EARTHSCAPES

PAINTINGS OF THE BUILT ENVIRONMENT FROM ABOVE

'm a painter and illustrator with a background in architecture, planning and engineering. Somewhere in college I developed a fascination with the rendered site plan....the big picture, the map, the mandala, the world view, that shows things that were, are, and might be in their proper perspective . . . figuratively, if not literally. Elevations (front and side views) show what we can see; plan views, which we normally can't see, show what we know, or think to be true about the world and our place in it.

In my line of work we would buy or commission aerial photography to establish our plans, or better yet, rent an airplane to take our own shots. Access to satellite imagery was limited to expensive coffee table books we could only drool over. When Google Earth appeared, it made the process infinitely more accessible. It went from an essential part of my work to something like recreation... almost therapeutic. Now I could travel, on a whim, anywhere in the world. Click on the whole Earth, give it a spin, and scroll in.

In 2009 it occurred to me that my virtual travel and exploration might make a valid subject for my paintings. I'd always been more interested in recording the built environment than the natural world, so that would continue to be my focus in the new work. It might start with something in the news, someplace I'd been or was going, or a book I was reading. I began saving images and categorizing them (nearly 10,000 images to date): cities, buildings, roads, racetracks,



intersections, factories, mines, airports, train stations, farms, docks ... I'm drawn to the patterns of development and veins of movement, of growth and decay, and particularly to unselfconscious 'planning', indigenous archetypes, or architecture without architects.

The purist in me says the images I've created should be visually compelling enough to speak for themselves, and I quickly realized that the stories behind them could only

be suggested, or referenced by the painting. And these are paintings: conceptual propositions, not archival photographs, so I felt a certain artistic license, if not obligation, to manipulate scale and content for composition.

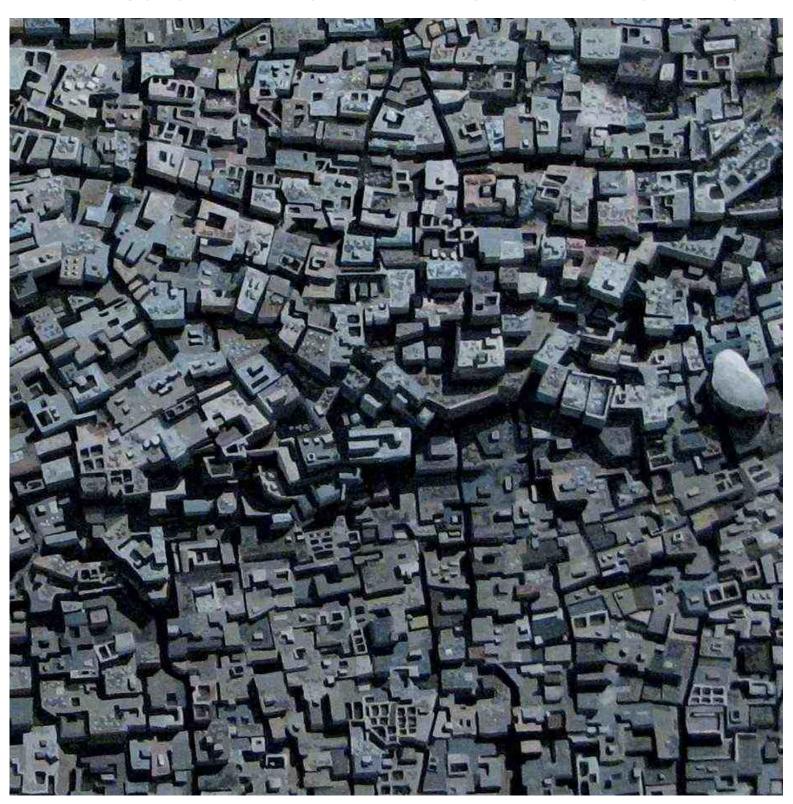
At some point, some of the compositions became figurative; what I saw as a building and a tree became, upside down, a symbolic man; I called him drowning man. Then I looked back at the first of this series, and circuit city became peking man. That lead to the ziggurat man - original, civilized man.

I knew that Google was constantly updating their content, so went back to see if there was a better resolution image of the casting plant I'd wanted to paint. It was gone - nothing but a sea of asphalt. And the Moscow factory, painted a couple years earlier, was now a field of fresh dirt. The virtual earth, I realized, was constantly turning.

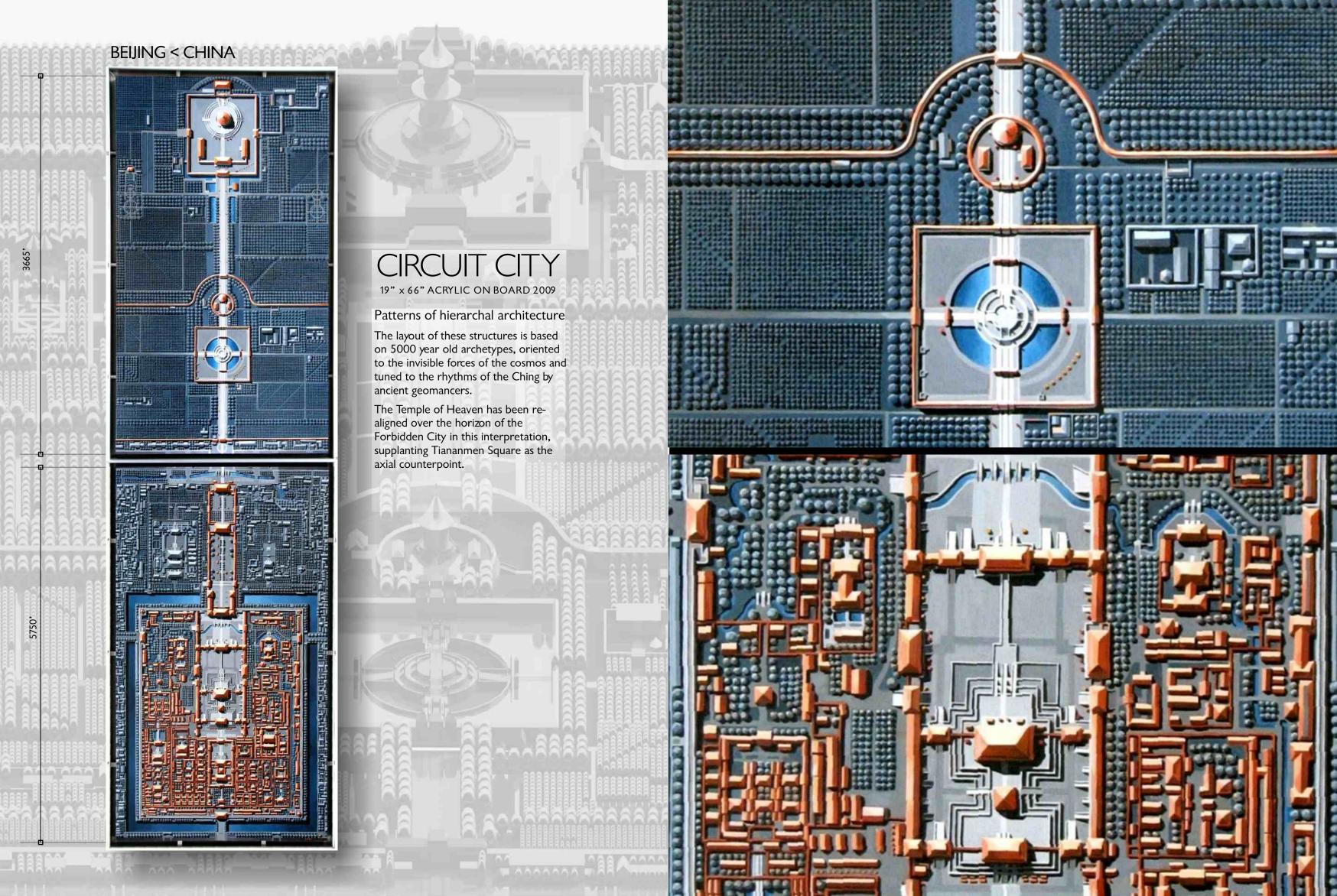
Lately I've been looking for ghosts of buildings foundations, ephemeral, but literal footprints left in the earth - not just Chernobyl and Flint, but nearly everywhere.

Or I might paint crop circles.

C. Michael Lewis



C. MICHAEL LEWIS



CITY OF GARBAGE 23" x 23" ACRYLIC ON BOARD 2012

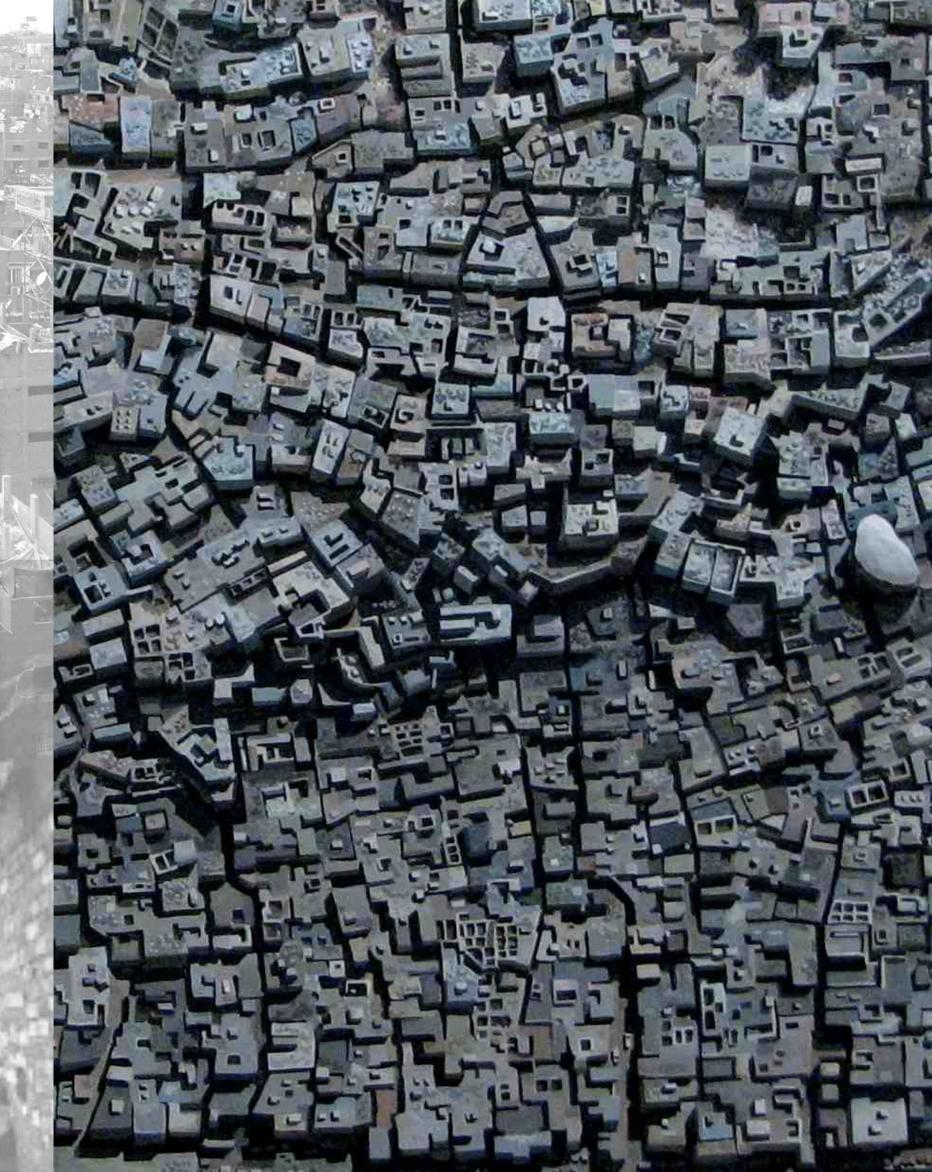
2336' CAIRO < EGYPT



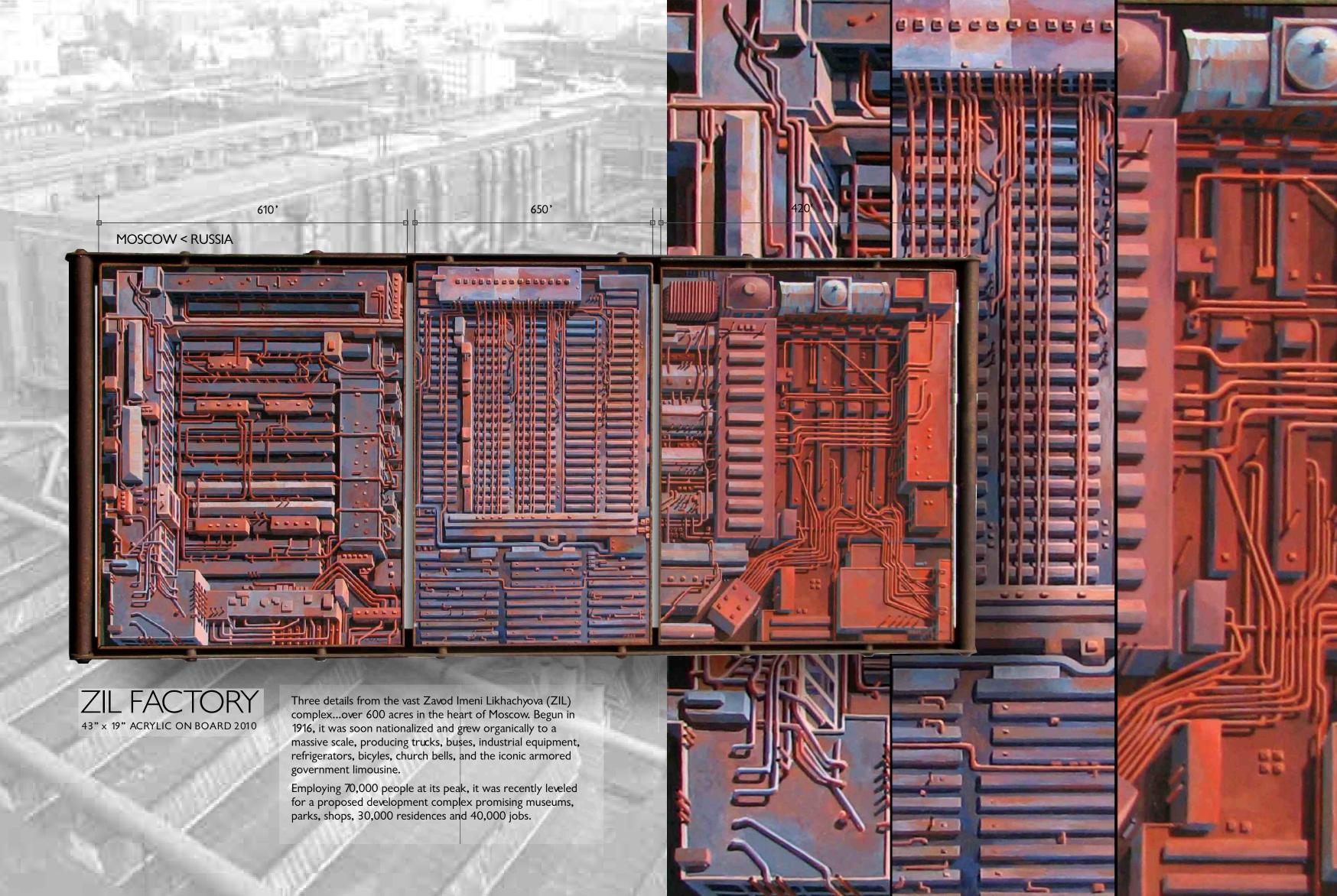
Ancient labyrinth

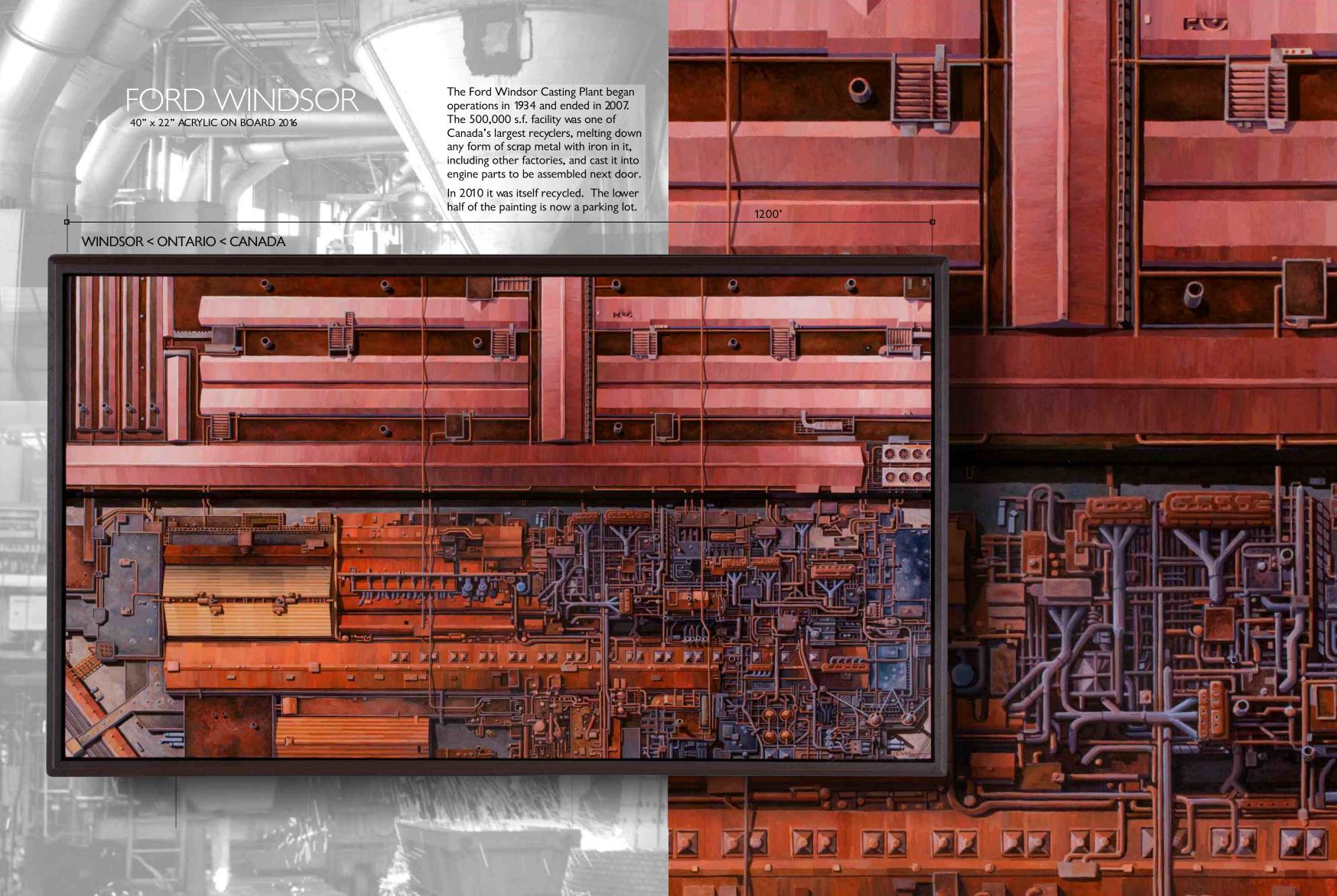
A city of 20,000 grew in the rubble beneath the cliffs of the Mokattam quarries that built the pyramids. For the past hundred years the Coptic Zabaleens have gathered the city's trash and garbage and brought it here to sort, recycle and feed their pigs.

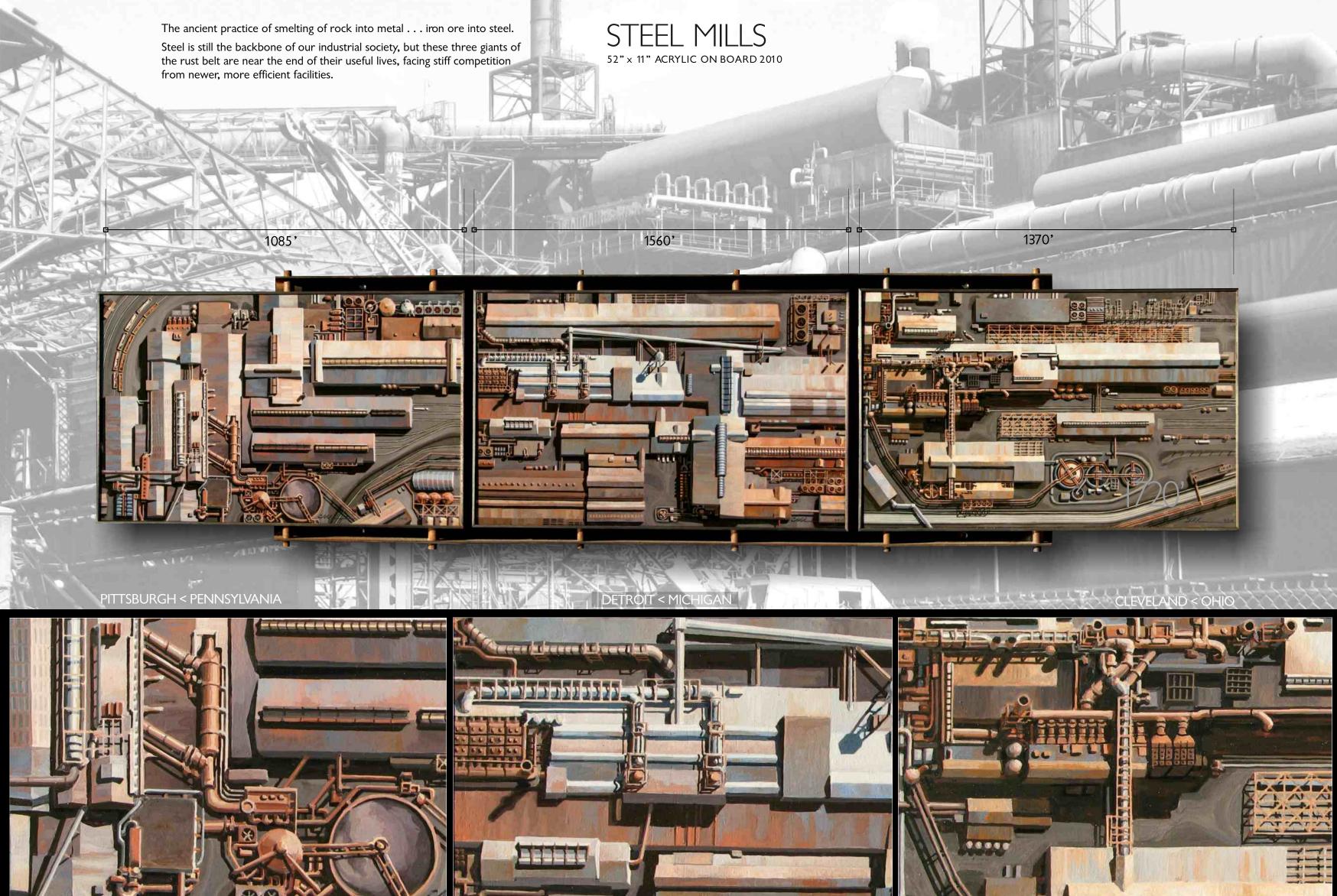
In 2009 Islamic pressure forced the government to outlaw the pigs, and 8000 tons of garbage a day began piling up in Cairo's streets, contributing, in no small way, to the Arab spring.

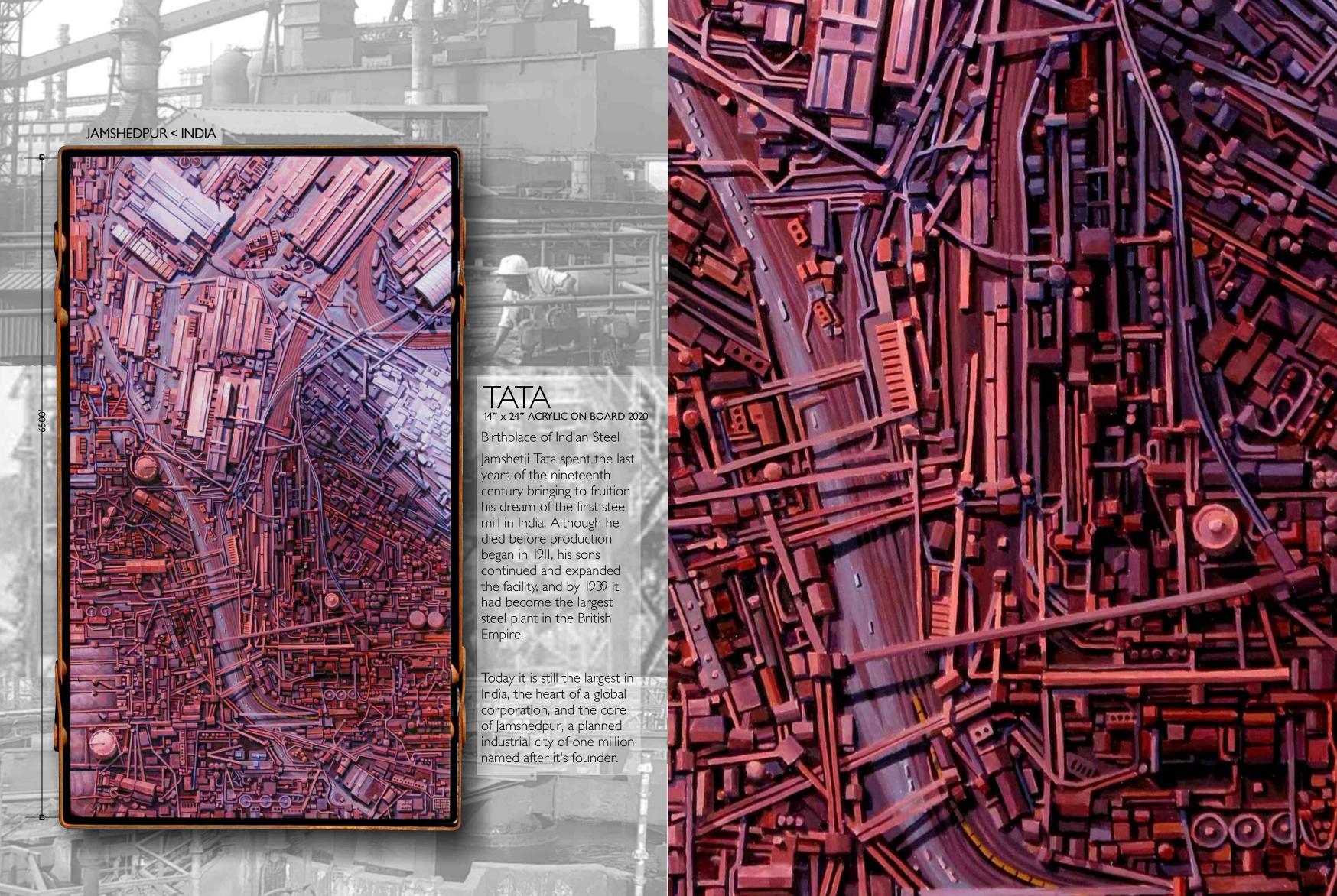


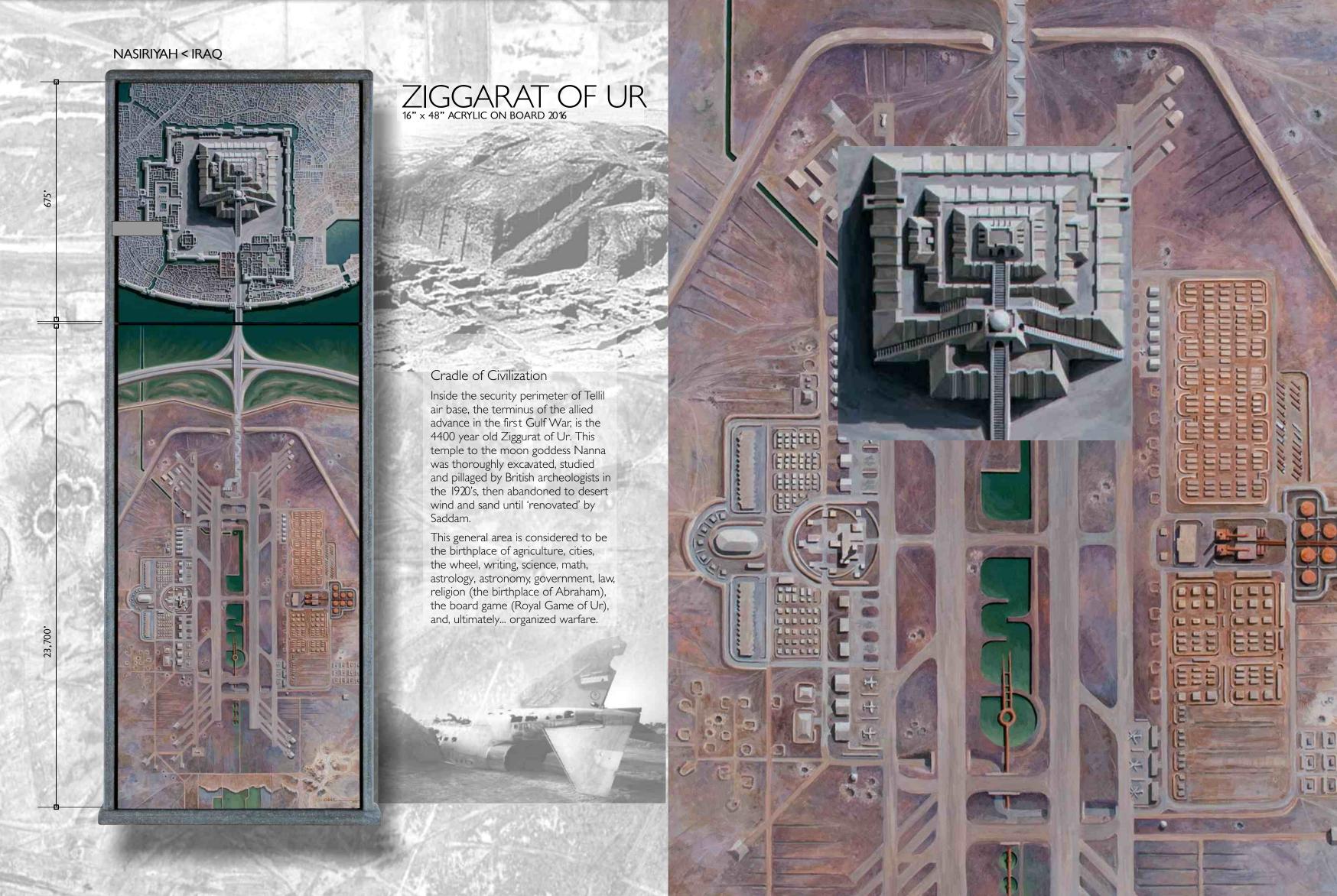
1740' RIO DE JANEIRO < BRAZIL These shanty towns grew illegally, hence organically, up the steep RIO FAVELA
26" × 16" ACRYLIC ON BOARD 2010 hillsides at the edges of the city, buildings piling one upon another without definable streets. Survival depended on creative infrastructure solutions, like the blue dots of water tanks and the tangle of impromptu electrical connections that light it with free electricity. Poverty and isolation bred violence and drugs, but the tightness also fostered family and community. Police invaded in military style to forcibly evict the drug lords. The recent thinning evident was for large pylon buildings for a gondola system, but the next threat is gentrification...cheap prices, funky architecture, and spectacular views.









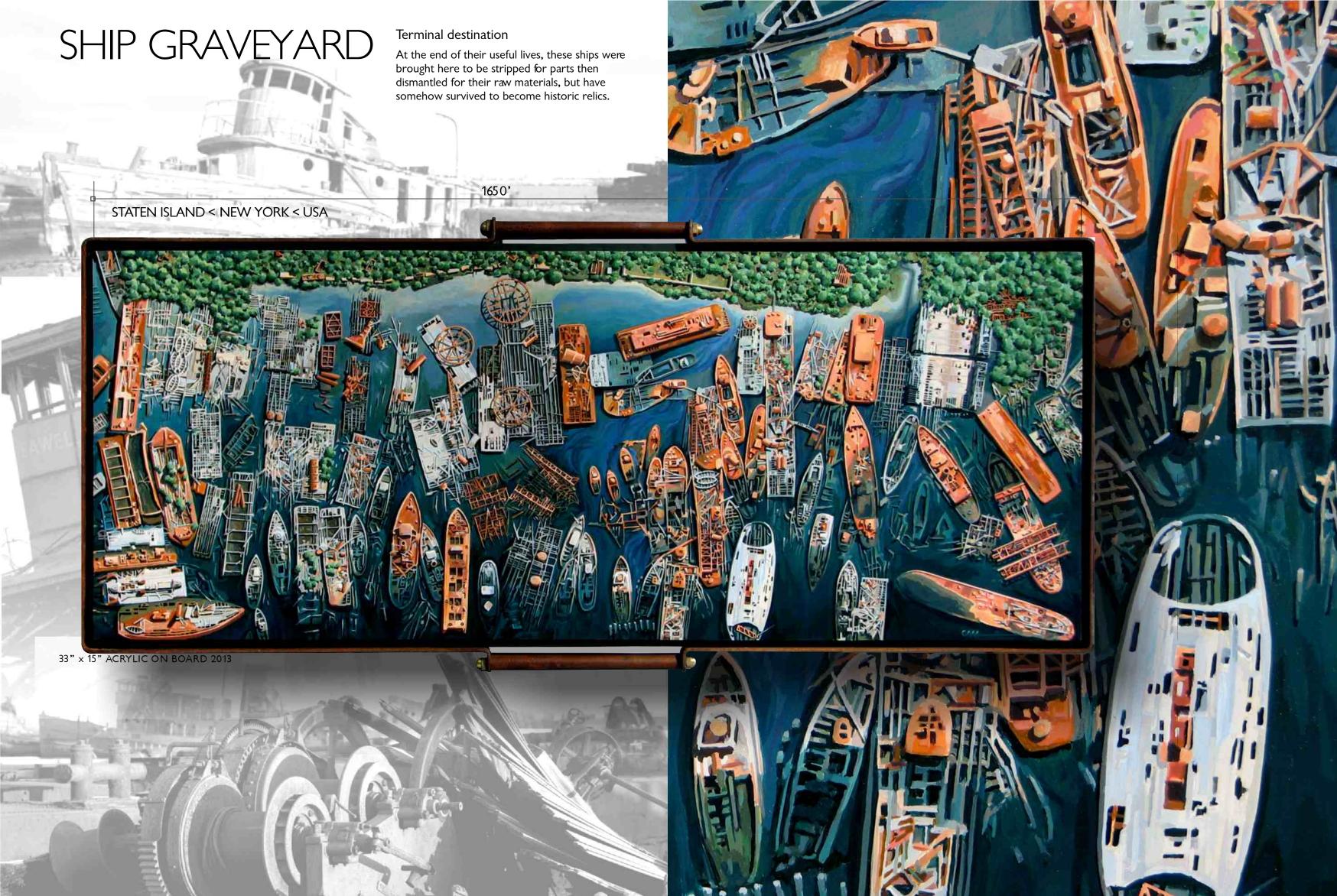


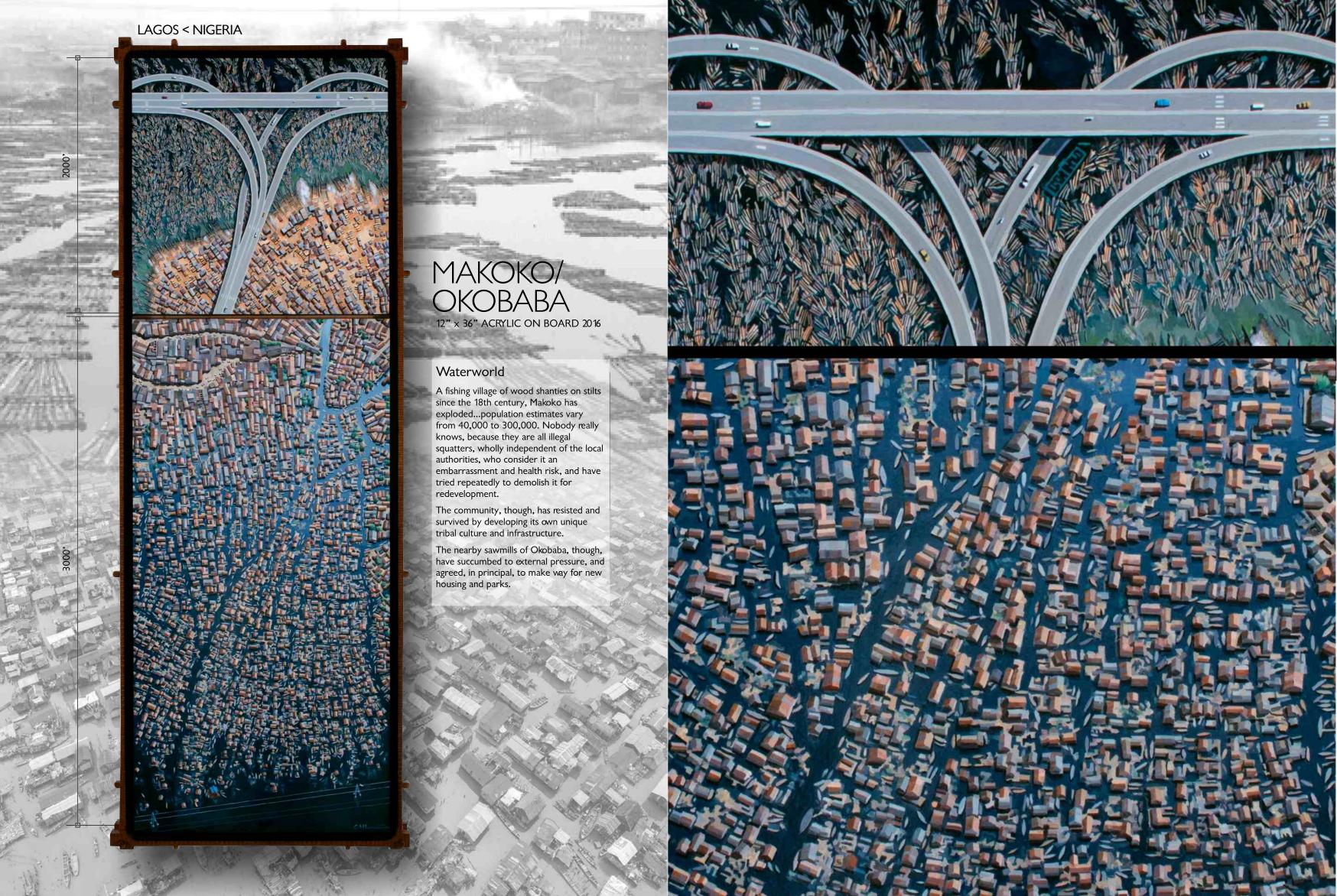
2070'

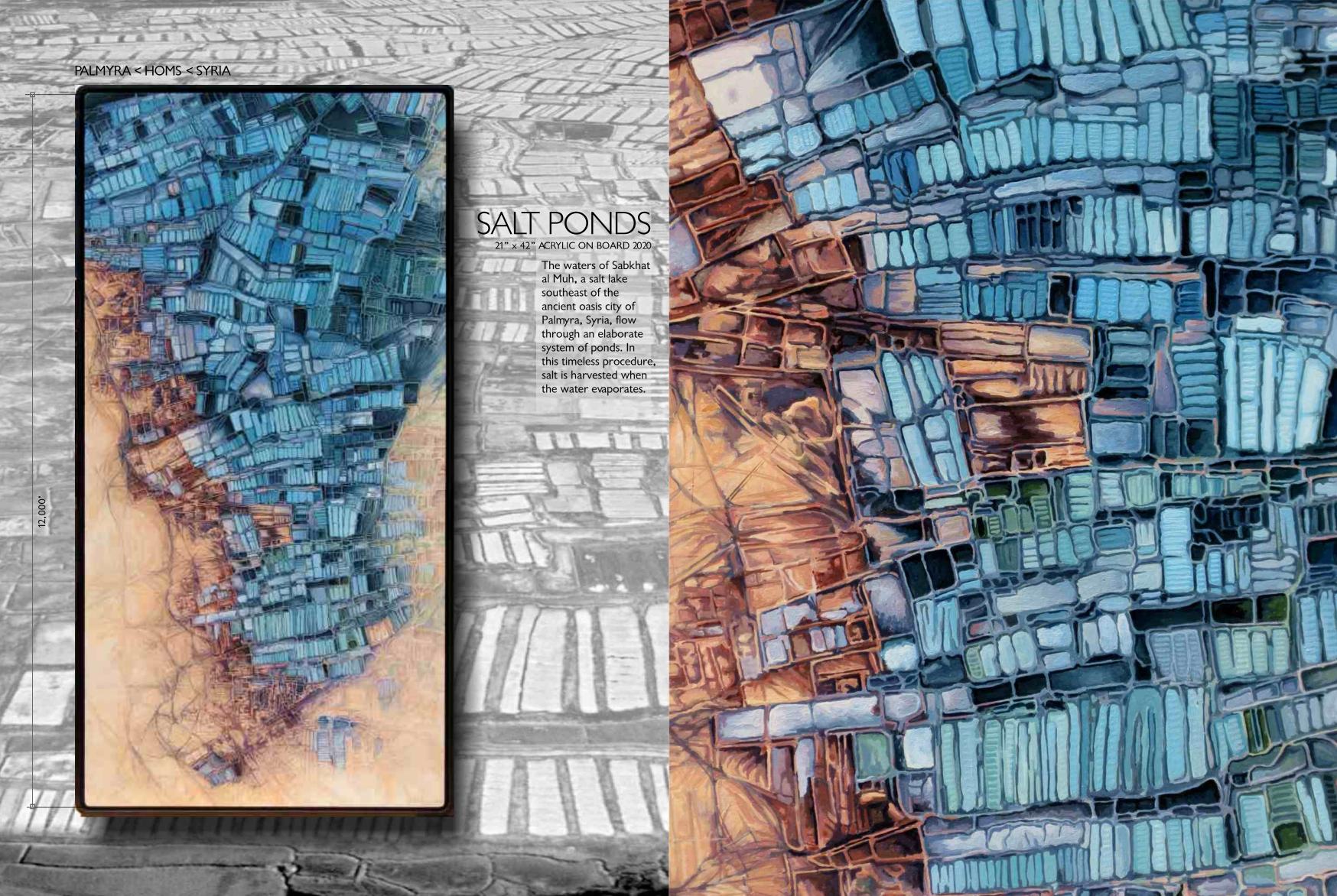
River traffic

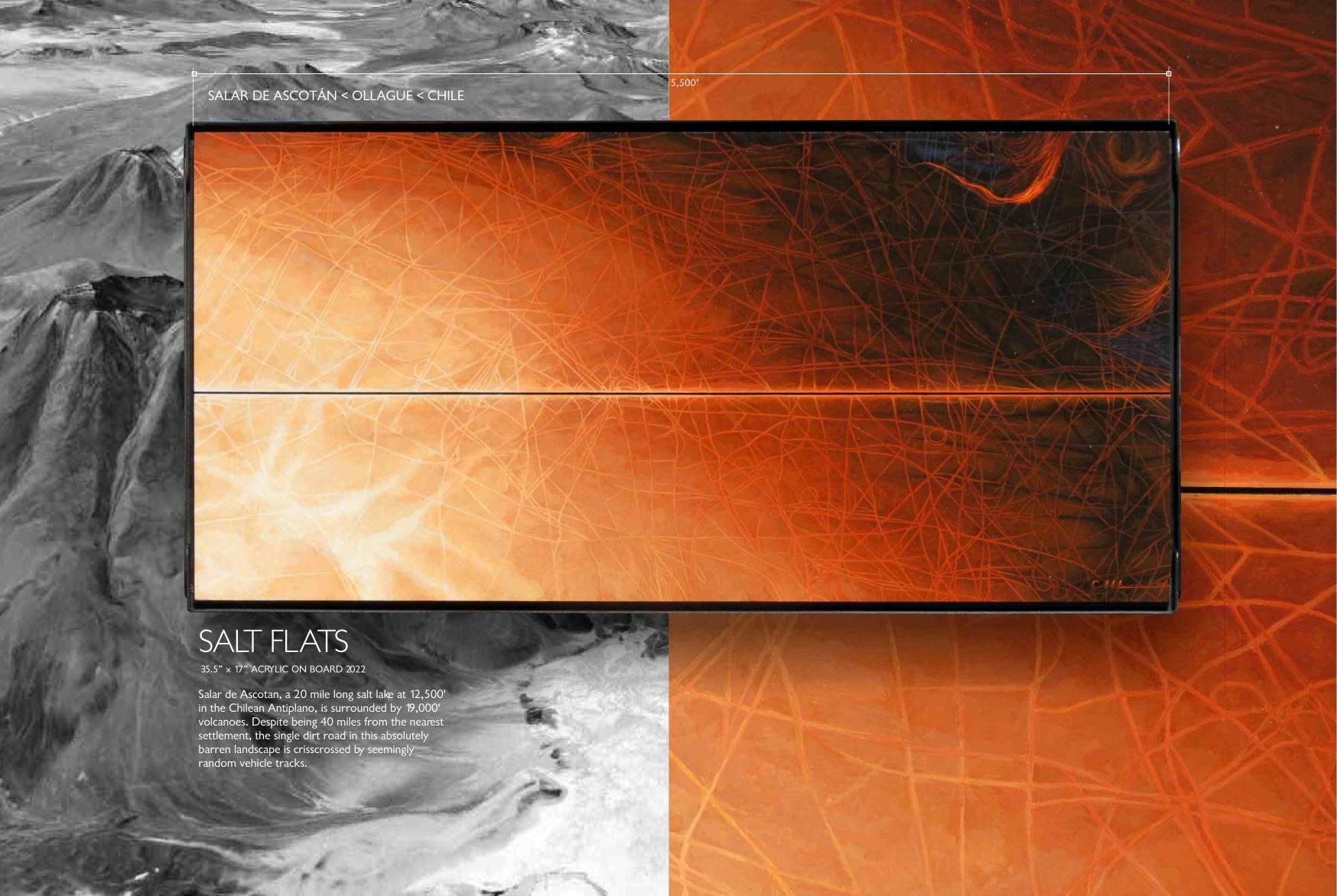
The Sadarghat Laumnch Terminal in Dhaka is alive with the urgent chaos of the Buriganga River, a tributary of the Ganges and the lifeblood of Bangladesh. 50,000 people a day board the triple decker ferries and countless others traverse the murky, shallow water in small wooden boats.

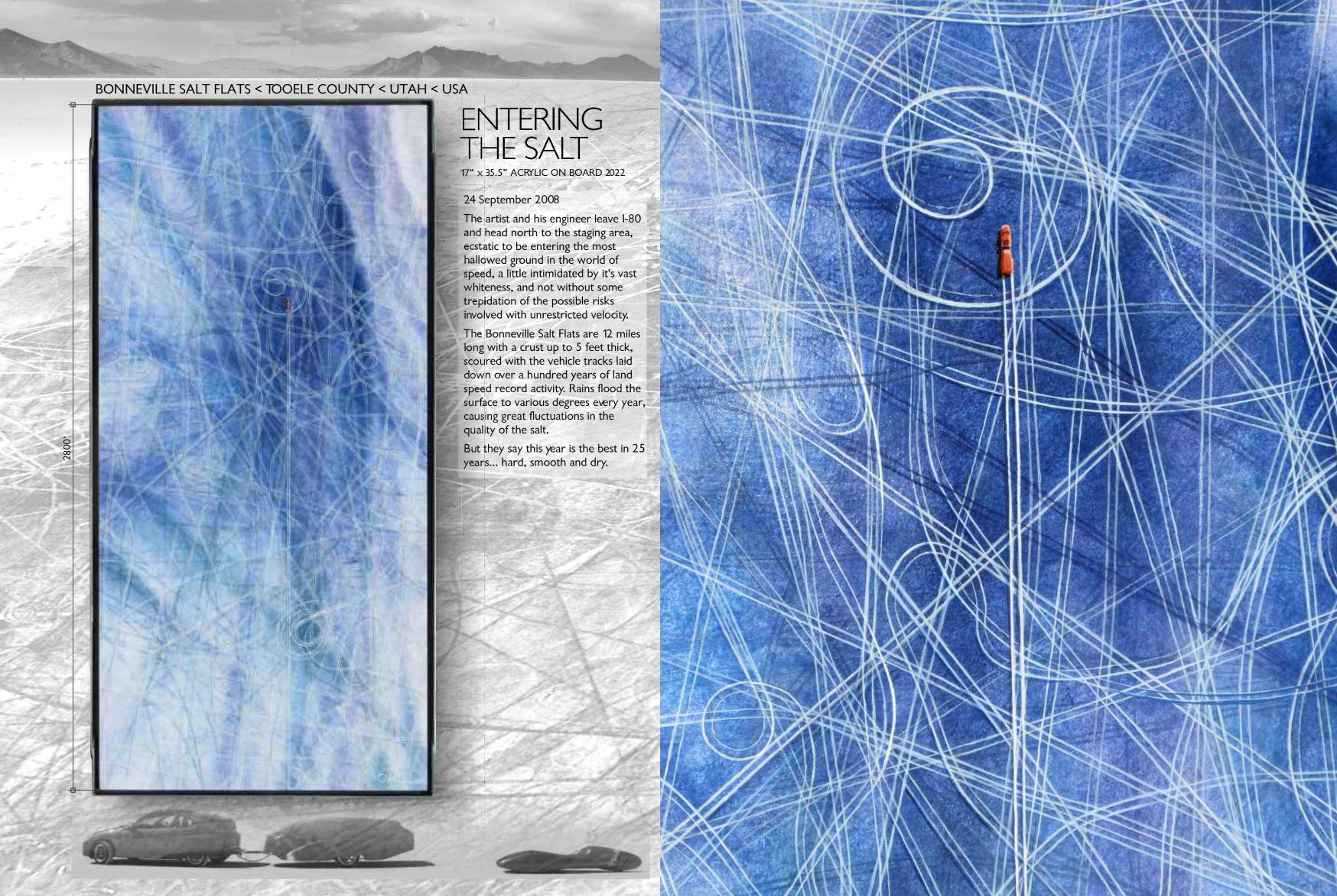


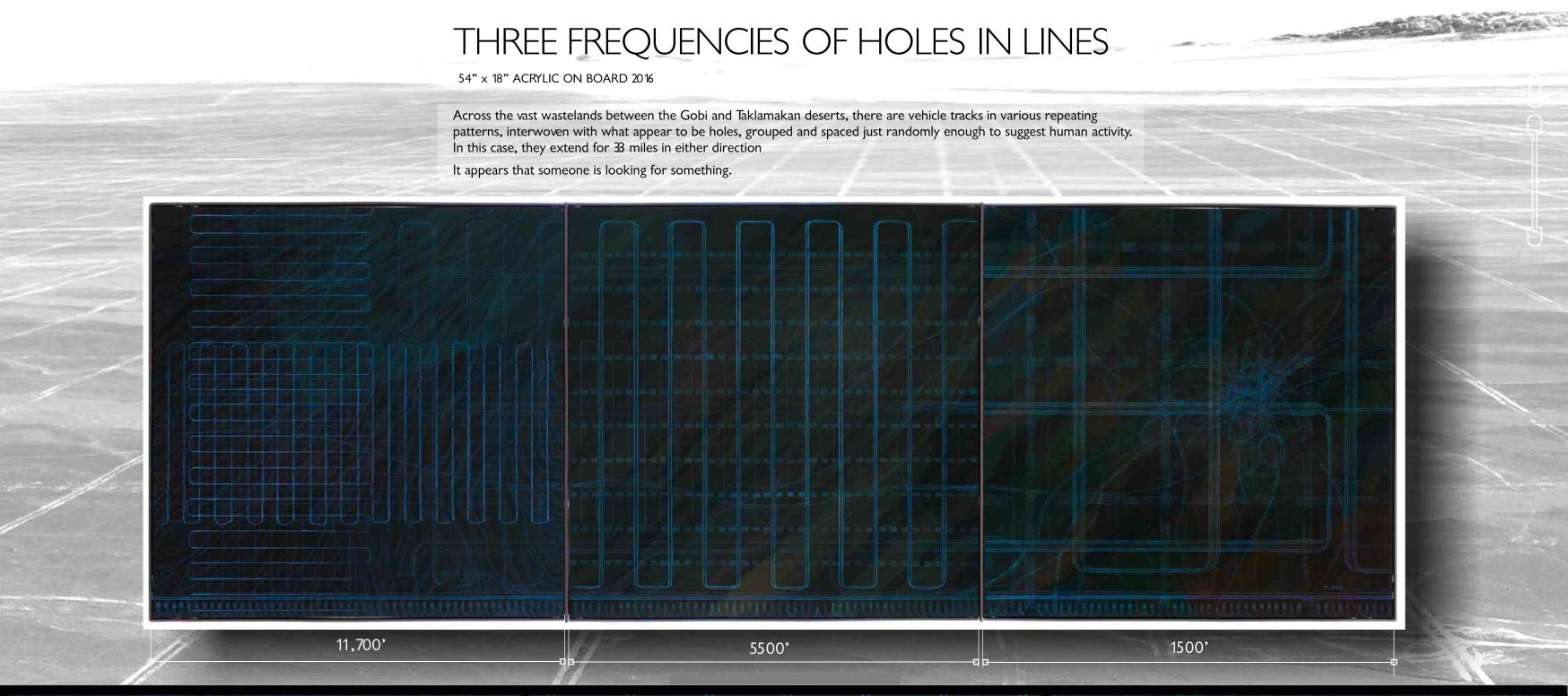


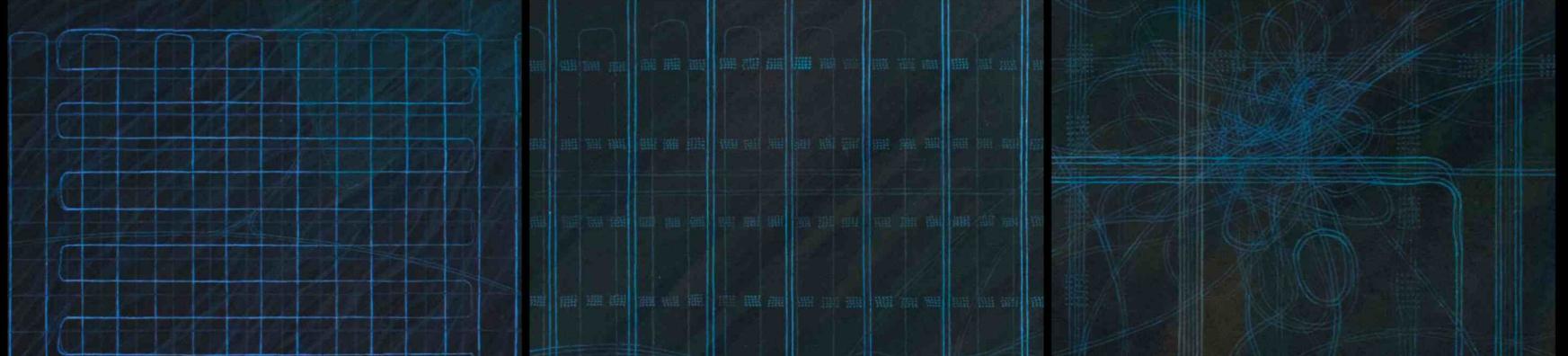


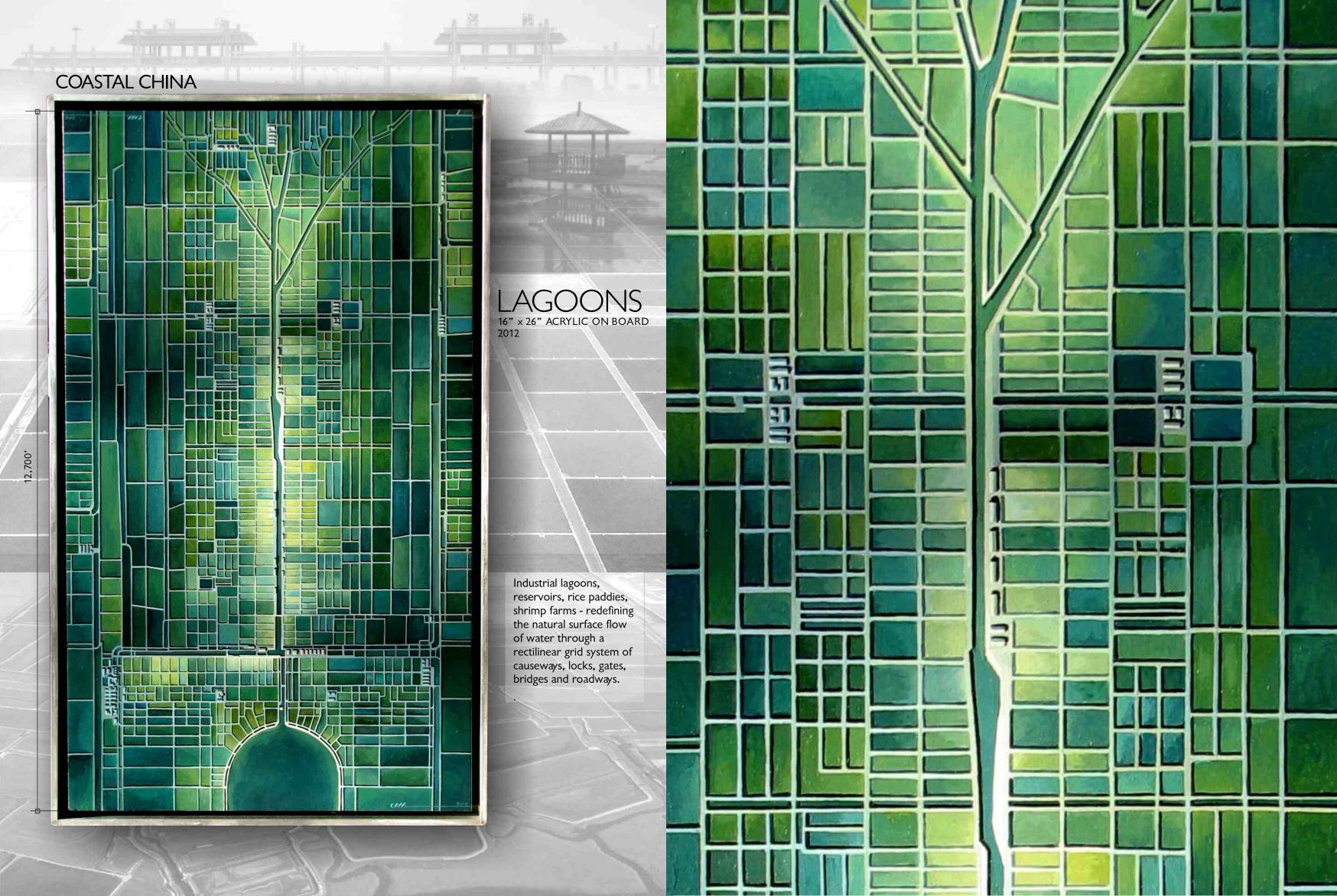




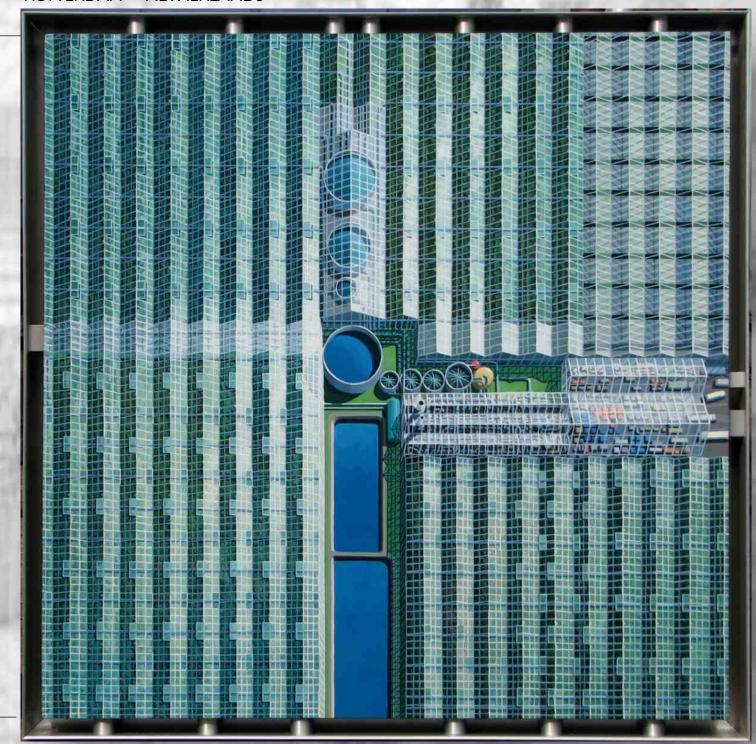






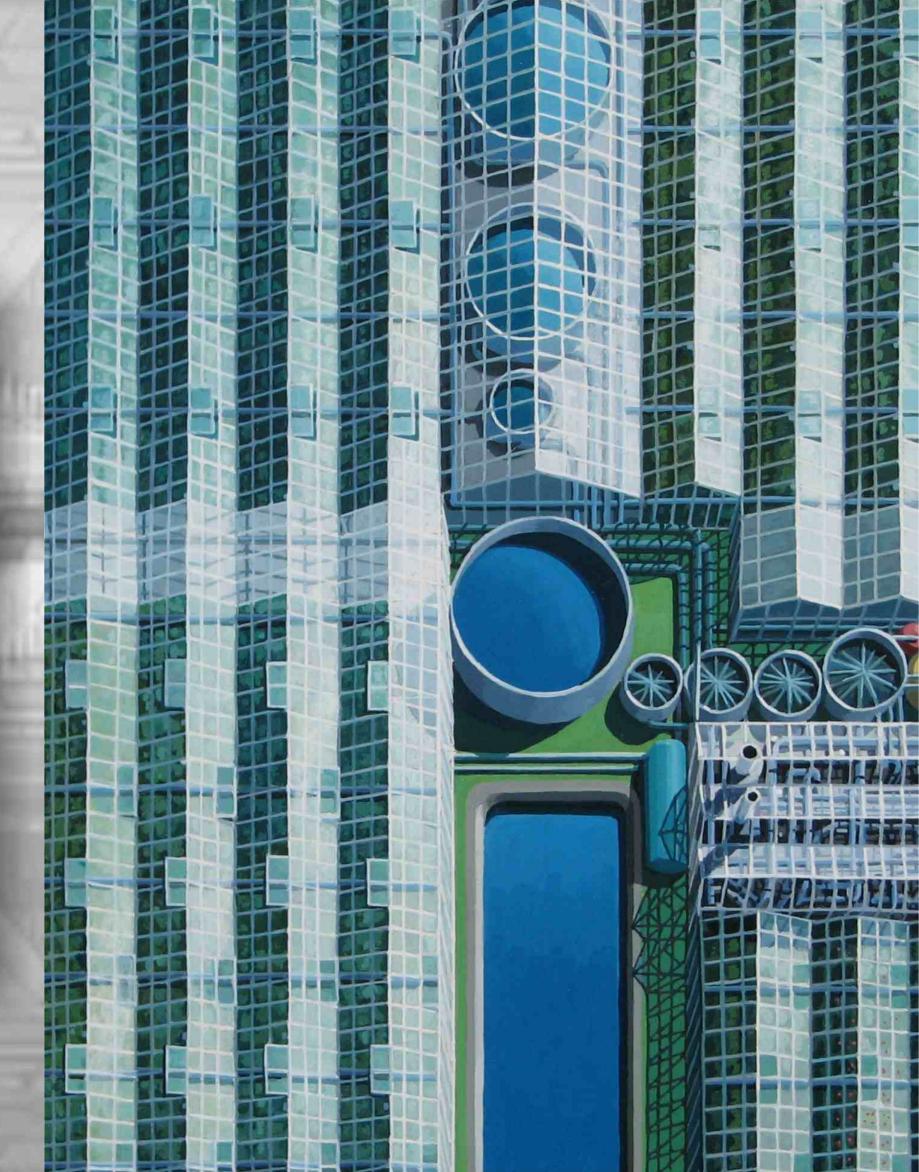


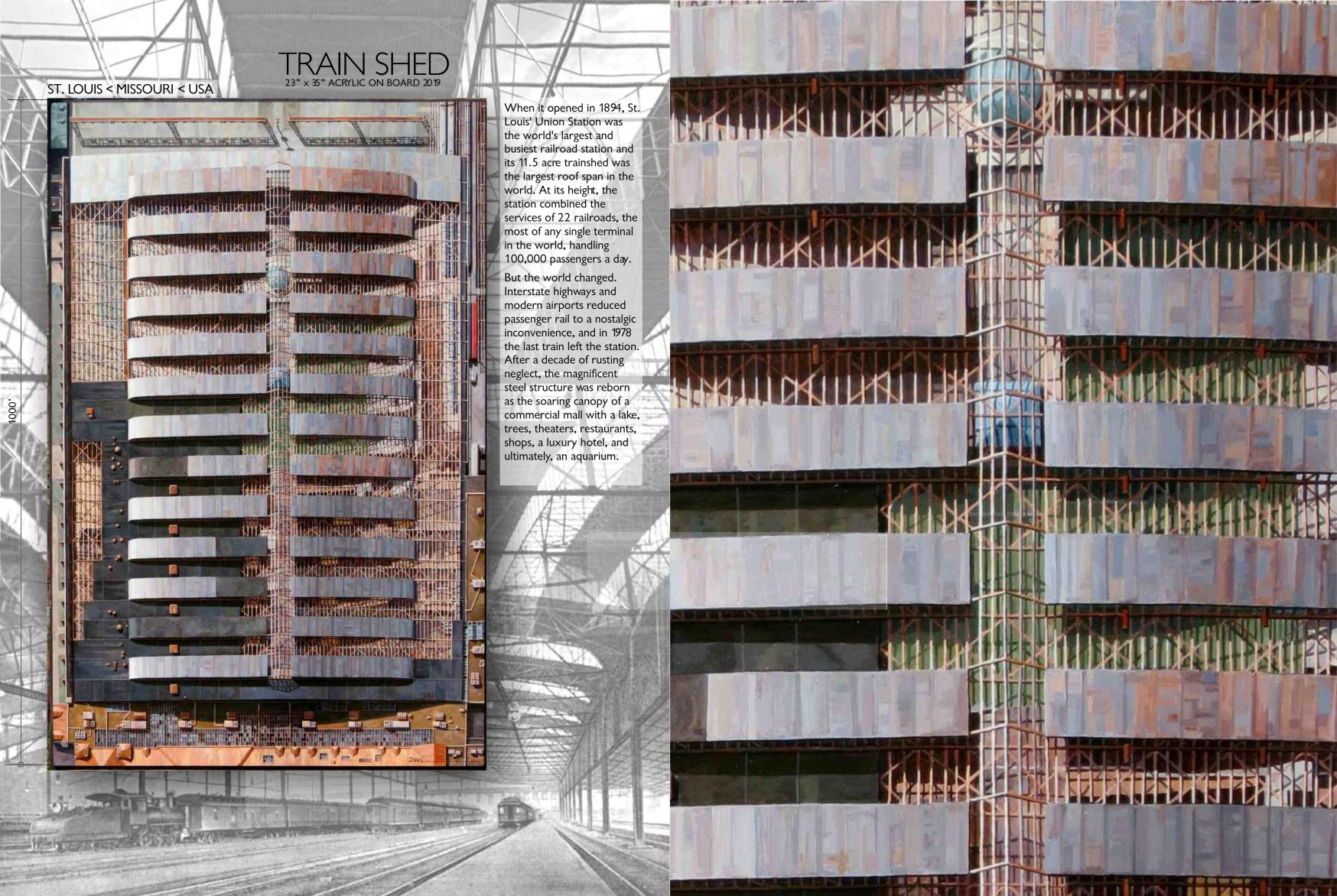
ROTTERDAM < NETHERLANDS

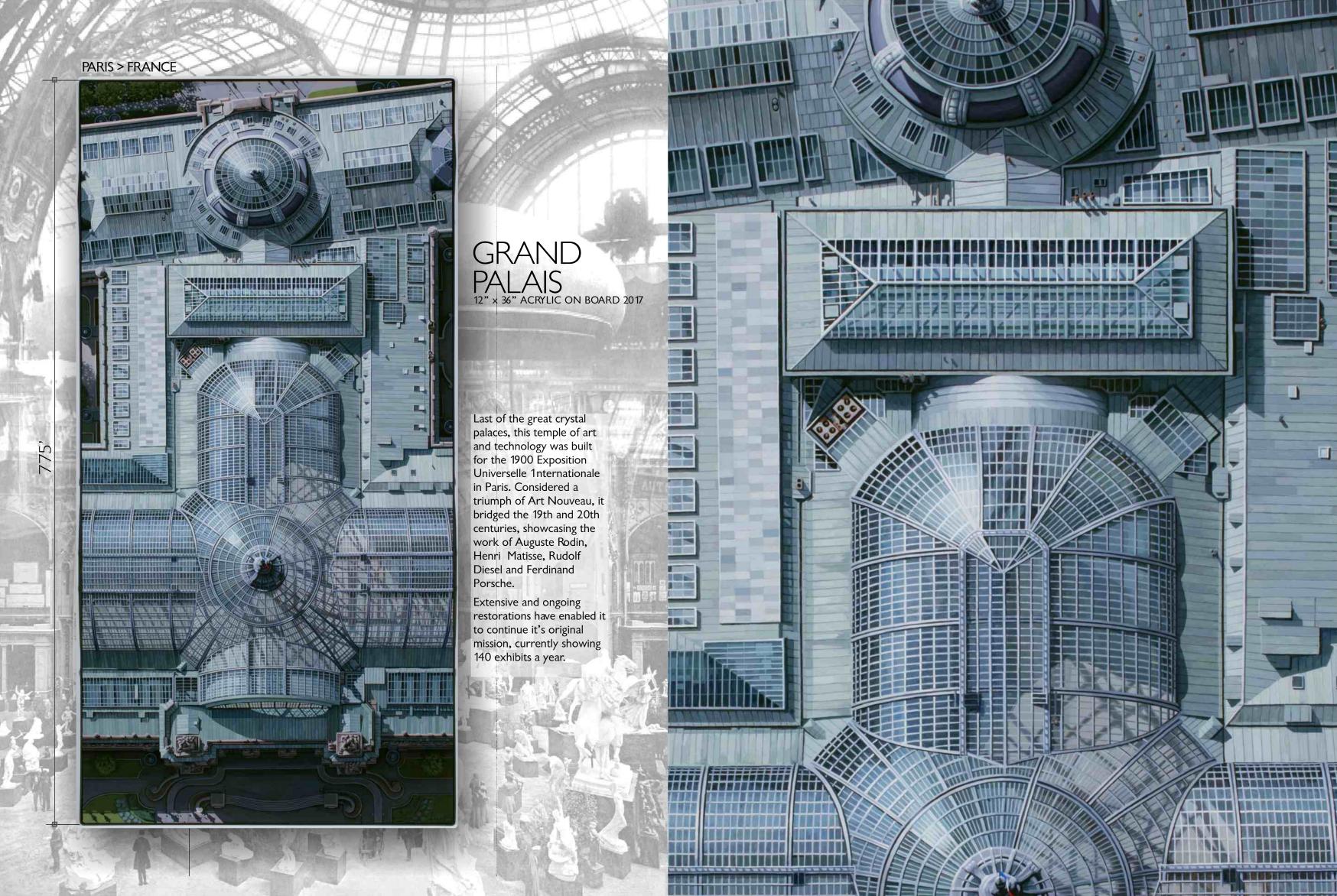


Bio factories... growing machines... Pumping nutrients, removing wastes, packing and shipping product.

There are 12,000 acres of greenhouses in Rotterdam growing fruit, vegetables and flowers, and sequestering some of the excess CO2 'greenhouse gas' from nearby refineries.



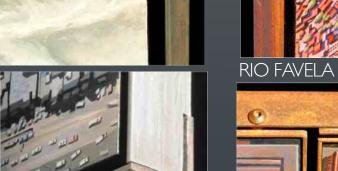


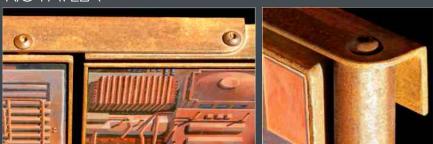


















ZIGGARAT OF UR

STEEL MILLS

