

The Studio Commissary

Sparks

Well, Mr. Bergman, have you made your decision?
But before you answer, perhaps you are hungry. Let's go into the commissary.

Ah, Ingmar Bergman, look around, and hear the happy happy sound
Directors of all size and shapes are eating steak and
munching cake
Directors of a foreign stripe who've done quite well,
see if they gripe
Their vision made it here unscathed, none felt a whore,
none felt he caved

Ha ha ha ha ha ha

Ah, Billy Wilder, sure you say, he had to come, no other way
But Sunset Boulevard and such, I'd say we let him keep his touch
And there, Fritz Lang, an émigré, who managed to do films his way
Perhaps less stylized, so true, but then Fritz Lang, he isn't you

Ha ha ha ha ha ha

And Alfred Hitchcock, bless his soul, there chomping on a
dinner roll
The Man Who Knew Too Much done twice, in Hollywood,
done twice as nice
And Jacques Tourneur, Cat People, great, Simone Simon,
right here, so great
And Murnau, genius just like you, made Sunrise, top ten in my view
Of all the films made anywhere and yet he made it here not there
And Elgar Ulmer made Detour, a classic if you love film noir
Von Sternberg's eating all alone, let's say hello, hey, Josef, phone!
The point I guess is all had fears, the fears you have, these
noble peers
And one could quibble which was best their Old World work or
work out west
The differences are subtle, though, the language, sure,
but still you know
That English is the common tongue of cinema, when said
or sung

Ha ha ha ha ha
Ha ha ha ha ha

So please, dear Ingmar, think tonight, be sure the choice you
make is right
But there's a table, have a seat, and here's a menu, bon appétit