



The Committee

Director: Peter Sykes

Music Video Distributers 2005

"Damn we the committee gone burn it down / But us gone bust you in the mouth with the chorus now." -Antwan Patton

A tiny 58-minute jaunt from 1968 follows the '60s undercurrent as it streams against "the man," and begins on a brutal high note of surrealist gore. A one-way conversation lead by a blabbering pre-yuppie and a calm, pre-hippie hitchhiker ends in the decapitation of the former via a car hood. The head is then carefully sewn back on with alarmingly precise, graphic needlework leaving the chatty driver to groggily return to the road.

From here, the film accidentally sedates itself and drifts into a *Dr. Strangelove* of background visuals, and one may knit a nice sweater at anytime. Ironically, the bottom-line issues *The Committee* on DVD 37-years later due to obscure contributions from Pink Floyd (just after they'd ditched Barrett) that are etched in for a fleeting soundtrack. However sparse, Floyd's watershed machine-greeting flirts with brilliance, but the grizzly cousin of *Obscured By Clouds* laid over an almost well-executed college film, this is not.

Why not remake it?

-Michael John Hancock

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