



MOFRO

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That warm, slow, southern, drawl. Words flow out of my Granny's mouth like butter. Like many a southerner, she can also sit quiet and play the dumb one, never let on for an instance that behind those smoldering eyes she's already read you like a newspaper. Her little tin roofed, heart pine, asbestos sided "cracker" house sits here -- an island in the high pine woods of north Florida.

"I've lived all my life beneath the watchful eye of these towering oaks, long leaf pine, cypress and cabbage palms. These red clay roads blistered out to sand by the intense Florida sun, these tea colored creeks warm and full of fish, these beautiful gardens full of whatever seasonal crop we've laid down. These old chicken farmers who helped raise me have given me so much more than a place to hang my hat. They've given me a home, they've given me roots and honestly that has as much or more to do with who I am musically as any of the songs I've listened to growing up.

"The heartbreaking southern ballad or the festive juke house romp. The joy to watch the butterflies beautiful dance in the summer sun by day or the mysterious fireflies by night, and then the hole it leaves in your heart, the sorrow, when they're seemingly gone forever. The pain of walking this hard earth, and then the thrill of feeling your bare feet on the ground. The greatest inspiration of all.

"These men and women who sing, whose voices move me, whose songs tell me the stories of living, loving, hating, hurting, healing and dieing...Lord I hope I do them proud." - JJ Grey

A backwoods country boy surfer whose surfing jaunts took him around the world long before music did, Mofro's JJ Grey embraces the title of "redneck" yet defies any of the negative stereotypes it evokes. He's a multi-instrumentalist (voice, guitar, piano, harmonica, bass and drums) or as he says "I play just good enough to pull off a song or two." As a lyricist and songwriter he is primarily a story-



teller, trying in his own way to carry on the oral tradition. Grey still resides on his grandparent's old chicken farm where he and his family continue the tradition by farming organic vegetables.

Behind the quiet demeanor of his "guitar-playing buddy" Daryl Hance, lie those same old-time countrified all-seeing eyes. His guitar playing is a reflection of his personality, happily simple and unexpectedly deep. Daryl hears his own rhythms and syncopates in his own way and is, thankfully (in this world of over-playing guitar Gods) never concerned with playing too little. He may sit quietly for hours but when he speaks it means something. His guitar becomes that same voice.

Grey and Hance have been making music together for 15 years.

Mofro's second album, and latest release, Lochloosa, is being released on Swampland Records via Robert Randolph's record label through Warner Brothers. The album was produced and recorded by Dan Prothero (Fog City Records). Lochloosa carries on a conversation started by its predecessor, Blackwater (also produced by Prothero). From the pensive workings of "The Wrong Side" to the gloomy haunts of "10,000 Islands" to the happy memories of the title track to the outright defiance of "Dirtfloorcracker," one immediately gets the impression that Mofro isn't about genre hopping. MOFRO is about soul.

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