

LANZAROTE ON FILM

Colours of Lanzarote captured with my Olympus Mju III / Kodak Gold 200



01 — The Island

An introduction to Lanzarote — its volcanos, vineyards and way of life.

02 — César Manrique

Art, architecture and a vision that shaped an entire island.

03 — The Northeast

Hidden bays and untouched coastline.

04 — Famara

The wild bay where the Atlantic meets the rock.

05 — The South

Where the sun stays longest.



Black lava fields stretching for kilometres. Vines growing from volcanic soil, as if rewriting the rules of nature. White villages lying low in the landscape, as if trying not to be noticed. And somewhere in between: the ocean, the light, the silence.

More than a hundred volcanoes on one small island and yet no place of extremes, but of contrasts. Raw lava beside green bays. César Manrique's architecture, shaped by the land rather than imposed upon it. Villages that breathe. An island that takes its time and lets you take yours.

The people are warm, the food is good and the pace of life feels like something quietly disappearing elsewhere. Strict building rules keep the island low and human. No towers, no clutter, just white walls and open sky. And then there are the museums, carved into the volcanic rock itself, where art and landscape become one.

Welcome to Lanzarote.

Laura Valentina Jaeger
Photographer & Editor

Famara, February 5, 2026 - Golden hour at the edge of the Atlantic.



Caldera Blanca, February 2, 2026 - Hiking through the lava rock fields.



Montaña Maneje, Tahiche, February 4, 2026 - A cactus tree against volcanic sky.



LZ-67, Timanfaya National Park, February 8, 2026 - Kilometres of lava rocks, one straight road.

THE ISLAND

Lanzarote is the easternmost of the Canary Islands, sitting just 140 kilometres off the coast of Africa. Small enough to drive across in under two hours and yet it contains landscapes that feel like they belong to entirely different worlds. The island was shaped by volcanic eruptions that lasted nearly six years, from 1730 to 1736. What they left behind covers almost a quarter of the island: a vast, silent sea of black lava rocks where the road runs straight through like a line drawn by hand. Over a hundred volcanic cones still mark the skyline and in the Timanfaya National Park, the heat just below the surface is enough to boil water. And yet life found a way. In the La Geria wine region, farmers

dug thousands of individual holes into the volcanic ash, planting vines at the bottom and surrounding each one with a low stone wall to catch the night moisture, one of the most unusual agricultural landscapes in the world. Building regulations, influenced heavily by César Manrique, have kept Lanzarote remarkably intact. No buildings higher than two storeys. No billboard advertising. No high-rise hotels. The island has grown, but carefully and it shows. What strikes most visitors is not any single landscape, but the contrast between all of them. Raw and gentle. Ancient and alive. An island that has been through fire and come out the other side, quietly extraordinary.



Lagomar Museum, Nazaret, February 6, 2026 - Light finds its way in — somehow, always.

CÉSAR MANRIQUE

One man's vision that changed an island forever.

Born in Arrecife in 1919, César Manrique was not just an artist, he was a force. Painter, sculptor, architect, and activist, he spent much of his life dedicated to one goal: protecting Lanzarote from the overdevelopment that had consumed so much of the Mediterranean coast. After years in Madrid and New York, where he moved in the circles of Picasso and Warhol, he returned to his island in 1966 with a clear vision and the determination to see it through. Manrique believed that architecture should never fight nature. It should become part of it. White walls, volcanic rock, clean lines, no billboard advertising. He argued passionately against tourism that erased identity and for a way of building that listened to the landscape instead of overwriting it. His influence on Lanzarote's strict building regulations is still felt today: no high-rises, no neon signs, no urban sprawl. An island that looks, against all odds, largely as it always has. Perhaps nowhere is his philosophy more visible than at the Fundación César Manrique in Tahíche. His former home, built directly into the lava rock fields. Five volcanic bubbles, formed by trapped air during an ancient eruption, were transformed into extraordinary living spaces: caves with pools, tropical plants, sculptures, and light falling in ways that feel almost unreal. Walking through it, you understand immediately how Manrique thought, not as someone imposing a design onto a place, but as someone listening carefully to what the place already was. The foundation now preserves his work and continues his legacy, sitting quietly among the black lava rocks as if it had always been there. A different, equally striking side of his world can be found at the Lagomar Museum in Nazaret. Carved into the cliffs, it is a labyrinth of white tunnels, open terraces, and pools built deep into the rock, originally conceived as the holiday home of actor Omar Sharif. The space moves between intimate and dramatic, between cave and sky, in a way that is unmistakably Manrique. Today it houses art and design objects, and draws visitors who often leave more quietly than they arrived. Manrique died in a car accident near his home in 1992, just months after moving to a new studio. But his presence on Lanzarote is everywhere, in the buildings that stayed low, in the roads without billboards, in the vineyards left undisturbed, in an island that chose character over convenience. He did not just make art. He made a place worth protecting.



Fundación César Manrique, Tahíche, February 4, 2026 - Where volcanic cave becomes living space.

LIVING INSIDE THE VOLCANO

Built into five natural lava bubbles beneath his home in Tahíche, Manrique transformed what the earth left behind into something intimate and extraordinary. White walls, tropical plants and warm light. All framed by raw volcanic rock overhead. A space that feels less designed than discovered.

The pool terrace at Fundación César Manrique sits at the heart of the lava caves, open to the sky, surrounded by volcanic rock and furnished with Manrique's own sculptural furniture. Organic shapes in terracotta, a hanging chair, palm trees pushing through the stone. It is a space that feels simultaneously ancient and designed, wild and effortlessly calm.



Fundación César Manrique, Tahíche, February 4, 2026



Lagomar Museum, Nazaret, February 6, 2026 - White terraces carved into the red.

Lagomar - Built into the Rock

Lagomar feels less like a museum and more like a discovery. Built into the red volcanic cliffs of Nazaret, its white terraces, winding pathways and lush gardens tumble down the rockface in a way that feels almost accidental and yet entirely intentional. Every corner reveals something unexpected: a hidden pool, a sculpted wall, a view that opens up without warning. Manrique's hand is everywhere, turning the landscape itself into the architecture.

THE NORTHEAST

Lanzarote's northeast is where the drama of the volcano gives way to something quieter. Green hillsides, fishing villages and small bays tucked into the rocky coastline, waiting to be discovered.

The northeast of Lanzarote feels like a different island entirely. The further north you go, the greener it gets. The valley of Haría, often called the valley of a thousand palms, softens the volcanic landscape into something almost lush. The air is cooler, the roads quieter and the coastline begins to break into small hidden bays and coves that feel entirely untouched. Punta Mujeres sits in this corner of the island, far more relaxed than many other destinations on Lanzarote. Tourism development has been slower here and the village still feels genuinely authentic: fishing boats in the harbour, white houses that seem to grow out of the volcanic rock and a pace of life that nobody seems in a hurry to change. Along the coastline, the rocky landscape has formed four natural seawater pools, protected from the open waves. At low tide they become rock pools teeming with wildlife and at high tide, calm and clear enough to swim in. Just further north, small coves like Los Caletones, only reachable on foot, offer white sand and volcanic rock in complete solitude. The village takes its name from the women who once waited on the point to watch for their husbands returning from fishing. That quiet, watchful quality is still there, in the stillness of the water, in the unhurried streets, in a corner of Lanzarote that has stayed, against all odds, exactly as it is.



Days spent slowly at Punta Mujeres — reading, swimming, watching the light change on the water.



Punta Mujeres, February 5, 2026 - An afternoon at the natural pools, just a book and the Atlantic.

SLOW DAYS IN THE NORTH

Punta Mujeres — where the natural pools are the heart of village life.

A place to arrive, exhale, and forget what day it is. No agenda, no itinerary, just warm rock, clear water, and the kind of stillness that feels increasingly rare. Punta Mujeres doesn't offer much by the standards of a tourist brochure and that is precisely the point. Come here to do nothing, slowly and leave feeling like you've had everything.



Punta Mujeres, February 5, 2026 - White walls, one palm tree and the sea just beyond.

At Punta Mujeres, the natural pools are not an attraction, they are simply part of daily life. Carved by volcanic rock and filled by the Atlantic, they sit along the coastline like a series of open-air rooms, where locals and visitors share the same slow afternoon. A book, warm rock,

the sound of water. No schedule, no hurry. Behind the pools, the village stays quiet. White houses face the sea, a palm tree catches the wind, and the streets between them are narrow and unhurried. Punta Mujeres has not tried to become something it isn't and that, more than anything, is

what makes it worth staying for. Leave the coast and drive inland, the island opens up in a different way. The roads of northern Lanzarote are straight and unhurried, cutting through open landscape with a volcano on the horizon and almost nothing in between. Small villages appear and disappear. A white church, a palm tree, a Teleclub sign pointing nowhere in particular. The further you go, the quieter it gets. The north moves differently to the rest of the island. There are no resorts here, no beach bars, no tour buses. Just farmers, fishermen and a handful of travellers who took a wrong turn and decided to stay. The landscape feels large and unhurried and the light in the afternoon turns everything gold. This is not the Lanzarote of the travel brochures. It is something better, unplanned, ordinary and completely its own. The village of Haría sits in a valley of palm trees in the heart of the north, one of the greenest and most peaceful corners

of the island. Hundreds of palms fill the valley floor and the village itself moves at a pace that feels almost forgotten. A weekly market, a quiet square, white houses with green shutters. Haría was César Manrique's final home and it is easy to understand why he chose it. What keeps villages like Haría looking the way they do is no accident. Lanzarote has some of the strictest building regulations in Spain, a legacy of Manrique's tireless advocacy. Buildings are limited to two storeys. Exterior walls must be white. Doors and window frames are painted in earthy greens and browns. No billboards, no neon, no high-rises. The rules apply island-wide and the result is an island that has managed to grow without losing itself, where every village, however small, still feels like it belongs exactly where it is.



On the road, northern Lanzarote, February 2026



Somewhere inland, February 2026.



A village in the shadow of the volcano, February 2026

FAMARA

Wild, wide and completely unhurried — Lanzarote's most beautiful bay.

Famara sits on the northwest coast of Lanzarote, sheltered beneath the dramatic cliffs of the Risco de Famara, a wall of rock that drops straight down to the beach and gives the bay its distinctive, almost cinematic quality. The road down to the village winds through open green fields where paragliders drift silently overhead, riding the thermals off the cliff edge before landing on the wide stretch of sand below. It is an arrival that prepares you for something special. The beach itself is one of the longest and wildest on the island. No sunbeds, no beach bars playing loud music, just dark volcanic sand, big Atlantic waves, and a horizon that stretches further than feels possible. The water here is not calm, the Atlantic arrives at Famara with full force, rolling in long, clean waves that have drawn surfers to this corner of the island for decades. At any time of day you will find them in the water, reading the waves, waiting for the right moment. The light here in the late afternoon is extraordinary. As the sun drops towards the cliffs,

it turns the rock face gold and the water a deep, shifting blue-green. Shadows stretch long across the sand, and the whole bay takes on a warmth that feels almost unreal. It is the kind of light that makes you stop walking and just look the kind that reminds you why you came. The village behind the beach is small and unpretentious, a handful of streets lined with low white houses, a few surf shops selling wax and wetsuits, and some of the best casual restaurants on the island. In the evenings, the terraces fill up slowly, and the conversation stays easy. Famara has quietly become a favourite among surfers, photographers, and those looking to escape the busier resorts of the south, but it has done so without losing its character. There are no luxury hotels here, no souvenir shops, no organised tours. Just a village that has stayed honest about what it is. Come for the waves, stay for the light, and leave already planning your return.

Famara Beach, February 7, 2026 - A surfer, a board and the wildest bay on the island.



THE SURF SPOT

The kind of place surfers find once and never fully leave. The waves are good, the light is better and somehow the days here always feel longer than they should.

The cliffs above, the Atlantic below and a bus stop in between that somehow became the most photographed spot on the island.



Famara, February 6, 2026 - Van life at the edge of the AtlanticVan life at the edge of the Atlantic.

Not everyone who comes to Famara stays in a hotel. Along the dunes behind the beach, campervans and motorhomes park up for days, sometimes weeks. Their owners living by the rhythm of the tides, checking the waves each morning and staying as long as the swell holds. It is a community of its own, quiet and self-sufficient and entirely in keeping with the spirit of the place.

Caleta de Famara

The bay is protected by the cliffs but open to the full force of the northwest Atlantic swell, which makes it one of the best surf spots in the Canary Islands. On bigger days the waves close out across the whole bay; on smaller days they peel perfectly along the sandbanks. Either way, there is almost always someone in the water. What makes Caleta de Famara special is not just the waves, it is the whole setting. The cliffs behind, the wide open beach in front, and the village quietly going about its day in between. In the evenings, when the surf crowd comes in from the water and the restaurants start filling up, there is a warmth to the place that is hard to describe and even harder to leave. Order fresh fish, watch the light fade over the water and let the evening take as long as it wants.



Caleta de Famara, February 6, 2026 - The most famous bus stop on the island.

THE SOUTH

Where the sun stays longest and the landscape turns golden.
The south of Lanzarote moves at its own quiet rhythm, far
from the noise of the world.

The south of Lanzarote feels like the island's best kept secret. Away from the resort strip of Playa Blanca, the landscape opens into something raw and largely untouched. The oldest geological region of the Canary Islands, formed more than 14 million years ago. There are no villages here, no hotels, no signs of much human activity at all. Just volcanic cliffs, dry scrubland, winding dirt tracks, and the sea appearing around every corner in a different shade of blue. The entire area falls within the Monumento Natural de Los Ajaches, a protected zone that has kept large-scale development firmly out. To reach the beaches you pay a small entry fee at the gate and follow a rough dirt road through the semi-desert terrain. Cacti on both sides, the Atlantic glittering below. Getting there requires some effort and that is entirely the point. The area is dotted with a series of virgin beaches. Playa Mujeres, Caleta del Congrio, Playa de la Cera, Playa del Pozo, each one different, each one sheltered between volcanic headlands and then, at the end of the

track, Playa Papagayo itself. A small cove nestled within a shell-shaped inlet, protected by cliffs that shield it from the wind, calm water, minimal waves and an intense emerald tone that feels almost too vivid to be real. One of the best things to do here is walk along the cliffs at the top, where you get magical views along the coast to all the different beaches below. The paths are rough and the wind can be strong up high, but the reward, a coastline of stacked coves, golden sand, and turquoise water stretching as far as you can see, is worth every step. The south is not the easiest part of Lanzarote to reach and it gives nothing away easily. But for those willing to walk over rock and scrubland to find it, it offers something increasingly rare, a stretch of coastline that looks exactly as it always has.



Playa Papagayo, southern Lanzarote, February 7, 2026.



Lanzarote, February 2026.
All photographs taken on Olympus Mju III / Kodak Gold 200.
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