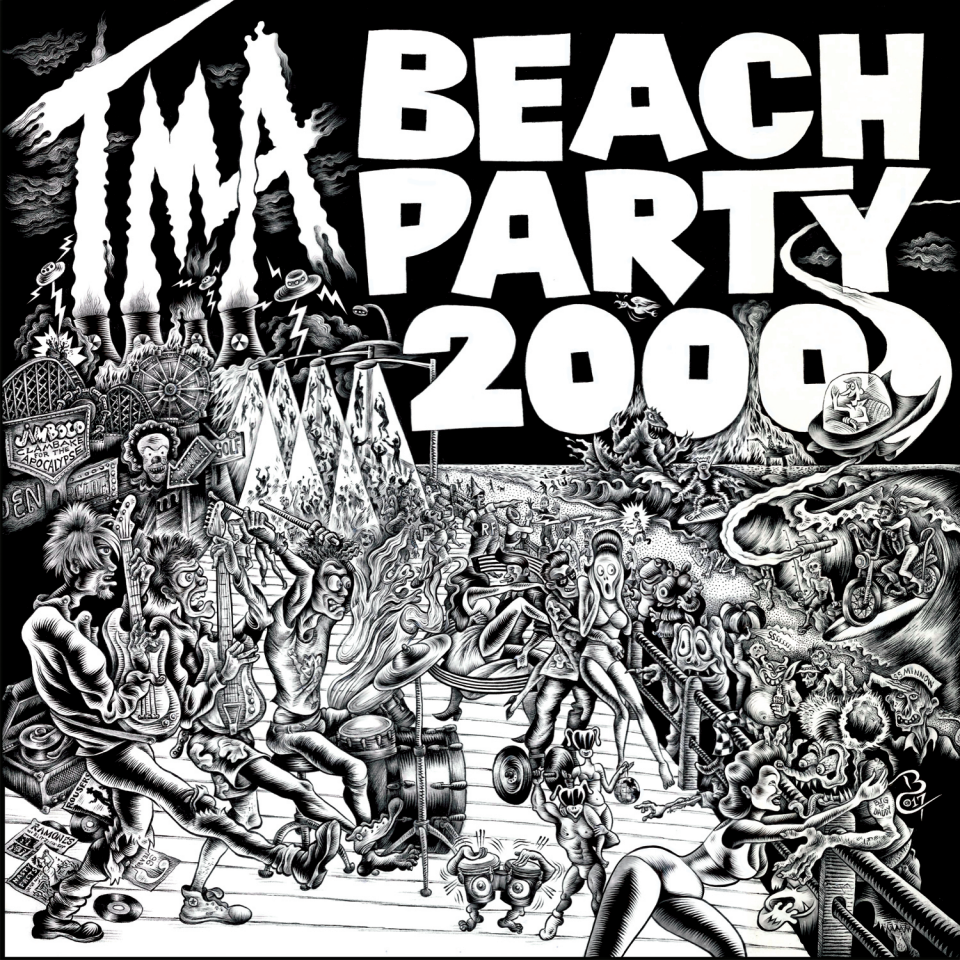


# BEACH PARTY 2000



## SIDE 1

Only Time  
Feel Like Hell  
Don't Waste Your Time  
What Happened to You?  
You Can Try  
Joe  
Toll Free

## SIDE 2

Slack  
The Babysitter  
Hipster  
Miserable  
Where Were You?  
Ode To Clancy  
Tomorrow

Guitars / Vocals: Wattage (Mike Demko)  
Bass/Vocals: Tom Emanuele  
Drums: Al Rosenblum

Produced by Wattage  
Inspiration: Wooden Hade Jams  
Recorded & mixed at Trax East  
Remastered by Jack Control at Enormous Door, Austin, TX

Front cover illustration by Bruce Carleton  
Additional art & layout by Chuck Loose  
Back Cover art by Guy Archison

All songs written Mike Demko & Tom Emanuele  
All songs ©1987 Jimboco Music (BMI)

© 1987 Jimboco Records  
© 2019 Left For Dead Records

Limited Numbered Edition



leftfordeadrecords.com



I mean seriously, who wants to read a bunch of whiny old guys go on and on about how great things were before you were born? Not me, and I'm one of them! So let me be straight about this, before your eyes glaze over: The great thing about Mike and Tom and Al and that other guy was that they Did. Not. Give. A. Whatever. And in that sense, maybe they were The Most Jersey of all the Jersey bands in that era (yeah, suck it Bruce).

New Jersey has a pretty great track record when it comes to musicians actually, but don't expect it to ever get the "scene" respect of a New Orleans or Memphis--it's too dispersed and more to the point, too overshadowed by the civic egos of New York and Philadelphia. But in the '30s it seemed like everyone was in a band, half the time just because it was something to do. You kids now have videogames and unboxing videos, but don't expect your review of Mario Kart 3000 to be reissued 20 years from now. Just saying.

And it's important to understand just how intense people were about music then--genres and subgenres weren't just dorky details to mull-over, they were lines in the sand. So TMA started off as a straight-ahead thrash punk band but as the hardcore scene divided itself into groups that took themselves too seriously, or not seriously at all, Tom, Mike, and Al realized they didn't really want to belong to any club that would have them for members (and Dave obviously didn't even want to belong to that club). And that's when things got, I think, a lot more interesting. New Jersey was such a crazy stretch of musical ideas back then, we had rockabilly revivalists, jazz heads, punkoppers, metalheads and avant whatsis all bumping into each other on the daily, and if you were cool, you'd build an audience. Didn't even matter that much if you were nothing like the last band or the next one. Just don't be boring. Please, **FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT IS HOLY**, don't be boring.

So, it was the second album era, when Tom and Mike infused the proto-goth of Killing Joke and the Chameleons, not to mention some Link Wray/Dick Dale vibes, that I think they created something pretty unique.

Not that they cared much. TMA could never motivate themselves to tour and really were almost impeccably, exquisitely unambitious. With a few exceptions--The Smitherens, Ween, Monster Magnet, Bouncing Souls--we all were.

We drank beer. We liked beer. Do you like beer?

—Eric Gladstone (2019)



TMA, as a band, are an enigma. On one hand, they're one of New Brunswick's most successful groups—they've had two songs on the DnT Club compilation *Hard Core Takes Over* (1992), a debut album, *What's For Dinner* (1993) on Jimboco records and a second LP, *Beach Party 2000*, which has just been released on Jimboco/L.A.. On the other hand, anytime you see them they're complaining about everything under the sun, talking about joining other bands, or just strutting their shoulders. I covered guitarist Mike Warrage (Mike Demko) on one such occasion, and after an exchange of verbal abuse, he agreed to supply me with a photo and an interview.

I met up with him in the conference room of TMA's headquarters. This is the photo he gave me (above). I'm not sure which one is supposed to be Tom (bass & vocals) or Mike, but I know Al (gymbals & drums is the one with the moustache. Anyway, Mike was wearing a good lens jumpsuit and puffing on a Cuban cigar. He told me I had 15 minutes, so I started in with the obvious questions.

- Q. What does TMA stand for?  
A: Too Many Assholes
- Q. What are your influences?  
A: I have none. I created music.
- Q. Oh really? How old are you?  
A: 1000 years.
- Q. Gee, you don't look a day over 1000. Where were you born?  
A: In Ponce De Leon's house.
- Q. Seriously, though, how long has the band been together?  
A: 17 years.
- Q. Then why did your debut album only come out three years ago?  
A: Practice makes perfect.
- Q. If the first album was perfect, why are you doing a second one?  
A: Because my kidnaped parents would be killed if I don't.
- Q. How would you classify TMA?  
A: Goth.
- Q. What inspired "Miserable"?  
A: Crack.
- Q. What's your favorite club?  
A: A billy club.
- Q. No, I mean, what's your favorite place to play?  
A: In my pants.
- Q. UR, how do you feel about your public image?  
A: Ooong.
- Q. Do you have any hobbies?  
A: Yeah, floggingging and crouching.
- Q. What's your favorite food?  
A: Glass and nar.
- Q. What is your political viewpoint?  
A: Whore?
- Q. Ok, who's your favorite president?  
A: S&P.
- Q. Who's your favorite actor?  
A: William Demarest.
- Q. Who's your favorite poet?  
A: Nippy Russell.
- Q. Who's your idol?  
A: Don Knotts.
- Q. Who's on track?  
A: Lou Costello's corpse. Ha ha. Hey, that's pretty good. Ask me another one.
- Q. Who does your hair?  
A: The prison.
- Q. What's your favorite saying?  
A: No noses in good noses. (Speaking of which, you have half a minute left, Gladstone, so think fast.)
- Q. Ur, what's your philosophy of life?  
A: Eat, Drink and be Scary.
- Q. What's your philosophy of death?  
A: See you in Hell. One more question.
- Q. Can I have your autograph?  
A: No.

