

country on a floating iceberg whose inhabitants were briefly introduced to *The Wizard of Oz* and, enchanted, decided to construct a work based on their vague and often inaccurate impressions of the film. The pretext grew into an entire staged production of *The Wizard of Oz* (*Sit Ozfårs Wysr* in Frizn) seen through the eyes and heard through the ears of the Frizn people. The compendium of scores that you are currently holding contains the music from this production.

The Frizn musical tradition is not too different than ours but contains some notable divergences. First and foremost, when they make music, everyone sings all the time. This flies in the face of the “chorus/solo/duo” logic present in a good deal of musical theater and leads to unique challenges in the keeping the score interesting over the course of a performance. A second difference is the Frizn people's relationship to musical constraints. One-upmanship in Frizngård is a big deal, and people there exhibit musical prowess by artificially making the writing process more difficult. Without revealing too much about the score, you will see as you leaf through the pages and listen to recordings that there are all sorts of games - canons, cantus firmus-es, reharmonizations - that form the backbone of *Sit Ozfårs Wysr*. Far from being an oblique and hermetic exercise, these constraints give the music a vital force that makes it both familiar and distant. Contrary to almost every piece of advice I have gotten about written music, I believe that people are curious, that many know how to read music, and that there exists a pleasure in discovering a score in its written form as it relates to the music that it represents. I will never claim that *Sit Ozfårs Wysr* is best understood via the paper medium, but I will say that delving into the score increases one's listening fun.

Other than these idiosyncrasies, the music from Frizngård is (not surprisingly) quite close to what I like to write. I love jazz, I love rich harmony, I love rhythmic virtuosity and I love lyrical singing. It is rumoured that Schoenberg once quipped that he wished he could write like Grieg. Of course he *could* write like him, but he felt a peculiar historical weight that somehow made this insouciance inappropriate. Perhaps it is my Jewish upbringing or maybe a lack of self-confidence, but I often feel this sense of reprobation as well. In *Sit Ozfårs Wysr*, I believe that the handful of constraints that shape the score acted as an irrational purgative that allowed me to take a deeply personal journey full of musical guilty pleasures. I hope you enjoy listening to and reading *Sit Ozfårs Wysr* as much as I enjoyed writing it.

Of course, the best thing one can do with the works in this book is sing them with friends. I have had the pleasure to do that with some great people, and I would like to thank my friends for helping make *Sit Ozfårs Wysr* look and sound great. In alphabetical order (again, not unlike Matt Bucy), thank you Cédric, Christine, Elsa, Eudes, Frédérique, Jean Bastien, Jeanne, Jesper, Marie, Marie, Marie, Mathieu, Mirkku, Perrine, Ryan, and Stéphanie. As they say in Frizngård, “Sitsit fakbydfakbyd by sit klystrf-uksingfårs hypicunt makn.” I unfortunately have no idea what that means, but it sounds nice and it reminds me of all of you.