

Programme

Please turn off electronic devices during the performance.

Happiness Index	Peter Hannan
1. The intention	
2. Saint Carmen	
3. Everything	
4. Sun's coming up	
Sainte-Chapelle	Eric Whitacre
O Salutaris Hostia	Ēriks Ešenvalds
<i>Margaux Huey and Bronwyn Mitchell, sopranos</i>	
Ave, Regina Caelorum	Philip Stopford
The Secret of Happiness (excerpts)	Brisbane Girls Grammar students & Topology
1. Prologue	
2. There will be no fireworks	
<i>Rebecca Thomas, soprano</i>	
3. Plain and ordinary things	
4. An angel came and landed	
5. Secret happiness which is steady but beautifully delicate	
6. Aromatherapies — Tried and True	
7. No sooner do you arrive	
The Happiness of Fish	Zechariah Goh
Dobbin's Flowery Vale	Traditional Irish air & reel arr. Matti Kallio
<i>Bronwyn Mitchell, Alisen McLeod, Debra Shearer-Dirié, Tim Smetham, Robin Maurer and Gino Sanidad</i>	
The Owl and the Pussy Cat	John Rutter
It Was a Lover and His Lass	John Rutter
Let Me Fly	Spiritual arr. Robert DeCormier
<i>Robin Maurer, baritone</i>	

You are warmly invited to join us for refreshments following the performance. Come and say hello! Fusion thanks the parish of St Andrew's for kindly allowing us to use their beautiful space this afternoon.

Happiness Index

Music: Peter Hannan (Canadian, born 1953)

Text: Peter Hannan

Happiness Index is a song cycle of four pieces commissioned by the Vancouver Cantata Singers, and originally written for choir and contemporary dancers. Peter Hannan wrote the work after spending some time in Lesotho, a small country land-locked by South Africa, where his wife was working as a doctor in an HIV clinic. He had been thinking a lot about happiness at the time, and his travels continued to inform his thoughts and his inspiration for this set of songs. Although Lesotho is one of the poorest countries in the world, and has battled drought, staggeringly high rates of HIV infection, and years of government corruption, Peter found that the people he and his wife came to know seemed no more or less discontent with their lives than anyone he knew at home in Canada, despite their daily hardships.

These four songs look at happiness from different angles. In the first movement, *The intention*, he attempts to lay out the problem — what is happiness, what make us happy, and how high a priority should we place on happiness in the first place? The second movement, *Saint Carmen*, was inspired by asking himself who the happiest person was that he knew personally. He concluded it was the woman who served him at the grocery store, and perhaps for surprising reasons. The text for the third movement, *Everything*, is loosely based on a conversation he once had in Lesotho that began ‘You’ve got everything; we’ve got nothing. And you’re OK with that?’ The final movement, *Sun’s Coming Up*, reminds us that life is a process with an ending we’re all familiar with — remembering that our time is limited is the best way to ensure we get the most out of life.

1. The intention

When you talk about happiness
You mostly talk about unhappiness

You know money doesn’t buy it
Except for a moment
You know power doesn’t do it
Except for a moment
You know ambition never does it
You know getting what you want never does it.
You know getting what you want never brings it.

What’s the problem?

As a Freudian you might say that
as a culture we need prohibitions to control
our sexual and aggressive instincts
and, thus, to protect us from each other.

The price we pay for this protection is a decrease
in our capacity to experience happiness.
The intention that people should be happy
Does not seem to be included in the plan of Creation.

2. Saint Carmen

The happiest person I know right now
Is Carmen, the saint of the grocery store checkout.
It's drab as can be so you wonder how
She comes by her joy and serenity.

How was she spared from the demons?
Did she take the Buddhist route of meditation
And renounce the world's desires
To have a life of peace?

She's made a book — a list of all the people
She meets in the store at the till
I'm number two thousand four hundred seventy four
Last I heard she was at about four thousand.

She writes in the book at her break
The names of people she met on that shift
She works to memorise them
When it comes to that she seems to have a gift.

She calls us all by name once she's got it
With a word in your mother tongue if she's able
Chinese Italian Tagalog English Spanish Portuguese
All this as she scans the label.

When Dave in his wheelchair comes in
She does his shopping for him then and there
If you're waiting at her station when that happens
You'll wait until she's finished taking care.

When I tell her I'll be writing to the Pope about her
She just says that I should see her round the house
When I tell her I'm proposing her beatification
She says I'll need to run that by her spouse.

Saint Carmen of the Donald's Market checkout.

3. Everything

You have everything and I have nothing
Is that making you feel content?
You have everything and you don't have enough
Don't you think it's crazy how much you resent?

I have everything and you have nothing
Is that making me feel benevolent?
I have everything and I don't have enough
I'm sorry but I'm human and this feeling is prevalent.

I need everything and you can give me
A nice chunk of cash so maybe I can squeak by.

I have everything and peacefulness nowhere in sight
I know I worked hard to get where I am
I have enough to think about — forget about the world's plight
When I think of other people really hard to give a damn.

OK I'm human and I'm sorry that's just how it is.
I'm working on myself to be a much better person
I know that if I loved myself more I'd be happy
And maybe think of other people's lives as they worsen.

4. Sun's coming up

The sun's coming up
The blood starts flowing
Could get fired today
That's how things have been going

Sun's heading west
Won't be long now till you're done
It's the afternoon rush
To go home. It's begun.

The sun's up
The blood's still flowing
You may die tomorrow
Though no signs of slowing

Sun's about setting
Going out in a blaze
How you think you're going to go
So many different ways.

The sun's still up
Getting late in the morning
You may lose all your money
Didn't you notice the warning?

Moon's just rising
Bringing on the darkening night
Won't be too long now
Until you lose the light

Sun's at the high point
Noon's arrived
Life can sometimes be good
Look how long you've survived.

Moon's on the wane now
So position in your fetal
If your karma's in a jam
You'll come back as a dung beetle.

The sun's coming up
And it's good for the brain
All we've got is love
To keep us sane

The sun feels good
As we dance in our skins
A moment of the purest love
And quickly forget our sins

The sun's coming up
The sun's coming up
Al we've got is love
Is love.

Sainte-Chapelle

Music: Eric Whitacre (American, born 1970)

Text: Charles Anthony Silvestri

*Virgo castissima
Advenit in capellam;
Et angeli in vitro
Molliter cantaverunt.*

'Hosanna in excelsis!'

*Illa castissima
Susurravit,
'Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!'*

*Lux implevit spatium
Multivormis colore;
Et audivit vocem suam
Resonare,*

'Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!'

Molliter angeli cantaverunt,

*'Dominus Deus sabaoth,
Pleni sunt coeli et terra
Gloria tua!
Hosanna in excelsis!
Hosanna in excelsis!'*

*Vox in lumen se transformat
Et lumen canit,*

An innocent girl
Entered the chapel;
And the angels in the glass
Softly sang.

'Hosanna in the highest!'

The innocent girl
Whispered,
'Holy! Holy! Holy!'

Light filled the chamber,
Many-coloured light;
She heard her voice
Echo,

'Holy! Holy! Holy!'

Softly the Angels sang

'Lord God of Hosts,
Heaven and earth are full
Of your glory!
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna in the highest!'

Her voice becomes light,
And the light sings,

'Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!'

Lumen canit molliter,

*'Dominus Deus sabaoth,
Pleni sunt coeli et terra
Gloria tua!'*

*Virgo castissima
Advenit in capellam;
Et angeli in vitro
Molliter cantaverunt.*

'Holy! Holy! Holy!'

The light sings softly,

*'Lord God of Hosts,
Heaven and earth are full
Of your glory!'*

An innocent girl
Entered the chapel;
And the angels in the glass
Softly sang.

O Salutaris Hostia

Music: Ēriks Ešenvalds (Latvian, born 1977)

Text: St Thomas Aquinas, Eucharistic hymn for the Feast of Corpus Christi, 13th century

*O Salutaris Hostia
Quae coeli pandis ostium
Bela premunt hostilia;
Da robur, fer auxilium.
Uni trinoque Domino
Sit sempiterna gloria;
Qui vitam sine termino,
Nobis donet in patria.
Amen.*

O saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of Heaven to us below;
Our foes press hard on every side;
Thine aid supply; thy strength bestow.
To thy great name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three.
O grant us endless length of days,
In our true native land with thee.
Amen.

Ave, Regina Caelorum

Music: Philip Stopford (English, born 1977)

Text: Marian Antiphon, 12th century

*Ave, Regina caelorum.
Ave, Domina Angelorum:
Salve, radix, Salve, porta,
Ex qua mundo lux est orta:*

*Gaude, Virgo gloriosa,
Super omnes speciosa:
Vale, o valde decora,
Et pro nobis, Christum exora.*

Hail, O Queen of Heaven enthroned.
Hail, by angels mistress owned.
Root of Jesse, Gate of Morn
Whence the world's true light was born:

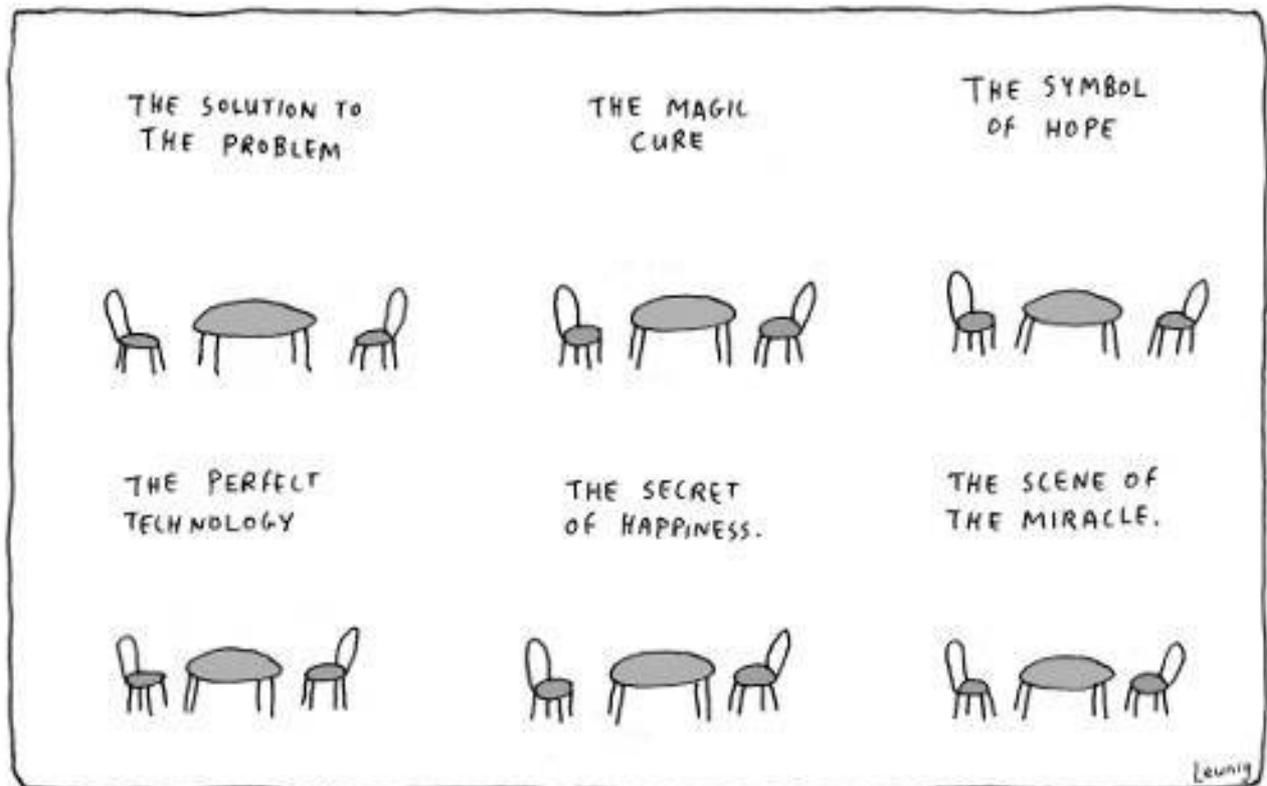
Glorious Virgin, Joy to thee,
Loveliest whom in heaven they see;
Fairest thou, where all are fair,
Plead with Christ our souls to spare.

The Secret of Happiness (excerpts)

Music: Senior music students from Brisbane Girls Grammar School, in conjunction with Topology

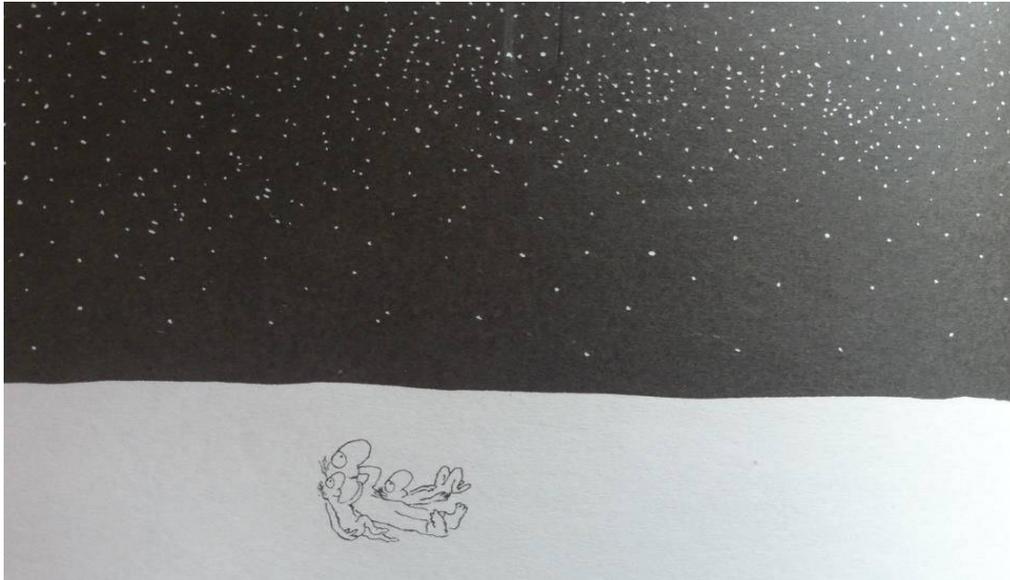
Text: Michael Leunig (Australian, born 1945)

The Secret of Happiness was a collaborative composition project between senior music students at Brisbane Girls Grammar School and Brisbane instrumental ensemble Topology in 2013. Using poetry and cartoons by Michael Leunig as the starting point for the work, students chose which parts of the text they would set, and composed approximately an hour of music around the dominant theme of happiness. Some movements were written by individual students and others were a collaborative effort; most were scored for choir, with a couple of solo movements and instrumental interludes. The premiere performance included students from the school, the players from Topology, as well as a number of singers from Fusion and The Australian Voices. Leunig's whimsical and poignant cartoons and poetry were projected onto a screen behind the performers. We have included a selection of these today.



Us

Last night while looking at the sky
I saw a little planet die.
It died and fell without a fuss;
I wondered whether it was us,
Or part of us that I had seen
Disintegrate. It could have been.



Announcement

A very limited period of time is coming when no festival, celebration or major event will be making a claim upon your existence. Perhaps it could be called 'ordinary time' or 'peace' or 'ordinary life'. It may not last very long.

There will be no fireworks, nor will there be a release of doves or balloons; nor will there be 'special offers' of any kind and no 'information line'. And there will be no logo, no poster, no slogan.

There will be the dripping of the tap, the ticking of the clock and the coming and going of plain and ordinary things. Perhaps you will also hear a bird sing, or a spoon move in a bowl, whistling over the back fence, or the sound of secateurs on a rose bush. Who knows? There will be no media coverage, no commentary or analysis. It will pass unremarked upon. Are you ready?

An Angel

An angel came and landed on the shed,
The little shed wherein my life is kept.
“There’s more to life than this” the angel said.
We looked into each other’s eyes and wept.

I hurried back inside and shut the door,
And all surrounded by the life I love
I lay there weeping on the concrete floor
And heard the angel weeping up above.

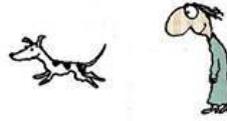


SEVEN
TYPES
of
Ordinary
HAPPINESS

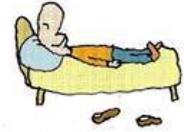
SECRET HAPPINESS
WHICH IS STEADY
BUT BEAUTIFULLY
DELICATE



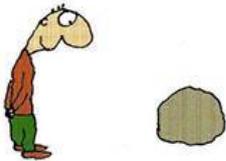
Three minutes of
happiness borrowed
from a dog.



TRADITIONAL
LYING DOWN
HAPPINESS



The happiness which
comes from staring
at a rock.



HAPPINESS BLENDED
WITH A MYSTERIOUS
SADNESS



The strange happiness
associated with seeing
a meteorite or
shooting star.



Diffuse, residual
happiness resulting
from rhythmic
domestic tasks such
as washing the dishes.



Leunig

AROMATHERAPIES - TRIED AND TRUE

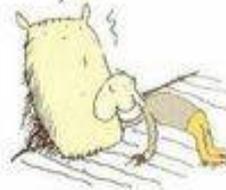
Essence of fish and
chips



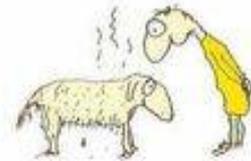
essence of shoe
polish



essence of
wheat bag



essence of wet
dog



essence of burnt
toast



essence of saturday
afternoon



essence of clean
sheets.



essence of sweetheart



Leunig

No Sooner

no sooner do you arrive than it's time to leave.
how beautiful it is, how glorious,
yet it's nearly time to go.
so you take it in, you take it in.

and you take a few small souvenirs,
some leaves: lavender, rosemary, eucalyptus:
a few small pebbles, a few small secrets,
a look you received, nine little notes of music,
and then it's time to go.

you move towards the open door
and the silent night beyond,
the few bright stars, a deep breath,
and it really is time to go.

no sooner does it all begin to make sense
does it all start to come true,
does it all open up,
do you begin to see,
does it enter into your heart...
no sooner do you arrive than it's time to leave.

yes, it's the truth.
and then you will have passed through it,
and with mysterious consequence
it will have passed through you.

The Happiness of Fish

Music: Zechariah Goh (Singapore, born 1970)

Text: Chuang Tzu, 4th century BCE — often known as Zhuangzi ('Master Zhuang')

Zhuangzi and Huizi were strolling along the dam of the Hao Waterfall when Zhuangzi said: 'See how the minnows come out and dart around where they please! That's what fish really enjoy!'

Huizi said, 'You're not a fish — how do you know what fish enjoy?'

Zhuangzi said, 'You're not me, so how do you know I don't know what fish enjoy?'

Huizi said, 'I'm not you, so I certainly don't know what you know. On the other hand, you're certainly not a fish so that still proves you don't know what fish enjoy!'

Zhuangzi said, 'Let's go back to your original question, please. You asked me how I know what fish enjoy so you already knew I knew it when you asked the question. I know it by standing here beside the Hao.'

The Owl and the Pussy Cat

Music: John Rutter (English, born 1945)

Text: Edward Lear (1812–1888), for the 3-year-old daughter of Lear's literary friend John Addington Symonds

The Owl and the Pussycat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looks up to the stars above
And sang to a small guitar,
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!'

Pussy said to the Owl, 'You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! Too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?'
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in the wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'
So they took it away and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon.

It Was a Lover and His Lass

Music: John Rutter

Text: William Shakespeare (1564–1616) from *As You Like It*

It was a lover and his lass,
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonny no,
That o'er the green cornfields did pass
 In Springtime, in Springtime, the only pretty ring time:
 When birds do sing, Hey ding-a-ding ding
 Hey ding-a-ding, ding-a-ding, ding-a-ding ding
 Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonny no,
These pretty country fools would lie
 In Springtime, in Springtime ...

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonny no,
For love is crowned with the prime,
 In Springtime, in Springtime ...

Let Me Fly

Music: Spiritual arr. Robert DeCormier (American, born 1922)

Text: Traditional African American spiritual, 19th century

'Way down yonder in the middle of the fiel',
Angel a-workin' at the chariot wheel.
Not so partic'lar 'bout workin' at the wheel,
I jus' wan' to see how the chariot feel.
 Oh let me fly to Mount Zion, Lord.

Meet that hypocrite on the street,
First thing he do is show his teeth.
Next thing he do is tell a lie,
Well, the best thing to do is pass him by.
 Oh let me fly to Mount Zion, Lord.

I got a mother in the Promised Land,
I ain't gonna stop till I shake her hand.
Not so partic'lar 'bout shakin' her hand,
But I just wan' to get to the Promised Land.
 Oh let me fly to Mount Zion, Lord.

I heard such a-rumbalin' in the sky,
I thought my Lord was passin' by,
'Twas the good ol' chariot drawin' night,
Well it shook the earth, swept the sky.
 Oh let me fly to Mount Zion, Lord.

I want wings, I want to fly,
Oh won't you let me fly to Mount Zion, Lord?