KINOKINO

TAXI DRIVER (1987)

Directed by Martin Scorcese

WEDNESDAY October 22th 7PM

SATURDAY October 25th 7PM



Our series concludes where isolation curdles into something darker. After Cul-de-Sac's trapped marriage and Withnail's failed escape, Scorsese gives us Travis Bickle: a man who can't escape because he's already disappeared. He drives through New York like a ghost haunting his own life, narrating a city he's completely disconnected from. "All the animals come out at night," he tells us, never recognizing he's describing himself.

Taxi Driver is the film that defined urban alienation for a generation—and it's never stopped being relevant. Travis is a veteran (Vietnam hangs over everything), an insomniac, a man the city has chewed up and spat out. He decides to become something: a savior, an assassin, whatever gets him noticed. The film understands that loneliness isn't merely an individual affliction.

In 2025 America, Travis feels less like a relic and more like a warning we didn't heed. The isolated young man, the apocalyptic thinking, the transformation of personal emptiness into violent purpose, the blurring of heroism and horror—Scorsese and Paul Schrader saw it all coming. What makes the film so unsettling isn't its violence but its final ambiguity: does Travis learn anything? Does it matter? The city moves on either way.

Anchored by De Niro's scorched-earth performance and shot by Michael Chapman with a fever-dream glow that makes Manhattan look like hell's waiting room, **Taxi Driver** remains one of American cinema's most troubling masterpieces. Bernard Herrmann's final score—completed days before his death—pulses with paranoid romanticism.

From Polanski's isolation to Robinson's dissolution to Scorsese's explosion: three films about what happens when people can't connect, can't escape, can't find a place in the world they're stuck in.