

When I received an invitation to Cabo, I wanted to do anything, anything at all besides get on another plane and fly across the country and then turn left to head south of the United States. I love Mexico and I love travel, so why was I not my normal buddy self, ready to pack bags and head to the airport? I had to admit it right here and right now: I had heard so much about Cabo and the "party scene" that I subconsciously ruled it out as anything swanky or remotely close to the sorts of vacations I enjoy, but I instinctively accepted. Therein lies the rub. Travel is in my blood. If I ever say no to taking a trip, embarking on an adventure, or getting off the beaten path, I'd check my pulse. After accepting, while on a beach in yet another country, I read the line print a few days later, as I do.



Cabo? My eyes silently rolled but at this point I was not going to disappoint my host nor my readers, so I put the trip out of my mind as a fait accompli, as I do. Fast forward to the night prior to my departure and I begin to focus on the details. Hotel El Ganzo was my intended destination. I dislike looking up places before I arrive. I feel it taints my perspective, raises or lowers my expectations, and frankly is counter to exactly what I do for a living but hey... it is, as I do. I like to see for myself and form my own opinions. I go. How am I disappointed. I think people know me and my tastes by now so I generally feel confident that I'll have a good time, but Cabo?

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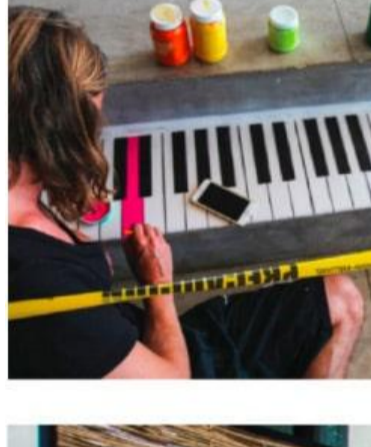
Yes, Cabo, honey! Wheels up and I was on my way. The hotel arranged, as it does, for my private car service to be waiting for me as I exited the arrival area of the airport to what amounts to a cacophony of folks asking if you need a limo or a taxi, head down towards the car service area and you're ready to go. As I exit the airport, I see a sign for 'HOTEL EL GANZO' and I know I'm here. The night lights, cars running around in neat, orderly lines, pouring out of bars, filled with people. Eyes ready to roll, I couldn't focus on his waiting to chat. I needed to see Cabo, as described. He must have thought I was a bit strange as I peered through the window at

the cactus and newly-green scrub cascading down the otherwise dusty hillides and desert dunes. I was thinking, "Here it comes. Any second now. This is going to be a desert to a string of hotels plus one outcrop of the other." As we drove, polite, apologetic conversation lulled me out of my head and back into the black SUV. He eventually asked me what I was thinking, as I must have come across as a very strange traveler. I divulged my inner dialogue to him and he seemed relieved. With a smile on his face he said, "You're not going that way." That way? How many ways are there? At a fork in the road, a few moments later we made a left. The sandy hills and desert scenes gave way to what appeared to be a small town with low-rise buildings. Turns out the Cabo I'd heard of was to the right, at the fork in the road.

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There was art in the most unique places. These works of whimsy were not in competition with the natural beauty that surrounds the hotel. The contrast between the marina below and the beach club set on the bay across the water seemed a perfect pairing. The hotel was built as an artist's sanctuary and inspiration to create or discover the blank spaces inside and out. Instead of being a setting that muddied thoughts in one direction or another, here the mind was free to wander and create. I was inspired to create one of the best vacations I had ever been on. After decompressing and feeling my mind with a few deep breaths on my balcony, I knew I had to make the next decision. Was I to hit the rooftop infinity-edge pool with the glass Jacuzzi set in the middle of it or was I to hop on the boat that takes me across to the beach club for a swim in the bay or hop on a bike and roll around the marina, through the art installations along the way and then swim in the bay? I keep having to repeat the word swim because apparently, swimming in Cabo is not a thing, but of course in keeping with its unique positioning, El Ganzo has a swimmable bay. Of course, it does!



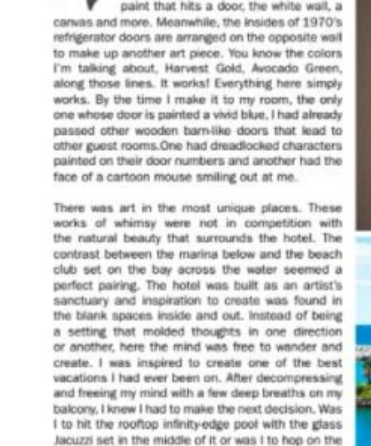
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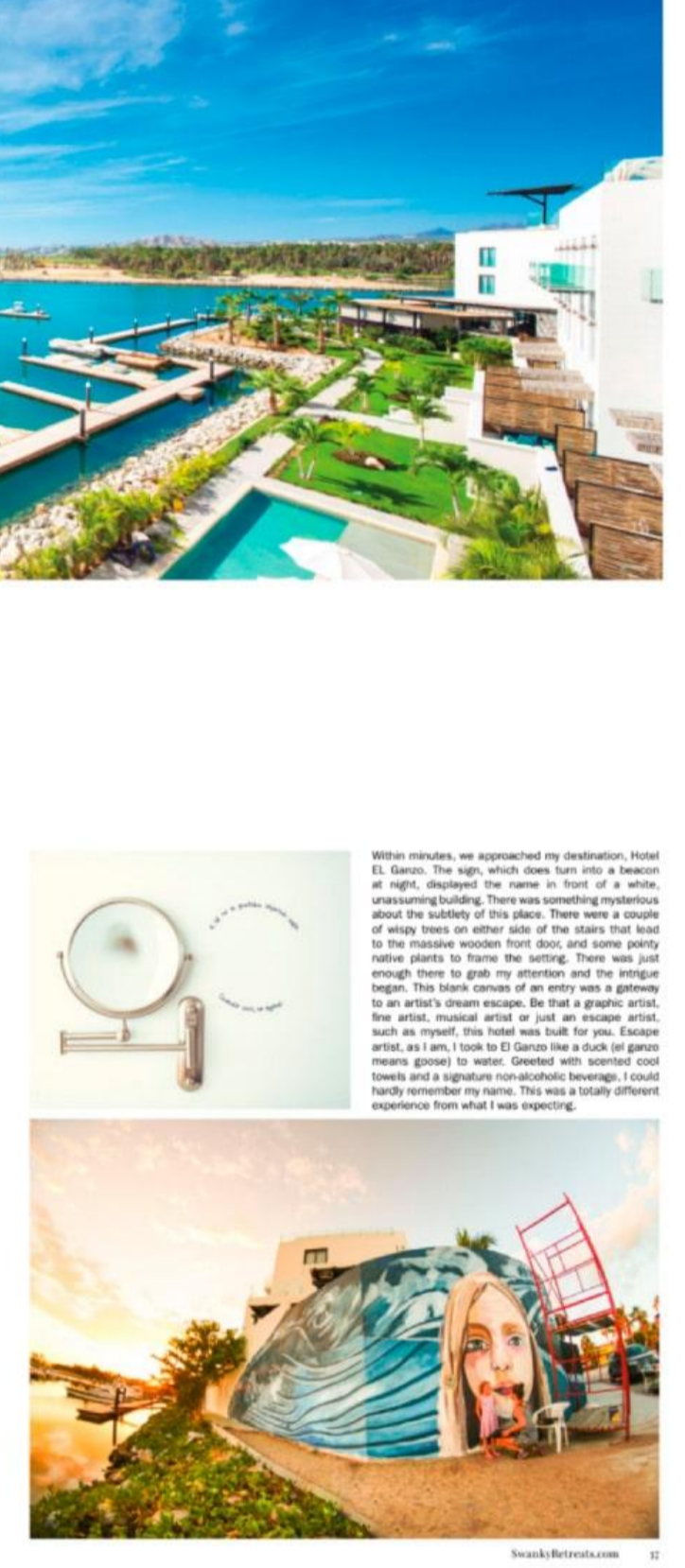
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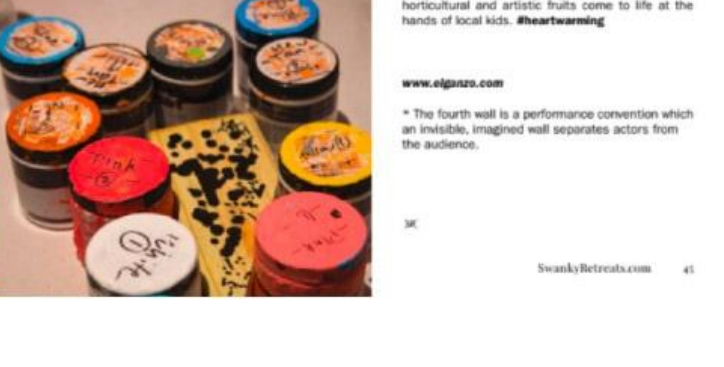
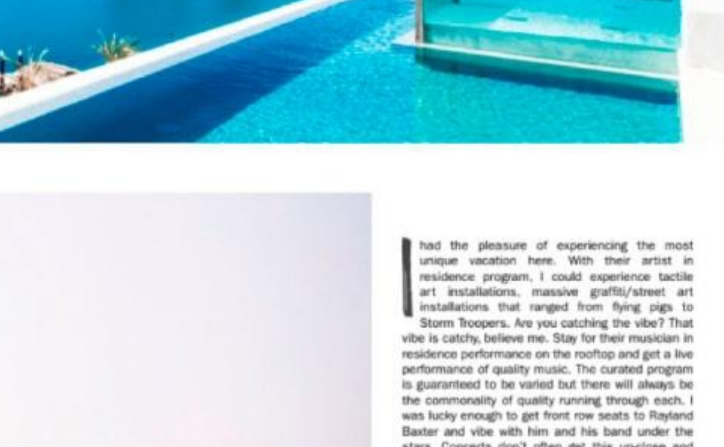
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Hotel El Ganzo. The sign, which does turn into a beacon at night, displayed the name in front of a white, unassuming building. There was something mysterious about the subtlety of this place. There were a couple of wispy trees on either side of the driveway that led to the massive wooden front door, and some pretty native plants to frame the setting. There was just enough there to grab my attention. The painting began. This blank canvas of an entry was a gateway to an artist's dream escape. Do that a graphic artist, free to roam and create, is just an escape, such as myself, this hotel was built for you. Escape artist, as I go, I can't help but to feel (I guess means goose) to water. Drenched with scented cool towels and a signature non-alcoholic beverage, I could hardly say... The experience in what I was expecting.



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"THE STAGE IS SET AND EL GANZO IS READY FOR THE NEXT GREAT VACATION PERFORMANCE"



w had the pleasure of experiencing the most unique vacation here. With their artist in residence program, I could experience tactile art installations that ranged from flying pigs to Storm Troopers. Any you catching the vibe? That vibe is Cabo, believe me. Stay for their music-to-residence performance on the rooftop and get a live performance of quality music. The curated program is guaranteed to be varied but there will always be the commonality of quality running through each. I was lucky enough to get front row seats to Rigdon's Baster and wife with him and his band under the stars. Concerts don't often get this up-close and intimate. The experience is what I like to call, pure El Ganzo.

As with every other activity here, yoga class is hosted on the peninsula separating the bay from the marina and you arrive by boat...cool. The locally handcrafted artisanal amenities in each room are on the camp of delicious. Don't eat them but your skin will gladden up the lotion, trust me. Include some time in the spa, take in the gardens, please hop on a bike and make your way around the marina. You'll be in for a few treats along the way. This trip was something else and thanks to El Ganzo, I am now in love with Cabo. The food is brilliant, and they are not afraid to share their tips, so take one of the offered cooking classes. Service here has the pleasure of indulging in, as I do. Treat yourself to this hotel time and time again. It will become your new favorite. I'll leave you with a little tease. Ask for a tour of the recording studio and try out to fall into it by mistake. (When you go, remember to tell me what you think. A part of a small town means giving back. Although there are plenty of opportunities for rest, rejuvenation and pampering, you'll see El Ganzo's heart everywhere. Pop over to the school they created and see the horticultural and artistic bits come to life at the hands of local kids. #sharewarming

www.iganzo.com

*The fourth wall is a performance convention which is invisible, imagined wall separates actors from the audience.

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