Parenthood and its demons in 'The Lost Daughter'

Maggie Gyllenhaal's English-language adaptation of Elena Ferrante's novel is caustically funny and brilliantly unsettling

ast year. 18 film-makers from around the globe contrib-uted to a lockdown arthol-ogy called *Homemate*. One of the segments was directed by Maggie Gyllenhaul. It featured her husband, Peter Sarsgaard, playing a bereaved loner in the woods. Only 10 minutes long. Cafueny, weird and touchingly realised.

If a furry, weird and touchingly realised. I remember thinking when I watched it that Gyllenhaal—a cool and complex screen presence for almost two decadesseemed at home behind the camera. Nothing, however, could have prepared me for The Lott Daughter. The film, which Gyllenhaal adapted from a 2008 Eiena Ferrante novel of the same name, won Best Screenplay at the 2020 Venice Film Earthaal 164, pages on North, novel or Festival. It's now on Netflix, part of a strange year-end blitz of cinema for

strange year-enn mix or cinema for goven-upsthat included Jane Campioris and Paolo Sorrentino's new films. Leda (Olisia Colmani is a college profes-sor from Cambridge vacationing in Greece, She's in her late-40 sthough peo-ple tell her she looks youngerl, with a clipped British accent. Showing her the clayes the college of the college of the college. here she's staying, the homeowner she's a teacher. "I'm a professor," asks if she's a teacher. "I'm a professor," she corrects him, with a look that says the distinction is important. We see her observing an American woman and a little girl on the beach, maybe a little too intently. And we see flashes of another woman, with a British accent, peeling an

woman, with a british accent, peeling an orange, a glr in her lap, Leda strikes up a conversation with the American, Nina (Bakota Johnson). Then the daughter goes missing and everyone joins in the search. It's Ledawho finds the girl, disconsolate because her doll can't be found. "I used to have a doll like that," Leda tells Nina, "Mina, or mini-Mama, as my mother used to call her." Two reveals follow. The doll has been stolen by Leda. And the woman with the British accent is

her as a younger woman.

The Lost Daughter has the pacing and cut-up structure of a mystery—though one which withholds both answers and questions. Gylembail does something we have been also because the property of the prop don't see often, painting parenthood as draining and unrewarding. Leda's twin-daughters are loud, insistent—we feel her need to escape even before she does any need to escape even oetore site ooes any thing about it. Gyllenhaal and cinematog-rapher Hélène Louvart, carmily, don't cre-ate a visual difference between the two time-frames. Led's turbiant past huarits her brittle present, so it's only right that



registering five kinds ing—and so are Jessie Buckley, scarily unhappy as the younger Leda, the deft, sympathetic Johnson, Sars-gaard in a sly turn, Ed Harris, Paul Mescal, But The Lost Daughter is so much more than an acting showcase, the kind of

ing showcase, the lains of film that's created to support the kinds of performances that win Oscars. Gyllenhaal finds a unique tone—infrante, caustically funny, startlingly sensual. Her camera moves right in, so close to the body at times that we can't tell what we are look-ing at for a few seconds. Loavart brings the same crotic-channes she did to Reach Rate. ame erotic charge she did to Beach Rata the immediacy complemented by the shard-like narrative flow assembled by

shard-like narrative flow assembled by editor Affonso Gençalves. The language used is a succession of cuts and bruises. "I'm working," Leda's husband says, indicating that she should control their children. "I'm suffocating," she retors. Nins, driven to distraction by her uncontrollable daughter, asks the older worma, "htthis goring lopus" Leda, not given to false assurances, replice: "You're to worm and rome of this masse."

You're so young and none of this passes." Through my viewing of The Lost Daughter, something nagged at me, a feel-ing that I had seen something akin to this. And then it hit me: it was director Jean-Marc Vallée, who died at 58 on 25 Decem ber, Gyllenhaal's film and Vallée's two HBO series, Big Little Lies and Sharp

Stills from The Lost

The Lost Daughter has the pacing and cut-up structure of a mysterythough one which withholds both answers. and questions

derived from psychologically dense novels writtrauma brought on by

What reminded me most of Vallée, though,

was the editing. Big Little Lieu and Sharp Objects have the same inti-litive cutting between past and present as The Lost Daughter. Time and again, Vallee would cut from the present to something months in the future and then something decades in the past, all in the space of a second or tive. It was something extraor-dinary in the TV landscape, an innovation abone the lines of Terrence Walke's little. along the lines of Terrence Malick's intui-tive edits and Pablo Larrain's restless jumps in cinema. Vallée would have approved of how cleverly Buckley's Leda is spliced into the waking hours and ams of Colman's Leda, a ghost of hard

dreams occusions a Leon, agnost or naru decisions past. It's surprising to see a film so frank about the difficulties of parenthood. In one scene, Leda's husband offers shelter to a birch hising couple. Leda is fascinated by how the couple made a life together while demokrate shill be foregoing. while abandoning children from previous relationships. To her, they are the ones who escaped. Her daughter quotes W.H. Auden's Crisis In Italian: "Where do they come from?" Those whom we so much dread! As on our dearest location falls the chill/Of their crooked wing.* Gyllenha film exists in the shade of such a wing



A novel about loss, emptiness

Anees Salim's latest novel, tragicomedy at its best, unearths the magic in the mundane

nan unnamed city, which nevertheless feels suspiciously like Hyderabad, aking is dying. He lies in his palace. Cotah Mahal, attended to by a strattering caregiver, showing no visible signs of life—anse periodic long and load farts. We know he is a "faller nutler" who has lost his dragdom, possibly when ladis ended the practice of privy pursos for royal fartilities in 1971—his legacy tarnished by the accounts of various historians. "Like every faller nutler, my atther harboured a grudge against historians," says a kana, one of his two legitimate sons. "Historians seldom do justice to the fallen."

One thing he secrets to have been remarkably good at its procreating, his makiple sexual encounters spawned numerous children—no one is sure of the exact number. While clearly a poster boy of neglectful parenting, the ling was a state enough to locep a record of the children he had personally baptised, do cumenting their names in a thin book with pages "almost as filmsy as burster paper".

In Annea Sakim latiest noved, The Odd Rook (If Bay Namez, this drin book a central to the tragloconic story, adding a touch of whimsy to a multiple perspective narrative that manages to be sad, furnry, wise, play ful and, most importantly, engaging, in an interview to The New Indian Express published on 12 December, Salim describes his now of as one essentially about loss of

on IZD receiver, Salim describes his novel as one essentially about loss of power, hope, love, memories and bonding. "Though all the characters in this book are stirlings, they walk different paths, they lead different lives, many of them stay unknown to each other, and each is docred to bear a sense of emptiness till the end. It is the sense of loss that is their common

inheritance.

The book begins at Cotah Mahai, where the obese and always inebriated Moazzam—his other legitimate son—is having a bath sevenaded by hundreds of sparrows. A sudden shriek sees him exiting the tub and running down the palace corridors "wearing only an amour of lather and a few accidental pretifications by way of rose petals". The news of their father belash, fake though it turns out to be, brings Moazzam and Azam, who dislike each other, to his chamber. Soon, we learn that Azam is rather obsessed with this book of baby names, "I wanted to find the book of baby names just to dip it in petrol and surrender it to the flames," he says, the support of his network they have been been always to the flames, the chamber, the daughter of his mixtures (Hyder, the statisting carepleys; Saksbaz, a poor with a tragic past and doomed future; the ghost of Suitan, a maestro marbies player and Shabbaa's best friend, the stifting Muneer; the homicidal Zuhab; and the persistent Owais.

Owais. This is not a novel that embrines history or attempts to be a sweeping epic. This is not a novel that embrines history or attempts to be a sweeping epic. of its times. Instead, it unearths the magic in the mundance with a nace sharp lens, magnifying the bleak humour, insvitable horror and unexpected beauty of existence, in prose that is as ingenious as it is poignant. The vignettes culled from the lives of all nine enemiors that dark in and our of the lens are the demonstrated and in the contraction. pages, sometimes intersecting, leave a reader desperately wanting more. I know I did.

The Odd Book of Baby Names, by Anees Salim, Penguin, 288 pages, \$500.

Young artists to watch out for this year

is a list of early-career artists working in different media who reflect on our times

critic and writer once told me, in the context of the arts, "It is impor-tant to invest in and engage within your generation—a collector most follow artists of their time, and artists should deliberate with writers and curators of their own generation." This thought has stayed with me, especially when it comes to younger artists who reflect our times.

to younger artists who reflect our times. In the context of young contemporary artists, a few atrong themes emerge. Firstly, they are willing to experiment. Rejecting the heggemeny of the West and eschewing any desire to follow in the foot-steps of their seniors, their art is void of any baggage of the past. Secondly, there is arrenewed focus on skill. There seems to be more well-executed works with a strong tochnical base. And lastly, the founda-tional ideas are more rooted in their own traditions, bouneland, and immediate mediates. traditions, homeland, and immediate environment. Here is a list of early-career artists to look out for

ABHISHEK DODIYA: A FRESH APPROACH TO METAL

Dodlya's work is about dismantling and reconstruction. The Inspiration often comes from deep-observation of his sur-

rounings—the week and works in bias-nagar (Gujarati, known for its ship-break-ing industry. "Timsle viewers to experi-ence the open-endedness of the surface of my work that revisits lived events, compounded with complexities of emo-tions," says the artist, who completed his master's from The Maharaja Savajirao University of Baroda in 2020. In his par-ticularly noteworthy Cyclone series, he has used metal sheets that seem malleable to the softest touch. His documenta tion of the recent devastating storms in the coastal areas of Gujarat is a grim reminder of the potential impact of the climate crisis.

DIVYA SINGH: A RELOOK AT

Singh's practice is rooted primarily in paintings that explore themes of isolation and memory. These emanate largely from and memory. These emanate largely from a poetic engagement with the very idea of "time"— she is currently working with instant film/Polaceid, a contrast to the slow process of oil painting. "I borrow from disciplines of photography, witting, as well-as cinema. These varied elements come together within my work," says Singh, who completed her master's in fire arts from the Shit Nadar University in University the Otto.

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GURJEET SINGH: SCULPTURES THAT TELL FRESH STORIES

Singh was introduced to art through his family. "As a child, I saw women of the family always engrossed in decorating the house, stitching and embroidering," says the artist, who completed a master's with the artist, who completed a missier swith a gold medal from the Government Col-lege of Art, Chandigarh, in 2019. He was irreshed in all the activities at home, learning the techniques from his sisters even as he helped this father at his scooter repairs shop. His suffets of soulptures in bright textile, embellished with embroidered patterns, are a response to his sur-roundings and experiences. Singh's sculp-tures of imagined characters revolve around "stories behind closed doors, abuse and neglect, identity and loss, and are often highly personal"

HEADING OF THE PAST Rabeja questions the commodrum of the body as a living organism and one that loses its signifying behavioural elements, reduced to a tool, regulated by its mechan-ical efficiency. Her work elaborates on the

behaviours and transfiguration of a docile body that shifts to a dictated one. In a recent series exploring ideas around ges-ture, space and self, she draws figures per-forming the regulatory gesture of a school assembly, each individual equally distant from the other. Raheja's 'bodies' sub-sume regimented, lyrical and minute vari-ations. "Through my work, I try to ques-tion systems and structures of the past and recent value different leaves of one form." present using different lenses of conform try, rebellion, and separation," says Babeja, who graduated from the Studie Arts College International in Florence Italy, in 2019.

Misal, who comes from a farming family, celebrates the act of growing food in a manner that rejects political undertones. His approach to art is based on natural assthetics that reflect the relationship thetics that reflect the relationship and significance of nature in rural life. This is visible in the process as well. Misal makes his own paper and often uses must to stain it. The very surface, therefore, becomes indispensable, and being "arm-made", important to his cause. Misal completed his master's from the JJ School of Art, Mumbal, in 2020.

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BEAUTY IN THE MUNDANE
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Rahul Kumar is a Gurugram-based cul-

live**mint**

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Rahul Kumar

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In the context of young contemporary artists, a few strong themes emerge. Firstly, they are willing to experiment. Rejecting the hegemony of the West and eschewing any desire to follow in the footsteps of their seniors, their art is void of any baggage of the past. Secondly, there is a renewed focus on skill. There seem to be more well-executed works with a strong technical base. And lastly, the foundational ideas are more rooted in their own traditions, homeland, and immediate environment. Here is a list of early-career artists to look out for.

ABHISHEK DODIYA: A FRESH APPROACH TO METAL

Dodiya's work is about dismantling and reconstruction. The inspiration often comes from deep observation of his surroundings-he lives and works in Bhavnagar (Gujarat), known for its ship-breaking industry. "I invite viewers to experience the open-endedness of the surface of my work that revisits lived events, compounded with complexities of emotions," says the artist, who completed his master's from The Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda in 2020. In his particularly noteworthy Cyclone series, he has used metal sheets that seem malleable to the softest touch. His documentation of the recent devastating storms in the coastal areas of Gujarat is a grim reminder of the potential impact of the climate crisis.

DIVYA SINGH: A RELOOK AT MEMORY

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Sarah Nagvi's 'Shahnakt-Identity'.

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ered patterns, are a response to his surroundings and experiences. Singh's sculptures of imagined characters revolve around "stories behind closed doors, abuse and neglect, identity and loss, and are often highly personal".

KOYAL RAHEJA: QUESTIONING THE SYSTEMS OF THE PAST

Raheja questions the conundrum of the body as a living organism and one that loses its signifying behavioural elements, reduced to a tool, regulated by its mechanical efficiency. Her work elaborates on the behaviours and transfiguration of a docile body that shifts to a dictated one. In a recent series exploring ideas around gesture, space and self, she draws figures performing the regulatory gesture of a school assembly, each individual equally distant from the other. Raheja's "bodies" subsume regimented, lyrical and minute variations. "Through my work, I try to question systems and structures of the past and present using different lenses of conformity, rebellion, and separation," says Raheja, who graduated from the Studio Arts College International in Florence, Italy, in 2019.

KUMAR MISAL: SHINING THE SPOTLIGHT ON THE FARMER

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SARAH NAQVI: A BOLD TAKE ON SOCIETAL STIGMAS

Naqvi is a multimedia artist who engages in narratives themed on religious and societal stigmas. With textiles and embroidery as the primary mediums, Naqvi uses the cathartic nature of the process to address issues of marginalisation. This stems from their education in textiles at the National Institute of Design. Ahmedabad, "I was a restless child, always creating things but destroying them in the end. That was probably the genesis of the rebel in me," they say. Their work straddles classical painting, technology and performance. In a recent work, Blanket Of Solidarity, Naqvi uses the image of a quilt of a protester from Delhi's Shaheen Bagh, the site of a months-long sit-in in 2019-20. It embodies the strength and warmth of resilience, and a hope for India's secular future. Naqvi, who studied liberal arts at St Xavier's College, Mumbai, till 2018, is currently in Berlin, Germany, for the De Ateliers Residency programme.

SONALI SONAM: CELEBRATING BEAUTY IN THE MUNDANE

Intrigued by the idea of non-static beauty, Sonam draws inspiration from her surroundings and sociopolitical scenarios. Her work, influenced by the miniature style, investigates the natural world in the urban. In herview, beauty is not personal; rather, it is dependent on the spectator, and changes with time. "I am interested in how a collection of mundane activities can become a new reality, where once we all exist but at the same time it becomes strange to us," says Sonam, who completed her master's from the College of Art, Delhi, in 2021. In her recent series, Re-imagining The Mundane, she creates scenes of natural beauty through the flora and fauna in city environments.

Rahul Kumar is a Gurugram-based culture writer.