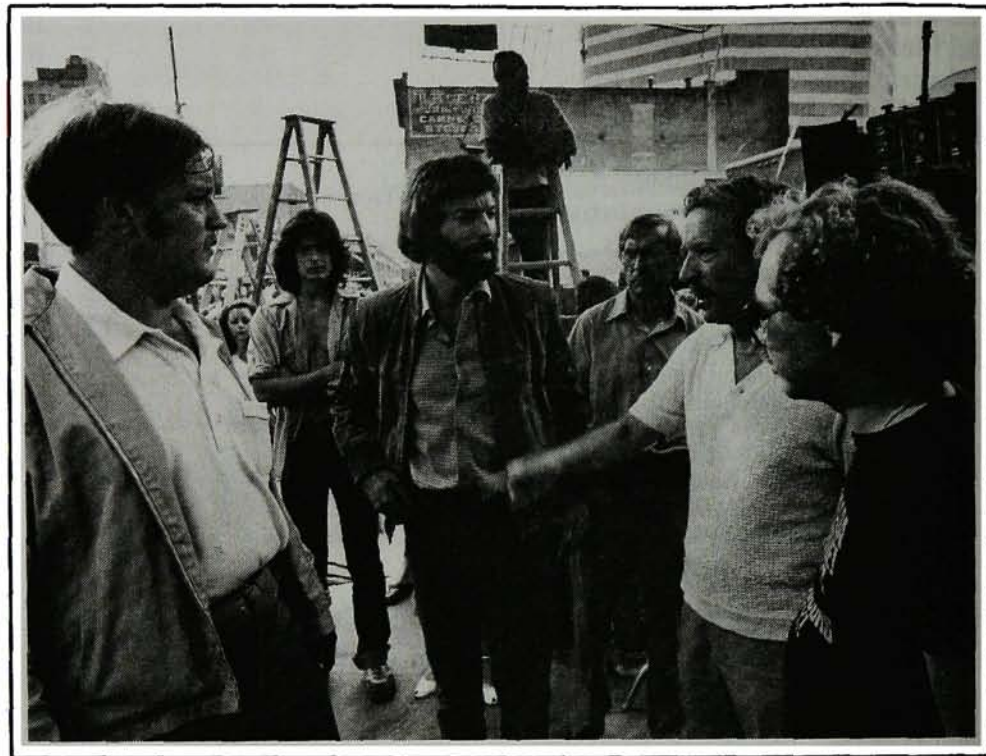


# IN PROGRESS...

## Bells

**p.c.** Coco Film Production 1 Inc. **exec. p.** Stanley Colbert **p.** Robert Cooper **co-p.** Brian Walker **assoc. p.** Michael Hadley **d.** Michael Anderson **p. man.** Phil McPhedran **v.p. of finance** Greg Sneyd **p. acc.** Heather McIntosh, Lyn Lucibello (asst.) **loc. man.** Lee Knippelberg, Marc Dasso (asst.) **p. sec.** Suzanne Lore **a.d.** Steve Wright, Libby Bowden (2nd), Don Baldassarri (3rd) **p.a.** Roman Buchok, Michael Curran, Simon Clery **cont.** Penny Hynam **d.o.p.** Reginald Morris **cam.op.** Jimmy Turrell, Peter Luxford **asst. cam.** Gordon Langevin (1st), Wendy Walgate (2nd) **stills** Shin Sugino **cable puller** Andy Langfuin **sd.mix.** Peter Shewchuk **boom** Herb Heritage **p. des.** Seamus Flannery **art d.** Rose Marie McSherry (asst.), Roberta King (trainee) **draftsman** Roderick Hilliec **set dec.** Joyce Ligget, Don McQueen (asst.) **prop. mas.** Mark Freeborn, Paul Harding (asst.) **ward. des.** Lynne MacKay, Warehouse **ward. mist.** Nadia Ongaro **ward. asst.** Gail Filman **make-up** Maureen Sweeney (superv.), Carol Davidson (asst.) **hair** Paul LeBlanc (stylist), Malcolm Tanner (asst.) **ed.** Martin Pepler, Penny Hozy (asst.) **gaf.** Chris Holmes **best boy (elec. dept.)** Tony Eldridge **elec.** Sam Hughes, John Spurrel, Herb Reische **key grip** Ron Gillham **best boy (grip dept.)** Glen Goodchild **grip** Wayne Goodchild, John Davidson **spec. efx.** Bill Myatt, Henry Piersig, Kenneth Estes **construc. superv.** Jim Byrne **painter** Jimmy Williams **stunt co-ord.** Bob Hannah **transp. co-ord.** Pat Brennan **captain** Nick Sweetman **craftservice** Brad Blackwood **casting** Walker-Bowen **extra casting** Film Extra Services, Peter Lavender **lp.** Richard Chamberlain, John Houseman, Sara Botsford, Robin Gammell, Gary Reineke **unit pub.** Prudence Emery



Director Michael Anderson (2nd from right) gesturing instructions to actors Richard Chamberlain (centre) and Jefferson Mappin (far left) on location with **Bells**.

Richard Chamberlain, on the set of **Bells** is enthusiastic about his role as the ex-'60s radical, and small-town-prof-turned-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/treasure 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**,



**Murder By Decree**), who, like all crew members, appreciates a solid director who does not change his mind part way through the set-up! "... editing in the camera," says Reg, "... not six angles."

With his "healthy" \$5,000,000 budget co-producer Brian Walker (**Crossbar**), admits that everything is going according to plan. A producer who believes in the value of careful pre-production, he has crewed many films since starting out on props with the CBC, and clearly knows how bad tempers and lack of producer foresight can lead to inefficiency and low morale. He has nothing but praise for the director, stars, script and crew. In fact, the production has progressed so smoothly that at mid-shoot of the eight-week schedule of nine hours, five days a week, they are ahead by almost one full day. Everyone seems accustomed to this steady rhythm of working it out cinematically, shot by shot, without the electric tension of fear that grips some productions.

And how boring for the local journalists who cannot complain about American carpetbaggers, since no attempt has been made to "disguise" Toronto as New Orleans, New York or Chicago. Nope, it's just another large North American city with a weird murderer.

The story itself lies somewhere between **The Conversation**, **Lipstick** and **The China Syndrome**. The producers are hoping that **Bells** will do for the telephone what **Psycho** did for the shower curtain. However reluctantly, Bell Canada is co-operating; having to admit that "yes" it may be possible to kill with VHF and a power surge, but also "no," since the electronics are on the experimental level of, say, the Coppola Cannes winner. But does it really matter? As Hitchcock said, "It's only a movie."

**Bells** is designed to be solid, entertaining trickery; polished up by professionals to satisfy the theatre-goers' curiosity for the latest, exotic death-threat.

John Houseman plays Richard's ex-mentor, who is somehow implicated until he is killed by the real villain, canuck Robin Gammell. Sara Botsford (Richard's love in this pic), Barry Morse and Gary Reineke head a supporting cast of 40 speaking roles with 2,000 extras in the background.

Another feature of the scenario is the special effects team, headed by Hollywoodian Bill Myatt (**1941**, **Towering Inferno**), which makes the telephone melt, the bodies shake and shatter, the tear ducts enlarge and pop with the graphic immediacy of **Alien**. In fact,

Anderson claims something new in effects: they are not astronomical, but anatomical; more intimate, more personal. The first minute promises to be a tour de force shocker according to the tests.

Richard Chamberlain plays a concerned citizen in real life as well, supporting the Toronto Island residents and cheering these fair pavements on his first border crossing. One Canadian could not resist asking him the famous riddle; "What is the difference between a Canadian and an American?" Yes! He *did* agree that there was a difference; but... no, he just could not put his finger

on it.. One diagnosis that was beyond the former Dr. Kildare.

This odd similarity/difference between the two cultures may work in our favour, by lending a natural air of irony to our films — since we act as a huge mirror, we can offer a slightly distorted view of American society. We could sell a lot of popcorn just on the curiosity value. But surely, with this production, and others of this calibre, we are finally gaining the confidence which will enable us to find our rightful place in the film production centres of the world. Stay tuned.

Fritz Mann

## If You Could See What I Hear

p.c. Cypress Grove Films Ltd. (1980) exec. p. Dale Falconer p./d. Eric Till co-p./sc. Stuart Gillard creative consult. Gene Corman d.o.p. Harry Makin art d. Gavin Mitchell mus. co-ord. Eric Robertson sd. man. Rod Haykin p. man. Joyce Kozy-King a.d. David Shepherd (1st), Richard Flower (2nd) loc. man. Otta Hanus cont. superv. Lili Fournier p. account. Ann Fitzgerald p. sec. Debbie Zwicker prop. mas. John Fisher set dec. Earle Fiset spec. efx. Martin Malivoire ward. Patti Unger make-up Ken Brooke hair David Beecroft gaf. Ray Boyle key grip Steve Sheridan film ed. Eric Wrate sd. ed. Jim Hopkins 2nd unit d. Rob Malenfant 2nd unit cam. Bert Dunk stills Bill Langstroth, Marni Grossman unit pub. G.R.O. - Glenda Roy pub. Guttman & Pam USA l.p. Mark Singer, R.H. Thomson, Sarah Torgov, Shari Belafonte Harper, Douglas Campbell, Helen Burns, Harvey Atkin, Barbara Gordon, Sharon Lewis, Lynda Mason Greene, Tony Van Bridge, Jack Creley, Neil Dainard, Michael Tate, David Gardner, Noni Griffin, Adrienne Pocock, Hugh Webster unit pub. G.R.O. - Glenda Roy pub. Guttman & Pam USA.

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

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The blind singer leaves the stage, and crosses the dance floor to sit with a bunch of rowdy vacationers who are looking for one more one-night-stand.

He's witty, it's a warm summer evening, and the mood's just right, but the pretty blonde just doesn't react the way the others do. Slowly, he realizes that he's not going to score the way he usually does, as she zaps him with some comebacks that leave him, for once, speechless.

He's fascinated, and determines that here, at last, is a true challenge.

"O.K., one more run through, then we'll break for lunch." Director Eric Till moves from where he's been crouching by the stage, and goes over to confer