



THE
DAPPER

INTERIOR DESIGNER RON WOODSON, ONE HALF OF THE WOODSON & RUMMERFIELD TEAM, COMPOSES A HOME THAT SINGS OF GREATNESS

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NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT IT, interior designer Ron Woodson was always going to end up at the top, whether at the top of a hill, in the home that he shares with his partner Tom in Silverlake, or, figuratively, at the top of his profession. Even Woodson himself acknowledges that: "Whatever I did I always had to be up front. I'm not the behind guy." That's for sure. In another incarnation, he could have been a movie star, a characteristic he shares with his business partner Jaime Rummerfield, of Woodson & Rummerfield. When you see him old-fashioned words like debonair, gracious, suave, and urbane spring to mind. His family blames his been dapper since birth, on the heiress and socialite Doris Duke. When she heard of Woodson's birth from his proud father, she immediately sent over a Christian Dior suit, tailored to fit the new baby.

A third-generation Los Angeles native, whose grandfather owned the land that now serves as the campus for the King Drew Medical Center, Woodson grew up in Baldwin Hills, an exclusive enclave of impeccable mid-century houses, many of them still owned and lived in by the families for whom they were first built. His parents were in the music business and Woodson often accompanied his father, an



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in-demand musician who played with both the Paul Togawa quartet and Sammy Davis, Jr., on gigs. In an era before iPhones, Spotify, and DJs, a party required a band and, as a result, Woodson was exposed to a host of fabled Hollywood homes, like the estate belonging to the aforementioned Duke, and their glamorous interiors. "I thought that was how everybody lived," he says.

This visual feast left a lasting impression that's evident in his own home and in his work at Woodson & Rummerfield. But it wasn't just what he saw that influenced him; that same elegance and refinement was part of his upbringing. There were piano lessons and art classes at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. His parents reinforced etiquette, manners, and respect for beautiful things. "Friends of my mother's would come over when I was a kid and they'd ask her, 'Don't you have to put that away?' and my mother would say, 'No.' We were taught to take care of our nice things; that's just the way it was." Even before he hit his current height, Woodson stood out. "Most kids, black or white, weren't seeing what I was seeing. I had this point of reference that was completely different than my peers. I was bored with them because they couldn't talk about what I wanted to talk about—because they just didn't know it."

An archetypal anecdote from Woodson's childhood is an early indication of how well these lessons stuck: A 10-year-old Woodson insisted on wearing a tailored fur and leather coat on an overnight camping trip with the Hollywood Boy's Club. His father suggested he change because he'd dirty it in the woods. Woodson assured his father he would not. He returned with the coat in pristine condition.

An appreciation of the finer things followed Woodson into adulthood. With an uncle teasing him that he'd have to make a lot of money in order to support his shoe habit,





“WALKING INTO WOODSON’S HOME IN SILVERLAKE, THE INFLUENCE OF OLD HOLLYWOOD THAT EMANATES FROM THE DUO’S WORK TOGETHER IS IMMEDIATELY APPARENT.”

Woodson got a degree in finance, not yet recognizing that the spatial sense that had shown itself when he was still a child was the foundation for a career in interior design. Or that it was possible to make a living doing what he helped friends and family with in his spare time.

It wasn't until almost a decade later, when Woodson had soured on the stifling confines of the corporate world, that it dawned on him that his "knack" for creating beautiful spaces could become his career. He'd parted ways with his then-business partner and had begun working at an art gallery that sold art, frames, and mirrors to the hospitality industry. Clients, who quickly recognizing his refined aesthetic sense, began asking him for help with their homes. Acknowledging that his former hobby was now his new profession, he formalized the transition by obtaining a degree from UCLA's School of Interior Design. Success was immediate. Word of mouth kept him busy. TV soon followed, and his impeccable appearance and good looks were a natural for the small screen. In fact, at the time he met Rummerfield, he'd never even thought of joining forces with another designer. He was doing well on his own, and picking up plenty of accolades along the way. But at the urging of colleagues who marveled at how the two were often drawn to the same pieces, as well as a particularly insistent friend, he agreed to throw a dinner party and invite Rummerfield. The chemistry between the two was instantaneous. Woodson remembers walking around Rummerfield's house two weeks after that first dinner party, accompanied by his partner. "Tom kept pointing out things to me, 'Don't we have those chairs?' 'Isn't that the same lamp as ours?' It was actually kind of scary," he says. The two joined forces and the rest,

as they say, is history. Woodson sums it up neatly: "Life was good and then it got better."

In fact, looking at the pictures for these spreads, it can be hard to tell the two homes apart. There's the Platner table near the windows that also makes an appearance in Rummerfield's dining room, the same fabrics appear on pillows in both homes, the art on the walls is interchangeable, and the bedrooms are both anchored with a dark wall behind their headboards. Though the architectural styles of the two homes are distinctly different, their interiors are both clearly stamped with the polished, quality finish that has come to define the Woodson & Rummerfield brand.

Walking into Woodson's home in Silverlake, the influence of Old Hollywood that emanates from the duo's work together is immediately apparent. The glamorous living room seems drawn from one of the classic films they cite as inspiration (Auntie Mame is a favorite) There's the mint Kagan sofa, the bronze coffee table, the playful light fixture. On the patio, which offers a vivid contrast to the pool's sparkling turquoise tile, playful pops of bright orange and a divan upholstered in the Martinique fabric made famous by the Beverly Hills Hotel suggest that, even when relaxing, Woodson does it with panache.

The den confirms this. In the hands of another designer the cacophony of shapes and textures and patterns—lavender walls, a plum Minotti sofa, a leopard rug, a leather wing chair, a chrome bar cart, walls thickly plastered with art—would be deafening. As conducted by Woodson, they are soothing and restful. Though he may have not followed his parents into the music business, it's clear he's inherited their talent for weaving many notes into one harmonious whole. Maestro, maestro!



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