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AN AFTERNOON WITH THE EC TWINS

DJ Mag's Top 100 Closes Soon!Vote Now for the DUO!

September 20th, 2011

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Photo from ilovevegas.blogspot.com

Are you a fan of the EC Twins? Remember to vote on **DJ Mag's Top 100**! Voting closes TOMORROW, so take a minute to vote for the energetic duo!

A little while back, I spent a brief afternoon with the EC Twins at their home studio on the Westside. The meeting, originally supposed to have translated to an interview transcript unfortunately didn't pan out that way. A bittersweet trip to an early August music festival saw the theft of my backpack, Macbook, and more importantly, the mp3 file to a quirky conversation with the Manchester-born twin musicians. A huge bummer - but also an ironic tidbit of relief, as from what I recall, hearing their thick Manchester accents off the initial recordings did, initially, strike some terror in my heart for needing to listen and transcribe.

But the loss far outweighs the relief as, in the end, this interview and afternoon was just way too good to simply be completely stolen away by some unscrupulous car diggers (whom I hope have contracted some serious Class 7 biohazard mutation of Ebola by now).

So instead, I've elected to just write about my day with the EC Twins and a cuddly monster named Beef.

I should have rang the buzzer, but the door was open. As I strolled nonchalantly into the narrow hallway of a cozy little music studio off Olympic Blvd, my eyes met the one whom I would later find out is named "Beef". Sitting about 30 feet away, his friendly eyes met mine, and I continued to walk forward. Barely taking three steps into the building, the easily 100 lb canine beast stood up and started dog-shouting at me in such a thunderous tone that I froze DEAD in my tracks. Maybe it was the constant contact that I've had in the past few months with friends' little shitzus that caused my guard to go down and made me assume all mutts are friendly, but a deep wave of regret and fear washed over my body like Hurricane Katrina crossed with a cheesy Capri Sun commercial. Seriously. I damn near pissed my pants.

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As still as a statue, I mustered a meek "Hello??? Anyone here?..."

And that's when the thick Manchester English accent bellowed across the room. "HOY BEEF. SHUT THE HELL UP YOU BLOODY IDIOT," screamed one of the Twins. The giant beast shut up and sniffed nicely almost immediately.

I guess I was at the right place.

After some adrenaline die-down and a few slightly trembling handshakes with the Twins and their manager, I sat down in the studio that the Twins get most of their work done in. It was nicely decked out, with complete soundboards, mixers, isolated instruments and vocals room, and of course, as they mentioned, a comfy leather couch for long hustle nights. This particular location was their main studio, but sometimes they got work done in a more bare bones set up, just an old ratty couch, sound equipment, and other bare essentials. According to them, while not necessary, they preferred an environment like this to get their work done. Purposeful, comfortable, a place that just allows them the freedom to create without worrying about details.

So the conversation with Mark and Allister progressed, we talked about everything from munchkin cats to Mark's new Invisalign, to our missed meet up at this year's Electric Daisy Carnival... Because I was unable to get into the venue in time for our scheduled meetup & interview (thanks to ridiculously delayed security line), we missed our meeting and they went off to their good friend Paul Oakenfold spin. Though this part of the conversation originally began a bit nonsensically, (talking about cats and dental work), it progressively gave me tidbits of the guys' down to earth nature. They mentioned their preference to partying IN the crowd instead of backstage while running around the EDC grounds, speaking of watching Oakenfold and Bingo Players like they were fans. They emphasized that, at the end of the day, they're still fans of the music.



Photo from ilovevegasmagazine.blogspot.com

The interview continued with some discussion about their creative process and difficulties as not just musicians but working professionally as brothers. While they didn't claim wonder-twin ESP powers, they did tell me a hilarious sibling-fight story where Mark soccer kicked Allister's leg at full power while he was on a work call. A scuffle ensued while the call went on, and honestly, it

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really reminded me of my childhood days with my own siblings. They also were able to paint a picture of just how stacked a professional EDM artist's professional life can be. Making parties your trade, not just entertainment: balancing studio time with photoshoots, interviews, and the aggressive number of gigs (multiple times a week). They explained the importance of the strong need to at the very least, look healthy and presentable even after going for multiple nights without sleep or a meal more substantial than coffee with a side of cigarettes.

Our small block of time was nearing an end, and this is where, for me, things got especially compelling. I brought up the intro of the video for their (& Remy Le Duc's) smash remix of Dirty Vegas's "Little White Doves", and that's when I heard the sparkle of enthusiasm in both their voices. The intro and closing of the hilarious parody video shows the guys grinding away as janitors in a nightclub. They're given a last minute off-the-cuff break to play for the club owner, and are venomously dismissed for playing "bizarre space music". In convo, they go on to explain that because they spent all their resources to produce the song, the video was home-shot with a friend's camera and the sleazy nightclub owner role was filled in by another friend of theirs. At that moment, it dawned on me, that this video reflected truth to their own professional path.

They went on to explain WHY they moved to the US: to propagate the presence of club-house music in Los Angeles, in a recent time period (2005) when, let's be honest, house music just didn't exist in LA clubs. We were coming off a huge decade of stripper anthems, shallow autotuned (barely considered) hip-hop hooks, and needed no other reason to party besides popping the bottles and flashing the cash. You know, typical Hollywood fare.



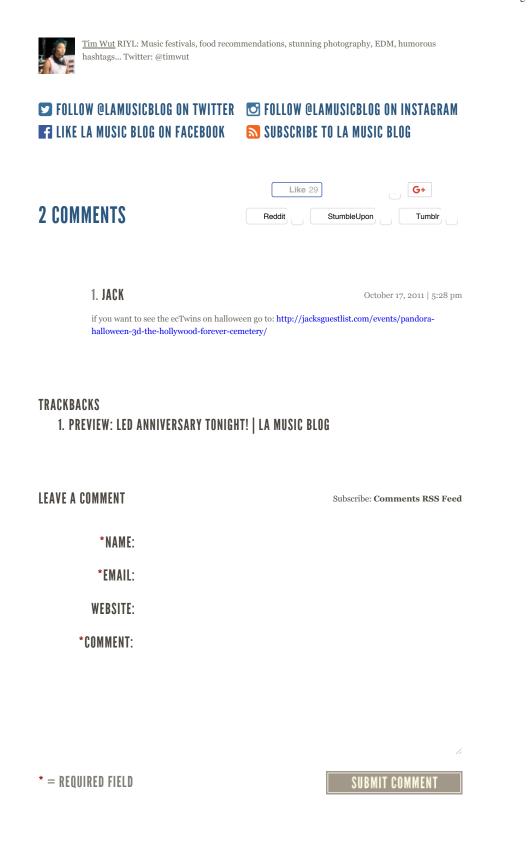
But things are different now. People DO go to festivals, LA nightclubs, and Vegas to follow their favorite EDM DJs and artists. Over the past couple of years, we've actually begun hearing house music on mainstream radio, and the twins have been here all along. They built a strong local following while being dismissed by greasy club managers for playing house music and performing to crowds of nothing but middle-aged Korean Auntie and Uncle types at Vanguard and Avalon (if you don't believe me, check out Saturday nights at either venue), and the only presence of EDM was super dark, tech-house and a couple of trance nights at Circus Disco.

And they couldn't be happier that the golden age for their specialty, club & uplifting house, has arrived.

Side Story: While neither of the twins were actually janitors during their stay here in LA, they did tell me a story of a random Craigslist gig that they took to make ends meet. I forget which one it was, Mark or Allister, but one of them was hired to clean out an ancient Egyptian tomb of a fish tank with the rotting King Tut corpse of a giant fish inside. Given nothing but a hose to siphon and some scrubbing materials, he completed the job, and was completely stiffed by the asshole who hired him. Mark or Allister, whichever it was, went back a few years later after feeling comfortable in his current professional career, and gave the guy twenty bucks and told him: "This is the money that you owed me for the fish tank job. You seem like you need it more than I do."

Serious. Respect. Can't wait for the follow-up interview. I'm hoping there's less risk of being mauled to death this time around.

And a reminder for the hardcore fans who know the EC Twins' stuff and love it: put your vote in for **DJ Mag's Top 100**! Voting closes TOMORROW! Take a minute to vote for the energetic duo!



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