

Jeremiah

A Romantic Vision

Jeremiak

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PHOTO CREDITS

Front matter, page 12: Jeremiah's New York apartment, photographed by Jaime Ardiles-Arce, originally published in *Architectural Digest*, Paige Rense *Architectural Digest*, October Issue 2003

Front matter, page 17: Photo of William Bankier Henderson, photographed by Cecil Beaton, Imperial War Museum, c.1940

ENDPAPERS

Front: Diana Vreeland, *Garden in Hell*, Painting I, Living room designed by Billy Baldwin, New York City, 2000

Back: Diana Vreeland, Painting II, Living room with playing card needlepoint pillows, 2000

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“You are at the age to write freely.
No one; friends, relatives, associates,
are going to care. They are probably no longer
around, so do so!”

COLUMNIST LIZ SMITH’S ADVICE ON WRITING MY STORY

Foreword

Anyone with enough schooling can draw or paint an interior and give us a sense of what it looks like—where things are, furniture and fabric choices, color, lighting, and so on. And that is enough for many.

It takes a really fine artist, however, to go beyond that and give us the sense of being *in* the room, of being able to move about in the space, touch, react, get beyond the facts to the reasoning behind them.

A drawing or painting of an environment must do more for us than a color photograph would—if the result is to transcend journalism. It must give us the experience of the thing. For us to penetrate into the picture a certain interesting and inventive distortion must take place. A wall, for example, must not be literal; the artist must give us a “sense” of the wall, how it functions in and relates to its environment, not simply how it “is,” or “looks.”

And this is the feeling I get looking at Jeremiah Goodman’s paintings of interiors. I learn what a room is “like,” and how it “feels,” what it will do to me when I am really there. And it is odd: when I would visit Jeremiah Goodman at his home in East Hampton, being in his rooms was very much like being in a representation of them—indeed, a painting of them—indeed; in a Jeremiah Goodman painting of his own rooms.

Who are some of the great painters of interiors in the twentieth century—Matisse, Bonnard, and especially Vuillard. Jeremiah Goodman has learned well from them—especially Vuillard—and knows how to turn that really tough trick.

EDWARD ALBEE

Montauk, August 2000

Jeremiak

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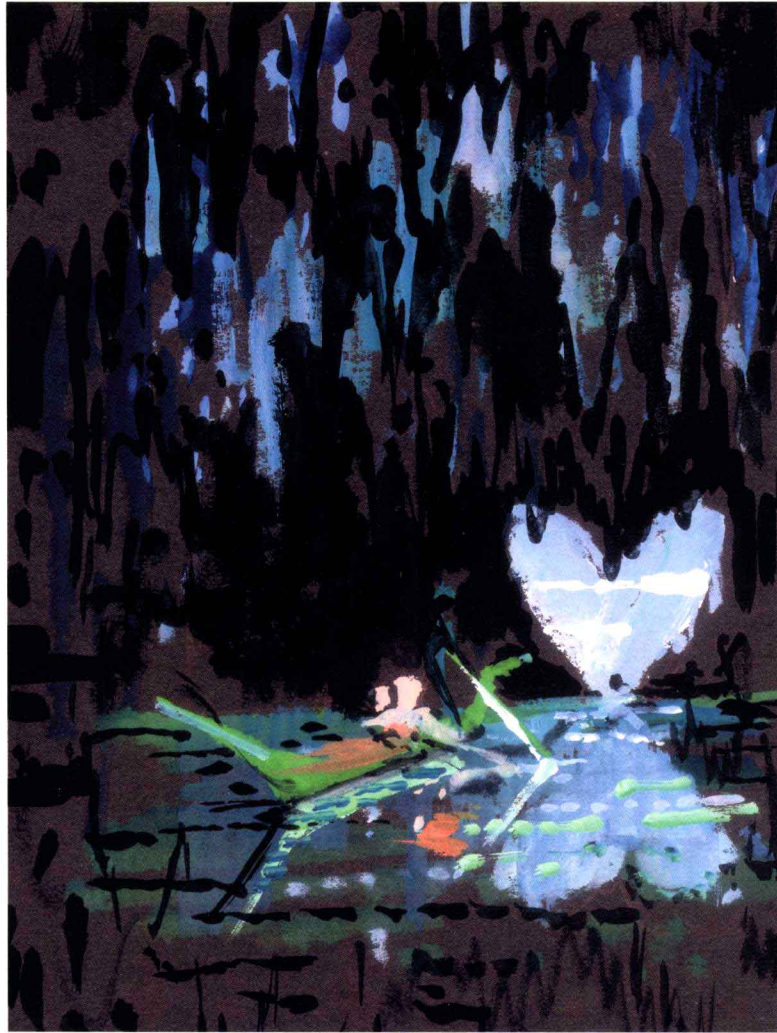
The written vignettes

I have gathered for this journal are but fragments, of my career and life. When all the various pieces are put together, it will complete the image of me!...Recovering from a childhood right-hand injury, I was given a box of crayons to occupy my time. At four, my efforts were admired and encouraged by my parents, from then on I became a “lefty”....Curiosity has always been a talisman for me, both good and bad. My birth date is October 22, 1922 and my sign is Libra, I gather that this is the reason for my balancing act....My childhood was a series of events that would be hard to forget, like leaning against our car door, causing it to open and my tumbling out, my brothers and sister quickly closing the door. It was only when my mother turned around to ask if they were minding the baby, that there was no baby to mind...fortunately, I rolled into a sandy ditch!....For the first nine years I lived in the city of Niagara Falls, New York. My father’s grocery store was located in the tourist business area adjoining the falls’ park. Visiting him was my best childhood experience; passing tourist shops filled with Indian souvineirs “made in Japan.”

An art gallery known for its oil paintings on black velvet and best of all a candy shop with every conceivable confection shaped and colored out of marzipan: mice, sausages, fruits, cheese! We would pass all this on our way to the Saturday matinee at the “Shea’s” cataract theatre. My father was a friend of the doorman and he would escort us into the lobby for free. The interior was fantastic, the orchestra seats were slipcovered in white linen for the summer season. The stage show was *Fanchon and Marco*, the movie *The Broadway Melody of 1929*, which would be the compass for my future....I remember the stage sets and the plot, as if yesterday....I am still “wide-eyed” at the extravaganza of the “traditional hollywood musical plot” star has an accident opening night. Small town show girl “queenie mahoney” steps in and becomes a star, just like that! After the show, “playboy” wines and dines her, stays out all night, and miraculously a huge diamond bracelet appears on her wrist, just for being adorable! “I wish life was that simple” as a seven-year-old I sure liked the story, and still do!....The depression and the decline of tourism were the causes of my father’s decision to move to Buffalo. It was a fortunate move...I was able to attend Lafayette High School, nationally acclaimed for its fine arts program. The art faculty was amazing, notably Elizabeth Weiffanbach and Ethel Davis, both accomplished artists. They were determined to encourage the art majors to realize their dreams of careers in art. Unbelievably selfless, these two women gave up their weekends to take us on countryside painting trips....It was there, at the age of fourteen, that I painted “Boston hills.”...If my mother and father had dreams of their children pursuing normal careers, it was not to happen: brother Bill became a nightclub entertainer and part of a dance team called “Lucky and Ginger.”...brother Bob’s career choice was manufacturing “illusion boxes” to saw women in half!...I am forever told I have a fantastic memory for the past, I agree and sometimes it frightens me....But now I am equally frightened by “not” remembering the happenings of now!

JEREMIAH GOODMAN

ART SCHOOL

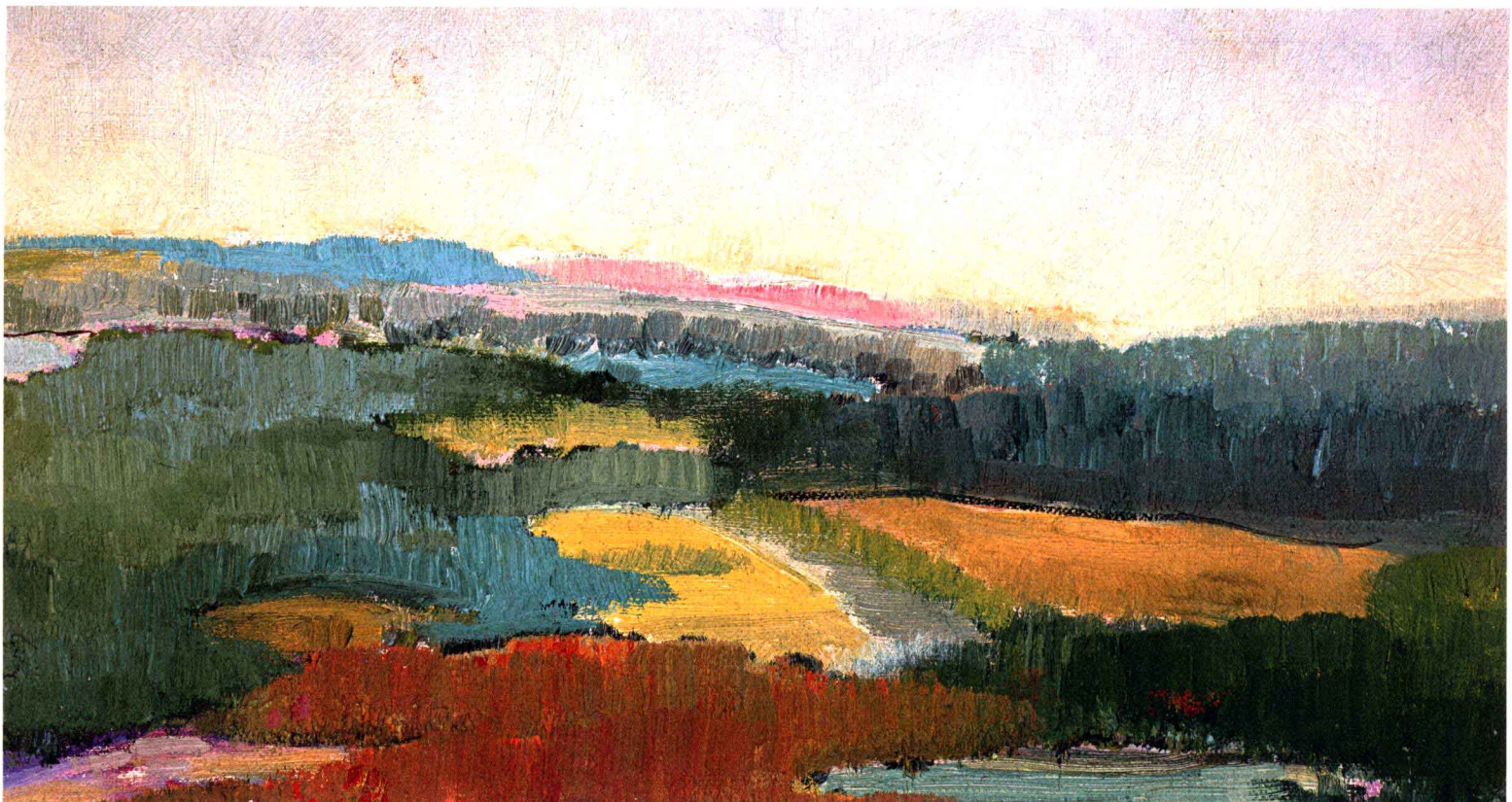


ART SCHOOL

Discover New York City, we were instructed: museums, theatre, galleries, and the brilliant window displays of Fifth Avenue.

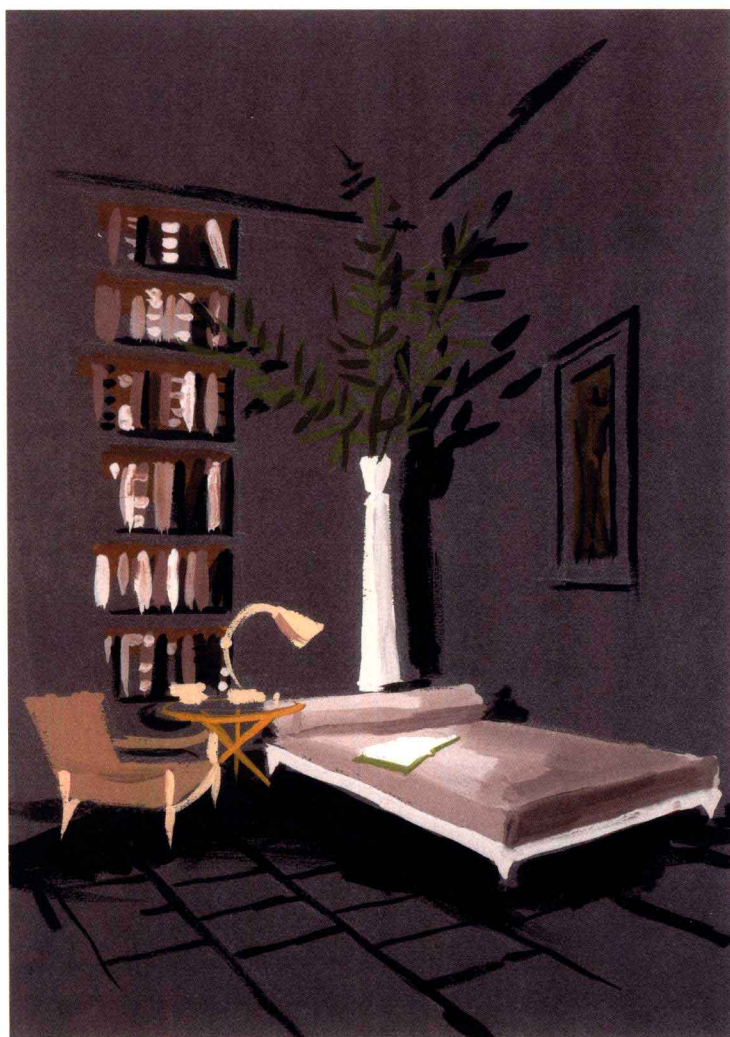
I certainly did: I reported all that I saw, including a new designer's name in a shop window...“Se Habla Español.”

HIGH SCHOOL, 14 YEARS OLD





HIGH SCHOOL, 15 YEARS OLD

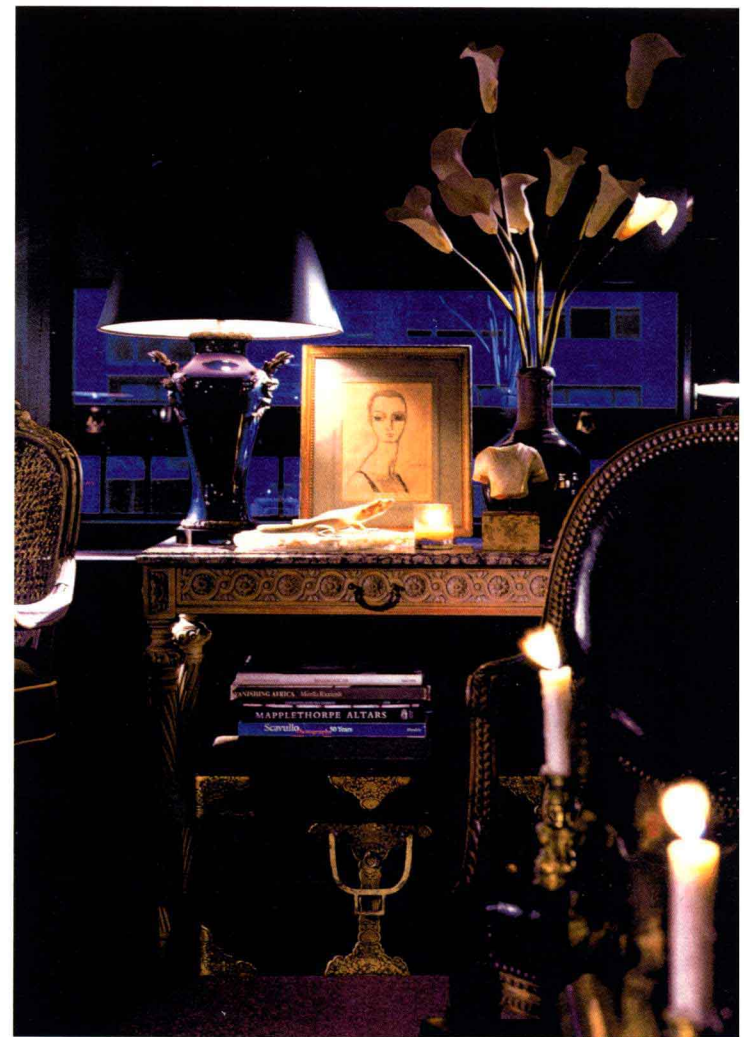


ART SCHOOL



ART SCHOOL, 18 YEARS OLD

MANHATTAN



I am a person who lives in various degrees of light. At night, with its dramatic views of the city, my dark, mirrored apartment continually reflects New York City's panorama. This atmosphere is additionally dramatized by vast quantities of lighted candles. A French friend arriving at my place for the first time exclaimed, "Good heavens, am I attending a religious rite?"



EAST HAMPTON



I purchased the carriage house in 1957; it was a total dilapidated shell. A building so in need of intensive restoration only an inexperienced person would consider it. I was "that person"...to this day it has afforded me dreams and remembrances of the happiest days of my life. My friends everywhere still talk about the joyful experience of visiting "14 Meadows Way." I still treasure the "Brigitte Bardot" drawing that Roger Vadim left at my desk; when in America, visit "Jerry Goodman."

My father's response to my purchase of an East Hampton carriage house: "You bought a barn to live in? I have been telling all my friends that you are successful!"

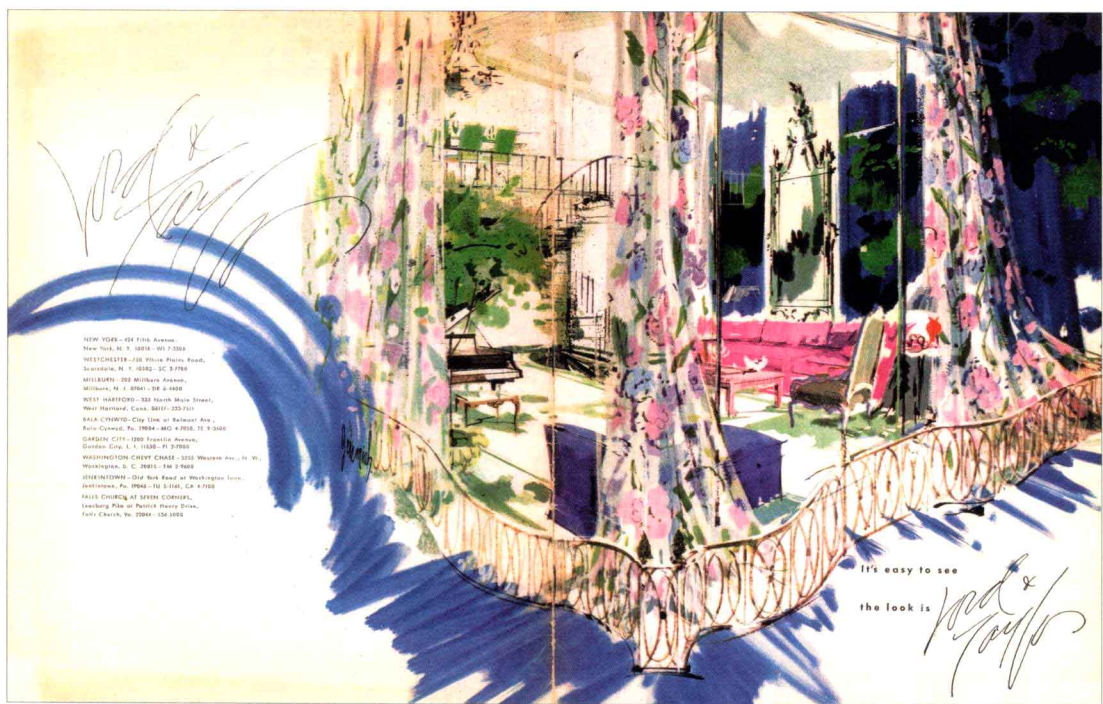
STUDIO



LIVING ROOM



EMPLOYMENT



The unique quality and image making of the Lord & Taylor advertisement were to the liking of a very inventive art director, Harry Rodman. I was one of the fortunate ones that he helped to develop and polish my painting style. Harry's greatest quality was his generosity in his praise for our artwork. It was to continue for thirty years.



My first employer was the set designer for the movie *Gone with the Wind*, Joseph B. Platt, and it was a memorable experience! I am sure he invented the word “mean”...the torture was to last six weeks!

