

Daniel Mark Epstein, 'The passion of Walker Evans', The New Criterion On-Line :

He met Hanns Skolle, a strikingly good-looking German painter. Skolle became a soulmate, confidant, and critic of Evan's writings. When Evans went to Paris in 1926, the painter corresponded with the frustrated writer and budding photographer until his return to Manhattan in 1927. During those early years, Skolle's ardent faith in his friend's talent anchored Evan's growing belief in himself.

## Walker Evans to Hanns Skolle :

I like your painting most when it is evidence of your sardonic diseased perverted suspirated excruciated convulsed mind your surrational fantastical ecstatical extravagantzical hamletical mind (sic).

## Phil Skolle :

John Skolle is an iceberg : very little shows on the surface and when you dive, you realize that his own story, creation and connections with famous people of his time were tremendous.

Letter from Anita, his daughter in France, to Raymond Jonson, Feb. 14, 1974 :

This morning I received a letter from John, from Honduras. No address. He seems to have landed in some wild place without a soul to help him and without a roof on his head.









# Charles Gallenkamp to Phil Skolle, 1991:

John was nomadic and would burn some of his works in fits of desillusion. He would never produce for the sake of selling. Uncompromising. Still, he *always* sold what he had done.

## John Skolle, about his paintings 'Variation on the Mirage':

The mirage has rarely been painted although it is the basis of my legends and beliefs. The formidable Tuareg tribesmen believe that it is the world from which the dead ever beckon the living to join them." (...) "Slowly, elongated baloons rise from the ragged shore, swell to a maximum, each in turn, then, pulled by an unseen force at both ends, they stretch and overlap to right and left and fade away in undulating streaks.



#### Letter from J.S. to R.J., from Stann Creek, Honduras, 1974 :

The high forest, and the almost impenetrable jungle, are magnificent. There are many snakes, including boas and iguanas, parrots, all kinds of furry creatures and exquisite large blue irridescent butterflies. I trekked along bush paths for hours and hours and miles and miles through this fantastic vegetation, getting badly lost at one point and terribly chewed up by mosquitoes and other bugs. What a marvellous world of eccentric forms ! I bathed at a little spring in the jungle, never knowing what I would find there next. I also did sketches right and left. Twice, after dark, among the mysterious bird calls and cooings and sudden shrieks as if someone had been stabbed, there were terrific crashes in the bush which I did not dare to investigate.



John Skolle :

I believe that the creation of art is a function largeley independent of observable nature and that intrinsic meaning, not imitation, is the underlying principle of all good art. (...) As Sir Herbert Read has said : "The artist makes thought visible." I also believe, with Oscar Wilde, that no true artist should try to be popular, but that the public should try to be artistic.

Being a painter is a matter of dedication. In many cases, among the best of them the joy of the act of creation itself has been their only reward. Charlatans have always made names for themselves. Today, the random assembling of junk in the course of a 'happening' may be a noteworthy sociological phenomenon, but for something to be art it must be motivated by deliberate intention.(...) Just as there can be no satisfactory freedom without discipline, so technical assurance will allow the widest range of creative expression where imagination and sensitivity are at work.