

# VOGUE ITALIA



“Will you marry me”. Those were some of the first words spoken to me by Apolonia Sokol when I was introduced to her by her energetic compadre and fellow french woman Isabelle Le Normand (and subject of one of the paintings I now own). Apolonia a French painter, feminist, lover of all things, survivor and charismatic surfer of life, in it raw state, finds herself in my home negotiating a residency in Los Angeles that will last 6 weeks and will include free paint, free Belgium linen (the finest), free studio, free Uber and a photoshoot for my first assignment for *Vogue.it*. I have no idea if she is talented, I have not seen her work, but I recognize energy and after a fast explanation of her roots in the tough suburbs of Paris, her harboring of some of the Femen’s, Ukrainian’s famous feminists and her all go attitude I say yes on the spot and off she goes. Paint store, studio a little cash and Apolonia enters the Simcor machine. 6 Weeks later, 4 photoshoots a lot of studio time, \$2000 spent on Uber X and instinct as usual in my case has won over intellect. The paintings are great, she is great, the photos are great and to bake the cake, so to speak, her dis robing at a cool underground art fair at the Paramount ranch, at the rear end of a giant green inflatable but plug by the artist Paul McCarthy just made the whole thing worthwhile. Ladies and Gentleman, may I present, the young artist: Apolonia Sokol.