of 1986 in Houston. During that time, she conducted the Houston “orchestra,” joyfully teaching us, in her own unique way, demonstrating how to present a musical line in a beautiful manner. When she returned here for a concert in 1988, Dan Leach wrote the following poem to her.

—Harley Schlanger
Houston, Texas

Adagio—for Eliane

Somewhere between the Earth and Sky we float,
When thou, in twilight’s peace, thy Vespers sing,
And, lifted by each skyward rising note,
Like prayers which flutter from thy soul on wing,
Into the deep’ning beauty of the night,
We breathe a purer, holier atmosphere.
But, like one dreaming of the long-lost sight
Of home, there rises to our eye a tear;
For in the music of thy love-tuned heart,
As in a mirror, our own true hearts we see—
The instruments of Heaven, as thou art,
Would, but for self-love and languor be.
Like sweetly echoing tones, one moment more,
Linger, and teach our fledgling hearts to soar.

—Dan Leach