

# TWO GALLANTS

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I guess we'll just answer these in the third person subjective if that actually means anything...

**SENTIMENTALIST: How did the band start?**

**ADAM:** We started playing in Tyson's basement in the summer of twenty-n-one. We were playing mostly traditional ballads, ancient blues, and some of Adam's songs. It was all acoustic and much much quiet than it has become. Adam left town for a while and when he came back we started back up where we left off. [It was] more out of habit than with the intention of ever playing shows. We were starting to fool with some more country songs and our sound was growing slowly louder. Finally Adam got an electric sometime around May Twenty-o-two and we played our first show at the 16th St. Bart Station sometime around then.

**SENTIMENTALIST: Since you two have played in other "full" bands together, do you find being a two piece limiting in any way?**

**TWO GALLANTS:** Yeah, it's obviously limiting. But so are five different egos trying to create something cohesive. Without the security of a bassist we have both had to adjust the way we play. The bass has traditionally been considered a member of the rhythm section. Another vertebra. I guess in its absence, we have both adjusted to play a more regimented and percussive style.

**SENTIMENTALIST: Would you ever consider adding additional musicians to Two Gallants?**

**TWO GALLANTS:** No. We did initially. We thought about finding a bassist but soon realized that the initiation process would take way too long. We have been friends since we were five years old, so it would be a pretty trying process to find the right person and accept them as an equal.

**SENTIMENTALIST: On stage the band is as much chaos as melody. Was it difficult to translate/capture that mixed vibe to a CD?**

**TWO GALLANTS:** Personally, I wouldn't say that we are in any way chaotic. If we are in the least, we pale in comparison to many of the bands we play with. Sometimes it seems like our lack of hysterics leaves some of the kids yawning. Everyday some new "core" is coined like some regurgitated bastard child of an asexual. Everyone's searching frantically for the next level of intensity and at times, I fear we just don't make the cut. I suppose the chaos you are talking about is what's in the air at a live show. It is kind of like a white noise that could never be recorded, I guess, because it depends on too many other senses. There are few things more beautiful than a basement filled with wounded kids - all strangers - screaming and falling in the sway of music. That can't be recorded or even written down. I don't think we even came close.

**SENTIMENTALIST: Tyson as a drummer, is very entertaining to watch. Are you as frenzied during rehearsals?**

**TYSON:** What I can say is that the emotion is very much consistent in both experiences. When practicing, I feel that there is an open-eyed/conscious part of me that is focusing on listening and feeling out the music and what I am doing within it as we play together (There is a process of creating and



destroying that we both go through when practicing), and as we sculpt the songs. That same process is there when playing live, though the commitment to a certain rhythm or beat is much more strong, and I can rely on that structure, and with that established, try to bring out to the moment, and song, and feeling, something even more.

**SENTIMENTALIST: With the amount of energy you two expend during a live performance, how do you keep up the pace show after show while on the road?**

**TWO GALLANTS:** Whiskey and jalapeno juice.

**SENTIMENTALIST: What inspires you to create music?**

**TWO GALLANTS:** ...It seems that music comes out of more of a natural necessity. I'm pretty sure we'd both rather go blind and dismembered than lose any sense of sound. Inspiration is too dependent on exterior events that have to be singled out and isolated from each other. Thousands of things affect our music. But the creation itself is more of an instinctual following. The outcome, good or bad, is simply the aftermath of obeying an addiction.

**SENTIMENTALIST: The press touts you as "the best band" in San Francisco, what is your opinion on the subject?**

**TWO GALLANTS:** Well, I don't know who said that. A lot of people can write a lot of things that don't mean anything, and some people will follow it as if it were the Bible. The fact that someone might believe that we are flattering, but it's just a matter of opinion. There are a lot of amazing bands in the city that the local press is completely oblivious to, because those bands don't parade the club scene or play pop festivals. We are greedy little sellouts, so I guess our screams echo a little longer than some others.

**SENTIMENTALIST: Do you have any immediate plans to tour the UK and Europe?**

**TWO GALLANTS:** No. Someone tells us, we will. We would love to get away from this violent country for a while, and music is always the best excuse. But for now the prospect is still just words, so we'll just keep touring around here until something materializes.

**SENTIMENTALIST: Your guitar playing has a very bluesy bend to it. Do you listen to any of the great blues guitarists like Junior Wells, B.B. King, John Lee Hooker or perhaps Billy Zoom? Who or what do you attribute your style of playing to?**

**ADAM:** No, not really. I've listened to some John Lee Hooker and saw him play once, basically just slapping his guitar around while his band played for him. Those folks are mostly of the Chicago school. I suppose my style is much more influenced by pre-migration deep South musicians like Blind Gary Davis, Blind Boy Fuller, Blind Joe Death, etc. That sound is far more visceral, more the product of genuine suffering, I think, than a lot of the blues that came from the North.

**SENTIMENTALIST: What is the strangest thing that has ever happened to the band?**

**TWO GALLANTS:** This one time in Tutwiler, MS, we were due to play at this place that burned down two days before we got there. We ended up going by this blues bar down the street, where this one-armed guitarist named "Brother Who" was reclining on a 6-inch stage. [It was] one of the most amazing performances we've ever seen. He made as much music with his feet as he did with his guitar. More blues-hammer than the Black Keys. I think he fell asleep during our set.