

# INTENTIONAL BEAUTY TIM CAMPBELL







## CONTENTS

**6** PREFACE: THOM BROWNE

**8** INTRODUCTION

**18** CHAPTER I: PROCESS

**30** CHAPTER II: PRESERVATION

**34** REX LOTERY HOUSE

**70** LUIS BARRAGÁN HOUSE

**94** RICHARD NEUTRA HOUSE

**116** CHAPTER III: INTERIORS

**120** GRAND STREET, NEW YORK

**142** HAMILTON WAY, LOS ANGELES

**166** PRINTING HOUSE, NEW YORK

**182** CHAPTER IV: REAL ESTATE DEVELOPMENT

**198** CHAPTER V: AFRICA

**212** INDEX

**215** ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

## CHAPTER II: PRESERVATION

Los Angeles is a city with a rich history of mid-century homes. Once upon a time, not so long ago, it was a frontier land for innovative thinkers across many creative professions. So it was quite natural that it became a visionary playground for architects and designers going back to the early part of the 20th century. The work that came out of this period by these innovators in many ways came to define the mid-century design vocabulary so widely spoken and recognized today. Although this vernacular was new to me when I moved to California in the early 1980s, I quickly fell in love with the simplicity of the visual language spoken by this specific dialect of architecture.

My love for these buildings stems from their honesty. It's present in how they project their use of structure to outline strong but graceful forms; it's present in their sophisticated mix of humble materials; it's present again, in their innovative use of off-the-shelf door, and window systems, and ultimately it's present in the freedom of thought and convention that these buildings suggest. They are at once confident and humble, strong but welcoming and, even today, after being around them and working on them for many years, they continue to inspire me. Those qualities of character are the very ones I strive for today in my own work.

To say that I was intimidated when I was first asked to restore one of these homes would be emphatically correct. The unconventional start of my career may have played a role in these feelings. Today, after many years of professional experience, coupled with a powerful mentorship, I feel prepared to meet whatever challenges the project brings, yet the intimidation factor remains. I'm not sure that's a bad thing; I think it serves as a reminder that I'm in the presence of history, of architectural vision, of greatness, words that come to mind when I think of homes designed by Richard Neutra, Luis Barragán, and Rex Lotery, homes on which I find myself working. At some point, intimidation became reverence, for if one word describes my approach to these homes, it would be reverence.

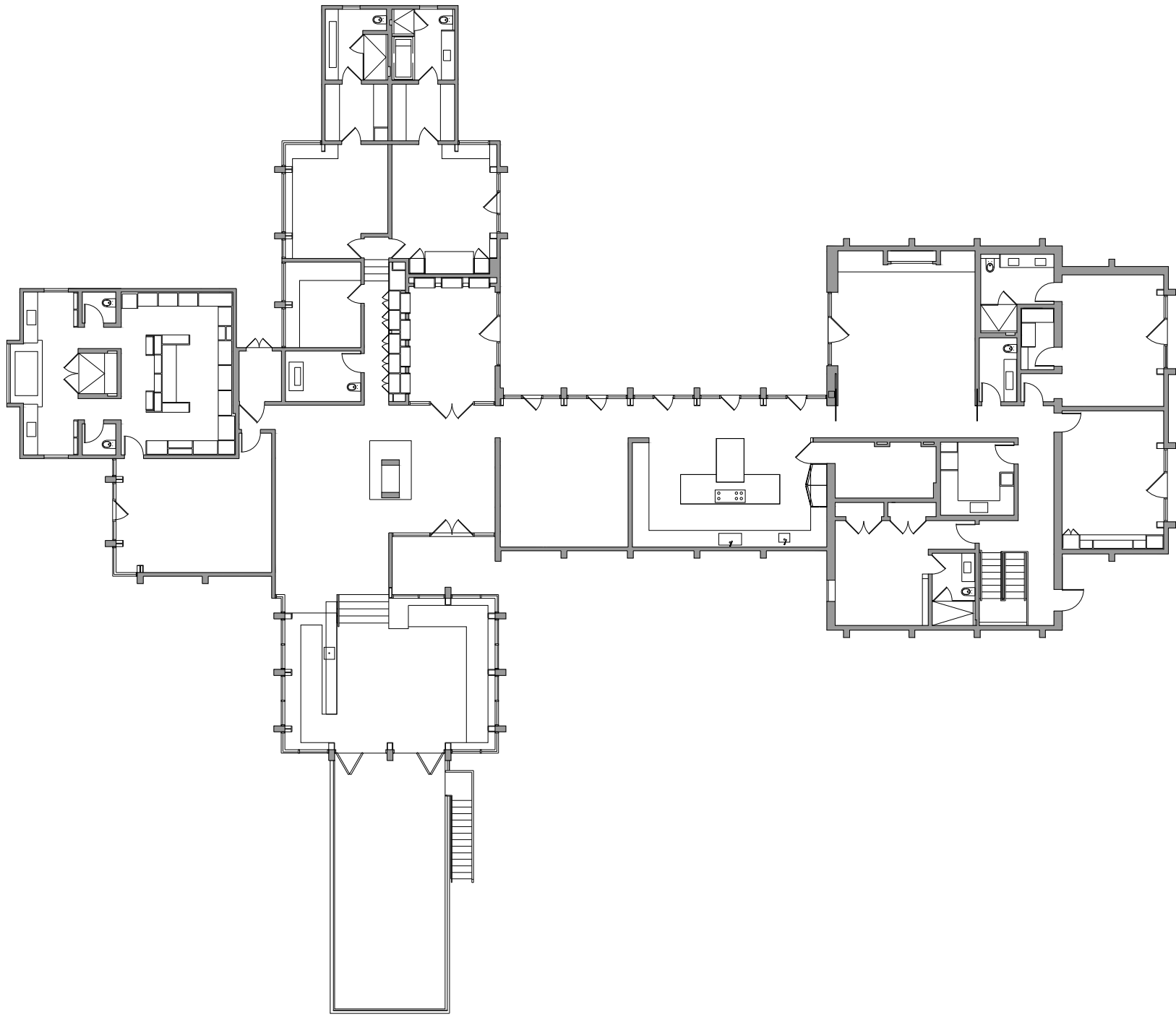
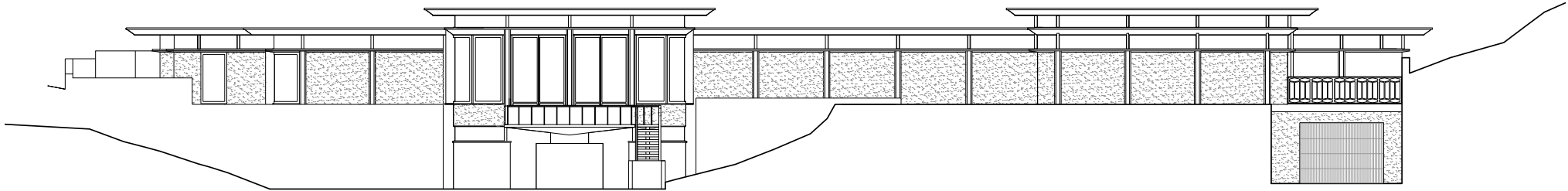
An opportunity to work with one of the most important historic architects in Los Angeles would lay the groundwork for my own forays into the field. His mentorship would come to shape my professional practice in deep ways. Martin Eli Weil was a well-known restoration architect who had built a career working on homes and buildings of historic significance. He was also a quirky man in his late 50s when I first met him nearly 20 years ago.

My definitive memory of Martin was our introduction, one hot summer afternoon. He lived and worked in a two-story, partially restored Greene and Greene house in the West Adams section of Los Angeles. On certain summer days, L.A. can seem eerily quiet. The midday stillness, as motionless as a sleeping cat, was almost cinematic in nature on that particular Tuesday afternoon.

I arrived promptly for my two-o'clock appointment, parked my Jeep across from the house, took the three concrete steps up to the coolly shaded porch and knocked on the rickety screen door. It was then that I noticed a lone workman, dressed in sterile-looking white painter's pants and a white T-shirt, sitting crossed-legged in the far corner of the porch. In the barely bearable heat, he was hand-sanding a singular wooden shake shingle with a small piece of sandpaper. The only sound between us was the rapid whoosh-whoosh-whoosh of the gritty paper across the shingle's dry surface. My knock disturbed the stillness. He paused his work. We nodded at each other quietly and he returned to sanding, while I stared at the cracked, dull concrete floor of the porch.

Several moments passed before Martin himself appeared on the other side of the screen door and greeted me with a low, drawn-out "hello."

Whenever I begin a restoration project, I like to study the drawings of the original house. Most often hidden in those pages is the fractal the original architect used when designing the structure. In this case, long, narrow lines seem to be the words Rex Lotery used to describe this house when he first designed it in 1964. I think of fractals as nature's mathematical equations for beauty.







The opening in the pavilion-style roof provided an offering for nature—literally a space for nature to move through the building. It's a moment where both objects, natural and manmade, remain independent yet intertwined, each retaining their respective identities while engaging with one another.



In some cases, the clerestory windows act to create a mirage—at once by allowing one to look through the house and simultaneously to reflect nature back to the viewer. In essence, the windows allow the house to further seep into the site like a creature napping in the warm Southern California sun.





In the living room, a pair of custom-made brass cubes, an homage to minimalist sculptor Donald Judd, stands almost invisibly in front of a classic Chesterfield sofa by Soane Britain that has been covered in a midnight-blue leather. Above is a work of an urban Los Angeles scene by German photographer Karin Apollonia Mueller.





On the side of the house that faces the view, an ample amount of glass, clerestory windows, was used to take full advantage of the sky of Los Angeles.



## CHAPTER: VI AFRICA

My first trip to Africa was a seemingly random event. It was at the invitation of a casual friend, for a birthday party in Cape Town, South Africa, that landed me on the continent more than ten years ago. He had planned a three-day side trip to the Sabi Sands Game Reserve, where we were to enjoy hours in the bush, sitting quietly with the Big Five and, in my own romantic mind, reenacting sublime scenes from Isak Dinesen's famous book, *Out of Africa*. Before the trip, I'd imagined that stepping off the plane, feeling the heat of an African summer, and jumping into the Land Rover for the drive through the bush and to the lodge, I'd be mesmerized by the thick, rolling landscape. I anticipated experiencing elephants, lions, and zebras in their natural environment, and I expected that it would take my breath away. What I did not anticipate, nor could I expect, was that it would settle my soul.

To this day, so many years later, I can't explain exactly what it was about that first experience of the bush that captivated me as it did. Perhaps it was the smell of the wet red clay earth mixed with the frozen stillness of the warm summer air, or the musk of the animals wafting across the horizon, or even just the sapphire-blue silence of the forever expanding sky. Whatever it was, it calmed my spirit in ways I'd formerly not known. It was in every way as if my soul had found its way home.

Because I'm not given naturally to hermetic experiences, it was all the more jolting to be so aware of how still my spirit felt in this no-longer-foreign land. I had made it my life's mission to escape the stifling solitude of my small-town upbringing and, over the years, I had developed an enormous comfort in the cacophony of my chaotic city life. What I didn't realize, though, was that the blanket of glamour I had used to protect myself from the memory of the cold silence of my youth was now keeping out that thing my being sought the most. Peace.

I was no longer a boy, yet still not a man, and so this moment of awakening was at once soothing and cataclysmic. Soothing because, as I know now, the most consistent of all my human longings has been a need to find peace. Cataclysmic, because the shield of my youth no longer fit the frame of the man I was becoming.

Fully present for this passage, it became clear that the singular quest of my boyhood had been grounded in narcissistic pleasures, carnal explorations, and a view to the horizon that stretched for days, only occasionally for weeks, but never for years or even a lifetime. That brief time in the bush awakened a sense of purpose, an awareness of the responsibilities of manhood. Today I know that it was the experience of peace that opened my eyes to the needs of those around me. In moments of startling clarity, I was able to see the privilege I was granted simply by being a white man living in the world. The phrase, "For those to whom much is given ... much will be required" was no longer just an adage for me; and out of this experience came a question: What now?

Our three days were drawing to a close and I was unable to leave. Fortunately, our lodge had space and so we stayed on for the remainder of the week. We'd grown close to our ranger and guide and we spent the balance of the trip immersed in the sanctity of encounters with prides of lions, listening intently to the call of the hyena, or watching the sun set over a watering hole where our favorite hippo, George, routinely ranted at us from the safety of the middle of his pond.

I've had few moments in Africa more moving than when I sat watching this bull elephant graze near our camp—our ages nearly identical, at the time. I sat in awe of his majesty and wisdom, knowing full well that while his time on the planet would in no way diminish my chances of survival, my actions in every way can hinder the likelihood of his. It reminds me ultimately that as humans, we are in every way stewards of this fragile blue globe we call home.







## INTENTIONAL BEAUTY **TIM CAMPBELL**

Intentional Beauty is the first major book to survey the twenty-five year career of bicoastal designer Tim Campbell, whose sophisticated and cutting-edge work features residential projects in both Los Angeles and New York as well as the renovation and restoration of several well-known homes in Los Angeles including Richard Neutra's Singleton House, the book also illustrates his work as a philanthropist in Africa. Campbell's notable restorations exemplify his ability to preserve and honor the architecture of a historic home while seamlessly updating it with modern additions to accommodate a more contemporary lifestyle. His boutique design firm, Studio Tim Campbell, has offices in both Los Angeles and New York and specialize in both high-end custom residential design renovations, new construction. and specialty commercial projects.

In 2006, Tim Campbell founded Studio Tim Campbell to provide design services for high-end residential and commercial projects, along with historical renovations. In addition to domestic projects, Campbell has worked on numerous international projects in locales as varied as Paris, Mexico City and Dubai. In both Los Angeles and New York City, Studio Tim Campbell's services include Architecture and Interior Design for residential, commercial and hospitality projects. In addition to his design work, Campbell is an avid art collector. He lives in Silver Lake, Los Angeles, with his partner, Steve Machado and his two dogs, Jack and Boss.

October 2017

Interior Design/Architecture

11" x 11.875"

208 Pages/Over 100 Illustrations

ISBN: 978-1-938461-41-5



