

Bricks.....

Sophie Crimmin
Mandy Thatcher
Suzanne Michal





BRICKS

**A childhood affair with a house's foundation.
It started with a home.**

My home.

**The house resuscitated by my father from a medieval stone
skeleton. Golden stones.**

Stone staircases curved by time, stone walls smoothed by hands...

The house I grew up in: at a constant building stage.

**An early sensory encounter with matter through plastered walls,
holes in ground, holes for handles in doors, bare switches inviting
wandering fingers into electrical circuits...**

**Living in this raw wilderness rooted a strong attraction
to stones, soil, raw matter: everything a building site
embodies. And the anticipation.**

**From vision to matter,
We create spaces to shelter, share,
reflect,
gather,
contemplate,
live...**

**A building site
Where chaos is ordered,
Where matter is merged conscientiously.**

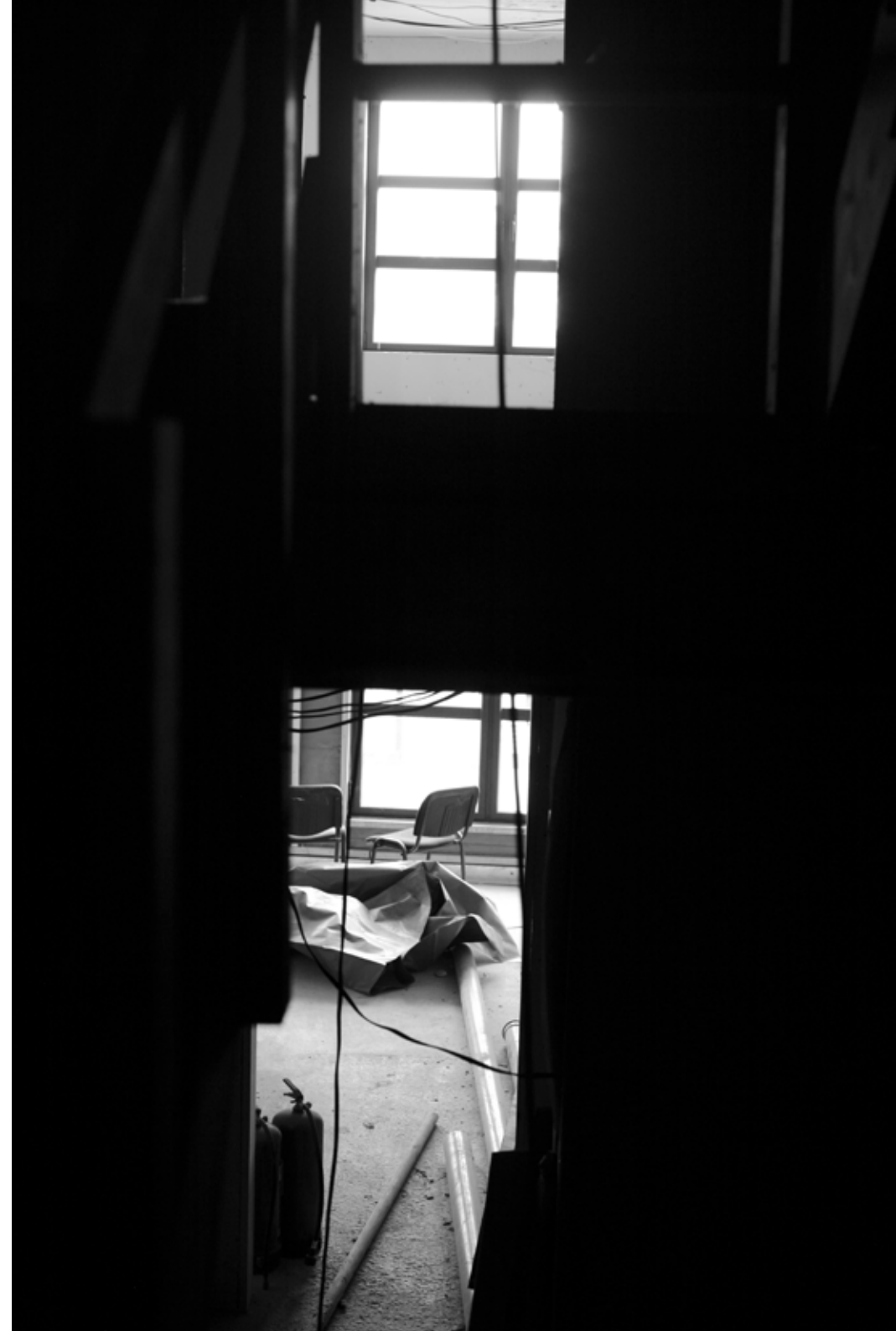
**A land of promise,
where bareness offers unlimited possibilities, where raw
beauty is.**

Where everything begins.

Sophie Crimmin



**The ambitious clay
Becomes a proud building block
Yet still turns to dust**

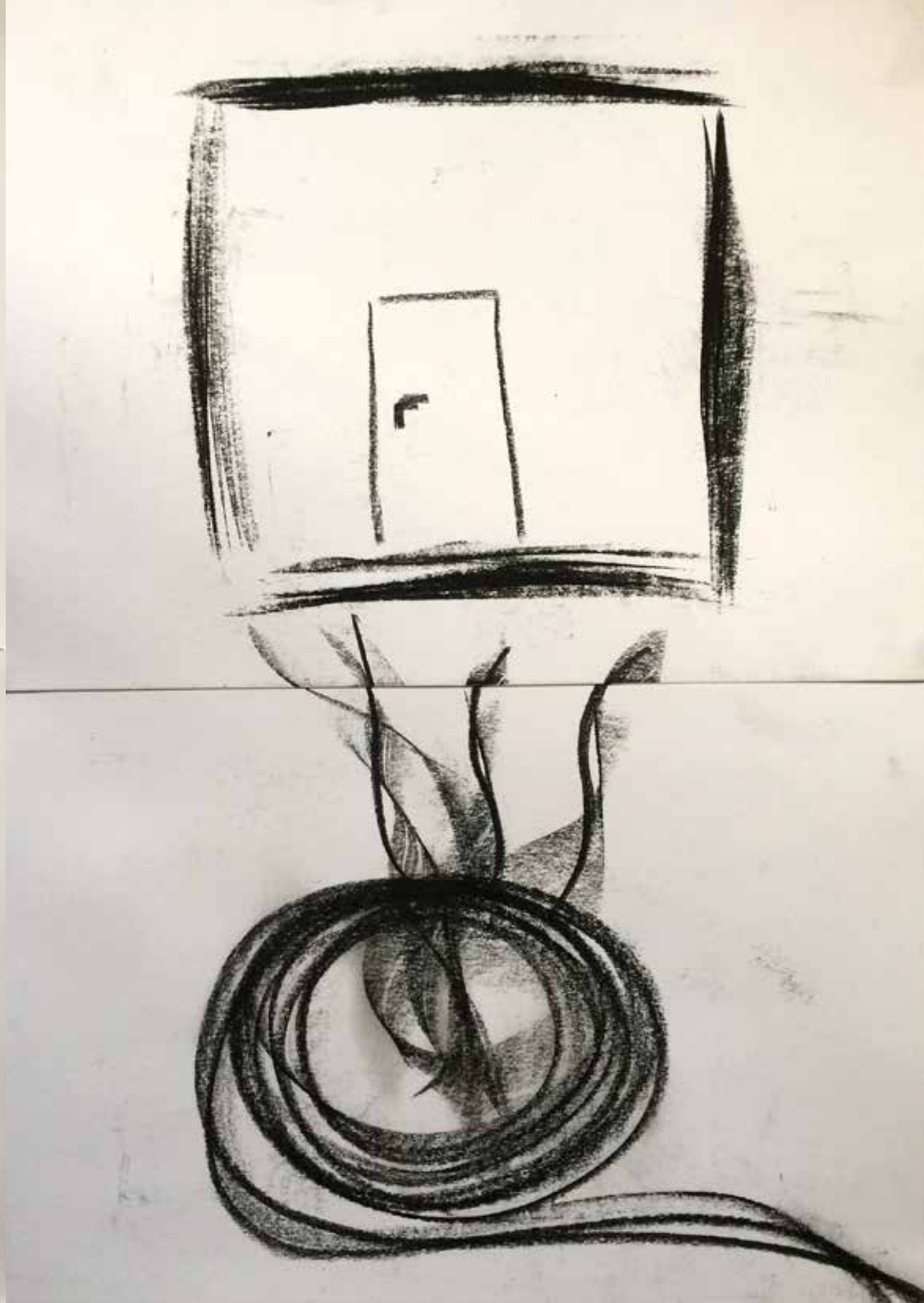




Light

**Light drew us in
Through rose-tinted
Windows
We saw
Harmony invade
Chaos
And with
Feverish ambition
Fancied ourselves
Fit for the
Task of
Kicking down
Concrete
Scaling scaffolds and
Skylines
Awarding titles like
Artist and
Artisan
Wrecking and
Erecting
Colluding in
Colour
Drew lines and
Birthed Blueprints
Fashioned artefacts
Adorned walls
And
With great
Pomp and ceremony
Welcomed others
Through
Fresh thresholds
Knowing full well
We owned
Everything
And nothing
In this
Space**







**Bricks have a strange way
Of appearing meaningless
Until they are built**



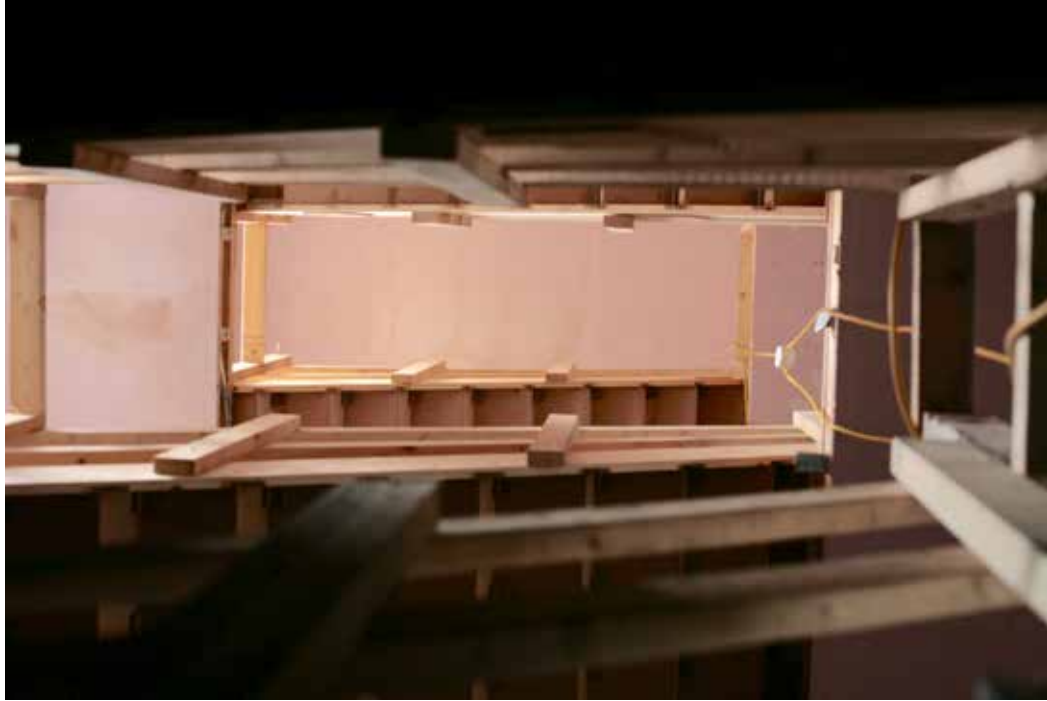
Promise

**We lean in
For a
Tentative sniff
Silent ground
Opens
Like an
Invitation
Or a warning
Then out it
Slithers
That elusive
Essence
Mingling with
Every other
Living or
Inanimate
Thing
Until all that
Remains
Is the
Memory
Of the scent
Of damp earth
Which we all
Agree
Is a
Promising smell**





**Four walls and a door
Without solid intention
Do not make a home**





Flight

**Heart racing
Panic
Flapping a beat
To the outer
Limits of a
Skyless cage
Vast and yet
Always an
Edge or a
Sharp corner
Awkward
Eye contact
Sizing
Each other up
As a
Perfect wing
Unfurls
Surprised but
Even trapped
Still airborne
While
Only stairs
Raise you**

Up







Place

**If you
Keep walking
There is
A place
Where silence
Unthreatening
Gives way
To a
Pulsating
universe
A heartbeat
Says only
One thing
Still here
Still here
Still here
Still here**

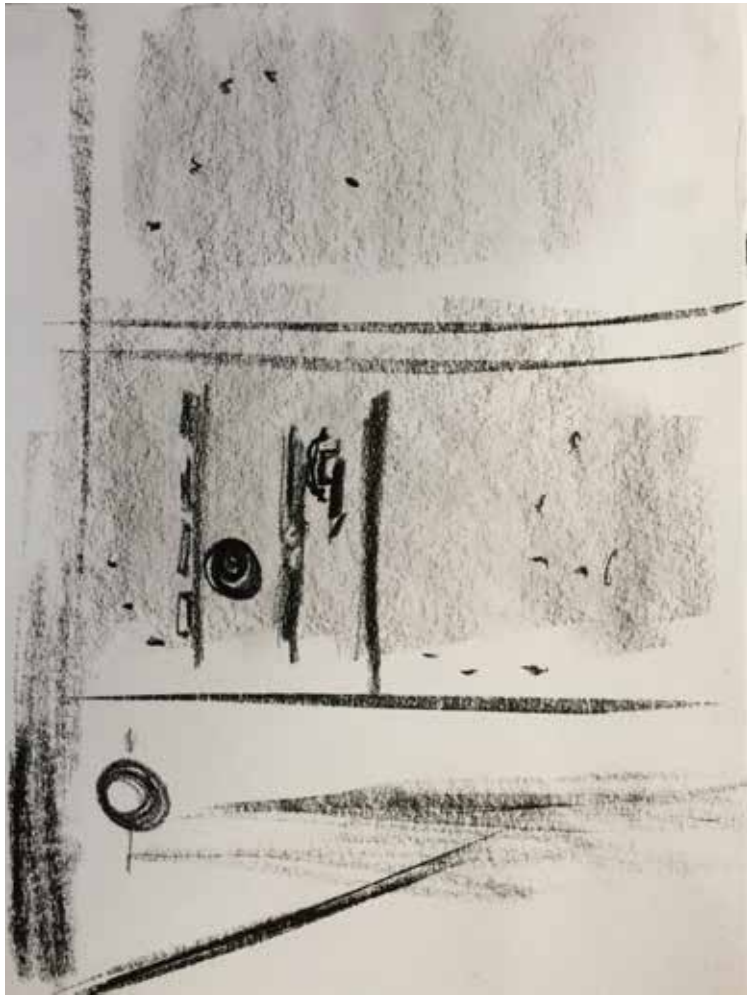






Four walls and a door
Without solid intention
Do not make a home





Who are we ?

Sophie Crimmin
photographer

Mandy Thatcher
poet

Suzanne Michal
illustrator

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