



New York City anti-heroes, The Walk Ons, kick out supercharged, hook-riddled tunes that play on in your head long after your ears stop ringing. Infusing garage-rock and power-pop influences like The Clash, Cheap Trick and Weezer, The Walk Ons play time-honored Rock 'n' Roll, tight and loud with just the right amount of garbage.

The Walk Ons' recent release, *Awkward Brunch*, loosely documents their boozy misadventures navigating the post-bohemian social landscape of Manhattan's Lower East Side. The album's bittersweet interpersonal themes are conveyed through thoughtful, relatable lyrics, well-honed riffs and lean, rocking bass and drums.

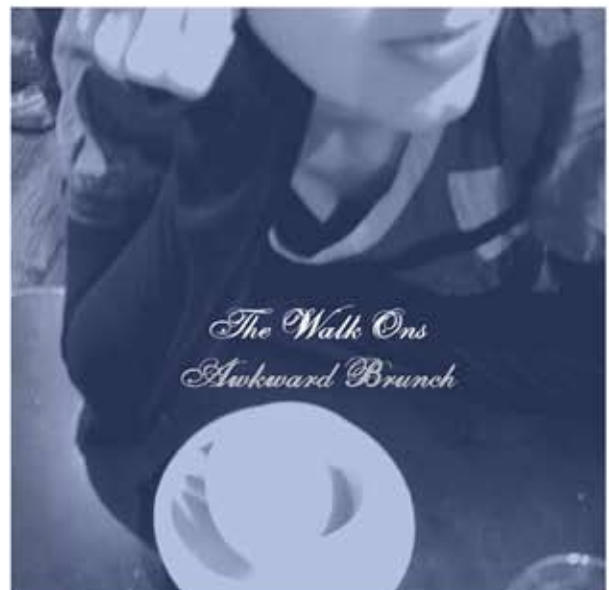
Standout tracks on *Awkward Brunch* include nightlife anthem, "Party Mix" and melodic rocker, "Missed Opportunity," both of which have received air-play on college and commercial radio.

The 5-song EP was produced by New York underground rock legend, Dean Rispler (Bad Wizard, Electric Shadows) and recorded and engineered by Jesse Cannon (The Cure, The Misfits).

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The epic of The Walk Ons begins, like all tales of rock 'n' roll glory, in the lush environs of the Garden State. For there, in the historic borough of Tenafly, a teenager named Krikor Daglian was seduced by a siren song spirited across the Hudson on FM airwaves from New York City.

A ride into the future finds Daglian living in a cramped Manhattan apartment playing guitar and songwriting by night, squandering a liberal arts degree at a crumbling dot com by day. Enter dot com co-slacker and bass-owner, Phil Wedo, a Philadelphia transplant who was living a glamorous lifestyle cavorting with the motley wretches of New York's underground comedy circuit. Wedo's absurdist sensibilities and low threshold for success made him the perfect co-conspirator in Daglian's quixotic designs.

And so our intrepid protagonists undertook the quest for the elusive drummer, all attempts at adding steady beats thwarted by the candidates' general disinterest, gratuitous shirtlessness or total and dangerous mental instability. Daglian even tried out and promptly rejected Wedo for the position. For months the two jammed rhythmically adrift until Daglian recalled from his shadowy past the image of a childhood friend and lifelong drummer, Alex Still.

Still, it turned out, had just returned from South America where he was two months on the lam from the New York Department of Labor -- the unknowing benefactors of a Cachaça-fueled traverse of the Brazilian coastline. Woozy from binging on Caipiriñhas and Bossa Nova, the unemployed Still concluded after one rehearsal that playing drums in a rock band was the next logical step in his career path.

Under the humble moniker "The Walk Ons" the trio began appearing on such venerable stages as The Continental and CBGB and learning to negotiate the sketchy promoters and booking agents on the fringes of the New York City rock scene. After several months of this, The Walk Ons sought to bolster their sound with a second guitar and promptly employed the most prestigious musician recruiting service available in their price range: Craigslist.com

Manchester, Connecticut native, Nate Donlon, answered first their clarion call and, despite auditioning in business casual attire, quickly established a deep camaraderie with Daglian, Wedo and Still. Beyond his technical proficiency, Donlon introduced the three to a life-changing philosophy based in delusions of grandeur and unwavering belief in the great and binding metaphysical force known as "the Bandness." His arrival, like a Philosopher's Stone, alchemized the leaden trio and forged them into a semi-precious foursome of rock.

Weird times pepper the salty trail of the The Walk Ons. Despite all attempts at evasion, the irreverent muses of the New York night tirelessly pursue our anti-heroes into the darkest dives and the wee-est hours of the morning infusing song and verse with the same empathetic mix of honesty, humor, melancholy and drunken hijinx that governs the strange world that was born when these disparate fellows first stumbled into each other's unlikely company.