



WILLIAM EDMUND SPOONER

AGE: 25 SIGN: Leo

DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH: August 16, 1949, Phoenix, Arizona

Founder, lead guitarist, and songwriter.

LEADER OF THE PACK

PET PEEVE: Mustaches and Philodendrons.

ROCK FASHION IMAGE: Elvis Presley in a zebra jumpsuit.

CHILDHOOD DREAM COME TRUE: Always wanted to work in a bookstore when he grew up. Achieved his goal and stole expensive art books which he never read.

ARTISTIC ABILITY: Makes junk-magazine collages and does his own make-up.

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY: Sidewalk cafe sex counselor.

ROLE IN LIFE: Chief agitator of THE TUBES.

FAVORITE COMEDY: Any Carlos Castaneda book.

ROCK TRAGEDY WHICH EFFECTED SPOONER PERSONALLY: Success of the Three Dog Night.

PETS: Twin labradors—Friendly Fido and Lindy, an attack dog.

SEXUAL PREFERENCE: Friendly labradors and attack journalists.

LOVE QUOTIENT: A 6.8 on the Richter Scale.

PEEVING PETS: Squids and heifers.

FAMILY SKELETON: Direct descendent of the late William Spooner, father of Spoonerism, the science of word reversal.



Bag-O-Bucks
115 Stewart • San Francisco
(415) 495-3141

Printed in U.S.A.



TUBES TALK

Who are they? What are they? Why are they? Where are they going?

—Jim Girard, *Cleveland Scene*

They're outrageous, they're funny, they're simply fabulous—and once you've seen The Tubes perform your ideas about rock and roll will never be the same. The Tubes combine great songs and fine rock music with the most amazing show you're gonna see this or any year!! There are dozens of costume changes, hysterical skits, hilarious impersonations, and goings-on so zany you'll think you're seeing an old Marx Brothers movie on the telly—except that this time it's live and in color right before your very eyes! Plus, if you're a girl, there are lots of cute boys in the band, and if you're a guy, there are lots of cute girls! It's no exaggeration to say that The Tubes offer something for everyone, so if you get a chance to see them, don't pass it up! And be ready for anything!!

—*16 Magazine*

... And it cooks. It rocks and it rolls. The Tubes have their cake and are gobbling it too; like Steve Martin and Martin Mull, the comedians, they execute flawlessly that which they mock. Quintessentially demonstrated during the flagrantly exhausting encore-finale, "White Punks on Dope," the Tubes have melded musical energy, theater, movement, video, satire, parody and quivering flesh with unique flair. If they are not the next big American rock and roll stars, a lot of people will be very surprised. . . .

—John L. Wasserman, *S.F. Chronicle*

... I don't think I've had such a good time at a rock 'n roll concert since James Brown was in his heyday a decade ago. . . .

—James Isaacs, *The Real Paper* (Boston)

... Like their high-school-band rival Alice Cooper, the Tubes' warped vision comes right out of Phoenix. "We're experimental humans," says Fee Waybill, 26, who plays Quay Lewd. "Every phase of American junk culture from Minnie Pearl's Chicken to All-American burgers was test-marketed in Phoenix. We were inundated from the word go."

—Maureen Orth, *Newsweek*

... The Tubes, a not-easily-described, theatre-noire/rock 'n' roll group from San Francisco, seem to accept, then unravel, our national preconceptions with a see-through shit detector that empties the ashtrays on a whole other level. Tremendously talented, the band disassembles huge Chinese boxes of media mythology, presenting such commodities as the game show, sex, the mad scientist, the space shot, Tom Jones, doctors, the drug-crazed rock star, and other glories and disasters with such precise double-vision that one is both entertained by the magic of the recreated artifact and seized by the simultaneous philosophical comment upon it. A dangerous group, they can do both comedy and tragedy at the same time, and make you wonder which is which or if the difference between the two has all but been eliminated in 1975.

Onstage recently at the Roxy in Los Angeles and at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, the Tubes sang, played, danced, and acted a tightly choreographed, elaborately staged but never slick, 70-minute set that moved like a runaway express train through the dark heart of pop America, throwing off enough audiovisual firepower to indicate that the time of the video cassette is at hand. . . .

This band is out there and up there. In the streets of Los Angeles—and New York City, too—you can't always tell a Tubes number from one in real life, and that is perhaps what makes these times so comically frightening (and vice versa) and the group so grand. The Tubes do not look away, and, in the end, they do far more than merely entertain.

I must see them again.

—Paul Nelson, *Voice*