

THE PEACOCK

SUNDAY, 23 NOVEMBER 2025



Laxman Pai: The Genius I Knew

BY DAMODAR MAUZO

Of course I knew that Laxman Pai was a great Indian artist, and I was proud of his Goaness, having heard many stories about this pioneering member of the seminal Progressive Artists. So, when I planned to visit the United States in 2015, I had the persistent urge to meet him in Silicon Valley in California, where he had been living with his son.

Akash Pai greeted me warmly, and left me with his father to have an intimate chat. Laxman, who had earlier lost his wife Purnima, was partly dejected, partly lonely. He expressed his longing for Goa, and showed me many paintings which depicted our beautiful ancestral homeland through a veil of longing and nostalgia, reminiscent of his previous artworks of exile from Paris in the middle of the last century. Akash told me how sad his dad was after he lost his mother. "Goa is his life and he longs for it."

At the time, I remember saying "Laxman looks to be in good health. He still has a lot of potential. Maybe he'll feel inspired once in Goa. Why don't you find a way for him to return?" And that is just what Akash did. In less than two years of my return, Pai arrived in Goa, and lived happily for several years in Dona Paula with the art collector Shaistah Thapar – painting ambitiously all the while – until he expired in 2021.

Pai's life story has an artistic dimension to it. Born into a middleclass family in Margao in 1926, he did his primary education in Marathi, as was the practice then, and the secondary in English. He had a flair for drawing, an ear for classical music, and loved playing both the sitar and flute. As a child he was fond of his maternal uncle Ramnath Mauzo, who had a famous photo studio in Margao with a branch in Panaji. That Mr. Mauzo – not exactly

a relative of mine although we have the same last name – was a renowned artistic personality, who had studied classical music and occasionally rendered classical singing programmes. He loved drawing with chalks and charcoal.

At an international exhibition in 1940, wherein artists from various countries participated, Ramnath Mauzo won the first prize in the "light and shadow category" and inspired by the achievement of his uncle, Laxman too started to learn the art of painting with charcoal. He also followed his uncle's passion for classical Indian music, listening while he painted, especially his favourites

Kumar Gandharva, Bhimsen

Joshi and Kishori Amonkar.

Young Laxman had keen interest in the Indian freedom movement, and had a fascination for Mahatma Gandhi. In Goa, he was arrested thrice by the Portuguese regime, after which his elders sent him to Mumbai for higher studies. He studied and later taught at Sir J. J. School of Art in Mumbai where he excelled as an artist with a difference. During his JJ School days he won the prestigious Mayo Medal, and thereafter there was no looking back for him.

When a nude painting by his fellow Goan artist and compatriot in the Progressive Artists movement, F. N. Souza was objected to by the then Chief Minister of Bombay State, Morarji Desai, just because Laxman had a close association with Souza he was demoted. When he objected, he was expelled.

One thing distinctive I appreciate about Pai is that Goa was his subject throughout his artistic life. He started with an outright masterpiece *Zambaulim Shigmo*, influenced by Indian miniatures, and the subject matter remained the same as his styles became an eclectic intermingling of the traditional and the modern. In 1951, he left for France and the prestigious École des Beaux-Arts, and wound up staying in Paris for a full decade. Some of his best works are from that period, steeped in deep feelings for his beloved 'Bhangarachem Goem'.

Pai returned to Goa and won many awards including the Padma Bhushan and Gomant Vibhushan. Many of our contemporary Goan artists fondly remember his mentorship when he was the Principal of the Goa Art College of Art for a decade. He thought of retiring to the US, but he was restless like fish out of water. I am grateful he returned to the land he loved, and painted it with great sensitivity right until the end.

Damodar Mauzo won the 2022 Jnanpith Award

Illustration by Chloe Cordeiro



SHORT TAKES



Goa is my all time favorite destination, so being in Goa and attending IFFI is the cherry on the top.

Manasi Kulkarni
Actress
Mumbai



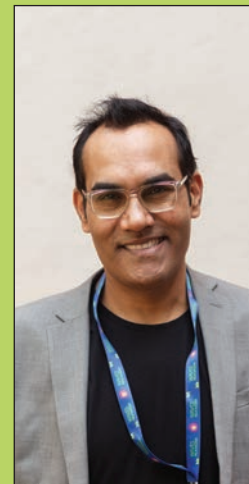
A great standard has been maintained here at IFFI. Although it's a bit hot, we get to see the ocean while we do this.

Kushal Verma
Director
Mumbai



People here at IFFI are very proud of their work and want to make it known to the world. There are so many possibilities here. I am very happy to be in Goa.

Patitta Jitanont
Festival Manager
Thailand



Whatever I am saying, I should say it from the heart, without filters. Good work is always returned; like a seed, it may take time, but the tree will grow.

Dr. Sudhir Azad
Writer
Bhopal

The Symbolic Sting

BY KINJAL SETHIA

“Sometimes a woman has to make tough choices. Between financial independence and the cosy dependency that allows her to pursue her artistic aspirations. She may think that marriage is providing her with a support system. But it can be a trap,” says Valentina Bertani, the co-director and co-writer of *Mosquitoes / Le Bambine* (2025) which won a Special Mention for the Junior Jury Award, and Golden Leopard at the Locarno International Film Festival this year. This is the first directorial venture with her sister Nicole Bertani, who was invited into the project at the script writing stage itself, when Valentina realised that she could not tell the story of their childhood without her sibling’s voice contributing to it.

“Our mother, like the doll maker wife in this film, was an artist. We still see her as a creative person, and we wanted to tell her story too,” says Nicole. *Mosquitoes* is a coming-of-age story of three friends, surrounded by their family and community. “When we were kids, an eight-year-old girl moved into our neighbourhood. And we were told not to speak to her, to stay away from her. And that was a mystery for us, a betrayal by the adults in our life. I wanted to tell this story,” says Valentina, who co-wrote this story with Nicole and Maria Sole Limodio.

Both the sisters break into giggles as Valentina admits, “We used to fight as kids, but there were no disagreements at all while making this film. It was a great collaboration of our competencies.” They shared how Valentina’s education in film making and Nicole’s studies in graphic design have fused them into a great team: “Valentina was responsible for direction, camera work and working with the actors, and I [Nicole] was responsible for costumes, art design, colour palettes.”

It was a cathartic experience for the sisters to portray their childhood so honestly. “It was difficult to show our parents so truthfully. It upset them too in the beginning. It upset our friend to see herself in this character. Now, they all have come around. For us, it was also a very moving experience, because we had to dig deep into our own emotions and memories. There were even some memories that we did not want to think about,” says Valentina.

Nicole concurs that it was like attending a therapy session, while she adds, “It needed courage. Many of the characters like the parents, grandmother, babysitter, friend, and even the pet are characters built on the reference of people in our lives. But now that the film is ready, we are happy we experienced the whole process. In a way, it is like we also came of age with this film. We are surer of what we are doing now.”

Even if Valentina and Nicole have found liberating



Photo by Assavri Kulkarni

energy with their creative ventures, they confess that things are not very easy for many others. “With technology and internet, things are changing. But in a more nuanced way, it is not very different. The conversations around addiction are complicated. Queers have more support with the Pride movements and communities, but queer couples cannot adopt children. The conservative government makes it difficult, imposing binary orientations and family values,” shares Valentina.

Nicole elaborates, “It is also difficult with the proximity to the Church. Religion is part of our culture and tradition, but it is also a chain. The church makes everything about right and wrong. And then it feels like emotional blackmail, their idea of paradise and sin. If you don’t fall into their categorisation, it becomes difficult to be yourself. It is a such an irony that the church is so rich while there is so much poverty among people.”

“The government too imposes these values now. For instance, even with our film. If they fund a film, they will want to ensure that you don’t go against their values. We were asked to censor many scenes. Ultimately, we chose to work with lesser money but remain true to our creative vision for the project,” continues Valentina, who

then found funding in France and Switzerland.

Tatiana Lepore, an actor in the film, shares, “It is difficult to be who you are in a culture like that. They impose the idea of One God, one way to think, one way to be. Anything different is considered dangerous.”

It was against this patriarchal backdrop that the story of *Mosquitoes* unfolds. Nicole says “We portray a family which was based on these traditional values. When a father says something, it is the final word. The parents carry the generational baggage of the previous generation. It was this which motivated us to tell the story of our mother, an artist trapped in a marriage.”

Explaining the choice of the title for the film, Nicole shares, “Mosquitoes are a big problem in Mantua, where we grew up. The constant buzz is like the noise of the children. It is symbolic of the way children were told to keep quiet or not wanted around by the adults. It is a parallel we were trying to draw. Also, the sting is a symbolic hint to the addiction problem addressed in the film.”

Mosquitoes will be screened today on Inox Screen III, Porvorim at 1.30 pm.

SHORT TAKES



I aim to convey the weight of consciousness and the honest vulnerability in human emotion through combat choreography.

Kevin Joseph
Stunt Actor
Toronto



The imposition of AI feels like opening Pandora’s box. It enables us, but so much that we stop pushing ourselves to our fullest potential, a new dystopia of our own making.

Vishakha Rai
Actor
Mumbai



Art has the capacity to influence people to do either better or worse.

Ganesh Jagdishan
Director
Mumbai



Filmmaking and the spiritual search for truth are the same journey.

Sweta Shetty
Producer
Bengaluru

Phil Giardano: “How does one place create so many insanely talented people?”

BY KINJAL SETHIA

“It is really tough for young women in the Philippines. It is fascinating how it is automatically expected of them to be the breadwinners of the family. And this is accentuated in the power dynamics of sports where female players are manipulated for monetary gains,” says Phil Giardano, the writer and director of *Bilyarista* (2025) which is premiering at IFFI this year. It took him almost a decade to research, write and then make this film.

The Philippines have tremendous numbers of prodigies and world champions in billiards, like Francisco Bustamante, Chezka Centeno and Efren Reyes (who even makes a cameo appearance in the film). Giardano says, “I was fascinated by this. How does one place create so many insanely talented people. If a diamond is formed under pressure, then what is the catalyst behind the Philippines’ performance in billiards on the world stage? The film is my attempt in a way to answer this question.”

Bilyarista follows the story of Aya, a young aspiring billiards player who is confronted by her uncle and manager Itoy’s manipulations after her father dies. Giardano found that there was also money involved in this equation. “The managers of these players like to constrain them into playing gambling matches for the money involved. If the player loses, they can’t feed their family. Players are at risk of imprisonment, are forced to cheat and they play under very tense situations. After these conditions, a world stage seems relaxed for them. But the players can’t escape the vicious situations. The people who are benefitting from their skills would not allow them to transcend this risky situation.”

The lead character was initially supposed to be played by a male character, but Giardano saw that the juxtaposition between talent and the challenges around them would be enunciated with a female



lead character. Giardano adds, “Chezka Centeno was just declared the Junior World Champion. She is so incredibly talented. And that’s when I was inspired to cast the lead as a female player. There is even a character named Chezka in the film as a nod to her. But imagine, the billiard rooms; they have such male energy. Sometimes shirtless players crowd the pool room, with cans of beer in their hand. And how tough it must be for female players to navigate their way around such environments.”

“Giardano is very intuitive in his directorial capacity. Loisa Andalo looks vulnerable and fragile, which was needed for this role, but she is innately strong and was perfect,” says John Arcilla, the actor who plays the role of Itoy. He adds, “To the audiences, Itoy might seem as a negative character. But I see characters as real people with their own virtues and

blemishes. They are people like you and me. They have their own situations guiding their actions.”

Giardano confesses feeling very strongly about the role and real-life responsibilities of the women of the Philippines. He says, “It is completely unfair that a young girl should be made responsible for the entire family. So many women in our country have to even travel outside in hospitality and care-giving roles to fulfill their familial duties. They have to be strong, without anybody supporting them. That is why, even while making this film, I wanted a strong female lead, but I wanted to preserve her vulnerability. It is not weakness.”

Giardano also likes to cast emerging and established actors together. So, while Arcilla is an award-winning actor with many laurels to his name, Andalo is still emerging. Giardano says, “I like seeing how life-like and real the scenes become. Their

reactions and responses are still closer to life. And that creates beautiful scenes. Andalo learnt billiards from an Olympic level coach. Each shot on the billiards table was real. We did not cut scenes, and all her shots were real. I wanted that level of authenticity.”

The filmmaker has done immersive research, and chuckles as he admits, “I can’t play very well. But I spoke to many champions, visited training sessions, even met manufacturers. To experience the tension in high stakes games, I would bet to get a better understanding.”

It is Giardano’s first visit to Goa, and he has enjoyed his time here. “I am really hoping that audiences here like the film. Because the cultural similarities might help people resonate with the film.”

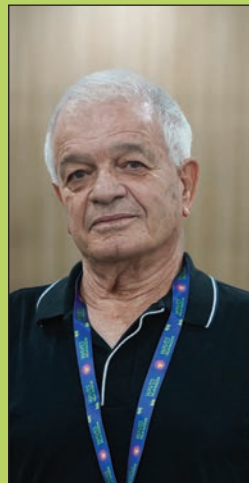
Bilyarista is going to be screened today at Inox Screen III, Panaji at 6.45 pm.

SHORT TAKES



I think Goa is a great destination for IFFI; people feel very happy here. I’ve been to Cannes in the past, and it reminds me of Cannes.

Niharica Raizada
Actor
Mumbai



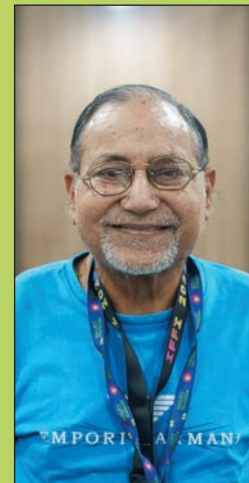
I am very impressed by this festival and I hope we shall succeed in finding some cooperation with companies from India.

Amir Gedalia
Producer
Israel



You feel relaxed in Goa and can discuss art and cinema beautifully. I’m looking forward to the screening of my film *Oslo: A Tale of Promise*.

Isha Pungaliya
Director
Pune



This is my 43rd IFFI. It’s not the first time we’ve had a parade. After so many years the carnival has come back again.

Satinder Mohan
Ex ADG Police
Delhi

Eisha Marjara: “My films are largely about nostalgia and grief”

BY PRAGYA BHAGAT

As a settler in Goa, I am often asked,
Where are you from?

In other words, where do you truly belong?

Artists across history have dissected this question of belonging through their work, from Frida Kahlo's provocative self-portraits to Norman Cornish's portrayal of the mining community. In contemporary literature, the question of identity is one that novelists like Jhumpa Lahiri and Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie explore through their characters, shapeshifting through culture and continent. In their art, home is a tapestry far richer than an address. It is the color of one's skin, the language one speaks, the community one cultivates, the values one lives by, the memories one inherits and passes on.

The queer Chicana scholar, Gloria Anzaldúa, coined a word for those of us who stride multiple worlds. The word *nepantla* represents the liminal spaces, the in-between-ness that many of us with intersecting identities inhabit.

Indo-Canadian filmmaker Eisha Marjara is a fellow *nepantla*. She arrives at IFFI for the international premiere of *Calorie* (2025), an intergenerational drama feature. Like other *nepantlas*, her origin story is cross-cultural. “I was born in Delhi. My father went to Quebec City on a scholarship to a French university. When he was offered a job there, the rest of the family followed him. I was four years old.”

Marjara reminisces about her childhood, a small apartment in a small Canadian town. Her family was the only Sikh one in the area. *The Peacock* is pleasantly surprised to learn that Marjara was not ostracized for her differences. “It was easy for me to adapt. I was fortunate enough to be surrounded by friends who saw my differences as a plus. My mother, however, struggled to fit in. Through her, I felt that gap between us and them.”

In high school, Marjara dreamt of being a photographer. “I thought I'd work for National Geographic and travel the world.” She went to photography school, and found herself “frustrated with the limitations of a still frame. My thesis project was on serial photography, telling a story through a series of images. I wanted timelessness. That's when I decided

to go into film.” To this day, her photography background informs her cinematic work. “I storyboard constantly. I see the scene through the camera.”

Marjara's work, whether fictional or memoirist, is grounded in the search for her roots. This search made its way into her first feature documentary, *Desperately Seeking Helen* (1998), produced by the National Film Board of Canada.

“This film was a search for identity through the search for Helen, my childhood movie idol. It's very campy, very playful. Helen was a Bollywood actress in the sixties and seventies. She was part Anglo, part Burmese, and she struggled to fit into the industry. That film was very personal. I touched upon the Air India bombing, but only peripherally.” Marjara is referring to the 1985 bombing of Air India Flight 182 by militant Sikhs, in which her mother and sister were killed.



Photos by Assavri Kulkarni

The examination of womanhood in all its facets is a signature of Marjara's work. For example, *Venus* (2017) is a comedy centered around a South Asian transgender woman. “I'm very interested in the idea of gender. Helen was a vamp, a rebel; as a kid, I resonated with that. I didn't want to be the heroine, so then what was I?”

Calorie is not as personal. However, it retains the liminality that other *nepantlas* might resonate with. “*Calorie* is about mothers and daughters. I'm fascinated to see how Indians born in India perceive the experience of the South Asian diaspora.”

Marjara's Punjabi ancestors migrated to India during the Partition. A few decades later, her family immigrated to Canada. She lost her mother and sister in a terrorist event. *The Peacock* asks Marjara about these multiple levels of displacement and how intergenerational grief has permeated into her artistic practice.

“I love this question. I think my films are largely about nostalgia and grief. I wonder about the nature of trauma I've inherited from my parents. Violence as a result of religion has been a part of my family history. Grief followed us across the ocean. In *Calorie*, there's this erasure of boundaries that takes place, both geographical and generational.”

Grief and rage, for Marjara, are intertwined. Marjara slices the air above her head. “Right now, my rage is up here. In Canada, we are witnessing record-breaking misogyny with our neighbors.” Even though social media is a part of her life—the Instagram handle @caloriethefilm is where she posts updates about the movie—the platform incites a great deal of anger for her. “I was a feminist before I knew what feminism meant.

The reason I'm attracted to the femme fatale archetype is for that reason. It's a rage against patriarchy. I'm interested in definitions of masculinity, how boys are being groomed digitally through the mansosphere. I have faith in young women though. Things are going to shift.”

Even though Marjara has just arrived at IFFI, she's grateful for the platform. “It's Asia's largest film festival. To have the international premiere of *Calorie* here is a huge honor. The industry here is massive. We're getting more visibility in India with this film than we are getting in Canada. The festival has opened a door for us.”

Calorie will be screened on November 23 at INOX Screen-IV, Panaji, at 1:45 pm.

SHORT TAKES



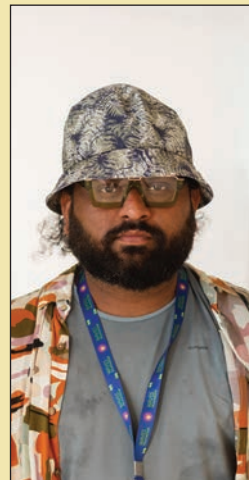
For me, cinema is a mirror into day-to-day life. It connects real people, cultures and emotions. Authenticity is paramount.

Narindrra Aahirwar
Actor
Mumbai



The biggest cost of AI is copyright, because it is trained on data made by people who are not tracked, credited or paid.

Fanny Gavelle
Festival Strategist
Paris



AI is fine as a tool, but when it starts to replace people and erase years of struggle, the line that technology should help, not cross, has already been blurred.

Rahul Pawar
Filmmaker
Madhya Pradesh



For me, culture is only as big as its dreams and as its artists, we are here to dream big, and these festivals help turn those dreams into reality.

Sheena Chohan
Actress
Mumbai

New Wave of Bangladeshi Independent Cinema

BY POULOMI DAS

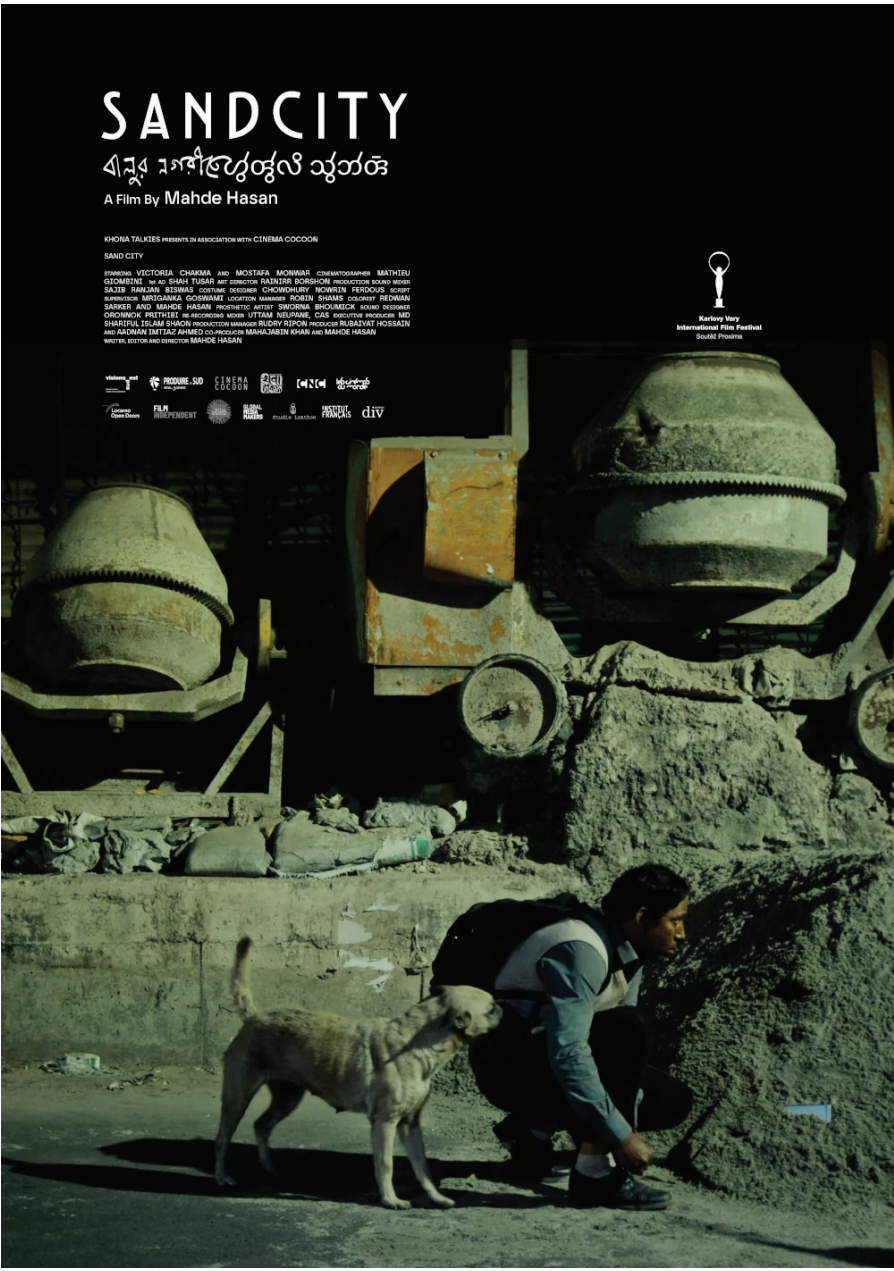
In Mahde Hasan’s *Sand City* (2025), which marks its Indian premiere at IFFI, Dhaka appears suspended in a haze so thick and oddly colored it feels like the sky has gone dusty with fatigue. Yet the film’s true terrain lies below eye level, in the shifting granules beneath one’s feet. Sand—that unstable, unremarkable substance—becomes the thread binding the filmmaker’s mesmerising debut. For the two characters at its centre, Emma and Hasan, sand is simply part of the city’s fabric, until it starts infiltrating their inner lives in uncanny, destabilising ways.

With a runtime of 99 minutes, *Sand City* is playing under IFFI’s Rising Stars, a section which spotlights promising first and second features from around the world. This year, the program also includes the Thai slow-burn supernatural drama *A Useful Ghost* (2025) and the Chilean queer detective drama *The Mysterious Gaze of the Flamingo* (2025), positioning Hasan alongside other emerging filmmakers expanding the vocabulary of contemporary world cinema.

Sand City tells two stories that never touch, though they echo one another in mood and emotional temperature. Emma, a soft-spoken office worker from an ethnic minority community, has grown accustomed to the steady drip of discrimination in her daily life. Her small rituals keep her grounded, including her weekly scooter ride to gather sand for her cat’s litter. On one of these trips, she stumbles upon something macabre: a severed finger buried in the sand, its nail painted red. Instead of recoiling, she develops a peculiar attachment to this found fragment.

Hasan, meanwhile, works at a glass factory and nurtures a grandiose dream: building his own glass empire. He pockets silica sand and scraps of raw material from the plant, experimenting in his cramped home as if willing industry into existence through sheer belief. What begins as escapism slowly grows into delusion, and the fantasy starts to warp the man himself.

Rather than nudging these two lonely figures toward a neat intersection, Hasan keeps their paths running alongside each other. In doing so, he argues that their lives don’t need to collide to matter—each contains its own small truth about navigating a city where anonymity and longing often blur. Together, the stories create a double portrait of Dhaka’s emotional architecture: a metropolis in



constant motion that wears people down even as they find ways to endure. This delicate, elliptical structure helped the *Sand City* win the Proxima Grand Prix at the Karlovy Vary International Film Festival earlier this year, a prize that champions formally adventurous filmmaking.

Hasan, who also wrote and edited *Sand City*, has been building toward this moment for more than a decade. His short films *I Am Time* (2013), *Death of a Reader* (2018) and *A Boring Film* (2020) premiered at Locarno Film Festival. *Sand City*, Hasan’s feature project, first surfaced at the Locarno Open Doors Hub in 2018, where he received a development grant, the first of the few grants that allowed him to finish the film. Residencies have also shaped his distinctive visual sensibility, which includes a two-month

stay in Switzerland in 2018 and a five-week Film Independent residency in Los Angeles in 2023.

The filmmaker’s approach to sand as a metaphor crystallises the film’s idea-world. Hasan describes seeing sand as “a miniature model of the city,” something that is constantly moved, displaced, and rearranged. He views the material as perfectly suited to representing the precariousness of urban life in Dhaka, where people’s foundations—social, economic, emotional—are always shifting. Sand is mined from the riverbanks, then poured back into the rivers to reclaim land for construction. Something insignificant becomes the substance from which new parts of the city rise.

Sand City arrives at a moment when Bangladeshi independent cinema is attracting unprecedented international attention. Earlier this year, Adnan Al Rajeev’s short *Ali* (2025) became the first Bangladeshi film to compete at Cannes, taking home a Special Mention for its tender portrait of male friendship under migration pressures.

Then there is filmmaker Nuhash Humayun, whose homegrown horror breakthrough *Moshari* (2022), became the first Bangladeshi short to qualify for the Oscars. He has since created web series that fuse horror, satire, and folk storytelling, proving that Bangladeshi cinema can be as genre-fluid as anything in Southeast Asia.

In a sense, *Sand City*, *Ali*, and *Moshari* owe a quiet debt to Abdullah Mohammad Saad’s *Rehana Maryam Noor* (2021), the film that first thrust Bangladeshi cinema into the international spotlight. The first Bangladeshi title to premiere in the Un Certain Regard section at Cannes, later becoming the country’s inaugural Oscar submission, the film’s feverish moral intensity and claustrophobic visual style cracked open new possibilities for filmmakers back home.

What binds these filmmakers together is the refusal to work within narrow expectations, whether aesthetic, industrial, or political. They rely on international labs, grants, collaborations and a resourceful DIY ethos. *Sand City*, with its dreamlike patience and textural sensitivity, exemplifies this moment. It suggests that Bangladesh’s most compelling independent filmmaking is emerging not from certainty, but from instability—from the shifting ground beneath its cities, and from the artists who know how to transform that instability into meaning.

Sand City plays at 12 pm on 23rd November at Inox Panaji Screen 1.

SHORT TAKES

I think this setup is lovely for us to come together in one place - a melting pot of energies.

Maanavi Bedi
Writer
Mumbai

I don't believe in AI films; films are human-made and there must be protocols and barriers. I don't think human activities and emotions can be replaced by AI.

Arka Ghosh
Director
Mumbai

You never know what to expect at these types of things, especially in a different country. I have met some amazing people, from Goa, India, and different countries.

Olivia de Melo
Artist Manager
Australia

IFFI is a recurring getaway for me; it's a hub of so many things, like restoring a cinematic emotion. Life is always giving you surprises.

Bobby Vats
Actor
Mumbai

Harry Rossi: “I wanted to explore the dreams I had in my coma”

BY SHERRY FERNANDES

Walk around the villages of Goa at first light and you will hear the peacocks cry—a sharp, aching call that carries across paddy fields and riverbanks. It’s a natural song of longing, a yearning for companionship.

Harry Domenico Rossi’s *Pescador* (2025) conveys that same tremor of yearning. As the film world-premieres at IFFI today, it brings with it a story rooted in Costa Rican folklore and also drawn from the vivid dreamscape Rossi had while recovering from a medically induced coma in 2018. “The coma lasted for a week and my dreams lasted long, much longer than usual. It felt like I was living in a different world, another reality. Many of the longer ones I can remember were about the ocean and I wanted to make a film to explore the dreams I had in my coma,” he says.

A Los Angeles-born and New York-based filmmaker, Rossi first made waves with his short film *Just a Body* (2015)—a sharp, satirical spin on classic movie musicals. This is his first visit to India, and the *Sholay* (1975) fan has embraced the country with infectious enthusiasm. “I love the nature and the green landscape of Panjim. This place is so interconnected with the environment!” he says. Meanwhile, his wife, Annie Rasiel—the producer of *Pescador* has embraced the state in her own way: by falling in love with cashew feni.

Shot in the lush rainforests of Costa Rica, *Pescador* follows two American siblings whose lives unravel across the country’s wild coastlines and dense jungles. One, a marine biologist, ventures deep into the wilderness in search of a mythical fish; the other is found adrift at sea and rescued by a fisherman whose greatest wish—to be a father—has been granted by the prince of the sea, a magical lobster.

The fisherman is played by Mario Chacon, an actual Costa Rican fisherman. Despite the language barrier between Chacon and Rossi, the film captures the essence of the story through minimal dialogue and an expressive performance.

Some days, the film was shot with a small team because of the challenging terrain. “At one point, it was just the three of us filming—we had to trek for hours and use ropes to climb down cliffs with our equipment to reach shooting spots deeper in the forest,” Rossi recalls.

Vivid dreams aside, one of the most striking aspects of *Pescador* are the folktales that surround it. The film mentions Costa Rican legends like *La Cegua*—a ghost who appears as a beautiful woman to married men travelling



Photo by Assavri Kulkarni

alone, only to reveal a horrific horse-skull face with rotting breath—as well as legends Rossi created specifically for the film. These creatures move fluidly between the real and the symbolic, their presence both natural and uncanny, a storytelling instinct that finds an unexpected resonance with Goa’s very own folklore legends.

Goans, especially in the sleepy hinterlands and deeper jungles, grow up surrounded by stories where the natural and supernatural coexist—tigers that guard, snakes that protect, or the *Rakhandar* who watches over entire villages. Imagined as a tall, shepherd-like figure clad in a white garment and woolen shawl, he carries a wooden staff as he patrols the village at night. Many swear they’ve heard the “ching ching ching” of the bells attached to his staff at night and Goans know better than to look back—for it is said that if you turn around, the evil spirits that follow him may latch on.

But among the most evocative in Goan lore is the tale of the deities of *Dudhsagar* and *Vazra Sakla* waterfalls. According to legend, the deity of Dudhsagar once drank the milky waters of the great falls and developed a craving

for meat. He sent a messenger deep into the forests, who eventually reached Vazra Sakla, where the local deity had just eaten fresh river fish and longed for milk. The two struck an agreement and exchanged places so each could satisfy their desires. But when the Vazra Sakla deity finally arrived at Dudhsagar, the waters were no longer milky—only clear, regular water remained. Deceived, he returned angered, and even today, people living around the village offer prayers and rituals seeking protection from the powerful, temperamental spirit said to reside in Dudhsagar.

With such stories shaping Goan childhoods, *Pescador* resonates to the Goan imagination—a place where animals are not just merely creatures, but messengers, companions, and even guardians.

(Folkstory on the waterfalls shared by the Goan wildlife writer and environmentalist, Rajendra Kerkar.)

Pescador will be screened at INOX Screen-III in Panaji on 23 November 2025 at 1:30 PM.

SHORT TAKES



To me, this is the apex festival of India. There’s a lot of interest from foreign nations to collaborate with India to tell her stories, to be a part of her.

Christopher Watson
Writer
Australia



We want to bring films and games together, so we can make them more interactive. I look forward to creating connections between Finland and India.

Dr. Eva Nillson
Diplomat
Mumbai



Over the years, I’ve realised that this is really just a place for people who are doing the grind year after year to come and let off some steam.

Drishya Gautham
Writer
Chennai



AI will make things easier. It’s extremely accessible and helps with the scheduling and production, but I don’t think it can really replace human emotion.

Pranav Brara
Filmmaker
Delhi





Christina Tournatzés: “It is women who should make these films.”

BY SAACHI D'SOUZA

At this year's IFFI, one of the most striking entries comes from Germany: *Karla* (2025), directed by Christina Tournatzés. The film's quiet charge comes from a simple fact — it is based on a true case from 1962, a case that the director approached through the screenwriter's personal connection to the real Karla herself.

The story reached her through Yvonne Görlach, the screenwriter, who has known Karla for years. “We had the chance to get the story told firsthand,” Tournatzés says. That proximity guided every decision in the making of the film. Karla was twelve when she took her father to court for sexual abuse — a time when, in Tournatzés' words, “the word of a child was worth nothing.” The director was struck not only by the historical context but by the fact that a child in that era had the clarity to insist on being heard.

Tournatzés is frank about her own sense of hopelessness around the issue of child sexual abuse. “We know it's a big problem in our society,” she says. “Most children don't go to court. Most don't talk at all because they have fears and shame.” In Europe, she points out, one or two children in every school classroom statistically experience abuse. “I don't know how it is in India,” she adds, “but probably similar.” When told that India's reported figures are far below reality because of stigma, she nods — the dynamics are familiar.

For her, the question was not only how the real Karla found the strength to act, but how to translate that strength into a film language that did not re-traumatize or diminish her. The answer lay in what she calls Karla's “survival intelligence.” It was not a personality trait; it was the instinctive clarity of someone who saw no other option. At one point, the real Karla walked into a lake intending to end her life. “It was a matter of life or death,” Tournatzés says. But in that moment, something shifted. “She developed this strength inside her and decided: no, I have to fight.”

Much of *Karla*'s emotional architecture rests on the protagonist's inner world — a psychological and imaginative space where she retreats during moments she cannot process. This world is visualized through a



field of poppy flowers, an image that Tournatzés uses not as aesthetic decoration but as a metaphor. The motif originated with Görlach, the screenwriter, but Tournatzés dug into it and made it central to the film's emotional logic.

The poppy field is fragile and fierce at once — it blooms only for two weeks, cannot be picked without drying out, and survives only when left untouched. “It's unbreakable in a way,” she says. “If you let it be, it blooms every year.” For Karla, the field becomes both a refuge and a marker

of trauma: her escape route, her dream space, and the symbolic terrain where the audience is invited to feel her fear and her resistance without being shown what she endured. “It becomes something very dark if you think about it,” the director says. “But also hopeful.”

That tension — darkness without spectacle, hope without sentiment — shapes the film's stance on sexual violence. Tournatzés returns repeatedly to the importance of language: the need to name behaviors, the need for words that didn't exist in the 1960s, the need for survivors to reclaim their narrative. She recalls growing up with discomfort at being watched on the street and not having a word for catcalling. “Now the word exists, and you can say, *okay, that is not okay.*” That shift, she argues, came because women spoke out, and because women began telling these stories through film.

She is clear that sexual violence is not limited to girls. It affects boys as well. But she also stresses that women understand certain textures of fear, surveillance, and fragility instinctively. “Some topics, it is women who should make the films,” she says. Not out of exclusivity, but because lived experience shapes perspective. “If you have the perspective, you can talk about something in a better way.”

Karla also carries a faint but deliberate thread of German legal history. The story unfolds in 1962 — a period when many judges and clerks in the judiciary had previously served under the Nazi regime and continued unchallenged after the war. “We hint at that in the film,” Tournatzés says. “It's not the focus, but it's there.” She sees this not as a political statement but as a simple truth: films can point to the places where societies are still

failing.

One of the strongest questions in *Karla* comes from the protagonist herself: *What is the right to live? Is it the same for everybody?* Tournatzés believes it should be. But she also admits Germany isn't there yet. No country is. “Only a society that can say the right to life is the same for everybody is a progressive society.”

Karla screens today at INOX Screen 1, Porvorim at 7pm.

SHORT TAKES



I look for entertainment, but also enlightenment, and the feeling of entering a universe I can only reach through cinema.

Benedikte Danielsen
Film Advisor
Norway



I heard Waves was an amazing place to network, and it has been. I am very impressed with the production value of the festival..

Hariqbal Basi
Entertainment
Attorney
New York



The quality of Indian cinema over the last five years has blown me away, I am really impressed with the way they tackle head-on subjects that were taboo in the past.

Sue Graham
Producer
London



For me, cinema is a mirror into day-to-day life. It connects real people, cultures and emotions; authenticity is paramount.

Narindrra Aahirwar
Actor
Mumbai

Years of rich cross-cultural influences have made Panjim a unique urban landscape. Standing proudly amidst the heritage buildings from the Portuguese era are Art Deco buildings that sprung up after 1930. From streamlined facades and ziggurat inspired rooflines to stunning relief work and curious motifs, these heritage structures put Panjim on the global Art Deco map.

Inputs from Leaxan Freitas, founder Goenchi Deco

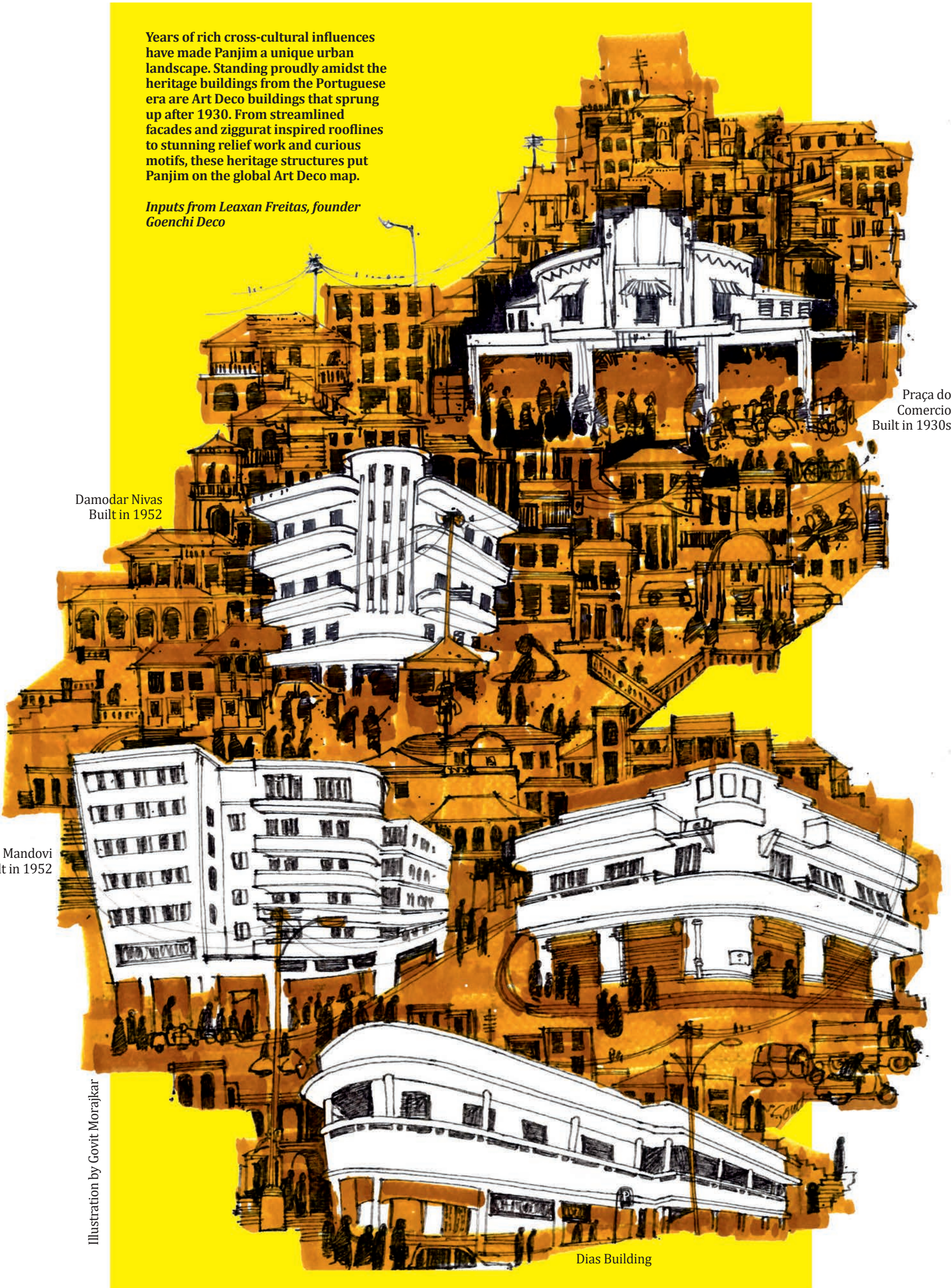
Damodar Nivas
Built in 1952

Hotel Mandovi
Built in 1952

Praça do Comercio
Built in 1930s

Dias Building

Illustration by Govit Morajkar



The Sound of Silence

BY SACHIN CHATTE

At this year's IFFI, among the diverse experiences on offer, few will be as exceptional as viewing a century-old silent film accompanied by live music. *Murliwala* (1927), directed by the legendary Baburao Painter, a prominent figure in Indian cinema, will be presented with live musicians at the festival.

Last year, attendees witnessed a restored version of Dada Saheb Phalke's *Kaliya Mardan* (1919) accompanied by live music, and those present can confirm it was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. In the early days of cinema, before sound was integrated, it was customary for films to be screened alongside an orchestra providing musical accompaniment. One can only imagine how challenging it must be for musicians to synchronize with the film and its visuals, especially if you don't have a written score.

In the West, performances typically featured a piano or organ along with varying numbers of musicians. In India, the instrumentation differed, often including the sarangi, sitar, and tabla, with the occasional piano. At times, the music transcended the visuals on screen. For example, during the climax of *Kaliya Mardan*, when Lord Krishna triumphs over the serpent Kaliya, the tune of Vande Mataram was played, eliciting rapturous applause from the audience—this occurred nearly a century ago. The enchantment of that melody and the accompanying music still remains vibrant; when Satyaki Banerjee and his fellow musicians performed it last year in the same manner as it was originally played, it was a moment that gave everyone goosebumps. Notably, this Phalke classic was previously screened with live music at Kala Academy during IFFI over a decade ago.

In India, even as

early as 1900, a multi-purpose theatre like Tivoli (which later became Capitol Cinema) in Bombay was screening numerable films with a string band in attendance. Suresh Chabria, film historian and a former director of the National Film Archive of India notes that "by the time the story films started coming in here, from around 1907-08 onwards, even films in makeshift maidan cinemas played with some kind of accompaniment,"

Numerous foreign films continue to be performed with live music even today. Georges Méliès' *A Trip To The Moon* (1903) features unparalleled cinematic heights that are well-suited for live musical accompaniment. The same can be said for Dziga Vertov's *Man with a Movie Camera* (1929), which was performed with a live orchestra at the

Mumbai International Film Festival (MAMI) some years ago. At our Cinephile Film Club in Goa, we are organizing a screening of F. W. Murnau's classic vampire film, *Nosferatu* (1922), which is a hallmark of German Expressionism, accompanied by live music early next year.

Murliwala, which is being showcased at IFFI, shares certain elements with Phalke's *Kaliya Mardan*. This film will also provide an opportunity to appreciate the work of a cinematic master from the past on the big screen. Baburao Painter, born Baburao Krishnarao Mestry, earned his nickname due to his exceptional skills as a painter. According to legend, Baburao attempted to create an indigenous camera and, to remind himself of this unfinished task, he grew a beard at the age of 23.

Ultimately, he achieved his goal, but the beard remained.

He co-founded the Maharashtra Film Company alongside Sheikh Fatehlal, Vishnupant Damle, and Baburao Pendharkar—three prominent figures who hold a revered position in the history of Indian cinema. At a time when mythological films dominated, Baburao Painter took a bold step by producing *Savkari Pash* (Indian Shylock, 1925), which is widely acknowledged as India's first film that emphasizes realism and societal issues. Prior to this, in 1920, he faced challenges with British censors due to *Sairandhari*.

Although his film company ceased operations in the early 1930s, his associates went on to establish Prabhat Film Company, with V. Shantaram at the helm—today, the Film and Television Institute in Pune is located on the historic grounds of Prabhat studios.

While a film festival presents a wonderful chance to explore the latest cinematic offerings, a special screening allows us to delve into the origins of filmmaking and remind us about how it all started.

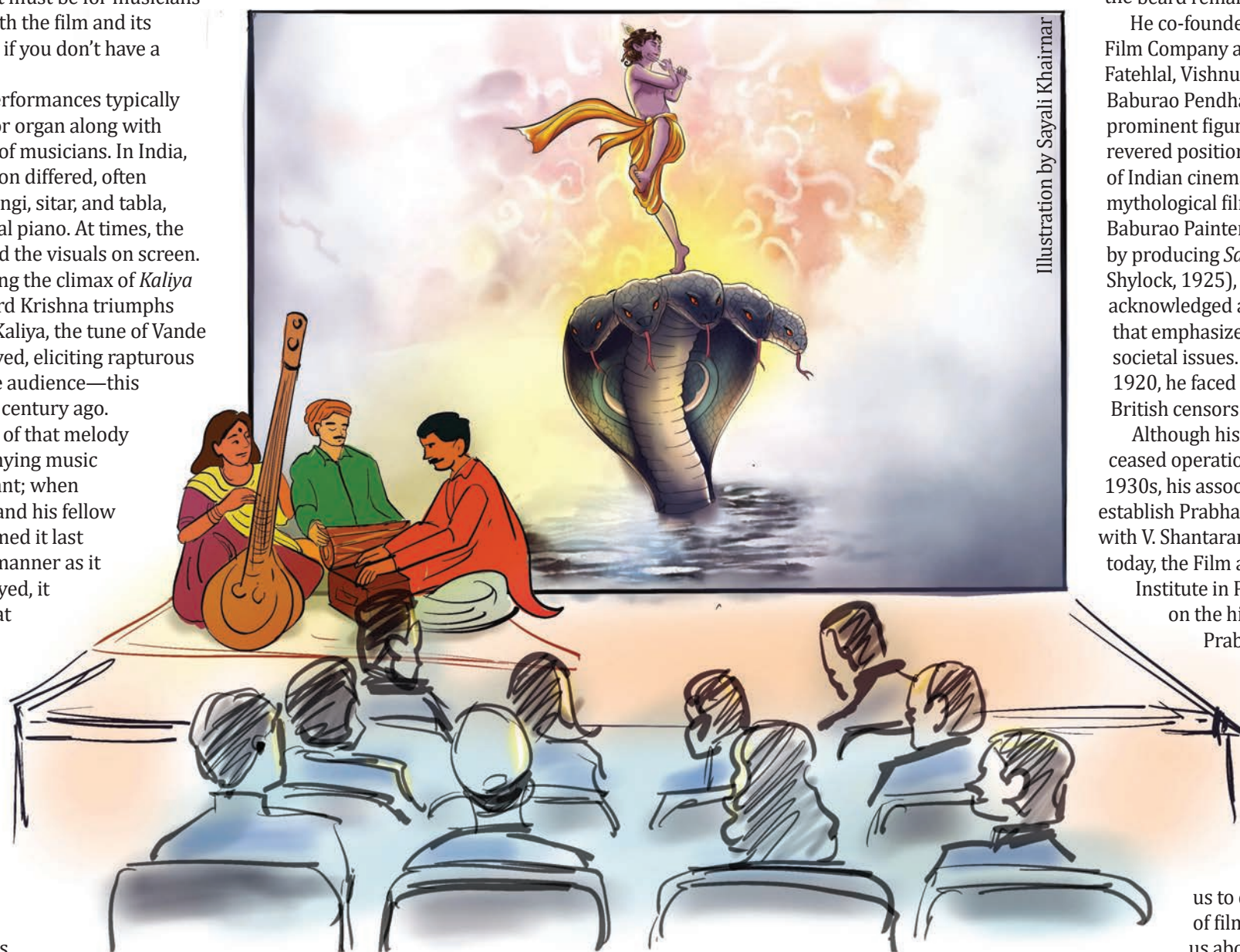


Illustration by Sayali Khairnar

SHORT TAKES



At LTI Mindtree, we believe the future of storytelling can be AI powered and the possibilities are endless. We are super excited to be here!

Manya Sharma
Designer
Bangalore



As an actress, I love the camera. I'm expecting to meet more Indian directors, and eventually help them by becoming a cultural bridge between France and India.

Marianne Borgo
Actress
Paris



I'm really excited to network more this year. I'm looking forward to pitching stories that I can convert into films and get some investors or producers.

Ramya Krishna Kandregula
Assistant Director
Hyderabad



The grandeur of the event is amazing. You're easily approachable to everybody, and I think it's nice for anyone who's just trying to put their hands in the game.

Shivani Thakkar
Founder
Ahmedabad

Goan Art, Going Global

Illustration by Sayali Khairnar



Pragyaverse

by Pragya Bhagat

ode to Eunice de Souza

dragon woman
foxy feline
praise be
to my favorite poet
muraled at Saligao

a parrot perches on her hair
flowers sprout into scapula
words wriggle between her teeth
her five-foot face convinces me
that eye contact is overrated

glorious Nonnie hoards books
sifts through life, finds the best bits
baits my thirst with lyrical confession
becomes the mangrove
tethered in the Mandovi

BY VIVEK MENEZES

The lovely charcoal portrait on this page by Sayali Khairnar depicts the great Goan artist Vasudeo Santu Gaitonde (1924-2001), whose luminous untitled 1971 canvas layered in shades of gold set his new auction record at \$7.57 million last month. A few days later, his Saligao-born compatriot and lifelong friend Francis Newton Souza's vivid *Houses in Hampstead* sold for almost exactly the same price at Sotheby's in London. Just like this, for decades on end, these two sons of the soil of India's smallest state have kept on trading the record for the country's most expensive artwork, occasionally alternating with Tyeb Mehta and Maqbool Fida Husain (who currently holds the top spot at \$13.8 million). All of them were

colleagues and co-conspirators in the seminal, history-making Progressive Artists Group that exploded out from Bombay at the end of World War II.

There is an interesting anomaly in-built to this phenomenon, because the art market has wound up pushing the Indian state towards acknowledging and celebrating the Progressives, despite the establishment's sustained reluctance and skepticism. They would have preferred to ignore this motley, rebellious cohort of outsiders who seemed to specialize in being rude and dismissive of their elders and predecessors. As their ringleader Souza put it later, "we had begun to notice that JJ School of Art turned out an awful number of bad artists year after year, and the Bombay Art Society showed awful crap in its Annual Exhibitions. It then occurred to me to form a group to give ourselves an

incentive. Ganging up in a collective ego is stronger than single ego. It is easier for a mob to carry out a lynching; and in this case, we found it necessary to lynch the kind of art inculcated by the JJ School of Art and exhibited in the Bombay Art Society."

Looking back from the 2025 auction results, it may seem like the Progressives were always destined to make it big, but in fact the opposite seemed likely in 1947. After all, they were an accumulation of conspicuously unsuitable Indians: two Muslims, Sayed Haider Raza (who was from then-remote central India) and Husain (who was painting cinema billboards on the street). Krishnaji Howlaji Ara was a houseboy and Hari Ambadas Gade a science teacher. One can only marvel at the sheer chutzpah of 25-year-old Souza's declarations in the catalogue of their first group exhibition, "We paint with absolute freedom for content and techniques almost anarchic... We have no pretensions of making vapid revivals of any school or movement in art. We have studied the various schools of painting and sculpture to arrive at a vigorous synthesis."

Here in Goa, it is an uncomfortable truth that Souza and Gaitonde are barely acknowledged by state or society, and the same is true of Laxman Pai, the later member of the Progressives whom Damodar Mauzo has paid tribute to on page 2 of *The Peacock* today. What is more, the same degree of apathy and amnesia extends further back to great exemplars like Raghuveer Chimulkar and Angelo da Fonseca, and – in my view unforgivably – even goes so far to ignore and disrespect the legions of superb artists who have continued to emerge into the 21st century. *The Peacock* remembers, however, and that is why, even in this heavily-trumpeted "Age of AI" we have four artists making all the difference to our pages. We hope you are enjoying their efforts.

Strangers In The Night

SHORT STORY BY CHANDRAHAS CHOUDHURY

They had been coming to the Noor every day for 25 years – always hand in hand. They had a great need for one another; it was only as a pair that they could be themselves. After all these years, they were as much a part of the cinema as the ceiling and the screen. Almost the mascots of the Noor. Blindness had taken much away from them, but it had bestowed on them a gentle authority. When they appeared every afternoon, freshly bathed and made up, the people in their path parted magically. She always wore a well-worn sari, one of a rotating cast of three, with a strand of jasmine in her hair. He was usually in a half-shirt and trousers, with all their essentials – a bottle of water, a towel, money, bus pass, a steel lunch box – in a bag on his shoulder.

H41 and H42: their tickets were already waiting with Dandekar, the doorman. They were the rare cinemagoers who preferred the far end of the row, not the centre. Eighteen steps from the entrance to the door of the auditorium. And then they were secure and at ease till 6pm, when it was time for them to leave after two shows.

They were poor, but they neither desired nor needed any pity. They owned the small room in a chawl where they lived. They had been left some money by their parents to sustain themselves, allowing them to enjoy

the unique peace, even prosperity, of those who cannot see all that is there in life to be desired. They kept to themselves and did not make small talk with the other patrons of the Noor – although they seemed to have a lot to murmur to one another. And when someone would ask, tactlessly if not unkindly, why they came to the pictures when they were blind, they never took offence.

"A story is always a story, and a seat always a seat," he would say. "Those are two solid things, same for you, same for me. And as for the rest, it is only in front of the big screen that we come to know that there are at least two shades to life. The darkness that is darkness, and the darkness that is light."

It was Phiroze K. Pir's last day at work. He was retiring. Not that there was anything new about retiring. He had already retired three times. Each time, after a few weeks, they'd call him back. "Phirozebhai, it's an emergency!" "Bawaji, please...just for a day or two." And then back he was. Good projectionists were going extinct, like half the life forms on earth. For that matter, even people were slowly becoming blind to what was a good moving image, and what a cinema was really for. Everybody today was an actor, every life was a movie, every phone a projector, every home a multiplex.

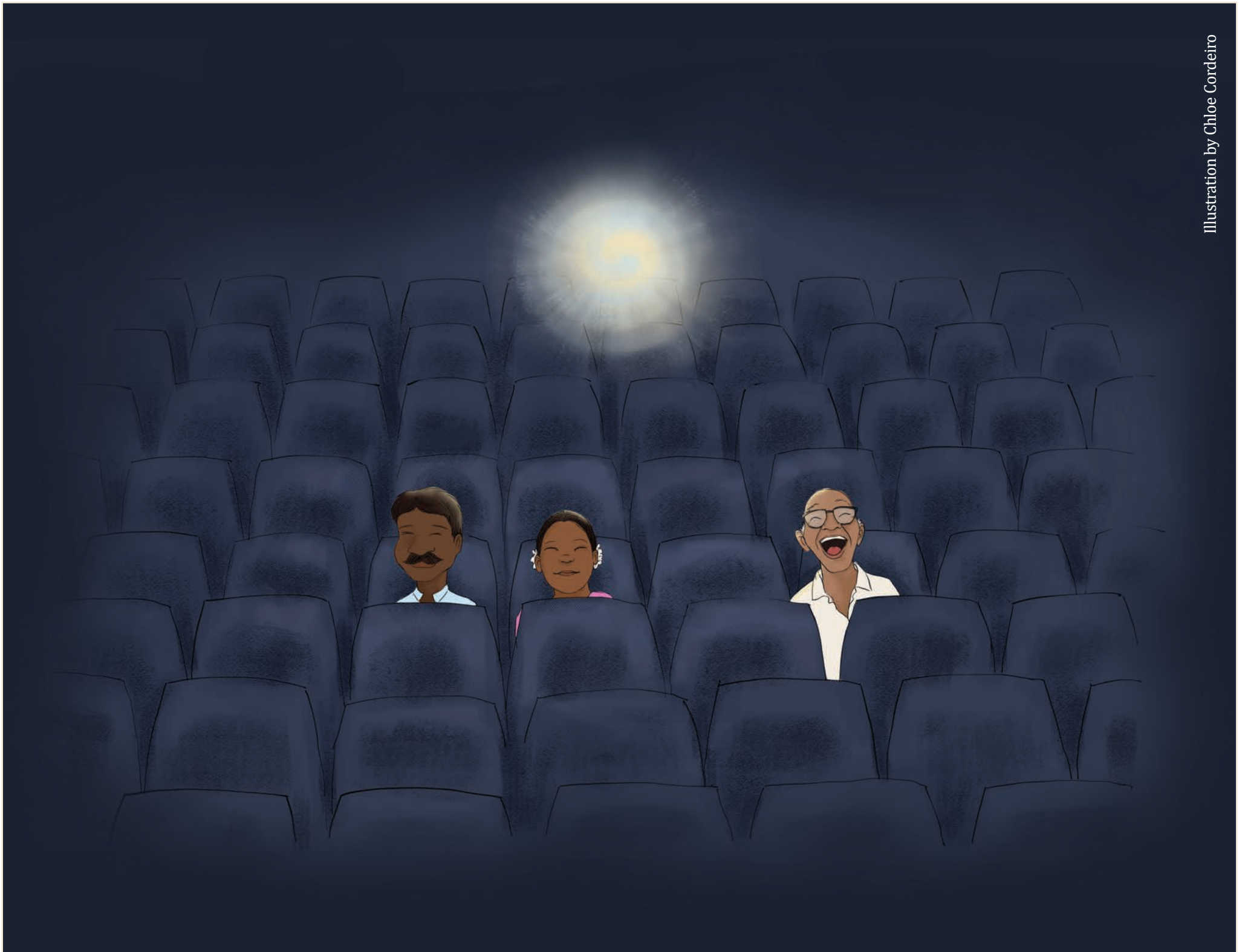
In such circumstances, there was something invigorating about upholding the old order. Against all odds, the Noor and its praja were defiantly alive. But this time he knew it was time to retire even from retiring. His legs could no longer hoist him up the two floors to the projection room. It was now a time to be thinking about going down below the earth.

From the window of the projection room, Phiroze surveyed the city in the 11-minute window of time between reels. The comings, the goings. Faces, windows, birds, clouds. The blind couple, as constant as the clock. One of the riches of film projection was its two high viewpoints set opposite each other – one into the well of the cinema, the other into the heart of Mumbai. The play of faces and figures were as familiar and soothing to him as the ebb and flow of the waves at Chowpatty. That was how he liked humanity – at a distance, in the abstract and the plural, miming their own lives. Once he got up here into his turret, he never went back down into the lower levels until it was time to go home. The two levels of the cinema were as distinct as heaven and earth – and so they should be. After all, he was the only one who was at work.

If anything, his real companion these last five decades had been the Bauer – the old German-made projection machine. Big, black as a mighty king's elephant. Whirring and clacking, shooting the great beam out into the Noor's neverending night. Driving...



Illustration by Chloe Cordeiro



...time forward year after year. Each time he had returned from retirement, it was the Bauer that he had most looked forward to seeing again. There was something not quite right about that.

He heard a voice from behind him. "Take a break, Phirozbhai. It's your last day. I've got this."

Kaustubh, the ticket clerk, was surprised when a shadow fell over his table from behind his shoulder. It was Phiroze. The old man wanted to purchase a ticket for the show! "Rules are rules." Well, go on then... whatever makes you happy. Kaustubh could tell that Phiroze was enjoying taking the entire system by surprise by lumbering around the lower floor. Children and old people were so alike. They lost it completely on special occasions. Phiroze's large arthritic hand hovered like a helicopter over the seat chart on Kaustubh's table before landing in one corner.

"That's right by where the blind folk always sit, bawaji," Kaustubh piped up.

"I know."

Phiroze did not sit down in the seat that he had chosen. He had planned to sit right next to the blind couple – if

he was curious about anything in life, it was about what they said to one another during the show. But when he got to their row, he realized that the man was sitting on the outside. And it would be extremely discourteous to sit right next to a lady in the dark, breathing in the jasmine scent of her hair on the other side of her husband. He left a gap of two seats between them, and settled down with his neck craned upwards at an unfamiliar angle.

Once the movie began, he was surprised at how new and fresh it all felt. This side of the Bauer, the story seemed much more real and flowing than it was when he himself was generating it from on high. Windows were all very well as viewpoints. But they could be constricting, too. Peripheral vision added so much to what was seen – as did peripheral humans and their reactions. Why did something make someone laugh? Why did something make one person weep and the other yawn? These questions – alongside the small matter of God and his will – were the essential matters of life.

The rush of unfamiliar sensations pulsing through him gathered into something visceral. It was only when he raised his hand to run it through his hair that he remembered he had been bald for twenty years. But lightly drumming a dhun up there on his pate, his

fingers said something to his bheja. Just because he was retiring, it didn't mean that he need turn his back on the Noor for good. He could still come here, down here – a common man like everyone else, the mass of anonymous faces on whose souls and shoulders rested the might of the powers above, whether human or divine. That was all of history, in one sentence. Was it his mind saying that, or the blind woman two seats away from him? It could just as well be her thought too. Her lips were certainly moving. He leaned over audaciously and heard:

"...smells of Mysore Sandal Soap."

Alarmed that he should have eavesdropped on somebody talking about him – his own body, long unshared – he jerked back like a spring. Then he laughed out loud. *Serves you right, bawaji. Why was it necessary to know everything anyway?* He turned back to the two faces raised towards the light and saw that they were smiling...at him laughing? It was when the show finally came to an end, and the lights came on, and he stood up and stretched his limbs, that he saw the woman feeling about for her slipper.

"Allow me." He picked it up and placed it back under her foot. The blind couple stood up. So did he. They were strangers no more.

She asked, "Is it your first time here?"

56th International Film Festival
Schedule - 23rd November 2025

INOX PANJIM - AUDI 1

9:00 AM
SENTIMENTAL VALUE

12:00 PM
SAND CITY

2:45 PM
SONGS OF ADAM

5:15 PM
SKIN OF YOUTH

8:00 PM
THE MYSTERIOUS GAZE OF
THE FLAMINGO

INOX PANJIM - AUDI 2

9:30 AM
CHAMBAL

PIRANTHANAAL
VAZHTHUKAL

12:45 PM
MAHIMA ALEKHA

DRUSHYA ADRUSHYA

4:30 PM
WHERE THE HEART IS

VIMUKT

8:00 PM
CHHAAVA

INOX PANJIM - AUDI 3

9:15 AM
I ONLY REST IN THE STORM

1:30 PM
PESCADOR

4:00 PM
LOCKDOWN

6:45 PM
BILYARISTA

9:00 PM
YI YI

INOX PANJIM - AUDI 4

10:30 AM
THE ODYSSEY OF JOY

1:45 PM
CALORIE

4:30 PM
MURLIWALA

6:00 PM
VADH 2

8:45 PM
LALA & POPPY

MAQUINEZ PALACE
AUDI 1

9:00 AM
FEAR

SUBARNAREKHA

12:30 PM
IN PURSUIT OF SPRING

2:45 PM
MAHAMANTRA

BHUPEN DA UNCUT

6:00 PM
FLOOD

8:30 PM
THALAPATHI

ASHOK AUDI

10:00 AM
THE MEMORY OF
BUTTERFLIES

1:00 PM
THE BEETLE PROJECT

4:00 PM
CROMA

7:00 PM
UNTAMABLE

SAMRAT AUDI

10:30 AM
CONTACT LENS

1:30 PM
BLACK OX

4:30 PM
LIVING THE LAND

7:30 PM
LATE SHIFT

INOX PORVORIM - AUDI 1

10:00 AM
KATANGA:
THE DANCE OF THE
SCORPIONS

1:00 PM
FATHER MOTHER SISTER
BROTHER

4:00 PM
HAPPY BIRTHDAY

7:00 PM
KARLA

INOX PORVORIM - AUDI 2

10:15 AM
SU FROM SO

1:15 PM
DEEPA DIDI

MALIPUT MELODIES

4:30 PM
MUKKAM POST
BOMBILWADI

7:15 PM
SIKAAR

INOX PORVORIM - AUDI 3

10:30 AM
IT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT

1:30 PM
MOSQUITOES

4:30 PM
BECOMING

7:30 PM
MAGELLAN

INOX PORVORIM - AUDI 4

10:45 AM
WHERE THE WIND
COMES FROM

1:45 PM
HUM TUM MAKTOOB

4:45 PM
BRIDES

7:45 PM
SHE BOARS

RAVINDRA BHAVAN MADGAON

4:00 PM
DRUSHYA ADRUSHYA

MAGIC MOVIEZ PONDA

6:00 PM
DRUSHYA ADRUSHYA



For today's 16-page special edition of *The Peacock* themed on art, Shilpa Mayenkar Naik has chosen to pay tribute to the unmistakable line of Francis Newton Souza, the great Goan artist and founder of the seminal Progressive Artists Group of 1940s Bombay, who famously wrote that "what I'd want to do is suspend my vocal cords on the nib of my pen like a mouthful of food at the end of a fork; to throw my voice like a ventriloquist's, but over a page, to emit sounds with gummed backs like postage stamps which stick firmly on paper; to make the split point of my pen the sensitive needling of a seismograph, as I can easily do when I draw." Naik says "from Souza you can learn that it's how you draw that gives character and feeling to your artworks. It's difficult to copy another artist's line, because each one has their own character, but this is my attempt to recreate his style – of course, however diligently you try to copy someone exactly, your own line will inevitably describe your own feelings and personality."



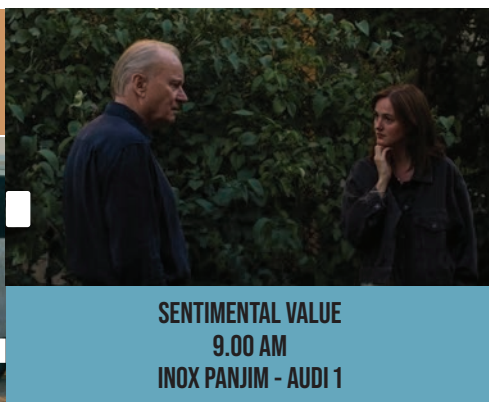
Peacock Picks



MURLIWALA
4:30 PM
INOX PANJIM - AUDI 4



IT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT
10.30 AM
INOX PORVORIM - AUDI 3



SENTIMENTAL VALUE
9.00 AM
INOX PANJIM - AUDI 1



THE MYSTERIOUS GAZE OF THE FLAMINGO
8:00 PM
INOX PANJIM - AUDI 1



Publisher: Asvin Chandru for the Entertainment Society of Goa | **Cover artist:** Shilpa Mayenkar Naik | **Editors:** Sachin Chatte, Michael Praveen, Daphne De Souza, Karishma D'Mello, Siddhartha Lall, Shivrannjana Rathore, Vivek Menezes | **Columnists:** Damodar Mauzo, Govit Morajkar | **Editorial:** Kinjal Sethia, Pragya Bhagat, Poulomi Das, Saachi D'Souza, Pankhuri Zaheer Dasgupta, Chandrahas Choudhury, Sherry Fernandes, Sanskar Sahu, Shaunak Sardessai | **Lead photographer:** Assavri Kulkarni | **Art:** Sayali Khairnar, Chloe Cordeiro | **Distribution:** Rutik Naik, Shridutt Kantak