

BEGUR'S BANQUET

WINTER NEWSLETTER 2026

*I've gone out early to roam the streets of dawn.
Have looked at the orchards of the cold night
Which has finally given a glimpse of the new day.
I thought we could do something together:
Shall we invent a cloud of fire?
Alter the course of a river?
Lower mountains? Shall we stop the sea?
The mute flowers of another garden,
perhaps will turn into my words.*

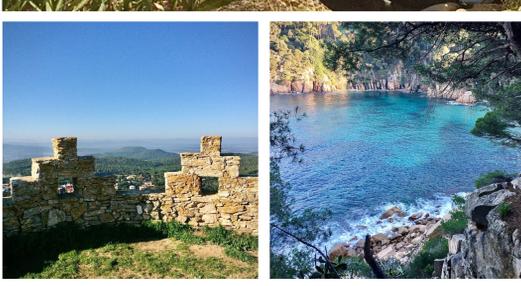
—Joan Vinyoli, Begur, Spain



Tucked into the pleated landscape of Spain's ravishing "rough coast", the little town of Begur awaits our arrival. The easy two hour drive from Barcelona traces the Costa Brava shoreline—a strand of crescent bays faceted by castle-topped cliffs, each one a must-stop vista point. One can actually walk this route, along on the GR 92 footpath that traverses the length of Spain's Mediterranean coast. But today we drive —honing our skill at navigating repeated roundabouts. Begur or Bust!



We arrive just as the sun pulls away, leaving the town awash in a dusky pink, as if seeing it through a bottle of rosé. Our room at the [Cluc Hotel](#) opens like a well loved paperback. Salon doors frame the neighboring rooftops and hilltops while a calico cat balances atop it all. As the evening dims, so do our prospects for an open restaurant, but we manage to find one place still aglow amid the stilled storefronts on this vacant winter night.



The Spanish sunrise isn't shy. It finds every gap in the curtains and invites itself in. A squinting reminder of the nine-hour time zone difference from home—and the reason God invented espresso! Once fortified, we head out to stroll the aforementioned foot path, past rugged cliffs and castle ruins. The hills rise in dramatic promontories then fall back into azure coves where the sea arrives softly in white brush strokes.



Our exploratory path leads us to an unforgettable lunch at a seaside table, made all the more sublime by a local gentleman strumming a Spanish guitar—the waves on the sand below keeping time like brushes on a snare drum. The trail that brought us here extends all the way to France, and so too, it seems, this lunch may stretch into dinner, course after scrumptious course. [Es Dofí Cafè](#) came highly recommended by our hotel's night manager, whom we soon notice is here as well, lingering in the delicious daylight.

You know you're on vacation when, as you push back your chair from lunch you discover it's dark outside. Just in time to plan tomorrow's lunch with Salvador Dali!



DALÍ DAY TRIP

Surrealist artist Salvador Dali hailed from three areas in this northeast corner of Spain known collectively as the Dalinian Triangle—a geographic mapping of Dali's creative source. As he put it: "In this privileged place, reality and the sublime almost touch. My mystical paradise begins in the plains of the Empordà, is surrounded by the hills of the Albera range, and reaches its fullness in the bay of Cadaqués. This land is my eternal inspiration."

Our day trip to Salvador Dali's House-Museum begins with a juggling act—croissants, coffee, and car keys—as we head north to sunny (and breezy) Cadaqués. We dutifully follow the directional signage, including one that sends us driving down what turns out to be a sidewalk staircase. (Note: backing a car up a flight of steps is best accomplished without witnesses—yet another advantage of visiting popular attractions in winter.) Unobserved, we correct our navigation error, park the car, and this time *walk* down the steps to Dali's front door.



The sea breeze whistles behind us as fantasy unfolds ahead. Dali's distinctive home decor is a collage of non sequiturs. Stuffed swans with wings waving, a Greek statue modeling a red velvet cape and fencing mask, a framed bedside mirror angled just so to observe the sea from his pillow. The fun continues outside, where Dali's own landscape design boasts a penis-shaped pool thrusting the length of the patio, ultimately penetrating a lush shaded cabana. Dali's signature egg-motif is fully realized here in sculpture nested about the grounds, including one that's cracked open, providing a solo seating option with a sweeping view of the bay. In Dali's work, the egg is a symbol of resurrection—also serving as an homage to the time spent in his mother's uterus, (which he claimed to have complete recall of). At his seaside casa, inspiration is born at every turn.

By the time we leave Cadaqués, the light has softened, the sea quieter now. We see why Dali believed reality and the sublime could nearly touch here—how time might stretch or collapse, how memory could feel tactile, how an egg could hold both birth and resurrection. The Spanish sun will rise again tomorrow without asking permission, finding its way through curtains, insisting on being seen. And perhaps that is the true legacy of this place: not just how it shaped an artist, but how it reminds us to look harder at the world before the light moves on.

SALVADOR DALÍ HOUSE-MUSEUM

TRAVEL CALENDAR

Thinking about some dreamy places, in the perfect season to visit them...



Spring 2026
SINTRA, PORTUGAL
In the spring this land of fairytale castles unfolds with cool breezes and warm smiles.



Summer 2026
CAVITAT, CROATIA
Sunny seaside promenades double as diving boards while your Aperol spritz stands ready to serve.



Fall 2026
KYOTO, JAPAN
Impossible colors blend with thoughtful contemplation, rendering renewed balance and inspiration.



Winter 2026
KAHUI, HAWAII
Snow is overrated. Instead melt into the warm sand and watch the trade winds teach hula to the palms.

* All photos shot on iPhone by Haines Wilkerson
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