

# TRUE NORTH

TIMOTHY C. TAKACH *True North* for Choir and Chamber Orchestra

Northside Celebration Choir, G. Phillip Shoultz, III, conductor

Julia Bogorad-Kogan, flute; Barbara Bishop, oboe; Alexander Fiterstein, clarinet; Carole Mason Smith, bassoon;

Michael Petruconis, horn; Martin Hodel, trumpet; Fernando Meza, percussion; Leah Siltberg, piano;

Nina Tso-Ning Fan, violin; Stephanie Arado, violin; Hyobi Sim, viola; Sarah Lewis, cello; Zachary Cohen, double bass

*World premiere, commissioned by The Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra*

Composer statement: *True North* is a piece that echoes the people and spirit of North Minneapolis. It is so easy to put people in specific boxes, to make assumptions about who they are due to their circumstances. The piece addresses the idea that we are different from how we are viewed by others.

The piece is through composed, but I ended up using elements of repetition within different sections. In this way new melodies and harmonic movements feel familiar, like home. Throughout the piece I employ a motive of an upward major seventh leap. Our ear wants it to be an octave, but it always falls short by a half step. As we hear it more and more throughout the piece, it becomes more comfortable and expected. This is a musical metaphor for how we view people. We take what we read about them, where they live, their work, how they dress, and we put people in a box, label it, and remember that label. But we don't know the real person inside, only our bias and expectation. Like magnetic North on a compass, it isn't a true indicator, it isn't true north. We begin with that rising major seventh as our expectation. It's familiar. But as the piece progresses we learn more, we become more accepting, and the seventh becomes a rising octave at the end - our true north.

We hold grace in our palms  
Long arms reaching for greatness  
In a cruel world  
That tries to steal your patience

We write it, design it,  
Making something from nothing  
We build it, create it  
Now isn't that something

We are exceptional, wonderful  
Filled with hope and magic  
We run with the wind  
We catch it

We float on dreams  
We reach and teach  
Through all the chaos  
We speak for peace

The weight of the morning  
Heavy on my chest  
I wake to this world filled with  
unrest  
How many do we have to lose  
Before we can all see the truth

I wish for compassion,  
I wish for peace  
I wish for all the  
violence to cease  
I wish for equality,  
A space for me

I wish for a place  
we can all be free

We stand up against violence  
We use our voice

We provide for ourselves  
We have a choice

I hope for change  
for peace in the streets

I hope for the respect of every  
human being

The sound of my heart  
– True North

The sound of my voice  
– True North

The sound of the streets  
– True North

The sound of the city  
– True North

Have you been to True North?  
Have you heard about us?  
Have you come to Flow?  
Have you felt the rush?

Of creativity and community  
Blossoming and blooming  
up and down these streets

Have you witnessed  
the greatness & unity?

Have you heard the sounds?  
Have you seen these sights?

The people stand up  
and continue to fight  
Freedom of expression,  
it's the place to be

We rock the mic and we all get free –  
Can you feel the beat?

- *Desdamona* (used with permission)