

www.kowtowpopof.com

A singer/songwriter from the Washington, DC area, [Kowtow Popof](#) has released 5 CDs of original music. He recently collaborated with pop electronica band Hitchcock Blonde on their 2006 debut CD "Soul Button," co-writing and singing lead on six of the band's original tunes. He's also appeared on the Wampus tributes "After Hours: a Tribute to the Music of Lou Reed" (2003), and "If I Were a (Jonathan) Richman" (2001).

Kowtow Popof's End of Greatness: Rime of the Astral Maroon . . .

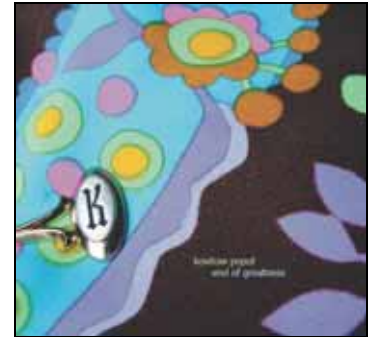
If you think "End of Greatness" is a term coined by Harvard scientist Robert Kirshner to describe, as Wikipedia puts it, "an observational scale discovered at roughly 100 Mpc where the lumpiness seen in the large-scale structure of the universe is homogenized and isotropized as per the Cosmological Principle", you could be mistaken. It depends on what universe you inhabit. In Kowtow Popof's alternative cosmos, *End of Greatness* is the title of his new CD on Wampus Multimedia.

The new release is a break-up album of astronomic proportions, or possibly a personal view of the disintegration of love on a universal scale. But whether you are sobbing in your microbrew over a Dear John text message, scrutinizing with some solicitude the threshold of infinity, or simply trying to get through the day, *End of Greatness* is for you.

From the time-capsule everyday existence of the guitar-driven lead-off "Life as Hobby" to the acoustic pop title track, an ode to the final throes of a relationship, Kowtow gives the listener a lift through the heartbroken ether, playfully pointing out roadside attractions and distractions ("Things That Aren't Comets"), including the occasional aging god ("Oblivion"), a warehouse of inner strength on the outer limits ("Tribute 2 Mice Elf"), and the convenience store of the apocalypse ("Slim Jims & Tab").

If only break-ups were this much fun, or at least this interesting . . . While contemplating his navel with Hubble-like perspective, Kowtow sings plaintively with his acoustic guitar, weaving blues-inflected electric guitar with machine-click rhythms, tinkling piano, swirling samples, and warbling synths, creating a sound both familiar and strange. From this resonating rocket ship, the listener hears a jilted space monster's forlorn cry ("Thought You'd Come Around") morph into a fine-tuned, down-to-earth, pop rock kiss-off ("On the Run"), then observes the Milky Way from outside the galaxy in the driving sci fi theme song "Exalted Headband," only to be pulled back home by the tune's rueful reprise, "Empty Orchestra."

Underlying the tragicomic, trans-mundane goings-on is a thread of hopefulness that anchors the record. Against the when-worlds-collide backdrop of "Amazing Tales," as the song fades into sirens, a crowd sings somewhere in a downtown bar, "everyone walks on/in shadow or in sun/looking for the thing they lost just after the dawn." When Kowtow reaches his conclusion in the finale title track, he's found something in the nothingness, aspiration rather than despair. So for all you pessimists and doomsayers who'd take a physicist's end of greatness pronouncement to mean Armageddon, take heart instead. In the musical universe, it's the name of the latest and greatest CD by Kowtow Popof.



UPD: 837101269148
SRP: \$11.99
Release date: 12/12/2006

Track Listing:

1. Life as Hobby (4:09)*
2. Thought You'd Come Around (3:37)
3. On the Run (4:41)*
4. Things That Aren't Comets (4:00)
5. Oblivion (4:12)*
6. Exalted Headband (3:22)
7. Tribute 2 Mice Elf (2:55)
8. Amazing Tales (3:07)*
9. Gone 4 Good (3:04)
10. Slim Jims & Tab (4:10)
11. Empty Orchestra (2:59)
12. End of Greatness (4:12)*

*Suggested Listening

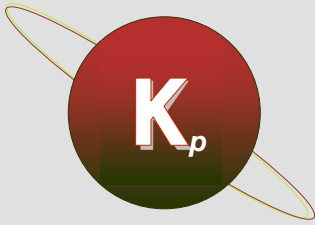
Written and performed by Kowtow Popof. Mastered by Eamon Loftus.

Available at CDBaby, iTunes,
and other fine online stores.



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Two songs from *End of Greatness*, *Oblivion* and *Amazing Tales*, appear on the 2006 *Hitchcock Blonde* CD *Soul Button* as completely different versions. Three songs from *End of Greatness* were introduced on the 2003 limited edition EP sampler *Kowtow Drops the Pop Off*. The sampler also features tracks from Kowtow's next project, the all-instrumental *Exalted Headband*, set for release in 2007- 08.

Di scography/Press Quotes:

End of Greatness (2006):

"... intoxicating enough in its strangeness that it should almost certainly come with a warning label of some kind." – *Jason Warburg, The Daily Vault*

"Kowtow Popof is a solo artist with an uncanny knack for writing catchy tunes with smart lyrics... Popof's made an album that's winning and easy to love." – *Anna Maria Stjärnell, Luna Café*

Kowtow Drops the Pop Off (2003):

"K.P. is a skilled songwriter, arranger and producer. Neither a rock purist nor a electronica zealot, he crafts music that balances songcraft with samples and swooshes. Any guy who can invoke Dylan's 'Knockin' on Heaven's Door' while singing about 'Slim Jims & Tab' over a tick-tock electrobeat is not about to be typecast." – *Mark Jenkins, The Washington Post*

"Kowtow Popof (cool name) writes great little pop songs and dresses them up in his very singular fashion: a little electronica, a little folk, a little just plain weirdness." – *Norman Famous, Normanfamous.com*

Eat My Dust (1999):

"These clever, fast-talking tunes rock resolutely, but also clean up real nice. Vast, open-sky guitars render the ballads absolutely heart-breaking." – *Listen.com*

"This record reeled me in like a helpless fish... This is one of few really good driving records that I've heard in a while." – *Heidi Drockelman, Indie-Music.com*

Coaster (1996):

"*Coaster* is full of lively acoustic/electric folk and rock... The title track is an impeccable pop classic." – *Time and a Word Music News*

"A skewed snapshot of Americana." – *Songwriter's Monthly*

Songs from the Pointless Forest (1993):

"A resounding triumph... as warm, full-bodied, and intelligent as they come." – *J. Doug Gill, Music Monthly*

"Makes a lyrical statement on alienation as bleak, powerful and dead-on as Pink Floyd ever did." – *Ian Koss, Ink Nineteen*



Musical description:

Electronic garage folk rock; Graham Parker meets David Bowie in Moby's basement; Bill Nelson and Blue Rodeo on a bender with Beck.

"Preternaturally surrealist post pop." – *Eve Zibart, The Washington Post*

Live:

Kowtow performs live with electric guitarist Rob Santos. Previous appearances include the Dewey Beach Music Conference, Harrisburg PA's Millennium Music Conference, The Birchmere in Alexandria, VA, Galaxy Hut and Iota Club & Cafe in Arlington VA.

Format:

AAA, Modern Pop, Alternative Rock, Modern Folk

Airplay:

Web: RadiolOUnlimited, RadiolOEcteric
Airwaves: KTKE (Truckee, CA), KUMD (Duluth, MN), WMSV (Miss. State), WRRW (Va. Beach, VA), WSGE (Dallas, NC), WTYD (Williamsburg, VA)

Radio Promo:

notoriousradio.com
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Contact: Liz

Phone: 718-545-9816

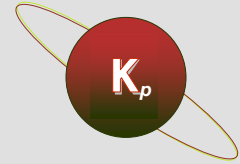
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Press



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It would be lovely if musicians took themselves a little less seriously. Too many singers, songwriters, and the lot aspire to become the new glorified saints of popular music, able to craft the perfect musical gem with a flick of the wrist. Therefore it's both refreshing and a bit reassuring to know that some talented musicians recognize and, even, embrace their obscurity within the general music culture. D.C. native Kowtow Popof released his debut, *Songs From the Pointless Forest*, in 1993. *End of Greatness* is his fifth album. Though the title

may portend doom, Popof shows no fear, flying through this full-length while displaying a confident and unabashed approach to his tiring trade. The fact that he's a pop musician among the teeming masses of like-minded hopefuls doesn't seem to deter him; instead he faces his long-shot plight with humor and intelligence, lamenting his obscurity in "Oblivion" and "End of Greatness". Instead of whining, he laughs. Instead of brushing off the unplugged acoustic guitar, he dusts off his garage full of instruments, enjoying a party rather than a pout. It's not the next pop masterwork, but it is an intelligent and delightful affair, opting for self-deprecation (i.e. "Tribute 2 Mice Elf") rather than self-pity. – *Wes Barker, Amplifier Magazine, April 3, 2007*



Why does listening to this CD make me crave designer coffee? I can't even tolerate the regular stuff.

For whatever reason, this collection of post-modern high-concept power-folk electro-pop (yeah I said it) makes me want to sit on a bricked sidewalk somewhere attempting to think deep thoughts. Or grow a neat little grey-flecked goatee, don wire-rimmed glasses and quote Nietzsche, whose name should really be easier to spell, considering how often he's gratuitously

inserted into paragraphs like this one.

Poor Kowtow Popof, he was hoping for a review and all he got was the equivalent of an early 70s Yes lyric – sonorous, potentially insightful, yet undeniably incoherent. But that's what this stuff does to me; it's intoxicating enough in its strangeness that it should almost certainly come with a warning label of some kind. *End Of Greatness* is out there, almost literally. One-man band Popof layers tasty melodic-rock electric and acoustic guitars over electronic beats, with atmospheric synth washes lurking around many a corner. That techno-organic musical dichotomy is in and of itself enough to make this disc unique; when you throw in the inscrutable existentialist sci-fi word-puzzles that pass for lyrics here, you step into a fresh new universe of post-modernist art-pop. There are cuts here called "Things That Aren't Comets" and "Slim Jims & Tab"; the DVD of this album would be hosted by Pee-Wee Herman wearing one of those *Day The Earth Stood Still* retro space-alien helmets.

So, asks Patient Reader, who is really earning the title today, what does Mr. Popof's music sound like? Start with a sturdy foundation of Ziggy-era Bowie, add some Warren Zevon for tartness and character detail, throw in a little Beck for modernist electro-folk arrangements, and drop a tab of acid into your flat-panel's grill while the cable box is stuck on *TV Land*. I'm telling you, *Battlestar Galactica* never seemed this profound before. Hallucinogens would certainly aid anyone in understanding the deeper meaning of the arcane "Amazing Tales," which paints impressionist visions of other worlds before suffering a nervous breakdown three-fourths of the way in and doing a slow fade into the spacy electro-funk of "Gone 4 Good." The soaring, pulsing, Floydian "Exalted Headband" and gentle, airy counterpoint "Empty Orchestra" are also notables, all the more evocative for their lack of words.

Those reluctant to indulge in either non-linear thought or *Lost In Space* marathons, not to mention tongue-in-cheek postmodern humor, may find all this a bit confounding. It's just as well, since Kowtow's universe is not really accessible to those of limited imaginatory scope. And yes, I just made up the word "imaginatory."

Those sorts of things have a way of happening when under the influence of a disc like *End Of Greatness*. I'll pass on the coffee, but I do seem to have the munchies now. Rating: B – *Jason Warburg, the Daily Vault, March 2, 2007*


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Popof effortlessly spins sugary webs of pop-rock wonder, Beatlesque in daring and whimsy, and Chilton-esque in power-chord skronk. Shimmering tunes that never dip below the positive is Popof's response to the ways of love and loss, making this not only a welcome, but benevolent friend for the summer drive.

"Thought You'd Come Around" and "Things That Aren't Comets" are knowing in their use and subtle reinforcement of love song clichés, but they work because they are true, and are leavened with sardonic wit. The bright melodies of "Oblivion" and "Slim Jims & Tab" focus on the local and minute to reveal the cosmic hope behind all new love, and the temptation to see apocalypse when that love proves ordinary and fading.

There are other tracks, like "Amazing Tales" and "Exalted Headband" that are pseudo-psychedelic, yet not plodding or retro; they just, in their dreamy way, reflect some of the glorious confusion of the lover, not sure whether he is in nirvana or just stoned. But these bright and inspired gems, amazing in their simplicity and deep absorption of influences, do not confuse. They say their piece and move on, and you follow along for the ride.  (7/10) – Mike Wood, Foxy Digitalis, April 30, 2007



What an interesting album. Frankly, the first five tracks on Kowtow Popof's "End of Greatness" are solid but not extraordinary stuff. Then following a nice segue of an instrumental in "Exalted Headband," the disc takes off with well crafted, catchy, challenging, interesting music headed in different directions, all good. The Bowie-like "Amazing Tales," is a highlight, as are "Gone 4 Good" and the title track. Give this disc a listen, especially the second half. Then go to Austin Grill in Silver Spring on April 11 or the Galaxy Hut in Arlington on April 14 to see this local product live. –

Robert Fulton, OnTap Magazine, April 2007



These songs are incredibly visual. I started mentally storyboarding a video for "Slim Jims & Tab," a mystic folk/rock song with lovely minor chords. This whole album feels like watching classic rock videos at 3am.

Kowtow Popof is the trippy stage name of the orchestral, mystic rock artist Kevin Kerr. He has a knack for melodic rock and deep, poetic lyrics that are like verbal psychedelic drugs. From the opener "Life as Hobby":

*Put me on a string in a demon's glass hand
Until the planet's safe from suffering
And all the wars of worlds have passed ...*

Each song has a distinct feel without going too far out of the general expansive vibe. Several of these tracks are sweetly mysterious, but we also get a nice mix of grittier tracks like "On The Run," where the guitar has more of a crunch to it without overpowering the melody. Popof goes trippy on us with "Things That Aren't Comets" and orchestral on the title track, which again showcases his lyrical skills:

*Today I found nothing.
It's something. It's a start.
Today I found the edge
The verge of stardust, where we end, you and I ...*

Through it all, Popof's voice has rock cred with a bit of Lou Reed/David Bowie swagger. This is a complex and sophisticated rock album that's still easily inviting and appealing, pulling you in to see if he's seriously bummed out or if there are shades of optimism beneath the musings of the universe and burned-out televisions and love that can't quite connect. I can actually hear a sly wink beneath a lot of this. Very intriguing. – Jennifer Layton, Indie-Music.com, April 7, 2007



Kowtow Popof is a solo artist with an uncanny knack for writing catchy tunes with smart lyrics. *End of Greatness* is a breakup album, but don't worry, he's not here to wallow in self pity. He never loses track of good melodies or unique perspectives on love. "Thought you'd come around" is about loss but with its tongue in its cheek. "Things That Aren't Comets" twinkles brightly, Popof echoing Marc Bolan at times. "Oblivion" has a memorable melody and Popof's vocal is evocative. "Tribute 2 Mice Elf" is quite cute and has a neat chorus. Popof's made an album that's winning and easy to love. – Anna Maria Stjärnell, Luna Café, March 4, 2007

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