

**THIS FILM
SHOULD BE PLAYED
LOUD**

THE DRILLER KILLER

Reno ... **Jimmy Laine** [Abel Ferrara]
Carol ... **Carolyn Marz**
Pamela ... **Baybi Day**
Dalton Briggs ... **Harry Schultz**
Landlord ... **Alan Wynroth**
Nun ... **Maria Helhoski**
Man in Church ... **James O'Hara**
Carol's Husband ... **Richard Howorth**
Knife Victim ... **Louis Mascolo**
Attacker ... **Tommy Santora**

Derelicts

Hallway ... **John Coulakis**
Rooftop ... **Lanny Taylor**
Bus Stop ... **Peter Yellen**
Empire State ... **Steve Cox**
Street Corner ... **Stephen Singer**
Street Corner ... **Tom Constantine**
Sidewalk and Street ... **Anthony Picciano**
Fire Escape ... **Bob De Frank**

Roosters

Tony Coca-Cola (guitar) ... **Rhodney Montreal** [D.A. Metrov]
Ritchy (bass) ... **Dicky Bittner**
Steve (drums) ... **Steve Brown**

Music Composed and Performed by
Joseph Delia

Editors
Orlando Gallini
Bonnie Constant
Michael Constant
Jimmy Laine [Abel Ferrara]

Special Effects
David Smith

Director of Photography
Ken Kelsch

Produced by
Navaron Films

Executive Producer
Rochelle Weisberg

Screenplay
N.G. St. John

Directed by
Abel Ferrara

And Dedicated to the People of New York
"The City of Hope"



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ALL AROUND, IN THE CITY

by Michael Pattison

On 31 October 1977, horror struck the front page of the *Village Voice*. “Looking for Mr. Godard,” read the off-lead headline of the New York weekly. “You don’t hear the guy behind you in the movie line mention his name anymore. He can no longer be counted on for two festival films a year. While his work still graces repertory houses and college classrooms, it is no longer the predominant oeuvre, the major topic of conversation it once was. The man who, in a typical mixture of ego, self-mockery, and dead accuracy, once signed himself JEAN-LUC CINEMA GODARD has disappeared.”

It isn’t difficult to imagine the appeal of this non-story to Abel Ferrara, a filmmaker and Godard fan then in the midst of shooting his first proper feature (he’d previously made a pornographic picture) in and around his own loft apartment in Manhattan’s Union Square. One can likewise imagine the edition in question lying about, a prop in waiting, in Ferrara’s film-ready pad. About ten minutes into *The Driller Killer*, at the onset of a nightmarish dream sequence, we glimpse that very newspaper. Ferrara, however, rather cheekily nudges his hero out of frame. The focus, instead, is on the even more hyperbolic lead story. Headline: “State Abandons Mentally Ill to City Streets.”

Never mind horror, feel the panic. “There’s a new resident population in the area, courtesy of the State Department of Mental Hygiene: thousands of uncured, chronically ill paranoid schizophrenics and other psychotics, dumped from state mental hospitals onto the streets of New York. State dumping policies have allowed released mental patients to constitute up to 4 per cent of the population of the Upper West Side; in other words, the person sitting next to you on the [subway] could be more than just another crazy New Yorker.” In the film, we miss the details but catch the gist. Ferrara lingers long enough for the headline’s incantatory shorthand to register, allowing it to imply a wider context. Unspeakable dread.

In many ways, *The Driller Killer* is a send-up of such fearmongering. It plays along with prevailing hysteria only to expose its fundamental folly. The impossible timing of a robbery just as our protagonist peers, like a tourist, through binoculars from his rooftop; the rapidity with which an ambulance gets to the scene of a stabbing (medics pre-empting bloodshed); the notion that all it takes to turn killer in this city is having to listen to thunderous punk. The eventual murder spree, in which a cash-strapped artist takes to the streets to kill any living creature he encounters, is morbidly funny rather than plausibly horrific, less a vendetta against the destitute than some involuntary spasm. It’s only natural that the victims are down-and-outs; there’s nobody else to be found after midnight. The murders are hilarious for being so indiscriminate – the way the killer scurries into frame, a feral dog dressed in a black leather jacket and red trousers, like some vigilante superhero who’s gotten his agenda desperately wrong.



The Driller Killer's final joke, however, is its most serious: "Dedicated to the People of New York / 'The City of Hope'." Coming from the Bronx-born director of other allegorically tinged NYC films such as *Ms. 45* (1981), *Fear City* (1984), *King of New York* (1990), *Bad Lieutenant* (1992), *The Addiction* (1995) and *'R Xmas* (2001), it's hard not to read these closing lines as anything other than a pointed dig at the endemic corruption and inequalities that had so befouled the city: a repeatedly incompetent administration, a crooked police force, a failing public transport system, surges in crime, gang war and homelessness, and an opportunistic media helping to enforce class war while fuelling and preying upon fears stemming from the Son of Sam murders. One death sequence, in which Reno thrusts his power tool into the spine of a harmless weirdo, occurs in a bus shelter boasting a brightly-lit advertisement for WINS ("NEW YORK WINS"), the local radio station that, in 1965, had become the first news-only station in the U.S. Its tagline: "All News. All the Time." Just the kind of ceaselessly irksome promise that might make a man mad.

As a portrait of New York City, *The Driller Killer* is especially amusing when one remembers it was released in U.S. cinemas only a couple of months after Woody Allen's adoringly elegant *Manhattan*. The two films couldn't be more different, but it's somehow feasible that they are, in their own way, responding to the same socio-political currents that had brought the city to the verge of fiscal despair. (Flash-cut to that infamous *Daily News* front page, on 30 October 1975: "FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD" – a pithy misquotation of the then President's tough-love vow to veto federal support to the bankrupt city.) Allen's film, which opens with fireworks over Yankee Stadium and a love poem to the city accompanied by George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, is about petty bourgeois couples feeling their way through a suddenly crisis-prone world, their relatively secure social status re-channelled into a bottleneck of personal neuroses. Though *Manhattan* borders on perverse apologia for the politically besieged metropolis, *The Driller Killer* lurks at the bottom rung, languishing in a lurid purgatory of infinite grunge.

This is the New York Ferrara knew and lived. Jimmy Laine, the pseudonym under which the director appears in the film, is as close as it comes to pretence. He stars as Reno, a painter struggling to make ends meet who lives with his girlfriend, Carol (Carolyn Marz), and another girl, Pamela (Baybi Day), in an over-cluttered apartment. Their electricity is about to be cut off. Their phone bill is through the roof (and the telephone soon out the window). Though he has plans to buy a boat and go away after selling his latest work-in-progress ("Jamaica, Morocco, Nepal..."), Reno is unable to pay the month's rent to his indifferent, beret-topped landlord (Alan Wynroth). He appeals – in vain – for an advance from Dalton Briggs (Harry Schultz II), the well-connected gallery owner (phone calls to Lloyd's of London) who has agreed to pay for his latest work.

Like *Taxi Driver* (1976) before it – look out for an aspirin pill fizzing in a glass of water – *The Driller Killer* is a film all about the violence of urban living. The drill that splits skulls here is a ridiculous counterpoint to Travis Bickle's expensive .44 Magnum. Bickle purchases his revolver for \$350, whereas Reno buys the Porto-Pak that gives his weapon cordless

mobility after seeing it advertised on television for \$19.95. Where *Taxi Driver* has Robert De Niro method-acting his rehearsal for a violent showdown ("You talking to me?"), *The Driller Killer* sees Ferrara himself delivering similar rhetoric to some kitschy painting ("Who you looking at?"). De Niro brandishes a pistol, Ferrara a flick knife. If both scenes are essentially daft, only one of them knows it. Indeed, the built-in silliness of Reno's drill undercuts the seriousness of Bickle's firearm. If Scorsese's film, in aspiring to be an all-too-probable character study, risks playing into the hands of a panicked media, Ferrara stays clear of such pitfalls by working within the less palatable recesses of a lo-fi genre film – staying close to the filth and drudgery rather than exploiting it for arthouse credentials.

This is the horror film as manifesto, self-aware but far from self-serious. Though not especially cerebral, *The Driller Killer* provides its own interpretive framework by means of Reno's canvases. The protagonist's psychotic turns seem partially inspired by the hypnotic eye of the buffalo he's busy painting. "It's just a buffalo," one character says. But we know that it isn't just a buffalo, having seen it prompt Reno's deadly premonitions. We catch sight of his other paintings, too: one depicts a man with one head hanging from another, which we see again just before the final murder sequence. Split personality? When Dalton cries, "Reno, the worst thing that can happen to a painter is happening to you – you're becoming simply a technician," we get the joke because we've watched Reno toil over it like a true, tortured artist. Still, the economic imperatives that undergird such labour are stressed when Carol finally leaves Reno following Dalton's financially discouraging assessment. There's something enduringly rugged and real, something oddly and unexpectedly touching, about the subsequent scene, in which Reno chases after his girl as she disappears into the Subway ("You need your suitcase, man!"). In this city portrait, something as simple as romance is precluded by day-to-day monetary peril.

Cities don't just bleed, they sweat. Long before any blood is shed here, characters must mingle, live on top of one another, on the brink of dispossession as they share what space they have, pooling resources to stay one step ahead of total impoverishment. Ferrara emphasises the close confines of his apartment by framing three characters huddled together around a television set. Reno can't hear himself think when his new neighbours, Tony Coca-Cola and the Roosters, play their voluminous punk on repeat. (Tony Coca-Cola is played by Rhodney Montreal, pseudonym of Douglas Anthony Metrov, the film's associate producer who also painted Reno's canvases.) To assist immersion in this fuzzy, urban cacophony, the film itself opens with some humble, all-caps wisdom: "THIS FILM SHOULD BE PLAYED LOUD." Sound advice: the infectious energy of the punk scenes benefits as much as Joe Delia's synth score, contributing to the film's delicate balance between unvarnished realism and delirious nonsense.

Paranoia pervades. When one of the Roosters' groupies begins to pry on Pamela's personal life, the neighbourly conversation gets quickly territorial: "That's my property and when you start fucking with my property I get pissed... Yeah, as far as I'm concerned I do have a property badge." Blood, sweat, grease. In such claustrophobic conditions, even something

as mundane as pizza becomes laced with tension. When Reno, Pamela and Carol sit down to share a takeout, Ferrara cuts between the food and those eating it so frequently that we begin to feel something sinister at work. Reno's insatiable hunger seems connected to his growing need to kill, and when Carol ends up flinging a slice at him ("I hate him! I hate him!"), the sight of him wiping tomato sauce from his cheek calls to mind the splatters of crimson that stain his own nightly escapades.

Later, in a scene that only underscores his social status, Reno cuts a pathetic and unconvincing figure as he sits wearing a tie with his top button fastened. Ferrara's distinctive underbite protrudes, his mouth crudely ajar like a child who's forgotten his manners, while Dalton slams his painting: "There's no feeling, there's no passion... a work of unadulterated ego, it is absolutely worthless." Reno appears more at home on the streets than he does arranging a teapot and teacups in his home, dressing to impress before some impetuous, la-di-da art collector. Likewise, the film's liveliest scenes are its most anarchic – the gig sequences, shot at famed nightclubs Max's Kansas City and CBGB, and those shot on the mean streets themselves. In both instances, the grainy textures of Ken Kelsch's 16mm photography carve from the shadows a hard-edged nocturnal cartography.

But it's not just when Reno is plunging a drill through people's foreheads. It's also when he's out sketching the local beggars, in scenes that look and feel like a work of spontaneous non-fiction. "When we made *Driller Killer*," Ferrara remarked in a 2013 interview – for, of all publications, the *Village Voice* – "there was a hobo camp on Fifth Avenue and 18th Street. We didn't have to bring those bums in for the film, they were right downstairs. The loft in that movie went for \$500 a month, and 15 years later, it was \$5,000. Now I'm sure it's \$10,000... And we're bitching because they raised the rent from \$400 to \$450. But at \$400, you bring in energy, and a bunch of kids trying to find themselves. That's now in Brooklyn; you want to find what was in Manhattan back then, go to Brooklyn."

Michael Pattison is a film critic from Gateshead.





MULBERRY ST.

Director
Abel Ferrara

Executive Producer
Frankie Cee

Producer
Michael M. Bilandic

Camera
Jimmy Lee Phelan
Douglas Underdahl
Sean Price Williams

Sound Recordist
Tom Meyers

Editor
Joseph Saito
Byron Karl

Score
Stumblebum Brass Band
with
Nick Raynes



THE MEMORY OF A REALITY

by Brad Stevens

If anything unites the various stages of Abel Ferrara's career, it is the tendency to demolish or ignore barriers, trampling underfoot distinctions between art and exploitation, involvement and contemplation, subtlety and crudity, stars and extras. We may find it odd that the director responsible for an arthouse release such as *Mary* (2005) started out directing the hardcore porn item *9 Lives of a Wet Pussy* (1976), but what is even more surprising is that these two films have a great deal in common, thematically, stylistically and structurally. In a similar vein, when we turn from Ferrara's official debut *The Driller Killer* (1979) to his recent *Welcome to New York* (2014), we will have little difficulty recognising the links between these works: both focus on men who are finding it increasingly difficult to maintain their masculine roles, and both demonstrate how, in a capitalist society, reality will always be determined by money – too much of it in the latter film, too little in the former.

Although Ferrara has made use of the documentary form with increasing frequency during the last decade, his 'documentaries' often overlap with his 'fictions' in ways that make us question the nature of both categories. As he told Calum Marsh in 2014, "There's a very fine line between a documentary film and [a fiction film]. I don't even know what that line is anymore, I mean the line's been crossed so many times. Material that is based in fact or semi-based in fact or a documentary which is theoretically the truth. Just because you put a microphone in somebody's face and ask them a question doesn't mean you're hearing [the truth]. You're hearing a better story than you can write sometimes. And then it gets to down to, like, what is the truth, and what is the point?... You could say we're genre filmmakers... and I would say documentary is a genre... Even a movie like *The Driller Killer* was a documentary on our life at the time."



Insofar as these things are usually reckoned, a list of Ferrara's documentaries would look something like this:

FBI: The Untold Stories

Episode: *The Judge Wood Case* (1991, uncredited)

The intended pilot (though it was actually screened as episode three) for a television series involving dramatisations of FBI cases and interviews with the individuals involved. Although Ferrara was eventually replaced by another director, ensuring that his name appeared nowhere on the credits, much of his footage was retained.

Chelsea on the Rocks (2007-08)

A documentary about the Chelsea Hotel combining interviews conducted by Ferrara (who took over the film after having been asked to appear solely as an interviewee) with reconstructions of significant events in the hotel's history.

Napoli Napoli Napoli (2007-09)

Interview footage focusing on various aspects of life in Naples, with an emphasis on the experiences of male and female prisoners, combined with narrative scenes.

Mulberry St. (2008-10)

Searching for Padre Pio (2015)

A 51-minute documentary about the controversial Italian priest who is alleged to have exhibited stigmata. This essentially functions as a series of research notes for a feature film Ferrara hopes to make, and thus might be compared with Pier Paolo Pasolini's *Sopralluoghi in Palestina per il vangelo secondo Matteo* (1965).

To which could be added: an unfinished tribute to Franco Zeffirelli (tentatively entitled *Six Days in the Life of a Genius*), which Ferrara has been working on since 2008; a planned documentary about the birth of his daughter entitled *La Nascita*; and the shorts he has made for online consumption, notably *Superfinal*, *N.A.T.O.* and *Occupy Wall Street* (all 2011). But other titles tentatively belong on this list: *The Driller Killer*, which contains footage, filmed with a hidden camera, showing derelicts on the streets of New York; *Snake Eyes* (1993, aka *Dangerous Game*), which includes excerpts from rehearsal tapes (as well as a clip from *Burden of Dreams*, Les Blank's 1982 documentary about Werner Herzog); *The Addiction* (1994), which incorporates films and photographs of historical atrocities; *4:44 Last Day on Earth* (2011), in which archival materials are seen playing on various screens; and *Welcome to New York*, whose opening scene shows its star, Gérard Depardieu, discussing the character he is about to play. Even *Pasolini* (2014) can be described as a documentary-style

reconstruction of the filmmaker's last day on earth. And we might expand this definition further, noting that the many of the 'actors' in the final shot of *Bad Lieutenant* (1992) are unwitting bystanders who believe they have just seen somebody being killed, making this a documentary record of a 'genuine' response to a 'fictional' event. But if Ferrara's fiction films are constantly on the verge of turning into documentaries, his actual documentaries keep threatening to do precisely the opposite, frequently intercutting 'documentary' footage with 'staged' sequences (a far from clear-cut distinction). All of which tends to suggest that 'acting' may not be cleanly separable from merely existing before a camera.

On the surface, *Mulberry St.* seems to be an exception to this rule, since it is apparently a straightforward piece of reportage documenting Ferrara's life in the section of New York's Little Italy where he resided in 2008. The film was shot in September of that year (though not edited until 2010) during the annual Feast of San Gennaro, and shows not just the Feast itself, but also various 'backstage' events, including the construction (and later disassembly) of the required 'sets'. There is an emphasis on those financial transactions which make this celebration – and, by extension, Ferrara's cinema – possible, the interaction of the financial and the ritual (or artistic) being a recurrent concern in his oeuvre. But the notion of looking 'behind the scenes' is played out here on more than one level. If we assume Ferrara's intention was to provide a seamless record of the festival, we will surely be baffled by the result, which might easily be mistaken for a 'making of' documentary about a film which does not exist. At several points, we see Ferrara giving instructions to his cast and crew, though the scenes he is 'directing' only materialise to the extent that he is shown preparing them. We even watch him editing footage that had appeared earlier, as if the usual chronology of editing and then releasing a film had somehow been reversed. As in *Snake Eyes*, directing is merely another performance, process having become so hopelessly conflated with result that it is impossible to say for certain where one leaves off and the other begins. Describing the festival to an interviewee, Ferrara noted that, "People want to live in a movie life, and the world is the real world. But what's funny here – because it's such a tourist thing – it may be that the neighbourhood is more maintained or played out to match the film. It's life imitating art. What's sold here is the memory of a reality... It's like the museum of *Mean Streets* and *The Godfather*... They're selling it, and I think they're misquoting what *Mulberry St.*'s about."

Yet, in its refusal to distinguish the work that goes into creating a film from the film itself, *Mulberry St.* is far from being a solipsistic disquisition on the slippery nature of reality in the postmodern era. Whereas postmodernism sees communication as nothing more than the repetition of a series of empty signifiers (the 'hip' postmodernist being a superior being who has 'seen through' these signifiers and reached a nirvana of snide superiority), Ferrara views communication as the means by which identity is shaped. Unless we subscribe to religious notions of an unchanging soul which defines the 'truth' of our existence (and Ferrara has long struggled with his inherited Catholicism), we must acknowledge that our 'self' exists only to the extent that it is revealed in the course of performative interactions with other individuals. Which is to say that acting can no more be neatly distinguished

from being than fiction can be distinguished from documentary. Our performances are our identities, and in this we are like actors who, in the absence of a screenplay, are obliged to improvise. Much of the pessimism associated with the existentialist movement is rooted in this discovery, exemplified by Jean-Paul Sartre's realisation that a waiter he saw in a café was self-consciously playing the role of a waiter in a café. Ferrara, on the other hand, regards this as something to be celebrated. Far from being powerless victims of fate or an incomprehensible God, his characters are creative performers, capable of defining and redefining themselves from one moment to the next. Indeed, *Mulberry St.*'s anonymous pedestrians are every bit as 'convincing' as the professional actors – notably Matthew Modine and Danny Aiello – with whom they are juxtaposed.

Viewed from this perspective, the film becomes an almost vertiginous experience, with the people observed by Ferrara's camera giving 'performances' that cannot be mined to extract a theme, but instead serve to remind us that human beings are far more complex and irreducible than most critically lauded films of recent years would suggest. Whereas the Coen Brothers, David O. Russell and Wes Anderson see the world in much the same way as Dostoyevsky's Dmitri Karamazov – who maintained "Man is broad, far too broad, even; I would narrow him" – Ferrara insists on widening the scope of his work, seeking to catch life in all its richness. This is why his films can be ranked alongside Jean Renoir's and Hou Hsiao-Hsien's as among the most democratic in cinema. Two moments might stand as representative. In *The Addiction*, Kathleen (Lili Taylor), visits a hospital after being attacked in an alley. Asked to wait before she can see a doctor, Kathleen sits next to a woman filling out a form and a man with a head injury. Rather than visually privileging his protagonist, Ferrara composes the resulting shot in such a way that the 'extras' have as much prominence as the lead actor. In *Mary*, a shot of Marie (Juliette Binoche) kneeling before an altar runs 34 seconds, but remains focused on the star for only half that time, the rest of the shot, after Marie leaves the frame, showing a nun – who appears nowhere else in the film and has no narrative function – approaching the altar, kneeling down, making the sign of the cross, and departing. *Mulberry St.* works in a similar fashion, with no distinction being made between celebrities and vendors, between people who are important to the director and strangers he encounters by chance.

Ferrara's authorial function in all this may seem curiously vague, but, given the project's egalitarian nature, it makes perfect sense. Although he is frequently present as behind-the-camera interviewer, he is just as often absent, with the filming equipment being wielded by his collaborators. Indeed, there are moments when the camera discovers Ferrara engaged in other activities (many of which involve him 'directing' the film we are watching, though that film is evidently a phantasm), or shows him casually entering the frame to participate in conversations which up that point had been taking place while he was occupied elsewhere. This is as far as it is possible to get from the Kubrickian ideal of the director as an autocrat meticulously shaping onscreen events until they conform precisely to a pre-existing vision. Ferrara's 'role' (a word whose actorly connotations are entirely appropriate) in the creation of *Mulberry St.* would appear to be less that of dictatorial artist than of party host, inviting

guests to a social gathering, then standing back and letting them have fun, interacting with them when necessary, but never forcing himself on anyone. Many of Ferrara's recent films are deliberately played in minor keys, *Mary* in particular going out of its way to encourage us to perceive it as a rough sketch rather than a finished work. In a cinema dominated by self-declared 'masterpieces' which keep reminding us that they are doing something 'significant', closing down discussion rather than opening up new avenues of exploration, this modest approach has all the force of a radical protest against an intolerable cultural situation. By virtue of its humility, *Mulberry St.* decisively erases the barrier between major and minor art.

Brad Stevens is the author of Monte Hellman: His Life and Films (McFarland, 2003) and Abel Ferrara: The Moral Vision (FAB Press, 2004). His 'Bradlands' column appears regularly on Sight & Sound's website.



THE PRE-RELEASE VERSION

by Brad Stevens

While restoring *The Driller Killer* for Arrow's release, it became apparent that the film's negative represented an earlier cut, running 100m 52s, which included five minutes of material excised from the prints (95m 51s) shown theatrically and used for all previous video and DVD transfers. Abel Ferrara confirmed that it had been his decision to remove the footage in question, but gave us permission to provide the option of watching this 'pre-release version' on the disc.

The additional sections are as follows:

0m39s to 1m9s

After the opening shot (a picture of Christ), we see Reno (Ferrara) and Carol (Carolyn Marz) being shown into a church by a nun, who informs them that the old man sitting in the front row, who "doesn't know who he is or where he's from", was in possession of a scrap of paper with Reno's name and telephone number on it, adding "We thought that you could identify him". The opening of the release version, which cuts directly from the picture of Christ to Reno approaching the old man, has a much stronger impact, emphasising the fact that the film is beginning in media res, but the additional footage is nonetheless of great interest, providing us with a new introduction to the protagonist.

12m1s to 12m58s

Between Reno's nightmare and the introduction of art dealer Dalton Briggs, there is a new scene in which Reno is shown standing opposite the Con Edison building. Carol approaches, hands him some cash, and departs. The almost Bressonian close-ups of money being passed from hand to hand reinforce one of *The Driller Killer's* central concerns: the way in which everything - relationships, art, even sanity - is determined by the circulation of money.

15m27s to 16m3s

Following Reno's conversation with Dalton, there is another new scene in which Reno is shown standing on the roof of his building, looking through binoculars. The words "Galactica Sun" have been written in the sky, presumably as part of an advertising campaign for the TV series *Battlestar Galactica*, which premiered on Sunday September 17th, 1978. When Carol appears and asks "How'd it go today?", Reno makes the thumbs-down sign.

21m57s to 22m2s

An additional shot of the Goodyear blimp.

22m9s to 24m35s

The longest of the newly discovered scenes shows Reno arguing with Carol as Pamela (Baybi Day) paints Carol's toenails, intercut with footage of Tony Coca-Cola (Douglas Metro) and The Roosters playing in the upstairs apartment. Carol, who appears in most of the scenes unique to this version, now comes across as a more dominant presence.

33m40s to 33m58s

An additional shot of Carol and Pamela embracing in the shower.

47m21s to 47m35s

Two extra shots (an exit sign/Reno drinking) at the start of the sequence in which Reno, Carol and Pamela visit a nightclub.

86m8s

The transition from a shot of Reno talking on the telephone to a shot of Reno lying on a table is handled by means of a dissolve in the standard version, but, less effectively, by a straight cut here.

ABOUT THE RESTORATION

The Driller Killer has been exclusively restored for this release by Arrow Films. The film is presented in 1.37:1 and 1.85:1 with its original mono soundtrack.

The original 16mm AB camera negative was scanned in 4K resolution on a pin-registered Arriscan at OCN Digital. Portions of the original negative have been lost, so a 35mm print was sourced for these sections. The original mono soundtrack was transferred from the 35mm optical negative.

Film grading and restoration was completed at Deluxe Restoration, London. Thousands of instances of dirt, debris and light scratches were removed through a combination of digital restoration tools. Some instances of damage remain, in keeping with the condition of the original materials. The soundtrack was restored to minimise hiss and similar noise issues to produce the best quality results possible.

This restoration has been approved by director Abel Ferrara and director of photography Ken Kelsch.

Restoration supervised by James White, Arrow Films

The original materials were licensed and accessed through Abel Ferrara/Coastline Licensing.

Film scanning and audio transfer services
Joe Rubin/OCN Digital

Restoration and grading services by Deluxe Restoration, London

Colour Grading Stephen Bearman

Restoration Department Managers Mark Bonnici, Graham Jones

Restoration Supervisors Tom Barrett, Clayton Baker

Restoration Technicians Debi Battaller, Dave Burt, Lisa Copson, Tom Wiltshire

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PRODUCTION CREDITS

Discs and Booklet Produced by Anthony Nield

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QC Manager Nora Mehenni

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Subtitling IBF

Artist Twins of Evil

Design Obviously Creative

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ARROW
VIDEO

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