

PACIFIC BLUFF · SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

A House at the *Edge of the* Water

A modern house on the coast, walked from the drive to the sea.

THE ONE IDEA

You arrive facing stone and reach a place facing horizon. Closed and warm at the drive, open and weightless at the edge. That transformation is the whole house.

THE HOUSE

A single low band of stone and glass, pressed into the *chaparral.*

The house is laid parallel to the cliff, one room deep on the view side, so that nothing stands between a room and the Pacific. Its long axis runs the length of the bluff. Every principal space faces west into open ocean and horizon.

It does not sit on the cliff as an object dropped there. It grows out of the grade: a low band of honed limestone and glass, its roof a single thin floating plane that reaches past the glass toward the water. The land side shows a solid warm wall to the road; the sea side gives its whole face to the light.

What follows is the walk itself, in the order a first visitor takes it. Up the decomposed-granite drive to a wall of stone. Across the house at the threshold. Into the great room as its glass wall pockets away and the ocean arrives. South along the gallery to the quiet of the primary suite. Out and down onto the terrace, west to the pool, at the hour the coast turns gold.

I

ARRIVAL

Quarried stone, one warm door, a floating lid. The ocean is withheld.



BEAT ONE · THE DRIVE UP

The house shows the world its *back.*

You come up through low silver-green scrub and the house reveals itself long and low against the sky. What you face is the creme-limestone wall, dry-stacked and honed, almost windowless, and above it the thin roof plane reaching left toward a brightness you can sense but cannot yet see.

Set into the mass, a single tall slot: the oiled-oak pivot door, floor to roofline. Stone, one warm door, a floating lid. The gasp is being saved.

CREME LIMESTONE · BOARD-FORMED SOFFIT · OILED-OAK PIVOT

WHY THIS HOUSE IS ONE IDEA

Five moves make the house a single coherent *argument,* repeated in every room.

i

THE FLOATING ROOF

One thin flat plane, warm board-formed soffit, oversailing the west glass by nine feet and reaching toward the water. The strongest line in every exterior view.

ii

BACK TO THE ROAD, FACE TO THE SEA

Solid warm limestone to the land side, all glass to the west. Closed and protective at the drive, fully open at the edge.

iii

THE DISAPPEARING WALL

The great room's west wall pockets into the stone, so no frame stands in the middle of the view. The room becomes terrace, becomes horizon.

iv

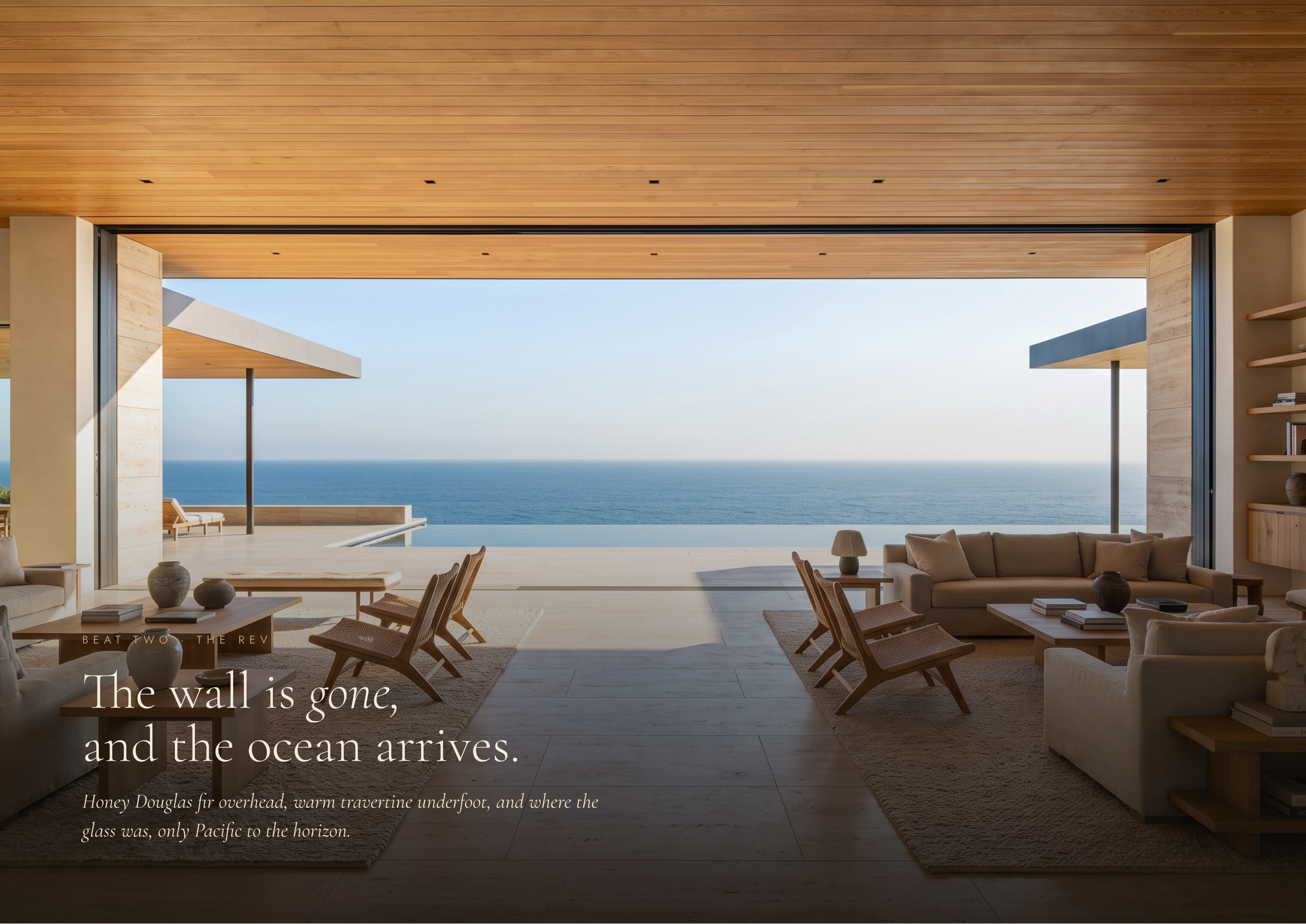
ONE STONE PLANE TO THE EDGE

A single travertine floor runs from the heart of the house out to the pool coping. No threshold, no material change. The eye is drawn west, unbroken.

v

THE INFINITY EDGE

The pool's west lip sits at the cliff edge, its water plane set to align with the sea beyond. Pool and Pacific read as one continuous sheet.



BEAT TWO · THE REVEAL

The wall is *gone*, and the ocean arrives.

Honey Douglas fir overhead, warm travertine underfoot, and where the glass was, only Pacific to the horizon.

THE THRESHOLD ROOM

A warm sheltered room opening onto *brilliant* water.

The great room is the widest, tallest volume in the bar, living and dining and kitchen held as one. Its west wall is a sliding pocket system: three tall low-iron panels that draw fully into the stone, so the opening reads as no-wall at all. The corner goes to nothing. The middle goes to nothing.

The deep roof oversail keeps the low sun off the glass, so the interior sits in warm shadow while the view runs bright. The floor does not stop at the opening. The same honed travertine crosses the threshold at a single level and continues out to the terrace, drawing the eye straight through to the sea.

This is the moment the drive withheld. Warm timber above, warm stone below, and the whole west face given to the light.

THE PALETTE

Six materials, repeated everywhere, so the eye reads *calm.*

FLOORS · INSIDE AND OUT

Honed Roman travertine

Warm cream, vein-cut and filled, large format. One continuous plane from the great room across the threshold to the pool coping. No material change tells you when you left the house.

CEILINGS · VIEW ROOMS

Dinesen Douglas fir

Wide reclaimed boards, oiled to a soft honey tone, run west to east so the grain points at the water. The warm timber ceiling against cool ocean light is the temperature of the interiors.

WALLS · BATH

Lime plaster & tadelakt

Hand-troweled, warm off-white, with the faint tonal movement of a troweled surface, so walls recede and the stone and timber carry the room. The bath is seamless tadelakt.

THE LAND WALL

Creme limestone

Split-face and honed in bands, dry-stacked at the entry so the front reads as a warm quarried mass. This is the stone you face on the drive.

JOINERY · DOORS · CABINETRY

Reclaimed oiled oak

Straight-grained, matte, no hardware that glints. Recessed finger pulls, oak on oak. The front door is a single oversized pivot in the same timber.

THE VIEW GLAZING

Low-iron glass, *dark-bronze steel*

Floor-to-ceiling, in the thinnest frames the span allows, so the wall reads as horizon and not as window. Low-iron, so there is no green cast on the sea.



BEAT THREE · THE QUIET

The private west room, turned *entirely* toward the horizon.

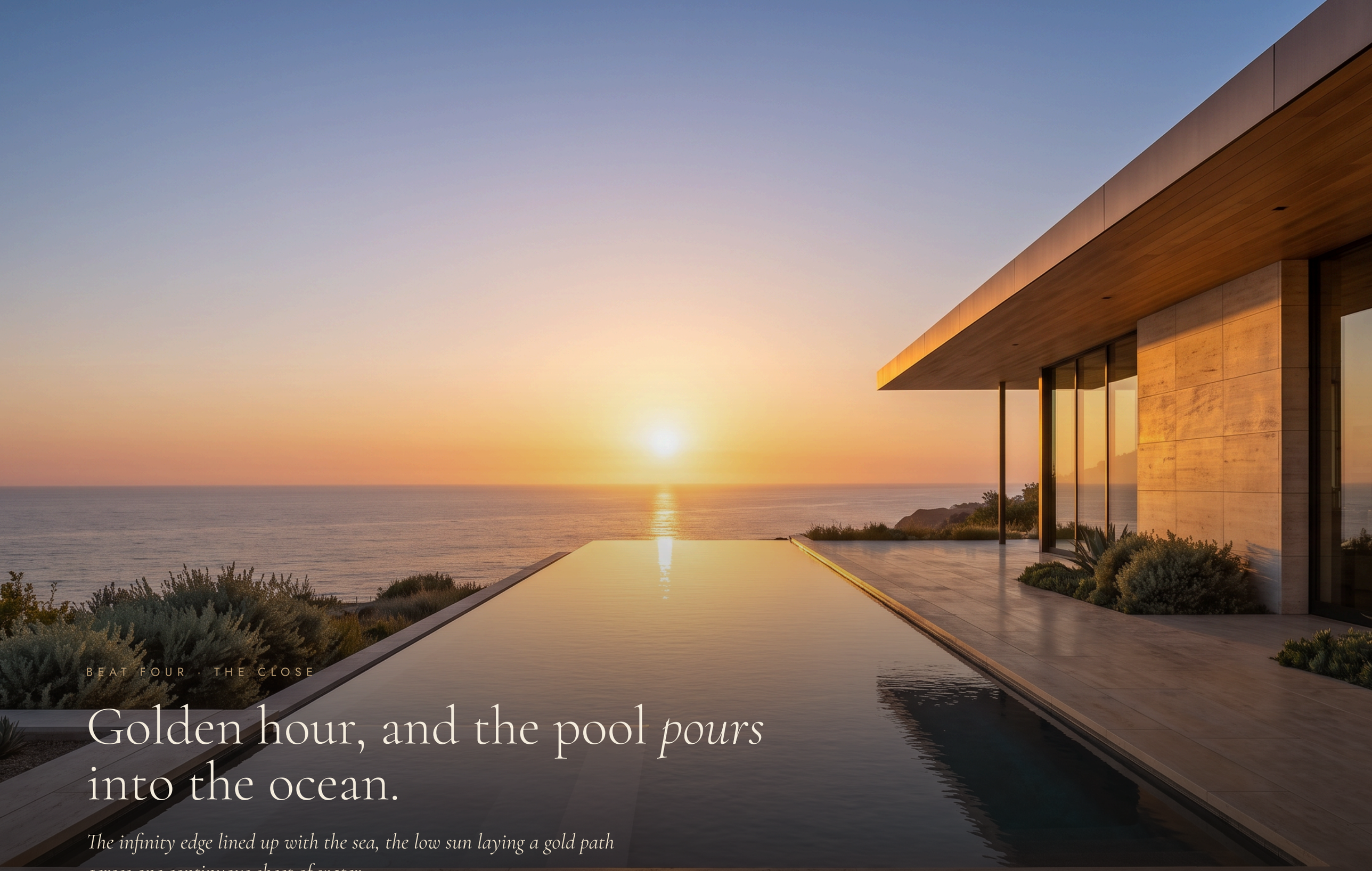
Walk the glazed gallery south, the limestone wall on your left washed with clerestory light, the ocean flickering on your right, and you arrive at the primary suite: the same architecture, calmer and more private.

Its own uninterrupted stretch of glass. No pool in view, only water and sky and the cliff edge. The bed faces the sea. Honey fir overhead, an oatmeal wool rug soft underfoot, oiled-oak dressing along the land wall, and a glimpse of the tadelakt bath through a plaster opening.

The room the buyer imagines waking in.

TOWARD THE EDGE

Step out and down a single broad step. The floor of the house keeps going: coping, terrace, pool edge, all the same warm stone, all the way to the lip of the cliff.



BEAT FOUR · THE CLOSE

Golden hour, and the pool *pours* into the ocean.

The infinity edge lined up with the sea, the low sun laying a gold path across one continuous sheet of water.

THE SIGNATURE MOVE

Where the water plane meets the sea plane, the *edge dissolves.*

THE WALK, IN ORDER

One unbroken move, arrival to edge, always heading toward the *light.*

i

THE DRIVE UP

Up the granite drive through chaparral to the long limestone wall and the oak door. The ocean withheld.

ii

THE REVEAL

Into the great room. The glass wall pockets away and the floor runs out to the Pacific.

iii

THE SUITE

South along the gallery to the private west room, the bed facing the water.

iv

THE POOL

Out onto the terrace, west to the infinity edge at the cliff lip, golden hour.