

Naming Ceremony



Introduction

“For thousands of years, we have gone to sea. We have crafted vessels to carry us and we have called them by name. These ships will nurture and care for us through perilous seas, and so we affectionately call them she. To them we toast, and ask to celebrate Detritus II.

To the sailors and the artists of old, to Detritus II.

The moods of the sea are many, from tranquil to violent. We ask that this ship be given the strength to carry on. The keel is strong and she keeps out the pressures of the river and the sea.

To the river and the sea to the sailors and the artists of old. To the sea!

Today we come to name this lady Detritus II and send her to sea to be cared for, and to care for the community of Eel Pie Island, the community of Richmond Yacht Club and the community of Make Space.

We ask the sailors and the artists of old that is the sea to accept Detritus II as her name, to help her through her passages, and allow her to return with her crew safely. To the sea to the sailors and the artists before us.

To Detritus II.”

Audain:

“There are not enough words to describe what goes on here on Eel Pie Island. Not enough words to explain what life is like here, or what to expect.

From strangers to friends and friends to strangers, I say goodbye to the beautiful things that I've been awoken to, with boats bobbing up and down the river and with great pleasure they are greeted with a pleasant wave. Ten hours of waving gives great rewards, with heightened senses, after the body was pushed to its breaking point.

With all the inspirational exchanges, with all the lives here on Eel Pie Island, whether it be human or non human (that also includes the misery jets), without all of these important components, our stay wouldn't have been as rich as it has. You are indeed London's best kept secret.

With all the pain and happiness that we've shared, we have gained an invaluable amount of knowledge and understanding of nature. No one will be able to take that knowledge and experience from us so I say: 'Thank You.'

And I will look at life again soon”

Morgan:

“Keep up the good work!
And don't change your curtains.
Or anything else for that matter.”

Rui:

“Attended to
By father's daughters sons
Over the threshold
Crossed one by one.

The thin threaded air
Buzzed with waves of silent sounds.

As one we danced
To the music that was not heard but felt
As one we rose and fell as the river willed.

Then the thirteen feet multiplied by multiple hands
Waving, not drowning.

Over the threshold
Two times thirteen bodies laid
languid like the exquisite corpse
The fairytale of one girl, like
Alice.

Over the threshold
Set perspective as Distance over
Time”

Danni:

“Sit next to me and I feel your light pass through until our colours turn white. The layers have another meaning, lines move out of focus into one. For a moment there, we breathe into each others fibres, open wounds forming a harmony. Something has been activated; a new perspective and then you pass. That’s not to say we cease to be enlivened by each other. You leave me on the edge; keep me running through high and low. Thresholds upon thresholds. Stories unwounded. Take my hand, softly, sweetly... to the other side.”

Moa:

“Hello river, hello the other side, hello trees!
Hello birds, hello fish, hello pontoon hello sky and wind and sun, wherever you are. And hello high tide. Hello to you too low tide. Hello Richmond yacht club, hello place and space.
Hello grass and all the feet that have crossed. Hello morning evening and afternoon. Hello shades, hello path. Hello hello hello hello hello, hello again river, hello hello hello hello and good bye.
Until a welcome return.”

Rachel:

“They say they would like to keep the dusty, pink curtains.
Because it helps them hear the music better.
The first song that sailed through their lips,
Was named and launched on this very stage,
They say if you are listening you can hear the stage whispers.
The voices sewn into the fabric, woven within their interior,
Can be heard amongst the karaoke and the silent dinners.
They say the floor holds whispers too,
Unspoken secrets exchanged via burgees, via beings, bound by bowline knots,
Living words not given the space to breathe,
In rooms full of hoarded conversations that no longer belong
But stay anyway,
Detritus number 3 4 5 6 7 etcetera etcetera.
On this floor they found the words
They lost within numbers, timetables, to do to do to do to do lists.
These words, they etched into the plywood for safe keeping.
They say the floor does not bounce like the pontoon at high tide,
It stands still, waiting to carry the weight of their voices.
Sturdy enough for 40 days, 14 people and their thoughts.
They say the worrying mother, the roommates mate,
The silly cat and the invisible rats, they say they all met here during check in.
They say after check out, even after refurbishment, the irrational laughs,
The single teardrop will not leave, leaving stains on the ground, leaving their symbol, leaving a legacy.
They say it will remain as a flag to plot the moments in which they danced,
The days in which they sat and watched, singing, moving
Moving in silence, moving through stuff, clearing stuff, jumping, eating, praying, playing, fasting,
They say it will mark the time in which they saw life and waved.”

Holly:

"You were there on the first day. And you have been here till the end, our end. An end that has not begun. Yet.

My laterally challenged friend – You, are a constant.

As long as there is a moon you will passage upward, greeting us with a shake of your pole.

As long as there are boats that pass by, you will receive their waves with a gentle rock.

You are my platform I speak out on. My edge. You let me have a silent communication to the outside world. You gave me room to write my thoughts. You are my constant."

Matt:

"Traces of a Map

Itinerarium in permanent marker. Periplum from adjacent bank. Proscenium in a willow tree.

The width approximated with millimeter markings, the margin of error multiplied by twenty-five, thousand. An estimation with orange rope, with strange looping steps into the [unknown]

flectere iter sociis terraeque advertere proras imperat et laetus fluvio succedit opaco.

opaco: opaque

tamasá, tamasá, tamasá...

the Dark one: you

the Ænigma the Knot, the Constrictor the Curiously Inwrought the Not, the Never Un-done

Follow the answer to the mouth to the tip of your tongue, it is there, wet, stamped and sealed

ready, be careful not to upturn any delicate words, the ones to watch out for have a sticky side,

a re-found purpose, in the dark-flowing depths, a double life.

Whatcanrunbut / hasamouthbut / never / whathasa / butnever/whatcan/whathas branches but /

has a / never but / what

What? What more?

Take a Look at Me Now / Look at Life Again Soon

It's ok to exchange, it's ok to exchange cross words but once you let them out it's not up to

you. It comes at you in waves, on flagpoles and full moons, the flight of migratory birds.

A wake in reverse and a memory of kind. A concorde-trip at the speed of silence to a sighting of geese. This is equinoctial, it's water under the bridge.

Lt. Norman V Cox R.N.V.R."