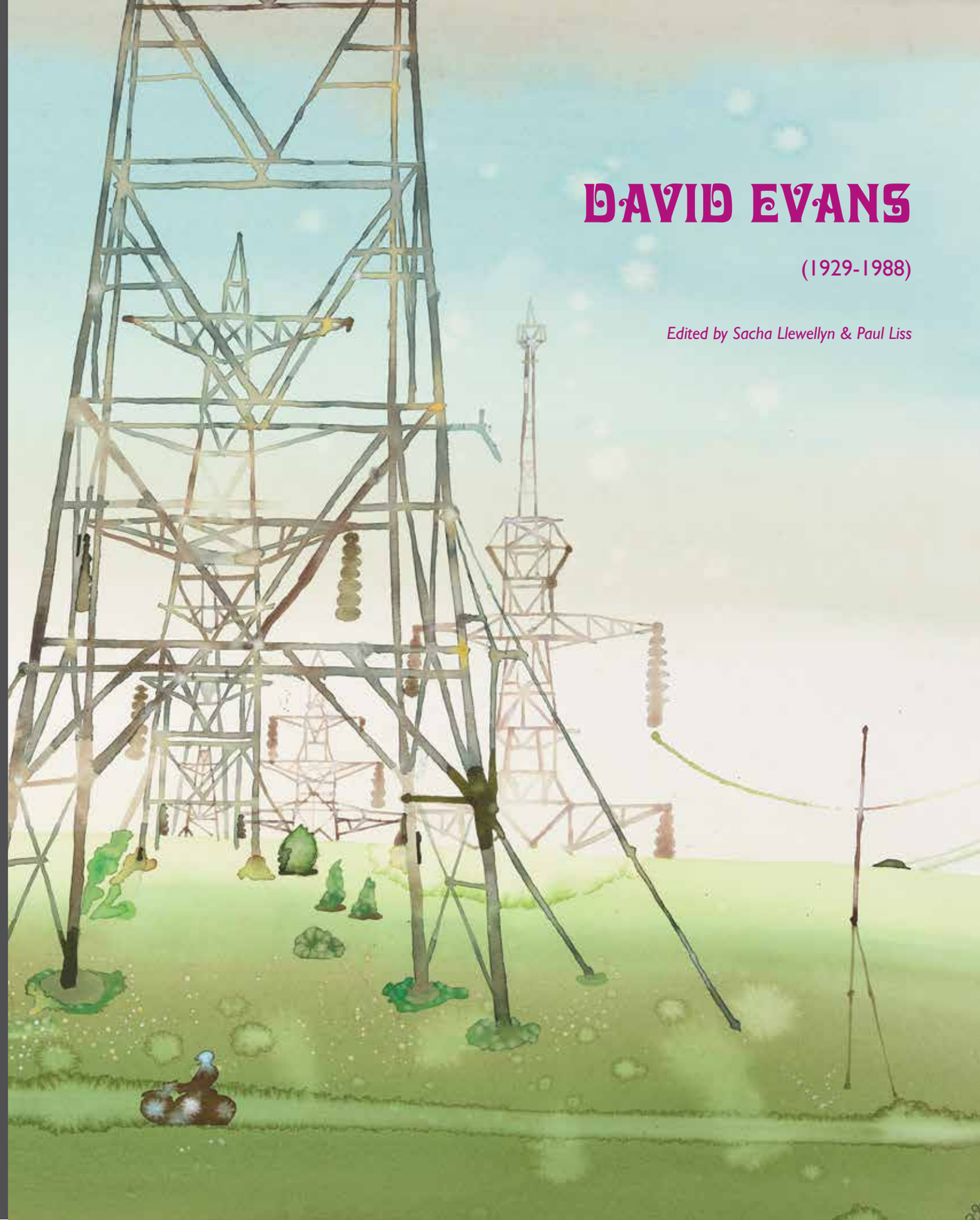
DAVID EVANS

(1929-1988)

Edited by Sacha Llewellyn & Paul Liss



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For John Alford

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The rediscovery of David Evans' studio is the result of a chance encounter with three people without whose support and enthusiasm such a remarkable cache of pictures might never have seen the light of day:

Pete Gage
Tracy Harper
Bill Taylor

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'The weather is not being kind to marrows and melons and will probably rot the potatoes!'

Undated letter from David Evans to The Redfern Gallery

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Harmony and Discord in the Age of Glam-Rock

By Paul Liss

"Most of the time we are offered by artists only what they have partly digested or more often than not what they are still chewing in their mouths. . . . I don't think anyone produces anything of value until it has actually got into the blood stream."

David Evans, undated diary entry

David Evans' death in a road accident in 1988, at the age of 58, brought to an abrupt end the career of one of the most distinguished watercolourists of his generation. The recent discovery of pictures remaining in his studio, nearly thirty years after the memorial tributes staged by the Redfern Gallery and Flying Colours Gallery (1988), has provided an opportunity for the publication of this first ever book, which accompanied by a touring exhibition, will allow a new audience to discover his work.

Evans' strikingly large watercolours, (they typically measure over one metre in height or breadth), span two decades, (from the late 1960s to the late 1980s). While powerfully evoking the period charm of the glam-rock era, Evans showed a conscious awareness of the shifting political landscape around him. His compositions are characterised by a kaleidoscopic vision of Thatcher's Britain: an era of urban redevelopment, the Falklands War, industrial unrest, nuclear power, and the Cold War. Transition is everywhere: new roads carve their way through the countryside; fighter jets cast their shadows across the landscape; the scars left by industrial plants, pylons and landfill permeate throughout.

Evans was an ardent campaigner and environmentalist. After moving to the hamlet of Dallinghoo (Suffolk) in 1969, he and his partner, Basil Lawrence, strove to become self-sufficient – his diary frequently chronicles the cultivation of vegetables and attempts to produce wine. Evans' landscapes mirror a country-side in flux, moving from traditional small holdings to the large open fields

created by modern farming methods. His compositions are occupied variously by farmers, soldiers, workmen, and the occasional rambler. Construction and military vehicles, and farm machinery, weave their way in and out of the compositions. Urban subjects, similar to the repertoire of L.S Lowry (1887-1976), unfold against a backdrop of factories, concerts halls, sporting arenas, beaches, cafeterias and bars, museum interiors and shopping centres. Billboards, traffic congestion and fast food are very much in evidence. Night clubs are peopled predominantly by men (and the occasional drag-queen), a celebration of Evans' homosexuality.

Evans made his living whilst in London running a small classical music record shop, Record Roundabout, at 291 Brompton Road. After moving to Suffolk he worked in a mushroom factory, until he was made redundant, and then as a porter in a local psychiatric hospital. Changes in employment laws and redundancy packages, the introduction of care in the community, changes in sexual politics, and the first awareness of climate change as a man-made phenomena would not have gone unnoticed by Evans. Indirectly such events informed his vision:" I don't think anyone produces anything of value until it has actually got into the blood stream."

Evans' compositions belong to the Northern tradition of Hieronymus Bosch (1450-1516). Through heightened colour and narrative details his contemporary subjects resonate an underlying disquiet. In his love of story-telling, quirky humour and a delight in the ordinary, his pictures are also unequivocally British, especially in his commitment to producing watercolours intended for exhibition, rather than as studies for larger oil paintings.

Comparison to the large, idiosyncratic watercolours of Edward Burra (1905-1976) is inevitable, but in Evans' paintings there are also other clear generational influences, from Keith Vaughan (1912-1977), by whom Evans was taught, to Peter Blake (b.1932), David Hockney (b.1937), Alan Reynolds (1926-2014), Lucian Freud (1922-2011), Francis Bacon (1909-1992), Graham Sutherland (1903-1980) and Eduardo Paolozzi (1924-2005). Alistair Hicks' essay, which considers the post-war art scene in Britain, describes the essential context from which Evans' vision was to emerge. At the same time it creates a compelling argument that Evans' vision remained essentially his own. Pete Gage, best known as the vocalist from the R&B band Dr. Feelgood, has written an intimate

CAT. 3 – *A Family Gathering,* photomontage on paper, 15 ¾ x 22 in. (40 x 56 cm).

account of his friendship with David Evans. His recollections recreate a unique picture of the artist that might so easily have been lost. The previously unseen collage and pen and ink compositions of the 1950s and 1960s, found in the studio alongside the more familiar large scale watercolours of the 1970s and 1980s, are a revelation and complete the previous unchartered account of his artistic journey. Welcome to the lost kingdom of David Evans.

David Evans

By Pete Gage

I first met David Evans sometime in 1962. He was about 33 years old, the owner/proprietor of a small classical music record shop in the Brompton Road, Chelsea, number 291 to be precise. The shop was called "Record Roundabout" and it was already well established, I would guess as a direct result of David's warm outgoing personality, combined with his unbounded enthusiasm for the classical music upon which he was a great authority.

In those days, my father would often come home quite animated sometimes, with his latest second-hand purchases from "Record Roundabout". The shop was only a quarter of a mile away from our family home, very close to a little row of shops that I'd grown up with at the top of Draycott Avenue. My mother used to send me, ration-book in hand, in the 50s to the Home & Colonial grocery store, opposite Tennant's the picture-framer; or to Hovis the bread shop, Fourbuoys the newsagents; or the fishmonger's shop for fresh plaice on a Friday; also, right outside that fishmongers, there would be two or three barrows, lit up in the early evenings of autumn and winter, selling fresh fruit and vegetables and flowers etc. So, to have a record shop so nearby was something special, especially as I was already establishing the foundations of a life-long "obsession" with recorded music. At the age of 15, the seeds of my life-long musical tastes were being sown. I wanted to know about this little shop down the road.

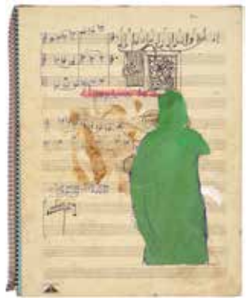
Primarily, I would visit the shop to look at the second-hand records on sale, in which David had a handful of jazz records, Billie Holiday, Coleman Hawkins, Louis Armstrong, and others. But very soon, on into the years 1963 to 1965, I would spend Saturday afternoons, sometimes all day Saturdays, just hanging out in David's shop, discussing and listening to music with him, and just being around LPs and LP sleeves. I would stand aside as David served customers, as he enthused about the great music he was selling them. It wasn't long before I introduced my school buddy Costas to the record shop, and as time went by,

CAT. 4 – *The Concert Singer*, signed, watercolour on paper, 39 ¾ x 26 in. (101 x 66 cm).

Costas and I would both spend many hours at the shop, learning from David about the great composers, and teaching him in return about the new jazz of John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman and others. It was a very full and creative environment for us two impressionable teenagers.

CAT. 5 – *Der Freischütz*, a design for Carl Maria von Weber's opera which premiered in 1821, photomontage and pen & ink on paper, 8 ¼ x 8 in. (21 x 20 cm).

CAT. 6 –
Lohengrin, a design for Richard Wagner's opera of 1848, collage and pen & ink on paper, 12 ¼ x 9 in. (31 x 23 cm).



CAT. 7 – Music score, ink, wash and gouache on paper, 12 ¼ x 9 ¾ in. (31 x 24 cm).

CAT. 8 – *Albert Hall*, pen & ink on paper, 9 ¾ x 9 in. (25 x 23 cm).

On a Saturday morning, I would buy takeaway coffees from the coffee shop round the corner in Draycott Avenue, and bring them back to the shop. At lunchtimes, David would shut up shop and we three, Costas, David and I, would sit in the "Hourglass" pub a couple of doors down in Brompton Road. David would be in his element with us two 18 year old boys sharing Gin and Dubonnet with him. He would delight in talking music, Haydn, Beecham, Koussevitsky, Stravinsky and everyone you can think of. He was an encyclopedia of facts and insights about performances on record. More to the point, though, he had such passion for the music he was listening to. In between customers, the afternoons on a Saturday were spent absorbing all the great composers and the great performances that were coming out in the 60s. Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra on Decca was his great love. We would listen to Ansermet's Bartok, his Honegger, Debussy and his Haydn. We would listen to E. Power Biggs doing the Haydn Organ Concertos, the fabulous Karl Richter recordings of the Handel Opus 7 and 4, and so much more. There was so much about that little shop for two impressionable young men, crazy about music. The counter, the way the records were stored in revolving racks, the way David would dress the window with LP sleeves, the curtain behind which was his little office desk with an small typewriter on it: all these things left their mark. Even down to the distinctive hand-drawn lettering to denote the different genres of the records therein, it was an Aladdin's cave of creativity.

David was, in those early days of the time that I knew him, preparing to redevelop his artistic style. But he didn't talk much about his art to me, except for a period in 1965 when he took to drawing portraits of all his acquaintances, which is when I became aware of how important his art was to him. He had been doing collages in the 1950s, quite dramatic scenes, often with some shocking images. After this, into the middle 60s he would be drawn to the cosmos, space and an element of futurism. Later, he would go on to find his own striking style in the form of rather surrealistic landscapes, as though pictured from the air, as though flying. I remember that he often talked about "flying" dreams, and for many years right up until his death, there was strong evidence of what I would call "aerial" views of landscapes and other scenes. But to be honest, at that time in the middle 60s, the developing creativity of my friend was not as important to me as the fact that I had come to see David as a mentor, a teacher and paternal friend.

CAT. 9 – *La Plume de Ma Tante*, pen & ink on paper, 8 ½ x 8 in. (22 x 20 cm).

CAT. 10 – Design for menu for "The Pot", pen & ink on paper.

For me, it was a seemingly endless period of learning. School meant very little to me, but what I learned from David about life, art and music, good food and conversation, was irreplaceable. It was a time I value as much as any memory I have. Especially vivid in my memory was the time when in September 1965, I went on my travels to Europe. David had become someone I had learned to trust, who would never take advantage of my need for his friendship. Whilst I was away, he would write such heart-warming letters on that little typewriter out the back of the shop, and I would delight in reading his distinctive prose, wherever I was staying in Germany or Switzerland or Holland. He would send money, and be so concerned for my safety. I remember how he was especially excited when I informed him of my arrival in Bonn (Beethoven's birthplace), insisting I visit the birthplace of the great composer. And when I told him of my joining a rock band in Germany, he gave me such support and expressed great excitement, telling me how he had "discovered" this bright new talent called Otis Redding!!

On my return to the UK in 1966, his enthusiasm continued, attending gigs that I was now doing with a new band in Chelsea known as The Sloane Squares, and introducing me to all manner of music-loving friends. David was loved by all who knew him, and not least by the members of The Sloane Squares. He created a very striking poster/flyer for us, the original of which I still have in my possession. One of my abiding memories of 1966 was when David, Costas and I went to see Alban Berg's *Lulu* (the 2-Act version) at Sadler's Wells. What a cherished memory, and a wonderful experience that was.

It was through David, that I got to meet his partner Basil, the proprietor/owner of a reasonably priced restaurant, "The Pot" in Hogarth Place off the Earl's Court Road. Costas would sometimes work as a waiter at Basil's restaurant, but it wasn't until 1965, after I had left school for a year or two, that I too worked casually in the restaurant. I distinctly remember my first day's work in the kitchen of the restaurant. I found Basil to be a very forthright boss, realising later that he was simply a very good businessman with a talent for cooking. He spoke with a directness I wasn't used to, with an instinct for knowing what the customer wanted in good value.

There were often Saturday night get-togethers at the Lennox Gardens top floor apartment where David and Basil lived, Basil at the time being quite a

CAT. 57 – *Landscape with Starry Sky*, (detail) signed, watercolour on paper, 27 x 43 ¼ in. (69 x 110 cm).. See page 83.

distant figure to me, and seeming to be living in some style. Meanwhile, David was leaning more towards an artsy-lifestyle, surrounding himself with music loving people, and enjoying his beloved record shop as a way of earning money.

It was when David and Basil moved from Lennox Gardens to Kenway Road in Earl's Court, near Basil's restaurant, that I discovered something that absolutely took my breath away! It was a painting of a ship on the living room wall, the huge bow of a great silver liner as seen from the water immediately below. It filled the whole picture, blue sea, dark night sky, silver bow of the boat. It was the first time I was to recognize that this friend who had taken me under his wing just happened to be creating something fantastic in his paintings.

David Evans in his studio, 1980.

I hardly saw Basil again after 1965, until 1972, but I continued to have a little contact with David whilst he was still in London. By 1970, Costas was preparing to take over the lease of "Record Roundabout", whilst Basil and David moved away from London to Potash Farm in Suffolk. Early in 1972, Basil went to South Africa for a long trip, and David invited a few old friends up to Potash Farm. It was my first trip to Potash Farm, and I distinctly remember the good feeling of being in those beautiful surroundings, with the geese, the chickens, the vegetables, the smell of the kitchen, the music, the whole thing.

Writing to David regularly by now, I would sometimes receive letters back from Basil, and a letter writing exchange between Basil and myself started up, in which Basil would write of the meaning to life that he had discovered in the writings of Krishnamurti. Basil sent me a copy of the first Krishnamurti Penguin Reader. (I found out a year or so later that he often sent this little book to friends and acquaintances, to try to share his excitement at finding such wisdom.) It was exciting for me to be communicating at this level, and I lapped it all up, despite the fact that Basil would often talk disparagingly about David and his "neurotic" paintings. But this was my first ever conscious experience of there being anything like a spiritual meaning to my life.

Basil invited my then wife and I, in October 1972, for a week of meditation, and on our arrival there I found that David was painting a great deal more, with much more direction and determination than before. Basil was finding psychological and spiritual freedom through Krishnamurti, and David, though

CAT. 11 – *Poultry in the Garden*,
watercolour on paper, 22 x 17 ¾ in. (56 x 45 cm).

CAT. 12 – *Vegetable Gardens,* signed, watercolour on paper, 26 x 39 ¼ in. (66 x 100 cm).

CAT. 13 – *Flowers in the Garden,* signed, watercolour on paper, 28 ¾ x 44 ½ in. (73 x 113 cm).

Evans' portrait of Krishnamurti, watercolour on paper.

CAT. 14 –
Still-life with vegetables,
watercolour on paper,
28 ¾ x 25 in. (73 x 64 cm).

quite dependent on Basil for his practical stability, just wanted to paint! But he would become quite agitated at times by Basil's direct and critical approach to David's paintings.

Under Basil's guidance, they grew all sorts of vegetables in abundance at Potash Farm, selling them at the gate, or freezing them for the winter months. Basil made good homemade bread and homemade beer, a wine glass full being enough to make you feel quite intoxicated. He loved flowers, taking great pleasure in growing them and bringing them into the house. It was inspiring to see how much he loved nature and how much he gave back to the earth and to the soil. He would make sure David got involved in the upkeep of the land, and for the most part, David was happy to put in the work. He was a "grafter", as they say.

After this one visit, my wife and two daughters were invited to move as a family into Potash Farm, to help us over some financial difficulties. It was a challenge that Basil openly stated he wanted to take on, to live communally. It was a generous offer and we moved into Potash in April 1973, sleeping in a caravan parked near the house adjacent to the barn. David took on work at a nearby mushroom packing factory, whilst Basil and I took on work at the local psychiatric hospital in Melton, Basil as a Nursing Assistant, and myself as a Student Nurse. We started work on May 1st, Basil's 43rd birthday. I was 27, and I stayed on there after my wife and children went back to live in Surrey to be nearer her family.

During that year (1973-74), Basil and I would read Krishnamurti, and David would work in his small room off the main lounge of the house, painting one picture after another at an increasing rate, one masterpiece after another. In the evening we would all sit and watch the TV, keeping up with events of the day, and generally putting the world to rights. We all, especially David, felt the country was going to the dogs, what with greedy politicians and a perverse class-system and other grievances. It was fun, and we would laugh a lot at our wisdom. But many was the time you would hear David exclaim, in frustration at having to conform to the demands of the upkeep of the small-holding, "All I want to do is paint my pictures !" And such stunning pictures they were, watercolors on large expensive cartridge paper, with subject matter that so often reflected David's view of his surroundings in that beautiful part of Suffolk. He

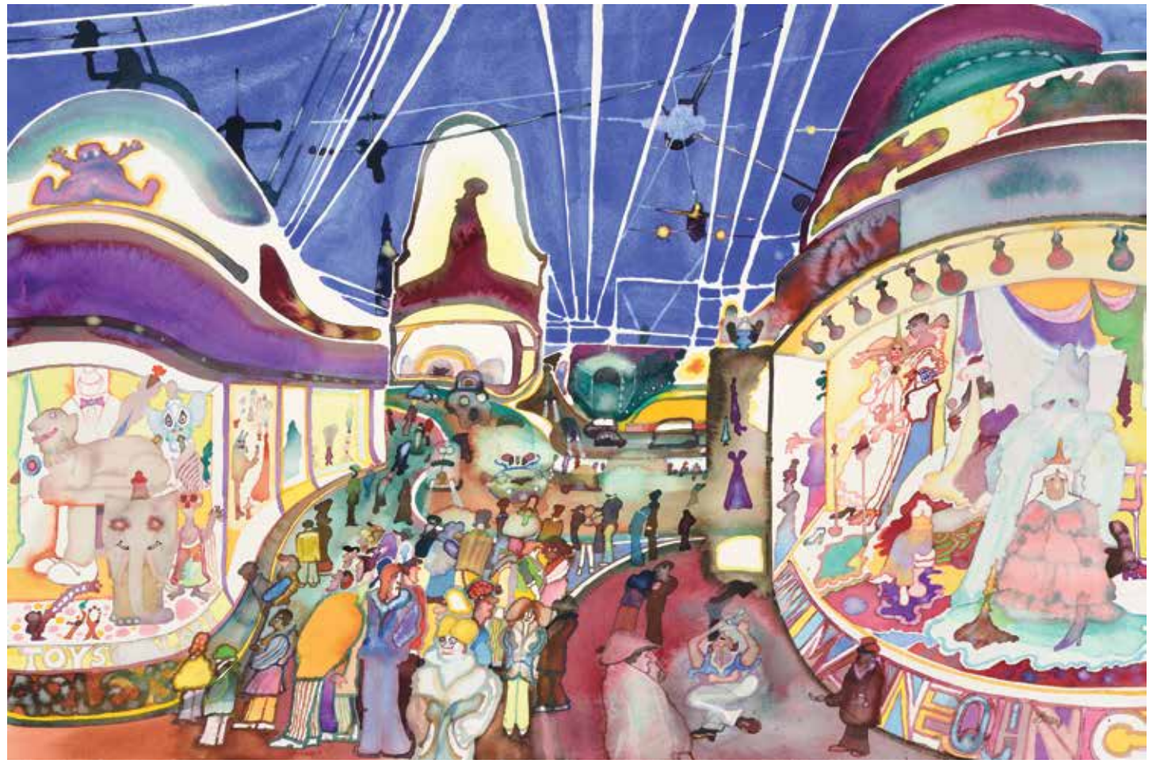
OVERLEAF : CAT. 15 – *Air Escape,* signed, watercolour on paper, 29 x 46 in. (74 x 117 cm).

would produce endless scenes of everyday life, often inhabited by young men, cafes, cake shops, flowers and fields. He loved to paint spectators at sports events, football matches, wrestling matches, or audiences in concert halls, or rock bands in violent splashes of colour. Then he would produce soft colours depicting aerial views of the world as he saw it. There were so many varieties of subject matter, and the speed with which he produced them was remarkable. But the more David blended into his rural home, nature all around him, the more disillusioned he became with the fast-paced outside world of "progress", motorways, nuclear power, and other industrial monstrosities as he saw them. His pictures at this time would often reveal the tensions that he felt as a result of his frustrations with the world and the insensitivities of his fellow human beings.

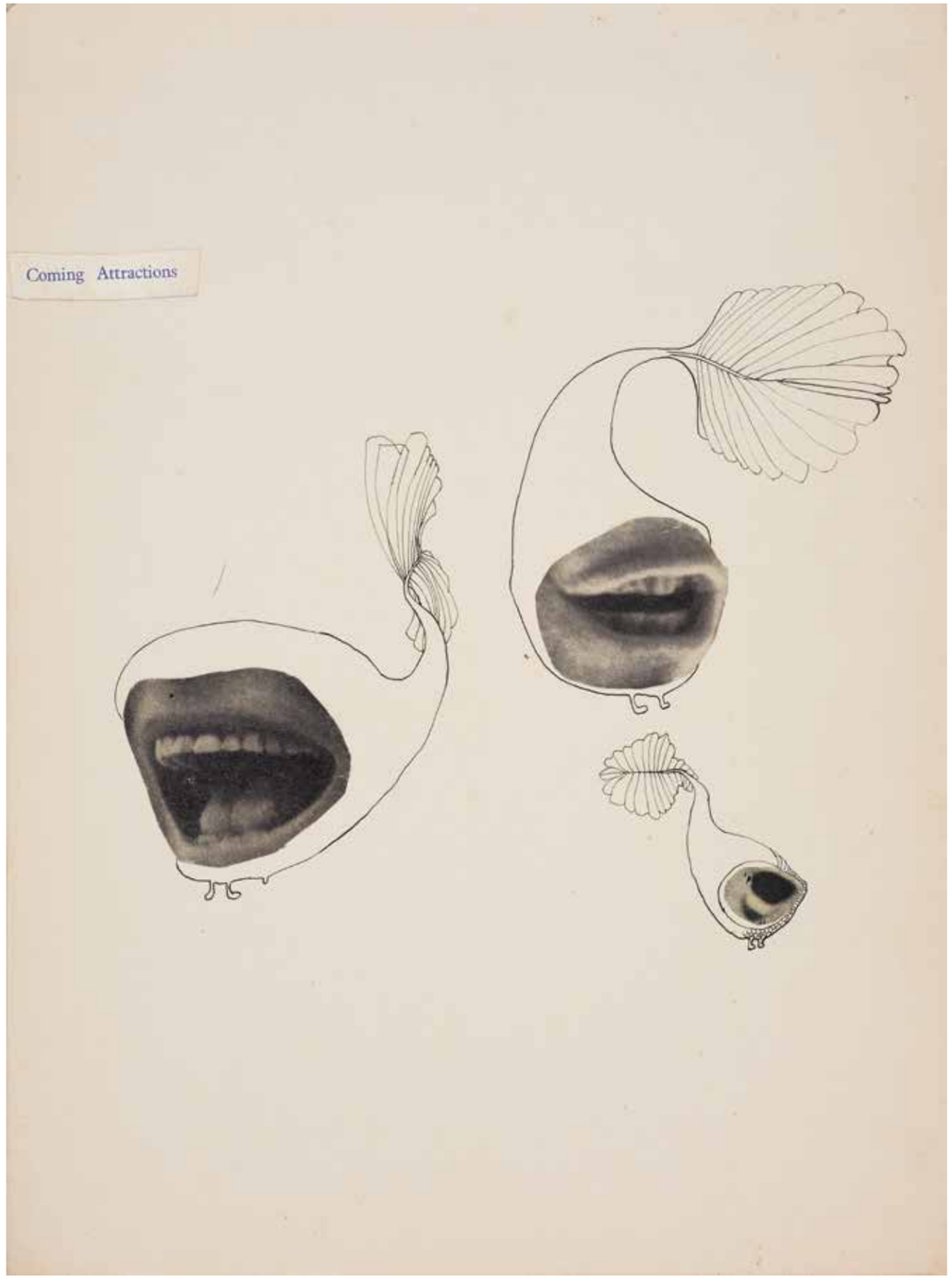
For me, David was a free spirit and a sensitive man who felt great passion; these were his qualities as a man. And it was easy to love him for what he was. Basil had been more of a spiritual guide to me. He pointed the way. But he was a tough task-master. I found it too difficult after a while, very intense and very restricting in many ways, and I left Potash by August 1974. Both Basil and David were bewildered by my wish to leave, and although it was time for me to go, it was with a feeling that I was losing two friends at once.

I did not see Basil and David again until thirteen years later in 1987. The house was just the same. David had become quite well known in the art dealing world down in London, and he was beginning to make good money selling his great pictures. He was having regular exhibitions at the Redfern Gallery in Cork Street, London, and he now appeared to be more amenable to the writings of Krishnamurti. It seemed to me that Basil had finally got him to "see the light". I would visit quite often over the next year, to re-connect with David, whose great warmth I missed. I'd talk Krishnamurti and awareness of self with Basil, but what was equally valuable to me was to spend much more time talking to David. I took great delight in listening to classical music with him again, although Basil saw this as indulgence, making it feel quite uncomfortable if David and I were enjoying a piece of music together. It was nevertheless a wonderful feeling to be connecting with them both. Basil was caring and wanting only spiritual freedom for the people he loved, but he continued to be very challenging, and many people would reject his intensity. I had returned to Potash Farm more mature, and able to accept them both as my friends

CAT. 16 – *4 Young Men*, signed, watercolour on paper, 27 x 20 ½ in. (69x 52 cm).



CAT. 17 – *Amusement Park*, signed, watercolour on paper, 26 ¼ x 39 ½ in. (67x 100 cm).



CAT. 18 – *Coming Attractions*,
photomontage and pen & ink on paper, 12 x 9 in. (30 x 23 cm).

for who they were. David received me with all the same warmth and love that he had in the earlier years. I was able then, to make amends to him, and I was pleased to have our friendship re-kindled. David had recently had bowel surgery for an ulcer, and he was now older but still as warm and handsome as ever, though a little unkempt. He was working now as a porter at the hospital in Melton, and from what I heard later, he was loved by all who worked with him. He was still painting and by this time he was selling pictures through Flying Colours Gallery in Edinburgh. I made four visits over this year, and it was clear that David had become less tense than he was in the 70s. His pictures were by now quite spectacular.

On February 18th 1988, three days after one of my visits, I received these words on a card from Basil which read: "*Sad news, David is dead, killed while cycling to work. This will be the true challenge for me.*"

I was devastated. I travelled back up to see Basil for few days, and then to attend David's quiet farewell at a small church in Ipswich. This was Basil's partner of 35 years. Basil was philosophical, as always, analyzing his feelings and making himself aware of the pain, always bringing it to his consciousness, always rising to the challenge. At the "funeral" were only Basil, myself, and Basil's niece, Sheila. As we left the church, Basil lovingly put his hand on the coffin and just said "Dave, Dave".

My wife and I visited a couple of times later that year, and on one occasion, sitting in that sad kitchen, the three of us close together, Basil talking about how David had just come to "get it" (i.e. Krishnamurti) and talking fondly about David, he (Basil) suddenly burst into loud sobbing. I held my friend in his grief and realized that this was the first time I had ever seen him being totally free to express his emotion. The months went by, and my visits became less. Basil was now retired from his nursing assistant work, and I got on with family life, visiting only very occasionally with my dog Shamus. It was now, 1989.

I did not see Basil again until 2000, when I made a one-off visit. We sat in the living room talking of David, of life, and awareness, and Krishnamurti. Basil was now 70, and he was looking old and rather weary. He was physically slower, though not alarmingly so. Mentally he was as on the ball as I had always known him. He loved to hear me reading Krishnamurti out loud, and he always loved

to cook a meal and it always tasted like the old restaurant food he would serve up way back in the 60s. He spoke with the old intensity and pressure of speech that he always did. David's pictures were still on all the walls of the house, and many were stacked against each other, all framed, in two of the larger rooms of the house. I found a letter on a mantelpiece from Flying Colours Gallery in Edinburgh, from Jane Houldsworth, in which she acknowledges Basil's wish to not exhibit any more of David's pictures, but I never challenged him on this. It was at this time that Basil told me of his intention to leave everything he owned, including all the pictures, to the Krishnamurti Foundation.

When I telephoned him again in 2006, it was a different Basil to the one I'd seen in 2000. His voice was weak and laboured, and it took him some moments to remember who I was and to formulate what he had to say. Tracy Harper, who initially answered the phone, was now Basil's live-in carer. I visited in July at Tracy's suggestion and I found Basil to be very slowed up, unsteady on his feet, hunched over, and much older looking. He had serious short-term memory problems (he had no recollection of my visit in 2000), and his day/night time waking and sleeping all over the place, often going to bed around 5.00 pm and getting up around 2.00 am!! He would spend most of his daytime hours "watching" the TV, whatever may be on. Though much of our time was spent in a sort of meditative silence (like two monks!), we were still just about able to communicate on matters of "living with what is". But I soon realized that Basil's silence was more a blank sort of void, than a state of mental awareness, especially as he was now repeatedly saying that David makes visits to the house and "doesn't leave for work when he should."

Basil's memory and confusion worsened, and he became completely dependent on Tracy for his necessary (and costly) 24 hour nursing care, and his financial affairs. He was finally rehoused in a nursing home, where he lived comfortably, but where he eventually died in 2012. It was Tracy who took care of the remainder of David's paintings, some of which are breathtaking.

CAT. 19 – *Invitation I*,
pen & ink and gouache on paper,
4 ¾ × 3½ in. (12 × 9 cm).

CAT. 20 – *Strange Beast*,
pen & ink on paper,
8 ½ × 7 ¾ in. (22 × 20 cm).

Back in 1972, I was sending my poems to David up at Potash Farm. All I wanted was for him to read my poems, for me to connect with him, and for him to know me. I wanted to learn from him. But it was Basil who responded in that intense way he had of writing, and there seemed to be a promise of freedom from my own chaos in what Basil had to say. Whilst I loved listening to the music David had introduced me to (Haydn, Honegger, Debussy, Beethoven etc), there was now another person, Basil, warning me that my obsession with the very things I loved (music, poetry) would keep me confused and lost. But that same person was now offering me a home, a roof for my family when we were in bad financial difficulties.

So when we arrived at Potash, it was with great joy and excitement at being close to David, that I stacked up all my books and LP's against my radiogram. All this comes back to me as I remember David's descriptions of our presence at Potash in his journal. He described my secret snatching of time to play Schumann or Haydn, or sitting in my solitude absorbed in Tristan. He described my relationship to my poetry, my confused opinions, and he observed Basil's increasing power over me. David took me seriously, and I didn't even realize it. He gave a quality of attention to me that at the time, went unrecognized by me. Looking back, I am reminded of David's sense of aloneness, even though he later went on to be so productive and content with his recognition as an artist.

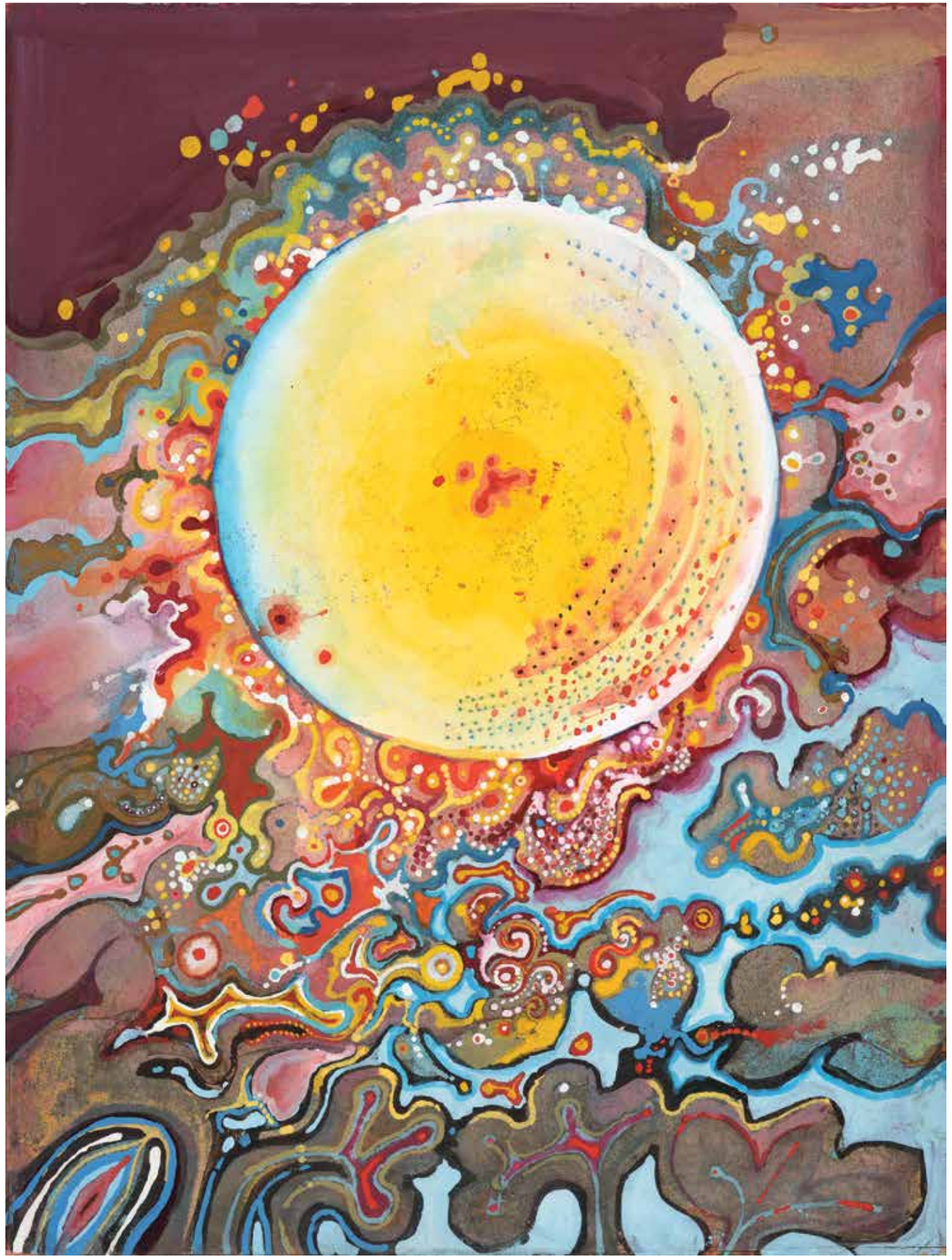
Since writing this little history of David as I remember him, I realize what a powerful influence he had upon me! I learned so much through him, and we had a closeness that was genuine and true. Although Basil was relentless in his intensity as regards the Krishnamurti philosophy, he could often be very tough on David and his art and his music. But ultimately they needed each other. And although I had once neglected my relationship with David, and regretted it, he showed me later that he understood, and I was in turn able to let him know in those last months, how much he meant to me. He would invite me into the studio to listen to a piece of Holst or Ireland, and even though David himself had by now started to quote Krishnamurti, his love of music was still so very much alive in him right up until the day he died.

As the years since David's death went by, I had become increasingly aware of a fading interest in his work. I would regularly look on line for details of his

CAT. 21 – *Orpheus*, signed,
watercolour on paper, 23 ½ x 31 in. (60 x 79 cm).

great art. Then one great day in 2006, I came across Paul Liss and his on-line gallery www.lissfineart.com and there I saw two images of pictures I had never seen, by a certain David Evans. I contacted Paul, who greatly admired David's paintings, and I remained in contact with him. So it was a great honour to be asked to write my personal memories of this great, so far unsung artist, my good friend, David Evans.

CAT. 22 – *A Small Angel*, pen & ink and watercolour on paper, 7 ½ x 11 in. (19 x 28 cm).



CAT. 23 – *Cosmos II*,
watercolour on paper,
11 ¾ x 9 in. (30 x 23 cm).

Resistance in Watercolour [1]

By Alistair Hicks

'I've been gay all my life, and I've smoked all my life. When I was young it was fine to smoke but it was illegal to be gay. Now it's fine to be gay but it'll be illegal to smoke. I've always been up against it.'

David Hockney, June 2006[2]

David Evans made a living for himself in London running a record shop. His move to Potash Farm, Suffolk, and his attempt to concentrate on being an artist did not happen till three years after the 1967 Sexual Offences Act decriminalised homosexuality. He and his partner Basil were probably not welcomed with open arms by all the locals in the heart of the English country, but at least he could live legally, economically and relatively self-sufficiently. The choice of medium in which he chose to express himself was surprising – watercolour painting.

Evans' first outsize watercolours were made in 1967.[3] It might be little outrageous to claim a direct correlation with sexual liberation, but rather begin with his choice of material and medium. Paper was, and is, cheaper than canvas, stretcher and frame. Of course it was difficult to get large paper, but he went as big as readily available – up to around 42 inch wide. This was a definite break with tradition and probably a deliberate one. His appropriation and distortion of the English watercolour tradition reveals a great deal about the difficult position of the professional British artist in the middle of the 20th Century. Again the middle class were squeezed. Eccentricities were apparently the preserve of the working class and the upper class, not those in between. This is embodied by the treatment of L.S. Lowry whose father was a clerk. His mother had aspirations to be a concert pianist, but Lowry's work emphasises the working class existence in the Industrial North, from where he came. He exaggerates the oddities of the 'little man.' Edward Burra, who came from the other end of the middle class and never had any financial necessity to sell a single

CAT. 97 – *Pastry Shop* (detail), signed, watercolour on paper, 19 ¼ x 30 in. (49 x 76 cm). See page 134.

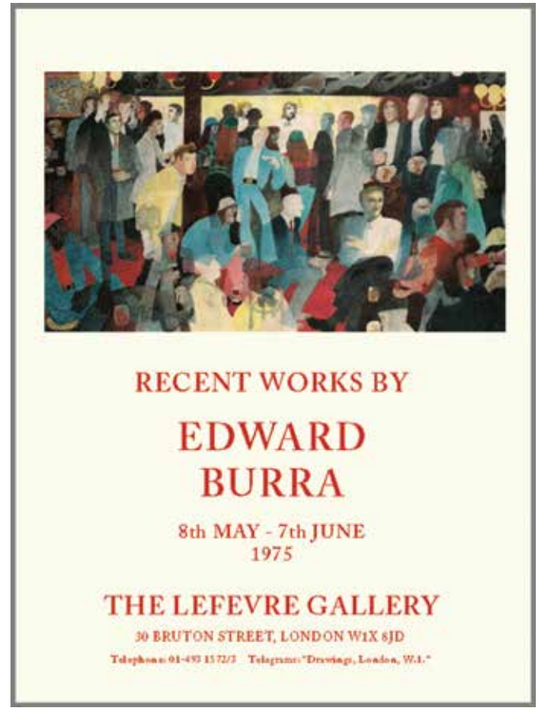
picture, painted almost all types apart from those from his own background. He delighted in a carnival of characters. He leant towards the bizarre and the exotic.

Burra (1905-1976), twenty-three years older than Evans, is a precursor in his unusual treatment of watercolour. Though rigorously trained at Chelsea and the Royal College, he spurned the techniques he learnt there. He mixed rich colours that antagonised the provincial British taste. Even, when at the end of the 50s he started making more landscapes than the Bohemian urban scenes he had become famous for, he paid no respect to the twee English amateur tradition of watercolour painting.

Burra's biographer, Jane Stevenson captures this lack of respect for artists when she recalls that 'in 1927, a middle aged lesbian couple invited Burra for a weekend visit under some illusions about what his being an "artist" meant.' She then went on to quote a letter he wrote to a friend mimicking their breathless, unpunctuated lack of understanding: 'they said on seeing my pictures Oh futurist I suppose, of course I don't understand them at all but I am very old fashioned but you paint so neatly and such lovely detail I think it is such a pity that you don't paint artistic things ... it doesn't seem right that you should be painting such things.'[4]

The bold colour, size and use of paint make it tempting to see Burra as a major influence on Evans, yet there is no evidence of any communication or correspondence between them. Nor is it likely that they met as Burra for much of his life was reclusive. He loved travelling and engaging with a wide range of foreign high and low life and then would retire back to his country house in Sussex, where he would paint and write gossipy letters to the small but loyal group of friends he made at college and elsewhere. He was not a conformist, but he did conform to the idea many people of his class had of an artist. He had many problems with his health which stopped him from being sent away as a child to Eton, so he could play the Bohemian outsider with a certain aplomb.

Burra was rich and respectable and despite the wild life he depicted was reportedly celibate.[5] David Evans had to make money and was breaking the law before homosexuality was legalised. Yet they are fundamentally united in the way they both flagrantly flout the English prejudice that watercolours are not serious.



Edward Burra,
poster for exhibition at The Lefevre Gallery, 1975.

The English watercolour tradition had been hijacked by amateurs. It may have begun with topographical professionals such as Paul and Thomas Sandby. It may have blossomed with one of the country's most hard-working and prolific of artists, Turner, but it also became part of the armoury of the gentry. Gentleman sailors, scientists, doctors and vicars were expected to be able to record their Imperial travels. They even encouraged 'their women' to splash away in their gardens, estates or indeed on their more circumscribed travels. In the bustling, industrious

19th Century Britain had room for both. But by the 20th Century the country houses of Britain were piled high with the booty of many Grand Tours and plunder from the Empire. At the beginning of the century, artists were already complaining that patronage of painting was drying up. In 1915 Wyndham Lewis put it most grandiloquently:

'Almost alone among the countries of Europe she [Britain] has proved incapable of producing that small band of wealthy people who are open to ideas, ahead of the musical-comedy and academics of their age, and prepared to spend a few hundred pounds a year less on petrol or social pyrotechnics, and buy pictures or organise the success of new music or new plays.'[6]

By the time David Evans was trying to survive as an artist the now much vaunted squeeze of the middle classes had begun, which put the gentry and other genteel folk on the defensive. Painters got squeezed too. Not all the arts suffered equally. Literature and music were still supported and were used to help delineate class structures. The role of the painter was marginalised. They were only really noticed if they added to the richness of the nation, or their class through their eccentric ways.

One event, that still to this day, reminds us how low the status of the artist came in the 20th Century is the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition. This is ironical as the Academy was founded with the specific aim to promote the professional British artist, yet by the middle of the 20th Century this then totally artist-run organisation had effectively admitted that artists had no standing in this country. By welcoming in every Tom, Dick and Harriet's watercolour they appeared to be declaring that they had given up in trying to elevate art above the position of amateur hobby. This played into the hands of the critics, especially Brian Sewell[7] of the *Evening Standard*, who considered it his Satan-given right to savage this Vicar's bazaar of an exhibition every year. His review of 2007 took the form of letters written to the Academy and Academicians including its most prominent one of whom he wrote:

'Your portraiture has been unworthy even of the street painters of Montmartre; you insult your beloved dogs with daubs; and your watercolours would hang unnoticed among those of amateurs in any provincial festival of arts.'[8]

Brian Sewell had David Hockney in his sights. Sewell was born in 1931, Hockney in 1937, yet Sewell acted as if he was the last of the repressed homosexuals, though he made up for it in his memoirs,[9] Hockney made his name as a gay working class boy. Not that Hockney had it easy in Britain either. He moved to California before the 1967 Act of Parliament. The swimming pool pictures describe a freer life than he could have had here.

While some of Hockney's watercolours can be formulaic and rather heavy, Sewell was clearly blinding himself when he said he could not tell the famous RA's work from the amateurs that showed alongside him in the Summer Exhibition. He was exploiting the prejudice against the status of artists that that particular annual show has managed to keep alive.

David Hockney, *We Two Boys Together Clinging*, 1961, oil on board, 48 x 60 in. (122 x 152.4 cm).
© David Hockney Photo Credit: Prudence Cuming Associates
Collection Arts Council, Southbank Centre, London

The man who almost single-handed changed the image of artists in Britain was reviled by Mrs Thatcher as 'that man who painted those dreadful pictures.' From her 'corner shop'[10] viewpoint Francis Bacon represented all that had gone wrong in a degenerate Britain. She was battling to turn round a backward looking class-ridden society. Of course she was a product of the 'society'[11] she refused to admit existed. Both she and Bacon proved to be class warriors, but it says a lot that the Prime Minister of Britain felt it was fine to express the outdated prejudice of the nation in which she had been brought up.

Francis Bacon,
poster for exhibition at Marlborough New York, 1984.

It was Bacon's life style combined with the power of his work that eventually changed British opinion about artists. Not only was he the undisputed leader of the School of London, but Damien Hirst frequently acknowledges that Bacon was his inspiration. The Young British Artists had Bacon as a role model.

Bacon appeared to epitomise what Thatcher disliked about the Britain of the time. He was a degenerate member of the Anglo-Irish gentry. Even before he became an artist he had broken free from the class structure that held Britain in its grip. He took a job in South Kensington as a valet. He had run away from his father in Ireland. He ran as far as to the wild gay scene of Berlin. In distancing himself from his father he wanted to be an outsider. Artists were outsiders. It took time but he did reinvent himself as an artist.

Bacon's lifestyle caught a nerve in the British psyche. His binge drinking, his binge culture, echoed with thousands of people that conformed except for their escape in the Pub. His disdain for society was far greater than Thatcher's. He showed it was possible to be a great artist and live in London.

David Evans would have been fully aware of Bacon's and Hockney's examples, when he started staking a claim to create his own world. He probably knew that his vision was never going to have the same impact on art history, and it is tempting to speculate that this could have been one of the reasons he chose the medium of watercolour, along with that of economy. He was over forty and he was not part of Bacon's or Hockney's worlds, and nor realistically was he likely to aspire to this. The way he used watercolour, however, let him challenge the social and political structures of the day.

Evans' work has little obvious connection with Pop art. It is certainly closer to Burra's than to that of Peter Blake, Colin Self or Hockney, yet they all travelled parallel or possibly tangential paths. Evans' record shop in Brompton Road did after all serve swinging London and many of the Pop artists did have connections with the musical world, including Peter Blake who with his wife Jann Haworth designed the album cover for the Beatles' *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. Blake and Haworth very publicly moved to Wellow in Somerset in 1975, five years later than Evans' move to the country. Blake's stated reasoning was far removed from Evans'.

Peter Blake and Jann Haworth,
cover for the Beatles album *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, 1967.

With a group of friends, the couple created the Brotherhood of Ruralists. Blake wrote that he left London 'in opposition to the scholarly nature of contemporary art which believed that paintings were only really valid if they addressed social questions. Our aims are the continuation of a certain kind of English painting. We admire Samuel Palmer, Stanley Spencer, Thomas Hardy, Elgar, cricket, the English landscape and the Pre-Raphaelites.'[12] In retrospect this looks like a blip in Blake's career which may not have been Socialist but has usually relied on his lively evocation of the social condition. The works that made his name such as *Children Reading Comics*, 1954, *Tattooed Lady*, 1958 or *Self-Portrait with Badges*, 1961, all have a very direct link with modern urban life. He identified with the lonely teenager

in his isolated bubble. He enjoyed the fast changing world with its fantasy possibilities. Yet he equally understood the everyday reality of being alone with a trail of minor trophies.

While Evans' watercolours have little in common with Blake's, there is a link to his earlier work, his collages. Though Evans in his watercolours does celebrate the beauty of the English country he is very much concerned with the ecological problems of man's relationship. He paints streams of traffic pouring through the previously untainted green fields. He depicts electricity pylons towering above panoramas that otherwise might have attracted Rubens centuries earlier, but the overall composition is not ugly. He is not

CAT. 103 – *Night Road*, signed, watercolour on paper, 26 ¾ x 42 ½ in. (68 x 108 cm). See pages 144 - 145.

preaching the single straight environmental lament. It is as if he has learnt from his collages that one can put contradictory information side by side and build a composition that contains elements of ambivalence to both content and traditional aesthetics.

Peter Blake has returned to collage time and again throughout his career. While Evans resorted to the technique less often it is still an essential thread to his work. It is almost as a corrective to his work, reminding him that his vision is never straight representation. He is piecing together a vision, a very human vision. Some of his earlier paintings show him distorting the human figure in the vein of early Hockney, Blake or Colin Self.

Colin Self, *Orange Car* from *Power & Beauty*, 1969,
screenprint edition of 15, Courtesy Delaye Saltoun Gallery.

Burra might be the first instant point of reference on seeing the saturation of colour which Evans endows his crazily rich landscape, but Evans' ambition was somewhere in between Burra and Self. Mere observation, in the laid back style of Burra, was too much of a luxury to Evans. His watercolours may not be the most brazen act of rebellion in global 20th Century art, but there was a light touch of subversion. Just as he, the son of an RAF officer, worked as a porter in a hospital, so he chose to paint in watercolours in ungenteel manner. Evans did not paint anything as rough as Harlem, but his *Seated Man* (CAT. 65) is all the more exotic for being plonked into an everyday British interior.

Michael Andrews, *Ayers Rock, October '83: The Cave 'Laughter'*, 1983
watercolour and sand from Ayers Rock on paper 10 ½ x 14 in. (26.7 x 35.5 cm).
Private Collection © The Estate of Michael Andrews. Courtesy James Hyman Gallery, London. Photo: Lucy Dawkins. Courtesy Gagosian.

Michael Andrews was part of the School of London. Indeed he was closest to capturing the spirit of the Colony Rooms where Bacon, Freud and sometimes others of the loose group of painters met. He too lived in Suffolk/Norfolk. He too painted landscapes and made watercolour studies for them, but only when he got to the other side of the world did he make Ayers Rock match the glow of Burra and Evans' intense colours. Hodgkin too went abroad, to India, to break the colour taboo in works on paper.

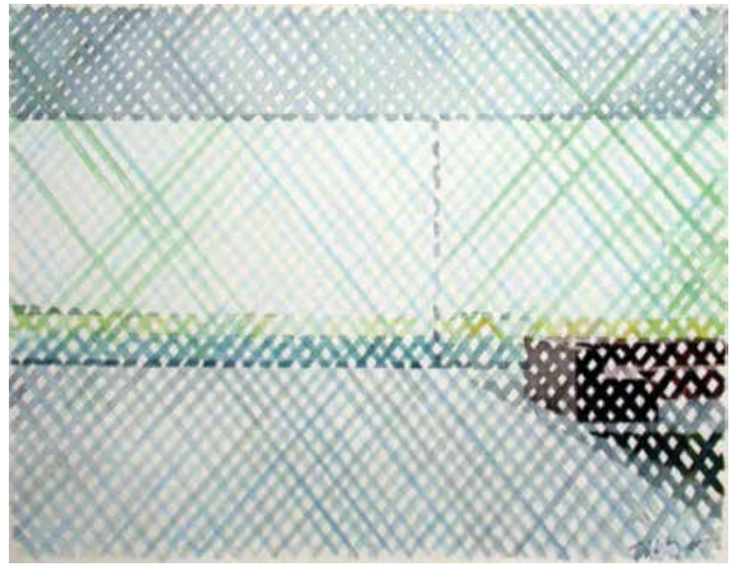
Howard Hodgkin, *Tree* (from *Indian Leaves*), 1978,
textile dyes on handmade paper, 28 x 35 ½ in. (71.1 x 90.2 cm).

His bolder, freer use of colour and form coincided with a change in his life that Bruce Chatwin alludes to in the catalogue of *The Indian Leaves:* 'He immersed himself in the art politics of England. He was appointed a Trustee of the Tate Gallery, then of the National Gallery, and was awarded the C.B.E. And the story might, artistically, have ended, were it not for a chance encounter. The detail of that encounter I leave to the imagination: the results were that Howard's painting took a sharp and unexpected swerve.'[13] The fact that even Chatwin felt he had to be coy in describing Hodgkin 'coming out' as late as 1982 demonstrates why artist after artist fled the limelight for periods of their lives.

Comparisons with the biggest names of British 20th Century art reveal little more than that Evans shared their ambition to overcome the prejudices of the time and make a break with the past to forge his own art. At the time

there were very few people making a living from art. Chatwin claims in his essay in I*ndian Leaves* that it was only in 1965 that Hodgkin started to seriously sell his own paintings. For the first part of his career, and with a young family to support, he had to supplement his income by teaching in Corsham and doing a little dealing on the side in antique ceramics.

It is still to this day extremely difficult for an artist to survive solely on the sale of his work. In mid 20th Century Britain it was even worse, but there were still many hundreds of people making a good attempt at it. One of them, William Tillyer, also embraced large scale watercolours at roughly the same time as Evans. Tillyer has shown for many years at one particular gallery, just as Evans had frequent exhibitions in the late 70s and early 80s at the Redfern. He was born ten years after Evans, and almost



William Tillyer, *House and Garden and Pool,* 1972, watercolour on paper, 7 ¾ x 11 in. (20 x 28 cm).
Courtesy Bernard Jacobson Gallery.

immediately after training at his local art school in Middlesbrough, then the Slade, and time with Stanley William Hayter, at Atelier 17 in Paris, Tillyer started showing at the Bernard Jacobson Gallery, where he has shown ever since. He started making large scale watercolours and prints almost immediately. Yet apart from the size and the timing of the new watercolours, there is not much in common with Evans. Whereas Evans is subverting the English landscape tradition, making subtle breaks with it, Tillyer is more in the stream of Paul Nash, Eric Ravilious, David Jones, John Minton and other Neo-Romantics.

From the evidence of some early pen and ink drawings by David Evans he too might have gone the route of the Neo-Romantics. These drawings have the mood and spirit of Minton and Graham Sutherland. Yet when finally Evans made his break to Suffolk he seems to leave this behind with his new interest to show contemporary Britain rather than its Romantic legacy. As *Night Road* (CAT. 103) demonstrates this did not mean a totally realist take, but a much more subtle *exposé* of the beauties and dangers to our environment. He was a pioneer environmentalist. His paintings of the 70s and 80s are clear warnings about what we are doing to our world. Maybe this is another reason that he chose to paint in watercolour as it is a medium that his audience might understand, a medium in which generation after generation of upper and middle class Britons made their visual diaries, confident in their ability to rule this world they wanted to record, codify and put in its proper place. The beauty of Evans' use of watercolours is that he does not look as though he is preaching. It is too gentle, genteel a medium in the English format, to be menacing.

There is an innocence about this work even when he shows the bull in *Bullfight* (CAT. 79). It is stuck with spears and yet confronts its cruel tormentors. Let us hope the landscape has a better chance of survival than that once majestic beast.

On the Continent mainstream artists have used watercolour to great effect. The medium was a vital part of the art of Cézanne, Kandinsky and Emile Nolde, and more recent art history has been made with watercolours by Marlene Dumas, Anselm Kiefer and Gerhard Richter. Nearly thirty years after his death Evans' aquarelles are still working on us, making a serious point at the expense of British snobbery. We hope these gentle barbs have a lasting sting.

ENDNOTES

1 And in Rock and Roll – see Peter Gage essay.

2 Hockney, David, as quoted by Robert Dalrymple in *All in a Day's Work: Visiting three artists: Freud, Hockney, Emin*, Dalrymple, Edinburgh, 2013, p9.

3 David Evans was constantly struggling to buy large enough paper of suitable quality as a letter to John Synge, a director of the Redfern Gallery, demonstrates. Evans, David, Letter from Potash Farm, Dallinghoo, Woodbridge, Suffolk, 13 October, 1976. 'I haven't done a picture for nearly 3 months and this is because of another more worrying aspect: I can't get hold of the paper I want – that is the right size and right quality. I have spent a boring and frustrating, almost Kafkaesque time going from one firm to another. However, I think I've now tracked down the right stuff so long as I buy what seems to me to amount to a lifetime's supply. Anyway it'll cost me every £ I've got so I shall be especially glad if you can sell a couple of pictures.'

4 Stevenson, Jane, *Edward Burra: Twentieth-Century Eye*, Pimlico, London, 2008, draws a picture of an asexual man who when he comes out to play does so among a menagerie of mainly gay friends.

5 Lewis, Wyndham, quoted by Richard Cork, *Vorticism and Abstract Art in the First Machine Age*, Gordon Fraser, London, 1976, p272.

6 Brian Sewell was art critic for the Evening Standard, London, from 1984 to 2015.

7 Sewell, Brian, 'Dear Royal Academy, how do you do it every year?', *Evening Standard*, London, 15 June, 2007.

8 *The Outsider: Always almost: never quit,* an autobiography by Brian Sewell, Quartet Books, London, 2011.

9 Thatcher, Margaret, *The Path To Power*, Harpers/Collins, London, 1995: 'There is no better course for understanding free-market economics than life in a corner shop.'

10 Margaret Thatcher said in an interview at 10 Downing Street that 'there is no such thing as society. There are individual men and women, and there are families.' *Women's Own*, London, 31 October, 1987.

11 Blake, Peter, 'Rural life of pop art icon,' *Bristol Evening Post*, June 19, 2007.

12 Chatwin, Bruce, *Howard Hodgkin: Indian Leaves*, Petersburg Press, London, 1982, p17.

CATALOGUE

CATALOGUE NOTES

Exhibitions and Reviews

In spite of his short career Evans had solo exhibitions at The Redfern Gallery (London) in 1979, 1981, 1983, 1984 and 1986; (and a posthumous exhibition there in 1988). His exhibitions typically included up to forty pictures. Evans expressed preferences as to how pictures should be hung, and what should go in the window, painting portrait format pictures for the corridors. He worried about the framing, which he oversaw, and paper supplies, regretting the fact that he could not find larger format artists' paper to paint on.

Reviews at time were universally enthusiastic. His work was naturally compared to Edward Burra and Keith Vaughan but it was also noted that he worked within the tradition of Samuel Palmer and Edward Lear. His association with the Suffolk landscape was regularly commented upon as was his humorous social commentary which was compared to that of William Hogarth and L.S. Lowry. The sense of unease that permeates even the gayest of his watercolours was often noted. Many commentators also remarked upon his photographic memory – his urban subjects were mostly conceived after he had left London in 1969.

The size and technical brilliance of his work were qualities frequently commented upon in exhibition reveiws. The large watercolours for which he became best known were produced in just two decades, from the late 1960s to his tragic death in 1988.

Subjects

Although it is no longer always possible to tie up the titles of Evans' watercolours with the original exhibition hand lists that have survived, these lists give a clear overview of his favourite subjects.

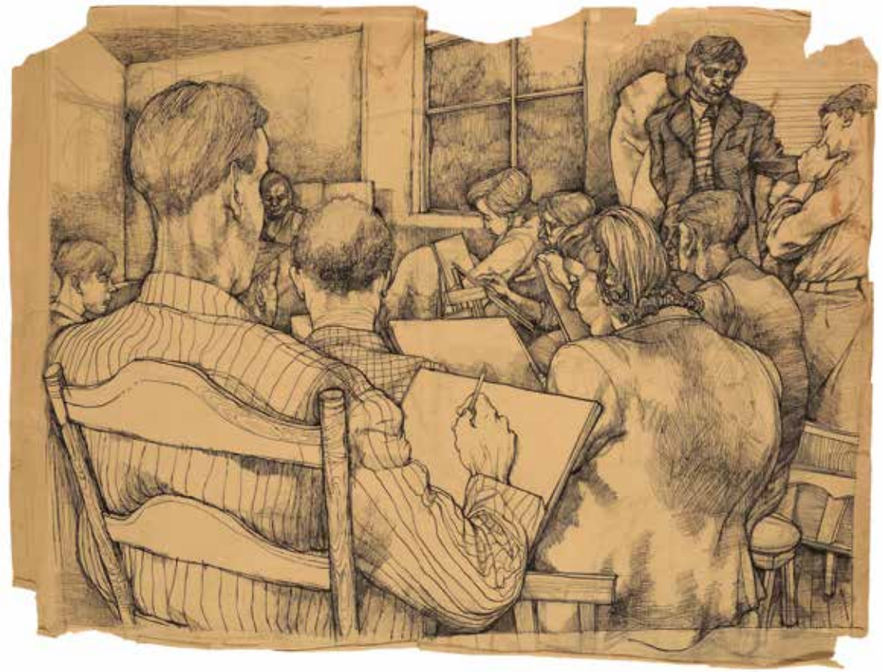
In a letter to The Redfern Gallery dated 1 January 1981 he said that in choosing the titles he aimed for something that would be 'beguiling'.

His titles are typically characterised by innuendo and humour: *Horrendous Rex*; *Bird Watching*; *Murphy Rules*; The *Land of Nod*; Many titles remain enigmatic: *89th Parallel*; *Fete of Klee*; *The L9*; *Voices of 1431*; *207 Miles Per Hour* (1979); *City Seconds* (1979)....

His subjects range from the sacred to the profane and the mundane to the exotic; though frequently with the edges blurred: *Noli Me Tangere*; *The Wages of Sin and Co* (1979); *Scenes from Provincial Life* (1979); *South Sea Bubble* (1978); *The Angel of Mons* (1978). The Old Testament and Pagan world provided a ready stream of themes in which Evans' imagination could flow freely, responding with science-fiction style reinterpretations of age old subjects: *Tower of Babel* (1981-82); *David and Goliath*; *Dies Irae* (1978), *Venus Observed* (1979); *Sirens*; *The Witch of Endor*; *Opus Surgieum*; *Saxons* (1978); *Landscape with Angels*.

Many of his subjects evolve around days out: *Reptile House* (1979); *Aquarium*; *The Natural History Museum* (1978); Figures on a beach and sporting activities: *Cricketers* (1981) *Pool Players* (1981-2); *Rugby*; *Skaters* (1979); *Gymnasts*; *Bike Rally*. Spectacles were a favourite subject: *Stadium Crowd* (1988); *Theatre Audience* (1980); *Night at the Opera*; *First Floor Foyer*, *Live at the New Roxy* (1978); *Live at the New Tree*; *The Great Corelli*; *Tracy's Disco-Bar* (1979); *The Crystal Room* (1980); *Madam Noys*; *Street Theatre*; *Horror Film* (1988). Fun fairs were the subject of at least three compositions: *Dodgems* (1976), *New Improved Ghost Train* (1981-2); *Fundrome* (1979)

Nocturnal scenes were also favourite subjects: *Night Flight*; *Night Landscape II* (1979); *Nocturnal* (1979); *Fireworks* (1988); *City Lights*. Evans rejoiced especially in painting an often exclusively male milieu: *Men's Hairdressing* (1979); *Turkish Baths* (1981-82); *Club Night II* (1988).



CAT. 24 – *Life Drawing Class*, pen & ink on paper, 22 x 29 ½ in. (56 x 75 cm).

Roads and railways, the essential links between Evan's two worlds of town and country, commonly provide the main subject of compositions: *Central Line – Aldgate East* (1988), *City Railway* (1988); *Anglian Rail* (1979); *Station Approaches* (1979); *A Road to Wickham*; *City Approaches*; *Mainline Bar*.

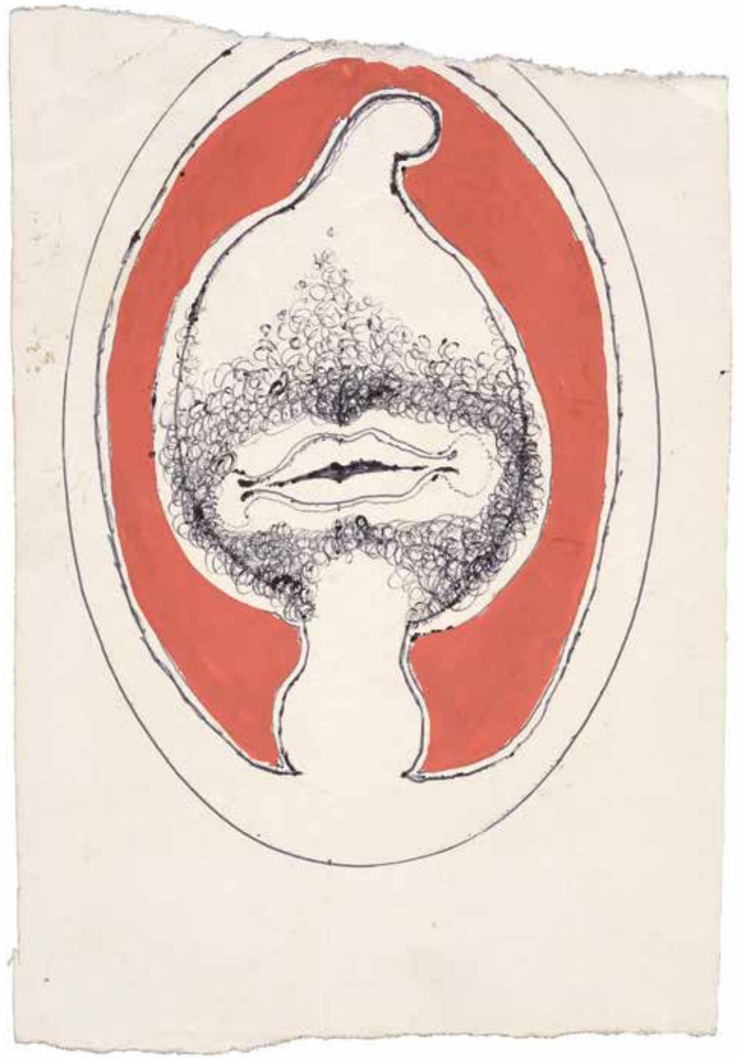
When in his native Suffolk, activities around Potash Farm (where he lived from 1969 onwards), provided a wealth of subjects: *Potash Garden* (1978); *Cabbage Pickers* (1981-20; *Flower Garden* (1981-2); *The Allotment* (1986); *Crown Imperial* (1988); *Geraniums* (1981-2); *Gladioli, Daffodils* (1986); *Irises*; *Apples* (1986); *Pumpkins* (1986); *The Marrow Family*; *Cabbages*; *Cows Come Home* (1981); *Friesians*; *Cows XII*; *Piglets*; *Seagulls*; *Tour d'Anglia*; *Suffolk Scrap*; *Ruralia Mddx*; *Wessex*; *Suffolk Landscape* (1979); *Ipswich*.

In his imagination Evans also travelled further afield: *Rhine Journey*; *Tipperary*; *Scapa Flow* (1977); and further still: *Asia Major*, *Indian Landscape*; *Slavonic Dances*; *Arabian Days* (1980).

The Army and Airforce were frequently in evidence in his paintings, or the subject of entire compositions: *Target Practice*; *Sleeping Barrack*; *The Encampment* (1986); *Army Life I* and *II* (1986); *Manoeuvres*; *Private army* (1981-2); *Night Flight* (1981-2); *Aran Pilot* (1986); *Ascending Aeroplane*; *Fire Over England* (1981-2); *War in the Air*. RAF Wattisham, which during the Cold War was a major front-line air force base was less than 20 miles from Potash Farm.

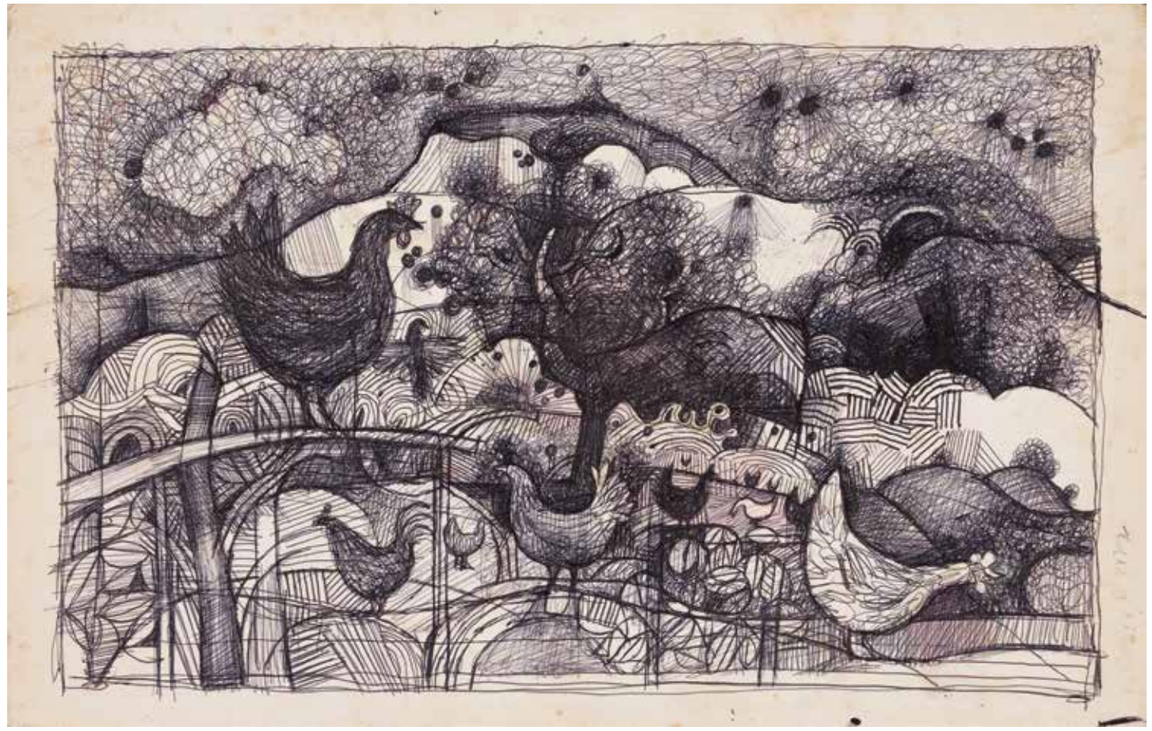
Music was a lifelong passion for Evans, both classical and pop, which he explored through the record shop he ran in London and attending concerts, especially to see Pete Gage perform. Titles including, *Al Ziggy and Trev* (1980), *Buskers* (1979); *To the strains of piped Grieg*; *Choral Symphony* (1981-2); *Music Underground* (1981-2); *"Devil's Trill" Sonata*; *Grosse Nachtmusik*. Evans frequently alluded to the similarities between art and music and each of his works was given an Opus number.

EARLY DRAWINGS & PHOTOMONTAGES

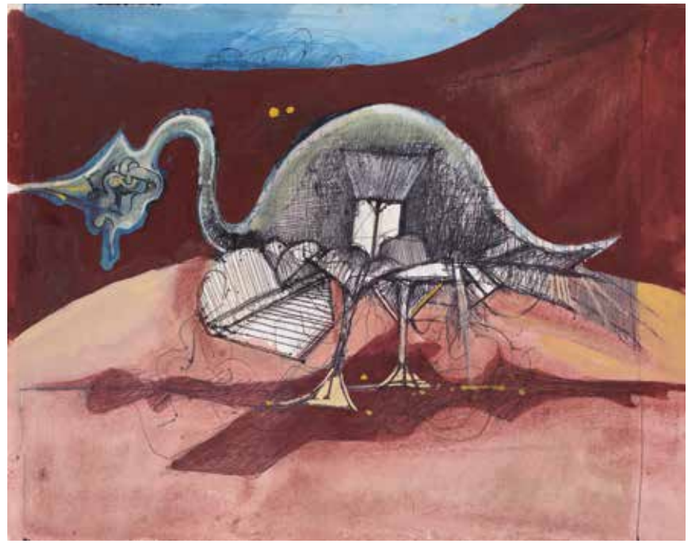


CAT. 26 – *Invitation II,* pen & ink and gouache on paper, 6 ¼ x 4 ¼ in. (16 x 11 cm).

CAT. 25 – *It's Raining, It's Pouring,* photomontage on paper, 10 x 7 in. (25 x 18 cm).

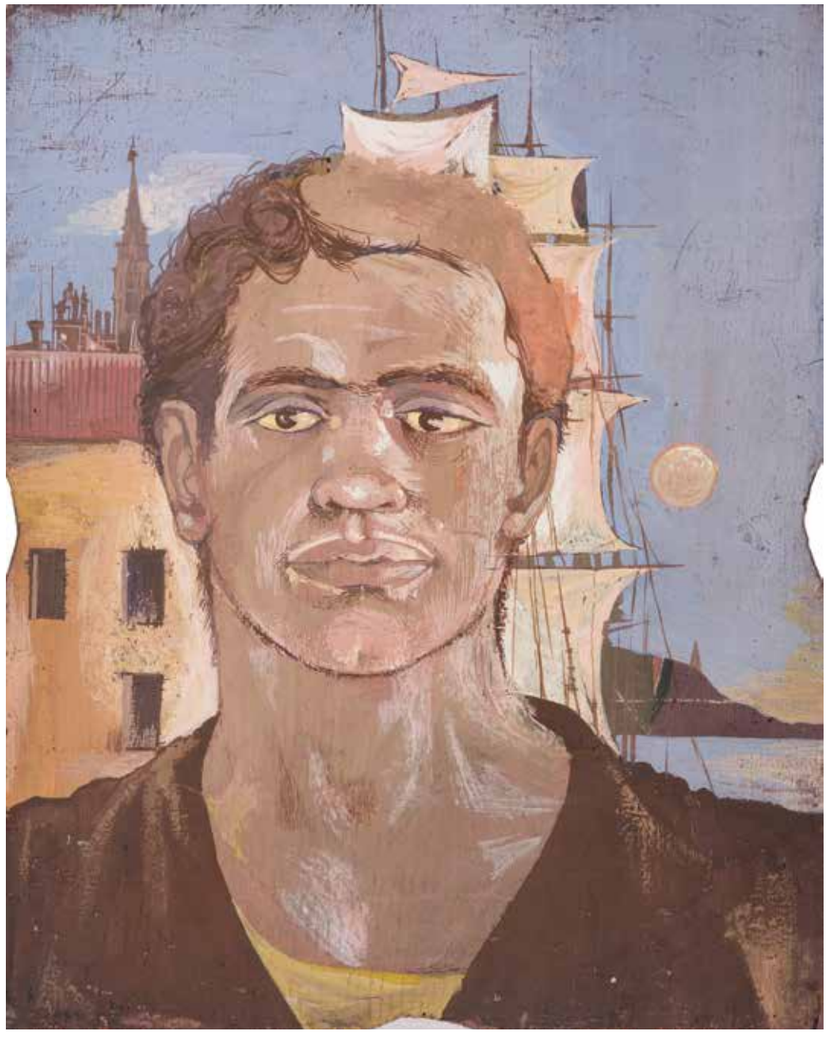


CAT. 28 – *Chickens,*
pen & ink on paper, 9 x 14 in. (23 x 36 cm).



CAT. 29 – *A Strange Beast,*
pen & ink and watercolour on paper,
9 x 11 ½ in. (23 x 29 cm).

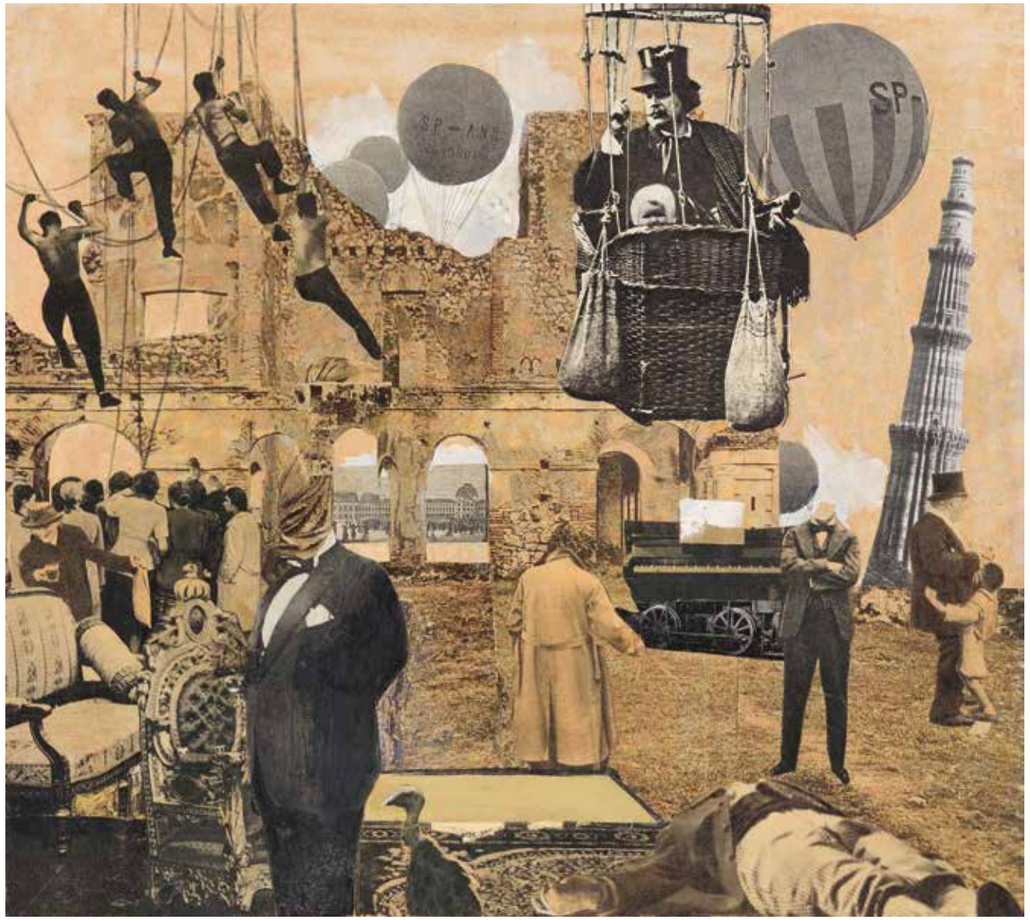
CAT. 27 – *Night Birds,*
pen & ink and gouache
over photograph,
9 ½ x 7 ½ in. (24 x 19 cm).



CAT. 30 – *The Sailor,* gouache on panel, 7 ½ × 6 in. (19 × 15 cm).

CAT. 31 – *Cathedral,* pencil and gouache on paper, 19 ¾ × 13 in. (50 × 33 cm).

CAT. 32 – *The 457*, photomontage on paper, 10 x 13 in. (26 x 33 cm).

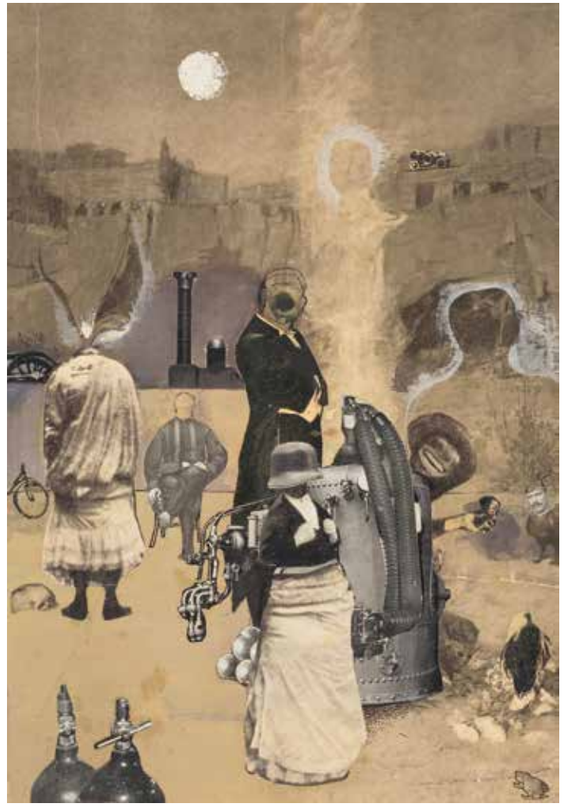


CAT. 34 – *Up in the Air,* photomontage on paper, 12 ½ x 13 ¾ in. (32 x 35 cm).

CAT. 33 – *A Day Trip,* pen & ink, pencil and gouache on paper, 11 ¾ x 9 in. (30 x 23 cm).

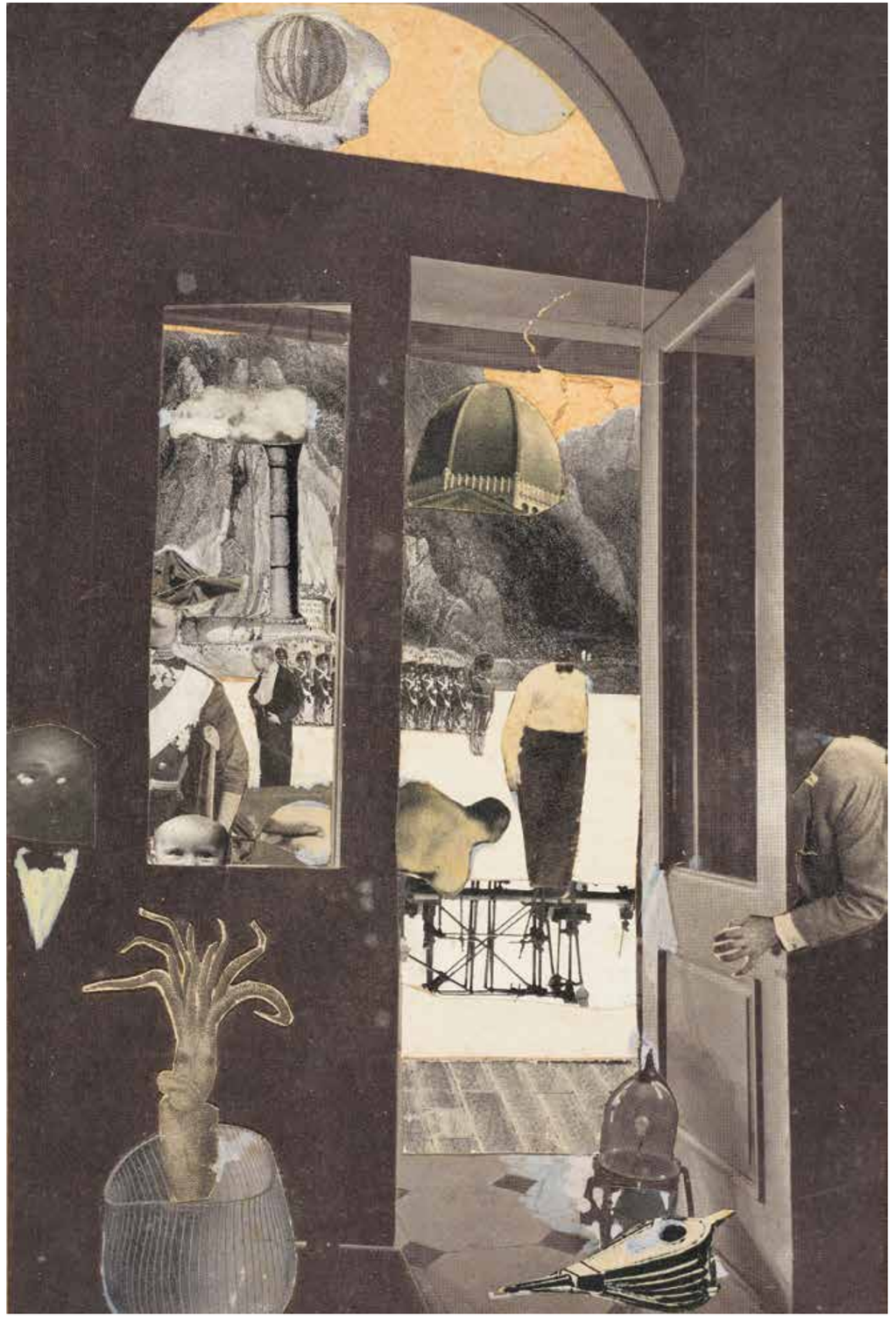
CAT. 35 – *Aubade 1929*, photomontage on paper, 14 ¼ x 10 in. (36 x 26 cm).

Aubade is a a choreographic concerto for piano and 18 instruments composed by Francis Poulenc in 1929.



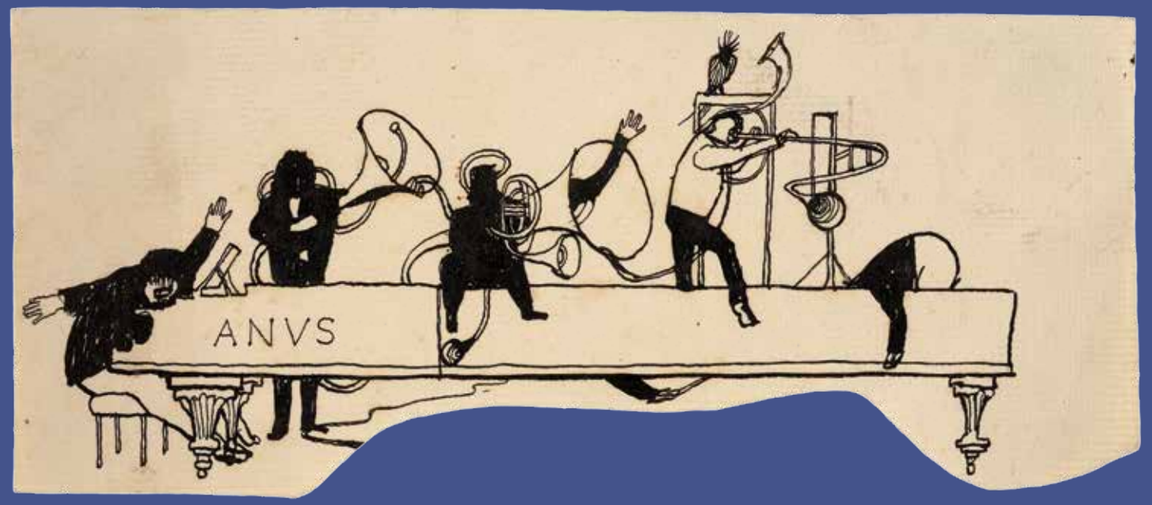
CAT. 36 – *An Evening Out,*
photomontage on paper, 14 ½ x 10 in. (37 x 25 cm).

CAT. 37 – *The Open Door,*
photomontage on paper, 11 ½ x 8 ½ in. (29 x 22 cm).



CAT. 38 – *The Dream*, signed with initials photomontage, pen & ink and watercolour on paper, 19 ¾ x 28 ¾ in. (50 x 73 cm).

CAT. 39 – *Instruments,*
pen & ink on paper, 6 ¼ × 8 in. (16 × 20 cm).



CAT. 40 – *Musicians,*
pen & ink on paper, 3 ½ × 8 in. (9 × 20 cm).

CAT. 41 – *Notes,*
watercolour on paper, 8 × 10 ¼ in. (20 × 26 cm).

CAT. 42 – *The Bouquet,* 1965, signed, gouache on board, 16 ½ x 36 in. (42 x 91 cm).

EXPLORING LANDSCAPE

CAT. 43 – *Land and Sky,* 1970, signed, watercolour on paper, 19 ¼ x 28 ¼ in. (49 x 72 cm).

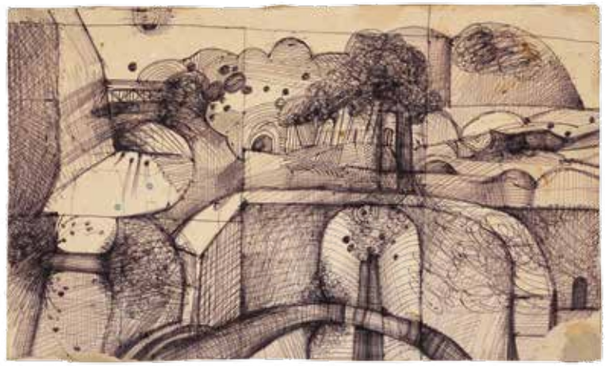
CAT. 45 – *Inner Landscape,* pen & ink and gouache on paper, 12 x 12 in. (31 x 31 cm).

CAT. 44 – *Land and Sky II,*
pen & ink and gouache on paper,
18 ½ x 14 ½ in. (47 x 37 cm).

CAT. 46 – *Human Landscape, pen & ink and* gouache on paper, 10 x 13 ¼ in. (25 x 34 cm).

CAT. 47 – *Landscape*, watercolour on paper, 11 ½ x 16 in. (29 x 41 cm).

CAT. 48 – *Landscape*, pen & ink on paper, 14 ½ x 19 ¼ in. (37 x 49 cm).



CAT. 49

CAT. 50

CAT. 51

CAT. 52 – *Landscape*, gouache on paper, 12 x 23 in. (30 x 58 cm).

CAT. 49 – *Trees,and Tunnels*, pen & ink on paper, 7 x 12 in. (18 x 31 cm).

CAT. 50 – *Desert*, pen & ink and watercolour on paper, 10 1/2 x 17 3/4 in. (27 x 45 cm).

CAT. 51 – *Inner Landscape*, pen & ink on paper, 7 x 9 in. (18 x 23 cm).

CAT. 53 – *Crossroads*,
pen & ink, watercolour and gouache
on paper,
17 ¾ x 24 ½ in. (45 x 62 cm).

CAT. 54 – *Beyond the Horizon,* signed, pen & ink, gouache and watercolour on paper, 30 x 42 ½ in. (76 x 108 cm).

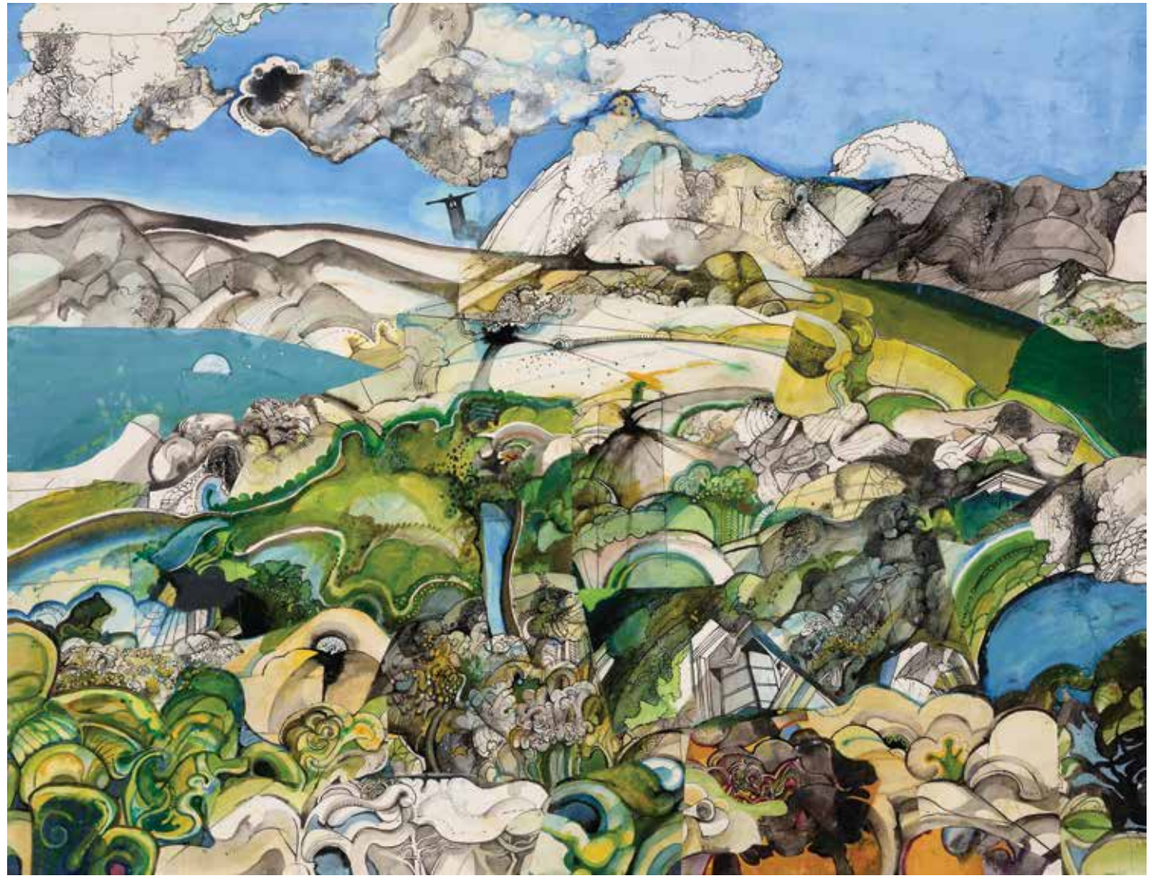
CAT. 55 – *Landscape*, pen & ink and gouache on paper, 15 ¼ x 22 ½ in. (39 x 57 cm).

CAT. 56 – *Landscape*, signed, pen & ink and watercolour on paper, 17 x 26 in. (43 x 66 cm).

CAT. 57 – *Landscape with Starry Sky*, signed, watercolour on paper, 27 x 43 ¼ in. (69 x 110 cm).

OVERLEAF : CAT. 58 – *Bomber over Landscape*,
pen & ink and watercolour on paper, 11 x 16 in. (28 x 41 cm).

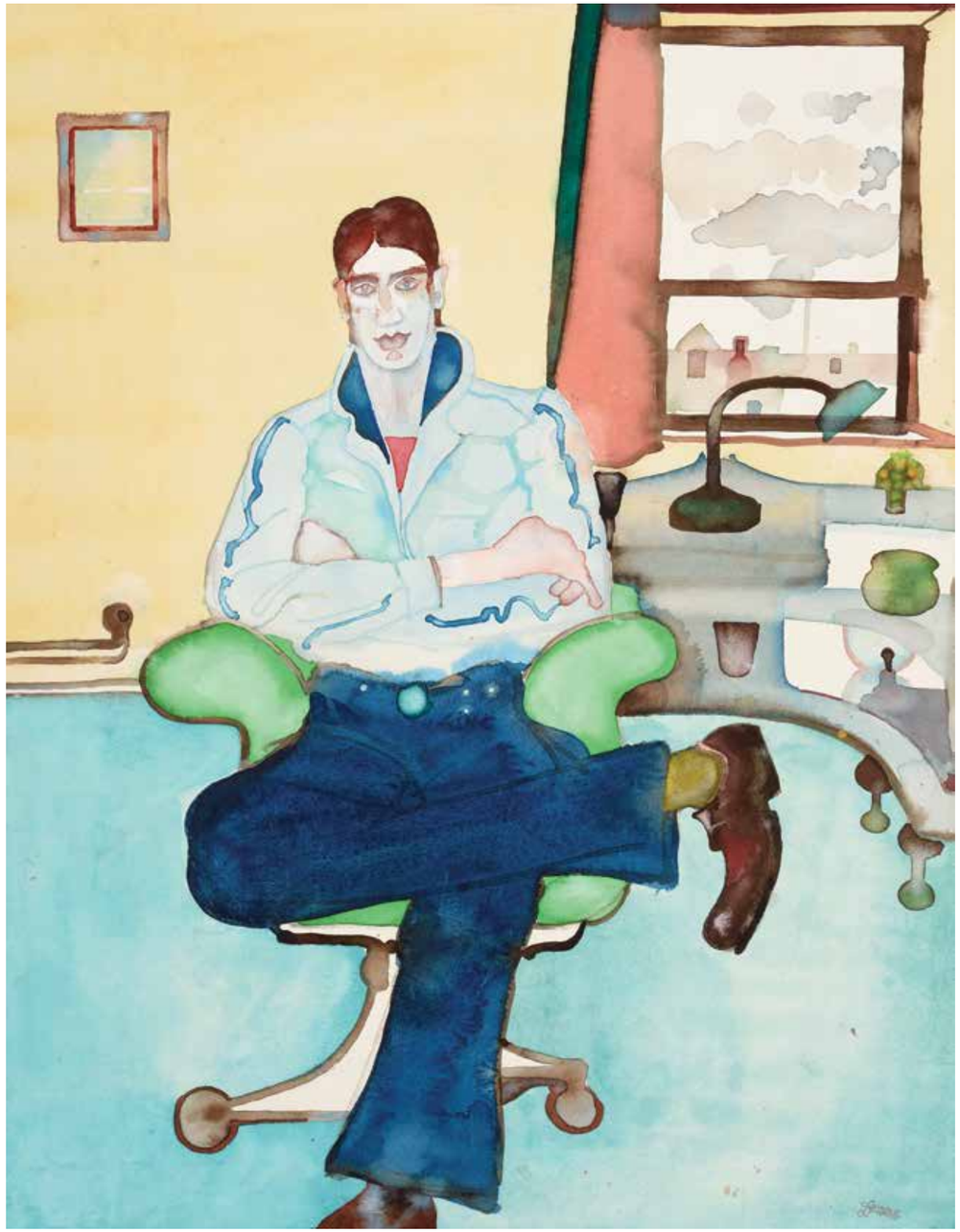
CAT. 59 – *Town and Country,* pen & ink and watercolour on paper, 21 ½ x 28 ¾ in. (55 x 73 cm).



CAT. 60 – *Lakes, Woods and Mountains,* pen & ink and watercolour on paper, 26 x 34 ¼ in. (66 x 87 cm).

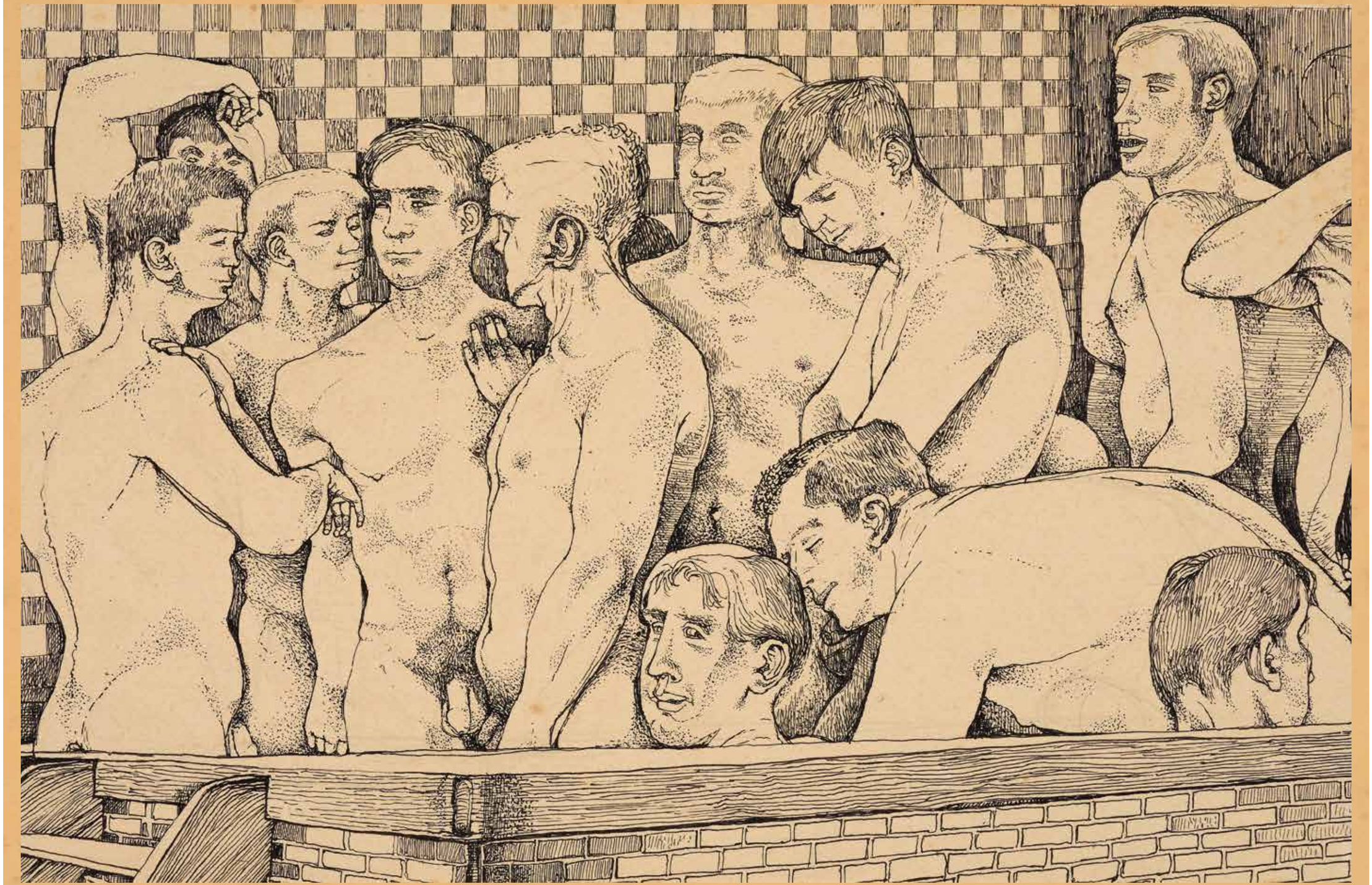
FRIENDS & FAMILY

CAT. 61 – *Reunion*,
watercolour on paper,
26 ¾ x 39 in. (68 x 99 cm).



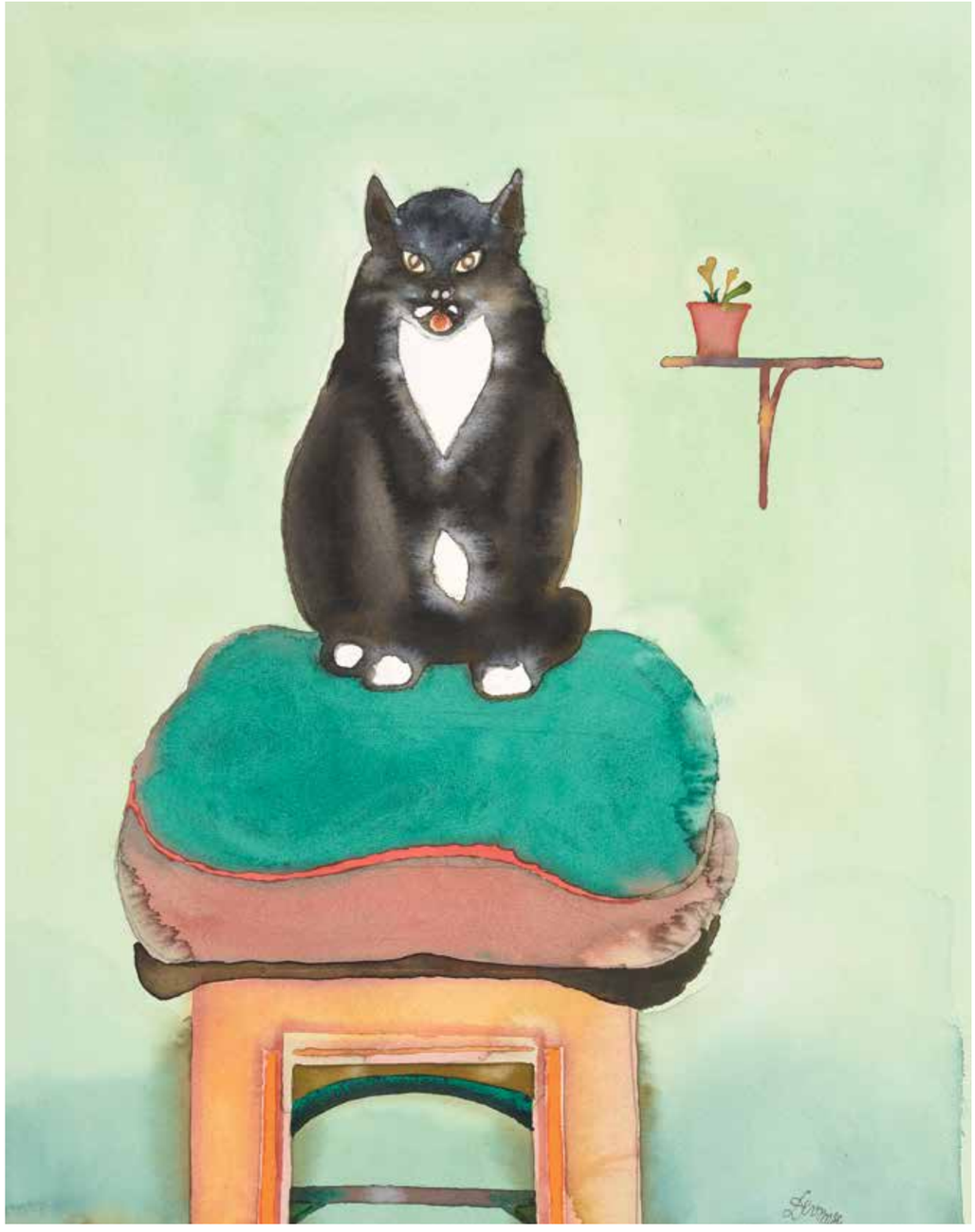
CAT. 62 – *Portrait of a Young Man*, signed, watercolour on paper, 26 × 20 in. (66 × 51 cm).

CAT. 63 – *Portrait of a Cat I*, signed, watercolour on paper, 32 ¼ × 23 in. (82 × 58 cm).

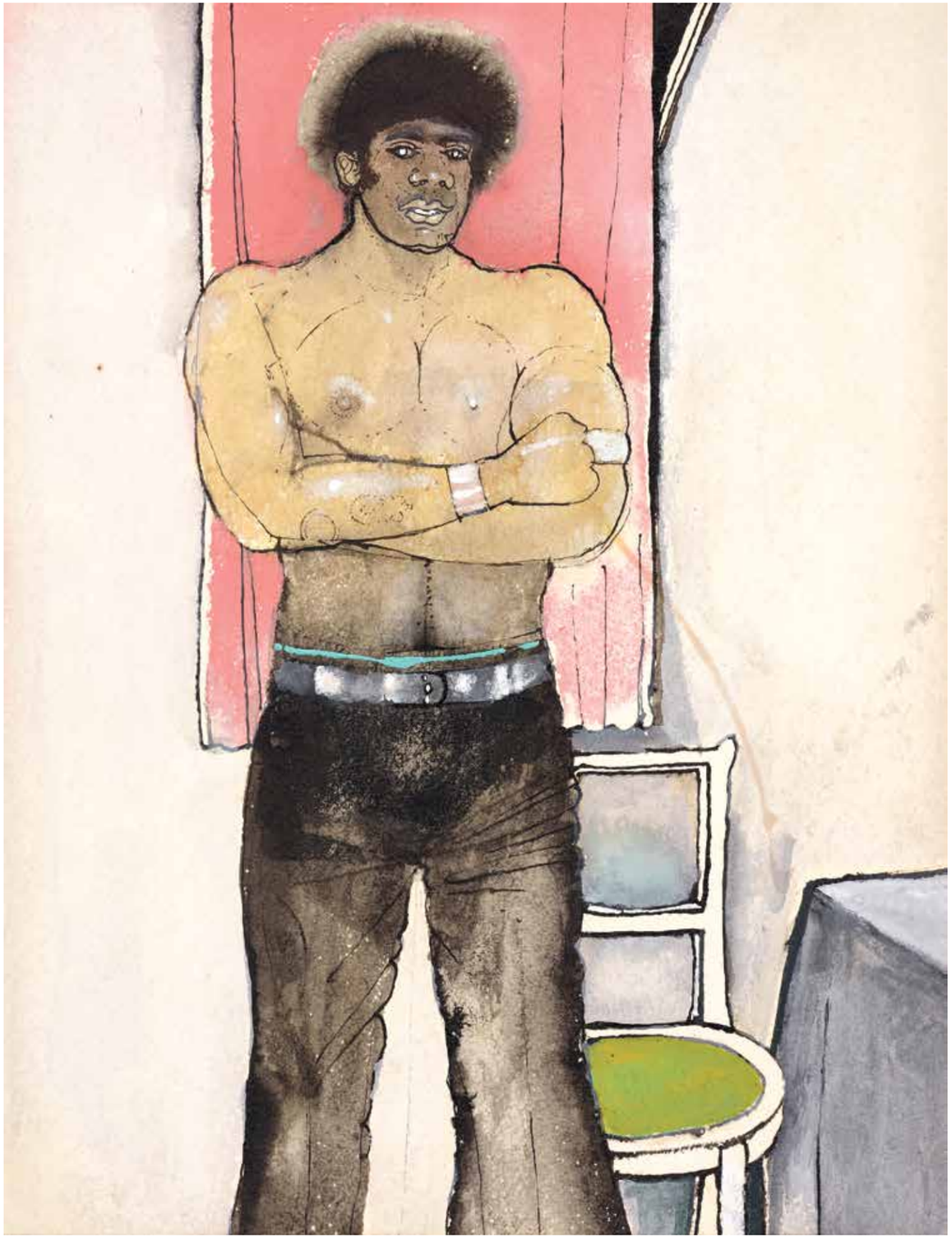


CAT. 64 – *Bathers,*
pen & ink on paper,
7 x 11 in.
(18 x 28 cm).

CAT. 65 – *Seated Man,* watercolour on paper, 30 x 24 in. (76 x 61 cm).

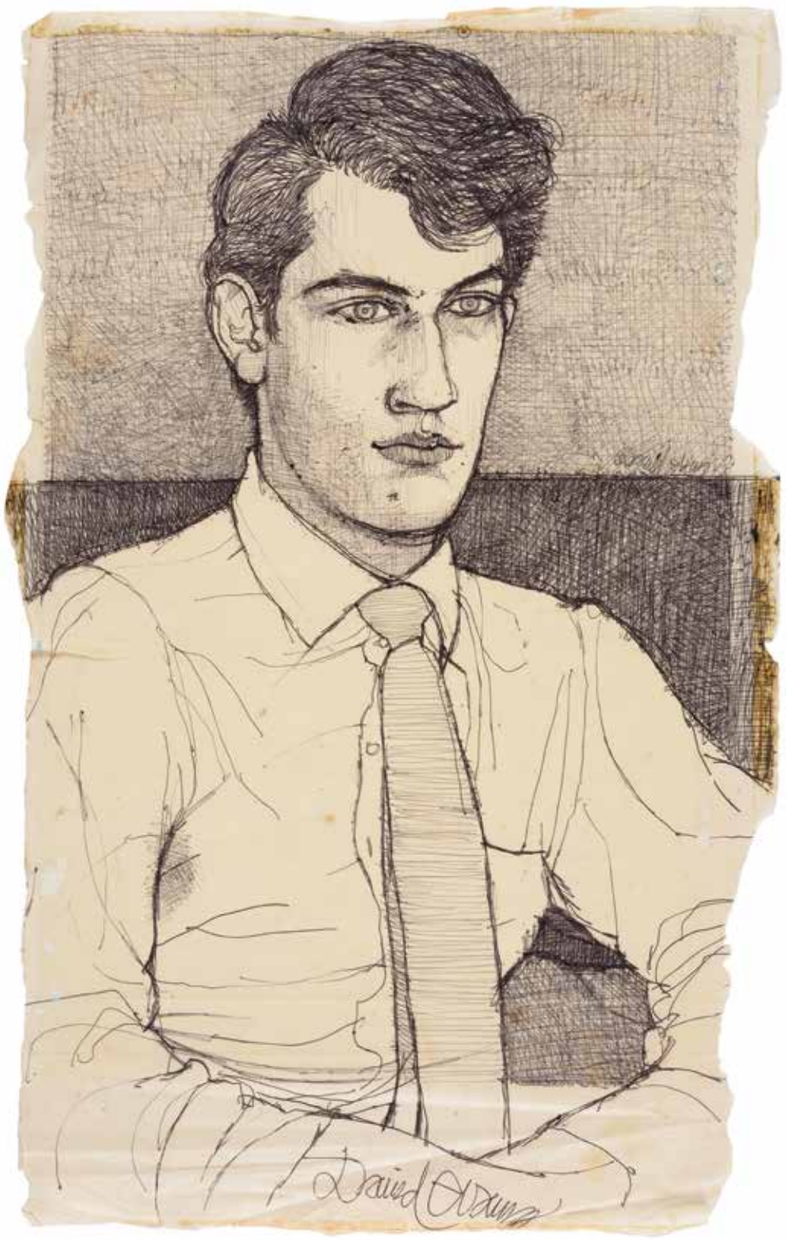


CAT. 66 – *Portrait of a Cat*, signed, watercolour on paper, 18 ½ x 14 ½ in. (47 x 37 cm).

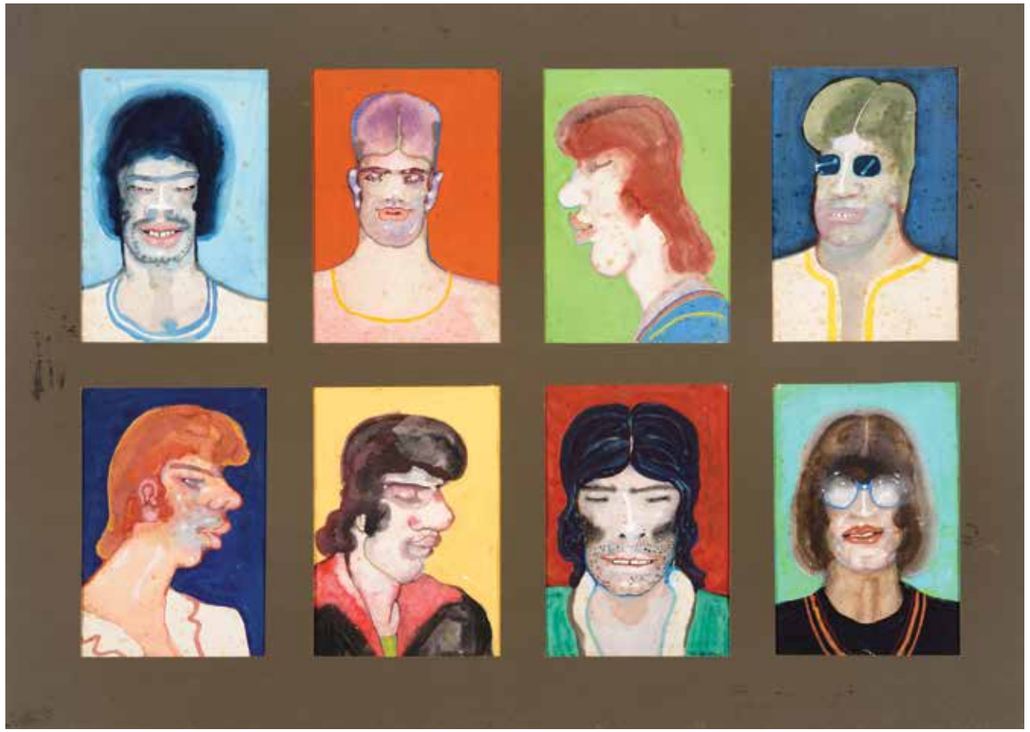


CAT. 68 – *Polyphemus*, pen & ink on paper, 5 ½ x 8 in. (14 x 20 cm).

CAT. 67 – *Portrait of a Young Man*, pen & ink and watercolour on paper, 11 x 8 ½ in. (28 x 22 cm).



CAT. 69 – *Portrait*, signed, pen & ink on paper, 17 ¾ x 10 ½ in. (45 x 27 cm).

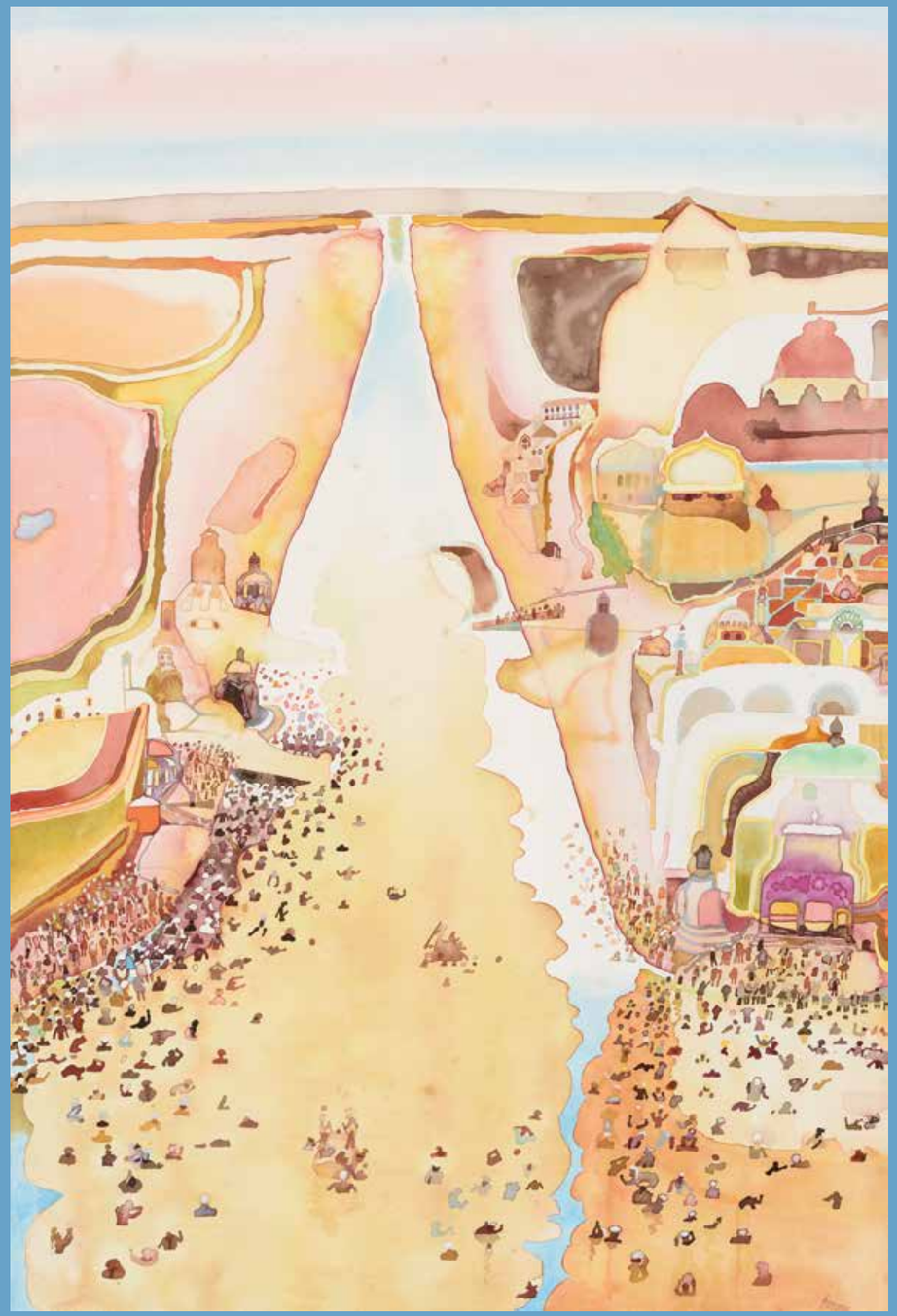


CAT. 70 – *Friends I*, watercolour on paper, 31 ¼ x 41 ¾ in. (77 x 106 cm).
CAT. 71 – *Friends II*, signed, watercolour on paper, 31 ¼ x 41 ¼ in. (77 x 105 cm).

CAT. 72 –
City Lights – The Club, signed,
watercolour on paper,
26 x 39 in. (66 x 99 cm).

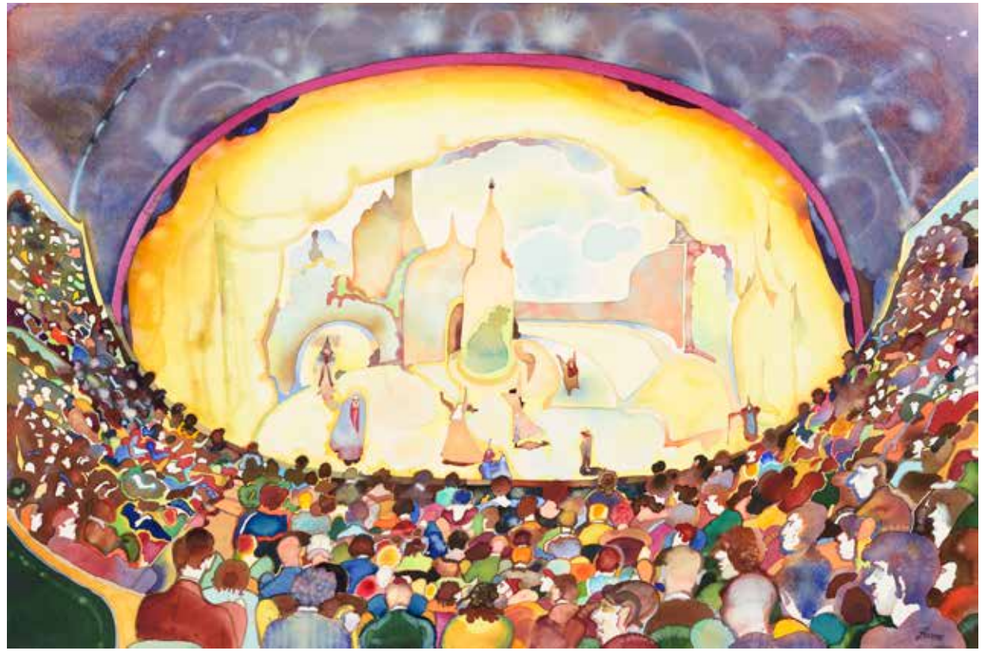
CAT. 73 – *At the Beach,* signed, watercolour on paper, 26 x 42 in. (66 x 107 cm).

THE HUMAN SPECTACLE



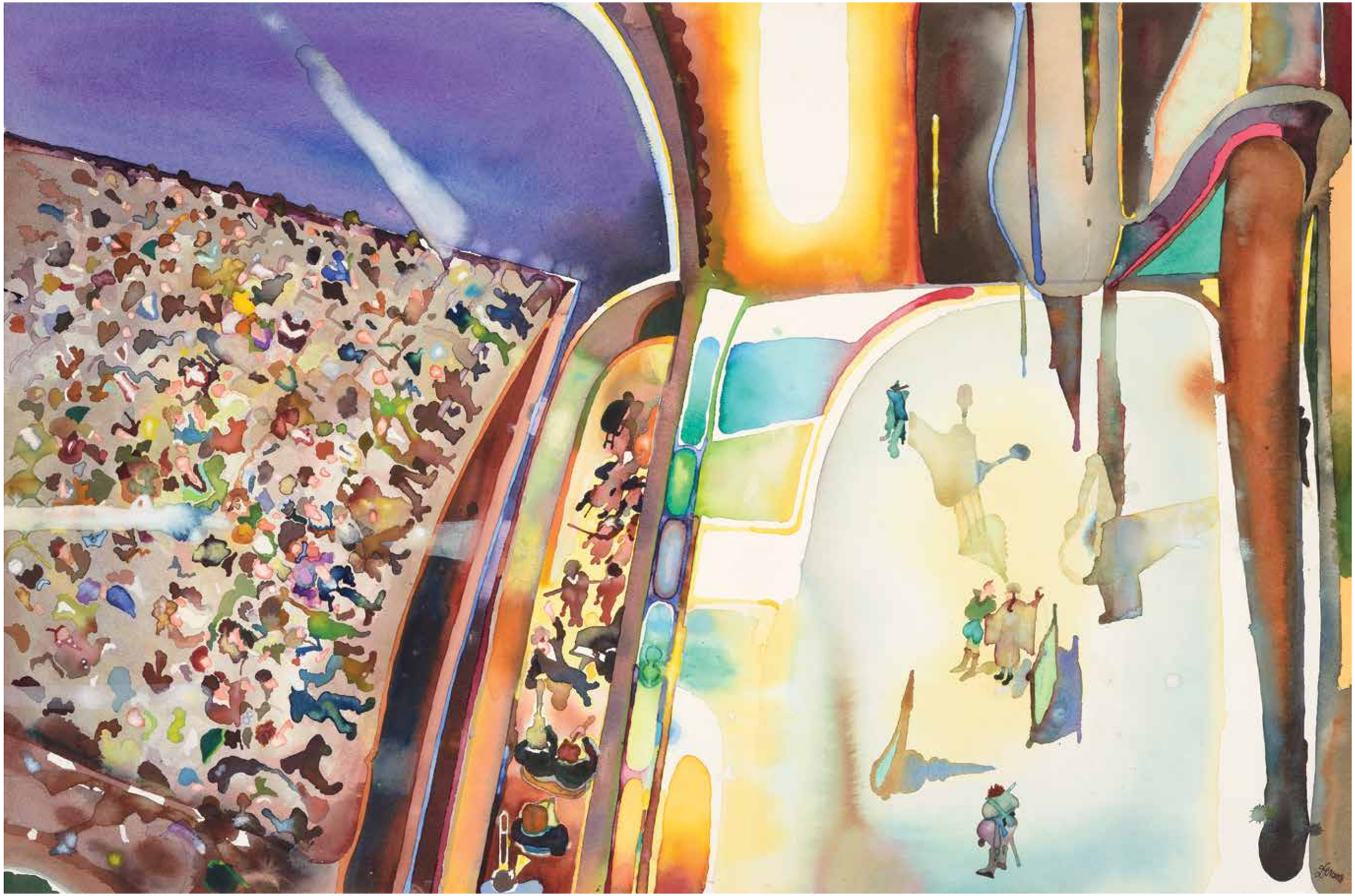
CAT. 74 – *Bathing Ceremony*, signed, watercolour on paper, 39 ¾ x 26 ¾ in. (101 x 68 cm).

CAT. 75 – *Mecca Dancing*, signed, watercolour on paper, 29 ½ x 44 ½ in. (75 x 113 cm).



CAT. 76 – *At the Opera I*, signed, watercolour on paper, 30 x 44 ¾ in. (76 x 114 cm).

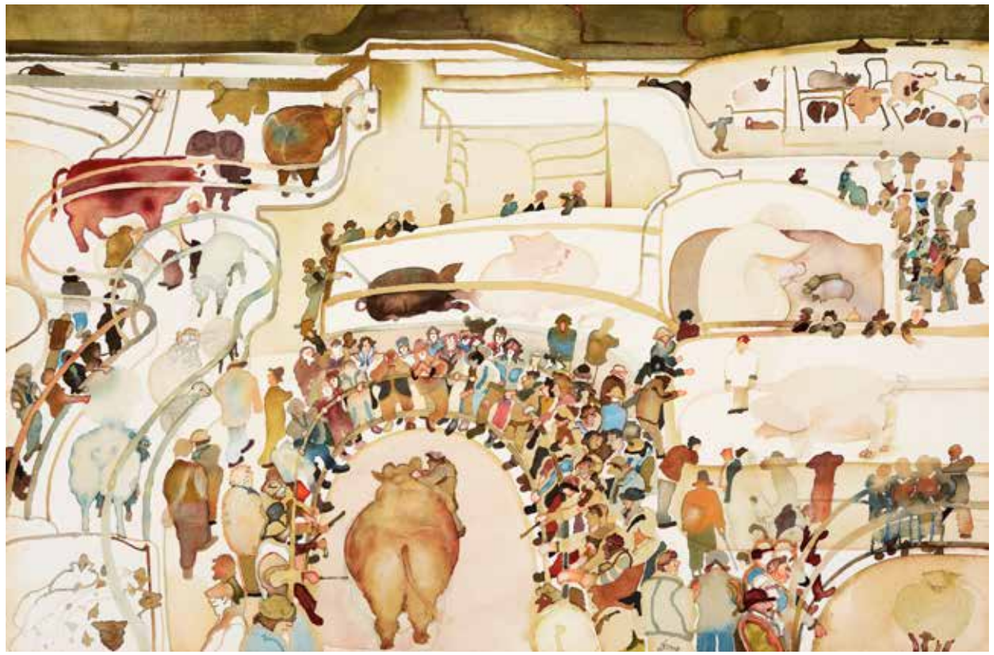
CAT. 77 –
The Golden Calf, signed,
watercolour on paper,
26 ¾ x 42 in.
(68 x 107 cm).



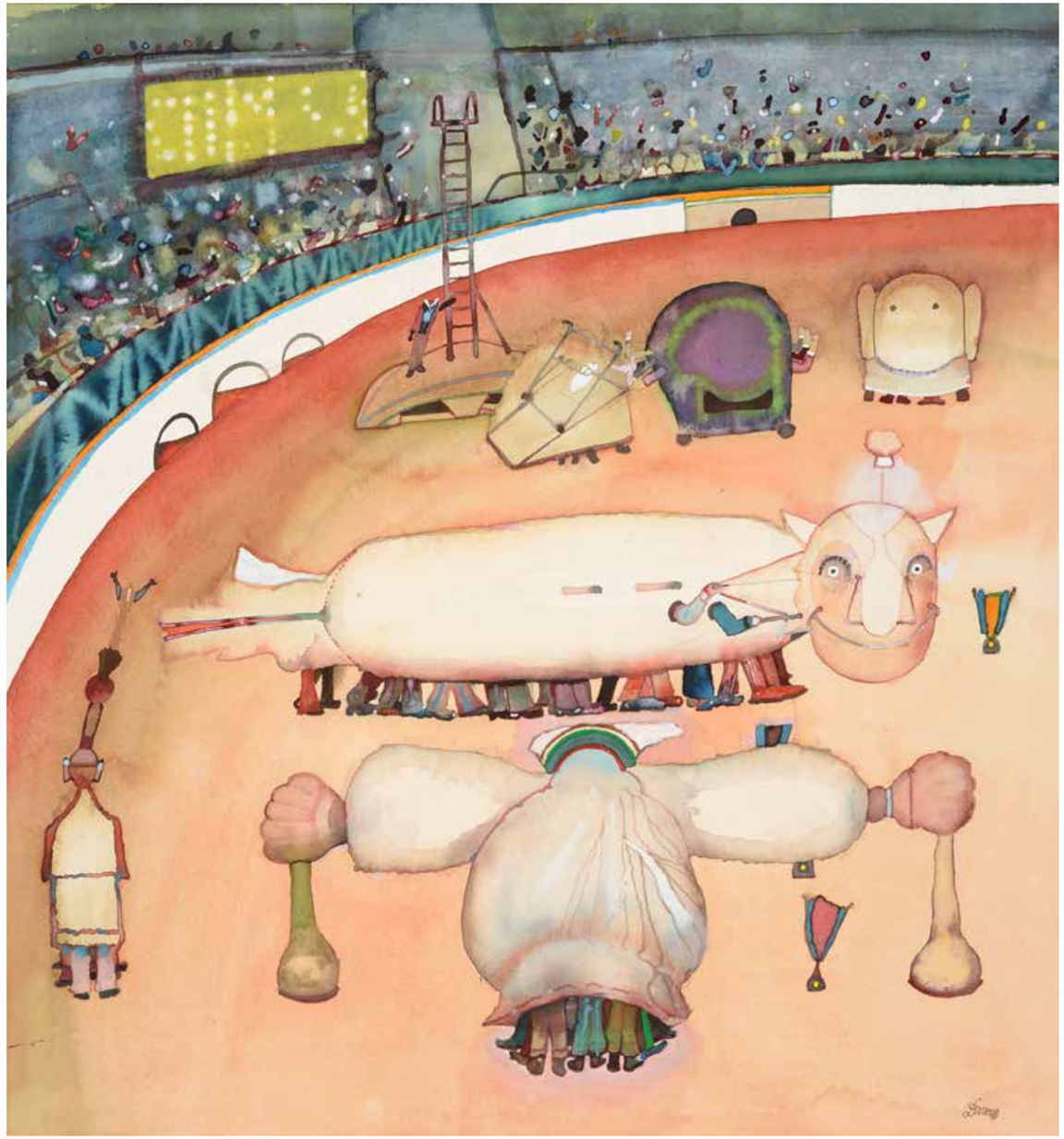
CAT. 78 –
At the Opera II, signed,
watercolour on paper,
27 x 40 ½ in. (69 x 103 cm).

CAT. 79 – *Bullfight*, signed watercolour on paper, 27 x 40 in. (69 x 102 cm).

CAT. 80 – *Nightclub interior*, watercolour on paper, 25 ¼× 38 ½ in. (64.5 x 98 cm).



CAT. 81 – *Agricultural Fair*, signed, watercolour on paper, 26 ¼ x 39 ¼ in. (67 x 100 cm).

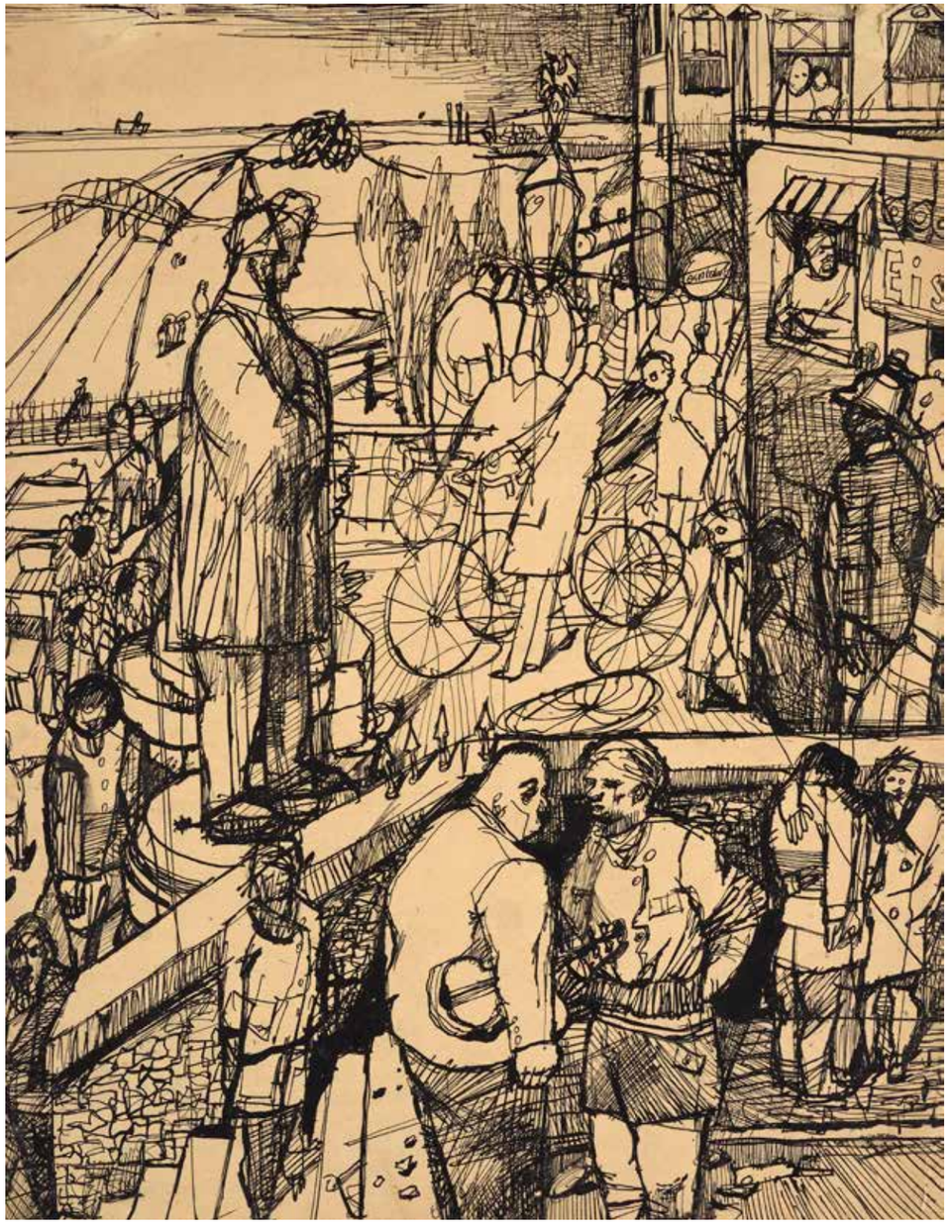


CAT. 82 – *Fete of Klee*, signed, watercolour on paper, 29 ½ x 27 in. (75 x 69 cm).

CAT. 83 – *The Club*,
watercolour on paper,
26 ¾ x 39 ½ in. (68 x 100 cm).

CAT. 84 – *Fighting on the Ground,* signed, watercolour on paper, 30 x 50 ¼ in. (76 x 128 cm).

CAT. 85 – *A Day Out,* signed, watercolour on paper, 27 x 43 in. (69 x 109 cm).



CAT. 86 – *Conversation,* pen & ink on paper, 12 ¼ x 9 ½ in. (31 x 24 cm).

OVERLEAF :
CAT. 87 – *War in the Air,* signed,
watercolour on paper, 30 x 48 in.(76 x 122 cm).

CAT. 89 – *Subway,* signed, watercolour on paper, 29 x 45 in. (74 x 114 cm).

CAT. 88 – *Voices of 1431*, signed, watercolour on paper, 39 ¼ x 26 ¼ in. (100 x 67 cm).

CAT. 90 – *The Boulevard*, signed,
watercolour on paper,
27 x 39 ¾ in. (69 x 101 cm).

CAT. 91 – *View from the Top,* signed, watercolour on paper, 30 ¼ x 43 ¼ in. (77 x 110 cm).

CAT. 92 – *The Rose-coloured City,* signed, watercolour on paper, 26 ¼ x 39 ¼ in. (67 x 100 cm).

OVERLEAF :
CAT. 93 – *Tower of Babel,*1982, signed,
watercolour on paper, 30 x 49 ½ in. (76 x 126 cm).

CAT. 94 – *Heavy Traffic,* signed,
watercolour on paper,
26 x 39 in. (66 x 99 cm).

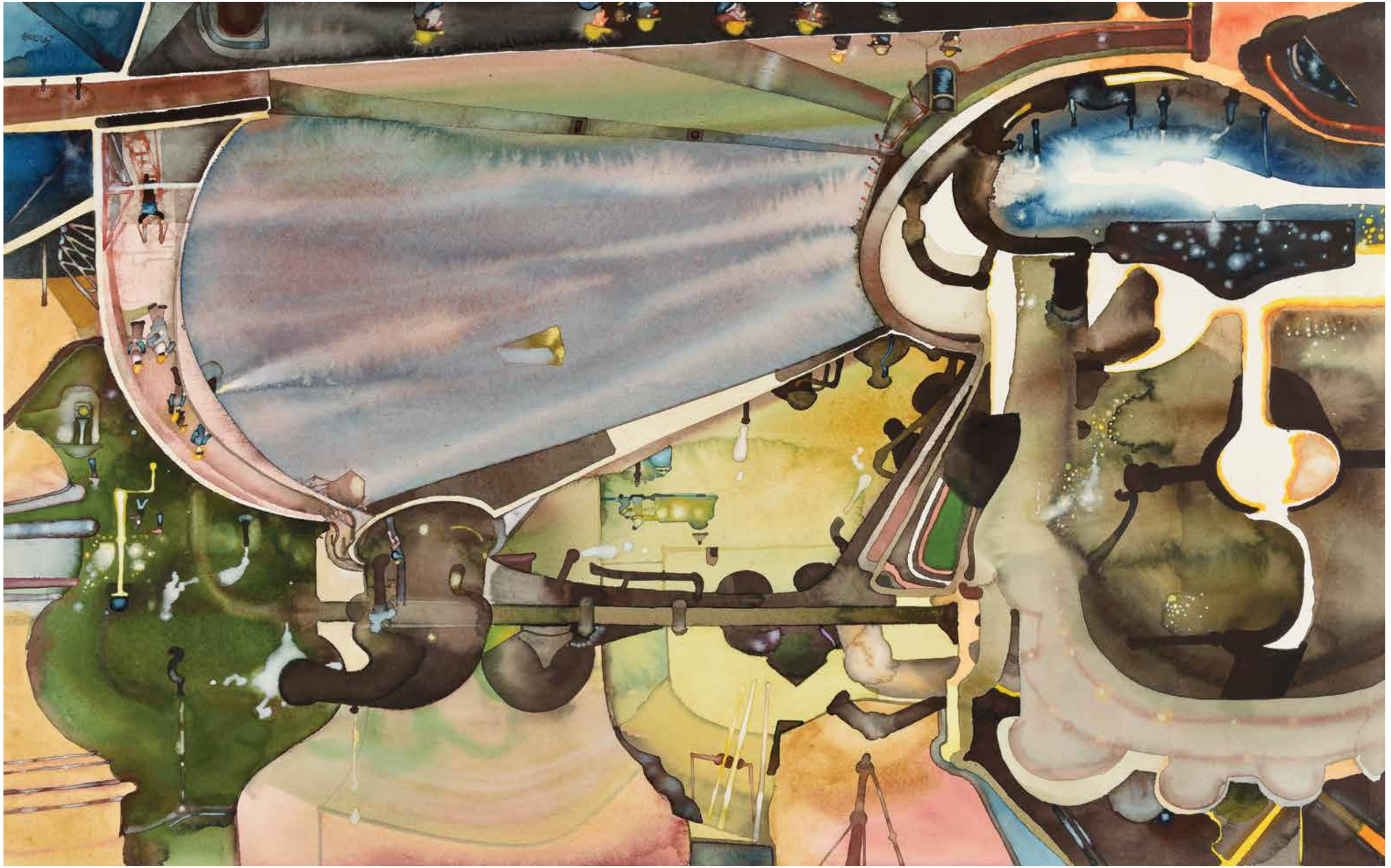
CAT. 95 – *The Evening Watch*, signed, watercolour, on paper, 26 x 39 in. (66 x 99 cm).

CAT. 96 – *Next Beef-eat*, signed, watercolour on paper, 26 ¾ x 41 in. (68 x 104 cm).

CAT. 97 – *Pastry Shop*, signed, watercolour on paper, 19 ¼ x 30 in. (49 x 76 cm).

CAT. 98 – *Through the Shop Window*, signed, watercolour on paper, 26 ¼ x 39 ¾ in. (67 x 101 cm).

OVERLEAF :
CAT. 99 – *Pot au Fer (British Steel)*, signed, watercolour on paper, 30 ¼ x 48 in. (77 x 122 cm).



CAT. 100 – *Cloth of Tin*, signed,
watercolour on paper,
26 ¾ x 41 in. (65 x 93 cm).

ROADS

CAT. 102 – *Construction,* signed, watercolour on paper, 25 ½ x 43 in. (65 x 109 cm).

CAT. 101 – *Motorway,* signed,
watercolour on paper, 39 ¼ x 26 in. (100 x 66 cm).

OVERLEAF : CAT. 103 – *Night Road,* signed,
watercolour on paper, 26 ¾ x 42 ½ in. (68 x 108 cm).

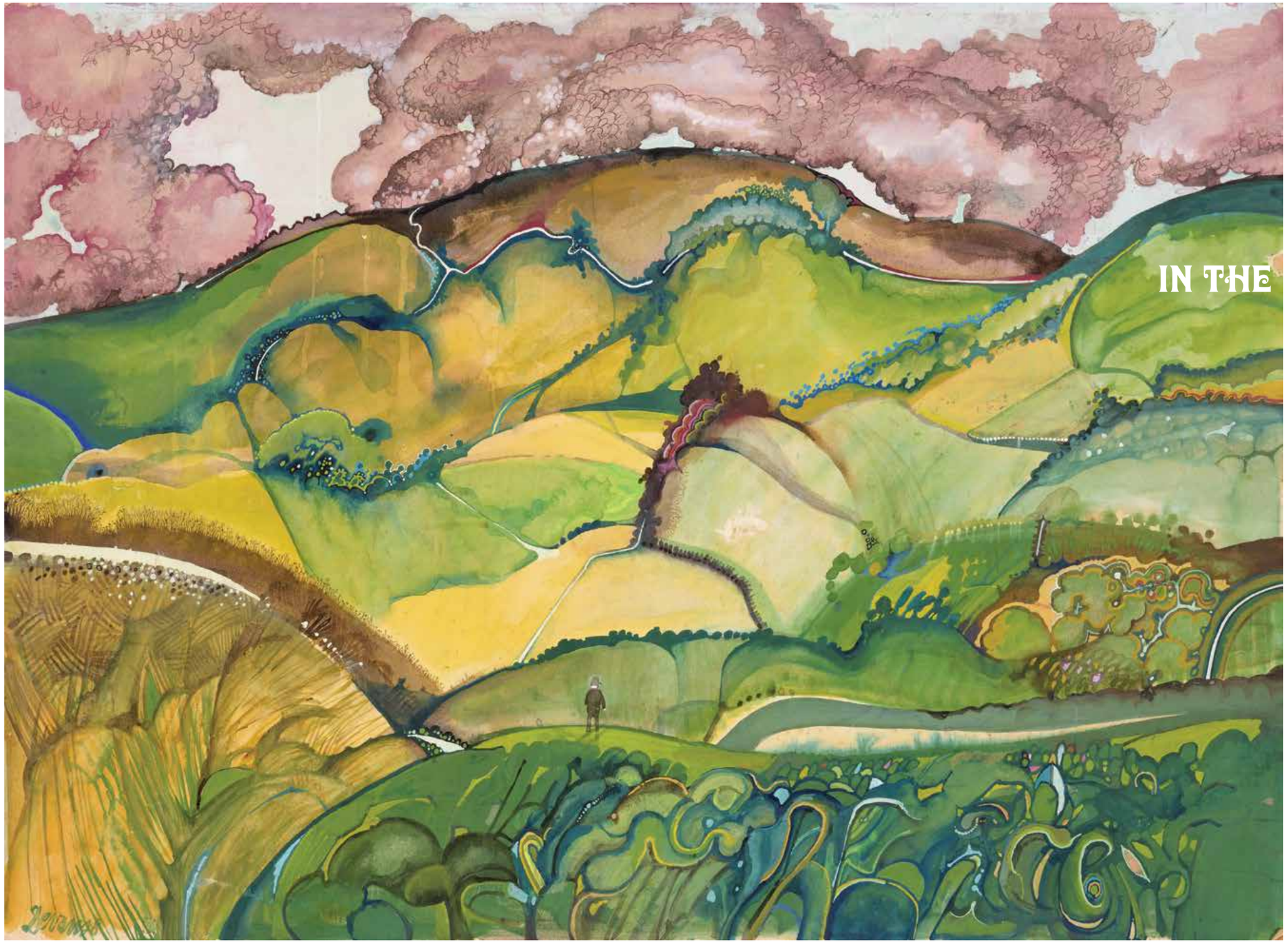
CAT. 104 – *Roads and Tracks,* signed, watercolour on paper, 29 ½ x 45 ¼ in. (75x 115 cm).

CAT. 105 – 4 Hills *Viaduct,* signed, watercolour on paper, 29 x 45 ½ in. (74x 113 cm).

CAT. 106 – *Motorway II,* signed, watercolour on paper, 28 x 42 in. (71x 107 cm).

OVERLEAF : CAT. 107 – *Driving Past the Electricity Pylons, signed,*
watercolour on paper, 26 ¾ x 41 in. (68 x 104 cm).

IN THE COUNTRY



CAT. 108 – *A Walk in the Country*, signed,
watercolour on paper,
21 ½ x 29 ½ in. (55 x 75 cm).

CAT. 109 – *A Modern Burial Ground*, signed, watercolour on paper, 15 ¾ x 29 in. (40 x 74 cm).

CAT. 110 – *Scrapheaps in the Fields*, signed, watercolour on paper, 28 ¼ x 41 ¼ in. (72 x 105 cm).

CAT. 111 – *Scrapheap*, signed, watercolour on paper, 23 ½ x 33 in. (60 x 84 cm).

CAT. 112 – *Flower Garden I*, watercolour on paper, 26 ¾ x 42 in. (60 x 76 cm).

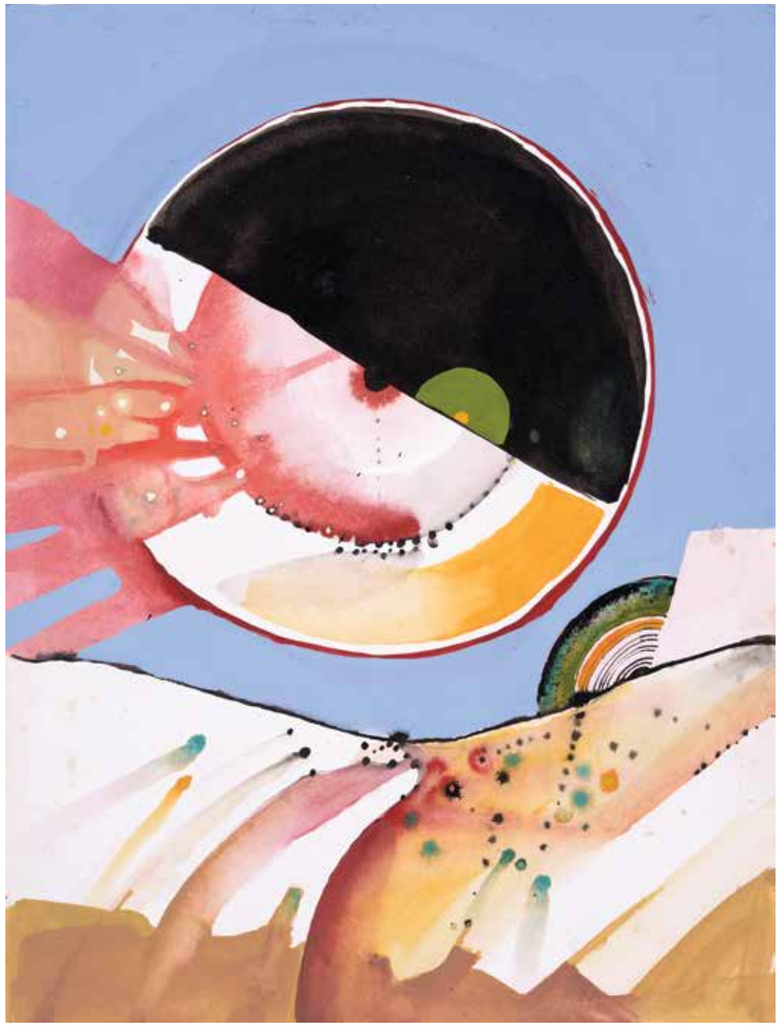
CAT. 113 – *Landscape near Ipswich*, 1982, signed, watercolour on paper, 26 ¾ x 40 ½ in. (68 x 103 cm).

OVERLEAF : CAT. 114 – *Flower Garden II*, signed, watercolour on paper, 26 ¼ x 41 ¼ in. (67 x 105 cm).

CAT. 115 – *Scarecrows I*, signed, watercolour on paper, 15 ¼ x 28 ¼ in. (39 x 72 cm).

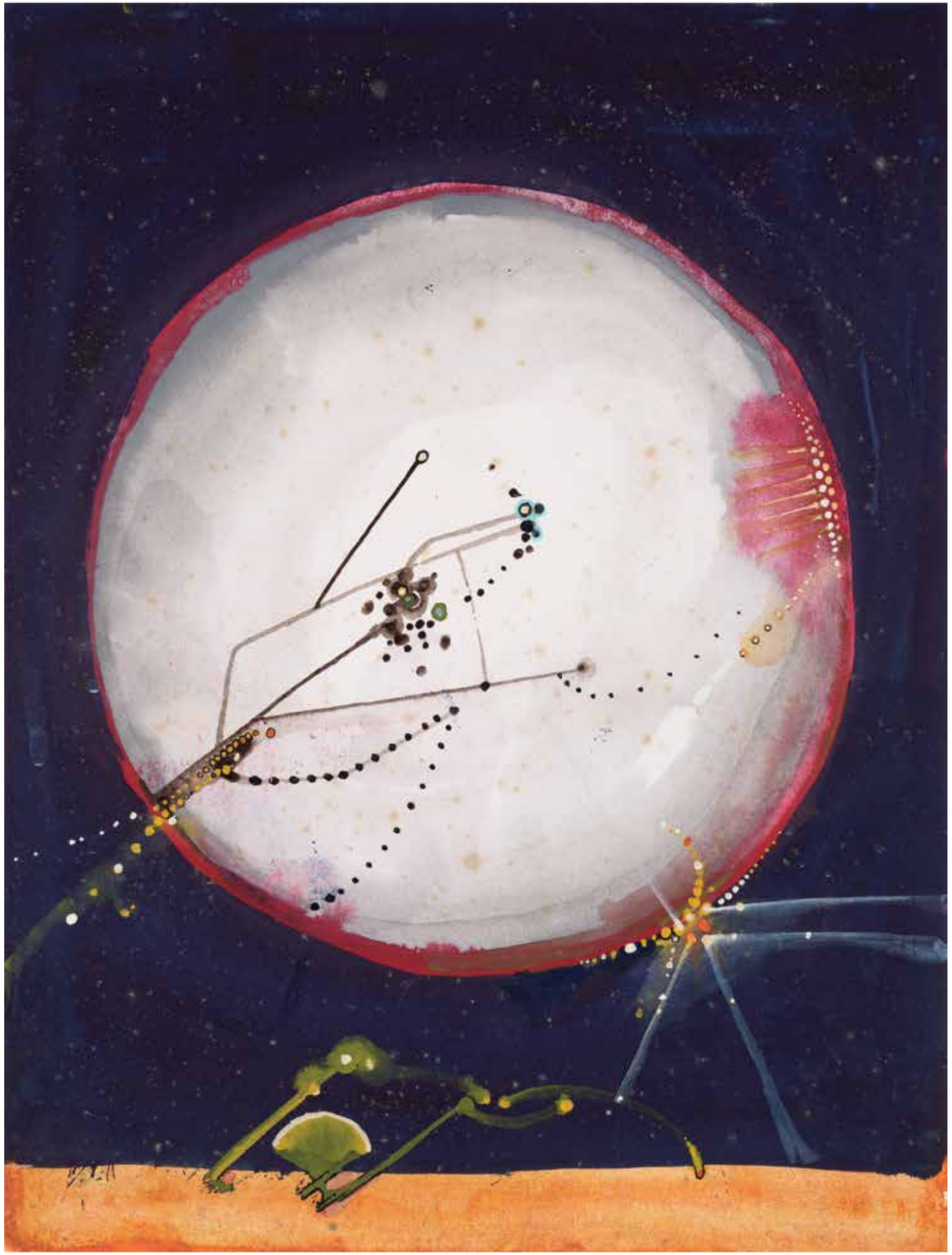
CAT. 116 – *Scarecrows II*, signed, watercolour on paper, 26 ¾ x 40 ½ in. (68 x 103 cm).

CAT. 117 – *Green Flowers*, signed, watercolour on paper, 23 ½ x 30 in. (60 x 76 cm).

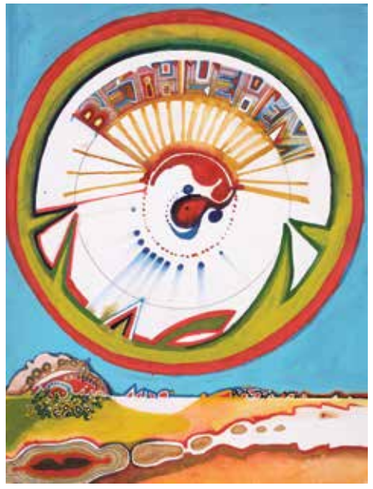


CAT. 119 – *Cosmos I*, watercolour on paper, 11 ¾ x 9 in. (30 x 23 cm).

CAT. 118 – *Cosmos III*, watercolour on paper, 11 ¾ x 9 in. (30 x 23 cm).



CAT. 120



CAT. 121

CAT. 122

CAT. 120 – *Cosmos IV,* watercolour on paper, 11 ¾ x 9 in. (30 x 23 cm).

CAT. 121 – *Cosmos V,* watercolour on paper, 11 ¾ x 9 in. (30 x 23 cm).

CAT. 122 – *Cosmos VI,* watercolour on paper, 11 ¾ x 9 in. (30 x 23 cm).

CAT. 123

CAT. 124

CAT. 125

CAT. 123 – *Cosmos VII,* watercolour on paper, 11 ¾ x 9 in. (30 x 23 cm).

CAT. 124 – *Cosmos VIII,* watercolour on paper, 14 x 9 ¾ in. (36 x 25 cm).

CAT. 125 – *Cosmos IX,* watercolour on paper, 11 ¾ x 9 in. (30 x 23 cm).

OVERLEAF :
CAT. 126 – *Exploiting the Planet,* signed,
watercolour on paper, 29 ½ x 48 ½ in. (75 x 123 cm).

CAT. 127 – *Room with a View*, watercolour on paper, 26 ¾ x 39 ¾ in. (68 x 101 cm).

CAT. 128 – *Quarter Deck*, signed, watercolour on paper, 26 ¼ x 39 ¼ in. (67 x 100 cm).

CAT. 129 – *Star-Gazing*, signed, watercolour on paper, 39 x 26 ¾ in. (99 x 68 cm).

CAT. 130 – *Submer (Underwater World)*, signed, watercolour on paper; 26 ¾ × 39 ¼ in. (68 × 100 cm). Left: detail.

CAT. 131 – *View from the Top*, signed, watercolour on paper; 28 × 41 ¾ in. (71 × 106 cm).

CAT. 132 – *Six Studies*, watercolour on paper, 25 x 41 ¾ in. (64 x 106 cm).

CAT. 133 – Study for *Angel* pen & ink and watercolour on paper, 9 x 11 ½ in. (23 x 29 cm).

OVERLEAF :
CAT. 134 – *Angel*, signed,
watercolour on paper, 26 ¼ x 39 ¼ in. (67 x 100 cm).

PAUL LISS

Born in Stafford in 1965, Paul Liss is a fine art dealer and exhibition organiser. He joined Sotheby's as a Bursary student prior to working for Hazlitt, Gooden & Fox.

He has published over twenty books and organised numerous exhibitions in the UK and abroad in association with institutions including The British School at Rome, Sir John Soane's Museum, London and Pallant House Gallery, Chichester.

He founded Liss Llewellyn Fine Art in 1991.

PETE GAGE

Born in London in 1946, Pete Gage is a British blues musician. A vocalist, harmonica player and pianist, Gage is best known for fronting the Jet Harris Band and Dr. Feelgood although he has also led his own band, and issued solo albums featuring artists such as Gypie Mayo. (See : www.petegagemusic.com.)

He studied graphic design at St Martin's Art College in the 1960s and has an interest in Taoism, Zen Buddhism & other related spiritual teachings.

TRACY HARPER

Born in 1968, Bildeston, Suffolk, Tracy Harper studied Art and Design at Ipswich Art College (1985) and Painting in Brighton (1987). She has been instrumental in helping to rediscover the works of David Evans.

She helped and cared for David Evan's partner, Basil Lawrence, after her husband met and became friends with Basil who introduced him to Krishnamurti 's teachings.

Tracy is a full time artist: www.tracyharperabstractartist.co.uk

CONTRIBUTORS

SACHA LLEWELLYN

Sacha Llewellyn was born in Bayswater, London, in 1968 and is an independent writer and curator and co-founder of Liss Llewellyn Fine Art. She has published widely on British artists of the interwar years, as well as contributing to and editing many books and catalogues on British art.

ALISTAIR HICKS

Born in 1956, Alistair Hicks is a writer and art curator. He was Senior Curator at Deutsche Bank for 20 years and is curently an international curator.

Hicks has curated several exhibitions and is author of several publications on contemporary art, including *The School of London, New British Art in the Saatchi Collection* and *The Global Art Compass: New Directions in 21st Century Art*, a survey of 21st century art..

DAVID MAES

Born in 1956, David Maes is a painter and printmaker from Montreal. He has been living in Europe since 1987 and designs catalogues and books in France, the US and the UK.

LISS
LLEWELLYN
FINE ART
ESTABLISHED 1991

Founded in 1991 by Paul Liss and Sacha Llewellyn, Liss Llewellyn Fine Art (LLFA) are exhibition organisers, publishers and Fine Art dealers specialising in the unsung heroines and heros of British art from 1880 to 1980. During the last 25 years LLFA have worked in association with museums and cultural institutions in the United Kingdom and abroad to develop a series of in-depth exhibitions to encourage the reappraisal of some of the lesser known figures of 20th century British art.

EXHIBITIONS

LLFA exhibitions have been staged at Sir John Soane's Museum (London) / Pallant House Gallery (Chichester) / Cecil Higgins Gallery (Bedford) / Harris Museum (Preston) / Alfred East Gallery (Kettering) / Young Gallery (Salisbury) / Royal Albert Memorial Museum (Exeter) / Royal Museum and Art Gallery (Canterbury) / Fry Art Gallery (Saffron Walden) / Beecroft Art Gallery (Southend) / The Church of England / The British School at Rome.

PUBLICATIONS

LLFA have published over twenty books on British Art and Artists. Our last four publications have all been long-listed for the Berger Art History Prize. *Alan Sorrell – The Life & Works of an English Neo-Romantic Artist* was chosen as one of the best art books of 2013 by Brian Sewell. *Evelyn Dunbar – The Lost Works* was chosen as one of the best books of 2015 by *The Guardian*.

FINE ART DEALING

Our website offers over 1500 works of art for sale. Email campaigns are sent out every three weeks and over 500 items of new stock are introduced every year. 95% of our works are sourced privately. We aim to deal with museum quality works.
Our choice not to run a gallery or participate in art fairs leaves us free to follow our interests without succumbing to the pressures of an exclusively retail environment.

MUSEUMS

LLFA sells to museums throughout the UK, in Europe, America, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Our clients include:

Tate / The Victoria & Albert Museum / The permanent collection of the House of Commons / The Imperial War Museum / The Science Museum / The British Museum / The National Portrait Gallery / The Fitzwilliam / The Ashmolean / Leeds City Art Gallery / Jerwood Gallery / Southampton Art Gallery / Wolverhampton Art Gallery / Cheltenham Art Gallery / The Ferens City Art Gallery / Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art / Garden Museum (London) / The Hull University Art Collection (Hull) / Williamson Art Gallery and Museum (Birkenhead) / The Bowes Museum Co. (Durham) / Central St Martins Museum and Study Collection / Geffrye Museum (London) / The Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester / Metropolitan Museum of New York / Yale Center for British Art / National Gallery of Canada / Le Musée National du Moyen Âge, Paris / Palazzo Strozzi, Florence / Art Institute, Chicago / Wolfsonian Museum in Miami Beach, Florida / Musée Cluny, ParisThe Frick Library, New York / The Kunstgewerbe Museum, Hambourg / The Gates Foundation

We have gifted work to the following museums:

V&A, British Museum, UCL Art Museum, National Maritime Museum, Ben Uri, Tate Archive, Imperial War Museum, The Garden Museum. and The Wolfsonian, Miami. The collection that we created for Laporte in 2000 was the winner of the Corporate Collection of The Year Award.

LISS LLEWELLYN FINE ART

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London: 0207 520 9225
France: 00 (33) 4 66 22 65 77

WWW.LLFA.GALLERY

PAUL@LLFA.GALLERY / SACHA@LLFA.GALLERY

CAT. 135 – *Butterflies*, pen & ink and watercolour on paper, 12 x 9 in. (30 x 23 cm).