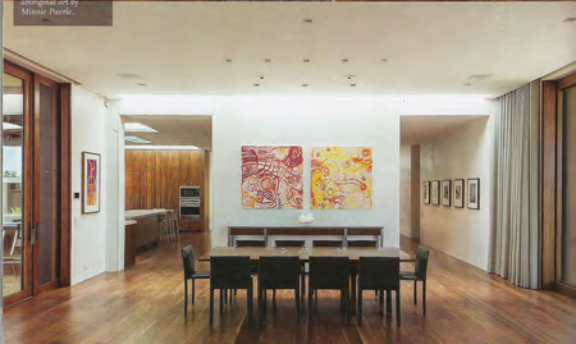




The pivot wall allows for curtains to stack behind while displaying Peter Burgo's oil painting alongside the Italian brass fireplace. Below: The view to the kitchen, with Australian aboriginal art by Minnie Puerle.



the rooms are modestly sized, each an act of exquisite restraint. On one end are two guest rooms, an office, and a wood-paneled audiovisual room with an entertainment system and the technology that powers the home. The other has another office and the master bedroom suite, where at night the glass walls make a fine canvas for the Big Dipper to traverse. The palette is taupe, and the materials were chosen as much for texture as tone.

The living room has a pivot wall with a painting by Peter Burega, whose abstract landscapes evoke movement stilled, something he achieves with layering and a sometimes violent stripping back. "The house has been like an odyssey," he says. "It's this ongoing thing, years in the making, and different people have come and gone." His husband, David Cofrances, for instance, is an architect who had input on initial plans, described by others as creative and contemporary.

"I asked [the owners] how they collect work and they said it tended to be people they had a relationship with. For them it's not just about acquiring artwork," comments Jesse Blanchard, who painted the oil piece that hangs over the master bed. A distorted bird's-eye view of the property based on compiled Google Earth images, it was lightheartedly titled after the couple's dog: *Osako's Yard*.

Perhaps this is why, in the gym next to the main house, a telling art piece runs floor to ceiling. Composed of license plates from the various home states and countries of those who worked on the home, the idea originated with lighting designer Michael Cornelius, who was hanging out with metalworker Diego Velázquez when he noticed a pile of license plates in the artist's yard. Velázquez torched the paint off the plates, treated them with a unique patina, then cut them to fit square plywood pieces of varying thickness, which Cornelius and

**"I wanted to call it *the boat* because that's kind of the metaphor I use for the house. I was thinking about displacement and how beautiful that is."
—Paula Castillo**



The central glass of the home's front gate creates a welcoming effect in the changing light.



The spa is an extension of the master bedroom suite, where the bed frame and bedside tables were custom designed, along with the teak bench by the hot tub.

There's a small greenhouse, and finally, closer to the main house and attached to the gym, a Batman-like garage with photovoltaic panels on the roof that supply most of the power for the main home.

Greg Reid, the architect who saw to the nuts and bolts of the project, explains that one challenge was the extent of the home's automation features. Another was the expansive clay-based soil that required special treatment to build the foundation; instead of pouring a standard concrete slab, they drove micropiles, or rods, 20 feet into the ground (hence all the crawl space in the basement).

While Márquez was there to take the plans to three dimensions, Prewitt represented the owners. Often she was the only woman on site. "I have a well-suited personality for this," she says. "I take the heat. I'm goofy." An effective manager, she

had a lot to do with ensuring the project's aesthetic consistency.

Prior to joining the project in 2012, Prewitt was the construction manager for Ten Thousand Waves during renovations there, so she took a particular interest in the spa designed outside the master bedroom. The spa includes a walk-in cold plunge, a hot tub with jets placed at heights specific to the owners, and an infrared sauna, all of which can be controlled remotely with a smart phone. Every part of the house, says Prewitt, was collaborative. "The owners fostered this environment by actively seeking opinions from those working on the project," she explains.

It helped that Márquez is someone people don't mind taking direction from. A self-made foreman, he grew up between Texas and Chihuahua, Mexico, where it was quickly noticed that he could fix any-

thing that broke. His ethic is: "If I can understand how to do something, I will do it." If he doesn't? "I haven't had that problem," he says.

On this job, Márquez was recognized for his ability to identify an aesthetic and see it through. Back in the entry hall, for example, a triptych by Chris Richter was hung on a wall adjacent to Castillo's piece. Originally intended to be a diptych, that did not seem to work. "So Ramón, the foreman, went and got a new piece of wood and we started cutting and putting up boards," says Richter. "It went from being two 20-by-60-inch pieces to these three 18-by-88-inch pieces."

Such an exercise was repeated in a thousand little scenes. The sheer force of talent put into creating the home is enough to leave one, as Homer says, "spellbound down the shadowed halls." >