

I Am Ingmar Bergman

Sparks

I am Ingmar Bergman.
You may or may not know my films.
You may or may not know anything about me as a person.

Still, the strange events following the warm and unexpected reception to my film Smiles Of A Summer Night are something that no one has known about - until now.

Good, Evil, God, the Devil, Life, Death - these were my usual concerns. This film, though, was a comedy. A comedy! How far from a comedy the events to follow would be.

Have you ever felt compelled to do something against your will?
I have. I have.

You see, I have a total disdain for escapist art, and yet why, on that cold May afternoon in Stockholm in 1956, did I feel the need to enter that movie theater to see escapist art of the worst sort, a typical American action film...well, the title is not what is important. What is important is that I felt compelled to watch that film, against my will, for 90 long minutes.

Why?

Was it the urge to partake of something mindless?
Was it the urge to indulge in something vacuous?
Was it the urge to do something...unlike Ingmar Bergman.

And, as the film finally ended, I walked to the exit as quickly as I could and onto the street - but not the street I expected.

"What is this? Where am I?"

Mr. Bergman, sir, welcome to Hollywood.
Your limousine awaits. Please, get in. Watch your head.