FOR THE LAST ELEVEN YEARS, D. DOMINICK LOMBARDI HAS BEEN WORKING OBSESSIVELY ON THE SERIES “POST APOCALYPTIC TATTOOS.” IT BEGAN IN 1998 AS MANY ARTISTS’ PROJECTS DO—WITH DOODLES IN A SKETCHBOOK.

QUICKLY, THOSE DOODLES CAME TO RESEMBLE CHARACTERS— AND AS DOMINICK FLESHED THEM OUT, THEY SOON DEMANDED THEIR OWN WORLD. OVER THE NEXT TEN YEARS, HIS PROJECT MUSHROOMED TO ENCOMPASS DRAWINGS IN CHARCOAL AND INDIA INK; REVERSE PLEXIGLAS PAINTINGS; SILKSCREEN AND WOODCUT PRINTS; AND SCULPTURES AND BAS RELIEFS ASSEMBLED FROM PIGMENT AND PAPIER MACHE APPLIED OVER JUNKYARD DETRITUS. HE HAS ALSO GENERATED COUNTLESS WORKING DRAWINGS MADE WITH BALL-POINT AND FELT-TIP PEN ON SCRAPS OF PAPER, OR GRAPHITE ON NEWSPRINT. LATELY, DOMINICK HAS BEEN FOCUSING MORE INTENSIVELY ON THE CREATURES’ ENVIRONMENT, EXPLORING IT IN THE SERIES—WITHIN-A-SERIES HE CALLS GRAFFOOS—GRAFFITI PAINTINGS MADE ON NEW AND OLD CANVASES.

CREATIVELY, THE PROJECT WAS BORN ONE NIGHT AS DOMINICK WAS WORRYING ABOUT THE FATE OF THE UNIVERSE. ITS MUTANT CREATURES EMBODY HIS FEARS AND HOPES FOR A FUTURE WORLD, DISTORTED BY POLLUTION, TRANSGENIC MUTATION, AND APOCALYPTIC EVENTS. THESE NEW PEOPLE INCLUDE BLUE BOY, WHOSE INNARDS SPILL DOWN HIS LEGS; HIS SWEETHEART, THE RUBBERY-BONED, TURQUOISE-LIPPED TWISTER; BIG FOOT, WHO PERAMBULATES ON A SINGLE MASSIVE FOOT; AND CLOWN, WHO DIES EARLY ON IN THE STORY FROM AN ENLARGED HAIR FOLLCILLE ON HIS TONGUE. CENTRAL TO THE TALE IS THE UNSEEN TATTOO ARTIST, A CHARACTER WHO CHRONICLES HIS WORLD BY PRODUCING ALL THESE DRAWINGS, PAINTINGS, AND SCULPTURES.

“ARE YOU THE TATTOO ARTIST?” I ASKED DOMINICK ONCE.
“NO,” HE SAID. “I’M THE VEHICLE FOR THE TATTOO ARTIST WHO’S SENDING THESE IMAGES TO ME.”

YET DESPITE ALL THIS IMPENDING GLOOM AND DOOM, DOMINICK’S CHARACTERS PURSUE THEIR DISTORTED LIVES WITH SO MUCH SPIRIT AND JOIE DE VIVRE THAT THEIR UNIVERSE NEVER SEEMS BLEAK. AND DOMINICK HIMSELF HAS PURSUED THE PROJECT WITH A ZEAL, INTENSITY, AND JOY IN CRAFTSMANSHIP THAT SUGGESTS LIFE IS TRULY WORTH LIVING.

CAROL KINO
1998... DOMINICK IS SITTING IN HIS STUDIO IN VALHALLA, NEW YORK, WORRYING AS HE DOODLES WITH A BALLPOINT PEN IN HIS SKETCHBOOK.

POLLUTION, GENETICALLY MODIFIED FOOD, THE FUTURE FOR HIS TWO-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, LORA, ASLEEP WITH HIS WIFE, DIANE, UPSTAIRS...
Suddenly, his doodles start taking on lives of their own.

Transforming into fully fleshed-out characters...
HE HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO PAINT THEM.

EAST MEETS WEST

MEANWHILE... THE DRAWINGS ARE LOOKING MORE AND MORE LIKE TATTOOS.

IT'S AS THOUGH AN UNSEEN HAND IS CHANNELING THROUGH HIM - THE TATTOO ARTIST.

MSHE

JOHNNY TWO HEADS
STAYIN' CONNECTED
TO THE EARTH!

BIG FOOT
HE STANDS TALL—NEARLY SEVEN FEET.
HEAVY BELOW THE WAIST—THICK MUSCLES THAT LAUNCH THAT FABULOUS FOOT.

BLUEBOY
IT'S THAT 'I'M MELTING' APPEARANCE HE'S AFTER.

TUMOR HEAVEN
WE ALL LONG FOR ONE SPECIAL TUMOR—PORTAL IS A BETTER WORD. 'BLUE HEAVEN'? GATEWAYS TO COLORFUL BLISS, BUOYANT CALM, THESE TUMORS FROM HEAVEN ARE.

EXOTIC DANCER WITH TUMOR
SHIMMERING IN THE MOONLIGHT, SHE MOVES LIKE A SNAKE IN SNOW - A PATH SHE MARKS IN BLACK.

TUMOR HELL
UNGUIDED, UNFRIENDLY AND FOREVER LOST.

1999... BY NOW, DOMINICK HAS PAINTED MANY MORE CHARACTERS, AND AN ORDER AND HIERARCHY HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED.

I'M THANKFUL FOR A HARD SKULL, THICK SKIN AND THERE'S NOT MUCH TO BREAK IN ME. SOFT SOIL, WARM SAND, AND THICK COOL GRASS SUITS ME.

THE ELITE EIGHT!!!

TWISTER

DEATH OF A CLOWN
A FLOWER SPRANG FROM HIS HEAD — A SIGN OF PEACE.... OR WAS IT A CLEVER TRICK? A PARTING GIFT FROM A TRUE CLOWN.

BOY WITH CLUBFOOT (POTATO EYES)
FEW FIND COMFORT HERE... IN THE OLD CITY. MANGLED WALLS, BROKEN, BARE...

"THEY'RE SPECIAL BECAUSE THEY'RE THE FRIENDS OF THE TATTOO ARTIST."
OTHER CHARACTERS OCCUPY SECONDARY AND TERTIARY ROLES....

THESPIS....
A CHARACTER WHO TELLS STORIES

THE PURVEYOR OF FUNS!
SIR TALK!
THE ELOQUENT ORATOR!

THESPIS
NO ONE ELSE
COMES CLOSE
YOU FEEL HIS STORIES
SMELL THE RAIN
THE FLOWER
THE PAIN AND THE JOY
IN ANY CHARACTER
HE EXPOUNDS


THE KING
OUR KING
A LEADER.... BRAVE.... STRONG
AN EYE POPPING BEAUTY
YOU COULD SAY
ESPECIALLY WHEN HE WEARS
THAT SEE-THROUGH DRESS
ALL BLUE AND FANCY
IT REALLY SHOWS OFF
HIS MANHOOD

CLAD FOR LOVE
HE IS FIT FOR ANY BEAST
HE WALKS THE LAND FREELY
FEARLESS, AT TIMES
SHY....
HEAVY IN HEART
HE LONGS FOR PRAISE

THE QUEEN AT FIRST LIGHT
SHE WANDERED
DRAWN BY THE WARM SUN ON HER BACK
THE COOL GRASS BENEATH HER FEET

SHE SETTLED IN A FIELD
NOT HEARING HOW STILL IT WAS
SHE DID NOT KNOW TO STAY AWAY

A BOMB WENT OFF
FISSION, I THINK
IT VAPORIZED HER
SHE WAS INCHES FROM IT

THE BLAST
HER DUST
SHE IS EVERYWHERE NOW
SHE IS IN US
AS ALWAYS
HE RETELLS THE TALE OF ROMEO AND JULIET, AND THE FOREVER FAVORITES HERCULES AND DIGITUS.

HERCULES AND DIGITUS
DIGITUS
A TRUSTED FRIEND
CONFIDANTE
PLEADED WITH HIM DAILY -

THINK FIRST, HERCULES, THINK BEFORE YOU ACT, SEE IF THERE IS ANOTHER WAY! MUSCLES CAN'T CONTROL MINDS. USE THAT POUNDING PUMP IN YOUR CHEST, YOUR HEART. IT TOO IS A MUSCLE.

BRAIN STYLING (ROMEO AND JULIET)
ROMEO AND JULIET IS ABOUT LOVE, YES. AND TRAGEDY, ABSOLUTELY. BUT MOST OF ALL, IT IS ABOUT THE PRESENTATION.

BRINGING LOVE TO THAT FIRST MOMENT AN ELEGANT CLUSTER OF BRAIN, WELL PLACED INTESTINE, OR STYLISH TUMOR CAN MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

BUT IT WAS NO USE - IT WAS THOUGHT BEYOND HIS COMPREHENSION.

AND THE UGLY SONS OF BITCHES (THE NEW WORLD'S DISRUPTIVE FORCES).

PRE-RAPHAELITE PREEMIE... A VERY IMPORTANT LIVING SOURCE OF INFORMATION AND ANSWERS. WITH HIS SEEING SPIRIT, HE CAN DIVINE, EXPERIENCE, AND DESCRIBE FARAWAY LANDS ... EVEN THOUGH HIS BODY CAN'T MOVE OR TRAVEL.

BLOOD. LUMPY THICK AND SWIRLING, TINY FLIES CAUGHT IN ITS STICKY MASS, FINDING HEAVEN IN HELL.

I WAS THERE! I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT! I CAN TELL YOU THINGS! I CAN SEE IT.

HE SWEATS ALL AT ONCE, ONE DROP. HOW CAN HE? HE HARDLY MOVES THOUGH HE TRAVELS IN HIS MIND.

THE SPIRITS... GEORGE, JOE, CHRIS, NANCY, ALFRED, LENNY, HENRY, AND ELVIS... THEY TOO PROVIDE ANSWERS AND ARE OFTEN SOUGHT AFTER FOR ADVICE, BUT...

YOU MUST ALWAYS TAKE THEIR ADVICE WITH A GRAIN OF SALT - TRY TO GET A CONSENSUS.
JOHNNY TWO-HEADS...
A MISOGYNISTIC GOSSIP-HOUND.

AN INTOLERABLE PERSONALITY BUT THE BEST AT MAKING THE SHRUNKEN HEADS.

SHRUNKEN HEADS
IN THE HANDS OF AN ARTIST
THOSE SKULL-LESS
STUFFED, CROWNING KEEPSAKES
TAKE ANY POSE.
FRIGHTENING, FUNNY, MAJESTIC
THEY DECORATE, COMMEMORATE, ILLUMINATE.
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE REMEMBERED?
PLACE YOUR ORDER WITH THE BEST -
JOHNNY TWO HEADS WILL DO YOU RIGHT.

YOU DON'T WANT HIM KNOWIN' YOUR SECRETS, POKING IN YOUR PERSONAL LIFE.

NOT A GOOD SOURCE FOR ADVICE EITHER.

IN FACT, DON'T TALK WITH HIM AT ALL IF YOU CAN AVOID HIM.

BUT HE MAKES THE BEST SHRUNKEN HEADS - KICK ASS ONES - ONES TO BE REMEMBERED BY - EVEN BETTER THAN A TATTOO.

THE SHRUNKEN HEADS ARE THE EFFIGIES THAT EVERYBODY WANTS MADE AFTER THEY DIE....
2000... the tattoo artist's world grows larger and more elaborate.

Truffler... who uses his hyper-sensitive proboscis to truffle out tidbits of food.

Truffler
Probing with that long articulate sensor, stone walls, thick brush - finding food where little or nothing is expected.

His small brain keeps him focused "always on task," we like to say.
**KITTEN**

The Atomic Feline...
Frail, but not defenseless.
Whiskered chin,
Harmonic, hypnotic purrs,
And a mess in the belly.

But she survives -
Protected by that spiky club-like tail.

And she is loved -
Everyone loves white, fluffy, little kitten.

A ball of cotton
In a rose bush.

Feed her,
Pet her head,
Rub her ears,
Don’t be afraid...

But don’t try to take her,
Lift her,
There’s too much there - beneath her -
That could go horribly wrong.

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**HEADLESS SOLDIER**

Half man, half plant -
A transgenic freak.
Something between flesh and foliage.

The sun feeds him...
Water,
Absorbed through the soles of his boots maintains life.

Autumn comes -
He goes dormant.
Slowly,
Turning from gray - to alizarin - to brown.

Something they did not predict -
The makers of this freak did not see this law of nature.
This passage.
The Winter War he could not win.

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**THE IMMORTAL ONE**

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**GLOWWORM**
THE STREETS ARE LITTERED WITH FRAGMENTS.... BODY PARTS, DISEMBODIED HEADS THAT RETAIN THE ABILITY TO SPEAK AND MOVE.

FRAGMENTS
THE HEADS YOU NOTICE FIRST.
REMAINS, PIECES OF ANATOMY
SCATTERED ALONG ROADWAYS, IN FIELDS,
YOU WALK BY THEM ALL THE TIME.

VICTIMS OF AGGRESSION.
THE RESIDUE OF CONFLICT.
Pawns in purgatory.
Yet, they do make superb tattoo designs.
Especially the heads.
A tidy shape fit for an arm or shoulder,
or maybe around a shoulder blade - or on the calf.

SUPER MAN/BOY SURFER
YOUR BEST CHANCE TO SEE HIM?
REALLY WINDY DAYS.

SEE HIM CROSS THE HORIZON,
SKIMMING RIVERS,
CONQUERING OCEANS.

TWISTER WAS THE ONLY ONE
WHO ACTUALLY SAW HIM -
WORKING ONE OF HIS WATER
BOARDS.
SAILING ALONG.

AN URBAN LEGEND.
A FLEETING FIGURE.

BELIEVING
IS SEEING.
IF THEY ARE AROUND, IT IS BEST NOT TO STARE.
MID-2001... DOMINICK MAKES HIS FIRST WALL SCULPTURE, OF BLUE BOY AT GROUND ZERO. (AFTER 9/11, HE DECIDES TO DROP "GROUND ZERO" FROM BLUE BOY’S NAME ... AND THE FRAGMENTS TAKE ON NEW RESONANCE.)

OVER THE NEXT 13 MONTHS... HE MAKES SCULPTURES OF THE REST OF THE ELITE.

IT WAS A MEANS OF SEPARATING THEM OUT FROM THE SECONDARY AND TERTIARY CHARACTERS.
2002-2006... THE ERA OF FACES IN THE CROWD.
DOMINICK MAKES 1,088 INDIA INK DRAWINGS...

YOU CAN'T HAVE AN ELITE EIGHT
WITHOUT FACES IN THE CROWD. THEY'RE
PEOPLE WHO HAVEN'T YET ACHIEVED THEIR
FIFTEEN MINUTES
OF FAME..

DOMINICK SCULPTS SOME OF THE FACES
TO GIVE THEM DIMENSION..
2006-2008... THE TATTOO ARTIST STARTS TAKING OVER THE WORLD, AND PAINTS OVER DOMINICK'S OLD PAINTINGS!!!
A new direction... born of old junk and gritty sand - the new beachcomber.

The final piece of the post apocalyptic tattoo puzzle.

1999

2005

Junk

Sand

2008

agonizing twisting his core
a whirlpool of memories wrings his insides

his eyes, bulbous pierce the jaundiced air focusing on one thing only

another chance at love

Beachcomber, who searches for his lost love... for a replacement that can never be found.

coming next issue

the URCHINS

All new!

Plus!!

Graffoos go digital!