

BY
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FlickerFest



A scene from
Bikini Blast
Surf Out

Another year, another Flicker Fest. Reliable as the rain in Spain. And here again, they remain true to form by offering screenings of artists working in film (like real film, none of this digital junk). Their short films, offered — as they were last year — in two convenient screenings in the middle of October (Oct. 15, at Centerstage), for a mere \$5, are restricted to 15 minutes in length.

Also true to form, no one has a clear idea of what films are going to be shown, though there are a few that have been locked down. Notable among them, New York filmmaker Martha Colburn — who rocked the hell out of last year's Flicker (in the mind of this critic at least) — returns with another short entitled *Waschdrang Mama*. It's a new film that's only ever been screened at the Lincoln Center, so details are sketchy. Colburn's vision is pronounced and unmistakable, though, so a wild ride is to be expected.

One film that's being allowed to break the 15-minute cap is a local flick called *Jack the Vomiter*. Filmmakers Travis Hibner, Gary McLeod, Derrick King and (former *Inlander* staffer) Mike Corrigan only had enough of the film completed (they've spent an insane amount of time hand-processing the print,

to give it a very specific, aged look) at last year's Flicker to offer a brief trailer. What they showed, though, was fantastic. The story's a bit of a historical speculation (what if Jack the Ripper were bulimic?) and feels very much like a bit of resurrected celluloid from the dawn of moving pictures. The film-making collective's *What's in the Barn* was the highlight of SpIFF last year, overshadowing many glossier national productions. And, for what buzz is worth, *Jack the Vomiter* is highly anticipated in the scene for its absurdist bent and painstaking process.

As of now the film is done — more or less — but the filmmakers are waiting on one last element. It's meant as a silent film, and to get the period pitch-perfect, they'd like to get someone to come in and do a little piano-tinkling to simulate the impromptu piano score. "We've hit up everyone in Spokane," says Corrigan. "Either they were appalled by it or didn't think they could pull it off... or didn't want to pull it off for free." So that's a major hurdle, but they had more stuff to finish on *What's in the Barn* with less time to finish it, and still made things work, so Corrigan is cautiously optimistic. "It's ready, but we gotta figure out what we're doing for a soundtrack. Too bad Dax Johnson isn't around anymore." Indeed. ■