THE PEACOCK

SUNDAY, 22 NOVEMBER 2026



When I Re-lived Anand

BY DAMODAR MAUZO

Anand, the timeless movie made in 1971, has remained with me for a long time, simply because I relate with it so deeply. When I saw the movie I felt like it was a celebration of death. It certainly inculcates a sense of positivity towards death.

If only my brother-in-law was to draw inspiration from it! Towards the end of the 7th decade of the last century, my brother-in-law was diagnosed with Osteosarcoma, one of the deadliest forms of cancer. Right from the day one when the orthopaedic surgeon saw his swollen knee and advised an immediate biopsy right till the end of his life I was by his side. It included rushing him to Tata Memorial Hospital, getting his limb amputated and undergoing a thoracotomy following pulmonary metastases. All our efforts came to an end within a span of little over a year. The man suffered a lot despite his strong will to live. I was privy to the entire episode. It was easy for Anand in the movie to die gracefully. In real life I saw a different story.

I had conceived a story and wanted to write it. Of course, the story was not about my sister or brother-in-law. But the genesis was my experience, my understanding of the patient's psyche. Nevertheless, I was afraid I may lose my objectivity. Months after that, one summer evening, as I had taken my children to the nearby sea beach, they raised a beautiful sand castle and when it was time to return one of them wanted to kick and demolish the castle when, the older one pulled the other and said, “let it remain here for the passers by to see and wonder how beautiful the castle is.” That sentence provided me the necessary spur that inspired me to write the story *Sand Castles*. A fine example how a real-life story can draw from a fictional movie and evolve as an independent piece of literature. That was not an end of it. In the year 2007, I myself was caught unaware by the disease. What looked like an innocuous swelling of a mosquito bite turned out to be a malignant development. As I was familiar with the course of action at TMC, I did not delay the procedure. Yet, the malignancy was detected as stage two as four of the 36 nodes removed were found affected. I was not perturbed. I remembered how Anand from the movie had faced the deadly malignancy. I also thought of my brother in law's sufferings. It was not death that made me apprehensive. It was my concern for my wife and children who would be upset. I vowed to myself that none of my action or reaction should lead to their fright. I had to undergo a surgery and six cycles of strong doses of Chemotherapy, all that cost me a bomb despite the subsidised treatment at TMC. But not for a moment I let my smile fade.

Today, after nearly twenty years of the cancer surgery, I am hale and hearty. Thanks to *Anand*.

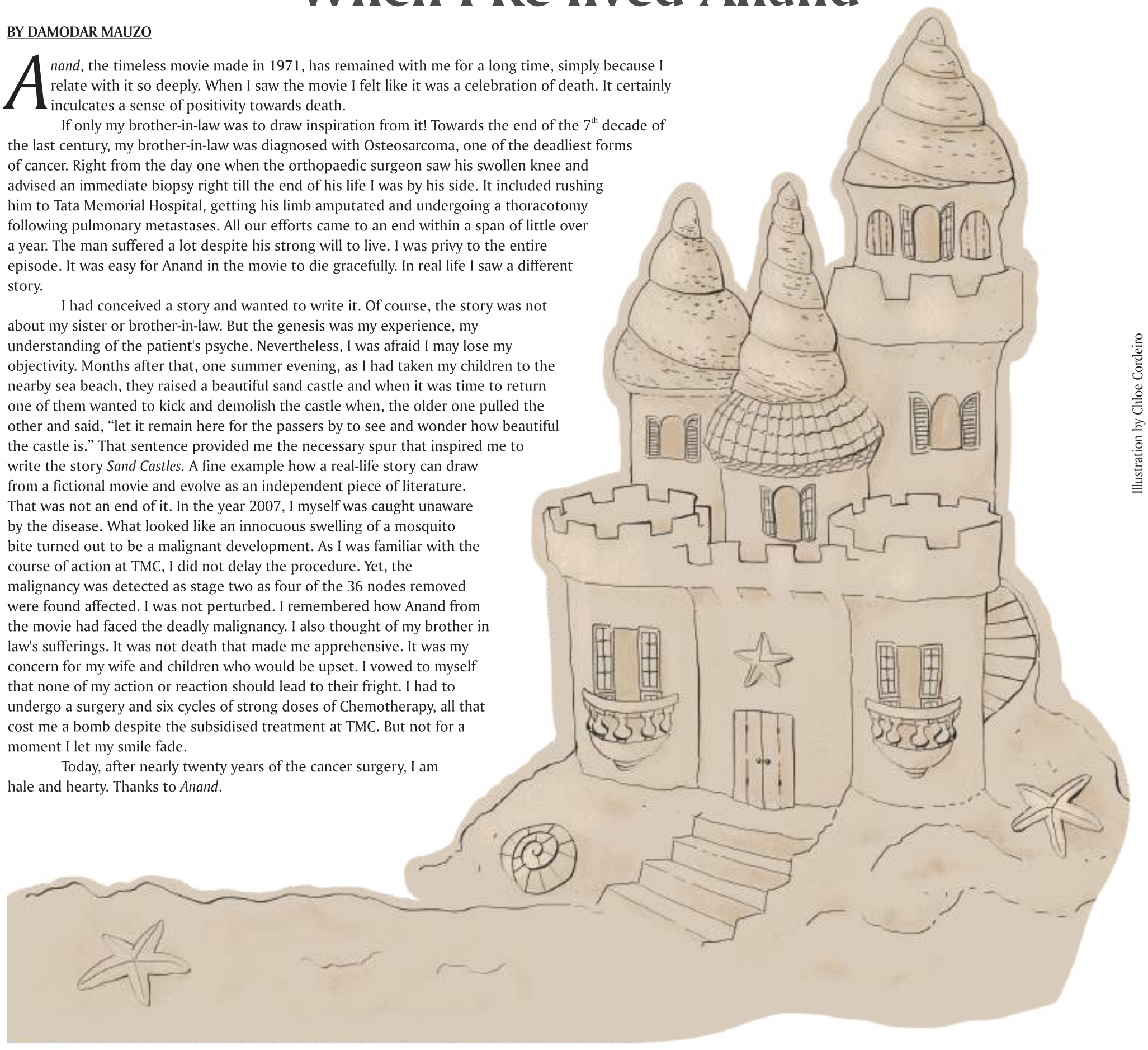


Illustration by Chloe Cordeiro

SHORT TAKES



The father-daughter relationship is the most special one. So, I am looking forward to watching Fatherland.

Debashree Chakroborty
Filmmaker
Kolkata



Cinema binds us and keeps telling people what to look forward to.

Pavithra Gajendran
IT Employee
Chennai



I graduated from the Old GMC in 1988, and now, I'm here 38 years later hoping to have some fun watching films at the festival.

Dr. Reena Nair
Retired Oncologist
Caranzalem



I just want to explore more movies so I can personally update myself as a filmmaker.

Raghul Raja
Filmmaker
Chennai

Man in Charge

BY JULIA ESTHER JACOB

The Peacock had the opportunity to sit down in conversation with Dipak Bandekar, the CEO of Entertainment Society of Goa, in his Maquinez Palace office.

Tell us a little about yourself.

I am 59 years old, and joined government service in 1996 as a Sales Tax Officer after passing the Goa Public Service Commission. Thereafter, in 2003 I got promoted to the Goa Civil Services. In 2012, I became a senior scale officer of the government, and served in taxation for nearly 20 years. Thereafter my main position was Director of Department of Information and Publicity from 2021 to 2026, and recently I was transferred as Director, Civil Aviation and took over as the CEO of ESG this past October.

What does it mean to be a Goan CEO of ESG?

It is a great, great honour and I think as a Goan, we can do it better knowing the ground realities. Sometimes there are physical challenges that I think we can do better, by directly approaching the concerned people. People can approach me anytime, physically or digitally, or by the phone. No need to take an appointment.

What are the biggest challenges involved in organising a festival of this scale and stature?

The main role of ESG is providing the infrastructure. Our team is quite experienced, they have been doing this for the last 12-13 years, and they are improvising on the challenges they face. Most of the things are set, and others like the IFFI Mile, the stalls, or the Masterclasses, there are certain challenges in them because there is no permanent infrastructure, and we have to get it ready in time. Plus, this team, along with me as the Director of Information and Publicity, had been to Cannes so we picked up some good practices. Actually, the badges which you get were earlier manually printed, and after that we got the kiosks where you can self-print.

How has the role of ESG evolved over the years?

With experience, it has become much simpler for our team as compared to earlier, but the main role is getting all the venues ready. The festival multiplex belongs to the state government, and now we have increased venues right from Margao and Ponda to Porvorim, so getting all of these blocked for those dates. Then, our main role is to book air tickets, and provide vehicles, hotels, accurate timetables, and ensure ease of movement with the shuttle service of KTC and e-rickshaws. That is the crucial part, and of course the décor part is also there for all Goans. This year, children's films are being screened at the Kala Academy.

Beyond IFFI, what is your vision as CEO of ESG?

Now there are a lot of activities happening at the ESG. Earlier, when it was started in 2004, they used to conduct only IFFI, but now there are many events taken on from other departments, of course on a commercial basis, with a certain amount retained by ESG which is self-sustaining, because the government grants are only towards IFFI. We have also become part of Serendipity, providing them with the infrastructure and whatever other support is required. This year we have supported Oktoberfest, Formula 4, and Indian Street Premier League which is beginning on Dec 6th. That is also supported by the government. We also have social media influencers onboarded for campaign of government schemes through the Department of Information and Publicity.



Photo by Assavri Kulkarni

Anything you would like delegates to know or be aware of that they might not know otherwise.

In addition to films and whatever is provided in the IFFI materials in your kit bags and only, *The Peacock* first edition has a useful centrespread page with all the important areas and places around Panjim which delegates can visit.

Can you tell us a little bit about your relationship with movies ?

Actually, I like suspense or comedy movies, not too serious. I do not get a chance to watch so many, but when my children or family says let's go for this particular movie, I have gone.

What is your all-time favourite movie?

Jaane Bhi Do Yaaro (1983) starring Naseeruddin Shah and Satish Shah.

SHORT TAKES



I think Goa is a chill place where you could just have fun and celebrate cinema. Cinema is supposed to channelize the audience and also inspire them to become better.

Rahul Jimmy
DOP
Chennai



Emotional films which can touch us and can move us are the most memorable.

Imtiaz Mohammad
Studio Owner
Hyderabad



I like to watch every kind of movie. The only thing is, the story and screenplay should be good.

Rishab Kumar
Assistant Director
Chennai



To bring the culture to the world level, cinema is required. I'm looking forward to the Congo Boy movie.

Magesh Kumar
Content Creator
Chennai

The Perfect Soundtrack of Kashmir Ki Kali

BY POULOMI DAS

A man in a burqa sits in the back of a truck, singing to a woman who pretends she cannot hear him. The truck rattles towards a village mela. The man is Shammi Kapoor, all elbows and eyebrows, and the song is "Subhaan Allah haseenchehra". The woman is Sharmila Tagore, 19 and new to Hindi cinema, trying very hard not to laugh. I must have watched that scene dozens of times, and every time, when Mohammed Rafi's voice slides in, warm and full of mischief, I am grinning before I can stop myself.

More than 60 years after *Kashmir Ki Kali* (1964) first lit up cinema halls, the International Film Festival of India (IFFI) is bringing it back to the big screen in Goa. The occasion is a double centenary for the two men who made that truck ride sing: the film's director and producer Shakti Samanta and its composer O.P. Nayyar. This year, they turned 100 together.

The film itself is gloriously silly. Rajiv (Kapoor), a rich young man fleeing an arranged marriage, drives into Kashmir and falls for Champa (Tagore), a flower seller on Dal Lake. He pretends to be poor to win her. Pran lurks as the lecherous Mohan. Nazir Hussain frets as Champa's father. There are lies, a big reveal, a drunken heartbreak and a happy ending. What lingers is the shikara gliding across the water while Raju sings "Taarifkaroonkyauski..," and Kashmir, shot in colour as if Samanta could not believe his luck.

Shakti Samanta was born in Bardhaman, in West Bengal, and came to Bombay wanting to be a playback singer. He stayed on as an assistant director instead, and made his first feature in the mid-1950s. *Howrah Bridge* (1958) was the first film from Shakti Films, the banner he had set up a year earlier. Starring Ashok Kumar and Madhubala, the smoky Calcutta crime thriller became his breakthrough. His career kept changing direction. He began with noir and nightclubs, moved to colour-soaked romances like *Kashmir Ki Kali* and *An Evening in Paris* (1967), and then, with *Aradhana* (1969), *Kati Patang* (1970) and *Amar Prem* (1971), made the melodramas that turned Rajesh Khanna into a phenomenon and gave Tagore her richest roles. The critics of his day mostly dismissed him as a hitmaker. I think that label is the key to why he matters. Few Hindi filmmakers grasped as fully as Samanta that a single song could hold the emotional weight of an entire film and he crafted pleasure with the care other filmmakers saved for tragedy.

In O.P. Nayyar, Samanta found a perfect accomplice. Born in Lahore, Nayyar never formally trained and never worked with Lata Mangeshkar. He built his sound on Asha Bhosle, Mohammed Rafi, galloping rhythms and Punjabi swing. The two men made only four films together, which included *Howrah Bridge*. That film gave us "Aaiye meherbaan" and "Mera naam Chin Chin Chu." *Kashmir Ki Kali* gave us almost everything else.

The story goes that Shammi Kapoor, by then a star with strong opinions about his music, wanted Shankar-Jaikishan for the film. But Nayyar sat down with Samanta and played him tunes he could not refuse. You can hear why the filmmaker gave in. Nayyar thought in rhythm first. His percussion clatters like bangles on a busy wrist, and the melodies float on top of it, restless and bright.

In "Yeh chandsa roshan chehra", Rafi keeps circling back to *taarif karoon kya uski*, pushing a little harder each time, until the praise tips into delirium and Kapoor is thrashing about on the shikara like a man possessed. Asha Bhosle, Nayyar's favourite voice, brings a sly, teasing heat to "Deewana hua baadal", and Rafi answers her with wide-eyed wonder. Even the heartbreak song, "Hai duniya usiki," comes with a saxophone moaning through the gloom of a bar. Samanta's gift was knowing what to do with all of it. He matched each song to a gesture or a place, so that 60 years later we remember the songs as scenes.

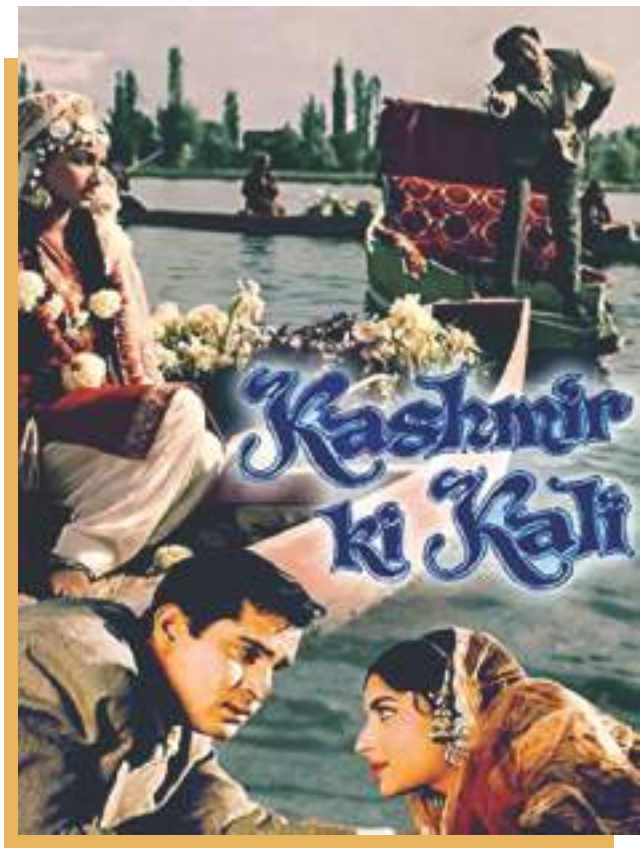
Still, how does a film this light still carry so much weight? Part of it is the Kashmir the film preserves: a valley of drifting houseboats and dizzy young love, caught before decades of conflict hardened the way Hindi cinema could look at it. In fact, this September, the first International Film Festival of Jammu and Kashmir projected *Kashmir Ki Kali* onto a floating screen on Dal Lake, on the very water where Rajiv once crooned to Champa. I can't imagine a lovelier way to see it.

But mostly, it is the simplicity of the film's joy. There is a lightness to Samanta's cinema that feels hard-won. Watching it again this week, I was tapping the table before "Kisi nakisi se," the film's opening number, had even found its stride. In the film, Rajiv sings that sooner or later, everyone has to give their heart to someone. A hundred years on, Samanta and Nayyar still have mine.

Screening times:

10 am on Sunday, November 22, INOX Panaji, Audi 4

10 am on Monday, November 23, Ravindra Bhjavan, Margao



SHORT TAKES



Through sound and image, especially in a theatre, cinema touches you and stays in your subconscious in a way the written word or audio alone can't.

Syna Dehnugara
Producer
Bengaluru



Today you see local people, from parts of the world we rarely see films from, come out and tell their own stories. It's really empowering and beautiful.

Tanmay Chowdhary
Filmmaker
Kolkata



Cinema these days is not just meant for entertainment anymore. I believe it's also for a purpose and a cause.

Kritika Anand
Writer
Gurugram



The distribution chain in India is broken. But whenever there's chaos and a broken chain, there's always an opportunity.

Arfi Laamba
Producer
Mumbai

Celebrating the Legend

BY ARTI DAS

Mário de Miranda (1926-2011) is a name that needs no introduction, not only in Goa but also worldwide. He was a legendary cartoonist and illustrator, as well as a prolific painter, muralist, and visual diarist. He portrayed Goa and its essence in its true sense and, in a way, designed a visual template of Goa.

2026 marks the centenary of Miranda's birth. To celebrate it, the 57th International Film Festival of India (IFFI), Goa, is screening the documentary, *The World of Mário…Seriously Funny* (2023), produced by Doordarshan Goa.

Co-director of the documentary, Sávio de Noronha, states, "Although we produced this documentary in 2022-23, we patiently waited to celebrate the legend called Mário in the year when he would have turned 100!"

"The documentary takes viewers on a journey through Mário's life, beginning with his childhood and tracing his journey right up to his eventual settlement in his ancestral village of Loutolim," says Sávio's co-director, Uday Kamat.

The 47-minute documentary has archival footage of Miranda, lent by Doordarshan Mumbai, where he speaks about his journey and how his mother inspired him to keep a diary from an early age. These diaries, in a way, were the stepping stone towards Miranda's artistic career.

"Mário is a glocal artist who is at home anywhere in the world. And what I discovered while writing about him is how prolific a visual diarist he was," says Óscar de Noronha, the scriptwriter for the documentary. He adds, "Mário had 18 volumes of diaries which he kept for 18 years. He used to sketch, paint, and take down notes each day of his life. It has 6000-odd pages of that."

Noronha, who is an associate professor of English at Government College, Khandola, has studied and documented Miranda's journey. In the year 2021, on Miranda's 10th death anniversary, he wrote an article on him in Portuguese titled, 'Uma Campanha Alegre de Mário de Brito Miranda' (A Cheerful Campaign by Mário de Brito Miranda) for 'Revista da Casa de Goa,' an online bilingual magazine, published in Lisbon. This piece, in a way, made its way into the documentary's script.

This film is a studied narration of Miranda's personal and largely professional life as he made his journey to Mumbai in the late 1950s, where he worked as a cartoonist. He worked for the leading English daily, The Times of India, and then went on to work with many editors and publications of repute. He travelled to Europe and the USA, which further nourished his career as an illustrator. His cartoon characters like Secretary Miss Fonseca, corrupt politician Bundledass, and the much-talked-about Bollywood star Rajani Nimbupani, were household names in the country in the 1970s and 1980s.

The documentary also has a rare interview with Fátima Miranda Figueiredo, Miranda's sister, 16 years younger than him, who recollects her association with him growing up. It also has interviews with stalwarts like filmmaker Shyam Benegal, who described Miranda's work as social commentary on Goa. Others include ad man Gerson da Cunha, artist Subodh Kerkar, cartoonist Alexyz, and his sons—Rishaad and Raul Miranda.


Photo by Assavri Kulkarni

The documentary doesn't restrict itself to Mário Miranda as a cartoonist or an illustrator but also speaks about other aspects of his life including his association with films. "Mário was a cinema enthusiast; in Mumbai, he used to watch three films back-to-back," adds Óscar. He even served as a creative assistant on the action film *The Sea Wolves* (1980), which was shot in Goa. Further, it was Miranda who had suggested that Benegal shoot *Trikal* (1985), his film on a Goan Catholic family in Goa, and offered his ancestral house in Loutolim for the shoot.

Miranda was an artist in the true sense and also someone who had vision for Goa. He was instrumental in setting up the Museum of Christian Art in Goa, restoration of Reis Magos Fort, and even inspired late fashion designer Wendell Rodricks to write his book, 'Moda Goa.' Museum curator Victor Hugo Gomes, whom Miranda motivated to start his ethnographic museum Goa Chitra, describes him as a true Goan. Recognising his tremendous contributions, Miranda was conferred the Padma Vibhushan posthumously in 2012 in the field of Art.

Sávio adds, "He took India to the world and his works are bringing the world to India." This film, in a way, is a reminder of why we need to celebrate Miranda.

The World of Mário… Seriously Funny will be screened on November 22 at 10:30 am at Maquinez Palace-I, Panaji.

SHORT TAKES



Creating culture without highlighting it is like a waste of time. Films both create culture and highlight it.

Maira Karsakbayeva
Line Producer
Kazakhstan



The festival has really good energy and a lot of great people. I've already made good contacts, had good discussions and a few good laughs.

Rod Vallis
Producer
Australia



IFFI has a long history, and Goa attracts a lot of people because of how beautiful it is and how beautiful its people are.

Prerana Barbarooah
Director
Assam



Movies have the power not only to create culture and highlight it, but to influence crores and crores of people across the globe.

Karan Singh Chhabra
Actor
Chandigarh

Short Films from Goa

BY ARTI DAS AND JULIA ESTHER JACOB

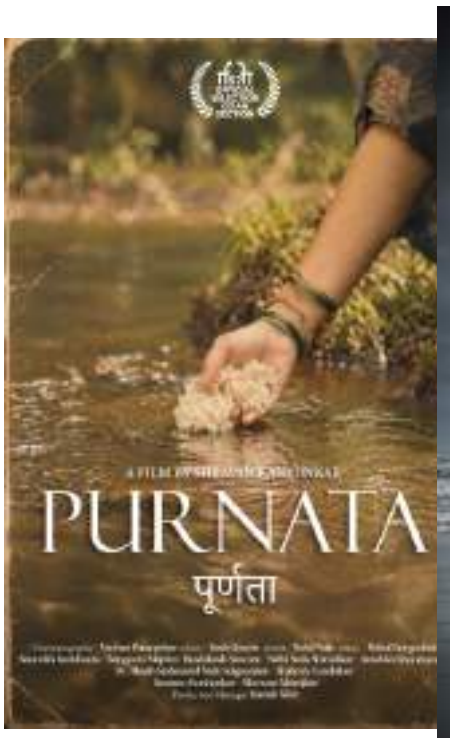
The Goan Films Section of the 57th International Film Festival of India (IFFI) showcases a bouquet of 12 films by young, experienced, and women filmmakers. The section opened with the short film *Ancessão* (2025), directed by Manguirish Bandodkar, on November 21.

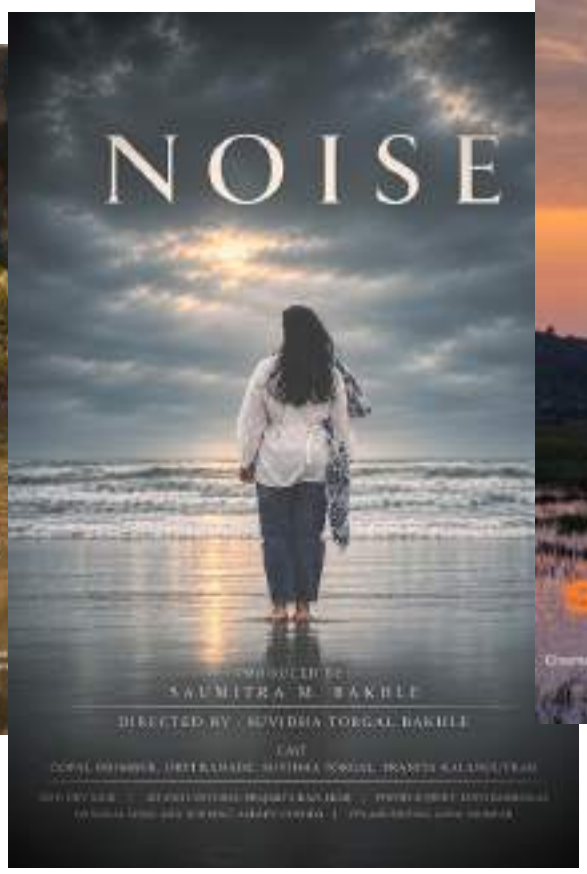
The majority of these movies–10 out of 12 are short films that delve into various topics, from portraying human behaviour to challenging traditions, to using flowers as metaphors.

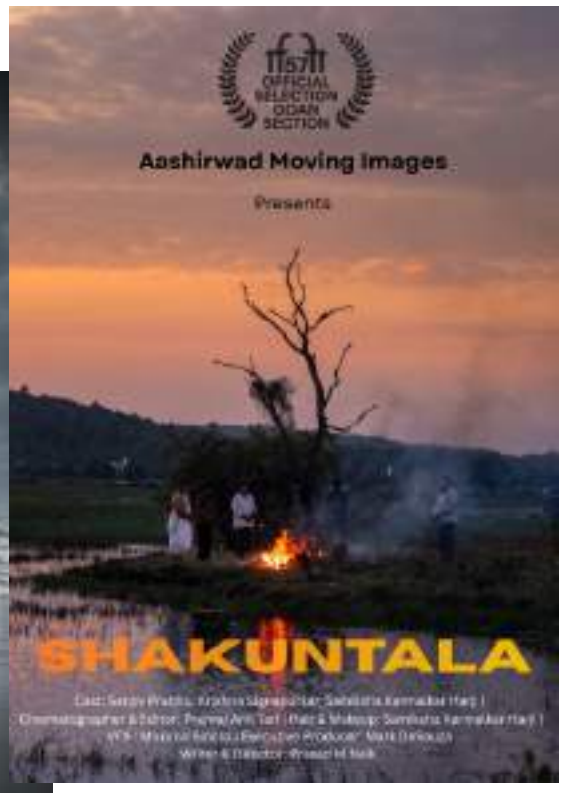
The Konkani short film *Shakuntala* (2025), written and directed by Prasad Naik, is an 11-minute short exploring whether love can truly transcend tradition. It narrates an instance when Shakuntala, the daughter of the family, is not allowed to attend her father's funeral, as she went against family tradition by marrying a man from a Christian family years ago. As the twelfth-day death ritual approaches—a ceremony considered vital for the peace of the departed soul—she finds herself at an emotional crossroad. Battling fear, guilt, and societal judgment, she gathers the courage to return to her childhood home.

"*Shakuntala* is an emotional film. It is based on a similar incident that I had experienced in my neighbourhood," says Naik, who is also a general body member of the Entertainment Society of Goa (ESG). It is a story of regret, realisation and also acceptance. The film was made last year as part of the 60-hour filmmaking competition. "We shot this film in 24 hours as the previous day was spent working on the concept of the film," he said.

Naik, who has been in the business of making films for more than 15 years, mentions that making a short film is a challenge in itself as the form doesn't allow him the luxury of time to tell his story. "It is a very difficult format. I don't have space and time to hold on to a particular scene.







Also, the beauty of this story is that I could make it in either one and half hour duration or just 11 minutes which I have made." He says the short-film format is gaining momentum now in Goa, with the format preferred by young filmmakers to express their stories.

One such young filmmaker is 19-year-old Shravan Kankonkar, who has made a 24-minute short titled *Purnata* (2026),. It is a film that is based on the humble zayo, a garland of jasmine flowers. "This is my first proper film. I have never made a film of such a long duration, as I am used to making reels that are five to six minutes. However, while working on my next reel, I realised that this script needs more audience, and thus this film came about. I have made this film with no proper equipment. I am glad that it got selected for IFFI. This gives me confidence and helps me to go ahead," says Kankonkar.

Purnata depicts a journey of human emotions through the zayo. It travels through different lives, sharing moments of happiness and sadness, bringing comfort, hope, and joy. As days pass, the flowers slowly wither, yet continue to make lives beautiful with their fragrance—just like how people may go, but their thoughts and impact linger. Kankonkar maintains that to express this simple yet profound emotion, the short-film format is ideal. "[The] short-film format helped me to keep it focused and simple. It also allows the audience to feel the film," he said.

Noise (2026) is another short film that talks about human emotions, but ones that are rather complex. With a run-time of 15 minutes, the film is by Suvidha Torgal Bakhle, who is also a theatre artist and screen actor. It is an intimate exploration of human behaviour, relationships and the difficulty of breaking free from patterns that we know are harmful, following Tara, who finds herself caught in the turbulence of a relationship shaped by love, conflict and unresolved emotions. Through moments of tenderness, confrontation, memory and introspection, the film explores the paradox of human nature: our ability to recognise our own dysfunction, our sincere desire to change, and yet our tendency to return to the very behaviours and patterns we have tried to leave behind.

"Through this film, I wanted to tell real stories that hide in our everyday simple moments which we subconsciously sideline. We, as humans, have some unresolved corners of our tendencies and emotional side; I thought of highlighting one such tendency through the film," says Bakhle, who is also one of the few young women filmmakers from Goa who are trying to explore this medium. She says, "Women can see the world through so many lenses that the rest of the world can only imagine. If more women started actively telling stories, I'm sure they will help the world in more ways than we realise."

Shakuntala will be screened on November 22 at 3:45 pm at INOX Screen-IV, Panaji; Purnata on November 23 at 12:45 pm at INOX Screen-IV, Panaji; Noise on November 23 at 2 pm at INOX Screen-IV, Panaji.

SHORT TAKES



The most exciting part of cinema is the collaboration between so many people and so many departments.

Manav Malhotra
Filmmaker
United States



Films copy life, but then a film becomes an example and people start copying the film.

Vishwesh Shivaprasad
Filmmaker
Bengaluru



Cinema is a global industry now. We are looking for stories that can travel, for example between Spain and India.

Lara Molina
Coordinator (Spain Film Commission)
Madrid



Films both highlight culture and create it, because cinema itself is a culture. So we are creating it.

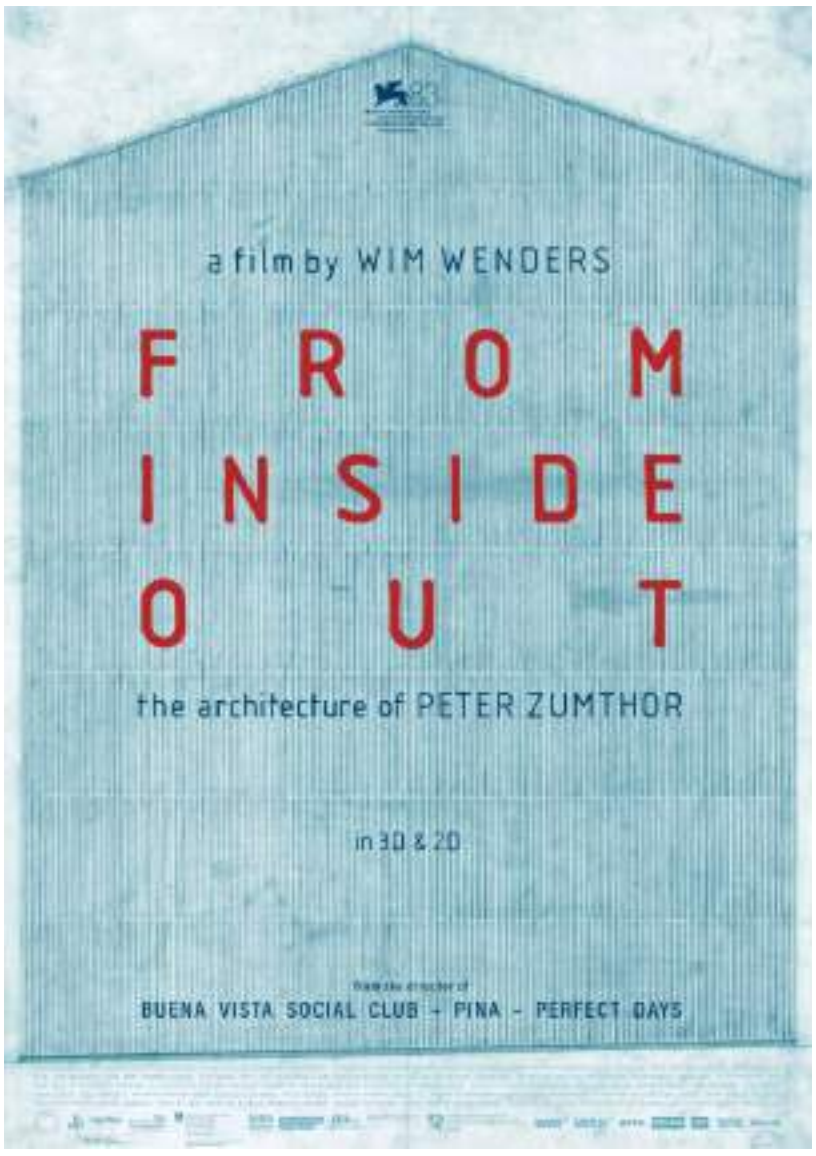
Usha Jadhav
Actress
Kolhapur

Making Space in Cinema: From Inside Out

BY SWAPNIL A.

It was twelve years ago, in the library of my architecture school in Bhopal, that I first came across the architect Peter Zumthor. Funnily enough, it was his lecture 'Atmospheres' that found me before his buildings. A Pritzker laureate, Zumthor is widely admired in the architecture world for his built works and philosophy that the 'quality' of architecture is in the 'atmosphere' it is able to create. For him, architecture is beyond the individual elements—the material, the geometry, the doors, or the amount of space. Rather, it is in the intangible—how the light falling on the material reveals its textures; if there is birdsong or whether the click-clack of shoes is softened or amplified in the geometry; if the door handle is cool to touch on a warm summer day; if the amount of space evokes a certain memory of a certain childhood; effectively, in the interplay of all these experiences. Beyond the structure, its how the building nestles in the larger space and histories that surround it. A building, like film, is a function of time—each instance of the experience is unique, after all no (wo)man steps in the same river twice.

This atmospheric sense of architecture is what Wenders strives to bring to the audience—hoping it will allow them to pay a bit more attention to their built spaces—in his documentary *From Inside Out: The Architecture of Peter Zumthor* (2026). He believes that buildings, after all, are not just the stage on which our lives unfold but shape our selves—as we live and work and sleep and dream in them. While this feature length documentary was filmed over fourteen years, his tryst with Zumthor first began with *Notes from a Day in the Life of an Architect* (2012), a 10-minute short that he was commissioned to make on the Swiss architect for the Venice Architecture Biennale. Wenders, moved by Zumthor's work and approach to his practice, began to wrestle with how to film 'space'. Architecture, when seen this way, is not frozen music, as Goethe claimed. Rather, it sings and breathes with the people it shelters and lived



experience remains the only real metric to judge its success.

The film, in that light, has undertaken a mammoth task to document Zumthor's buildings in the medium of cinema. Wenders claims 3D cinematography is the answer in The Hollywood Reporter, "A screen is a two-dimensional thing, any effort to represent space on it is make-believe. Only the invention of digital 3D, native 3D, has made the screen go away and become a window, open to infinity and also to things taking place in front of the window. Architecture is the one art, together with dance and theatre, that is unthinkable without space. So, if I wanted an audience to experience the world of an architect, I felt I needed space itself at my disposal, not just as a technology, but as a cinematic language."

What intrigues me the most is his decision to weave the elusive aspect of time into his film. Developed across fourteen years, it allows us, in a span of a hundred and fourteen minutes, to witness the buildings in different stages—get built, grow walls and roofs, age, develop the patina of time and humble a little more in the lands they are planted in.

The question then is: can one truly translate the full breadth of sensory experience through the tools available in filmmaking? Wenders brings for us, along with his stereoscopic imagery, the next closest thing. Instead of the buildings by themselves, we are made privy to people who experience the building for us, and in that way, we are ourselves brought a little closer—sometimes to feeling soothed by the light dappling on the gurgling water at the Therme Vals or being rattled by the wind flapping while reading the testimonies of the women murdered for being suspected of witchcraft at the Steilneset Memorial in Norway.

The word 'experience' comes from the Latin word *experientia*, developing itself in the way to mean an experiment, a proof and that which is gained through repeated trials. In that sense, the only way to experience a work of architecture is to truly 'experience' it—with all your senses—a mere photograph cannot suffice. Can cinema, engaging sight and sound, stand-in for the many trials of our bodies, the curious experiments aroused in all our senses? I look forward to how Wenders, with the craft of filmmaking, renders tactile and breathing the magic of Zumthor's buildings on the screen.

From Inside Out: The Architecture of Peter Zumthor will be screened on November 25 at 7:30 pm at Samrat Audi, Panjim, and on November 27 at 7:45 pm at INOX Screen-IV in Porvorim.

SHORT TAKES



Film is the best way to give a message to the world, and film platforms make it very easy to reach the global world.

Masood Ali
Filmmaker
Hyderabad



At Film Bazaar, you can meet so many people from so many production houses under one roof.

Pramit Kumar Gupta
Director
Aligarh



I live, breathe and sleep cinema. Everything about it excites me.

Nidhee Kabra
Producer
Mumbai



Since I was five, cinema has given me a feeling nothing else does. I can cry when I watch a film. Film is everything for me.

Swara Lipi
Producer
Kolkata























Fiction, Film, and the Sahriday

BY CHANDRAHAS CHOUDHURY



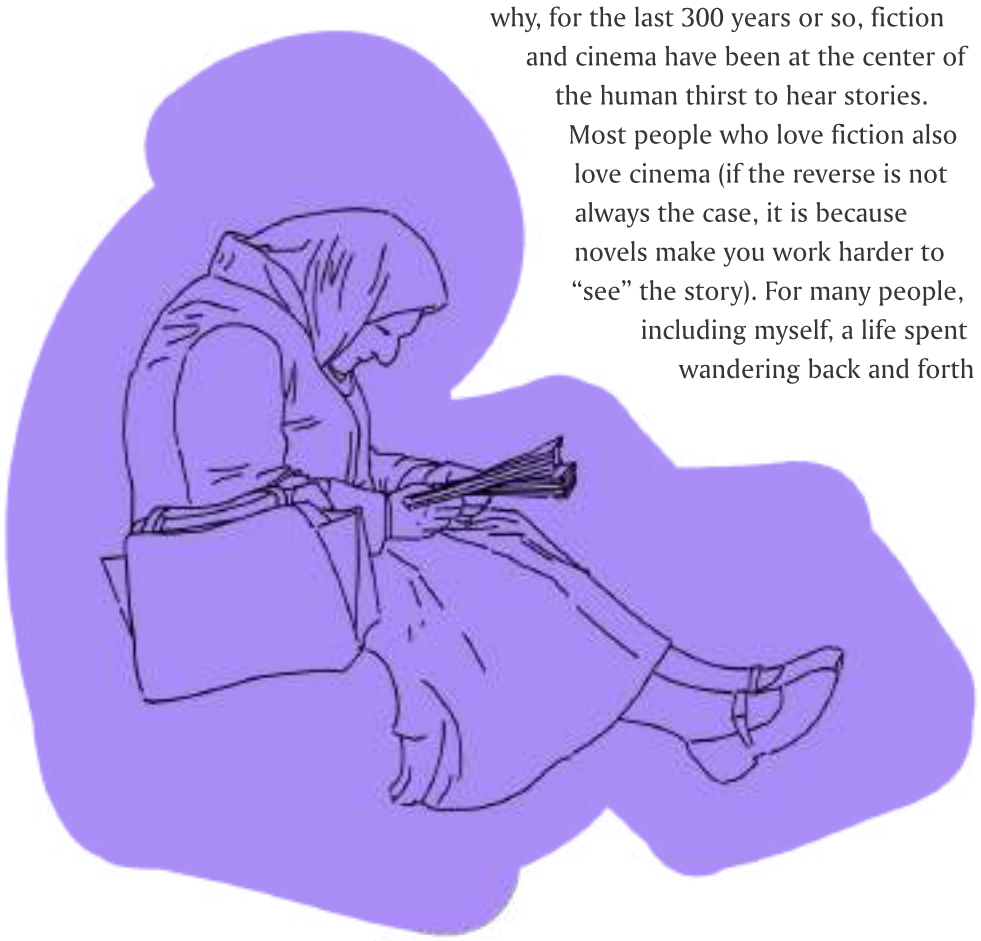
It was like getting a letter from the president of America. Lying amidst a pile of bills and events listings in my college mailbox in March 2001 was a letter from Shyam Benegal, the film director I admired above all others. I'd written a fan letter to him, also asking if I could come to work with his production house, Sahyadri Films, in some capacity when I graduated. I hadn't expected to find a reply written by his own hand.

"Dear Chandrahas," it said – I could almost hear Benegal's quavering voice in my ear – "thank you for your kind words. When you are in Bombay next, please meet me at my office in Tardeo." In the meantime, he advised, since I was studying literature, perhaps as an exercise I could take an Indian novel I loved and try to adapt it for the screen. That would help him assess my potential.

Thinking about it now, this was both wise and artful advice. Thinking about it then, it seemed almost discouraging. Adaptation? Why rehash someone else's story when my head was full of my own thrilling characters and scenes that needed to surge through actors, projection machines, audiences? I ignored Benegal's cue and spent the best part of my summer holidays thrashing out a screenplay about the fellowship between two young waiters in Bombay. This, I posted to my idol.

A few weeks later, the revered Shyamji was in Delhi for a film festival and said I could meet him there. I presented myself. He fixed his heavy-lidded gaze upon me as he handed me my previous file. "This is not good," he said. I realized that this was THE END.

Benegal was making a gesture towards points of connection and exchange between narrative forms. Novels and films are natural allies. That's because they have a common goal. To tell stories rich in feeling that observe human beings and their relationships in a way that also allows us to explain our own lives to ourselves. That is why, for the last 300 years or so, fiction and cinema have been at the center of the human thirst to hear stories.



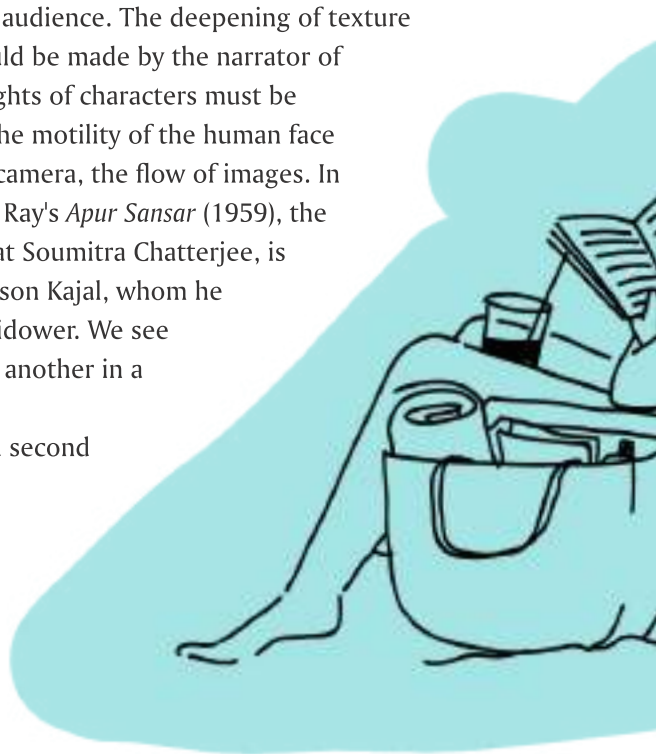
Most people who love fiction also love cinema (if the reverse is not always the case, it is because novels make you work harder to "see" the story). For many people, including myself, a life spent wandering back and forth between novels and films is the life most worth living.

But Benegal was also making an even more instructive point – too subtle for me to appreciate at the time – about the specificity of artistic forms. In taking a great story in a book and trying to recast it for the moving image, we come to see, very swiftly, that novels and films draw their power from very different centers.

One might say that the spiritual center of the novel is the human mind; while that of cinema, the human face.

The great achievement of the novel was to invent a way of storytelling that doesn't just show us characters doing things. It shows us in real time why they do what they do, how they explain themselves to themselves and others, how they change in ways that even they sometimes do not perceive as they do this thinking. Once a novel has established details of time and place, we experience the lives of the characters from the inside out, almost as a meeting of minds. Even life doesn't allow us to get into someone else's head like that, so a novel becomes a story that, to the reader, feels like becoming a compound self. We don't really care what Anna Karenina looks like. We care what she feels about her looks. We want to experience the world as she does.

With film, things work in the opposite direction. The dynamism of human personality, the would-be screenwriter soon learns, can be established only through the use of action, conversation, montage – anything that feeds the hungry camera and the waiting actors and the restless audience. The deepening of texture that in novels would be made by the narrator of the story or the thoughts of characters must be realized, in film, primarily through the motility of the human face and all its *rasas*, the mobility of the camera, the flow of images. In the seaside closing scene of Satyajit Ray's *Apur Sansar* (1959), the middle-aged Apu, played by the great Soumitra Chatterjee, is movingly reconciled with his young son Kajal, whom he had abandoned upon becoming a widower. We see father and son running towards one another in a wide shot.



But it's the next shot, only a second in length, of the camera advancing towards Apu from a low angle that really pierces our emotional defences. For the camera has suddenly dropped us, without warning, into Kajal's body, where the emotional center of the scene resides. Film technique and human emotion have achieved a perfect match.

As Benegal knew, novels and films can be windows on one another. In learning to appreciate their differences, we go back to each form with an even more intense awareness of what makes them tick, and how they use their respective moves – shots and cuts in films, sentences and sequences in novels – to generate a sense of burnished reality.



Illustrations by Chloe Cordeiro

In our century, films and TV have definitively supplanted novels and short stories as the way that most people prefer to get their story hit. As a society, even perhaps as a species, we are moving away from the verbal to the visual. Most of the people who read my first novel *Arzee the Dwarf* when it came out in 2009 would, I know, not do so if it came out today; they'd likely watch something on an OTT platform instead. This is not merely anecdotal. Several large-scale recent surveys show a steep decline in reading for pleasure, particularly among the young. Perhaps there's no tragedy in this. Things are always changing; technology keeps reshaping the way in which we live, and never faster in human history than in our age.

But it is possible to make the claim that in losing touch with literature, the moving image has ended up losing its grip on its own self. Today, so much visual narrative betrays the anxiety of being made for an audience that consumes large amounts of short-form content that packs so much stimulation into 90 seconds that even cinema, with a cut every three or four seconds, comes to seem slow to them (and literature, therefore, super slow, almost unreadable). Almost all narrative made for television in India today seems to me to be lacking in what one might in Indian aesthetics call *thehraav*: a calm and radiant center born from self-respect, of the kind that one finds, for example, in Chaitanya Tamhane's magisterial *The Disciple* (2020), a film about the power of classical music to give meaning to life, or even the first season of the village drama *Panchayat* (2020), with its delightful character portraits and relaxed exposition.

From literature's self-discipline, cinema learnt to demand our attention, in both senses of the word. By enchanting us with narrative artistry (and of course, hypnotically beautiful faces), but also by insisting that we respect its tempo and its rhythms. When the lights went out in the cinema hall, this was art's way, metaphorically speaking, of training a spotlight on the audience. It was time to give ourselves fully to what was in front of us.



And it is in this changed context of narrative art and the moving image today that I want to cherish the idea of the film festival. About 11,500 delegates attended IFFI 2025 – from all parts of India, many from other parts of the globe – and there are sure to be at least as many this year. But as I see it, these cinephiles are a large mass of people trying to escape the gravitational pull of an even larger mass of people – the mass that has become schooled by the sociotechnological landscape to be distracted even when an artistic experience has the potential to be all-consuming. That consumes (and in doing so funds) drama without ever being consumed by it in turn.

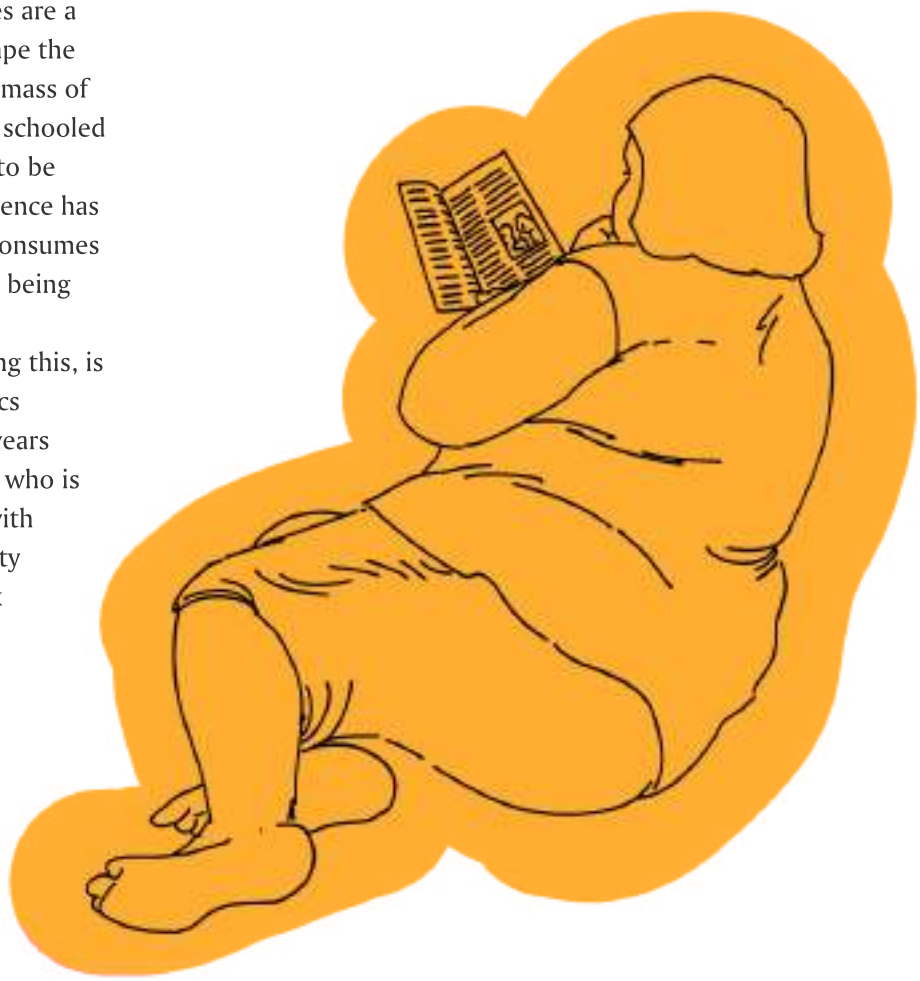
I don't think there is any snobbery in saying this, is there? As the Kashmiri philosopher of aesthetics Abhinavagupta wrote more than a thousand years back, art seeks a viewer, or hearer, or reader who is a *sahriday*, someone of kindred spirit who with his or her attention, experience, and capacity for pleasure and wonder brings the artwork to its fullest state of realization.

Thirty years ago, the film festival was an antidote to scarcity and standardization. The films it screened would be impossible to find anywhere else; when I first saw Abbas Kiarostami's *The Wind Will Carry Us* (1999) in a cinema hall in Daryaganj in New Delhi in 1999, it seemed to have arrived from some other planet. Today, festivals still play that role. But paradoxically, they are also an antidote to superabundance. There is viral content at our fingertips all day long, crowding out cinema the same way that the OTT revolution only so recently crowded out reading for pleasure. So the festival becomes the protector of the deepest places of the soul from which cinema emerges – of the camera that not only tells a story, but educates the eye in how to see, the soul in how to feel.

A film festival is cinema returned to the scale of literature. Where the relationship between each viewer and each film is sacred, and the hope is always that if things go as planned, each side will find in the other, a *sahriday*.

Cherish that thought as the lights go out, and switch off that goddamn phone. THE BEGINNING.

Chandrahas Choudhury is the author of three novels: Arzee the Dwarf (2009), *set in an old Mumbai cinema; Clouds* (2018), and *Days of My China Dragon* (2019).



How to Goa
(Without Getting on our Nerves)

BY SHERRY FERNANDES

"If I am to be born again, and am allowed to choose my future birthplace, I shall undoubtedly opt for Goa."
— Bakibab Borkar

Borkar was a legendary Goan poet who had a way of capturing the loveliness of his beloved homeland in verse. His words celebrated an affection that went beyond its landscapes, reaching into the rhythms, culture and character of our home. I find myself returning to that sentiment often.

It is in the warm smell of fresh *poi* from the *vaddo's* bakery, the sound of Lorna's music drifting out of someone's window on a Sunday afternoon, and the comfort of knowing the river, fields and sea are never far away. I've called a few places home over the years, but no matter how far I go, I find myself back home, in Goa. This idyllic state is one of the few places where you can spend a morning swimming in the Arabian Sea, an afternoon wandering through old neighbourhoods and an evening fishing at the local *mansher* (sluice gates). There is so much to discover and often, in places you might not think to look.



Illustration by Sayali Khairnar

Goa's beauty lies in its gentle proportions, in a landscape that never seems too vast nor too imposing to approach. In a matter of hours, you can move from the coastline to languid rivers, dense mangrove forests, sunlit paddy fields, towering coconut palms and the forested mountains of the Western Ghats. It is a landscape rich in life, shaped by its ecology, its people and generations of living alongside the natural world. With IFFI 2026 bringing you here, I hope you find time between screenings to explore beyond the familiar tourist circuit. So, consider this a little guide to my home: a few places and experiences I'd love for you to discover, and a few things I'd ask you to keep in mind while you're here.

Start with Panjim. Walk along the Mandovi promenade early or as the sun softens in the evening. Listen to the gentle, rhythmic lapping of water against the shore and if you're lucky, you might spot a pod of humpback dolphins surfacing in the distance.

Wander through Fontainhas' narrow *vaddos* taking in the colourful homes, ornate balconies and oyster-shell windows. Made from locally sourced windowpane oyster shells (*Placuna placenta)*, these pearly, translucent panes, known as *calva chi zonellam* (oyster windows) or *capiz*, are designed to soften harsh sunlight while allowing natural light to filter into homes. Today, these oysters are exceedingly rare and are classified as endangered. Admire them, but remember that people live here. Don't peer through windows, pose at doorsteps or point your cameras into private spaces.

There is a particular charm to the bustle of a Goan fish market in the early mornings. The chatter of fishmongers, the briny air, haggling over prices, and the morning's catch being laid out on beds of ice. Step away from the café-hopping circuit and instead make your way here early when the boats have returned and the markets are waking up. You'll find mackerel, sardines, pomfret, prawns and whatever else is in season, as the sellers all compete for your attention with an enthusiastic "*bai!*" or "*bab!*" You won't be ignored. There's a cacophonous energy to it all and it's worth experiencing.

You will often find locals biking down to the river in the evenings, fishing rods in hand looking for a good spot along the banks. It is a familiar sight in Goa and one I've come to enjoy being part of. I've spent many weekends fishing and brought home my fair share of *chonaks*, trevally and catfish. The anticipation of the catch will have you hooked. Join local fishers aboard their traditional boats and try it yourselves.

Goa also has plenty of edible souvenirs to offer. Pick up some dried *bombil* (bombay duck) to make fish salads or dried *galmo* (tiny shrimp) to stir-fry and toss into your ramen. The possibilities are endless.

Growing up here, there was something also quite wonderfully unhurried about the way we lived. Doors were rarely closed, and it wasn't unusual for someone to drop by unannounced and be invited to sit down for a meal. There was always something being cooked, something to share and enough food to make room for one more. Today, that still is one of the loveliest ways to experience Goa: around a table with nowhere particular to be. Find a little local eatery for a fish thali of *ukde tandul* (local red rice), fried fish and *sol kadi*, or settle in for a plate of pork *sorpotel* and soft *sannas* (slightly sweet steamed rice cakes). In the evening, you could stop by a food truck run by a local *kaka* or *mai* serving mutton soup, beef croquettes or *poi* stuffed with Goan chorizo and definitely leave room for *ros omelette*. Strike up a conversation, get recipes and order something you haven't tried before.

This little state is also home to a remarkable stretch of the Western Ghats, one of the world's amazing biodiversity hotspots. Beyond the beaches and bustling towns lies a world of forest trails, jungle streams and mangrove lined rivers, alive with all sorts of creatures and endemic species. Trade an evening at a bar for a guided walk with a naturalist. I've spent happy hours around these wooded paths, watching kingfishers dart, crocodiles slip into rivers and fish snap at the surface among mangroves.

You don't have to squeeze all of Goa into your visit. Do very little for an afternoon. Sit at a tavern, watch flocks of birds pierce the evening sky at the promenade or take the longer road through any village. That's where much of Goa's charm lives.

A few things I hope you'll keep in mind: We work, raise families, fish and farm here. We are *susegad*, but we care deeply about our home. We're happy to have you here; we'd love it if you treat our spaces with care, too. Please leave your vehicles off our beaches. These are living coastal landscapes, not off-road tracks, and driving over them destroys fragile habitats, disturbs wildlife and puts people at risk. When exploring our villages, take it slow. Our roads can be narrow, winding and shared by pedestrians, cyclists and the occasional wandering dog or snake. Slow down, stay alert and give them the right of way. Don't block someone's gate or park across a footpath. If you've rented vehicles, you do not need to put it through its paces. Enjoy your drives but please don't drink and drive. We'd much rather you leave Goa with happy memories than feature in its accident reports.

Don't leave your rubbish behind. Find a bin or carry your waste until you do. Goa in its smallness already struggles with the pressures of unchecked tourism, development and the waste they bring. Enjoy the nightlife, but remember that the villages around bars and clubs are homes, too. Keep the noise down, avoid unnecessary honking or drunken brawls. Respect people's privacy. A pretty courtyard or paddy field isn't an invitation to wander in.

Borkar wished to call Goa home all over again. I echo that feeling. I hope when you leave, you carry this sentiment with you so you too can find the same loveliness when you return.

Afrikencho Sombond

BY LEAXAN FREITAS

Listening to music from Senegal, Cabo Verde, Cameroon, Nigeria and elsewhere across Africa from my vinyl collection got me thinking—what influence did African music have on our Goan artists, if any?

With a diaspora settled in cities across East Africa, tiatrists (performers of Goa's Konkani musical theatre, tiatr) toured cities like Kampala, Nairobi, Mombasa and Nakuru. Archived tiatr handbills are evidence of these tours. Studying the handbills got me wondering: Did the likes of Antonette and Jacinto Vaz return from their tours of East Africa and incorporate something they had picked up there into their music?

So, I started to explore various African connections in Goan music, starting off with Alfred Rose's repertoire, specifically his song, *Kampala*. Rose croons about a "Cinderella" he'd met in Uganda's capital, Kampala. Beyond that reference, I found no other musical connection to Africa in the song.

My mind then wandered to Nalini Elvino De Sousa's documentary *O Clube* (2021) which focuses on the Goan Institute (GI) in Dar es Salaam and the links between Goa and Tanzania. The GI, now called the Dar es Salaam Institute (DI), was a club where the Goan diaspora in Dar es Salaam and Zanzibar could socialise. Interestingly, Tony Almeida, the architect of the building that houses the GI, was also of Goan origin. His brother, Sarto Almeida, designed buildings that can be found around Panjim and across Goa.

From the GI, my curiosity next led me to The Jazz Swingers, featured in Judy Luis-Watson's book, *Waiting for the Sunrise–Goan Jazz Musicians in Dar es Salaam*. These musicians were of Goan heritage and played swing jazz around Dar in the 1950s.

Another connection came from a conversation with tiatrist Joe Rose. His song *Khapurlem* has the phrase "Hanga yo go, kuja hapa kidogo," (in English, "Come here lady, come here for a moment") which combines Konkani in the first part with Swahili in the second. Joe told me that his sister spent years living in Kenya and whenever she visited, she would use a few Swahili phrases around the house out of habit. Influenced by her, he ingeniously blended one of these phrases with Konkani.

Swahili surfaced in another unexpected place, an album released by Rock and Raaga, a former music store in Panjim. Titled *GoAfrica–Mama Zainabu*, the album brought Goa and Africa together through its artwork, featuring a Maasai man alongside giraffes, elephants and coconut trees on a beach, and had songs titled *Pole Pole Salsa*, *Ahsantte*, *Malaika* and *Lala Salama*, all Swahili words.



Illustration by Chloe Cordeiro

To get a musically unbiased opinion on the matter, I spoke to Scottish DJ and music producer Brian d'Souza, who performs as Auntie Flo as a tribute to his late Goan aunt, Florie. I wanted to know if he had noticed any distinct African influences in Goan music. Brian has recorded music with local musicians in Nairobi and has also listened to recordings of Lorna and Alfred Rose. I felt that if anyone could find a connection, it would be him. Our conversation took us through rhythms, drums and possible similarities, but in the end, he lamented, "The honest answer to your question is I didn't really reach any conclusions from this because obviously now you have so many diverse styles of music that are being created and there are so many different influences from everywhere."

While these references offer glimpses into Goa's musical past and its connections with Africa, there is also an undercurrent of Afrobeats running through the work of Goa's present generation of musicians and music producers who have been redefining what music from Goa sounds like and are taking it in new directions.

DJ Skeletron (Allan D'Souza) is a DJ and music producer known for blending Afro inspired elements into his tracks and remixes. Konkani hits like *Nach Re*, *RingaRinga* and *Nani* all have an Afro-inspired vibe. He says, "I'm a huge fan of African music, especially its polyrhythms, triplet flows, and the way percussion is used. I've always loved percussive sounds, and African music has so much groove and energy. That inspired me to experiment with these elements and bring them into my own music while keeping my Goan roots alive. My goal is simple: to take the Konkani language to an international level by blending it with global music styles. I want people from different parts of the world to enjoy Konkani music, even if they don't understand the language. Music has no boundaries, and I want to be part of taking our culture to a global audience."

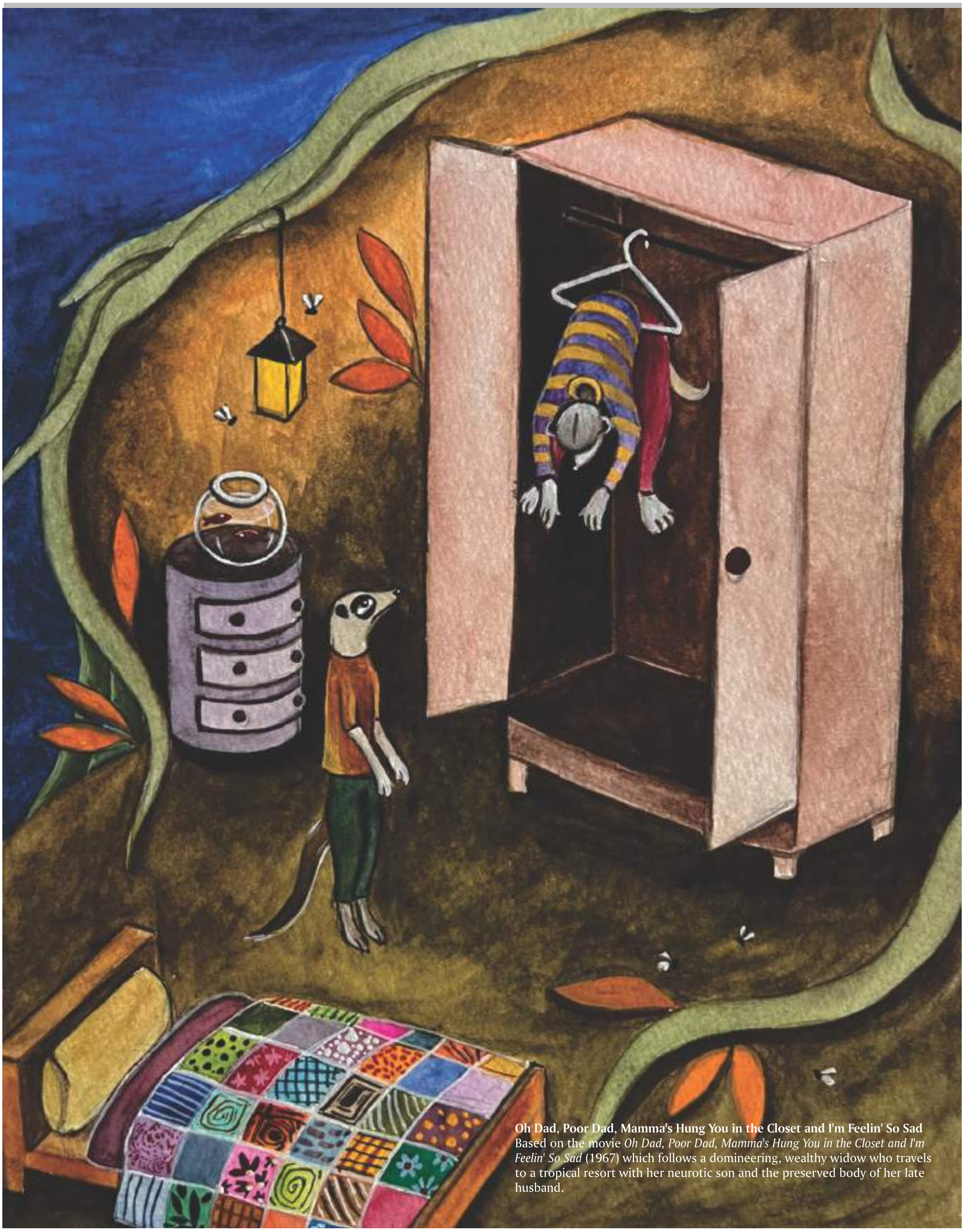
Bongisio (Carisio Azavedo), a rapper, musician and songwriter who used Afrobeats on his track *Rit na*, says, "Bongobeat has to have an Afro track. I like Afro Music. [For] most of the music in the world, the beats came out of Africa. I am not talking about the melody but just the beats, Rumba, Soca, Moombahton, Reggaeton, this kind of music is hip moving music. It makes people dance. When I produce the beat structure, the brain puts your body into motion."

Tsumyoki (Nathan Joseph Mendes), a rapper, singer-songwriter and record producer, has a new EP out, aptly titled *Afro Yoki*. He describes *Afro Yoki* as a collection of songs rooted in his family's journey between Africa and Goa. His great-grandmother was born and raised in East Africa, where Swahili was spoken at home. His grandfather, who worked in Dubai, recorded African and Portuguese music from Dubai radio broadcasts onto cassettes and brought them back to Goa. Growing up listening to these rhythms, Tsumyoki unknowingly absorbed the grooves that would later shape his sound, which he calls "the Goan Bounce." The EP's opening track, MIA, features Nigerian artist Muyeez. For him, *Afro Yoki* isn't a new sound, but a rhythm passed down through generations. A connection between Africa and Goa that was in his family long before it was in him.

As a vinyl selector, I often find myself reaching for the African records in my collection when preparing for a gig and perhaps this is why I was always on the lookout for an African-Goan connection.

One evening, while listening to a newly acquired old Angolan record by the band Duo Ouro Negro, something unexpected happened. As the record spun, I found myself listening to the lyrics more closely. Was that Konkani I could hear? It turned out that the band had recorded a song titled *Canção da Despedida*, a cover of the mando *Adeus Korcho Vellu Paulo*. Hearing the band's vocalist, Raul Indipwo, sing this beloved Konkani mando on an old Angolan record blew me away. And in effect, my search for a Goa-Africa connection serendipitously brought me to a full circle, at my desk with a record spinning in the background.

NADIA DE SOUZA: ANIMAL CRACKERS



Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad
Based on the movie *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad* (1967) which follows a domineering, wealthy widow who travels to a tropical resort with her neurotic son and the preserved body of her late husband.

¡Viva España!

BY VIVEK MENEZES

"La ciudad es toda desordenada" wrote García de Silva y Figueroa in 1617, after the Spanish diplomat, soldier and writer from Zafra in Extremadura spent three years in what is now Old Goa, up the Mandovi River from the International Film Festival of India's main heritage campus in Panjim. It would be interesting to hear what his 21st century compatriots might say about our city and state today as well – their assessment may not be very different – as the official country of honour at IFFI 2026 (along with Russia) relinks our two locations once again, bringing new energy to a most fascinating cultural conduit that changed world history in the 16th and 17th centuries. For 60 years in that period from 1580 on, believe it or not. Goa was ruled from Madrid and Valladolid by the Spanish Habsburg kings Philip II, III and IV, until Portugal regained its independence in 1640.

Of course, by the time Silva y Figueroa wrote his *De la discripción de la isla y ciudad de Goa*, this tiny slice of the Konkan coastline had been awash in Iberians for over 100 years. Over 50 years earlier, Francisco de Jasso y Azpilicueta of Navarre (the medieval state centred on Pamplona) came ashore here, one of the seven founder members of the Jesuit Order along with his friend and countryman Ignatius of Loyola. Now sainted under the name Francis Xavier, and widely venerated as *Goencho Saib*, the "Apostle of the Indies" relics are in a silver casket at one side of the magnificent Basilica of Bom Jesus, where the Spaniard is revered by huge crowds of pilgrims from every possible background.

Xavier arrived in Goa in 1560, still early days for the Estado da Índia, but almost immediately afterwards – quite unlike what happened in the rest of the subcontinent, Asia and Africa – the colonial regime struggled to maintain control, as power and momentum swung decisively to the increasingly assertive "natives". Here, another Spaniard priest called Leandro de la Anunciación (actually, he was born as Luis de Melgosa in Burgos) played an important historical role. He founded Asia's first Carmelite monastery in 1620, and championed the new convert Matheus de Castro Mahale (who always retained his Hindu name, though posthumous sources tend to drop it) to go to Rome to study at the newly established Propaganda Fide college, where he was eventually consecrated as the Bishop of Chrysopolis, and then spent the rest of his life combating the colonialists.



Lord Ganesha in Mexico (2009) By Vamona Navelkar

Make no mistake: these aren't irrelevant little footnotes, even if you may have never heard of them before today. In fact, they are highly impactful building blocks of our contemporary identities and cultural history. It was precisely during the Iberian Union when Spain ruled Goa that goods, plants, animals, people and ideas flowed unstoppably between the Old and New Worlds in the Columbian Exchange. In one direction, the Carreira da Índia ships looped from Goa to Mombasa, then Mozambique and around the Cape of Good Hope all the way to Brazil, and finally Lisbon, before coming all the way back again. Meanwhile, other fleets sailed out from the Mandovi to Macau, feeding the Manila galleon trade across the Pacific to Acapulco in Mexico. Our planet had never been networked in that way before – everything changed, for everybody, as celebrated in the lovely 1990 painting of Lord Ganesha in Mexico you see on this page, by the late, great Goan painter Vamona Navelcar.

Today, of course, Indians look across at Spain with much admiration and appreciation for its progressive leadership. Over 70 years of bilateral diplomatic relations, the once-tiny Indian diaspora has grown to almost 75000, and tourism is up more than 60% since the pandemic. The glorious La Roja football team has millions of ardent fans here, and that relationship is particularly intense here in Goa, home to the expatriate players Álex Zalaya, Álex Vallejo, and Jorge Ortiz Mendoza under the leadership of head coach Ángel Viadero. From the 16th century to our present day, that's enough reason to say Olé!

Julia's Jump Cuts

Subtitles

Wouldn't it be nice to have subtitles in life? For the cacophony on trains, buses, the random cusses, because you were looking down on your phone, didn't hear the auto's horn. Wouldn't it be nice to understand the bow-wows, meow-meows, coo-coos and the caw-caws. Decode the sighs, moist eyes, the downward face with the hesitant gaze. Decipher the shy smile without any guile, the pouting and the laughing. Wouldn't it be nice to have subtitles in life?

- Julia Esther Jacob

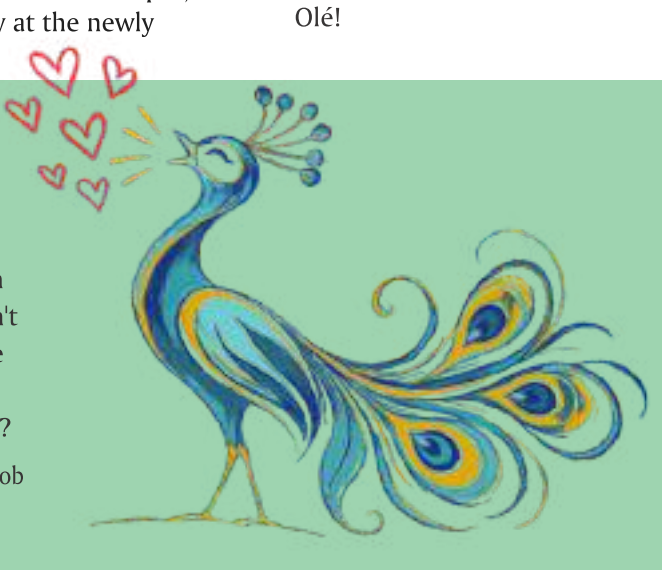


Illustration by Elisha Natália de Noronha

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INOX PANJIM AUDI - 1

EVERYTIME
9:45 AM

RAMAYANA: RISE OF A LEGEND (PART 1)
12:30 PM

RAY GUNN
5:45 PM

PRAY FOR US
8:30 PM

INOX PANJIM AUDI - 2

KATHAR KATHA

RUBY-CUBE
9:30 PM

NAQSH-E-DAUR

BANARAS
12:45 PM

NIRMANJALI: THE CHANDIGARH OF MACIEJ NOWICKI

SURJYAMUKHI
4:30 PM

SING GEETHAM
8:00 PM

INOX PANJIM AUDI - 3

BITTER CHRISTMAS
9:15 AM

THE GOLDEN AGE
12:00 PM

RAHMA
2:30 PM

TRINIDAD
5:15 PM
Red Carpet - 4:45 PM

WE ARE ALIENS
8:00 PM

INOX PANJIM AUDI - 4

KASHMIR KI KALI
10:00 AM

UMESH
1:15 PM

SHAKUNTALA
3:45 PM

BAGHUNI - DANCE LIKE A TIGER
4:30 PM

CARLOS SUARA, T HE KID IN THEPHOTO
6:40 PM

JOY BOY: A TRIBUTE TO JULIUS EASTMAN
8:30 PM

MAQUINEZ PALACE AUDI - 1

THE WORLD OF MÁRIO... SERIOUSLY FUNNY!
10:30 AM

MUNDHANAI MUDICHU
12:00 PM

EMBERS
3:15 PM

SAFE EXIT
6:00 PM

THE TREK
8:30 PM

ASHOK AUDI

MAGAZINE
1:00 PM

SUNRISE: A SONG OF TWO HUMANS
4:00 PM

WE ARE THE FRUITS OF THE FOREST
7:00 PM

SAMRAT AUDI

THE CLEARING
1:30 PM

VANISHING TRACKS
4:30 PM

THE DAUGHTERS OF ABRAHAM
7:30 PM

INOX PORVORIM AUDI - 1

TOO MANY BEASTS
10:00 AM

AQUÍ
1:00 PM

Red Carpet - 12:00 PM

SALVATION
7:00 PM

INOX PORVORIM AUDI - 2

MANN ITE RAMGAO HO

DERA : A HOME IN MOTION
10:15 PM

BECOMING
1:15 PM

RED CARPET

BHAKTA KANNAPPA
4:15 PM

URUM
7:15 PM

INOX PORVORIM AUDI - 3

THE QUIET APPLAUSE
10:30 AM

RIA
1:30 PM

NEW HOME
4:30 PM

CALL ME QUEEN
7:30 PM

INOX PORVORIM AUDI - 4

SKINTOWN
10:45 AM

TROPICAL FRACTALS
1:45 PM

COWARD
4:45 PM

DJINN WEDDING
7:45 PM

RAVINDRA BHAVAN MADGOAN

HOLD ONTO ME
10:00 AM

RUBY-CUBE
2:00 PM

SUNSPOTS
4:00 PM

[OPEN AIR]
7:00 PM

MAGIC MOVIEZ PONDA - AUDI 1

THAAI KIZHAVI
6:00 PM



For his enigmatic cover today, Ashish Phaldesai brings the colours of Spain – one of the countries in focus at IFFI 2026 – into the exquisite jungle landscapes of India's smallest state. He says "this painting explores the traditional practice of offering terracotta votive figures in the villages of Goa, where objects of devotion become expressions of a deep relationship with nature. Set within a sacred grove, these terracotta peacocks symbolise an offering to the natural world, reflecting the belief that forests, flora and fauna are sacred and worthy of reverence. Through this imagery, the painting brings together folk traditions, nature worship and Goa's living cultural heritage, where devotion becomes a way of acknowledging our connection with the environment."

ENTERTAINMENT SOCIETY OF GOA

PEACOCK PICKS

EVERYTIME
9:45 AM
INOX PANJIM - AUDI 1





RIA
1:30 PM
INOX PORVORIM - AUDI 3

COWARD
4:45 PM
INOX PORVORIM - AUDI 4





SALVATION
7:00 PM
INOX PORVORIM - AUDI 1