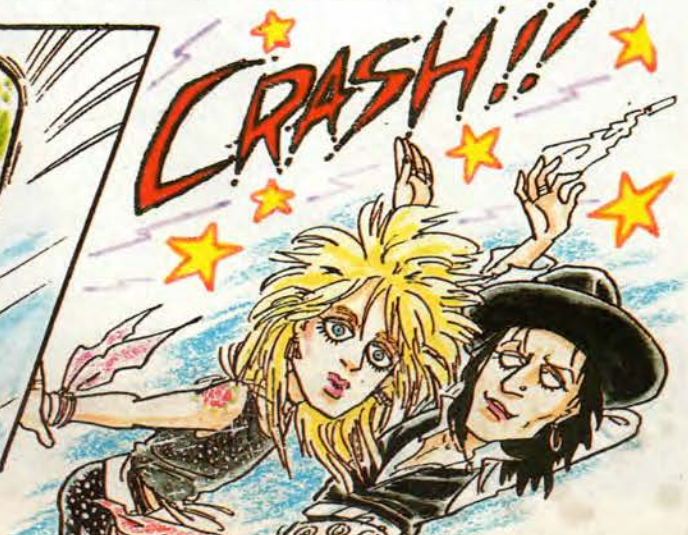
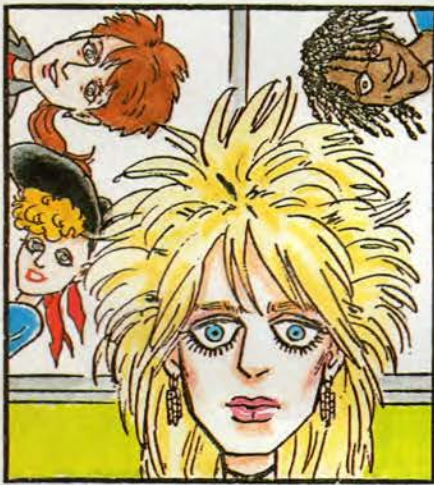
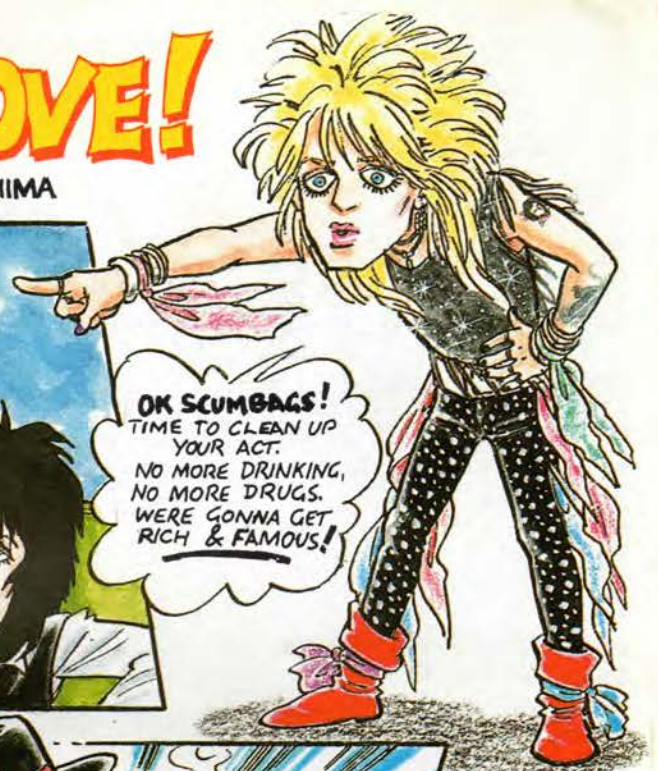


TWO STEPS FROM THE MOVE!

BY ATSUKO SHIMA



If there is any virtue in sex and drugs and rock'n'roll, with all the associated imagery and hedonistic mythology, then Hanoi Rocks have the shiniest haloes I know of.

Melody Maker, January 1983

Rock-n-Roll of the Eighties is what Hanoi Rocks is all about. The Scandinavian punk metal rock-and-roll quintet gets to you with a pounding mixture of raw energy and pure genius as they transcend musical genres and deliver a set packed with the energy and aggression of the Damned, with latent sexuality and the sheer excess of star quality oozing from every pore.

Bombay Daily, January 1983

Who needs nuclear fuel when you've got Hanoi Rocks?

Sounds, June 1982

You know what happens when you attach a frogs leg to a 12 V terminal; it twitches, right? Imagine what would happen if you ran 6000 volts through your 'cat when it wasn't looking; it'd go beserk, right? That's what Hanoi Rocks are like on stage.

Kerrang, November 1983



When the band storm into their infectious opening anthem "Oriental Beat" the crowd start to surge forward and I realize what a redhot live band these boys can be, and why their London audience scans everyone from skins and punks to bikers, bootboys, maniacs, mannequins.

Sounds, February 1983

They come out of Scandinavia and do all the things Abba have attempted to persuade the world Scandinavians don't.

Kerrang, May 1982

Reading Festival hadn't seen the likes of this since the Faces made their last appearance - the highlite of the day and probably the weekend.

Sounds, September 1983

CERT
XCBS RECORDS
PRESENTS

HANOI ROCKS



♪ TWO STEPS ♠
 ♡ FROM THE ♣ MOVE ♠

Dynamic Drama of Youth Mad about 'BEAT' living for KICKS!

STARRING
SAM YAFFA

MIKE MONROE



ANDY McCOY



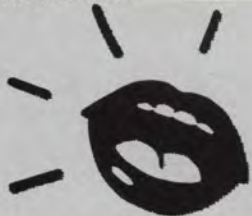
NASTY SUICIDE



RAZZLE



PRODUCED BY BOB EZRIN MUSIC BY ANDY McCOY/EZRIN/HUNTER SCRIPT BY CAROL CLERK
 ART DIRECTOR DARYL LEE PHOTOGRAPHY BY JUSTIN THOMAS AND MIDORI TSUKAGOSHI



MICHAEL MONROE

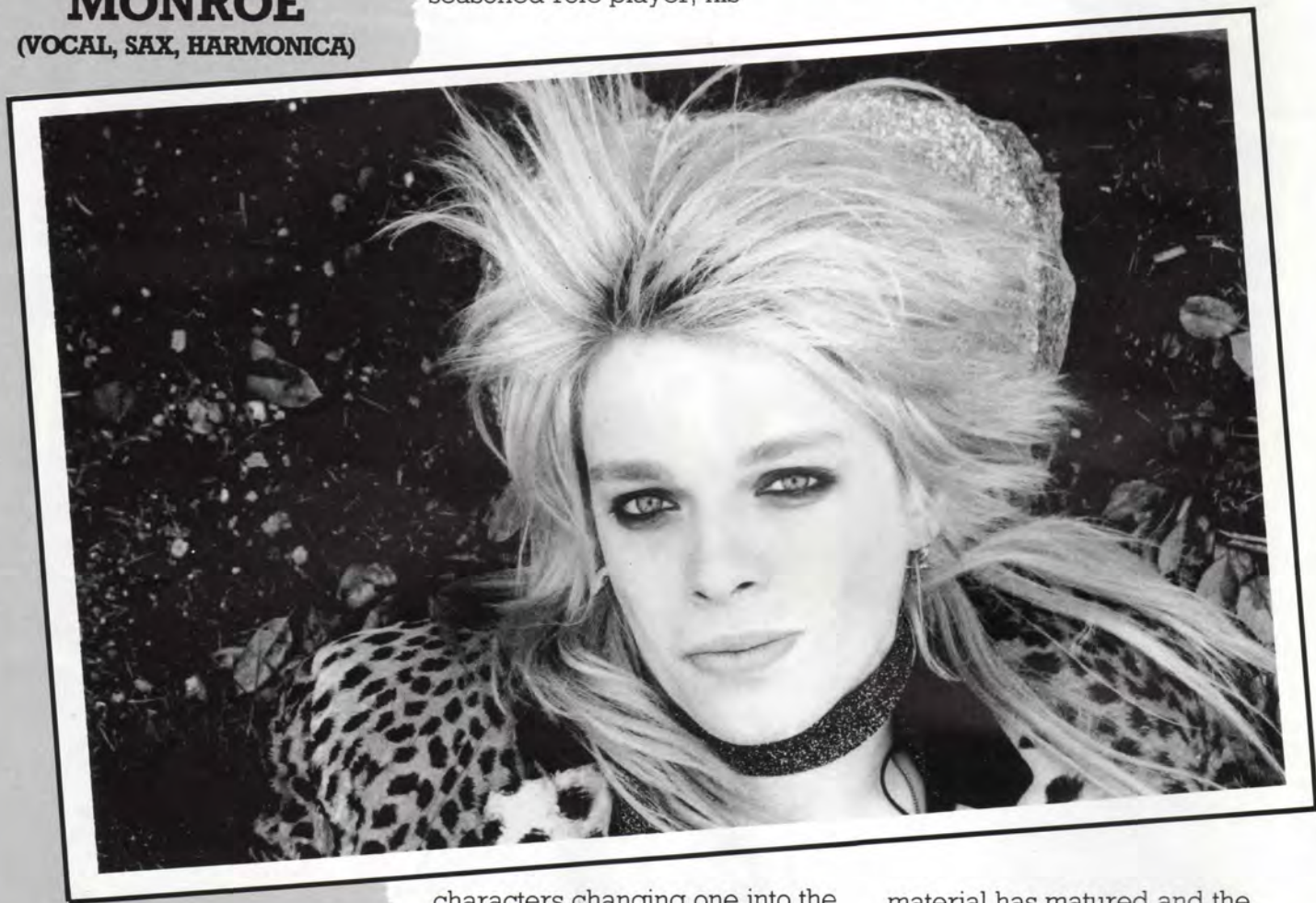
(VOCAL, SAX, HARMONICA)

The glittering Mike Monroe is the man with the magic fingers: the man who juggles images, moods and emotions before our eyes with a quicksilver expertise and ingenuity.

The dazzling coiffure and radiant beauty are the only constant elements of his onstage personality. Mike Monroe is a seasoned role-player, his

uncertainty, the near naivety, of his delivery on early Hanoi Rocks material has disappeared now to be replaced by an assured versatility, the voice alternately and convincingly caressing and demanding, arrogant and aching.

On sax, too, his contributions are more considered, more carefully arranged these days as the



characters changing one into the other with a flash and sparkle that's endlessly fascinating and entertaining.

Mike's a deliberate enigma, an incorrigible tease, a compelling contradiction.

Offstage, the various aspects of his nature are less extreme but nonetheless wide-ranging. While there's a general air of shyness, an almost timid reticence about Mike Monroe, any challenge to him can bring a sharp retort, a stinging dismissal; any insult can be shrugged off with a haughty toss of the head (his words of advice to the lecherous Arabs in old Jerusalem are unrepeatable...).

After years of getting picked on for daring to be the odd guy out, Mike has developed a sturdy sense of self-preservation, self respect and self-confidence. And it's with these qualities — as well as an innate flair for showmanship — that he fronts Hanoi Rocks so successfully.

As a singer, Mike has acquired new strengths. The occasional

material has matured and the band's frontiers broadened.

Growing with the music, with experience, with ambition, the man with the magic fingers is casting bigger and better spells as a mesmerising performer in the court of Hanoi Rocks.





ANDY M'cCOY

(GUITAR)

When you happen to find yourself in the company of Andy McCoy, you can only expect one thing —and that's the unexpected.

Hyperactive, changeable and notoriously quick-tempered, Andy can be charming the birds off the trees one minute and scaring the pants off the neighbours the next.

Andy's behaviour patterns are born of the same impulse that illuminates his songwriting and guitar playing with Hanoi Rocks. No influence is too bizarre to be woven into his personal web, no idea too outlandish to be strung into his own scheme of things.

The impatient, unconventional Andy McCoy is one of life's more perplexing mysteries.



SAM YAFFA

(BASS GUITAR)

He may not be the loudest mouth in the band, but Sam Yaffa is certain to be discovered at the heart of every new Hanoi Rocks adventure, from one momentous binge to another, from one raging controversy to the next.

Sam is the youngest member of the band, but there's very little that could surprise him now. He's seen it all. In fact, the only puzzle in his life is his continuing tendency to fall off bar stools in the early hours of the morning.

A spontaneous, humorous and popular person who carries his multi-coloured clothes with a whole lotta style, Sam has inspired a legion of look-alikes in every major city in Britain.



**"Be happy, be successful, be
the life and soul of the party,
like everybody and
everybody will like you. Then
you can kick the sand right
back in their faces."**





NASTY SUICIDE

(RHYTHM) GUITAR



Usually, you hear Razze before you see him. You hear peals of mischievous laughter, and the far-off rumble of a whoopee cushion.

The life and soul of anybody's party, before he crashes onto the kitchen floor, Razze romps through life, as he plays his drums, with the best of intentions and hearty good spirits (usually from bottles).

Razze is someone who never wears clothes: he wears costumes. He's a Japanese sage one day and an ice-hockey player the next — a veritable riot of colour, and a character not easily missed on his travels around London.

When he's not at home making model airplanes, Razze — the only Englishman in the group — is busy teaching his Finnish colleagues the intricacies of the Cockney language. And they're not the sort of words you'd use in church.

Alongside the ebullient Razze, Nasty Suicide can sometimes be deceptively quiet. But don't be fooled: the nice Dr Jekyll can turn into the mad Mr Hyde in the blink of an eye, and *this* Nasty didn't earn his name for nothing.

An accomplished warmonger when roused, he can make a simple "Shut up" sound like a death threat. And if he should happen to tell you he's gonna "bust yer ass", make excuses and leave. He means it.

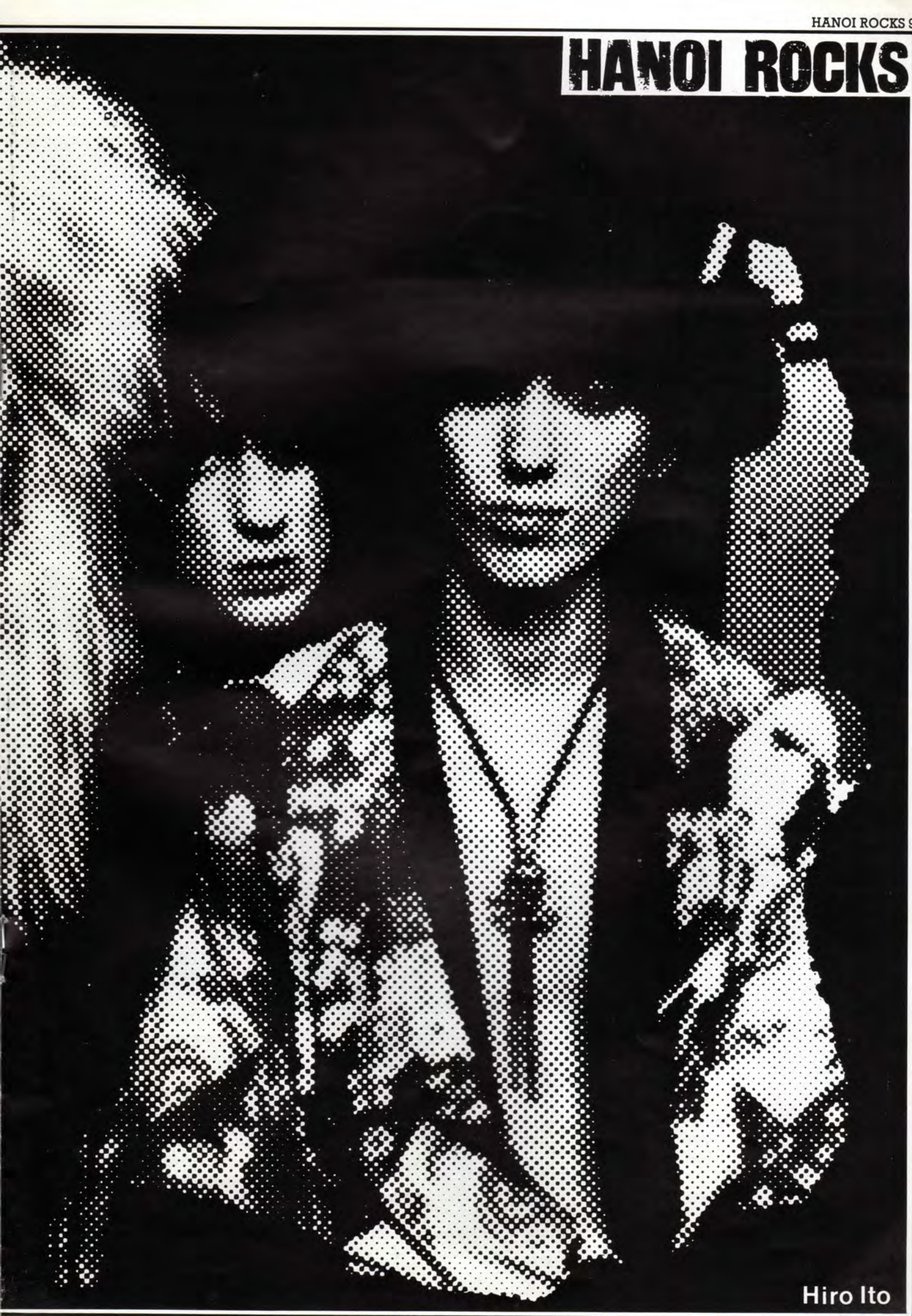
A marvellous friend to some and a fearsome enemy to others, Nasty's rhythm guitar playing is smashing in both senses of the word.

"I'm the guy with the big deal," he asserts periodically. Don't doubt it.





HANOI ROCKS



Hiro Ito

STEP 1:

When a New York disc jockey asked Andy McCoy how the new Hanoi Rocks album had turned out, Andy's reply was brief and to the point: "It's a killer, mate." And he wasn't telling lies.

"Two Steps From The Move" strides boldly, proudly, into new and ambitious territory. Its predecessor, "Back To Mystery City", had opened the gates to all sorts of pastures new and exciting; and now the boys have walked straight on in and slammed those gates behind them.

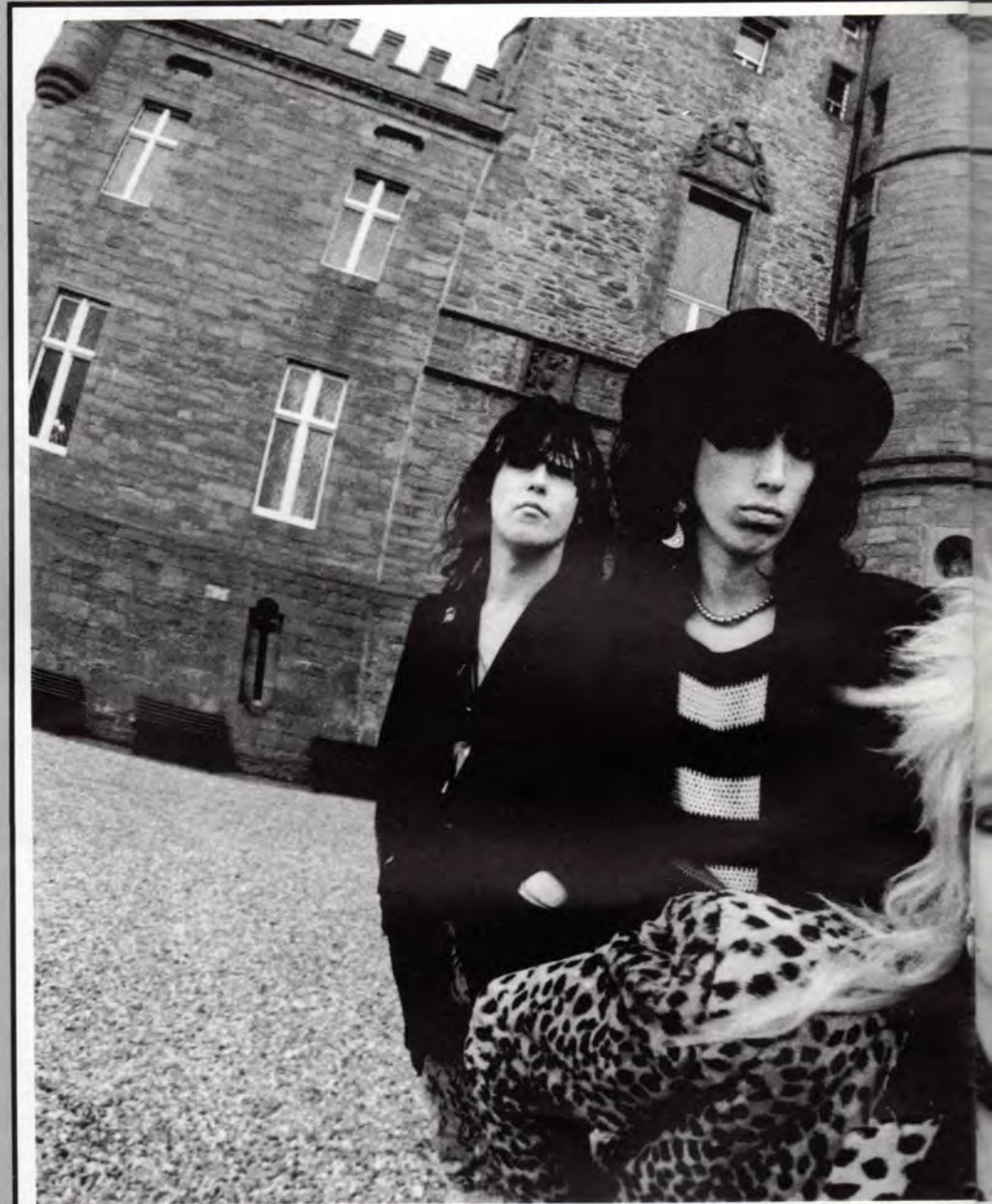
"Two Steps From The Move", produced by Kiss/Alice Cooper legend Bob Ezrin, carries all the unique flavour, the essential hallmarks, of the established sound of the band. But there's a widened imagination at work here, a determination to avoid the obvious, an insistence on colourful arrangement, a smart eye for off-beat detail and a tangible sense of humour that brings a new maturity, a new and vibrant design to the music of Hanoi Rocks.

This band are on the move, alright. And they've taken ten steps.

ONE: "Up Around The Bend", a punchy version of the Creedence Clearwater Revival classic, opens the album in cracking style. Stampeded uninhibitedly across the grooves, the current single gives a spirited account of itself, breathing new fire into old embers with its challenging guitars (led, for a change, by Nasty Suicide), its enthusiastic verve and its effective changes of key. The ideal vehicle for Hanoi Rock 'n' roll.

TWO: "High School" gets its knickers in a right rip-roaring twist as

TWO STEPS FROM THE MOVE



Mike prepares to corrupt some unwary bunch of teenage students. Fast and furious, the tirade is likely to cause dizziness and disorientation in any listener who happens to be suffering from a hangover. "It's about a kid in

buggers what to wear and show them how to sit and do their hair."

THREE: "I Can't Get It" comes courtesy of Andy's collaboration with Mott's Ian Hunter in New York.

An insistent, driving composition with a riff that gradually proves distractingly addictive, it carries a fair sting in its tail

"We had more fun with before. We were working concentrating more... we do it. We're sounding playing better. It's a f



high school who gets fed up cos all the teachers are picking on him," explained Andy in one of his frequent dissertations on the subject of the album. "He dreams of this high school he's gonna teach, he'll tell the little

with a petulant rant from Mike Monroe. "A yacht and a Rolls and a private jet/A dirty blonde in a red Corvette/A wife and kids and a house and a pet/Those are the things that I can't get," he storms.

FOUR: "Underwater World" is perhaps the most courageous cut on



FROM THE MOVE



the album, a triumph of texture and taste, with verses that jump and pump and sweat and a gloriously tuneful, cont rastingly gentle, chorus. "It's about a world within yourself, but there's also a parallel meaning with the world in the underground in cities," explains Andy. "If somebody gets into

**this album than ever
ing harder, we were
e were determined to
g better and we're
ucking good album."**

your own underwater world, your own underground, it can be really bad for you. It's about the need for privacy."

FIVE: "Don't You Ever Leave Me", a slow and bruising love song, will be familiar to Hanoi Rocks fans as a track from their first-ever album, "Bangkok Shocks, Saigon Shakes". A piece that

has grown with time, it gathers more depth and atmosphere in its new incarnation.

SIX: Side two opens with "A Million miles Away", a crushing ballad laced with piano and mournful sax and



Midori Tsukagoshi

drenched in the sweetest of melodies. Truly a song for everyone, it's an epic moment in the band's career.

SEVEN: Sprightly tunes dance with lively rhythms and a recurring riff — another of those big, bad hooks — as



Hanoi Rocks weigh up the pros and cons of cocaine in "Boulevard of Broken Dreams". Andy: "It's about what it does to you and what it feels like. It's not positive and it's not negative. People can make up their own minds."

EIGHT: "Boiler" brings a touch of slapstick to proceedings with Razzle, in his best (though uninherited) Cockney accent, leading the harmonising Hanoi boys through a merry song and dance of a pub ditty. Refreshing as a pint of cool beer on a summer's day, and just as much fun as the second pint.

NINE: "Futurama" takes the tempo way up high again, a hot-headed rock 'n' roll song that could make you dance in your sleep. "We just thought what a silly and ridiculous idea it would be to make a song about female robots," recalls Andy. Enough said. Simply enjoy.

TEN: The album has to finish on an up, and "Cutting Corners" — complete with more Cockney culture (this time in the form of a short spoken interlude) — boasts an irresistible tune, a fine kick and an irrepressible arrangement.

Andy: "You have to cut corners, you have to cut the crap and go directly to the things that are important. I cut corners all the time; I cut them all."

If anyone's wondering what "Two Steps From The Move" actually means, Andy McCoy, as usual, has all the answers. "It's about when you really wanna rock, have a party, do something, anything. The energy is bursting out of your ass."

The energy certainly seems to be bursting out of the collective ass of Hanoi Rocks.

STEP 2:

Midori Tsukagoshi courtesy of Music Life

HANOI



and now... they had some the premiere live... ed the world on a pittance; not... four... on a shoestring independent budget; p... claim everywhere... and now?... low they are set to embark upon their sec... rid Tour and can afford £50,000 for Bob Ez... duce their fifth album, 'Silver Missiles An... tlingales'.... find three of five Rocks skulking in the o... hard Bishop's Lick Records; at ten... have the composed nonchal... manders. They have ple... yet the urgency he... are dead.



"Hanoi Rocks is an entertainment. When we play live, it's not so much a gig. It's more of a happening." — Mike Monroe.

It's true, of course. Hanoi Rocks onstage are indeed a "happening", and anyone of a nervous disposition should approach with extreme caution.

Step on to this particular spinning wheel and you're in for the dizziest of rides. Blink at the drama, the colour, the hectic motion of the voluptuous Mike Monroe and the dastardly Black Haired Gang as they hurtle around the stage on their murderous rampage; gasp at the body-blows of this rampant rock 'n' roll; thrill to the compulsive somersaults of these Hanoi melodies; and dance, you suckers!

Hanoi Rocks are a dynamic live show for two reasons: one is that they've reached a perfect understanding of balance and timing; the other is that they've reached a perfect understanding of each other.

Together as one, they set aggression against mellow subtlety, wistful love songs against brazen, blazing confrontations, with a theatrical vitality that serves to reinforce their various musical intentions. That Hanoi Rocks are visibly confident and proud of their material gives the whole show its final fizz.

With the arrival of "Two Steps From The Move", the group have varied and strengthened the live set further still, lifted it to new, invigorating heights.

"You can't create magic," says Andy McCoy resolutely. "It just happens." In my opinion, it just has.

MYSTERY BOYS FROM MYSTERY CITY

A heart to heart on the art of falling apart. PETE MAKOWSKI meets HANOI ROCKS

"We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars" — Oscar Wilde
"It's the law of the jungle, man; if you're in the trees, you've got to swing." — A drug-crazed G.I. from the Vietnam war.

OK, OK; we already know what a great bunch of lads Hanoi Rocks are; how they enjoy... REALLY OUT... Of... ex... the...

fashion conscious, arrogant wastrels to have emerged from Abbasville; from the svelte, soft-focus, coiffeured look of Mr. Pirelli Lips himself, Fred Garbo, I mean Albert Bardot, I mean Mike Monroe (more about HM's most beautiful person — and let's face it with the likes of Nicky Moore and Tony Clarkin in the running, the guy ain't exactly got much in da way of competition — later boys and girls, pant! pant!) to the ruff'n'tumble, half-drowned diamond-festooned sparrow stance of rivum guitarist, Andy 'Capp' McCoy. Rocks live their posed-out to the hilt. One can

sharpen their stiletto-tipped molars for yet more biting satire. "Ah, Hanoi Rocks!" you can hear them drool as they salivate uncontrollably over their sweat'n'grime-sodden type keys, "now there's a band you can really pull apart, heh! heh! I mean, just look at the state of them, heh! heh! heh!"

Actually, I predict, that in a few months it won't be so cool to slag them off and the Rocks will get to enjoy their five minutes of rock press praise, though one can see this glorious spotlight fading as this lot are far too arrogant to eat journalistic humble pie.

OK, OK, I'll alleviate any feelings of suspense by that I for one (and for a group's recorded output especially the new... To Mystery City... already been offer... an A-1 classic, b... if not one of the important/rele... this decade.

HEAVY IN: You're prot... is a case of... journali... degrees... OTT's, r... full coi... as mu... that... cc... r...

ing the general... tique, one begins... w durable their... if, in fact, it goes... realms of novelty

PI ROLL UP! CC... TRASH ROCKS'... ST CASUAL... THEM BEFO... ITI... er hope t's... nty) of pec... n Rocks fr... ar thar... roll e

sub... me... car... the... Th...



LEGLESS ON HANOI

HANOI ROCKS

Strathclyde University, Glasgow

IT'S a pet theory of mine that you only have to look at a picture of Hanoi Rocks and you'll get legless.

Everything about them — songs, sound, lyrics, looks, lifestyles — exudes a powerful aroma of debauchery and decadence, a spectacular sense of drama that compels your attention and reaction.

Rebels, revellers, hell-raisers, death-dicers, outlaws — all the classic clichés and time-honoured fantasies are provided by this group, not as a result of any idle flirtation with image or fashion or expectation, but simply because *this is the way they are*, the way they want to be and the way they were before they started.

The life and times of Hanoi Rocks are reflected in their own rock 'n' roll songbook, an expanding volume of true blue confessions and uninhibited self-indulgence, and no doubt a pages stuck together too...

Strathclyde University, the boys opened another chapter, a glimpse of new songs like the opening mid-paced "Steps From The Move" in a set that's positively with five-star classics.

At album, "Mental Beat" has taken on a new and gritty, an unnerving intensity that had Razzle at his drumkit and Nasty Suicide looking a little more than usual over the rhythm guitar.

One persona has become more subtly Andy on his right grimaces and heighten the whole spectacle.

Assistant Sami seems to have a burn, caused by falling off a bar

Until I Get You" and the rock kept the melody quotient way "The Visitor" and "Taxi victories."

Coming from, a cover of Ice Cooper's "Under what you want to

bottle over here...

HANOI ROCKS: true blue confessions

"I wish I could go back to school for a few weeks. I was happy at school — I was a big favourite because I was a joker. I liked the discipline because it was great to break it."



OFFICIAL FAN CLUB
AND MERCHANDISING
SEND SAE TO:
HANOI ROCKS FAN CLUB,
BOX 5,
13 PARSON STREET,
LONDON NW4,



MANAGEMENT OFFICE,
TOP FLOOR,
9 MADDOX STREET,
LONDON W1,

