

# 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