

A Candid Interview with the Modern Artist Stormy Monday

Through The Eye Of The Storm Continued – A candid interview with Modern Abstract Artist, Poet and Author, Stormy Monday.



The following is a recent meeting between Arts in Marketing Host and publicist, Phil Vogel and Modern Abstract Artist, Poet and Author, Stormy Monday. The conversation takes place at Phil Vogel's palatial estate in the back yard in a central Florida location. Paying absolutely no attention nearby is Jack, Phil Vogel's large chocolate lab. The sun is peeking over the horizon and the heat of the day is comfortably slipping away as the wind sways the Palm trees. The two men take their seats at a table in the gazebo. With the palm trees, various flora and fauna of the tropical setting, the view is very beautiful.

Vogel speaks first.

"Would you like a glass of tea"?

Monday:

“I’ll have sweet tea, please.”

Vogel disappears into the house and reappears with two tall glasses of iced tea. Back at the table, the conversation unravels.

Vogel:

“Stormy, Let’s talk about your Art for a minute. When did you know you were an Artist?”

Monday:

“Truth is, I tucked it away for a long time. As a child, drawing and writing make believe stories, they were an escape for me. I was always drawing something or writing a story. I don’t even want to go too deep into that right now; it’s all in a book I’m writing right now, called, “STANDING IN THE STORM”. To skim this, let’s just say, my dad, God bless him, lived a very hard life. His Mother died when he was seven and he was pushed away from his poverty stricken father, soon after. My dad didn’t know how to be a parent. After a horrible childhood and 14 years of Military life with combat trauma, I received the wrath of that. I was beaten severely and often. But, nuff said, read more about this in the book. As for the question, obviously, Art is a very deep part of me. I didn’t get into Art. It got into me!”

Vogel:

“Awesome! That is very deep. Would you give us more details?”

Monday:

“It’s true. Here’s what I mean. See, through time, I did get into Art. It grew within me. It was like something in my body that I didn’t have, like a new organ. After time, this organ became a part of my normal body function. Like you or anyone, we couldn’t imagine living without, say, our heart. That’s where I’m at now. I couldn’t imagine living without Art or even writing. An important part of who the One God wants me to be would be missing. I’d die. First, my spirit, then, certainly, my body would follow.”

Vogel:

“You said writing. What have you written? You had mentioned something about a book you were writing.”

Monday:

“Well, first, let me tell you about two other books I’ve written. These books are being published as we speak.”

Vogel:

“Yes, by all means, tell us about those.”

Monday:

“The first one is “SOUL SEEDS for your Gardens in Life”. This book literally has poetry in it that I’ve written throughout the years. Many of my poems didn’t make it into the book because I write so many. But, the book is filled with a lot of great stuff. I used to enter poetry contest when I was younger, frequently. Back in the early 80s, I was more focused on the poetry, so I’d enter them and I’d always place or win a poetry award. Time passes and awards fade, but, it seems the poetry just gets better. More mature, more seasoned, more wisdom... I don’t know. As we grow in life, my words reflect that. I don’t enter those contests anymore. What the poems represent now is important enough for me. So, anyway, around the poems in the book are, carefully woven, some really mind bending paintings and abstract drawings. All in all, it’s a great collection of some of my very best poetry and paintings rolled into one fantabulous book. “SOUL SEEDS for your Gardens in Life”, by Stormy Monday”.”

Vogel:

“When it comes out it will be a welcome addition to my library.”

Monday:

“I’d appreciate that!”

Vogel:

“Will you tell us about your other book?”

Monday:

takes in a deep breath of the warm night air and ponders across the landscape for a few moments. He begins to speak.

““THE SECRET PATH”. Wow! This book is a trip. Really! The best way to describe this book is imagine, if you will, some guy takes a hallucinogen, and right when the drug takes effect, he runs to his computer keyboard. The computer transforms into the Star Ship Enterprise and intertwines with all the brainiac components... to the festering mind of this madman. Now, the madman conflicts with the consciousness of this, but, he trudges forth and eventually, realizes, all things are what you write on the page. So, he does!”

Phil is speechless

Vogel:

“He does what?”

Monday:

“He becomes the computer. He becomes the keyboard. The letters dance in constant formation and formulate a positive trail of energy. Words form and turn to pages. Pages to chapters...the story unwinds.”

Vogel:

“What’s this book about?”

Monday:

“It’s a trip – literally. Right out of the mind of a homeless boy named Pheneus Moon! Although Pheneus is quite a character, the focal point is an old man. Jabet Obechon, the old man, is a mystery. The man is neither boastful nor arrogant. What he is, though, is a martial Arts Master. He’s also one of the most influential Artists of the 20th century. You wouldn’t know that unless you paid attention though. Jabet appeared to be a poor, simple traveler selling goods along the way. The lessons in life dance across the pages. This young boy meets all these interesting people and even a dog along the way as the secret path presents itself. What follows will either open your mind or blow it. It will definately caress your heart. On a deeper level, this book is a great read for anyone that loves Art, poetry and music... sad is the person in the World that doesn’t love Art, poetry and music. Lessons in life are how we learn to be happy. This book is a how to book for lessons in life!”

Vogel:

“Well done, Stormy!”

Monday:

“You know, Phil, It is what it is! The fact is it’s taken me thirty years to get this book where I feel good about it. It’s filled with a lot of my paintings, too. A lot of those paintings had to be created for this book. I didn’t now that when they were being created. I know that now. I’ve re- written the text so many times I lost track. So, the book, “The Secret Path” by Stormy Monday, I fully expect to be in thirty languages someday. Someday, it’ll be a movie. It’s just a great story. Casting would be really important. That’s beyond today, so, we’ll lay that thought down for now.”

Vogel:

“Someone hearing you say all this couldn’t help but wonder about your life experiences.

Monday:

“So many! Most of my old friends are dead. We lived very hard for a lot of years. The streets, maximum security prison, drug addiction, prison gang shit, man, I’ve lived through far more than a man is supposed to. I figure I’m a messenger. Some things need to be said and the One God maybe, wants me to open some thinking in the younger minds. Plus, there’s a thousand more abstracts pushing through me. I got lots of paint to sling. Monday smiles. You can read about my whole life in the book I’m writing, “Standing in the Storm”. That’ll be out, probably in early 2011. Look for that one. I even want to read it! I’m writing those pages now.”

Vogel:

“What about those other two books? When will they be out?”

Monday:

“2010, sometime. I’m told by the publisher they’re going to put one out at a time. That makes sense. They’re both in they’re hands now, so, when I know, you’ll know. Sometime this year, for sure.”

Vogel:

“What’s important to you, Stormy? You know, as a person in this world today.

Monday:

“That’s a good question. Well, for me, there’s an inner circle. The one God. He’s important. There’s no possible way to have walked in my shoes and not realize there is a power much greater than me at work here. I call him the One God. There can only be one! Also, inside that inner circle is my family. My wife and children, Mother and sisters, they’re all important. Other members of my family, they’re important, too. Then, close friends. Very important to me. Some say I look a little scary. I’m covered in tattoos from the old days. The other day, my wife and I were getting gas in my truck. I had the hood up, checking something and a car pulled up next to us at the pump. It was a lady and two children. They were laughing about something and happen to look over at me standing there with my muscle shirt on. They all freaked out, windows started going up and the locks on the doors clicked shut. My wife looked at me and laughed. I just smiled. What these people didn’t know was, if someone did hassle them, I’d be the guy to protect them. I’d make sure no one hurt them. That’s my nature. I only want to help people any way I can. I’m about goodness. There’s way too much evil in the World. I lived among the evil for years. I ran with killers. Played in their playground. Brushing death was like running a comb through my hair at one time. The poet inside me kept me on the ground. Kept the human light inside me burning. Kept me on the fence of life... toying with my possibilities. But, those playgrounds got old. I got tired of being a tough guy. I got tired of shootin’ cocaine till the days and the nights all became the same day, and I really didn’t care anyway, because, I was pissed off at my dad for making my childhood a fucked up place to be for a kid. I got tired of the sick from chasing heroin in panic mode and running in circles. I got tired of hanging out with plastic people in their plastic worlds and nothing seemed real. Not to me! Man, I got sick and tired of being sick and tired.”

Vogel:

“So, you went to treatment and cleaned up?”

Monday:

“Yea, I had to. Otherwise, life’s a hard place to be and people don’t act right. Even in a clean world, those things apply, but, consequences and Karma. Two bitches walkin’ hand in hand! Don’t get on the bad side of either one of them! Hey, “Standing in the Storm” by Stormy Monday. This book is my insides I spilled out all over my soul and it’s ripped into tiny little fragments of itself. Then, it’s sprinkled across the window of time. All that and more, just for your viewing pleasure. With some of my coolest newer abstracts and my life story, it’ll be worth far more than the money you pay for it.”

A great read for sure!

Vogel:

“So, what’s happening with your Art these days? Anything we should know about?”

Monday:

“As a matter of fact, right now, I have an Abstract piece entered into Americas next Master Artist contest, being held by Art.com It’s a very personal piece to me. I mean, it means a lot. The whole reason for doing it, ya know, because of the horrific nightmare for all the Louisiana people during and after that devastating hurricane. It’s time to celebrate their recovery. My entry is called “Mardi Gras”. Here’s a link to check it out. If you love it, let your vote reflect that. The public voting is going on until May 7th. I’d really appreciate your vote and the votes of all your friends.”

[Vote Here !](#)

http://apps.facebook.com/contestshq/contests/26431/voteable_entries/3855672?order=recency

Vogel:

“Stormy, I’ve really enjoyed our conversation. Thank you for stopping in and come back anytime.”

Monday:

“You’re welcome. Phil, you’ve been great. Thanks for having me.”

Vogel:

“Oh, is there a way for people interested in seeing more of your Art or you, to get a hold of you?”

Monday:

“Oh yea. If you want to see more of my Art, go to stormymondayart.com You can also add me as a friend on facebook at stormymondayart/facebook.com

If you want to purchase prints or paintings, or just chat, contact me at stormymondayart@hotmail.com



One final thought... that Art competition has entries in it from around the World. Please, go to stormymondayart.com and check out my Art. Public voting is over on May 7th. Take a few moments and vote for me. The win would introduce me to the World. I’m ready for that, finally. I can’t win if you don’t vote. So, for me, vote! Good by all. I’m in the wind. “

As Stormy took off in his big black truck down the driveway, an old familiar dog named Jack walked up to Phil for his gentle pat. As Phil bends to give Jack some attention, Stormy’s truck disappears from sight.

Vogel:

“Jack, You okay, boy? Yea, you’re okay.”

The old chocolate lab just wagged his tail and as they walked to the door. Phil Vogel paused and stared across the horizon for a long time at the front door. He took in a deep breath, smiled inside and nodded his head at what had just happened.

Stepping in the door, he looked back, one more time, down the driveway.

Phil reflects to himself – I Can't wait to read his books. Then he shuts the door.