



15400 Madrone Hill Road, Saratoga, CA

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A soft breeze serenades as you enter the enchanted sanctuary of Madrone Hill. Honeybees buzz on secret missions, ferrying their golden haul. As you cruise up the long driveway, you get a spicy whiff of sagebrush and lavender.

Nestled in a locus between the Santa Cruz mountains and the Santa Clara Valley is the last opportunity in the region to create your own utopia. An irresistible combination of sweeping size, three prime building lots, and the rare chance to see glorious Silicon Valley spread out below. If you're thirsty to build an utterly unique estate, you've found the right spot.

Welcome home to that magical California light and year-round t-shirt weather. Aspiring vintners and sustainable food enthusiasts' hearts will leap because Madrone Hill's land is as fertile as it gets. A wander through the property will lead to endless surprising natural riches like rare Irish yews, stalwart redwoods, and ancient live oaks. Farm-to-table chefs can step

outside the kitchen to snip everything from fresh herbs to prize roses or gather walnuts and pomegranates for a Mediterranean feast. Who needs the farmer's market when you have your own farm?

But above and beyond the good fortune of its enviable soil and sun, Madrone Hill boasts of something even more iconic: thousands of feet of hand-laid stone.

Its provenance begins at the turn of the century with a friendship between two Italian immigrants: the visionary San Franciscan banker A. P. Giannini and successful San Franciscan dentist Dr. John Scannavino. Despite opposition from his conservative banker father-in-law who catered only to the wealthy, Giannini saw an opportunity to service the "little guys," through the growing immigrant population. With the help of investors, such as his friend Scannavino, he founded the Bank of Italy in a converted saloon.

Giannini's philosophy was risky and radical: he would loan money not based

on a person's wealth, but on their character. Loans were granted with only a handshake. And yet each one was repaid. After a remarkable escape from the great earthquake of 1906, the Bank of Italy became the Bank of America. The rest is history.

San Francisco was good to the two men. But it's likely that Scannavino wanted an escape from the Bay Area's ever-present fog, and with his friend Giannini nesting in sunny San Mateo county, Scannavino scooped up a sweet 30 acres a short drive away. He now had fulltime access to the unbeatable California climate. But his Italian roots still tugged, and he longed to create an estate that evoked the rich, historical beauty of his homeland.

To satisfy this itch, beginning in the 1920s, Scannavino arranged to acquire the necessary ingredient: truckloads of smooth native California stone. For months, his workers quarried countless tons of fieldstone and river rocks from Knight's Landing in Sacramento and volcanic rock formed in the early



Pleistocene Period from Sonoma County. Since there were no roads, the rock had to be transported by train, and then loaded onto trucks that chugged steadfastly up dirt hillside paths to create Scannavino's dream.

Over the next three years, four artisanal Italian stonemasons hand laid 50 square feet of rock each day to transform the property into a wonderland of arches, planters, terraces, and flowerbeds presided over by 8-foot-high solid metal sprinklers. Waterfalls and fountains were fed by a seasonal creek. There were bridges and balustrades. Winding walkways for meditative strolls. The stunning result, almost entirely intact, is a testament to human determination. You can still see the stonemasons' marks as etchings in the mortar between the stones, each man having proudly signed his family tradition into posterity.

In our culture of disposability, so few things endure. How do we soothe our ache for permanence? One way is to create legacy through land. Or the

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collection and preservation of great art. Here on Madrone Hill you can have both, where the ground itself has been shaped into a sculpture as eternal as the surrounding oaks. It is a showcase of natural architectural beauty, harmoniously blending into the landscape. It is the new Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

It's also a paradise for that rare bird who is both a recluse and a livewire. Madrone Hill offers the space and solitude you need when you want to escape; and when you need to plug back in, the stimulating current is right there within arm's reach: excellent schools, small-town warmth and charm, big-city energy and excitement,

and all the muscle and influence of Silicon Valley. You're just a quarter mile from Saratoga, three miles from Los Gatos, and 50 miles from San Francisco. Yet up on Madrone Hill, you might as well be in your own universe.

Another universe, but also literally next door to world-class culture all year long. Adjoining your western boundary is the outstanding Montalvo Art Center. Their current Carriage House Performance Art season will host live shows by musical greats like the Brubeck Brothers Quartet, Diane Schuur, and Keiko Matsui; the comedic geniuses of Second City and the SF Standup Comedy Competition, and 70s legends like Judy Collins, Janis Ian, Jim Croce,

and Graham Parker. The art center also offers outdoor cinema, groundbreaking theater, artist workshops, and a Mad Hatter's Tea. But if a long day puts you in the mood to stay home, just pour a chilled glass and relax in the hammock of your own moonlit backyard. On a quiet night, the music of Montalvo concerts floats right up the hill to you.

Speaking of stargazing, Madrone Hill's night sky view has an extra special magnificence. Under the urging of the Mount Hamilton Lick Observatory, all cities in the Santa Clara Valley are encouraged to use low pressure sodium lights to minimize light pollution. The result has been brighter skies over busy cities like San Jose, with even brighter skies in remote areas like Madrone Hill. Astronomers, bring your telescopes!

Certainly, the land is steeped in a certain atmosphere, but it is by no means a finished entity. Madrone Hill is still waiting for just the right steward with just the right vision. Someone to build a glass-floored retreat to view the rushing creek beneath, to carve infinity pools against the twinkling backdrop of Silicon Valley, to erect a modern castle surrounded by enchanted gardens. The land can easily become the setting for your 21st century fairy tale.

These days, the word "incomparable" is so easily tossed around. But facts always speak for themselves. Century-old artisanal stonework on a grand scale. 12.5 contiguous, buildable acres. An impossible view of Silicon Valley from your living room. Ask any longtime resident in the area. There's simply nothing like it anymore.



Madrone Hill is the land where fables find reality. Finally, after all these months of chaos and uncertainty, you can rest under a private heaven of stars. Worries melt. The noise ends. Nothing faster than the slow whisper of the wind. Yes, this must be the place. Home is where you want to be.

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