

Anthony Goicolea

The wunderkind of Photoshop returns to the pen and the brush.
BY STEVEN STERN

Anthony Goicolea is a sharp, serious, and unusually successful 33-year-old artist, practically a generation older—in art-world terms, at least—than the newly minted MFA types lately attracting notice. He chooses his words with precision and assurance, wanting to talk about allegory and narrative ambiguity. And yet meeting him in person is slightly disorienting, owing to the inescapable fact of his appearance: sitting in his narrow first-floor Williamsburg studio, with ruffled hair and a close-fitting striped sweater, he could pass for a 15-year-old boy. Which is, not incidentally, what he has spent much of the past five years doing.

Got up in blond wigs and prep-school blazers, digitally cloned via Photoshop into gangs of adolescent surrogates, Goicolea (goy-ko-LAY-uh) has been the star—and the entire cast—of a series of photographs and

Goicolea prepares for his show at Postmasters by layering images on translucent Mylar sheets.



