
CLUB TROMOLO

featuring A Band Called Quinn



Club Tromolo takes its unique brand of colourful cabaret, music and dancing on the road around the country for a Scottish Arts Council Tune Up tour in April.

Described by leading events magazine The List as ‘The most original club night in years,’ this spectacular package features an amazing cast of characters.

Eccentric trombone-playing toff Sir Clifton Sainsbury, dazzling magic act Mystic Martin & Suzie Sparkle, Miss Leggy P, and The Flying Frumpingtons - the world’s only static acrobat troupe - will have audiences in raptures.

Everyone’s also invited to mingle with The Govan Seer (of the Psychic Young Team), Malcolm the thespian monkey, Deirdre the foul-mouthed usherette and Jazz Badger, who is exactly what his name implies: a badger playing jazz.

The cabaret is hosted by Frank Percy OBE, who got lost in Glasgow on a day trip from Macclesfield in 1981 and never went home. Instead, the former secretary of Macclesfield Angry Working Men’s Club decided to inject into Glasgow some of the glamour, variety and animal cruelty for which his former stomping ground is allegedly, so rightly famous.

After the cabaret, A Band Called Quinn takes over. Formed when singer-songwriter Louise Quinn met drummer Bal Cooke while busking on the streets of Toulouse after running away from convent school, A Band Called Quinn combine influences from acoustic music icon Nick Drake, David Bowie and The Smiths to electronic wizards Boards of Canada.

In bassist Steven Westwater and trumpeter Robert Henderson they boast a former Preston North End footballer whose career was tragically cut short by cartilage problems and a musician whose vast experience includes bebop, cutting edge and orchestral jazz, pop and film music.

The combo, whose debut album, Luss, was produced by Kid Loco and released in 2007, has been named ‘Glasgow’s greatest band’ by Scotland on Sunday.

To complete the Club Tromolo evenings, local bands will also appear at each venue before DJ Isambard Kingdom Brunel spins some ‘banging tunes’ for dancing into the wee small hours.