

HANOI ROCKS



TOUR
1984

DOWN THE BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS.....



.....I TALK SO BAD I ACT SO MEAN!

The Tour



THE LIVE SHOW

"Trashy, street rock 'n' roll," Andy McCoy likes to call it – somewhat modestly.

From album to album, from tour to tour, Hanoi Rocks have been growing dramatically, stretching their horizons far beyond the convenient categorisation of the simple summing-up.

Trashy, street rock 'n' roll is an idea, a starting point, a skeleton of the sensation that is Hanoi Rocks. And this skeleton's been finding its flesh lately, filling out, strengthening, flexing its stature with a musical enterprise and a theatrical audacity that defies you to look away, even for a second.

Hanoi Rocks live are a whirlwind of sound and vision and perpetual motion. Flash, brash, mean and marauding, unpredictably outrageous, intent on delivering rude and urgent blows to the parts where you feel them most, they offer the most complete and exhilarating rock 'n' roll experience you're likely to find anywhere.

These boys are decadent with a whole lotta style. They might be out of their heads, but they're never out of their depth. Ever in control even when they're out of control, knowing when to and when not to (whatever it might be), they tread a fine danger line, and if they step on the wrong side occasionally, well, you probably won't know about it. That's professionalism. The show goes on and Hanoi Rocks are calling the shots.

They devour the stage with a relentless hunger, confidence and colourfully flamboyant. You can almost hear the crackles of hectic energy and overcharged emotions as they toss and turn, flying this way and that, their leathers and satins, scarves and frills and jewels flashing rainbow bright as they dash.

Make no mistake, Hanoi Rocks are an indivisible team, individuals locked tightly together in one all-consuming wardrobe, a five-man assault crew that demands full five-man contribution. And Mike Monroe is the centrepiece.

The glory of the blond has the voluptuous make-up, the seductive clothes, the sexual ambiguity – those are the things you notice first, and those are the things that are frozen for immortality in magazine pictures. But Mike Monroe gives much more than that. He whisks you through a complete

street directory of situations and emotions and reactions; he's this, he's that, he's the other, and it all makes sense as you dance on the silk shirt tails of his guided tour.

Mike sways like a ballerina, prowls like a cat, kicks like a Glasgow street fighter, prances like the tippy party girl. He pum like a kitten, taunts, teases and fantasises like a tart, begs like a child and sulks like a spoilt brat.

Mike's hot and he's cold, he hurts and gets hurt, he's a slut or a slave, the seducer or the seduced. He can be soft or sarcastic, he can show off, or hide his face, or leer someone else's to bits. He can be your naughty son, your shameless daughter, your blood thirsty brother or your shy little sister.

And that's only for starters. Beyond the obvious, Mike's sending out all sorts of subtleties, all kinds of complexities, with a mere flick of his head or a roll of his eyes.

Oh, and talking of rolling eyes, there's no Mike Monroe without an Andy McCoy darting somewhere around his vicinity.

Andy's a fiend, an absolute demon behind that guitar of his. He's never stand still while there's life in his body to whirl like a dervish, writhe like a man possessed with the emerging thrill of his own band. Impatient and aggressive, he plucks wildly at his strings as if he's tearing a particularly stubborn leech from them, screws his face into unrecognisable variations as the mental beat gets stronger, bonds double, vaults backwards, skids forward and circles fearlessly.

His eyes miss nothing as he roves to and fro, a wickedly skinny figure under the great big hat. Andy has all the cunning expression, all the colourful chic, of some sort of rock 'n' roll gypsy – a "gypsy" as he likes to refer to himself (I don't know many people who have crossed his palm with silver and lived to regret it.).

And while he's taking care of business on one side of the stage, the road lines soaring and swooping and stuttering like live wires, Nasty's over the other side creating messy heat, chopping out fierce slabs of rhythm and looking appropriately lecherous.

Scowling, glaring, probably swearing under his breath and indisputably capable of chewing pint glasses the way other people munch apples, he presents a disturbing fascination. Even the fingers of his cowboy shirt look like they could whip you to death as his arm crashes down on the guitar, the shoulder wheel backwards and forwards for each new blow, and the hips sway menacingly as he paces out his territory.

Nasty could well be on his way to decapitate the undeserving Razzle as he storms towards the drum kit; he could be hell-bent on the destruction of Mike Monroe, Andy McCoy and Sam Yaffa as he winds his way across the stage.

Not that Sam shows any signs of dismay. His face registers no emotion other than an aloof disdain as the chaos continues around him. Self-sufficient, this fragile frame apparently protected by an invisible and impenetrable suit of armour, Sam could kill with a glance if he chose.

Usually, though, he chooses to mind his own business, moving his elegantly-clothed outline with the guiding heartbeat of his bass-lines snarl, crackle and pop.

Sam makes it all look so easy, like anybody with a decently malleable pair of rock 'n' roll legs could get up onstage and pump it out as naturally as he does.

This is in direct contrast to Razzle who insists that everybody knows who's behind the drum kit. Waging his own dynamic war for individuality with a

boisterous flailing of arms and legs, a twirling of sticks and a shaking of thick black hair, he leaves viewers in no doubt at all. Hanoi Rocks are definitely not on tour with any faking, faking drum machines.

Razzle's got the right idea, of course. His true lunatic should ever hide behind his tom-toms.

The musical face of Hanoi Rocks may be changing constantly, but its recognisable features have remained intact. The burgeoning ambition, the determination to move and improve, can manifest itself in any number of new, unexpected and stimulating areas. At the same time, the carefully-crafted identity of the band, Andy's "trashy, street rock 'n' roll" skeleton, provides us with an anchor of familiarity that enables us to press ahead with the Rocks, and affords them a necessary binding continuity, an incontestable plausibility and sheerly.

Thus, old established rockers like "Motown" and "Greatest Beat" can co-exist easily in the set alongside later fare such as the supremely disorientating "Mental Beat" and more diverse, though still cockin', material from the new album, "Two Steps from The Move".

Ideally balanced, Hanoi Rocks can give us the sublime lunaticness of "Unto I Get You" and "Don't Never Leave Me" bring blood to the boil with "Back to Mystery City" and "Malibu Beach Nightmare", booze and booze with "Fast Driver" and command our undiverted attention with as many new numbers as they wish.

Hanoi Rocks live are a life in a day. The sublime to the ridiculous. Rocking like demons, harmonising like angels. Tough as you like, threatening as you fear, understanding as you'd dare to hope. And all with an originality, a splendid oneness, that makes you wonder why you ever listened to anyone else.

