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so many artists who didn't attain greatness until their fifties, and very few who only matter because of what they did in their twenties," she reminds us. "It just took me this long to get to the illusion I wanted to create." Minter began her career as a pure photorealist, but her pieces have morphed in increasingly experimental ways. Most recently she's been working in the commercial domain of fashion photography (for clients ranging from Versace to Erickson Beamon). At this point it's hardly a question why her art looks unlike any other while being so uncomfortably familiar.

Perhaps the lines Minter crossesbetween art and fashion, or painting and photography—have already been blurred. But in creative practice, Marilyn makes this mix both seamless and subversive. She's the first to admit that "I don't know how to do fashion-I only do beauty." But it's precisely in beauty that you get the rub: "I'm not making a critique. It's more about our love-hate relationship to this ideal, and how the pleasure we feel as a viewer is ultimately about constant failure." Her art is in the outtakes. "It's in the moment when everything goes wrong," she says. "It's when the model sweats. There's lipstick on teeth and the makeup's running." ★





