

THE PASSING SHOW

New Secret Agent for Film Fans

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James Bond now has a rival in the secret agent trade, a fellow named Harry Palmer. As played by a relative newcomer named Michael Caine, Harry is being introduced to movie audiences in "The Ipress File," a corking British spy film at the Cinema.

Palmer has no better chance than SMERSH of putting Bond out of business, of course. He's neither suave, nor Superman and the ability to perform the unbelievable is not one of his weapons. He just does what any red-blooded British spy would do and he gets his lumps for it.

Harry likes girls and he is not as ready as some people to turn one off when duty calls. His superiors, in fact, consider him an insubordinate type with criminal tendencies. He also likes Mozart and likes to prepare gourmet meals, even when dining alone. He's near-sighted, too. None of these things makes him seem more trustworthy to the boss spies, but he does get his job done.

In "The Ipress File," director Sidney J. Furie has surrounded Harry with all the mood, atmosphere and sinister trappings an espionage film fan could ask. Filming it in London and color, the conventional camera angle never serves Furie when he can think of a better one and he seems consistently to have thought of better ones.

He has made better use of the subjective camera than has been seen in some time. Often you look through a slit or a crack in a door to see the fragment of a face or scene that the sleuth peering in is seeing. When he takes off his glasses a scene is blurred by the hero's myopia.

The screenplay by Bill Conaway and James Doran, from a novel by Len Deighton, is concocted of comedy, menace, suspense, violence and a smattering of sex. It may not be a model of clarity at every moment and there are times when you are whisked from one scene to the next with such rapidity that you ask yourself what happened back there. But all the necessary ingredients are here and it's exciting.

It seems that a prominent scientist has been kidnaped by the foe and the head of British military intelligence turns the problem of recovering him over to the head of civilian intelligence. The latter is more military than the former,

"THE IPRESS FILE," a Universal release of a Harry Saltzman production; from a novel by Len Deighton; screenplay by Bill Conaway and James Doran; directed by Sidney J. Furie; music composed and conducted by John Barry; production designed by Ken Adam; photographed by Otto Heller; art director, Peter Murton. At the Cinema.

The Cast

Harry Palmer	Michael Caine
Dalby	Nigel Green
Ross	Guy Doleman
Jean	Sue Lloyd
Carswell	Gordon Jackson
Radcliffe	Aubrey Richards
Buejay	Frank Gatliff
Barney	Thomas Baptists
Housemartin	Oliver MacGregory
Alice	Freda Bamford

ramrod straight, with bristling mustache, a parade ground walk and a sharp tongue for underlings who make mistakes.

The chase that follows moves through a variety of back-grounds—London clubs, high-ceilinged government offices where upper level affairs of state must go on, an abandoned warehouse, etc. It leads eventually to a large deserted garage for a confrontation between pursuers and pursued. The former turn over the 25,000-pound ransom and the latter the scientist.

But don't get up to leave. The scientist turns out to have been brainwashed and can't remember his work that was so important to the British cause.

Harry Palmer, of course ("The Ipress File" is suspense-packed, not surprise-packed), is the fellow who finally knows too much. He learns enough to suspect an inside job and winds up in the Ipress establishment, brain-washing division.

The procedure involves starvation, lack of sleep and subjection to assault by galloping color images on a 360-degree screen, accompanied by weird, ear-splitting sound. Furie has made this a masterpiece of special effects and camera and sound techniques.

It's a mighty violent passage and you'd better be sure to resist or you'll wind up brainwashed yourself and you know what that leads to—a clean mind.

Caine does a splendid job of playing the battered secret agent who is doubly durable and gathers all the varied facets of the man's



Michael Caine, producer Harry Saltzman's answer to James Bond, prepares to woo a girl with his culinary dexterity in "The Ipress File," at the Cinema.

personality into a completely credible character.

The two intelligence chiefs are played deftly for suspense by Nigel Green (civilian) and Guy Doleman (military). Gordon Jackson registers effectively, too, as a canny Scot cronny of Palmer's, the first to find out too much about the Ipress file and be done in.

Sue Lloyd comes through warmly as the fellow spy Palmer woos with gourmet meals at his bachelor digs. Woos her, without knowing which side she is really on, at that.

"The Ipress File," including its hero.