**Bells**


Richard Chamberlain, on the set of **Bells** is enthusiastic about his role as the ex-'60s radical, and small-town-professional-investigator of a mysterious murder — the victim is killed by a signal transmitted by telephone, which then melts the receiver in the victim's hand. Different.

"What a pleasure working with this fabulous crew, director, producer and script," says Chamberlain who, at first glance, appears to be a dashing assistant director — so lightly does he banter with the crew — rather than the serious actor he has proven himself to be in **The Music Lovers, Petulia, The Three Musketeers.**

The idyllic setting of Valley Halla, an impressive stone mansion (circa 1920), on the site of the original Toronto Zoo, is many technological revolutions away from the exotic locale of Chamberlain's last project, **Shogun.** After six and a half months in Japan this story must seem like a piece of cake although he protests that nothing has ever been easy for him, specializing, as he does, in complex, challenging roles.

The TV response to **Shogun** should set up the audience nicely for **Bells'** projected spring release. Already the timing appears to have cast a magic spell of good will; a dream production, a well-knit crew, knowledgeable producers and an able, respected director. No shouts, no pouts, no hisses. An MGM production.

Director Michael Anderson (Around The World In Eighty Days, Logan's Run, The Martian Chronicles), recently wed to a Vancouverite and now a landed immigrant, promises an exciting commercial thriller from an "excellent screenplay" by Canadian John Kent Harrison. The outline itself was picked out by executive producer Stan Colbert (Riel, Sidestreet, Crossbar), and producer Robert Cooper (State Of Shock, Running, Middle Age Crazy), from a trash/trashy trove of properties orphaned by a corporate squabble at First Artists — a sort of Hollywood rummage sale.

Colbert/Cooper grabbed the outline and farmed it out to Harrison (Coming Out Alive and Oscar nominee for Bravery In The Field), while Cooper signed ex-David-Lean-assistant Michael Anderson, by now a famous director with credits dating back to 1949. Luckily, they stole a sneak preview of **Shogun.** Impressed with Chamberlain, and finding him available, they began to visualize a movie.

On the set of **Bells**, Anderson demonstrates a sure touch of craft: certainly his confident authority has endeared him to first line d.o.p. Reg Morris (Tribute, Middle Age Crazy, 2/October-November 1980
If You Could See What I Hear

with D.O.P. Harry Makin. A few production assistants move a Cape Cod Dory to where we’ve been standing.

We walk outside, not into the New England night, but into lunchtime Yonge St. in Toronto. Over coffee, Stuart Gillard, writer and co-producer, confides that even though the shooting is a week...