



COMPOSITION IN BLACK AND WHITE

A Growing Force

*f*OR THE TRUE ARTIST, the journey is never easy. It is as complicated as the one who travels it. He must labor for years perfecting his craft, which to his own impossible standards, is never fully realized. The execution of his art is always outdistanced by his vision. This paradox causes any artist worthy of the name to be plagued at times with self-doubt and angst. He must, moreover, engage in constant battle with forces that would diminish his art, and so diminish him. He must find the courage to be supremely indifferent to the opinions of others. If the existing state of affairs in his chosen field is anathema to who he is as a person, he must reject it and risk being considered uncool. Rather than conform to the status quo, he must, like David Archuleta, be a renegade.



THOSE OF US who have followed his career for the past year, have been astounded by the exponential growth we have witnessed. Gone is the shy, awkward immobile singer of mostly ballads. He now takes the stage with a cat-like graceful stride and can bust a move and plug his megawatt energy into a crowd till the whole house is bouncing and rocking. He can still belt out a ballad, but is now moving with rapid precision to master pop, soul, funk, alternative rock, and blues. He has recently drawn on his Honduran roots to sing

in his first language, caressing those soft consonants with a perfect accent and plaintive delivery that will lay you to waste. He moans, he growls, he falsettos, he acappellas, he riffs in exultant abandon. Midway through his set he is drenched in sweat and the crowd is hoarse from screaming.



HE LEAVES US breathless and we do not know how he does what he does to us. We only know that he does it better than anyone else. Aside from his unsurpassed vocal prowess, he has the power to transmit on a cellular level by his facial expressions, indeed, with his whole body, raw, undiluted, take no prisoner emotions that are nothing short of physical in their intensity.



HE IS AT ONCE the laughing young boy and the man with the firmly set jaw and piercing gaze. He is the rebel with a cause, the reluctant renegade, the good man who is hard to find. He fascinates, intoxicates, bewitches, bothers and bewilders. For all his goodness, David Archuleta possesses a positively wicked charisma.



WHAT LIES BENEATH is a gifted, serious artist with something to say, and the ability, supplied by all of the above, to make himself completely understood. ☺