La Grande Bouffe

de Marco Ferreri (1973)

LA GRANDE BOUFFE

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CORDELIA PICCOLI
JÉRÔME RICHARD
PATRICIA MILOCHEVITCH
JAMES CAMPBELL
EVA SIMONNET

CREW

Directed by **MARCO FERRERI**
Written by **MARCO FERRERI** and **RAFAEL AZCONA**
Dialogue by **FRANCIS BLANCHE**
Produced by **VINCENT MALLE**
Director of Photography: **MARIO VULPIANI**
Edited by **CLAUDINE MERLIN**, **GINA PIGNIER**
Production Designer: **MICHEL DE BROIN**
Costumes by **GITT MAGRINI**
Sound by **JEAN-PIERRE RUH**
Dishes created by **FAUCHON** of Paris
Gastronomic Consultant: **GIUSEPPE MAFFIOLI**
Music by **PHILIPPE SARDE**
Piano solos by **MICHEL PICCOLI**

VULGAR VAUDEVILLE:
THE SWOLLEN BELLY OF 'LA GRANDE BOUFFE'

by Johnny Mains

This essay discusses the plot at length and therefore contains spoilers.

"Your mouth smells like borscht."

Legend has it that the celebrated actress Catherine Deneuve went to see *La Grande Bouffe* with her then lover Marcello Mastroianni, one of the film's stars. After the film finished she did not speak to him for a whole week. That she stayed with Mastroianni for a further two years is admirable if the film affected her so deeply.

Over forty years after its premiere, it is still a film that is hard to digest. Even more so now, as the main theme – privileged men who have everything but know the value of nothing – rings truer than ever in this clime of austerity. What we witness is the French version of the Hellfire Club, the notorious 18th century club for high society rakes.

Italian director Marco Ferreri was 45 when he directed *La Grande Bouffe*. His most famous film before that time had been what critics now call his masterpiece, *Dillinger è morto* (*Dillinger is Dead*, 1969), starring Michel Piccoli and Anita Pallenberg – a darkly surreal film about a middle-aged man who discovers an old gun whilst creating a gourmet meal for himself. Piccoli (who would star in five of Ferreri's films, including *La Grande Bouffe*), gives a truly electric and improvised performance as Glauco, the suicidal gas-mask maker. It's as though this exploration of food, sex and death set Ferreri on a mission to further delve into these themes and write *La Grande Bouffe* with Rafael Azcona, with whom he first worked in 1959 whilst filming Azcona's novel *El Pisito (The Little Apartment)*.

La Grande Bouffe's premise is a simple one, and many feel that it should run far shorter than its allotted two hours. Four friends, feeling that they have failed in life, reunite one last time to end it all by eating themselves to death; to gorge and die on the greatest food that France has to offer. Rather disconcertingly, the characters are named after the actors themselves:

Ugo (Tognazzi), chef and owner of 'The Biscuit Soup' – who decides to kill himself because the magnificent creations he is responsible for satisfy everyone except himself.

Michel (Piccoli), a television host who seems to have pushed the boundaries of the medium as far as it can go. Having achieved this, he has nothing more to live for. He has recorded sufficient shows to broadcast past his death, but future projects alluded to are nothing more than lies. His relationship with his daughter is sparse, and through guilt, he leaves her the keys to his apartment knowing he will never return to her or it.

Marcello (Mastroianni) is a sex-obsessed pilot whose overwhelming lust for the flesh knows no bounds, which creates a void that can never be filled.

And finally **Philippe** (Noiret) a magistrate with an overbearing nanny who has looked after him since childhood and who continues to use the judge's obligation to his dead parents to fulfil her sexual needs, much to his resigned dismay.

There is no back story explaining how these four men became friends or even how they chose to get together to end it all. They are, however, all supremely at ease in each other's company when they arrive at the Parisian villa owned by Philippe. It was bought by his father at the end of the Great War, and is solely occupied by Hector, the ancient family chauffeur. It is a truly beautiful building, the interiors crammed with eccentric and sumptuous décor; stuffed animals, expensive ceramics, oil paintings and elegant furniture. The kitchen where the bacchus feast is prepared is spacious and workmanlike; a goose wanders around freely, blissfully unaware of its part in that weekend's menu. Relentlessly, the food is unloaded from a meat truck – cow heads, venison, boar, salted lamb.

As the pre-festivity commences, it is only Marcello who looks uncertain at what lays in store, his face betrays unease. He is resolute that he will be unable to get through the gastronomic opera without a healthy amount of sex thrown in. Pleasures carnal are first hinted at whilst eating oysters around the dining table, with Marcello sharing photographs of air hostesses he has bedded.

As preparations get underway, the sound of children playing can be heard. Next door to the house is a school, and before long one of the students is knocking on the gate asking if it would be permissible for the class to visit the poet Nicolas Boileau-Despréaux's linden tree in the grounds. Leading the class is Andréa (Andréa Ferréol), a seemingly prim and proper teacher who is invited to the festivities that evening, much to the dismay of Philippe, who doesn't think that a lady of her sensibilities should be exposed to the prostitutes hired to appease Marcello.

And with that, the pig-out, the blow-out, *la grand bouffe* begins. Yes, on the surface this may be a film about the over-privileged and how they are reduced to most base functions – eating, sleeping, shitting and fucking – and look at how similar they are to us lesser mortals, but then look further as it sails into truly horrific territory. No matter what we do, no matter how we choose to spend or how we try to complete our lives, it will *never* be enough. Everything is worthless, because we will never be worthy. Abnormal consumption as normality, confronting the viewer with gluttony and abandonment – these themes would echo five years later with George Romero's paean to the unfulfilled, *Dawn of the Dead.*

The first to realise that their gathering isn't just a jolly weekend, and also the first to leave, are the prostitutes. After the strenuous bouts of crass sex and sumptuous overeating, it slowly dawns on them that the gentlemen who have hired them are not just gluttons but are there to kill themselves. They depart, ultimately more damaged than when they arrived. Excess isn't another word for plentiful. They exit stage left and, it appears, without ever having been paid.

The remaining female, the 'innocent' teacher, eagerly accepts her role in the group as the 'fifth Beatle' and, in fact, becomes the enabler that the four men need to see their debauched journey to the end. As the amounts of food begin to become too much, the pain also begins. Deep stomach massage is needed to loosen up and to let out all of that trapped wind. One can imagine Mel Brooks watching *La Grande Bouffe* and thinking he could go one better, but alas, the eruptions of gas in *Blazing Saddles* (1974) can never compete with the crystalline farting sounds here, and indeed, many commentators have commended the 'naturalness'. As if they had nothing more engaging to comment on…

As far as leading-role debuts go, Ferréol's is up there with the best in cinematic history. To come into a film with barely any onscreen experience beside bit parts, opposite a who's who of celebrated actors and not only act them off the screen, but create such a sensual yet deadly character is to be applauded. And it is her role as the teacher which will linger. It is fair to say that the transition from 'innocent' to a siren of death is directly responsible for the final two eating themselves into oblivion.

Ferreri is clever with his camera work; he takes his time with each scene, is happy to let the camera be static, to make the viewer watch the gluttony, the pain, the death. It's a rare treat to be able to witness such deliberation and care; in today's frenetic world, *La Grande Bouffe* might be decried as a work lacking pace. If the film was faster, the humour would be completely lost. *La Grande Bouffe* most certainly sees its roots in the *comédie italienne*, and one can easily imagine the film adapted for stage. The humour is absurd – from the moment Michel picks up the decapitated cow's head to recreate that most famous scene from *Hamlet* to his later demise, shitting himself to death in an explosion of bodily fluids that wouldn't be seen again for another decade, courtesy of Mr Creosote, Monty Python's own *hommage de l'excès.*

At the end of *La Grande Bouffe*, everyone dies bar the prostitutes and Andréa. The corpses of

the four friends are either held in the cold store or in the garden, waiting to be discovered after Andréa closes the door to the world. We are left with final images of dogs littering the grounds and the meat delivery men returning with new orders, which they are told to throw in the garden. It's a confusing end to a sometimes confused film, but one that carried the courage of its convictions on a silver platter, brought in for the wider populace to gorge and feast upon, only to find that it wasn't really suited to their diet.

At the Cannes Film Festival, jury president Ingrid Bergman was rumoured to have thrown up after watching the film. Ferreri was spat on as he left the screening. The film went on to become a box-office smash. It won awards. However, time has tamed it. It's not as outrageous as it once was. It becomes a marathon in parts, an endurance test. Sometimes you just want the protagonists to draw pistols and shoot each other.

I wondered, as I was writing this, how other directors would tackle a film of this ilk, and the answer was staring me in the face. Peter Greenaway's *The Cook, The Thief, His Wife & Her Lover* (1989) – probably the nearest a film could get to *La Grande Bouffe*, minus the humour. I've never remembered it being a film that made me laugh. It contains the food, the sex, the scatology, the death and has that edge of insanity that makes it a film that will forever remain under the skin. Comparable, but not in the same league, is Mike Figgis's Oscar-winning *Leaving Las Vegas* (1995), with Nicolas Cage exchanging food for unfathomable amounts of alcohol. In real life, one would choose alcohol as a much quicker dispatcher over a weekend than food could ever be.

Ultimately, *La Grande Bouffe* is one of those films that will never get its due mainstream recognition because it's a film that dares to tell the truth. Whatever truth that is will be between the viewer and the director, but it will always be an uncomfortable one. It's an interesting and important film, one where we see the French relationship with food, those kings of the Classics. Indeed, the famous Michel Roux Jnr cites the film as a 'decadent memory'.

I believe that *La Grande Bouffe* will continue to find its audience but hopefully not in the same way that many people seek and discover films such as Pier Paolo Pasolini's *Salò*, Walerian Borowczyk's *The Beast* (both 1975) and even Greenaway's *The Baby of Mâcon* (1993), investigating rumours of films so extreme and disturbing that they make people ill. It's upsetting at times to think that films can sometimes be reduced to mere curiosities based on controversy but as with the aforementioned films, their message is one that goes beyond shocking imagery and which ultimately transcends genre.

Finally – a very important question and one I know you have been considering; if one were to try this weekend in real life, could death come from overeating? In 2003 a 49-year-old male from Tokyo was found dead in a toilet. The resulting autopsy revealed two rupture wounds, 14cm and 6cm long, caused by excessive overeating. However, to dispel notions of copying the suicidal quartet's footsteps, the stomach can normally handle around four litres of food before it rejects it. This natural gag reflex is something that competitive food eaters have learned to ignore. This binge eating has also seeped into popular culture with the show *Man v. Food;* somehow we are to gain pleasure from the genial host travelling around America seeing what will kill him first, heart attack or a stomach rupture. Ruptures won't normally happen until you have eaten five litres of food, so don't say you've not been warned.

Johnny Mains is the series editor of* Best British Horror*. His favourite meal is chicken tikka masala.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEWS

After scandalising audiences at its Cannes Film Festival premiere in May 1973, *La Grande Bouffe* opened on both sides of the Atlantic to a reception that could understatedly be described as "polarised". What follows is a selection of extracts from the film's original American and British reviews (some of the latter using the film's English title, *Blow Out*), reproduced in chronological order.

What must easily be the most disgusting film ever shown in competition at an international festival. [...] Since absence of good taste is an essential quality in black comedy, it might be thought that the high degree to which this film disgusts is a measure of its success; and certainly the director seems determined not to spare the feelings of his audience which seemed at the end more than slightly stunned, having protested half-heartedly during the showing.

(Patrick Gibbs, *Daily Telegraph*, 22 May 1973)

For me the film was more of an experience than a treatise; like *The Exorcist*, it doesn't have philosophical depth when you think about it, but in the theater it hammers your sensibilities. It's decadent, self-loathing, cynical and frequently obscene. But there's one thing you can say for it (and my colleague Terry Curtis Fox did, on his way out of the theater): "This film reaffirms my faith that it is still possible to be offended by a film."

(Roger Ebert, *Chicago Sun-Times*, 30 September 1973)

La Grande Bouffe is that anomaly peculiar to all the arts but especially to film, where there is a higher number of imponderables: the great, or almost-great, work produced by a minor artist. (...) Ferreri's treatment of all the characters, but particularly the lushly beautiful Miss Ferréol, is closer to Rubens or Bernini than to Bosch or Breughel. He gives us neither the warts-and-all close-ups that might indicate a Swiftian loathing of mankind, nor a precisely-enough evoked sense of society to suggest Buñuelian indignation. If anything, we are given too little information about the characters - they are so completely defined by their vices that the time between deadly sins is dead time. Hence it is not a psychological study nor a satire of the bourgeoisie, but rather a poetic horror film with a grand, morbid melancholy to it.

(Molly Haskell, *Village Voice*, 4 October 1973)

Whatever symbolic or ideological potential the story of *La Grande Bouffe* might have had, whatever opportunity for Swiftian outrage or the savage surrealism of a Bunuel, is extinguished

by Ferreri's obstinate insensitivity. It could conceivably be argued that the film is a metaphor for the fate of a society sated by its own prosperity, obsessed by its own comforts. It is difficult, however, to credit such subtleties to a director whose idea of a good visual pun is a man holding a turkey between his legs while a woman cuts the squealing birds head off with an ax. Ferreri's other sight gags include a couple rutting around in pastry butter and a toilet exploding, inundating everyone in the vicinity with excrement. Much is alien to a sensibility like that, though little is beneath it.

(Jay Cocks, *Time*, 8 October 1973)

Morality aside, *La Grande Bouffe* is a liberatingly funny pitch-black comedy. Ferreri assaults us. You're bound to be caught off guard by the overheated outhouse humor, the bloated, fetid atmosphere, the absorption with vomit and excrement, the colossal disrespect for human anatomy. Like pornography, it turns us into voyeurs and accomplices. It appeals to our prurient curiosity at the same time that it disdains erotic indulgence. The movie tests our limits of shockability: how much can you take, Ferreri seems, combatively, to be asking.

(Foster Hirsch, *New York Times*, 14 October 1973)

There is, of course, a way of castigating grossness or of observing it dispassionately without becoming gross oneself. There is also a way of being unpretentiously funny without trying to make profound statements. And there is a way of jettisoning psychological realism for the sake of significant metaphors and symbolism. This movie, however, misses all those boats. It doesn't even adhere to a logic of its own: after the house has been covered with detritus and inundated with offal, we suddenly see the kitchen spotless and in immaculate order. But the basic problem is that the film's image does not work on either level: neither on the literal, because the four men have no cogent reason for wanting to die; nor on the figurative, because bourgeois society's death wish (if it has one) is expressed not in overindulgence but in strife and resultant starvation, in mutual exploitation and concomitant moral despair. Ferreri, with his bird-brain, has bitten off more than his pig snout can chew.

(John Simon, *Esquire*, November 1973)

The central idea of the film, that man is still beset by his basest appetites, runs directly counter to the currently fashionable view that if he gave way to some of them more often he would on the whole be a healthier chap. It is thus a film that will grab or grieve you according to temperament and, let's admit it, shockability. I shall merely give a little of mine away by saying that it is often pretty funny, sometimes horrendous but not what I'd call truly shocking until someone encourages one of the gorgers with the line "Imagine you're a little boy in Bombay". And that

was clearly the emotion Ferreri intended me to feel. Otherwise, the film is much too long for its content and suffers somewhat from the absence of the one man who could have managed it brilliantly - Luis Buñuel.

(Derek Malcolm, *The Guardian*, 21 December 1973)

Perhaps *La Grande Bouffe* is slightly less disgusting than it sounds: there are faint, very faint suggestions of self-immolation, a heroic pact kept in the company of friends. I find it repulsive enough, though, a Swiftian and not a Rabelaisian satire, a cold, gross rejection of a world of greed, hypocrisy and submission to the fake and the mechanical. The actors are not asked to do much more than eat, strip and roll around in paroxysms of sex and food. Nevertheless the direction does achieve a progression from the cool, expectant, purposeful beginning to the agonies of the death-orgy. The film lasts two hours and a quarter. It ought to be a ghastly bore. But somehow it isn't quite that.

(Dilys Powell, *Sunday Times*, 23 December 1973)

It's not really enough to offend simply for its own sake. The outrage must lead towards self-awareness and at least the possibility of reform. *Blow Out* seems to me to fulfil these conditions. While flawed and far too lengthily repetitive, it is a serious rather than a titillating film. It's frequently physically nauseous, but never just nasty for its own sake, and the Greater London Council were quite right to reverse the British Board of Film Censors' decision and allow us to see it uncut.

(George Melly, *Observer*, 23 December 1973)

If there was a prize for the Practical Joker of the Year, mine would unhesitatingly go to Enid Wistrich. Mrs Wistrich is the Chairman of the GLC Film Viewing Board which, overriding the British Board of Film Censors, has passed *Blow Out* for London showing with an X certificate. Her joke is on the audience. Anyone strong enough to survive the obscenities, scatology and physical horrors of this Cannes prize-winning French film is welcome to what residue of titillation the film may possess.

(Felix Barker, *Evening News*, 27 December 1973)

Perhaps *La Grande Bouffe* ought, in the longer historical view, to take a place in the nomination of the year's best films; but it is so unlike anything else as to defy classification. Here is a film which would effectively confuse any definitions of indecency or obscenity (and has already done so; it is refused a BBFC certificate, but passed by the GLC). Its very theme and substance are

precisely these things. The sexual and scatological matter is used, unsparingly to shock and appal; any idea of excitement, titillation and delight are very far from its objects. The director, Marco Ferreri, resolutely denies any significance to his fable; for all that it remains the screen's most singular expression of misanthropy, a merciless mirror-image of the self destruction built into our current civilisation.

(David Robinson, *The Times*, 28 December 1973)

A food and sex orgy which makes *Last Tango in Paris* look like kindergarten stuff (...) There are some undeniably funny moments, but I felt ashamed to laugh in such revolting circumstances.

(Cecil Wilson, *Daily Mail*, 28 December 1973)

Is this film a sick joke or a work of art? I would suggest the former, but if it is the latter, then I consider it art with an F.

(Virginia Dignam, *Morning Star*, 4 January 1974)

Comparisons, inevitably, have been made with Buñuel, but they are beside the point, I think. If Buñuel is a surrealist, Ferreri is a sub-realist. Neither food nor excreta is more than notional in Buñuel, and each serves the idea. Ferreri is so impressed by the *thingness* of things that the very force of his film depends on his juxtaposing two realities, one exquisite, the other revolting, which serve absolutely no idea whatever, except the apparently pointless business of keeping alive.

(Gavin Millar, *The Listener*, 10 January 1974)

"THE MOST REVOLTING FILM I HAVE EVER SEEN"

by Michael Brooke

Unsurprisingly, given its content, *La Grande Bouffe* was restricted to adults-only exhibition in Paris and the US (where it received an X rating from the MPAA), and banned outright in Marco Ferreri's native Italy, whose authorities had similarly cracked down on Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris* and Elio Petri's *Property is No Longer a Theft* in the same period. The film was also threatened with a similar fate in Britain on more than one occasion. The first hurdle came when the British Board of Film Censors informed Kenneth Rive of Gala Film Distributors that there was no chance of them passing the film for general exhibition in the UK without substantial cuts. Determined that the film would either play intact or not at all (Ferreri had already refused to even consider cutting his film), Rive submitted it to the Film Viewing Board of the Greater London Council which, like all British local authorities, had the power to overrule BBFC decisions within the area under their jurisdiction.

Often, especially outside more liberal London, local authority intervention took the form of banning films that the BBFC had passed (for instance, Ken Russell's *The Devils* and Monty Python's *Life of Brian*), but in this case the GLC was on the film's side, and the Board's chair, Enid Wistrich, agreed to allow it to be screened uncut in London to adults only provided that ample warning was provided in advance as to the film's content – for instance, a full synopsis on prominent display near the box office. Given both this and the accompanying storm of controversy in the media, few can have bought a ticket in complete ignorance of what they were about to see. When she visited the upmarket Curzon Mayfair cinema on 27 December 1973, veteran social activist Mary Whitehouse was certainly aware of the film's reputation, and few were surprised when she pronounced it "the most revolting film I have ever seen" (this was almost certainly true) and attempted to get it banned from British cinemas.

She first reported the cinema to the police, who pointed out to her that no laws had actually been broken – under the terms originally laid down in the 1909 Cinematograph Act, the local authority in which the cinema was operating had the last word in what they were allowed to show, and explicit written permission had not merely been granted but widely publicised. There was also no prospect of a prosecution under the 1959 Obscene Publications Act, as it did not then apply to films – a point firmly established in law a few weeks later when an attempted private prosecution of *Last Tango in Paris* in March 1974 foundered over a ruling that the term "published" as laid out in the OPA did not extend to the screening of films in cinemas. In any case, even if such a prosecution had been attempted, it would almost certainly have been unsuccessful thanks to the Act admitting artistic merit as a legal defence (most famously in the case of the prosecution and acquittal of D.H. Lawrence's novel *Lady Chatterley's Lover* a decade earlier). With a Cannes prize and numerous positive reviews from serious critics to point towards, Kenneth Rive would have had little difficulty mounting a convincing and most likely clinching defence of *La Grande Bouffe*.

So Whitehouse tried a different tactic, which even her most dogged opponents had to admit showed a certain level of enterprise. Instead of attempting to prosecute the film itself under existing film and obscenity-related legislation, in April 1974 Whitehouse issued a private prosecution of Royston Cooke, the general manager of the Curzon Mayfair cinema, arguing that he was infringing the 1824 and 1838 Vagrancy Acts. Passed many decades before the invention of the moving image, this legislation was, as the title implies, primarily designed to crack down on "idle and disorderly person[s]". The 1824 Act's definition of the latter included "every person wilfully exposing to view, in any street, road, highway, or public place, any obscene print, picture, or other indecent exhibition", while the 1838 Act extended the definition of "public place" to include any part of a shop or house.

Whitehouse was undoubtedly aware that the 1838 Vagrancy Act had been used to successfully prosecute art galleries well into the twentieth century, a famous example being the seizure of paintings by D.H. Lawrence in 1929. That said, for understandable historical reasons neither Act mentioned cinemas, and the magistrate who ultimately rejected Whitehouse's attempted prosecution did so on the grounds that a screening of a film in a fully enclosed cinema would constitute a private contractual matter between the cinema management and the paying audience, and so it wouldn't qualify as a "public place" under either of the Vagrancy Acts.

However, it was because of inventive prosecutions like this, and the fact that the magistrate in question agreed with Whitehouse that the film might indeed constitute "an indecent exhibition" in legal terms, that the BBFC lobbied to have the 1959 Obscene Publications Act extended to film, which was achieved in 1977. *La Grande Bouffe* was regularly screened in London repertory cinemas thereafter, sometimes in double bills with other films that similarly pushed the culinary envelope - for instance, Pier Paolo Pasolini's *Salò* and Peter Greenaway's *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover*. It received its first BBFC-approved video release in 1994.

Michael Brooke wrote the section on censorship and content-related legislation for BFI Screenonline, the online multimedia encyclopaedia of British film and television history (www.screenonline.org.uk).

THE MENU

Compiled by Johny Mains

Here is a list of the culinary delights eaten during *La Grande Bouffe*. Anyone tempted to create a *Withnail & I*-style "eating game" in which on-screen consumption is matched by the off-screen equivalent is encouraged to watch the film first and pay close attention to the characters' various fates.

• Tête de Veau • Blood Sausage • Wild Boar • Venison (from the Couves Forest) • Suckling Pig • Guinea Fowl • Ardennes Roosters • Bresse Chickens • Cod • Charolais Beef • Salt Marsh Lamb from Mont Saint-Michel • Oysters with Perrier • Jouet Champagne • Quail • Marrow Bones • Pasta • Kidneys Bordelaise • Crêpes Suzette • Bouillon • Turkey fed with Cognac, served with Puréed Apple and Chestnut • Croissants • Crayfish à la Mozart • Stuffed Pullets/Poularde • Pâté • Lobster • Charcoal Grilled Turkey • Cassoulet • Pizza Provençal • Goose in Champagne • Chicken in Sherry • Duck in Port • Cake ('Tarte Andréa') • Blancmange

ABOUT THE RESTORATION

La Grande Bouffe has been exclusively restored in 2K resolution by Arrow Films.

The original camera negative was scanned in 2K resolution on a pin-registered Arriscan at Eclair Labs, Paris. The film was graded on the Baselight grading system at Deluxe Restoration, London.

Thousands of instances of dirt, debris and light scratches were removed through a combination of digital restoration tools. Image stability, density fluctuation and other picture issues were also improved. *La Grande Bouffe* has a prominent grainy appearance throughout, and that original look and texture has been faithfully retained in this presentation.

The French language mono soundtrack was transferred from the original magnetic reels by Roissy Films at VDM Labs, Paris, and audio issues such as bumps, clicks and audible buzz were repaired, minimised, or removed.

Restoration Supervised by James White, Arrow Films

Film Scanning by Eclair Labs, Paris

Restoration services by Deluxe Restoration, London:
Film grading: Stephen Bearman
Restoration Supervisors: Tom Barrett, Clayton Baker
Restoration Technicians: Debi Bataller, Dave Burt, Lisa Copson, Tom Wiltshire
Restoration Management: Mark Bonnici, Graham Jones

Audio Transfer by Roissy Films at VDM Labs, Paris

Special Thanks to Dominique Rayroles/Roissy Films-EuropaCorp and Pierre Boustoulloer/Eclair Labs, Paris

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