



The man who wanted to be water

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A tale divided in scenes, all of them played by the same actor unfolded into two characters: the narrator and the character Water.

Scene 00

The spectator can see a pair of glasses coming down from nowhere in front of the closet. Time.

Scene 01

The narrator leaves behind the closet, picks up the glasses, smiling:

My grandfather never remembered where he puts his glasses. He walked closely from one room to another room of the house searching for them. He swore to himself and his glasses. He always said he would rather lose his eyes to his glasses, at least he wouldn't have to search them all the time. After a few laps around the house, he ended up sitting in the couch, already tired and without glasses. I sat with him. Always carefully, I tried to help him remember what would be the last time he had his glasses on, to which he answered it was an odyssey even greater than looking for them.

He was a cheerful person, he had a warm and quiet voice which made me to listen willingly. And as always, after the demand for the glasses, we switched to other stories. In the end we forgot why we were both on the couch!....

There was always a glass of water in a small table near the place he usually sat. But I had never seen him drinking. One day, in the middle of the endless stories he told me about things and persons, I couldn't resist asking him if the glass of water he always kept beside him was to drink. He smiled and with his quiet voice replied: "It's been a long time I hope that you make that question". I was paralysed and static. In my head, began a true demand for my grandfather's statement. I should have asked before? Why? Why was my grandfather expecting my question? And if I had never asked the question? Was my grandfather testing me? But why?.. I was nervous, and before I could say something, it seemed to me to be an eternity. My grandfather was smiling. He looked at me and made me feel very small and transparent, it seemed like he could read my mind. And I must confess I really thought he could read it. Before I could say something, he told me: "You do not need to be so...it's natural to ask. This glass has always been here...". I suddenly felt my body relaxing. How can some simple words calm down a disturbed spirit? I only had time to smile. As far as I am concerned, he always was a mysterious man, with a great power over others, or else it would be the great respect I had for him which made him mysterious. He got up in

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silence, left the room and when he came back he wore his glasses. He sat down without saying anything and asked me: "Do you still want to know why I have this glass of water?" I decided not to make any comment about his glasses, and replied: "Yes.". I still remember that moment as if it were today. "Because I can get thirsty", he continued and waited for my reaction. But I stood so unexpectedly shaken that I couldn't say a word. He promptly smiled and began to tell one of the stories that most marked me for life. He told me that he needed a little time to breathe and begin. He let me more and more intrigued and surprised with all that mystery around a glass. He looked at me, looked at the glass, sighed and turning back again to me, began to say that the glass belonged to a man who gave him once a ride. "I was along an almost deserted narrow mountain road, with only a small backpack. I stopped, he got in the car asking permission. He was a distinguished person, calm, smiling. I couldn't tell exactly where he was from or make a deeper analysis of who he could be. I like to give rides, to help people, but there was always a fear of the unknown, a certain care, a precaution. But my fears quickly disappeared – he conveyed such a freshness and peace that I **baixei os muros immediatly** . I had to ask him what he was doing in these parts, to which he replied that he had gone to visit his brother. Nice place to live, I said. He didn't answer right away, but with a gentle voice he said he went to visit the place where his brother had disappeared – in the waters of a creek that goes down the slope of the mountain. I apologized for my indiscretion. He did not care because, for him, his brother didn't disappear, he had been "diluted" in water and he continued to run...to live! In the water that he would get regularly to take home. He puts this water in a glass, beside which he sits every night and remains in silence, very focused until he eventually falls asleep, listening to what the water molecules has to say to him. And he told me that he could hear his brother talking to him". When he just heard this, grand father struggled to hold back the tears, he told me. "Water man asked me if I would like to know what his brother told him. I couldn't answer, but he realized I would, and, with a great happiness, he told me that his brother talked about water and life, teaching and impelling him to study the water in all its power and wilderness, showing him all the nature's love, all its purity. And I want to turn my self into water, he said at last, I want to join my brother. This time, I dropped a few tears while my lips were smiling. It was something unique, beautiful. Before he asked me to leave him near a crossroad, he opened his backpack and took out a glass and offered it to me as a sign of gratitude for my sympathy and told me: Who knows you can see me inside it. I keep this glass all these years, with affection, respect and admiration for that man and I confess, said my grand father, but also in the hope of seeing him one day..in the water". And he turned to the glass.

I don't know how much time passed until we could say or do something. There was something unreal and very human in that story. There was life by the water. There was water by life. After that day and after the story of the waterman my grand father told me about, I have never been the same, and my life changed.

He puts his glasses on. He disappears behind the closet. Dark. Time.

Scene 02

Music. Closet is unfolded into two panels in white tissue for projection. Beginning of the video, which is the story of the closet's construction by Water. While the video plays, the actor unfold and discover the scene – WATER's atelier.

Narrator (voice off):

After that day, I started to explore and study WATER's life. His only family was his missing brother. Shortly after his disappearance, Water moved to an old house on the top of a mountain, alone and no neighbors around. It was a place between heaven and earth, where the clouds tickled as they passed. We could hear, from the door's house, the running water of a stream not far. The wind blew strong as he rode around the cliffs near the house. The hill was, on both sides, immense, green with trees and prominent rocks here and there, painting and covering the whole mountain. We could also see a lake where you could hear the birds swimming in the water.

WATER knew that there is only one spirit body, common and hidden, created in first place by nature, the precious balm of life; a spirit that keeps all that is pure and good and destroy all that is impure and bad. This spirit lives in all creatures of earth since its beginning to its end. And only art, with the help and through nature can make it visible to our eyes.

Water had everything very well thought out, and the first thing to do was to restore the old house, build it as its own – his space. He thought that one day his brother could appear and he certainly wanted a room. But nevertheless, his main interest was to build an atelier, his atelier. Where he could do everything, study everything, try everything, transform everything and can turn into water. It would be in this atelier that he would study the water until its last drop. As an alchemist, he gathered all the things that he might need, from machines to water, from land to air of other continents. Essential elements to his studies. WATER had to understand and realize all he's been told to and all that is in books. He dreamed that if he would imitate nature he could mix in it and, and join his brother while saving the world. WATER was very upset with the lack of respect people had for nature. He didn't understand why people couldn't understand the power, the beauty and the greatness of nature. WATER knew that the water will end in a short time, not only because everyone knew this fact, or should know, but because his friends, the water molecules have told him so, whispering in the night. It took some time before he got all that he needed for work. It wouldn't be an easy task, but he knew he'll get it, he believed in himself and in his dreams.

Even very tired, he sat all nights in front of the glass of water listening to the murmur of the water molecules and to his brother's voice.

WATER has just set his atelier. He sat in front of the glass and falls asleep.

Dark. Silence. Time.

Scene 03

The narrator comes in.

Of course, the first thing WATER began to study was the water, as primordial element of nature. Since its origin, what happened after the Big Bang. The water molecule in the form of steam formed part of the atmosphere eldest, until one day, more than 4000 years, the temperature dropped enough to the water vapor condenses and, a huge ocean broke away from heaven, and after the first deluge, the planet emerged, blue.

This is one of the reasons WATER didn't understand why our planet was called Earth when it mostly consists of water. This made him much confusion and he just thought that humankind is very strange and don't look at things as they are. WATER thought that humankind likes to complicate everything instead of simplifying.

The water molecule is composed by two atoms, oxygen and hydrogen – these two atoms are part of a chemical structure with defined reactive capabilities – H₂O. The water has the particularity of being the only molecule found on earth in three states: solid, liquid and gaseous. Life began in water, from there it extended to the land that emerged from the ocean. Water is the mediator of life and death, it is an agent of mineral formation. Water is in perpetual motion for million of years – under the influence of the moon, tides go up and down, making the beaches retreat and thrive. The water cycle rules the exchanges between sea, earth and atmosphere. Yes, because water has its own cycle, which is a living water wheel in constant motion. From the surface of the oceans water evaporates, creating steam that forms clouds, pushed by winds, flying over the land where they join other vapors generated by direct evaporation from rivers, streams, lakes and transpiration from plant tissues – plants, trees, flowers. All these vapors eventually fall as rain on earth.

WATER loved walking on the rain. It was for him a blessing of water and nature. The drops of water falling on his skin made him feel as earth's life, the life of the universe. He put his tongue out, and while he swallowed the drops of water, he felt revitalized, he felt one with life.

Back to cycle water...the evaporated and used water returns to earth by precipitation and carried to the sea. Most of the water that flows to the sea is not potable, so only a small part of renewable freshwater is really accessible. From this water, human species appropriates nearly 70% of it. WATER knew it had to be so; yet he could not help feeling a little sad about the fact that mankind is great usurper of one of the greatest assets of the world.

Water is the most important component of cells and is vital to life as we know it. The human body is made of 70% of water.

WATER also dedicated himself hard to the study of the water not only based on a biologic and scientific vision of the element but also in a mystical and semiotic way. After all, the water was present in everything, even in dreams.

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Water is the environment where life emerged. All life has water, therefrom its symbolism be connected with the matrix – mother who is the principle fertilizing, and any image related refers to emotions, desire and sensitivity. Also related with birth, fertility and relief. Christians are baptized with water, as a symbol of the purification of the soul and an admission to the faith.

WATER read in a very ancient book that the water, one of the four elements, was the symbol of feelings and emotions and, that the sea waves corresponded to that same emotion. So, whenever WATER was by the sea he would sit for hours contemplating the waves and trying to understand the emotions of the sea, the water and the nature. And what he heard and saw was not very joyful or good. Mother earth complained through its elements and the water was a mean of communication. And WATER knew and understood that water could also be destructive, water erodes and collapses, taking up the hardest of stones.

WATER came to know about future natural disasters because the water had told him. Very distressed he pleaded for this not to happen. Sometimes he even went down on his knees, but nature wouldn't listen to him. She was tired, not from him, but from humankind! And WATER returned, sad, to his atelier, concerned with humanity, concerned with what can happen to earth and man. But in this sadness and on those walks back to his world, he heard and felt an inner strength that made him believe in his purpose of transforming himself into water and join his brother and, both together and happy change the world order. Dreaming is also part of the water. And dreaming make things happen and WATER knew it.

Narrator disappears behind the scenes.

Dark. Silence. Time.

Scene 04

Music. Beginning of the video of images of nature with particular focus on element air and earth + clouds + smile WATER. While the narrator speaks, WATER plays with the elements he has in his atelier – like a portray of any day of his life.

Narrator (off)

WATER went on purpose to certain places and sometimes he went to some places that call his attention. Then he stopped, focused and breathed. Whether it be the air or the water, the earth, the minerals, the plants, the flowers... Then when he got back home to his atelier, he exhaled each of these elements he had inhaled to glasses containing water. Each glass contained the element and the features from the place where he had inhaled. This way he has been collecting and building a kind of library elements that would help him in his work of finding the secrets of nature. The water never told him that how he could turn come into water though he often asked. Again and again, the water whispered that it was up to me to find out, to know his true way and build it throughout life. Then, WATER began to draw and to make plans to

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conquer the elements, by imitating them or trying to meddle with them. He felt more and more that his way, his purpose in life was to know nature to the point of being able to meddle with it and help others, protecting and raise awareness to the environmental and ecological issues.

WATER dedicated much time to the water cycle studies – the water cycle and our own cycle of life. WATER thought that he had to have to learn a lot and have a great dominion on the elements that are part of that cycle: air, earth and water itself to really become water.

He didn't think much about fire. This element wasn't part of the water cycle. Besides, he knew that to overcome the fire would be an unlikely task, except if its purpose was to reborn again in another form... And this idea never came out of his thought...

So he began to dedicate himself to the air. Air is the intangible element, gaseous and has a very specific connotation for it is the substance that we inhale, mainly composed by azote. Air can also have the major and minor specific meaning of the atmosphere that surrounds earth. Air can remember the air breathing, but also the wind – the breath of nature.

Air can be considered as a friendly and essential element, it mixes well with earth and water and it is fundamental to the fire. The fire!

We say that people who "live in the clouds" are happy and WATER wanted to go through this happiness also...

He loved to play to make clouds disappear. On clear days he chose and fixed a single cloud. Concentrated, but without too much effort, WATER imagined a beam of light coming out of his mind to the cloud, divided in parts and involving all the cloud. Then he said: the cloud disappeared. After that he thanked to his energy by saying: Thank you for making the cloud disappear. After a while, the cloud began to vanish. With this joke, WATER realized the impact that human mind have in the world around.

WATER knew that his thoughts were carried in the air. Air was around him, within him. One day, he thought, almost glorious, he had overcome the air for he was already part of it. Therefore, he decided to try to evaporate and form part of the clouds.

I am the child of earth and water...

And the nursing child of heaven...

I pass through the pores of the ocean and the seaside...

I change, but I can not die...

And silently I laugh from my own grave...

And out of the caves from the rain...

As a child from the womb, as a ghost from the tomb...

I get up and deconstruct me again

The Cloud | Percy Bysshe Shelley

He spent days and days inside the lake, near his house in the mountain. He floated in the water completely, at times when the sun was stronger, with the purpose to be elevated and turned into steam

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that would slowly cross the wings of birds flying, going up to heaven and join the clouds. He ended by catching a big sunburn, but he could not achieve his purpose. He returned home very sad, but with an even greater inner strength to follow his ideas and continue his experiences. There was something inside him that gave him strength and assurance to carry on. He heard that, remembered his brother and didn't think of anything else. This gave him strength, a great strength to go ahead.

Sometimes, when he was returning home on the mountain top, birds, animals and sometimes even butterflies, hindered his way with dances and joyful and inspiring songs. WATER was flattered and even into a state of grace, for he knew and felt that the small acts of the animals were not more than greetings from mother nature...and with that WATER felt strong, happy and in communion with everything and everybody.

After the sunburn has passed, he decided to take a few days and go to the beach to rest. Lying in the sun, while he played with the sand and with his feet made small heaps, WATER realized that his skin, his feet, his body, him, all of us, we are all earth and part of it. And he knew, without knowing why, that to conquer the earth element was to win himself. So he thought that he had to keep at home in order to study himself, to understand his fears and concerns, to win them, to become more in himself, the being that he was. Many times we do not accept certain things because we think that we are unique in having and feel them, because we grew and we were taught that we can do this, we can do that, because...so many questions. Some of us must accept the dreams of the dragons that come to help us, even if they are very fearful.

So WATER studied many psychologists, psychoanalysts, essayists and thinkers of reason and the human condition. He spent whole days among piles of books that he read wildly with his own thoughts and analogies that he made for and from him. In his house, there was a big mirror where he looked at every night. And night after night, he could look up more and more deeply, smile and told himself that he loved him, exactly as he was....

The video shows a close-up of WATER's face, from an expression kind of sad to an open and contagious smile. Silence.

WATER sits in front of the glass water and falls asleep.

Dark. Silence. Time.

Scene 05

The narrator comes in.

All the research about the life and work of WATER brought me to study also the water and to think of it, about nature and our future differently. I got to know things I was totally unaware of.

Wherever we live, wherever we are, water is the liquid of life, as vital as the air we breathe. Nowadays, we do not have to worry, water comes to us without thinking. At anytime of the day, at anytime of the night, we open the water tap and there it is...but it will be not always be so...

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Did you know that 97.5% of earth's water is salt water? That 2 thousand millions of people live with lack of clean water? If we could put all the water of the earth in a liter bottle, we could just drink one drop...

The amount of water in the planet is the same from million of years, but the interference of man in nature has been changing it. The pollution, the destruction of water sources, the high and uncontrolled consumption of water, the deforestation...change the weather and the quantity of rainwater.

Every minute, a person in India dies for reasons related to water...More than that! Every minute, four persons around the world die for reasons related to water...in Europe, each person use, on average, 199 liters of water per day. In underdeveloped countries like Mozambique, the average use is 4,9 liters. A discharge of a flush toilet in the USA is 6 liters, more than the average water consumption per day in Mozambique!

As the population grows, water consumption decreases. On average, each person drinks 2 to 3 liters per day. To produce a kilo of cereals is required 1 500 liters of water...and to produce one kilo of meat, 15 000 liters!

Safe drinking water for consumption will soon end, which is a threat for the Planet and the life of us all. Not only by the absence of water itself but it will not take long before the world go to war because of it. The major world powers and their armies need water to grow and increase their political and world power..

All this fascination with the life of WATER has left me at the same time somewhat sad to see in what has become of humanity and the effects on the future of our planet Earth, which is blue like the water, seen from the skies....

But each of us is responsible for all this too. And since today, we can start thinking about using the water in another way!

But if, on the one hand, science and its knowledge as well as technological advances and developments make us foresee a difficult and dark future, on the other hand, it also helps us to better understand nature. Physics and the machines also help us to evolve more and more, and we can and we should still try to change our destiny....

The other day, I read that the science of quantum mechanics generally acknowledges that substance is nothing more than vibration. When we divide a thing into its smaller parts, we always enter in a strange world in which all that exists are particles and waves.

Imagine that we could reduce our body into at a microscopic scale and that we would begin an exploration to discover the secrets of this universe that we are. We could quickly see that each particle consists in nothing more than atoms, each atom being a nucleus with electrons spinning around us. The number and shape of these electrons and their orbits give each substance a particular set of vibrational frequencies. We would discover that whatever the substance is, none is solid. Instead, there is only a nucleus surrounded by a wave that rotates endlessly. Everything is moving and vibrating eternally, intermittently, at an incredible speed. Me, you, the earth, everything, everything...and of course the water also.

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So maybe the water also cannot be static, cannot be bottled, because everything vibrates, everything moves, and the water wants to run, the water wants to be free..the water wants to go around the world and always gives us all again...

The narrator disappears behind the scenery.

Dark. Silence. Time

Scene 06

Music. Beginning of the video with images of nature, special focus in the sea, in the rain. Fractals, mathematical forms(?), seagulls, lightening, fire (?). The character WATER, already in another stage of personal evolution, plays with some of the powers he has acquired over his life.

Narrator (voice off):

Once in the sea, while he was taking a bath on a beautiful beach, WATER felt that if the salt could dissolve in water, he could also do the same. There were several dreams over the years that gave him the confidence and courage to want to turn into water. To discover the secret of life, of the Universe and thus make the future of us all consisted of more love and gratitude.

WATER learned to read the little water ripples of the lake that was near his home. There, he understood that each ripple's form was a little detail. As he thought that details were very important, he fixed and sometimes would even draw every ripple, every detail. Then he gathered them into words, sentences, texts, conversations that he ended up having a language from and with the water.

In the rain drops that fall on the small forming pools of water, he could distinguish and understand how it did with the ripples of the lake, different shapes and diameters that the water described when hitting the puddle. The same language, with a somewhat different but that WATER understood and left him most of the times smiling,

The water circulates around the planet, flowing through our body and spreading to the rest of the world. If we could read this information contained in the memory of the water, we could read a story of epic proportions. To understand the water is to understand the cosmos, the wonders of nature and of life itself. And that's what WATER wanted and intended...and he was very close.

All this language and that new form of consciousness and knowledge led him to understand that he had to visit again the creek where his brother had disappeared. And that's exactly what happened. He got his bag and started walking. WATER felt, without knowing exactly how to explain it, that on this trip to the mountain, some of his work would be perpetuated forever. It was this time that this was a man in his car passing by a narrow mountain road almost deserted, where his brother was gone, gave him a ride.

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On the way back and after the man had left at a crossroads, he went to a small harbor with a lighthouse on the sea, where he liked to sit and listen to the waves that splashed his feet after beating the lighthouse on the rocks. This time, a seagull that circled calmly round the lighthouse, landed beside him. And, once again, WATER felt flattered and happy for life and for doing part of nature and of the blue planet. WATER had reached a state in which happiness, for being part of the Universe, let him fully mesmerized.

But shortly after that first seagull, came another and another, and more and more seagulls left beside him until there were no place more. They ended up extending in the rocks below the lighthouse. A living mantle of seagulls had fully covered the slope of the lighthouse. Then, in the middle of that state of grace, he thought that this blessing of nature had to be more than that. It was, undoubtedly, a sign for him. He searched for clues and signs around him that could bring him to a conclusion, when he suddenly remembered an old common saying: seagulls on land, storm at sea. There would be a storm, he thought. And at that precise moment, the sky became darker and darker, and the seagulls flew up in unison. He knew then that it was definitely a sign for him, the water and the nature had something for him.

He returned to his home on the mountain top. With a curious anxiety. He didn't know exactly why but he quickened the pace increasingly with the desire to get there. As soon as he arrived there, he began to disassemble and dismantle all that he had built, the thing he had gathered and collected, his library of books and materials contained inside water glasses, the objects and machines he had built all his life, liquids and solutions from experiences he had done and that he was still doing. But he had to do it...and he did! And he waited quietly. He didn't wait long because, shortly, after a tremendous storm began. The thunders seemed to come in his scope, making everything around trembling. The lightnings began to rip the dark sky, shimmering where they fell. Then WATER understood that his real fire proof was coming close. What he always feared so much was going to happen. What he has always thought but he wouldn't pay attention. And with a mixture of joy and fear, he remembered a line he had read once in a very old book of alchemy: the philosophical consists in the corruption or destruction of bodies, because once a form is destroyed, nature soon brings another one in its place, better and more subtle at the same time. WATER strongly believed it now, so he was at last sure that the only way to turn into water was through the fire and leave the rest of the work to nature...and the water will give life again to what is dead as the symbolism of the baptism.

WATER stood still, smiling and at peace. He was now sure that his brother called him and he knew he would be with him.

WATER stay still and smiling in the middle of the stage.

Dark. Silence. Time.

Scene 07

The narrator comes in.

And so far I have come. After many years searching for concrete clues that would take me to WATER. After asking my grand father again and again for details of the story in an attempt to get a better idea of this man. It was hard to find WATER's house, I also believe it was his purpose, but here I am. I don't know what really happened to him... I can almost imagine him reborn from the ashes like a Phoenix. But a blue Phoenix, like the water. The same water that fell in the storm to give life to what is dead. But I don't want to think about that.

On the one hand, it torments me that everything is destroyed and burnt, thus erasing the marks and the knowledge that this man gave his life to nature with his dream, on the other hand, I feel a great joy to be in the place where WATER spent most of his life, studying, planning, experimenting, thinking, writing and living. And this fact made me remember what the water said to WATER: it had to be himself to discover, to know his real way and built it throughout life. Of course we must listen, apprehend and experiment what others have done, but it is within ourselves that we find our answers. There was an answer inside me to a question I had never asked before: and if, like WATER, and after so many years of following him and studying the water, I wanted to transform my own life to try to build a world with more love and gratitude.

I have no idea if WATER knew I would come here, and don't even know if he knew of my existence. But I believe that his brother could have told him some night before falling asleep. If the water circulates around the planet, flowing through our body and spreading to the rest of the world and, if like WATER, we could read the information contained in memory of the water...I believe that WATER would know about me. But I know for sure that I am here to perpetuate his work with my research work about his life that has been slowly making my own life also.

The vibration of good words has a positive effect in our world, while negative words has the power to destroy this effect. The water is the life of all things, because being one of the principles of the world, it cannot die as long as it exists.

So, let's respect it and fill it with beautiful words to build up rather than destroy...

The narrator takes a glass from the stage and addresses to someone in the audience.

About my question I had never asked myself before...I think that all of you already know the answer... Yes, I will continue my journey to transform myself into water and make a better world.

I would like to thank your presence here and I offer you this glass.

Who knows, one day you will me in there....

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The narrator disappears behind the scenery.

THE END

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