

King

WHAT MAKES
YOU LOOK
DIFFERENT?

—A STYLE
FOR
LONE WOLVES

See Page 75

KENNETH
TYNAN
—DOWN
TO BASICS

THE
BLOSSOMING
OF MICHELE
(Oriental
jet-setter)

A CURE
FOR GAMBLERS

plus
RAY BRADBURY
MARY QUANT
JOHN STEPHEN
JACKIE STEWART
CLANCY SIGAL





Funeral in Berlin

HARRY SALTZMAN
presents
MICHAEL CAINE
as Harry Palmer
in **LEN DEIGHTON'S**
best selling thriller...

Lowndes Productions Ltd
1 Tilney Street
London W1
Hyde Park 1892



Close-up

on a

Long-shot

...or what happened to
Harry, Len, Mike, Charlie and
Dave when they found a sequel
and got lucky in the movies

by John Sandilands

It's all there at either end of the publicity handout if you know how to read the signs. Up there, right at the top, is Harry Saltzman, which is a wonderful way to begin—roughly the equivalent of the Queen's autograph or the Papal Seal. Saltzman begat the Bond pictures and the Bond pictures have been one of the most successful projects in the whole history of the screen. Harry must like this property or his name wouldn't be there. Lowndes Productions further down would be carrying the can.

Harry, one sees, is presenting Michael Caine. Not the character he plays, not the story, not the wonder ingredient called Secret Agent, just Michael Caine. There's confidence. If Harry had bought Marlon Brando he couldn't have sold him harder. It's as though there's a little picture in the top left-hand corner. Harry with his arm around Michael's shoulders and on Harry's face a beaming smile.

Len Deighton, too, is up there basking in the glow. That's something. You know, they fret over these billings the way other people worry about life and death or lung cancer or

the loneliness of old age. If they let an author in they have their reasons, depend on it. It was Laurence Olivier's 'Othello', remember, not William Shakespeare's. Len must be coming on or he'd be away in the tiny print, no better than 'adapted from'.

Follow the spoor down the foolscap—Guy Hamilton, now. Director of 'Goldfinger', fast, professional, practical, polished, a stranger to that gesture involving the thumb, the forefinger and the bridge of the nose. This picture is meant to have some smart gloss, be smoother than its predecessor 'The Ipcress File'. You could say that Panavision and Technicolor, too, are the equivalent of going to a better tailor, especially when you get the bill.

Here's another thing. Charles Kasher has the producer's credit plain and proud, no hedging around with 'Associate' or 'Co-'. They have their ways of indicating who is really producing a picture and who is just sitting around with a big cigar. They've left Charlie out on his own there, so it's no longer smart to say "Kasher, who he?" even if you really don't know.

Scripted by Evan Jones. Uh-uh. Evan Jones works a lot with the art-house hero, Joseph Losey. He's West Indian, which is even better, he writes a fashionable kind of screenplay and he's enjoying a vogue. They must be paying him in gold.

Why even that box marked 'Publicity Buro' up in the right-hand corner has its place in the scheme of things. It's an opulent little addition like a diamond tie-pin because it shows that a big piece of the picture is being shot on location and location filming is painfully expensive, like living in the back of a taxi with the meter going.

You just have to look at that bold last line to see the reason for all this affluence, for these vitamin-enriched reputations and the source of success's sweet smell. 'First The Ipcress File/Now Funeral in Berlin/Next Billion Dollar Brain.' That's self-assurance amounting to downright recklessness. It's saying there, as plainly as if the letters were in molten neon, that 'The Ipcress File' was box-office boffola so bountiful that it can hold up two more Harry Palmer pictures, even if the one in the middle lies there a little or the hunger for secret agents switches suddenly to something more basic like cowboys or girls.

What you see there, in fact, is the sequel syndrome in full flower, and sequels, make no mistake about it, have picked the movie business up off the floor. If you're a smart producer nowadays—and if you're not you have my sympathy—you set pictures up in strings and let them go off like firecrackers, each one igniting the next and giving off a merry publicity roar.

It all looks so easy when it's done well. I mean, can you remember when Michael Caine wasn't Harry Palmer or when down-at-heel 007s weren't just as fashionable as the sophisticated sort? Or when the words 'Len Deighton' and 'best-selling' only appeared on the same page when someone was writing about Ian Fleming?

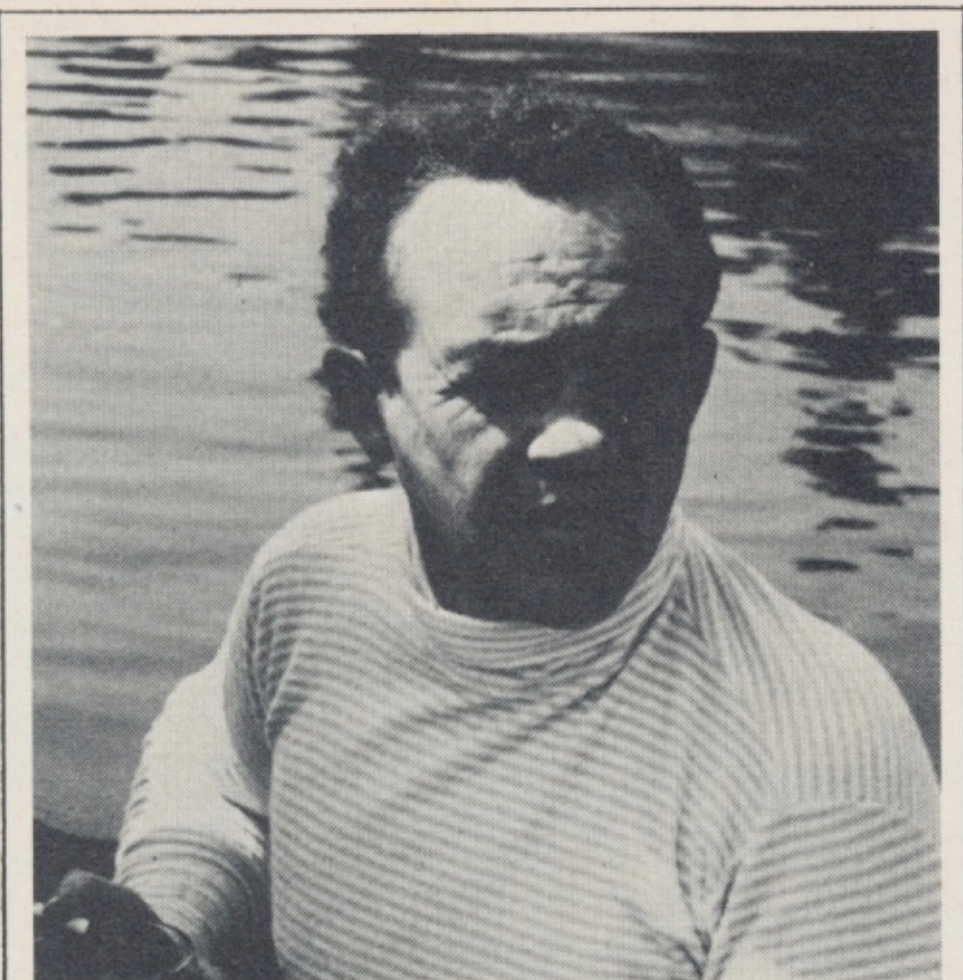
There was such a time, I assure you, just as there was a time, unbelievably, when a new James Bond picture didn't show up every year. There was a time when Harry Palmer was anything but a gilt-edged security, when distributors were doubtful and accountants glum and people lay awake o' nights wondering how it would go. I think that was the interesting time, before success came down like a blanket of snow. It was a time when everybody had a lot to lose but a whole lot more to gain . . .

Directed by GUY HAMILTON Produced by CHARLES KASHER Scripted by EVAN JONES

A LOWNDES PRODUCTION FOR WORLDWIDE PARAMOUNT RELEASE

PANAVISION® TECHNICOLOUR®

FIRST THE IPCRESS FILE / NOW FUNERAL IN BERLIN / NEXT BILLION DOLLAR BRAIN



David Pelham, permanently perky, "the most successful failure in England"

"I wasn't doing terribly well when Harry Saltzman called me up," said David Pelham. "I had a modest little play running in the West End but it wasn't going to make me rich and famous. Harry's suggestion didn't sound all that promising either at the time. He wanted me to take over on a picture that he was making with Charlie Kasher.

"Charlie hadn't worked on a full-length movie before. It seemed to me that Harry had bought up an unknown book with an unpronounceable title that was written by an unknown author and that he proposed to make it with a star who wasn't a star at all. Harry wasn't even sure whether to put Michael Caine's name above the title in case it jeopardised his future career."

To get this dubious property off the ground Kasher and Pelham shared a small office just off Berkeley Square. The place doubled up as the wardrobe department when the production got under way and there was one secretary who had to work the switchboard at lunchtimes if either of them was out. The allocation for publicity purposes on 'The Ipcress File' was just £1,000.

"I think I bought maybe six journalists lunch the whole time we were there," Pelham said. "A lunch had to result in at least a column. Even a quick drink in a pub was a disaster if it didn't produce a paragraph."

On 'Funeral in Berlin', Pelham's publicity department occupied most of one floor in a brand new hotel near the centre of the city and he used the expensive downstairs bar at the Berlin Hilton as casually as if it was a works canteen to entertain writers and photographers from all over the world. He was by no means unaccustomed to such wild swings of fortune. His experience as an American Army parachutist during the war was only the beginning of a remarkable series of ups and downs.

Pelham is a small man, forty-one-years old. He has a flattened nose, like a boxer, round brown boot-button eyes, and he is permanently perky as though something good is going to happen all the time. In fact, at one time he called himself, and with reason, "the most successful failure in England".

Pelham was born in Boston, Massachusetts, where his father was the business partner of King C. Gillette, whose picture and signature used to appear on every packet of the company's blades. It was due to this connection that Pelham

had his first contact with showbusiness. When his family was visiting London and he was five years old he was taken on stage at a West End theatre to present a golden razor to Fred Astaire.

Thereafter, neither his early proximity to a great deal of cash nor his spectacular debut in the theatre appeared to be portents of any great value in his subsequent career.

Although a legitimate heir to some of the Gillette fortune his financial struggles suggest that very little of his family's money has ever filtered through to him and the West End stage was principally the cause of his undoing.

Later during one of his brighter spells as a theatrical impresario Pelham was praised at a Variety Club luncheon for his contribution to the London theatre. When his turn came to reply Pelham seemed unexpectedly moved. "Gentlemen," he said, with some emotion, "everything I have I owe..." He paused. And he continued to pause. The laughter, when it came, could be heard in the Strand. Pelham's finances had finally reached the status of a showbiz joke.

He had begun in the business brightly enough. After the war he had arrived in Rome during that hectic period when the Italian cinema was setting up the free-for-all that was to make Cinecitta a by-word for fast-dealing on indefinitely deferred terms. Pelham was by no means the least likely of the many who suddenly blossomed as producers, and in the early 1950s, he brought out a number of films.

He returned to America to find himself, surprisingly, greeted as a minor ambassador of the Italian film renaissance and was admitted to partnership with the monolithic New York impresario, David Merrick.

With Merrick he collaborated in the successful Broadway presentations of Osborne's 'Look Back in Anger' and 'The Entertainer' and Ustinov's 'Romanoff and Juliet'. These productions were among the early ice-breakers which later resulted in the flood of British drama on Broadway, and Pelham, scenting the trend, left for the source of these valuable exports.

In London, however, his luck changed. From the middle Fifties onwards his presentations opened and closed like the mouth of a goldfish.

He put on 'The World of Paul Slickey', John Osborne's first and only attempt at a musical. The production was heralded by immense publicity because it was an assault on the gossip columnists who were enjoying at the time the power and status of the Spanish Inquisition, but nothing else went right. 'Paul Slickey' was slaughtered by the critics and closed in six weeks.

Pelham's next, a play called 'Hidden River', closed in two weeks but he came back with another large scale musical. This was 'Auntie Mame', which seemed to be foolproof because it had been a smash-hit in New York, and this was at a time when American musicals were travelling particularly well.

In London 'Auntie Mame' performed the depressing feat of running for nine months but without ever getting out of the red.

Pelham's next play, 'The Kensington Squares', closed after two and a half weeks and, in 1960, 'Bachelor Flat' at the Piccadilly Theatre lasted for just four performances.

Pelham was partially sustained during this trying time by the success of an earlier musical, 'The World of Suzie Wong', which had a good run and also by his astonishingly good-humoured natural resilience, which gave him a status

even in defeat.

During all his difficulties he led the kind of social life that kept him permanently featured in the sort of gossip columns that had aroused John Osborne's invective and he was even freely tipped, at one time, as likely to be the best-man at Tony Armstrong Jones' wedding.

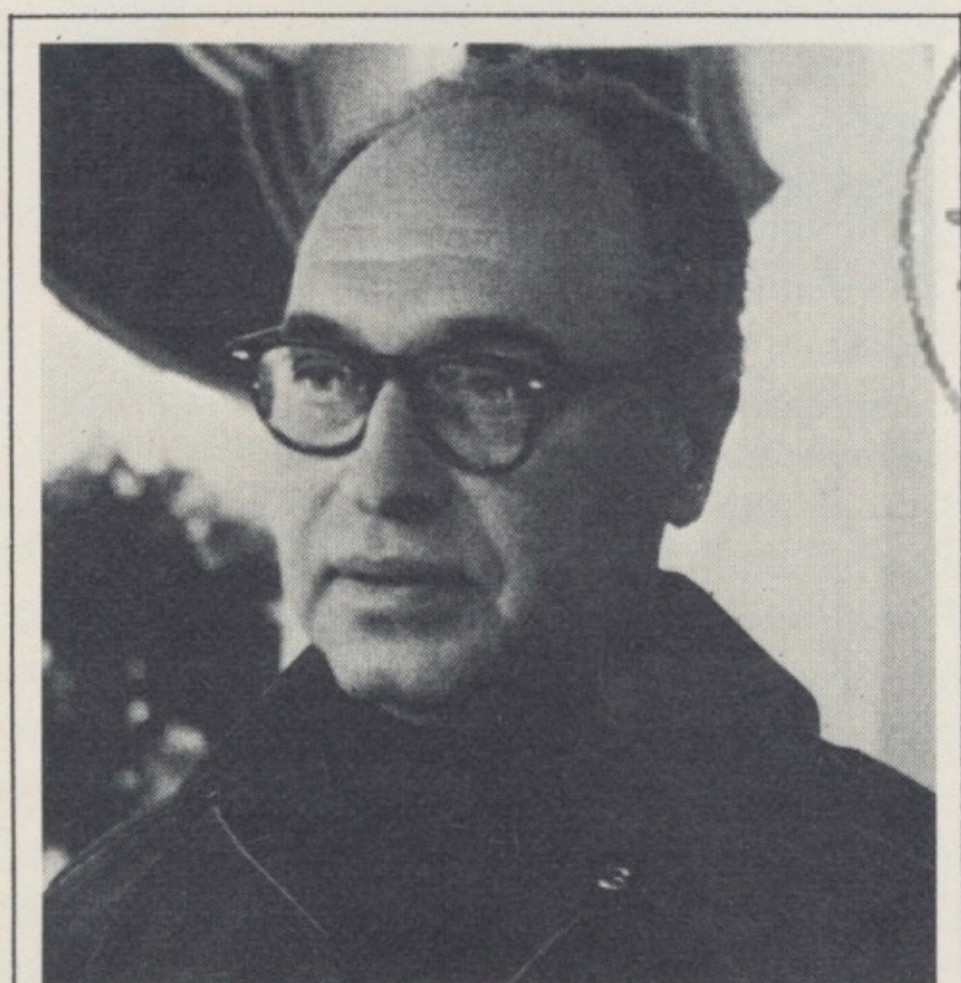
To his creditors this seemed a clear case of fiddling while Rome burned, but to the uncommitted his panache was such that his activities took on something of a sporting flavour. Accounts of his reverses were treated with the kind of grudging admiration that losing boxers receive when they keep getting up from the canvas although all common-sense indicates that they would do much better to stay where they are.

In 1963, however, he appeared to go down for the final count. His production of Francoise Sagan's play 'Castle in Sweden', closed after a short run leaving liabilities of £17,000 and no assets.

Pelham was not quite knocked out. The following year he came back yet again with a play called 'Afternoon Men' at the Arts, a club theatre.

But even this comparatively mild enterprise ran into difficulties and Pelham set a theatrical precedent by offering to sell seven £100 shares to the public to keep the production alive.

'Afternoon Men', in fact, was "the modest little play" in which he was involved when Harry Saltzman called.



Charlie Kasher is a dollar millionaire... his punchlines are always in the right place

"Right along," said Charles Kasher, "I had this itch to get into showbusiness. I was determined to get in one way or another but I didn't start making any serious money until the 1950s. That's when I started monkeying around. I built a theatre in Greenwich Village and I directed a couple of plays there but motion pictures were what I was really after.

"The only guy I knew in the movie business was Harry Saltzman so I came to England to talk to him about some projects. I invested some money in a play he wanted to do but what I was really working to sell him was a new kind of picture using subliminal techniques. When it came to motion pictures I had to think in terms of selling a commodity because it was the only thing I knew.

"I got a long way with this subliminal idea. I even had some professor of Psychiatry at London University on my

pay-roll because I was trying to see how far audiences could be influenced by images flashed on the screen so fast that they would only register in the audience's subconscious. Like, they'd glimpse the word 'Father' from time to time during the action if I was trying to sell them a father-figure in the picture.

"I still had this great yen to make a conventional picture but at fifty-one I thought I was way too old. It was then that Harry started getting heavily involved with the Bond films, and when he bought the Deighton property he had a problem because he couldn't work on both. He would have been kind of competing with himself, so he gave me 'The Ipcress File' to produce. I went at it as a complete amateur with just my enthusiasm to make a worthwhile film. I'm a compulsive problem solver and I treated each aspect of Ipcress as a problem, which at that time it was."

Charlie Kasher is a dollar millionaire who could have retired in luxury any time in the last ten years. On location with 'Funeral in Berlin' he was around for nearly every foot of film that was shot. There was a great deal of night shooting but, after a long day in the production office he would still arrive with the crew and stay with the set-up until dawn dimmed the arc-lights and filming ended until the following night. Somebody said that he was scared the crew would take off with the equipment if he wasn't there to watch them but it was a kindly joke. A producer who works just as hard as anyone else on a picture is valued in the film business and Kasher is a fanatic.

He is a tall man, greying, with a receding hairline and a leathery, bitter-sweet face that would do well on an ageing comedian but, tidied up a little and with the laughter-lines erased, could be impressive enough for a statesman or the president of a big corporation.

Kasher has been, in his time, both a tycoon and a kind of comic since he spent the early part of his life selling patent medicines at fairgrounds and, usually, the size of his audience depended largely on the quality of his jokes. He still retains a professional regard for a good pun, ("Now is the winter of our discotheque," he remarked, entering the Ad Lib at that sad time when the club's music was muted because of neighbours' complaints.) He has, too, a comedian's knack of building his conversation so that the punchlines are always in the right place. "My father was an unsuccessful plumber," he said. "He was a Russian and plumbers were Irish in that neighbourhood."

Kasher started to earn his living at sixteen as a 'runner' on Wall Street and the bulk of his duties was to chalk up the changing stock-market prices on a blackboard. It was at the time of the Depression and work of any kind was hard to get. As a sideline he sold magazine subscriptions, posing as a college boy to reduce sales resistance. "You told people," he recalled, "that the magazine cost only eighteen cents a week which was pretty reasonable. What they didn't realise was that the magazine came out only once a month."

He moved on to become a demonstrator in a dime store. He was selling a furniture polish and it was his introduction to the technique of acquiring a crowd and holding their attention that was to be the basis of his whole career.

There was a brief digression into the sale of an ink that produced an embossed appearance on writing paper then Kasher started to tour the carnivals and exhibitions with a new shampoo. "I did okay," he said, "until one day, at a big exposition in Chicago, an old lady came up to me and said: 'Mister, if I use that stuff will I have hair like yours?'"

I said: 'Sure lady.' She said: 'Who needs it?' and she walked away. That night I went home and looked in the mirror and I saw that my hair was receding. I knew that I needed a new pitch right away."

Kasher's new pitch was destined to make a permanent contribution to American salesmanship which means, eventually, the world's. The switch he made was to patent medicines and again he did pretty well because he was good at acquiring and holding a crowd but he was looking, all the time, for a commodity that would put him out on his own.

He found it in a freight-car load of wheat-germ that he bought cheaply from another salesman who was finding it a difficult line to sell. "Patent medicines then," Kasher said, "were all just herbs and Indian remedies. The business hadn't moved on in centuries and I knew there had to be something new." He did some research into wheat-germ and discovered its vitamin content, which he then translated into a selling line. The freight-car emptied fast and Kasher took the idea on. He decided that if he could find out the number of vitamins and minerals present in the perfect diet and build them into one product he would have a very strong pitch indeed.

Like most good ideas, it was simple but just needed somebody to think of it and the result was a commodity called 'Vigor 8'. Later on, when sales had risen to the dignity of an advertising campaign, the line ran: 'Eight vitamins and twelve minerals in Vigor 8'. Kasher has always liked a pun.

Vitamins and minerals, presumably present in the Garden of Eden, were greeted as something entirely new on the carnival round and Kasher made the breakthrough he had been looking for. He now streamlined his operation even more. "Everybody was making a pitch to sell a dollar's worth of goods to each customer at the end," he said. "I figured that if you were working that hard anyway you might as well sell them five dollars' worth, or even ten." The logic seemed to operate. In Chicago Kasher became the first medicine man to make a thousand dollars from a single performance—the carnival equivalent of Everest or the four-minute mile. "After that I would only work twice a day," he said. "An afternoon performance and an evening performance. Just like showbusiness, you know?"

Through the late Thirties and the early Forties Kasher continued to progress. He opened his own factory and put a team of medicine men on his pay-roll. He applied his new technique to his first product, shampoo, and gave a new word to the language—'lanolin'.

Charles Antell shampoo and hair cream (Antell was Kasher's mother's maiden name) contained lanolin, first of the 'wonder ingredients' and the product became a household name because, in 1948, Kasher was the first TV advertiser to put a commercial on film. Up until then commercials were live. Nobody had thought of filming them so that they could be put out live by dozens of local stations at the same time.

By 1955, Kasher was in a position to sell out his interests in Charles Antell and retire on the proceeds. "All along I'd had a sense of being mildly creative in what I was doing," he said, "but I always thought there was something more important I could do. Write a reasonable book, maybe, or a play. I didn't know.

"What really fascinated me was this feeling of having a

kind of powerful empathy with the mass mind that came from making a pitch all those years. Even when I was very successful I couldn't resist working at the big expositions in the same old way. I wanted to know why it was possible to hang up six hundred people in a place where there were hundreds of better things to do and then to sell them ten dollars' worth of vitamins that they didn't want to buy.

"I knew you had to start off catching their interest by amusing them and then go on to thrill them or even frighten them. You had to hold every one of them because if one guy turned away six would follow and your audience would melt before your eyes. I wanted to go on with this thing, some way, with a really big audience, which is what you get with motion pictures, but I wondered how a fifty-year-old guy who sold vitamins and minerals could just get up there and begin."



Nobody knew that Michael Caine wore glasses—he took them off for interviews

When Kasher and David Pelham set up their production office-cum-wardrobe department just off Berkeley Square they both had a problem besides the lack of space. Kasher had to steer 'The Ipcress File' along a path well away from the Bond pictures to stop Harry Saltzman from competing with himself. Pelham had to publicise, on a shoe-string, a property which had anonymity as its main ingredient.

"We were the stepchild, the illegitimate offspring of James Bond," said David Pelham. "The accountants on the Bond pictures thought of us as a scruffy little group just getting by." The total budget for 'The Ipcress File' was £350,000, which is pretty near the minimum for a main feature shot in colour. It could not have been made for this amount if its star had been an established leading man or its director, the young Canadian Sidney Furie, had been able to command the kind of fees he is getting now.

As it turned out, however, the absence of big names and spectacular spending was to work in the picture's favour. The very lack of ostentation made 'The Ipcress File' seem extraordinarily chic.

"I sat down with Sidney Furie and the writer on the picture and we worked at making ordinariness interesting," said Charlie Kasher. "We had to come up with a name for the main character because the guy in the book talks in the first person and you never get to know what he's called. We invented 'Harry Palmer' because it sounded so commonplace.

"We invented the circumstance that he was blackmailed into becoming an agent because he was in trouble with the Army. That sounded pretty downbeat. We made him have larcenous instincts to appeal to a common denominator, which is the larceny in all of us. The eye-glasses were another idea. The last film star who wore eye-glasses all the time was Harold Lloyd, but they do add reality. People are used to seeing people wearing glasses. Why not on the hero in a film?"

At that time nobody knew that Michael Caine wore glasses most of the time in everyday life. He took them off when he went for interviews because he needed work. Not everybody knew, even, that he talked with a cockney accent, because nobody in the film business had cared much about finding out.

Caine's name had been put forward to Harry Saltzman for the lead in 'Ipcress' on the strength of his first real film part in the picture 'Zulu'!

In 'Zulu' Caine, playing a young Guards officer, performed a feat of mimicry by producing an impeccable upper-class accent. Saltzman, who had seen the film, assumed that it must be his by birth and wondered if Caine could 'do' cockney well enough for ex-Corporal Harry Palmer in 'Ipcress'. Enquiries were made and back came the answer: "He was born at the Elephant and Castle. You can hardly understand what he's talking about!"

Caine, in fact, was amazingly right for Harry Palmer, the right age, the right voice, the right appearance—nondescript, but rugged enough to be interesting. He even had the right air of downtrodden irony acquired while being downtrodden for a very long time. He was thirty-one when the part came along and he had been acting for ten years without a real break.

Caine's father was a Billingsgate porter and his mother was an office cleaner which, taken with a genuine cockney accent, would be excellent credentials for a career in showbusiness nowadays. At the time when Caine began as an actor they were a definite drag but he still managed to make a living from acting. He spent three and a half years in repertory, which quickly dispenses with duds and he clocked up a large number of TV appearances—although too often as policemen, tearaways, "Ere, guvs". It was a time when actors still pretended to be posh people clever at portraying the lower orders and Caine was too realistic for his own good.

He also needed a spectacular success more than most. Before he went into the Army for his National Service in Germany and Korea he had been a labourer, a pneumatic drill operator, a warehouse worker and a human cement mixer on a construction site. He was also, as a continuing liability, a product of the Old Kent Road where people are supposed to be fairly predictable in their choice of a way of life and becoming an actor is rather more than just camp.

For years on end he was a mis-fit in both his environments and even when the kitchen-sink fashion in drama allowed real proletarian actors to exist they had to be pretty with-it, like Terence Stamp, to be accepted in starring roles. Caine wasn't good-looking enough.

His choice for 'Zulu' was a freak—an inspired guess by the producer of the picture, Stanley Baker and the director, Cy Enfield. His notices were excellent but it was hard to see where he could go next. The existence of a role like Harry Palmer, so perfectly tailored and appearing so soon afterwards, was less freakish than miraculous. Caine, at the

time of 'Ipcress', was perfectly poised for exploitation and even his price was right.

No attempt was made by the 'Ipcress File' publicity department to gloss over these facts of life. The picture gained ground steadily with a clever kind of anti-publicity. Nobody before had tried to make a lack of glamour seem attractive but the gambit was exactly right for 'Ipcress' and it also contrasted admirably with the florid excesses of James Bond.

David Pelham actually coined the expression 'Contrabond' as a handy label for the phenomenon. He made the tag available to film columnists and many of them still use it gratefully.



Besides being a practical man with pastry, Len Deighton was an expert on sauces

Another astonishingly apt ingredient for the kind of image that 'Ipcress' was presenting was the character of Len Deighton, the author of the thriller on which the picture was based.

Deighton was the complete antithesis of Ian Fleming who, at that time, was at the height of his personal success. Len's father was a chauffeur and his mother, so he claimed, had been an oxy-acetylene welder. He had worked on the railway, and as a waiter. He had been a schoolteacher and an assistant pastry-cook. He had travelled the world, as had Fleming, but mostly as a BOAC air-steward.

He drove a battered 1956 VW and lived at the Elephant and Castle in a house mainly furnished from his uncle's junk-shop at Clapham Junction.

Deighton, however, had the knack of making all this sound much more interesting than the privileged ambiance of Ian Fleming. The VW had a radio-telephone in it. The house was in a beautiful Georgian square near the Elephant and the furniture antique. Besides being a practical man with pastry, Deighton was an expert on French sauces and was also the author of two erudite cookery books.

In addition to this the espionage ploys and weaponry that Deighton introduced into his thrillers—he had been connected with Air Intelligence—sounded a good deal more authentic than Fleming's and seemed a lot more up-to-date.

These matters fitted perfectly into the realistic image that 'Ipcress' was creating and Deighton, in person, was no disappointment. One of David Pelham's greatest achievements was to persuade him to give interviews because he

hated publicity but Deighton was always worth waiting for. He wore glasses on an inscrutable face of the kind that spies are supposed to have and he had a habit of walking into expensive places in very old raincoats. His cuffs were often frayed and he was seen in company, at least once, wearing a pair of ancient plimsolls. Successful authors had not behaved as satisfactorily since Ernest Hemingway. He became a cult object almost immediately and his books started to sell at a tremendous rate. 'Funeral in Berlin', which topped the best-seller list in America, was to cost Saltzman a great deal more than 'Ipcress' when he came to buy the film rights.

By the time 'The Ipcress File' was completed it had achieved the kind of impact that mere money can't buy. It was an 'in-thing' or, to use an expression of the day, it was 'with-it'. Sidney Furie's direction was brilliantly original and some ideal of the cachet that the picture collected can be gained from the fact that Ken Adam, Art Director to the Saltzman stable was nominated for an award for his work on 'Goldfinger' but won it for his designs for 'Ipcress'.

It would have been quite out of keeping to have given the picture a glittering premiere, besides the considerations of budget. 'Ipcress' simply opened one evening at the Leicester Square cinema. Two hundred seats were reserved in the Circle for the technicians and their families and other friends of the picture. It was a smash.

Soon afterwards Harry Saltzman turned down 750,000 dollars for the TV rights in the United States alone.



Harry Saltzman invited them all to dinner at the best restaurant in Berlin

There is only one direct flight from London to Berlin each day. It is an old turbo-jet Viscount, tourist-only. The aircraft looked quite inadequate to have contained the majestic figure of Harry Saltzman as he walked down the steps on to the tarmac of Tempelhof Airport.

He is a short man, very plump, but he has the bearing of a Roman senator.

He was in Berlin for a day to visit the 'Funeral in Berlin' location. He would leave the following morning because he had no more time to spare on a single project that was going well anyway. He had a dozen other things to consider, like an epic on the Battle of Britain and the next James Bond in Tokio.

Not that 'Funeral' could be too lightly dismissed. It was

costing one and a quarter million pounds instead of the mere £350,000 that was the price of 'Ipcress'. And anyway, Saltzman takes a paternal interest in every one of his properties.

That evening, when the matters in his bulging brief-case had been dealt with, Saltzman invited the principals of the 'Funeral' unit to dinner at the best restaurant in Berlin and it was very much like a family gathering. Saltzman sat at the top of the table and around him were Guy Hamilton, the director, with his wife, the former film-actress Kerima; Michael Caine with his girl-friend, the French starlet, Elizabeth Ercy; Charlie Kasher and the female lead in 'Funeral' and David Pelham with the Persian Princess, Farideh, whom he had married in London just before filming began after ceremonies at a mosque, a fashionable church and a register office in a blaze of publicity.

Everybody was looking very happy, very expensive and very successful—particularly Michael Caine who had the prettiest girl in the room, a salary ten times bigger than it was on 'Ipcress' and was leaving for Cannes at the end of the week because the big offering at the Festival was his picture 'Alfie'.

It was interesting to know what the two men who started off in an office-cum-wardrobe department just off Berkeley Square were thinking.

"It's great that when you sign the bill nobody's eyes flicker," David Pelham had said, drinking whisky in the roof-bar of the Berlin Hilton. "Being broke is very expensive because you have to eat at Claridge's and the Mirabelle. If you have a little money you can go to Wimpy's."

"I make a little bow every morning to say 'Thank God' Harry called me that day. People wouldn't take me seriously. Now they do and I like it. With 'Ipcress' and now this picture people know that I work. They know where to find me. Sometimes I wish it wasn't so easy to get me on a telephone. But I know why it is. I want to give this job everything I've got. I think I must be becoming respectable." He was due to become a father in the autumn, as well.

"I never did anything in my life before that I really looked up to," said the millionaire Charlie Kasher, leaning against a mock-up of the Berlin Wall at three o'clock in the morning on a bomb-site in the middle of the Tiergarten. "Nobody was expecting too much of 'Ipcress'. The distributors thought we were making a 'B' picture and they planned to put it out with one of their good ones. The way it turned out it got into everybody's Top Ten and I was determined that the sequel would be better still. Maybe it was like when I was selling vitamins and minerals. I just didn't want one of those people out in front to turn away from me."

"This time we have a budget two and a half times the size. We have a location that is all the way the real thing. We have a star where before we had an unknown. We're making a picture that we don't have to be ashamed of and what's so wonderful is that now people listen to me. The director listens, the scriptwriter listens. I have the feeling this one stands or falls on me and I love the sensation."

"Listen, I have a sense of euphoria at times while we're filming. I drove out of town with the hood down on the Bentley the first day the sun shone on this location and I tell you I felt good. I felt really good. The happiest man in the world."

"By God, I'll tell you something. I want to direct 'Billion Dollar Brain'." □