

£1 UK

\$4.00 AUSTRALIA
\$2.95 CANADA

R

A

V

E

DANNY
RAMPLING

ON THE
SOUND
OF SHOOM



UNIQUE **3**

TAKES CONTROL
OF THE DANCEFLOOR

HAPPY
MONDAYS

SHAUN RYDER TALKS DIRTY

the
dancefloor
magazine

KRS 1

LIVE IN COLOUR
BASSOMATIC

ELECTRIBE
101

PLUS
JAH WOBBLE
SUNSONIC

THE BRITISH JAZZ SCENE
URBAN HYPE
NIXON
HARLEM GEM
BOBBY KONDRERS



THE LATEST UK CLUB NEWS PLUS
NEWS • CHARTS • REVIEWS ... AND MUCH MORE!

I S S U E

25

OCT 24 > NOV 6

"It's been a long time in coming
But we know a change is gonna come"
The Sound Of Shoom.

From a small insignificant sweat box in south London, a fitness centre to be precise, a club was opened which would transform the capital and eventually the nation. The club was called **Shoom**, the brainchild of **Danny and Jenny Rampling**. Its motto back in those early days was 'Love, Love, Love'.

Danny Rampling did his training, his D.J apprenticeship in the glitzy pubs and piano bars around the Old Kent Road, playing commercial soul to lager louts. His early days were spent warming up **Greg Edwards** and eventually teaming up with **Nicky Holloway** and promoting his *Special Branch* events. After a spell touring and working in the United States Danny returned to England. The year was 1987 and house music had already started to creep into the clubs in the major cities. In London it was mainly played in gay clubs such as **The Pyramid** and **The Jungle**. In September he flew to Ibiza for **Paul Oakenfold's** birthday party in **Amnesia**. Danny explained "The night was a bit of a turn-around musically for me. The resident D.J Alfredo opened my mind. He played indie pop alongside house. He was the first D.J to create that Balearic and house style which influenced so many people". That year he met the other main influence in his life, Jenny, now his wife. In London they would go to **The Project Club** or **Delirium** where they would dance to house music and mingle with an an Ibiza type crowd.

In the winter of 1987 they both decided to run their own club. They "wanted to change peoples attitude". They found a venue away from the stifling West End, not a proper venue, but one with a virgin dancefloor. It was illegal, it was perfect. "On the opening night **Carl Cox** played and around 200 people turned up. We took the main elements of **Amnesia** and added our own special influences to it". Everyone present loved it.

At the time London was choking and needed this breath of fresh air. West End clubs were cliky and most people went to their local, often violent, disco. The capital was recovering from the hangover of the early eighties football violence and that thug mentality was still very much apparent.

This was all to change in the spring of 1988. The word was out! There was a new club which was totally different from the rest. Their next party was packed and the club went from monthly to fortnightly to weekly in quick succession. **Shoom** allowed the barriers to come down, there were no lies, no pretence, no macho behaviour and no cruising. The emphasis being on good music, good people and good times.

By the end of the summer it was a legend, the only place to be on a Saturday night. It somehow struck the right chord in everyones heart. London was at peace (for a short while). Wars had been patched up and rival firms could be seen dancing in **Spectrum**, being all "matey" together. The capitals football hooligan element was nearly cleaned up, even Millwall were singing "Acieeed" on the terraces. Danny's dream of changing attitudes had been accomplished. People now had the confidence to go out alone but as with everything that is so good it can't be kept pure for long. People could see bucks and not doves in front of their eyes.

Danny wanted to stress "We never sold out" but there were plenty around to take advantage of the situation. Already clubs such as **Future**, **Spectrum** and **The Trip** had sprung up. Danny went on to explain "**Tony Colston-Hayter** was at **Shoom** one night and he asked me to play at his 21st birthday party. So I did. At the

I LOVE LOVE

DANNY RAMPLING

party, in a bar, in the Kings Road, he turned up wearing a policeman's helmet, a smiley t-shirt with his hands handcuffed together. During the course of the evening he kept pleading for me to get him into Spectrum. He left the party for the club and saw the massive queues with untold people being turned away at the door. It was then that he realised the commercial possibilities of the scene.

"We always kept the price of our clubs reasonable but Tony started putting on his **Sunrise** events and asked extortionate entry fees of £15, £20 or even £30. It was criminal. When he said it was for the vibe of seeing 10,000 people dancing that was bulls**t. It was for greed. He turned the scene into a money spinning venture with his 38p per minute telephone lines. If he was so into the original ideals of the scene, as he says he was, why didn't he ask **Greenpeace** or **Friends Of The Earth** to set up stalls at his raves? Because there was no profit to

be made from them, that's why. Instead he brought in bumper cars for £1 a ride".

Danny went on to tell me how people stole other ideas from the club.

"At the club we used to give away fruit and ice-poles. It was just a simple idea of sharing and breaking down barriers but they even took that away from us and turned it into profit by selling apples for £1 each".

By the autumn of '88 London was swimming in a sea of tie-dye dayglo and good karma. Shoom was now attracting up to 2,000 people a night. Getting in was neigh-on impossible as Jenny patrolled the door only allowing in 300 close friends and regulars. People would plead, grovel and beg to get in but all to no avail. Why should she change the crowd? They had too much to lose. Inside the club a tight close-knit community evolved. Strangers became firm friends for life. Shoomers always seemed slightly more colourful than the rest of us, just a little more flamboyant in their dress,

a product that the greater freedom of the club allowed. People would wear ponchos and comfortable clothes to dance in. Some took influence from the hippies style of dress and those lucky enough to have a Shoom t-shirt wore them with pride.

By November of that year the crowds outside had become so huge they decided to shut the club for fear of a police raid. The spring of the next year they moved to **Busby's**, a more spacious, accessible and legal venue. This ran 'til an unnecessary and unsavoury incident forced the club to close down. Jenny re-told the story "Some really bad people got into the club through a fire exit and started fighting. They went up to Danny and threatened him with a glass". It was time to shut up shop. To everyone's delight they soon returned. This time at **The Park** in Kensington. **Breeze** helped out on the door and Shoom proved to be the last bastion of the capitals "Love, Love, Love" culture. Other fashionable club promoters

believed that it was out of vogue. But as always the club was packed, the dancefloor crowded and we still all got excited when Danny got behind the decks. The final Shoom took place in autumn last year. A weird concoction of a wild party and sad farewells. The Ramplings showed their appreciation and that their hearts were still in the right place when they bought nearly £1,000 worth of champagne (the door money for the evening) and gave it away to all those present. Shoom was not just content in giving away apples to their friends.

They went off to Australia and returned this year with the same old energy and enthusiasm. They opened **Pure**, now **Pure Sexy** and awoke London from its hibernation caused by D.J.'s slowing down the beats. London came around to the joys of house as the Ramplings once again injected some excitement and passion back into clubland. **Pure Sexy** is considered one of London's premier clubs attracting a mixed gay crowd of outrageous party people.

Unlike most top D.J.'s he has kept his remixing to a minimum, only becoming involved with close friends such as **The Beloved** or material that truly excites him. Instead he would rather spend his energy on his own projects. Last summer he was given a track entitled '*I Hate Hate*' by a friend who thought the sentiments contained in the song would be ideal for the scene. Unfortunately the seventies soul track, with its strange pipe like keyboards of that era, lost a lot of quality when being played over a powerful sound system. Instead Danny re-arranged the song, dragging it through nearly twenty years to create a well produced dance track for the 1990's. On hearing the aptly named Southwark Street mX (the street the fitness centre is situated on) I was surprised not to hear a Euro house stomper but instead a superb uptempo soul classic to spread the worthy message to the world. If someone else released '*I Hate Hate*' it would come across as being tacky but somehow with the Ramplings behind it you feel confident in the knowledge that the message comes straight from their hearts. The dancefloor of Shoom was always overflowing with talents, so it should come as no surprise that the wonderful vocals on the record are from Eusebe who Danny met at his own club. "I had known Eusebe for some time and one night I asked him what he was up to. He told me he was a singer and broke into some rendition. I thought his voice was perfect and asked him to work with me". Eusebe's powerful voice fits perfectly with the song and you get the sensation that the lyrics are coming from his soul. Being an old shoomer they probably are.

Danny promises more dance tracks to come enabling the message to spread further afield than the club ever achieved. Now every dance floor in the nation can be enlightened and uplifted to the sound of Shoom. The club with which so much has evolved from and to which we all owe so much.

(John Poole)