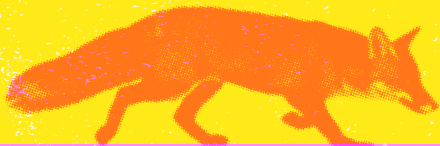
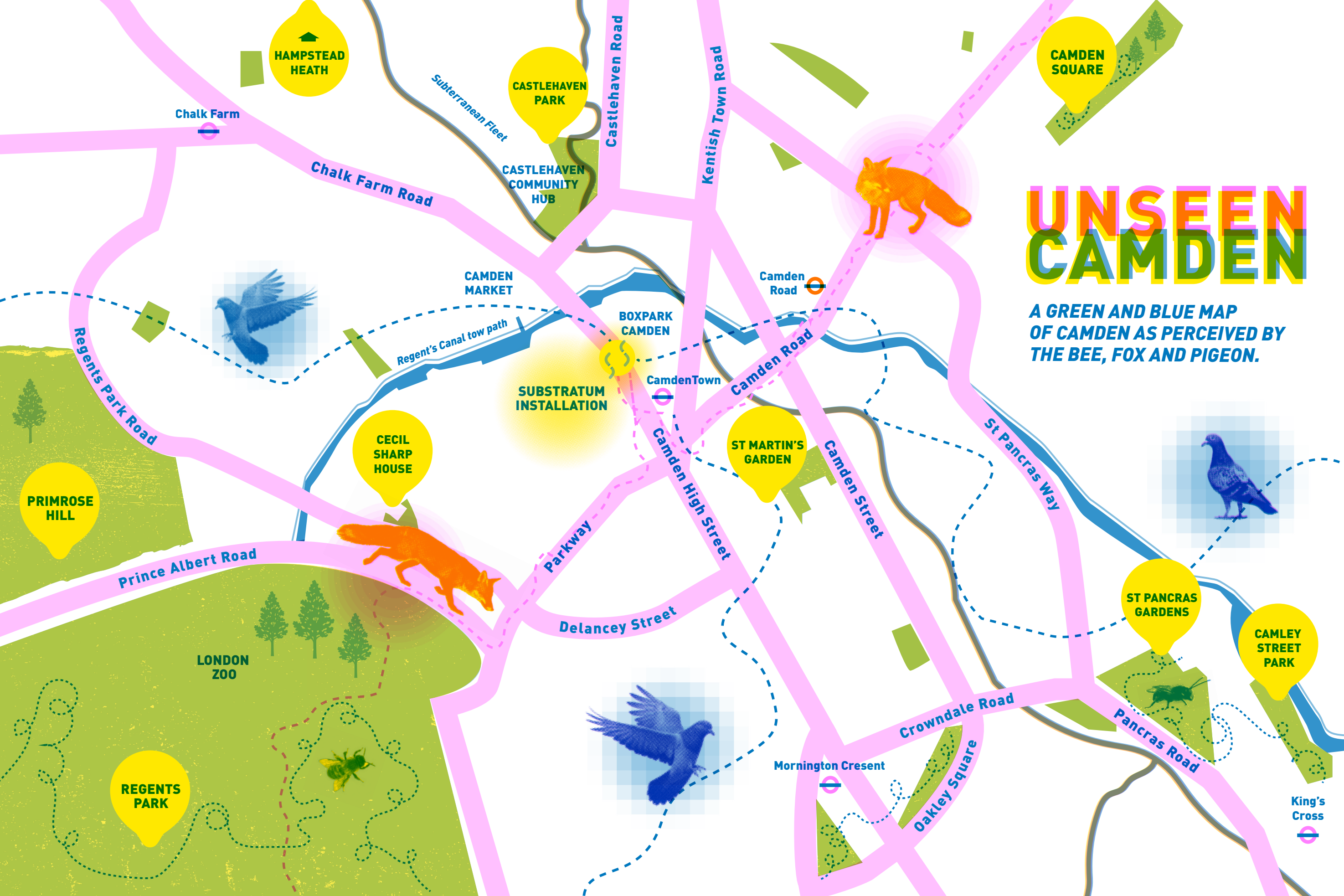




UNSEEN CAMDEN



**A GREEN AND BLUE MAP
OF CAMDEN AS PERCEIVED BY
THE BEE, FOX AND PIGEON.**



UNSEEN CAMDEN

A GREEN AND BLUE MAP
OF CAMDEN AS PERCEIVED BY
THE BEE, FOX AND PIGEON.

WHO ARE THE OTHERS?

*THIS ISN'T A TYPICAL MAP.
IT ISN'T FLAT WHITES AND WIFI SPOTS.*

It's the **BEE'S** Camden — guided by smatterings of nectar and ultraviolet trails between flowers.

The **FOX'S** Camden — stitched from scents, shadows, and back-alley doors.

The **PIGEON'S** Camden — measured in cooing territories, safe perches, and the memory of spilled chips.

We've layered these hidden worlds with Camden's green and blue spaces to show a city that was never just ours.

OUR CAMDEN IS SHARED. OUR CAMDEN IS ALIVE.

WHERE IS IT GREEN & BLUE?

*CAMDEN'S GREEN ISN'T JUST PRIMROSE
HILL OR HAMPSTEAD HEATH.*

It's the humble slip of grass on the pavement, the magnificent plane tree and gardens of **Cecil Sharp House**, the community garden and orchard at **Castlehaven Community Association**. And its blue isn't only Regent's Canal — it's the pond tucked in a courtyard and rainwater pooled on a rooftop.

To us, they're shortcuts, scenery, or inconveniences. To other species, they're runways, pantries, nesting grounds. Or just home.

And at the **SubStratum installation**, Camden grows a new habitat — a planted seat for people, a refuge for pollinators. Look closer: *CAMDEN IS WILD.*



HOW DO THEY PERCEIVE?

The **RED MASON BEE** — an increasingly rare solitary bee — reads Camden in ultraviolet. Flowers glow with secret landing strips, nectar mapped as constellations. She gathers mud to seal her nests in brick holes and bee hotels, turning forgotten corners into nurseries.

The **FOX** doesn't walk Camden — she haunts it. She slips between fences, slides under railings, moves like liquid shadow. Have you heard her scream? Sharp, feral, echoing down alleyways — Camden's midnight soundtrack.

The **PIGEON** sees everything, all at once: a 360° panorama where cars move in slow motion and rooftops form cliff-faces. She navigates by magnetic fields, sunlight and landmarks, tracing aerial highways invisible to us.

PERCEPTION IS NOT PASSIVE. IT MAKES WORLDS.

WHAT DID WE KILL?

CAMDEN SITS ON DROWNED RIVERS.

The Fleet once carved a valley here — until it stank so fiercely monks begged the king to stop its ‘putrid exhalations’. Butchers flung in carcasses, whole neighbourhoods dumped their waste. Swift called it a stew of ‘drown’d puppies, stinking sprats, guts and blood’. By the 1700s, it was buried. Today the Fleet runs underground as a sewer, its spring still feeding Hampstead Ponds.

The Tyburn, another Camden river, was once famous for salmon fishing. But it, too, is now a sewer.

*THESE RIVERS DIED OF NEGLECT. THE GHOSTS OF A
FUTURE WE MUST AVOID CREATING YET AGAIN.*



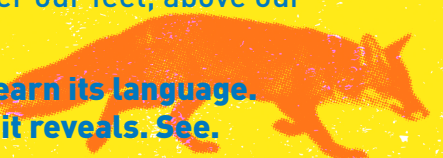
SEE CAMDEN

Crack Camden open. Step sideways into other senses.
Smell in stereo, hear with skin, move like shadow.

Forget pavements — this place is made of echoes,
burrows, scents, roots, wingbeats.

Another Camden is alive under our feet, above our
heads, inside the cracks.

Unmake your human map. Learn its language.
Open your eyes to the world it reveals. See.



This map was produced as part of the London Festival of Architecture 2025
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