

R.I.V.I.N.G.T.O.N
S.P.Y.K.E

THE RISE
AND RISE
AND RISE.....



So here we are in November '82, the music scene in Bolton in virtual tatters, and me, yes me, lickle ole Rivi Spyke busier than ever and only twelve public performances this year. How was it all achieved?

Well I could give you the same old sob story of "burning candles both ends", "years of hard graft and begging letters" or just "sheer old-fashioned Lady Luck." Although elements of all those factors have undoubtedly played a rather large part in my recent success, I prefer to think that it was more down to being in the right place at the right time. Now that's something very few (if any) Bolton bands have been able to conceive, let

alone achieve. I wrote to the BBC in January this year, they liked my work and my ideas and promised to be in touch soon (how many times had I heard that before). Still, good as their word and there I was in London. Bright lights, the smell of grease paint, well smelly underground stations actually. The making of programme no.4 in this last "Something Else" series took just short of three months, and following its surprise success, I shall be attending a meeting in London some time in November

GIRLS GONE - UNCONSCIOUS OBJECTOR - MR. GRUESOME - PROBLEMS - RICKY THE ROCKER - PETER PARKER'S PEN - NICK O' TEEN'S WIFE - CREW CUT CLAN - THE PRIVATE SHOP - BIG BOY BOOGIE - T V TIMES - GOOD

to discuss a whole series, working with the same cast next year.

Yes it was an anti-climax coming back to Bolton after that last hectic day's filming, but no sooner had I thought "Oh well, back to the Gaiety - yawn!" that I received a telephone call from Piccadilly Radio's "wild man", Mark Radcliffe. "Would I like to become a regular local celebrity on his new style late Friday night programme?" he said, "Not 'arf" I replied. So it came to be. I now find myself as a fairly well paid "freelance" backroom boy at the station, gracing the 261 station's airwaves every week in glorious stereo.

All my work for the radio at present has been pre-recorded, although if it hadn't been for previous commitments (ie I'm lazy), I could do the whole thing live.

Poems, sketches and gig reviews have all come and gone from my festered voice box so far.

Being on radio as regular as I am certainly keeps you on your toes, fans of Spyke (and at long last I know there are many) will doubtless be pleased to know my pen hasn't hardly stopped writing. I can't promise any more gigs in the Bolton area until early next year but when I do, listen out for new scribblings such as "What time is it, Sweeney?" (already aired at least ten times on Piccadilly - surprise, surprise), "Oh-to be a Giro (also the title of my next book and in this very mag) and "No place for reds."

I can hardly say at this point in time that I have "made it", but at least I'm a damn sight nearer than six months ago.

If pushed to advise anyone on success in showbiz, I would probably put it down to three things: 1. Perseverance, 2. A great deal of hard work, and 3. Belief, to believe in yourself sometimes when all seems lost, I feel is the hardest of the lot.

So there we have it - the story of Spyke from cult obscurity to radio and TV fame. No nonsense, no misconceptions, no bull. If everything that I have achieved to date disappeared and I kicked