My all-too-brief stint at the Fantasia film festival came and went in a blink. I barely had a chance to nod at my fellow Fangorians (both Mike Gingold and Tony Timpone were milling about) in attendance, never had a drink with any of my pals and only saw a handful of flicks.

But my God, there were some wicked treats in the mix…

I am never ashamed about being in love with film, and specifically horror and arcane genre film; hopefully you get that by now. And if you read my previous Fantasia blog , you'll note that the grand old man of UK kink, Ken Russell, is a major passion of mine, and THE DEVILS is my favorite film of all time (standing up there with DAWN OF THE DEAD, NIGHT OF THE HUNTER, ANGEL HEART and a few others). So seeing THE DEVILS projected in my favorite city, the glorious Montreal, was a deeply religious experience. The kind of religion that Oliver Reed's Father Grandier trades in…reverent, with tons of naughty pleasure.

But two days after that fantastic fest kickoff, I found myself ushered into an intimate patio lunch with the man himself, Ken Russell. Yes. This is true. Lunch with the true madman of British cinema. Cult-film man about town Shade Rupe helped set up this monumental (for me, anyway) meeting, where myself, Fantasia girl Anna Phelan, Chris Chang from *Film Comment* and two charming British critics whose names sadly escape me got to jam together, eat bread and jam together and talk about cinema in all its guises. It was an incredible moment in my life—this after having lunch the day before with Siouxie and the Banshees co-founder Steve Severin, who was in town performing his live score for Jean Cocteau's BLOOD OF A POET. Yeah, I'm spoiled sometimes, but I work hard, so I deserve it…

But the *real* treat came a few hours later…

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