

# MALADAPTIVE DAYDREAMING

There will be a blueness. That will be the first thing you will notice. The image will have an overwhelming blueness, which will radiate outwards so that even the untouched hot dog will seem as though it is blue. There will be a grid, which will matter later on, then it won't. There will be a story, but that's private. This will just be a photograph, until it isn't.

The photograph will be of Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton and Shelley Duvall. They are at a party. It's Elaine's restaurant, New York, November 1977.

48 years later, as the image proliferates online as aesthetic inspiration, outfit goals, friendship goals, god knows I've posted it 5 times myself, honestly can't get it out of my head, opinions will differ on whether it's a party to celebrate Robert Altman (probably for *A Wedding*, but that will not come out for another six months) or, as the photographer now claims, to celebrate Geraldine Chaplin. I guess that would mean it was for *Remember My Name* which was Alan Rudolph's picture, not Altman's. Lilian Gish was there though, so who knows? I could go on about this all day. What's more important for us now, is the fact that Geraldine has decided to wear dungarees and a promotional sweatshirt for Powerflex skateboard wheels. They're both blue, of course.

The image's latterday proliferation will happen at a time when image sharing apps like, you know, that one, the one we're talking about right now, will long have ceased to fulfil their original function of breakfast and sunset documentation. Geraldine is the see-no-evil monkey here, but 48 years later it will feel like literally all we do on the app is see evil. Any new images we feed in will either complement or detract from what will have accidentally become the app's new primary function—which is to bear witness to evil, genocide unfolding in real time, geotagged. We will call it a phone app, but that doesn't cover it. A five year old girl was on a phone too, maybe the same phone as you, with six of her dead relatives in the car, being attacked by Israeli tanks, trying to reach the Palestinian Red Crescent. When they found her body she'd been killed with the paramedics. You will learn about this on the app too. A gesture to humanity is that the vanity filters we used to use on the breakfasts and sunsets will become unfashionable. There will not be many other gestures to humanity. The images continue to flood in, and reassuring images of 1970s parties will float by, periodically. This makes it more disorientating, not less. And we will, nonetheless, be expected to find stepping stones in this flood which we can stand on, in order to promote ourselves professionally or whatever. It doesn't seem like a great system, no.

Lauren Hutton is the speak-no-evil monkey, doomed to live out her days walking backwards, Medusa reflected in the mirror, everything spoken in code and subtext. This will work out better, because regular text is always so full of mistakes. You cannot sub-edit a subtext, and god knows I've tried. A speak-no-evil monkey can carry secrets, and the app will whisper plenty of secrets to her, which she can silently carry as an act of care. Of course, if you asked her, <<**what secrets are these, Lauren?**>> she would say that she has no idea what you are talking about.

Shelley Duvall is covering her ears. Did you know she was supposed to be in Altman's *A Wedding* too, but he was filming it in Chicago, and Shelley was going out with Paul Simon and Paul had rented this stupid summer house and would have been fuming with her if she hadn't gone with him. Can you even imagine what it's like when Paul Simon is angry with you? Fuck that. Years later, she said, <<**And then came my birthday. Bob and the whole cast called me up from Chicago and sang 'Happy Birthday' over the phone, and that just about killed me, I missed them so much. And what did I do on my birthday? Served chicken salad sandwiches to Paul's parents.**>>

You can duck out, you can hole yourself up in a summer house, whatever. You can miss as many breakfasts and sunsets as you like. But whatever you're hiding from, it's just always there.

Sometimes you will be inside this blue room as well as the room you are actually in. You can leave, for privacy, for protection, for peace, if you want. Wherever you go, you will find your way back here, to this party. You will need your girls, so you can huddle, and together, even if your eyes, ears and mouth are covered, you can sense the danger coming in over the hills.

The hot dog on the table. It is real, it is right there. You did not imagine it. It will remain untouched all evening, and somehow still blue.