



BIG CHRIS GATES AND GATESVILLE



Chris Gates has been at this a while... Beginning his professional career at the tender age of 18 as a founding member of legendary Texas funk-punk pioneers **The Big Boys**, Chris then went on to help form garage-punk godfathers **Poison 13** before moving to LA in 1985 to form gold selling Geffen recording artist **Junkyard**. Along the way he released 8 full length albums, toured the world and developed a reputation as a solid songwriter.

Since returning home to Austin in the mid-90's, Chris's songwriting has evolved into a rootsy, Texas-based style. With his debut release as a solo artist "*Ain't It Grand...*",

"Gates has exited the fast lane to hitch a ride on the feeder road that leads to Americana. ... "Ain't it Grand" steers Big Chris Gates and Gatesville in the direction of Steve Earle, Jon Dee Graham and the Drive-By Truckers." (Austin American Statesman).

Singing in a husky rasp that has the miles and gravel of a railroad track, Gates and ace guitarist Tony Redman, bassist Bobby Daniel and drummer Rick Lyon merge twang-tuned guitars with quavering organ and weepy pedal steel to swing from 70's Outlaw Country through Americana territory on their way to a Southern Rockin' good time.

Venue's played:

The Continental Club (Austin)
Saxon Pub
Antones
Red Eyed Fly
Woody's South
Headhunter's
Beerland
Redrum
Ego's
Room 710
Poodie's Hilltop Cafe (Spicewood)
Floore's Country Store (Helotes)



Contact Info:

web site - www.bigchrisgates.com

MySpace - www.myspace.com/bigchrisgatesampgatesville

email: booking@bigchrisd gates.com

Phone: 512-554-7528

Reviews

Texas Platters

BY CHRISTOPHER GRAY

Big Chris Gates & Gatesville

Ain't It Grand ... (Anodyne)

When punk rockers decide it's time to ease up on the lifestyle throttle, a distinct twang often accompanies their survivor stories: Jon Langford, Mike Ness, Supersuckers, Austin's own Shootin' Pains. There's something innately redemptive in steel guitars and blues progressions, because they always seem to give extra weight to accounts of the price rock & roll exerts on body and soul. Big Chris Gates would know, having spent several of his allotted nine lives with the Big Boys, Poison 13, Junkyard, Skatenigs, and Charter Bulldogs. The gravel in his throat lends gravitas to recollections of wilder days ("Round & Round"), his newfound appreciations of domesticity ("Signs of Life"), and "This Town." Getting sober doesn't mean going soft, however: rambunctious rockers "Independence Day" and "Southern Man" claim kinship with the Bottle Rockets and Drive-by Truckers. No fool, Gates knows what he's ultimately up against, saying as much on closer "Fade Away": "There ain't no way to stop, and there's no turning back, so I guess I'll just fade away." Until, that is, he vows, "Wouldn't quit if I could." *Ain't It Grand* treads familiar ground, but Gates' experience makes it feel genuine.



XL CD reviews Monday, July 31, 2006

Chris Gates and Gatesville,

Ain't It Grand'

(Anodyne Music)

★★★★★

Austin ax-slinger Gates steers toward Americana

Austin guitarist Chris Gates has been grinding his ax for nearly three decades. From the salad days of his punk-rock Big Boys to chasing Guns N' Roses' fame with Junkyard, Gates has lived on the harder edge of rock for most of his tattooed past.

With his new release, "Ain't it Grand," Gates has exited the fast lane to hitch a ride on the feeder road that leads to Americana. More Ju Ju Hounds than Junkyard and more Georgia Satellites than GN'R, "Ain't it Grand" steers Big Chris Gates and Gatesville in the direction of Steve Earle, Jon Dee Graham and the Drive-By Truckers.

Singing in a husky rasp that has the miles and gravel of a railroad track, Gates and ace guitarist Tony Redman, bassist Bobby Daniel and drummer Rick Lyon (with assists from Dave Biller, Patrick Barker-Benfield, Lenny Sanchez and Erin James) merge twang-tuned guitars with quavering organ and weepy pedal steel to swing from the playful, domesticated boogie of "Signs of Life" to the pleading promise of "One Last Chance." "How the Hell" raises foggy questions about lost shoes and new tattoos, while the cheeky two-stepper "Kisses on the Sly" makes like a roadhouse boot scoot.

"Holdin' On" puts a barnyard spin on an unreleased Junkyard gem, and "Southern Man" reheats a Skynyrd-style leftover from Gates' Charter Bulldogs.

As grand as "Grand" gets, its showstopper is "Quiet Love," which ranks alongside George Jones' "He Stopped Loving Her Today" as one of the most beautiful lost-love tissue soakers to ever dab mournful eyes.

--Dave Glessner