

## Rafael Lorenzo's Bio:

"Born a few weeks after Charlie Parker's first release from a hospital stay (after collapsing on stage in California during a club session in 1946), Rafael Lorenzo's first big break came when he wrote the lyrics to the theme to "The High And The Mighty," a 1954 film, which won an Academy Award that year—the first such award for music. Unfortunately for the precociously creative seven year old, the lyrics were somehow soon lost, and Rafael was left without any recognition for his efforts whatsoever.

However, he used this set-back to spur him on to even greater creative heights. And finally, after quitting the college of William & Mary wrestling team to engage in consciousness-raising activities in the late sixties, he wrote a song called "All Along the Watchtower." Only to find out that Bob Dylan had already written it. And actually a much better version indeed, he was grudgingly forced to admit.

This would have daunted a lesser talent, but Rafael knew he was destined for greatness. And so he forged on, playing in a number of now immortal, if utterly forgotten, bands, and even solo, in various restaurants, clubs and alternative venues—like MacDonald's—to build a career metaphorically on sand, no small achievement.

Although, because of all this, true celebrity escaped him, he became known to a close-knit group of real artists who spread the word of his genius far and wide throughout this great land and others like it. He resurfaced, after years, as it were underground, in a duo featuring trumpet, guitar, banjo and voice musical genius, Paul Watson, called "The Young Hegelians" which was briefly infamous for bringing people either to their knees, or leaving them open-mouthed, frozen in stunned, ectoplasmic silence. They did record a CD, which was (as a conceptual-art effect) designed to self-destruct after a first hearing. But something went wrong, and ALL copies self-destructed spontaneously en route to the distributor prior to any hearing. This was considered by many to be not only art, but indeed, possibly a *magical* phenomenon. So, Paul and Rafael decided to continue their collaboration by paranormal means. And still do to this day.

Some time later, Mr. Lorenzo, after having a few of his "darker" songs make it all the way to LA, found that they had also made it onto the soundtrack of several short but perceptively stunning movies by Don Reilly.

Meanwhile, without Rafael knowing it at the time, his songs were also attaining a life of their own in Europe. In the person of a remarkable performing artist: John Keating. Who, while keeping overseas military dependents' kids from going nuts while in school, was also, like a brilliant Johnny Appleseed of song, spreading the good word of his love for Mr. Lorenzo's work far-and-wide throughout the Old World. Even singing them as lullabies, to his beloved children each night at bedtime—who, even as adults now, still know those songs by heart. And, as if all that wasn't enough, the Jordan-Cooley family of Richmond VA also took to Rafael's songs. And are still known—as on many occasions over the years—to gather together around the hearth with family and friends, old and new, at the Douthat State Park Lodge (even with Mr. Lorenzo present, feeling proud, yet a little humbled and reserved) and a crackling fire going, they sing and shout all his songs deep into the mountain air nights.

Afterwards, Rafael spent seminal years dedicating himself to his unique style of whistling (which a later illness snatched away from him), and playing the broken, flaccid-skinned, well-aged, four string Banjo, writing poetry—constructing odes built around permutations of the terms "bedpan" and "out-house"—and, as an older father, raising his son (up on Red Oak Mountain), who at that time didn't see why people should have to take baths more than once a week, wondered why people have to wear clean clothes every day, and lamented the fact that things that are so nice, like candy, ice cream, mud-puddles, and a really well-used, messy room, were alas considered bad for you. Mr. Lorenzo was completely stumped by these cogent questions, and years-on, hasn't been able to offer an acceptable reply to his son even now. (Later, Miguel's younger brother Leif, a math wiz, did propose a chaos-theory based answer that—although perhaps charming and indeed perfectly correct—apparently still was not satisfying enough.)

Mr. Lorenzo, meanwhile, has actually continued playing his guitar, and singing his songs out loud to receptively empty rooms. But especially that one song he wrote to his beloved, Ms Ward; who, after listening one day in the garden, to him sing it to *her*, and hearing him pop the question that went with it, swooned, and said: "oh, yes!" exuberantly out loud to him—and they subsequently got married. Years have gone by—like sparrows always returning—and their love, and that song to her it expresses, is always ever-ripening. And as new grandchildren have each arrived to greet us now, new songs also come to life with them, in life's ongoing celebration.

To this day, Rafael is still writing his songs; not one of which, to his immense relief, appears to have ever been written by anyone else at this time."