

shinkansen

leaflet no.2 - may 1996

Hullo, and welcome to your first Tompot Blenny 7"... clad in a rather diaphanous daffodil wrap, I'm afraid, but I apologised for the flimsy sleeves last time, so I'll say no more here, except - if you're wondering what a tompot blenny is, it's one of those iffy-looking fish on the front. Distinctly NOT the sort of thing you'd wish to meet in a dark alley on a dark night. Although... that said, you'd obviously have the gift of being able to survive long-term in a non-aqueous environment on your side... indeed, your best bet in a straight hand-to-fin tussle would probably be to play for time, because -

- at which point, you'll place your hand gently upon my shoulder and say *you're not really sure what you're supposed to be saying in these leaflets, are you, old man?* And I'll nod sadly, knowing it to be true. And you'll fetch me a whisky, and we'll talk, and laugh, and like as not end up wrestling naked on the hearth-rug till dawn but -

- it's early days, you see, too early even for mail-order lists, given all we've done is two 7"s (the first was "*Abba On The Jukebox*" by TREMBLING BLUE STARS, who used to be Northern Picture Library and before that they were The Field Mice - yours for £2/£2.50/£3 [U.K./Europe/World] including p&p, cheques to SHINKANSEN RECORDINGS), so as yet I'm still unsure what's most appropriate, e.g. should I (1) just be dull and tell you stuff about the bands (Tompot Blenny are a duo from Ilkeston), (2) entertain you with amusing anecdotes drawn from the daily life of a record label, (3) write some sort of episodic adventure story with cliff-hangers at the end of each leaflet (though that'd be a smidge unfair, obliging you to buy every 7" simply to find out whose mud-caked body it was slumped in the bath and just what that lump under the blanket *really* was - actually, this is just (2) again, sorry) or (4) just make each one an appeal for new friends. Hum. It's a quandary. Talk to me.

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