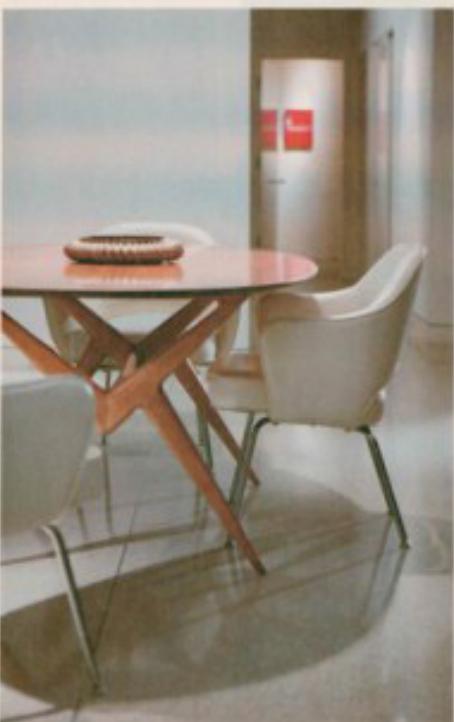




The Jasper Morrison brushed-aluminum door hardware, through TKO Associates in Dallas, is a kindred spirit to the enamel-on-aluminum painting by Dallas artist John Pomara.



Above: Bodron Roasted a cubic mess in the bedroom, breaking up the space with a new wall-in closet. Bed: Minotti's Lauder bed, by Roberto Dordoni, at Sivio. Tables: Soo, by Maura Lippmann for Misurafirmi. Lamp: Christophe Delcourt for Ralph Pucci. The Bodron-designed built-in cabinetry is walnut.



Below: Smooth-finish kitchen cabinetry topped with Pietra Cardosa, a granite-like stone mixed in Carrara, Italy. Calvin Klein tray, glassware and salt-and-pepper set.



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and I notice, too, that there are no visible grilles or trim around the air-conditioning vents in the ceiling. They're just long slits secretly cut into the Sheetrock. The multiple control panels for the house's electronic lighting system are banished to a closet, where they won't be seen. And the kitchen's light switches are set into recesses in the wall. Nothing pretentious. No sight lines are killed.

You wouldn't think this level of concern — okay, obsession — about fixtures would come from a guy who hails from Louisiana, chick农业生产 with richly embossed antebellum houses,

planks that run parallel to the house, strengthening its linear quality. You may never have noticed this. That's Bodron's job. Another example of his attention to detail: We're walking along an exterior brick wall that visually connects the house to the Jaguar's rear bumper. He points up to a neat row of recessed lights. They were chosen, he tells me, because together they project a nice, smooth, continuous pool of light onto the wall, "not that individual scoop" effect that is so much more common.

Elsewhere outside, Bodron

opened up the back bedrooms with a Mondrian-like composition of windows — liberating the place, you know — and topped the whole structure with a metal standing-seam roof. Of these tweaks and twists, he modestly says, "I took a good 1950s ranch and didn't restore it, but brought it to a different place."

For all his attention to the exterior, it's inside where Bodron really gets going. There are precious few furnishings under these vaulted ceilings, and each piece is rare or rarely seen. Except for a set of iconic Eero Saarinen chairs — "not white leather," he says, "but white vinyl; even better" — your

eye is treated to less-familiar shapes, from a pair of chairs in the living room by Corbusier's cousin and collaborator Pierre Jeanneret to a boucle-cord lounge in the office by French modernism pioneer René Herbst to a granite-and-steel table on casters by austere Japanese designer Rei Kawakubo of the fashion house Comme des Garçons. The whole place reads like a carefully — very carefully — curated museum of line and form, sort of an edited-down showcase of global talent.

In the kitchen, there's a German stove by Gaggenau that the non-cook Bodron calls "the

world's most expensive cigarette lighter." In the dining room, a massive table by Italian mid-century master Ico Parisi. Even the Americans get in on this act: a Dunbar desk pressed by Edward J. Wormley anchor

the library/office.

But nothing takes center stage

more than the man of the house

when he starts to vocalize his

design likes and dislikes. The posse

tifications can strike like lightning.

"I have — hate — yellow flowers."

On rooms that are filled with

accessories and whatnots:

"That's like a woman wearing all of her

jewelry to a picnic. You wouldn't

do that! Why would you do that

to a room?" And on guests who've

asked what Bodron might display

on the shelf-like brick protrusions

that are part of the massive fire-

place wall in the living room (he

prefers them left bare, as simply

the graphic elements that they

are): "I just stare at them."

One thing, though, can sway

Bodron from his innate passion:

cars. Namely Chryslers. Big,

long, elegant, late-'50s and early-

'60s Chryslers. He can go to that

Dunbar desk and produce a

collection of bumpers in mint

condition. He will shush through

them, slowly, pointing out sculpted

bodylines, special features and

the trademark "gainsight" tail-

lights of the time. He especially

wants an Imperial convertible.

They're mostly minimalist, I

notice, but they do have bits of

flash in their big chromed grilles,

leathery chromed bumpers and

bumper-tudged seats.

About all that, Bodron would

probably say the same thing he

said when I quizzed him about a

book I spied on his simple bedside

table, a book on the great houses

of Natchez, Mississippi: "Okay."

Then a pause, almost gaily,

"I'm a closet classicist."



A Dunbar desk, centered in Bodron's library/office. Lamp: circa 1952, designed by Gilbert Rohde for Herman Miller. Deck chair: Hollis, by Hennies Whittemore for Cassina, through Scott + Cooper. The Chryslers and Lincoln Hind are Bodron's passion for elegant design of the four-wheeled kind.





Thoroughly Modern Mil

Don't call designer Mil Bodron if you're ready to go rococo. You've been warned.

BY ROB BRINKLEY. PHOTOGRAPHY STEVE WRUBEL.
FLOWERS BY RAJAN PATEL AT URBAN FLOWER/GRANGE HALL.

The notepad on the stone counter in Mil Bodron's kitchen says it all: *The art of life is to live, and to live means to be aware, joyously, riskily, serenely, daringly, aware.* — Henry Miller.

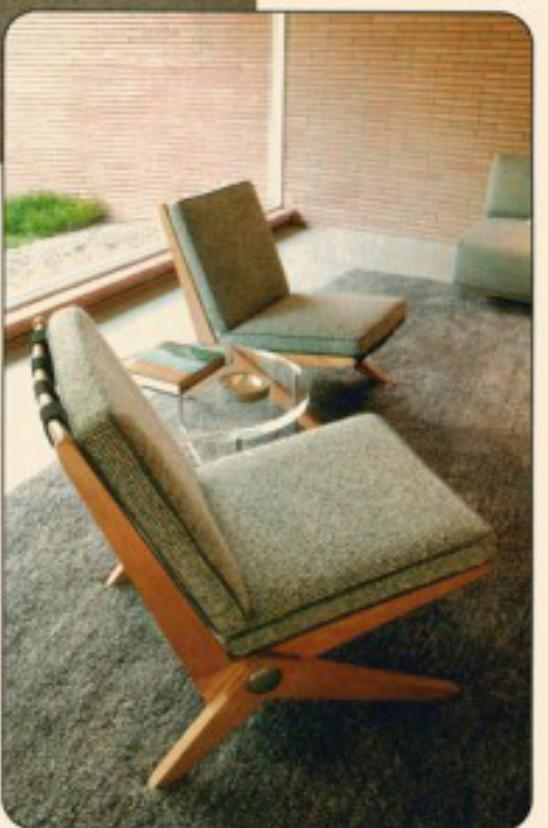
I think Mr. Miller and Mr. Bodron would've been very good friends.

Mil Bodron is nothing if not wary. He's aware of every line, every surface and every spatial element in the long, low 1950s ranch house he renovated for himself, sited discreetly behind tall hedge near firwood Road at Mockingbird Lane.

He takes me outside, even, and walks me down the back alley, where we turn around and walk back toward the carport, so he can point out exactly the way the driveway is cutted and the way a jet-black Jaguar sedan sits a it. Not at this angle, but this. That's why Bodron is in rarified air in the modernist game. Pikes Peak, in fact. He's one of a handful of designers you ring when it's time to get serious about less.



clean, stark and minimal — all those buzzwords bandied about by lovers of crisply executed spaces. As one half of the quietly impressive firm Bodron+Fruit — Fruit being architect Svend Fruit, another one who gets it when it comes to restraint — Bodron crafts sophisticated interiors in sync with Fruit's orderly exteriors. There is never, ever a disconnect and their collaboration is often so reciprocal that all boundaries are happily blurred.



Left: A pair of rare Pierre Jeanneret chairs designed circa 1947 for Knoll face off with another exceptional piece, a T.H. Robsjohn-Gibbings slab-back chair. Sectional sofas: Living Divani, available through Smink. The drop-leaf table is vintage Bruno Mathsson.

Top: Stainless-steel doorstops from D Line, a German hardware firm, pop up throughout the house.

Above: Mil Bodron, photographed at the office of Bodron+Fruit.

Bottom, left: Against a living-room wall, a granite-topped table by Rei Kawakubo for Comme des Garçons. Its casters intelligently make light work of the seemingly impossible task of moving it around the room.

Below: A contemporary Minotti acrylic table, available through Smink, sits between the vintage Jeanneret chairs in the living room.