

DOOMFOXX

DOOMFOXX is pure rock 'n' roll. DOOMFOXX is the real deal.

With inspiration from a pimp author's final novel, combined with the reptilian charm and whiskey-roached voice of a Scots firebrand, a former member of the Great Moscow Circus, part-time gigolo, a young upstart and an Australian rock guitar legend, DOOMFOXX is a balls 'n' all, take no prisoners, raw, dirty, sexy, truly one damn-straight, gritty, gut 'n' soul, Aussie-bred, hard-rock band.

When lead singer, Stuart McKie, a native of Kilmarnock in Scotland, emigrated with his family to Perth in Western Australia, the Scottish tradition of singing, drinking and fighting continued; as he matured, the latter he did quite well, usually after participating in and consuming of the former. He started singing in pubs and clubs, belting out tunes by the Faces and the Rolling Stones, just as fiercely as he would belt those who would tempt this firebrand renegade. Stuart headed east to Sydney and hooked up with Jase Burec, a young man of Ukrainian background, from the western suburbs, who at 9 years of age, after hearing his next door neighbour drumming away, decided this was his calling and a few years on had spent time in Taiwan as the drummer for the Great Moscow Circus show band and now back in Sydney formed Circle with Stuart and like many other like-minded souls, from the inner city melting pot of Darlinghurst – the breeding ground of cool indi bands – they too were chasing the rock 'n' roll dream. It was all going smoothly; gigs, chicks, booze and fun times, but it didn't last and Stuart headed off to New York thinking his destiny lay in the city that never sleeps and Jase slipped out of town to Adelaide and ran a nite-club but not forgetting his dream.

Guitarist Dave Thomas, met Stuart in New York at a club named Scrap Bar and as Stuart was sleeping on a park bench in Central Park, so he could save money on hotel rooms to buy nice clothes and enjoy the finer things New York had to offer, Dave invited Stuart to share his room at Hotel 17, where two weeks earlier Stuart had been thrown out of that very same hotel. An immediate bond was formed. Dave, originally from Brooklyn, not the New York borough, but a haven an hour north of Sydney on the Hawkesbury river estuary, was exposed to 60s soul music and rock 'n' roll via his flower-child hip ma and pa and at 6'4" holds an impressive stature. Dave was working bars and clubs in downtown Manhattan and doing what he could to make ends meet – including taking care of some NY city's finest ladies who required some 'pleasant' male company at dinner or elsewhere, while Stuart was singing in seedy bars on the lower east side, scratching by day to get by, barely sometimes enough to eat, let alone pay the rent in a flea-infested, down-trodden rat-hole. The two were chasing a sound; trying to find that special 'sound' that would define and clarify what they both had always dreamed of doing; being on the big stage, singing and playing rock 'n' roll.

Stuart was an avid reader and was consumed by the incredible stories of the seedy side of life, the pimps, the hookers, the spivs and the low-lives, the characters that made up the cultural milieu of the world of Iceberg Slim. Slim was a pimp and a hustler from the south side of Chicago. The 50s was tough and Iceberg Slim, like many of his African American brothers, who had little choice, ran foul of the law and ended up doing stints in the slammer – most of his life was spent in and out of jail. Slim wrote books in prison; great books, that told of another life, another world, that fascinated Stuart and Dave and the last book that he wrote was titled the DOOM FOX - the hooker in the pimp's stable that is going to take you for everything: your wallet, your watch, your chains, your clothes - the lot. She's the Doom Fox...the one you know you shouldn't have, but you just gotta to! Stuart understood this so well. The brother had style – pimp style. Get up, fall down, get up, fall down, get up, fall down; all with style. So rock 'n' roll.

The embryo of what later would become the band that they had been searching for was conceived with the words upon the pages penned in an eight by ten concrete cell by a pimp jail-house author. Joining the words DOOM & FOX together and adding another X to be cool DOOMFOXX was created. When their money had run out they returned to Australia. Stuart tracked down his mate Jase who returned to Sydney and from the ashes of Circle and a few other local bands, including an old mate from their managing nite-club days, Mark Gerber on bass, Flame Boa hit the streets and made an impact attracting the attention of former AC/DC manager, Michael Browning.

As is the case sometimes with high profile successful managers, it's tough for a new act to get the attention required in the big stable and soon fell by the way side. One night in a local bar, well frequented by musos, Dave saw this tall good looking young dude standing on his own and walked up to him and said, "Do you wanna be in the best band in Sydney?" A bold statement, but one that befits the bold and brazen attitude of the founding members of DOOMFOXX.

Archi had only picked up a bass guitar a few years earlier and with some school friends he formed a glam rock band called Hell City Glamours and quickly developed a solid live following; good looking boys in tight jeans, with makeup and jewellery and Archi was soon the most talked about bass player around town. If you wanted to find Archi after a gig, odds on he was in the girls toilets, because that's where the scantily clad young babes would take him after a show. He soon earned the nickname, "Royal Doulton" after the famous porcelain company. Intrigued by Dave's offer, he checked it out and started jamming with Stuart, Dave and Jase and it started to click...but something was missing. Mick Cocks, originally from Melbourne of Irish extraction, was an original member of one of the most influential rock bands Australia has ever produced in Rose Tattoo. The Tatts (as they were known to a legion of fans) carved their way into the pantheon of Australian rock 'n' roll history with their distinctive balls 'n' all, tough rock 'n' roll sound. When Stuart saw the guitar God sitting near the bar of a local watering hole, a light bulb in his head just didn't just flash, it burst into luminescence at the thought of Cocks becoming a member of DOOMFOXX.

Over the course of a few weeks of witty and intelligent conversation, voluminous consumption of alcohol (Tequila) with pretty maidens stacked all in a row, McKie seduced Cocks and he agreed to come to a rehearsal. When Cocks entered this tiny little rehearsal room in a cruddy run down old building in a semi-industrial wasteland about three clicks from the inner city, there was nervous tension as this larger than life and reputation rock 'n' roll outlaw looked with total disdain at the cramped quarters in which on this occasion, he was to display his extraordinary guitar prowess. When the amps flicked on and the chords were strummed and the beat kicked in, something magic happened. A sound. Not just any sound. The sound they had been searching for. The irony is Stuart and Dave had travelled across the world in the hope of trying to find it and here it was in a shitty little rehearsal room in the back streets of Sydney; the quintessential essence, the defining amalgam was right here in Australia; bred in the halcyon traditions of Australian pub rock and while Jase many years ago was working for a circus, before them now stood their exalted ringmaster. A few low key gigs ensued and a few more rehearsals, coupled with late night boozy song writing sessions and it all felt good. DOOMFOXX soon picked up management with Richard Cartwright's (an old mate of Cock's) Platinum Entertainment. Cartwright's ex record executive and A&R ears did not betray him and he heard tracks that were definitely hitting the target and one in his view was a bullseye – Piece Of Me. The chemistry was unique. The obvious comparisons were made to AC / DC and Rose Tattoo, but this was DOOMFOXX. A plan was put in place and introduced into the equation was successful record producer Peter Blyton, (Choirboys, Divynls...plus may more) and DOOMFOXX entered the studio to record their debut four track EP. Cartwright was also setting up his own record label BLAST Records and signed DOOMFOXX.

DOOMFOXX continued to impress on the local live circuit with a residency at Spectrum in Darlinghurst, now run by former Flame Boa bassist, Mark Gerber, who was happy to give his old band mates a helping hand and the shows were receiving rave reviews. Journalist, Robyn Anson, of the influential local street paper, DRUM Media, wrote "...while some bands during their set at least give you one or two songs were you can sneak off to the toilet or grab a beer from the bar...Not DOOMFOXX. Make sure you take a piss first and have a beer in each hand, because with these guys, you won't want to miss a note." The word quickly spread and another residency at the Excelsior Hotel in Surry Hills followed and it was looking good for DOOMFOXX. With the completion of their album in May and a German record deal with Armageddon Records sealed to compliment their June / July European tour as special guests of Rose Tattoo and then their own shows in London and showcases in New York and Los Angeles, to be presented by the Executive Editor of Billboard Magazine, Tamara Conniff, the future is looking good.

DOOMFOXX have an opportunity in their midst that few get at such an early stage of a band's career, yet they have worked hard and been preparing for this all their lives. They won't disappoint and like the lady says..."you won't want to miss a note."

On tour with THE QUIREBOYS:

17.10.2005	GER	Bochum
18.10.2005	GER	Frankfurt
19.10.2005	GER	Ingolstadt
20.10.2005	AUT	Wien
21.10.2005	AUT	Wörgl
22.10.2005	ITA	Reggio Emilia
23.10.2005	SWI	Pratteln
25.10.2005	GER	Augsburg
26.10.2005	GER	Stuttgart
27.10.2005	GER	Heidelberg
28.10.2005	GER	Mechernich
29.10.2005	B	Verviers

