



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.



The house's main lighting control panels — even when hidden from view, as these are in a closet — are carefully aligned.

Above: Bodson floated a cubic mass in the bedroom, breaking up the space with a new walk-in closet. Bed, Minotti's Lucina bed, by Rodolfo Dordoni, at Smith Table; Tea, by Mauro Lipparini for Misurati; Lamp, by Christophe Delcourt for Ralph Pucci. The Bodson-designed built-in cabinetry is walnut.

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

Below, left: The dining room's Ice Parisi table and vinyl-upholstered Saarinen chairs for Knoll. The Danish ceramic vessel is by Arne Bang, circa 1960.



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and, I notice, too, that there are no visible grilles or vents around the air-conditioning vents in the ceilings. They're just long thin covers cut into the Sherrock. The multiple control panels for the house's electronic lighting system are finished to a gloss, when they won't be seen. And the archer's light switches are set into recesses in the wall. Nothing protrudes. No sight lines are called.

You wouldn't think this level of concern — okay, obsession — about interiors would come from a chap who built from Louisiana, which brims with richly embellished antebellum homes.

"I tried them in there," says Bodson, "but I never liked them." We're back out front, perusing the house's built-in book planter box, which sort of puts its arms around the entry door in a high-style leg. "So I yanked them out and put just these smooth black stones in there. So much better." We continue our walk. He points out the soffits under the roof's deep overhangs. Originally, they were sheets of plywood, laminated together. Nothing offensive, but they bothered Bodson. He instead specified long, grooved, painted-rebwood

planks that run parallel to the house, strengthening its linear quality. You may never have noticed this. That's Bodson'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 lair out back. 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, Bodson spread out the back bedrooms

with a Mondrian-like composition of windows — liberating the place, you know — and topped the whole structure with a metal standing-wave roof. Of these tweaks and twists, he routinely 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 Bodson really gets going. There are precious few furnishings under those vaulted ceilings, and each piece is rare or rarely seen. Except for a set of ironic 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 Caldesi's cousin and collaborator Pierre Jeanneret to a lounge-couch lounge in the office by French modernist pioneer Brno Hobot to a granite-and-steel table on casters by another Japanese designer Rei Kawakubo of the fashion house Comme des Garçons. The whole place reads like a carefully — very carefully — curated museum of fine and form, set of an off-kilter showman of global talent. In the kitchen, there's a German stove by Gaggenau that the non-cook Bodson calls "the world's most expensive cigarette lighter." In the dining room, a sinuous table by Italian mid-century master Ico Parisi stars. Even the Americans get in on this act: a Dunbar desk passed by Edward J. Wrenley anchors 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 pontifications can strike like lightning. "I hate — 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 Bodson might display on the shelf-like brick protrusions that are part of the immense fireplace 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 Bodson from his main passions: cars. Namely Chryslers. Big, long, elegant, late-'50s and early-'60s Chryslers. He can go to that Dunbar desk and produce a collection of brochures in mint condition. He will thumb through them, slowly pointing out sculpted bodylines, special features and the trademark "panther" tail lights of the time. He especially wants an Imperial convertible. They're steadily minuscule, I notice, but they do have lots of flash in their big chromed grilles, hefty chromed bumpers and button-tufted seats.

About all that, Bodson would probably say the same thing he said when I queried 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 Bodson's library/office. Lamp, circa 1952, designed by Gilbert Rohde for Hoffer. Leather desk chair, Hella, by Florence Wehstein for Cassina, through Scott + Cooner. The Chryslers and Lincoln hint at Bodson'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.



Left: A pair of rare Pierre Jeanneret chairs designed circa 1947 for Knoll face off with another exceptional piece, a TH. Robsjohn-Gibbings slat-back chair. Sectional sofas: Living Diver, available through Sniink. 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 Rai Kawakubo for Corvina des Gargons. Its casters intelligently make light work of the seemingly impossible task of moving it around the room.

Below: A contemporary Minetti acrylic table, available through Sniink, snugs between the vintage Jeanneret chairs in the living room.

The notepad on the stone counter in Mil Bodron's kitchen says it all: *The aim of life is to live, and to live means to be aware, joyously, askewly, serenely, desirably aware.* — Henry Miller. I think Mr. Miller and Mr. Bodron would've been very good friends.

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

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



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 synch with Fruit's orderly exteriors. There is never, ever a disconnect and their collaboration is often so reciprocal that all boundaries are happily blurred.

But back to Bodron's own digs. At the moment, I'm crouched down on the glossy terrazzo floor in the living room. Bodron wants me to see a doorstop — a little cylinder of stainless steel, ringed with a rubber bumper, poking up from the floor like a modernist mushroom. Then we talk door-knobs. His are by Jasper Morrison, all brushed aluminum and shaped like light bulbs. Feels good in the

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