

# Good Heavens Now Its Bad Evans

The Outlaw. Foreword by Chris Spivey



Over the past couple of years, Televised professional darts has enjoyed somewhat of a resurgence. Or at least so I'm told it has. You see, these days I tend to shy away from watching what is colloquially known as the idiot box... For the very reason it has that name.

However, this renewed interest in watching Darts on TV would explain why Eric Bristow who dominated the game throughout the early to mid 1980's, winning the Darts World Championship in 1980, 1981, 1984, 1985, 1986, recently took part in 'Im a celebrity, get me out of here'. After all, before he did anyone under the age of 35 was unlikely to have ever heard of him.

Still, like I have just said, I don't watch TV but my Daughter does and I just happened to glance up at the screen one night while she was watching Im a celeb and see the Crafty Cockney – as Bristow was know back in the day – stripped to the waist, whilst taking part in a task.

My first thought was, 'Fuck me, its Eric Bristow'. My second thought was 'Nice tits son'. Now, while I haven't got a Scooby Doo about who's who in darts these days; back in the 1980's, I knew them all. Back then, those in the top flight (see what I did there) were in fact, all household names.

However, should further proof be needed of just how popular darts has become again, you need look no further than a recent article that appeared in the Sun newspaper which made the following claim:

*Mike Tindall and Zara Phillips were recently at Alexandra Palace, north London, for the PDC World Championship. Prince Harry was there last year. This week Jarvis Cocker was seen at Lakeside, Surrey, for the BDO World Professional Championship and Lady Gaga plays for a darts team in California.*

Read

more: <http://www.thesun.co.uk/sol/homepage/features/4057768/Sid-Waddell-Why-darts-is-back-in-the-publics-bullseye.html#ixzz2G8jxjaLs>

Course, whether or not darts becomes as big as it was back in the 1970's and 80's, still remains to be seen. So popular was the game back then, that there was even a TV game show based around Darts. I am of course referring to the long running, extremely popular 'Bullseye' presented by the comedian Jim Bowen and co-hosted by former darts player and BBC commentator Tony 'one hundred & eighty' Green.

You would also have been hard pressed to find a Pub back then that didn't have at least one dart board. Fair to say in fact, that most pub's back then even had their own darts team.

Amongst the professional games big boys, and I use the term in its literal sense to describe the fat bastards who were household names, were the likes of Eric, obviously, John Lowe, Jocky Wilson and the ever so slightly slimmer, Bobby George – A man who wore only slightly less gold than Mr T.



Just as well known, but less charismatic, and/or flamboyant were players such as Leighton Rees, Cliff Lazarenco, Keith Deller and Alan Evans.

The latter, Alan Evans would have been included in that first list of names was it not for the fact that he had reached his peak just prior to darts becoming compulsive viewing.

Evans who died in 1999 at the early age of 49 (<http://www.independent.co.uk/sport/darts-the-legend-of-evans-the-arrow-1087570.html>), was in fact so good that in 1977, he was selected to take part in an charity exhibition darts match against the legendary World Boxing Champion, Muhammad Ali.

However, Evans can count himself as extremely fortunate that Ali wasn't aware of the kind of man that the 1975 World Masters dart Champion really was. For had Ali known that there was nothing charitable about the real Alan Evans, he would no doubt of put the sadistic paedophile in hospital.

The following is from the Outlaw's Blog (<http://renegadesblog.wordpress.com/2012/12/26/good-darts/>) and tells of the horrific abuse that Evans subjected the articles author to in the 1970's. These fucking nonces really are every where:

## Good Darts

Evans was one of the early faces of television darts and had some tournament success in the 1970s. By the time the sport gained popularity in the 1980s, Evans form had faded and he wasn't in the limelight as much as Eric Bristow, John Lowe and Jocky Wilson, who all found more fame and success from the game.



But 'Alan' Evans had a dark secret, he was also one of the most sadistic and cruellest men I ever had the misfortune to meet. His parents owned the Public House across the road where my family lived, and he was a regular visitor to the Fish & Chip shop my parents ran at the time. My father was working as a Builder's labourer at that time and was very rarely at home, apart from the weekends, and we rarely saw my mother as she was always working out front.

A word about my mother while I am on the subject. We did not have what could be described as a 'close' relationship, in fact apart from her habit of striking me with any implement she could lay her hands on, she had very little contact with me. I struggle to remember even one time when she ever held me with anything other than a vice-like grip with one hand, while using the other to batter me. She was quite expert with a shoe or a slipper, sometimes she would utilise a large wooden spatula that would finally end up broken after smashing it over my head once too often. But I was fed, clothed and had my own bed to sleep in, so I counted myself quite lucky in many ways. My mother had some problems, she felt trapped in a loveless marriage and found it difficult to show attention to her children. I had older sisters, one of whom, practically brought me up & looked after me as best she could in the circumstances.

My mother told me once, that she could 'never love me, but would feed and clothe me' and that was exactly what she did. Nothing more and nothing less.

In a way Strange way I was grateful, because from the time I had started to walk, I had learned everything I needed to know about survival from her.

I digress somewhat. My mother was very friendly with Alan Evans 'Darts' from across the road, he used to come around the house when my dad was at work, and hang around the shop at closing time. It was around this time that, in her words, I had become 'too wild to handle' and would turn to him for advice on how to deal with me. His first attempt involved locking me in the Pub Cellar overnight, which, being near to the river which flowed along the back, was overrun with rats and used to terrify me. This became a regular thing, especially on weekends, as my mother used to like to go Dancing and did not always come home until the next morning.

My father, had no knowledge of this, he came from a generation

which believed that the women were responsible for the house and the children, and the men brought home the money. He liked a drink after working hard all week, and that was just the way it was for us kids. One particular night, when Alan was 'babysitting' me, oddly enough he never offered to look after my sisters, he came down to the cellar in the middle of the night. He was obviously drunk as he was swearing and practically falling down the steps and making some really strange breathing noises.

He came over to where I was sitting, usually on the window cill, or on top of a barrel to get away from the scurrying, scratching rats, and dragged me into the centre of the cellar. He was standing over me, swaying and he put his hand on my shoulder in order to hold me still as he started undoing his trousers. He wanted me to touch it, which I struggled against so he grabbed my hair and tried to press my face onto his penis. In a blind panic I did the only thing I could and I bit him! It became obvious that it was not the right thing to do, as the blow that followed closed my eye immediately and bowled me across the full length of the cellar.

I remember being curled up in the corner crying as I could not see very well, and I vaguely remember seeing him walking toward me undoing the thick leather belt he always wore.

The next thing I remember is waking up in my sisters bedroom. She had the attic room, which had been converted into a bedroom, and she loved it as it was her own space. Nobody was allowed in there apart from me, it was the safest place I knew. She looked after me for two weeks, I found out many years later. I spent the time lying face down on a mattress, as there was very little skin left on my back from the belt buckle. She told me later that she had to cover me in wet towels for three days until the swelling had gone down. Some of the cuts were down to the bone she told me, and the weals had looked to her like thick red fingers raised across the whole of my back and the tops of my legs.

I was off school for a month apparently. I do not know how it was explained at the time, maybe it was the summer holidays? What is certain is that it was the year that Apollo 11 landed on the Moon. I would have been six years old!

*What I do know is that my Dad never knew about it, in fact, when I plucked up the courage to finally tell him and (show him the still visible scarring) in 1999, my Dad was 75 years old then, and the first thing he did was to go and try and find him.. If he had not already died, I honestly think that my father would have killed him..*