



BUREAU DE SURVEILLANCE DU CINÉMA
FICHE D'EXAMEN

langue anglaise V. antérieure:
s.t. _____ langue ()
première instance (X) s.t. ()
révision () cat. ()
v. modifiées () date visa

TITRE (écran) TAXI DRIVER

V.O.

format (35) n/b () c () procédé

nationalité et année: USA 75

production:

réalisation: Martin SCORSESE.

interprétation: Robert DE NIRO, Cybill SHEPHERD, Peter BOYLE, Albert BROOKS.

VER: 10229' 3127m 114'

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documentation

VAR: 113'
c FN 108
M PPD 112
FRA - 3120
SUE 3115

TOUS () 14 () 18 () REFUS ()

DATE D'EXAMEN 19-2-76

COLUMBIA

TAXI DRIVER
TITRE ET N° D'ENREGISTREMENT 200608-1

AF	CTD	FR	MPH	TIM
BOX	ECR	IFJ	NOB	TLC
CF	EXP	IS	NYT	TLR
CIN	FF	MPD	POS	UFF
CT	FI	MPE	SS	VAR 76

M PPD
18.2.76

FRA: Taxi Driver

B.C. RW 15.3.76	A.B. RW 15.3.76	SAS S* 3.76	MAN A 3.76	ONT RW 2.76	N.B. P 3.76	N.S. P 3.76			
ALL 18/2 9/76	AUS R 2.76	ESP	FRA 18 24/5/76	G.B. X 4.76	GRE	ITA 11/2 3/76	SUE Gul 5/76	M.P.A.A. R 374	GEN 18 6.76
KFD	MEX A 10.76	V 29.4.77	OCF	MFB		CCC		NCO 15.2.76 B	OCS

VI: AG PS JJT GD ED FA
VR: AG PS JJT GD ED FA
VS: AG PS JJT GD (ED) (FA)

PRÉSIDENT DU JURY

Roger Sau

DATE 19-2-76
CATÉGORIE 14 Ans

Publicité soumise le 20.02.76 refusée _____ acceptée ✓ par F.A.
Nouv. pub. soumise le 25.2.76 SLOGAN refusée _____ acceptée ✓ par PS
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F.A. soumis le 10-3-76 refusé _____ accepté _____ par EA PS
F.A. soumis le _____ refusé _____ accepté _____ par _____

Genre: Etude psychologique

Thème: Voir au verso

Analyse: Etude de la solitude d'un ex combattant américain travaillant à New York
Comme chauffeur de taxi.
Peinture très soignée de la laideur d'une métropole moderne, de ses margi-
naux, de ses politiciens sans scrupules, de son climat poisseux.
Film très intéressant dont la vigueur de la mise en scène et la remarqua-
ble interprétation de De Niro parviennent à créer un climat paroxystique
et à poser une question (sans porter de jugement) sur la nature de notre
civilisation.
De l'avis du jury d'examen cet ouvrage est un spectacle qui s'adresse à
un public d'adultes et d'adolescents.

Classification: 14 ANS

SIGNATURE

Roger Sau

Taxi Driver (COLOR)

Excellent. For class and
mass b.o.

Hollywood, Jan. 28.

Columbia Pictures release of a Bill/Phillips production, produced by Michael and Julia Phillips. Stars Robert De Niro. Directed by Martin Scorsese. Screenplay, Paul Schrader; camera (Metrocolor), Michael Chapman, second unit camera, Michael Zingale; editors, Marcia Lucas, Tom Rolf, Melvin Shapiro; music, Bernard Herrmann; art direction, Charles Rosen; set decoration, Herbert Mulligan; sound, Tex Rudloff, Dick Alexander, Vern Poore, Les Lazarowitz, Roger Peitschman; asst. director, Peter Scoppa. Reviewed at The Burbank Studios, Jan. 27, '76. (MPAA Rating: R.) Running time, 113 MINS.

Travis Bickle	Robert De Niro
Betsy	Cybill Shepherd
Wizard	Peter Boyle
Tom	Albert Brooks
Sen. Palantine	Leonard Harris
Sport	Harvey Keitel
Iris	Jodie Foster
Timekeeper	Murray Moston
Secret Service	
Agent	Richard Higgs
Deli Owner Mello	Vic Argo
Gun Salesman	Steven Prince
Weird Passenger	Martin Scorsese

Assassins, mass murderers and other freakish criminals more often than not turn out to be the quiet kid down the street, and not the "nuts" and "radicals" which society views with regular alarm. "Taxi Driver" is Martin Scorsese's frighteningly plausible case history of such a person. It's a powerful film, an excellent credit for Scorsese, and a terrific showcase for the versatility of star Robert De Niro. The intricate production planning gives the Columbia release a quasi-documentary look, and the late Bernard Herrmann's final score is superb. Michael and Julia Phillips produced this hot b.o. item, which has class and mass audience appeal.

Paul Schrader's original screenplay is in fact a sociological horror story. We leave a theatre after a conventional horror film, comfortable in the delusion that the unseen goblins and ghosts which briefly terrified the screen players are safely locked up in the film can. But out on the street walk the next Arthur Brenners, the unindicted My Lai butchers, this year's free-way snipers. We can't spot them in advance, but they're there, and depending on the catalytic situation, they are us.

Take a young veteran like Travis Bickle, Schrader's focal character. A night cabbie, he prowls the N.Y. streets until dawn, stopping occasionally for coffee with Peter Boyle and some others, killing off-duty time in porno theatres. He's been (like most all of us) deceived by false advertising, phony movie and tv dramaturgy, vote-hungry politicians, simplistic and pat morality. An introverted loner life makes the complex frustrations more vivid, and the urge to "do something" more strong. Why not lash out violently at the perceived wrongs in the world? And what better way than with guns and knives — the sex organs of pornographic violence?

A guy like that just needs a little push towards a starring spot on tonight's tv news. What prods Travis are a series of rejections: By Cybill Shepherd, adroitly cast as the teblurb hairspray heroine lookalike working for the Presidential campaign of Senator Leonard Harris; by Jodie Foster, teenage prostitute working the streets for her lover-pimp, Harvey Keitel and his assistant Murray Moston; even by his pal Boyle, whose advice to keep cool (though valid in itself; it's the way most of us avoid freaking out) just doesn't take.

So, with the help of gun-runner Steven Prince (no ideologue he: guns, dope, pills — something for everyone), Travis suits up to make his personal statement to the world. Alert Secret Service Agent Ri-

chard Higgs aborts an assassination try on Senator Harris, but there's always Keitel, Moston and Foster's clients.

In a climactic sequence, desaturated in Metrocolor printing as one way of avoiding an X rating for the film, the madman exorcises himself. It's a brutal, horrendous and cinematically brilliant sequence, capped by the irony that he becomes a media hero for a day, and, passions subdued, resumes his average-Joe life among us. But for how long, we don't know.

De Niro gives the role the precise blend of awkwardness, naivete and latent violence which makes Travis a character who is compelling even when he is at his most revolting. It is a smash performance. Every other player fits perfectly into this psychotic puzzle, Director Scorsese has a slightly overripe cameo as a deranged husband who takes De Niro's cab to where his wife is living with another man, and his talk of guns turns on De Niro.

The screen credits are as much of a maze as the plot, what with "visual consultant," "creative consultant" and "special photography" billings piled atop the more conventional credits listed above. Credits prostitution has run amok, and if the film industry doesn't begin cleaning up this mess, nobody is going to deserve any mention. (Maybe the public is right: The actors improvise everything.)

But one credit leaves no doubt — Herrmann's glorious music score, on which he finished work the night before his death last Dec. 24. In a rare tribute, the final credit card conveys "Our gratitude and respect." Among his themes is a haunting urban blues-type refrain, featuring the mellow sax of Ronnie Lang, whose name was furnished on inquiry. —Murf.

VAR: 4-2-76