rebelling reading appears to be social rather than economic, or perhaps a combination of the two. Good art is often at least slightly defiant—perhaps alienated artists should be included on Lombardi's list of the disenfranchised—so it not only implies but also embodies a new way of looking at things. Lombardi's mixed media sculptures, visually one to two feet in height, look both forward and back. They have two different sides to them: a cardboard, figural front and a back filled with found objects, including buttons, plastic combs, dolls, and electrical plates, among other detritus.

Lombardi's recent show, "Hidden World," (located at David Gilhooly), offered 12 "Urchins." As quintessentially assembled, these works demand close attention. Their focus on the visual shows that there is an alternative to the monstrous materialism that has more or less taken over the world. This alternative consists of a steady regard for the processes of creativity, maintained despite a widespread lack of interest in, and even contempt for, the imagination. Lombardi's message is clear, and imperialism is a major culprit. The cute and plump "Urchin II (2000)," for example, sits on a book titled From Colony to World Power: A History of the United States. Spin the work around, and the flabby figure turns out to be a skeleton at plastic parts behind its facade, an assemblage of green comb, small plastic trinket, pink brass, and unidentifiable green machine part. The sculpture is only a shell whose interior is composed of junk. Despite Lombardi's brave assertion that these works signify rebellion, the inner workings of this object are simply stuff—materials that mean nothing and are easily thrown away.

Lombardi's stated symbolism is undermined by the figures' construction, which depends on meaningless objects to the point of absurdity. Sometimes these are easily under-