

ALIAS DOMAINES

BEING ON THIS BOAT IS NOT REVENGE

“George V Dock, Glasgow - Clinton Wharf, New York”

13th Dec 2021 - 22nd Dec 2021

BEVERLY VALENZUELA:

Being on this boat is not revenge

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1.1 The Cunard Experience

Je parle Francais

Un peu

Un petit peu

I hope you understand

Table 5 - Red Wine

You have a beautiful Smile, a beautiful neck and a beautiful back

Table 8 - Next to the Fireplace

The Local time is 9:27 pm

Hair, Shoes, Skirts

What would you like to drink?

Table 11 - Smokes

Mon nom est Sarah

Onze aout

En jeu

Un zoo

La nuit

Les Amis

Le sex

La Culture

Table 21 - Spirits

The guy in the white trousers is clapping

Some people like to wear sailor clothes on cruise ships. I get the staff wearing them, but why the guests?. Money, Class, Culture. It's like a bad 80s tv show.

I'm having a bad time here

On drums,

On guitar,

on guitar
And on the tambourine

Table 27

What's that Perfume called?
/ Faith/ Love/ Hope?

Table 14 - Water

(deep voice) Are those large vases?
What are they made of?
Aren't they supposed to have flowers in them?

(high pitched) I think they may light up sometimes, you know like the table lamps

(deep) That upside down Chandelier is in the way
I guess we could have sat at Table 11, but then the column would be in the way
Who puts a piano behind a column?

(high pitched) Why don't you just try to have a good time?

JOHN TEMPLETON:

She makes a living I suppose
She makes one from another
She makes perfect correspondence every day
She makes it work

Staring at where the sea and sky meet,
Does she think it looks like a line?
Or that the contrast is so dynamic?
Or "Which way will I leave tonight?"

Ivory, Ebony

Ivory, Ebony

Ivory, Ebony

Ivory, Ebony

But always more Ivory.

Try to use major keys and without bad timing,
I need a smoke, not long, the band is about to start.

*"On drums,
On guitar,
on guitar
And on the tambourine"*

She is on the right side of the frame,
Follows the equator of the table, to the west side, looking east.

She is on the left side.
At some point, midway, we face, both looking at the centre.
The centre is between us.
Perhaps for the purpose of the frame, or in the interests of economy,
she lingers.

To her rear a grand tapestry rises amongst the majestic architecture.
Well, maybe that's a bit much.
Let's just say that contradictions are behind her.

I have forgotten to stay in time.

BEVERLY VALENZUELA:

1.2 Distinctly Cunard

Know that sailing the sea has many principles.
Understand them:
the first is the knowledge of lunar mansions and rhumbs and routes, distances, latitude measuring,
signs (of land), the courses of the sun and the moon, the winds and their reasons, and seasons of the
sea, the instruments of the ship.

{ON DECK, RAIN SOUNDS}

I love the rainstorms. The seas are rough, but for a moment you can close your eyes, and isolate the
rain sounds - in a way that only those of us who have lived here long can. You can drown out the
waves, the engines, the music, the commands and the chatter. You are in a rainstorm on land - in a
place you had lived in and to which you can never return.

أه لو كنت معي نختال عبره
بشراع تسبح الأتجم إثره
حيث يروي الموج في أرخم نبره
حلم ليل من ليالي كليوباترا

أين من عيني هاتيك المجالي
يا عروس البحر , يا حلم الخيال

4.2 TRANSATLANTIC ROUTES

I am walking to my room

En route, In 11 rooms, they are sewing flags of convenience

They look like a pie

Panama

Malta
St. Vincent
Liberia
Cyprus
The French International Ship Register
Marshall islands
Antigua
Cayman Islands
Bahamas
Bermuda
Other Registries

The teak creaks

The mahogany is agony

The ivory

Page 3 Welcome To The Cunard

This information has been designed and presented to ensure that the Cunard Brand is marketed in an appropriate and consistent manner.

It is essential that the heritage, quality, elegance and reliability of one of the world's leading brand names is upheld and adhered to in all circumstances.

There is a beautiful white lady, with ginger hair, on the left of the screen. She is dressed in 1920s sailor attire.

Silk, gloves, pleats, finely trimmed eyebrows and a beautiful American smile. Back then, the ship was docking in a 1930s New YORK with ivory towers. There was no sadness, there were no sorrows.

We have separated the information into distinct, user-friendly sections.

JOHN TEMPLETON:

"One, leaves discreetly on the left wing

Two, follow the right side relative to the guests

Three, feet from the door, stow under the bed

When arriving late, one must remember that all compartments are not the same."

Some have better views, more convenient layouts, larger showers, softer beds.
This one is more like home, not so far from the noise.

"For reception, lift the handset and dial zero."

{DIAL TONE}
{WHITE NOISE}

The line has interference and clarity fades in its wake,
I'm tired and hanging up, I can feel the inertia of the receiver in my hand. (A bit dramatic)
Is it impulse or force of habit that make us continue?
A desire for relations or inherited function?

Let's just say there are contradictions between these words.

The phone rings one, two, three, four,
I bring these entanglements with me
We are at the centre of a cyclone
Peaks clear for counting
The distance from crest to rest.

And sitting on the bed in this compartment is the same
Somewhere in another compartment
Someone arose and called me
It flows perpetually from one end to the other
A sort of turbulence in the amplitude.

Is she expected to be positive and helpful about breakfast?
In the sequence of affairs, is it more important that she know
About how I like my eggs or the charting of courses?
Rather than that the plot could change
It's cold, I'm lifting the quilt from under the bed.

Lines are exchanged here.
Others choked there.
It's becoming night here.
One and another is ten.
One with ten is nineteen
One translates now to then.
Nine is the incentive.

Measuring takes the heart outa things.
I am still sitting on the bed, the floor creaking beneath me
The phone ringing
In my mind, we are frozen on the bed
I have forgotten to remember the time
I lift the receiver.

BEVERLY VALENZUELA:

1 Bottle of Champagne
1 Bottle of Golden Rum
The Ice
The Bitters
The Sugar
And the orange twist
A pack of Gauloise
2 Flutes
2 Lowballs

Who's he trying to fool?
He sleeps alone tonight
Most nights
All nights

– Drink and the Devil had done for the rest

15 years on a rich man's ship
– Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum

15 months in a solo room
But,
The 2 beds
The 2 sheets
The 2 sinks
Ancillary fittings of a looming demotion

15 weeks with a secret storage unit.
1 Sewing machine,
1 table
2 hanging rods.
Flickering Fluorescents,
And a carpet with overlapping concentric circles - like an even rain on still waters
I make dresses out of the discarded Cunard drapes.

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Written by Craig Mulholland & Sukaina Kubba