

Episode 04: Getting the Song Out with Emilie LeBel

This week we are talking to Dr. Emilie LeBel! We feel so lucky that while we were searching for a composer for our first Women on the Verge commission, composer Jocelyn Morlock recommended Emilie to us. After exploring her music we were moved by her soundscape sensibility. At our initial meeting we found that we really clicked as humans too and so Emilie agreed to write a piece for us in 2018, that became "Blue of the Distance". Now we've toured it all over the world and are happy to call Emilie a close friend of ours. Emilie is currently Affiliate Composer with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and Assistant Professor of Composition at MacEwan University.

Audio Excerpts:

1. "[the place of scraps - the totem pole transported to Toronto](#)" by Emilie LeBel, performed by soprano Phoebe MacRae and pianist Rachel Iwaasa with recorded text of Jordan Abel.
2. "[Blue of the Distance](#)" for two sopranos and bowed piano, by Emilie LeBel. Performed by Women on the Verge.

Artists you should check out:

- [Laurie Anderson](#)

Other things we talked about:

- [Art Song Lab](#)
- [How to make Boulevardier](#)

To learn more about Emilie LeBel:

- Visit: <https://www.emilielebel.ca/>
- Instagram: <https://www.instagram.com/emilieclebel/>
- Listen: <https://soundcloud.com/emiliececilia>

Blue of the Distance
for two sopranos and piano

By Emilie LeBel

Disperses

moved

this scattered light

far edge

anything far

that colour of horizons

away

desire

is full of endless distances

longing

a tremendous yearning
distances you never arrive in

This distance

each other are not separated

though I do not live there
the far seeps
desire

this distance
the far seeps

desire is for
longing
look across the distance

each other separated

Perspective
giving depth

toward the horizon

incongruously

dimension

that extends beyond

pulling
is the near

Floated
floating

reflection

miles and miles
reflection

find another way forward

Sometimes

sometimes

sometimes

sometimes
pressed way

lost
dislocation

everything else falls away
sometimes
sometimes

how

far away
lost

moorings of time
staring back, staring back

Lost

sometimes

fade crumble disappear

losing
things cannot be moved

scatters

my memory

Forces

grown fainter with time

life of memory
smaller

smaller

more and more, more and more

more and more
faded
going back

only far away in time and space

No distance

Absent

comes with time
texture of longing

closer and closer

sorrow

far
lost

usual state is far away
dissolved

only so long as they are distant.

lost, far away
seemed great distance away
but near
some things are not lost