

SPIDER Fest I – Revolution Calling

The one you've been waiting for – the **TRUTH** that the **STATUS QUO** have hidden away for so long, the battle of the **BOOGIE**, the **REVOLUTION** that nearly changed this country for Ever.

A long, long time ago, in a distant land, the world was ruled by the Kings ov **BOOGIE**. With their flowing manes, tight trouser, sneakers and 50% moustaches, they loomed over the times known as the seventies like leviathans. But power had corrupted and weakened them, so although they were still worshipped, rumblings of discontent were beginning to surface against the **STATUS QUO**, who held the secret of the **BOOGIE** close to their manly, bedenimed chests.

Chief amongst the rabblers were a band of Scouse urchins who went by the name of **SPIDER**. They had worshipped at the altar of the **QUO**, but lamented the passing of the hirsute John 'Coggin The Cog' Coughlan, and rejected his replacement Pete 'Pete' Kirchner. They repudiated the Sacrament of the Holy Big Fat Mama, and decided to take the **BOOGIE** back to the people, stirring their loins with three bars and many, many apostrophes.

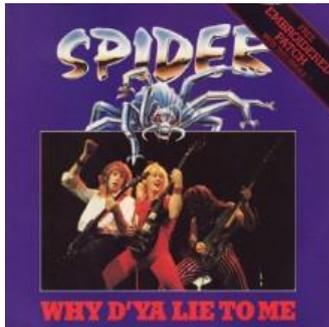


They did not let lack of talent hinder them, or the fact that only 50% of them could grow a moustache, a source of eternal shame in Liverpoolia. They had a **MISSION** to **BOOGIE**. And **BOOGIE** they did paying no regard to Paul Suter of Sounds who wrote in 1980; “**SPIDER** are four guys from

Merseyside who stand as much chance of superstardom as my grandmother does. . .and she's dead.”



Instead, they operated in guerilla style, roaming the country with whoever would have them (*see Gillan tour dates – we had proper tours in them daze*) below. After a few indie releases, they infiltrated the mainstream when RCA records signed them, and unveiled their first major **MANIFESTO** statement – [“Talkin’ ‘Bout Rock’n’Roll”](#). For a time the **MAN** quaked at their reckless use of apostrophes, but despite their cadre of followers secreted in places like Chorley Joiners Arms, Ashton Under Lyne Spread Eagle, Macclesfield Birds Head and the Greenwich White Swan, it wasn’t enough to bring the **QUO** crashing down.



Despairing at the resilience of the man, they came back strongly, merging the anarcho politics of Crass and the left wing radicalism of the Levellers into a second **MANIFESTO** – [“Why D’Ya Lie To Me”](#), a lament against the coalition between the **STATUS QUO** and Maggie ‘The Thatch’ Thatcher. Tragically for the **SPIDER**, the great apostrophe famine of ’83 was in full swing, and their call to action fell on deaf ears, as the downtrodden masses of the Matlock Northwood Club, Margate Ship Inn, and Gravesend Red Lion fought in the streets over discarded semi colons to feed their families.

SPIDER Fest II – From Socialism to Nu-Spider

Despite the sleep deprivation caused by my relentless pursuit of the gods RAWK and ROLL at Castle Donington, watching MOTORHEAD, JUDAS PRIEST and KISS, back to back, there has been a deluge of demands (well, Wagonwheel) for a new installment here at GHMI.



After the failure of their attempted sovietisation of the collective **BOOGIE**, the loveable Scousers **SPIDER** had to rethink their strategy. Amazingly, this involved getting a second major record deal, moving from RCA to A&M, toughening up their sound and unleashing their ultimate **BOOGIE** anthem [“Here We Go Rock’n’Roll”](#)!

But if they thought restoring the words rock and roll to their **BOOGIE** would bring about the collapse of Thatcherism, yet again they were to be proven sadly wrong. Their dismay at the inability of the Great British public to recognise the power of collective **BOOGIE** and how by doing so they could transform the inherent nation of the monarchist nation state into a forward looking sociodynamic theocracy of **BOOGIE** believers caused massive internal dissent.



And so it was that **SPIDER** managed to get a **THIRD** major record deal, this time with PRT. But gone was the youthful idealism and half their moustaches. A late night putsch saw the death of the old **SPIDER** and the arrival of **Nu-SPIDER** with a mantra called "[Gimme Gimme It All](#)", a love song to the brilliant mind and physical beauty of Maggie "The Thatch" Thatcher. Their old fans were alienated and the new audience they were seeking stayed true to their Spandau Ballet loving roots, no doubt helped by their firm belief that everything from Liverpoolia is pure evil. And a fervent desire to hold on to their hubcaps. The **SPIDER** dream was dead. Hope was swept from the land, and Great Britain was plunged into a wintry **BOOGIE** free epoch we're still living through.

The members of **SPIDER** dispersed far and wide;



Drummer Rob E Burrows (rear above) decided to stick with politics and try to forge a career elsewhere. He failed and ended up as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom from May 2010 to July 2016.

Bassist Brian Burrows (far left above) managed to turn his perverse hobby of animal sodomy into a paying career in entertainment. Using the stage name Bob Carolgees he became a mainstay on childrens TV fisting a small terrier called Spit.

Lead guitarist Sniffa (front row centre) also stuck to the world of entertainment, and as drag queen Lily Savage ended up with a daytime TV show, and was honoured in this years Queens Birthday Honours list. Arise, Sir Sniffa.

Singing guitarist Col Harkness (above 2nd left) moved to America to puruse his musical dreams. One day he went into the wrong audition room and ended up playing the role of David St Hubbins in the movie Spinal Tap. Not the sharpest tool in the box, he didn't know he'd went to the wrong place and believed he was playing in a real band. To this day, no-one has had the heart to tell him.

