



We Love History

We Love's Chronology began back in the dry-ice fog of Northern clubbing history, on the dancefloor at The Hacienda, Quadrant Park, Most Excellent and post-warehouse raving, when nobody had any idea of how much fun they were about to have in clubs. Under the stewardship of Darren Hughes and James Barton, Cream was an enterprise that didn't so much tear up the rulebook of after-hours entertainment as reinvent the paper it was printed on. Darren Hughes is a man who doesn't want much sleep and needs even less. In 1991 he moved from Chester to Liverpool and met James Barton. On October 17th 1992, Barton playing Maitre D' to Hughes's all-seeing Mr Fix-It, they opened Cream, a club night with a simple aim built on simple principles: the music, the place, the party, and People Like Us. They wanted to do something "a bit different": where the quality of the music matched the presentation of the show and the care for the crowd. They ended up with something that made club culture and Britain itself into a different place.

Along the way, Cream's original manifesto inspired international tours, massive selling compilations, feverish loyalty from world-class DJs, not to mention a PA from Kylie Minge to mark the club's second birthday in 1994. People loved Cream so much they tattooed its logo on their bodies. A 'club brand' before club brands existed, Cream's 'think local, club national' agenda succeeded in upgrading Liverpool, ever the understudy to Manchester's Hacienda and London's Ministry, from bleak outpost to mainline destination on Britain's acid house geography. As the name presciently suggested, Cream rose to the top. Uniting students, scallies, football players and popstars under one groove, by 1994 it represented the perfect national synthesis of terrace, high street and art school.

Under Darren's terrier-like insistence on quality control and Barton's ear for shifts in taste, Cream's next years of expansion were as energised as the crowd who spent Saturday nights losing it to Paul Oakenfold, Sasha, Jeremy Healy, Pete Tong or Andy Weatherall at Nation in Wolstenholme Square. The past few years might have been a beautifully obvious idea gone supernova as Cream's catchment area extended well beyond the 0151 area code; the next few were a supernova going national. Entertainment big-hitters duly noted the club's unique provincial success. Someone called Cream a 'superclub', and someone was right. At its peak in 1996, Cream were turning away 4,500 clubbers a week and pulling 30,000 a year into their new template for outdoor partying with Creamfields, headlined by Run DMC. By that time, everybody was walking Darren and James's way.

Then Darren Hughes silenced everybody by leaving Cream in 1998, and building Home, a multi-storey club extravaganza in London's Leicester Square with Glaswegian entrepreneur Ron McCulloch. Even if the venture ultimately fell foul of London's local authority conservatism, Darren's new Home from home spawned hugely successful franchises in Sydney and at Space in Ibiza, and mobilised the masses for Carl Cox's Home Bondi Beach party on the millennium. Doubters may have questioned Darren Hughes's judgment, but only the foolish would doubt he'd be back.