

STYLE | FASHION | SOCIAL

Papercity

DALLAS JANUARY 2007



Design Blooms Anew

The Home Issue

Feature House
Ruscha and Rug Rats:
The Runyons
Mix It Up

Style: Insect Chic

ALSO

Design Diary
The New Year's
New Loot

PHOTOGRAPHER TIM BOOLE. ART DIRECTION & STYLING, FASHION EDITOR KATE ALLEN, FASHION ASSISTANT REGAN CUMMING. RODARTE FLORAL ORGANZA GOWN WITH HAND-APPLIED ANTIQUE LACE AND BOWS, BY SPECIAL ORDER, THROUGH STANLEY KORSHAK. VENINI VASE BY FULVIO BIANCONI S690, AT FORTY FIVE TEN. HEADPIECE OF FRESH FLOWERS AND HANDCRAFTED ORGANZA AND SATIN PETALS AND LEAVES BY JEFFREYLEE, FOR URBAN FLOWER/GRANGE HALL. HAIR AND MAKEUP STEPHANIE CARRANZA FOR KIM DAWSON AGENCY. MODEL LINDSEY BIGGS FOR KIM DAWSON AGENCY.



WE WAVE AT THE WARHOL. WE DON'T TOUCH THE WARHOL.

Or how gallery owners John and Lisa Runyon mesh a pristine house filled with modern art with a supersonic two-year-old and his new little sister. Some Donald Judd with your Froot Loops, anyone?

John Runyon is traversing between a Ruscha word painting and a Warhol electric chair. (Translation: He's walking from his entry hall to his kitchen.) He is on his cell phone, talking about a rare drawing of some sort. At that exact moment, nanny Angelica is traversing between a Warhol electric chair and a Ruscha word painting. (Translation: She's walking from the kitchen to the entry hall.) The baby in her arms — Runyon's spanking-new daughter Ivy, just four weeks old — is swaddled in a chocolate-brown blanket and wearing a striped stocking cap. Father and daughter cross near a Warhol Brillo box that (thanks to its protective Lucite cover) serves as the city's coolest living-room end table.

And there, in that split second by the Brillo box, is the essence of the John and Lisa Runyon house.



"Residence for Mr. & Mrs. Waller Boedecker. Alfred T. Gilman, architect." The date on the set of blueprints that Pops Runyon has unfurled on his Mario Bellini dining table shows 1954. Page after page reveals a low, linear house, all 6,000





Opposite page, top: In the breakfast room, a marble-topped Saarinen table for Knoll ringed by vintage Mies van der Rohe Brno chairs, also by Knoll, upholstered in mohair. Along the wall, a new discovery for John Runyon, the photographs of Swiss police officer Arnold Odermatt, whose accident scenes of the 1940s to the 1980s are serenely (and, oddly, beautifully) composed. John got this particular suite at Art Basel Switzerland. At the Runyons', even the fresh breadfruits from Avant Garden on the Saarinen table become art.

Opposite page, bottom: Portrait of Runyon as a working man. A new arrival chez Runyon: a rare Ed Ruscha ribbon drawing, dated 1972, made using gunpowder — its word spells "LIVESTOCK" — still in its foam-core carrier. A book on Ruscha shows the artist's longtime fascination with words.

This page, top: In the entry, Moroso chairs from Scott + Conner and a Saarinen table by Knoll, at Smink. Around the fossilized limestone wall, a kelly-green Ed Ruscha work whose words read "OVERLY

NERVOUS BODY ARMOR." In the background, a red-and-yellow Andy Warhol electric-chair silk screen.

Above: A set of rare Warhol camouflage works in a hallway between the master bedroom and a guest bedroom, a full suite of the 1987 silk screens, one of only 80 sets made.

Below: A pair of Charles Pfister chairs for Knoll, designed in 1971, face off to a massive fossilized-limestone wall with a marble fireplace surround.

Lisa Runyon scored the fabric before husband John scored the chairs. "I found that fabric and loved it so much," John said, "I will find you the chairs for that fabric!" At their side, possibly the world's priciest table: a 1968 Andy Warhol Brillo-Box sculpture. (It does have a protective Lucite cube. Lisa graciously slipped it off for the photograph.) The three-arm floor lamp is a vintage Arcaduloc, from John's parents' house, as is the 1980s sofa, "recovered about three times now," says Lisa. The tufted black-leather bench was in the former Turner & Runyon

square feet of it, U-shaped in plan, with long, long parallel wings that stretch outward from a central living/dining hub, past a Hockney-blue swimming pool. The house is a little bit Mies van der Rohe, a little bit Richard Neutra and a whole lot restrained. If you didn't know better, you might think you've time-traveled to Palm Springs. (Until Momma Runyon comes through the front door bearing Sonny Bryan barbecue sandwiches for lunch, not something from Sherman's deli. But I digress.) I squint closer at the blueprints, at a smaller line under Gilman's name: "Los Angeles." That explains the whole California vibe. But a Warhol Brillo-box end table in the same house as a four-week-old? You ain't seen nothin' yet. Wait till you meet son Liam. He's two and a half.



Considering the house is more than 50 years old, the Runyons haven't lived here long. A four-year hunt for the perfect place — they camped out at The Claridge high-rise in the meantime — ended when Lisa Runyon walked through the door of this one about a year ago. Yep, she knew it. The previous owners had commissioned the masterful (and we mean masterful) renovation by local firm Bodron + Fruit, but decided to move on to a new life away from Dallas, just as the revamp was nearing completion. Enter the Runyons, who didn't have far to go to make the minimalist house suit their thoroughly modern lifestyle: It had already been cleaned up and clarified by Bodron + Fruit, and its heady mix of materials (fossilized limestone, marble, wood, glass) would be the perfect foil for the Runyons' modernist furniture (they enlisted decorator Brant McFarlain to help with new pieces and to design areas of the house) and their eye-popping collection of contemporary art — the inventory, in fact, for their art

Continued on page 24

gallery. The 1972 Cini Boeri coffee table (John will proudly show you the long marks in its original glass top, where it was held during firing) holds a George Stoll bowl sculpture. In the dining room, far right, a Mario Botta La Basilica table and Boffi's Cab chairs, all from Scott + Conner, in front of a wall-filling Philip Taaffe painting of seaweed. Taaffe is one of the 1980s artists John has a passion for — Eric Fischel and Ross Blecker included — in part because of his late father's interest in them. "I've never abandoned those guys," says John.



Continued from page 23

brokerage, Rumyon Fine Arts Inc., where they both work from its headquarters just off the kitchen, representing paintings, prints, photographs and sculpture by the likes of Ellsworth Kelly, Frank Stella, Vera Lutter and Joel Shapiro. The house as working gallery? The gallery as working house? Whatever it is, it's seamless. A rarified live/work situation, indeed. If you have a water-cooler conversation here, it's likely under a Lichtenstein.

"Daaaaad! Whooooooreeee! Daaaaaanaaaa!" I can hear Liam Rumyon, but I can't see him. (It's a little like when the Concorde used to come in: You could hear the shriek of the engines long before you got to the landing.) I turn this way and that. Still no Liam. Then I spot him, not in person, but in the reflection of the glass of a framed Andy Warhol silk screen. Another case of Rumyon family life blending seamlessly with art. It takes a good 10 seconds more before the real Liam comes power-running into the family room, where his dad and I are swiveling in tall Arne Jacobsen chairs by the fireplace, talking. Pops Rumyon is telling me about his great grandfather Robert Rumyon, a Kentucky native turned celebrated photographer of the Mexican Revolution (we're talking Pancho Villa, generals, the works), whose original images now reside at The University of Texas at Austin. That love of the visual trickled down to John's father, a pediatric dentist in Fort Worth with a penchant for collecting major modern art — and Clarice Cliff pottery and folk art and tramp art and fine art deco ashttrays. "He collected early, and he collected in depth," says Lisa, warmly, about her late father-in-law. She describes the elder Rumyon's house as one of those places where there wasn't a wall that wasn't covered, a surface that wasn't adorned. Of growing up in a house that brimmed with Judd, Ruscha and Rosenquist, John can only say, "I thought it was normal." The Rumyon house then was just three blocks away from Fort Worth's museum district; Dr. Rumyon's office even closer. John's father sat on the board of the Kimbell Art Museum and on its acquisition committee. Every family vacation, John says, "involved art." Even after his parents divorced and his mother Mary wed Fort Worth interior designer David Corley, John's subconscious kept on recording: He worked for Corley during summers, delivering fine furniture and objects to clients. "I was exposed in a cool, cool way." As Lisa thinks about her upbringing, she realizes she gets the collecting DNA honestly, too. "My mom was a pack rat. I am still traumatized by stuff," she says, laughing. "Climbing over Mom's stuff." Which rather explains why this house is devoid of chotchkes — unless the chotchkes are something the Tate Modern might be interested in.

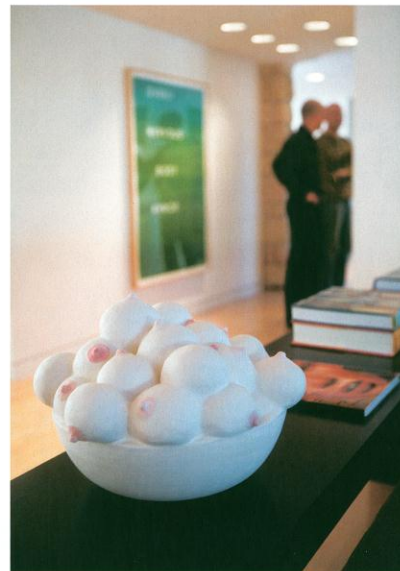
"This is how it works. We wave at art. 'Hi, art!' But we don't touch art. Only Daddy touches art." John Rumyon is explaining how Liam Rumyon has been brought up, to his 30 short months and counting. "This concept actually works!" I challenge. "You know what, we haven't had a single casualty!" John shoots back, laughing. Later that day, I get a firsthand account. Liam the shrieking Concorde comes flying into the living room. The Warhol Brillo-box sculpture has had its protective Lucite cover carefully removed by Lisa — white gloves and all — for our photo. This is it. I think to myself: I'm about to buy a 1968 Andy Warhol Brillo-box sculpture. Whoosh. Around the Knoll club chairs, around the ultra-rare Cini Boeri coffee table and right to the — pair of Burmese wooden boxes! Liam Rumyon has passed under a Judd, around a Warhol and headed straight for the Burmese boxes, whose tops he lifts off, absolutely mesmerized. I exhale. The Rumyons keep talking. Photographer Steve Wrubel keeps shooting. This whole "yes-we-actually-raise-kids-with-modern-art" thing really does work. The Rumyons see no reason that it shouldn't. It's a fully integrated part of their lives. Come to think of it, those 1954 blueprints we unrolled were an usually powerful shade of blue. Yves Klein blue. Maybe the house knows something we don't.



Of growing up with Judd, Ruscha and Rosenquist, John can only say, "I thought it was normal."

Above: The capacious master bedroom. The large work at left is by New York artist Richard Phillips, whose work John Rumyon especially loves. His late father did, too. John, in fact, sold this painting to a collector, missed it and was able to buy it back. The Carlsson chaise longue by Cassia, from Scott + Cooner, holds special meaning, too. "That is a strong memory of my father, lying in his, Cowboys game on TV art magazine in his hands, reading glasses on. So I thought I should get one." The round Kartell cocktail table at its side is by Patricia Urquiola, from Barneys New York. The bed and side tables are by MisuraEmme, from Smink, as is the Miss van der Rohe Barcelona chair far right.

Below: The back of the expansive house, with its long parallel wings flanking the pool. At left, a set of iconic Richard Schultz chairs from Scott + Cooner pull up to a long Reda table from ID Collection. Other terrace furniture (not visible) includes angular pieces by Henry Hall Designs from Allan Knight and Associates, with cushions upholstered in Perennials Outdoor Fabrics from David Sutherland Showroom.



Above, left: On the sofa table in the living room, a bowl by artist George Stoll, inspired, says artist.com, "by the abundance of ancient fertility goddesses and the primal love between mother and child." Says John Rumyon: "Considering what's going on in this house — the birth of their second child, daughter Ivy — 'It has definitely become a fertility piece.'"

Above, right: "Donald Judd was a great colorist, not a minimalist, a term he rejected," says John Rumyon. "Only in the last 10 years or so has that been paid attention to." Here, one of Judd's vibrant, tube-carrier "Swiss pieces," so called because the aluminum works were built in Switzerland. A pair of rare Poul Kjaerholm chairs from Collage 20th Century Classics around a Minotti table from Smink. The table lamp is Flou.

