EQUINOX SUITE · IBIZA · A COMPANION NOTE

The Rains of Ibiza.

A story before the proposal — how the idea began, where it stands now, and why it carries weight beyond the engineering.



For Aura, my daughter.
With love from Daddy.

René Heinz

EQUINOX SUITE · MAY 2026

A note before everything else

Why this document exists.

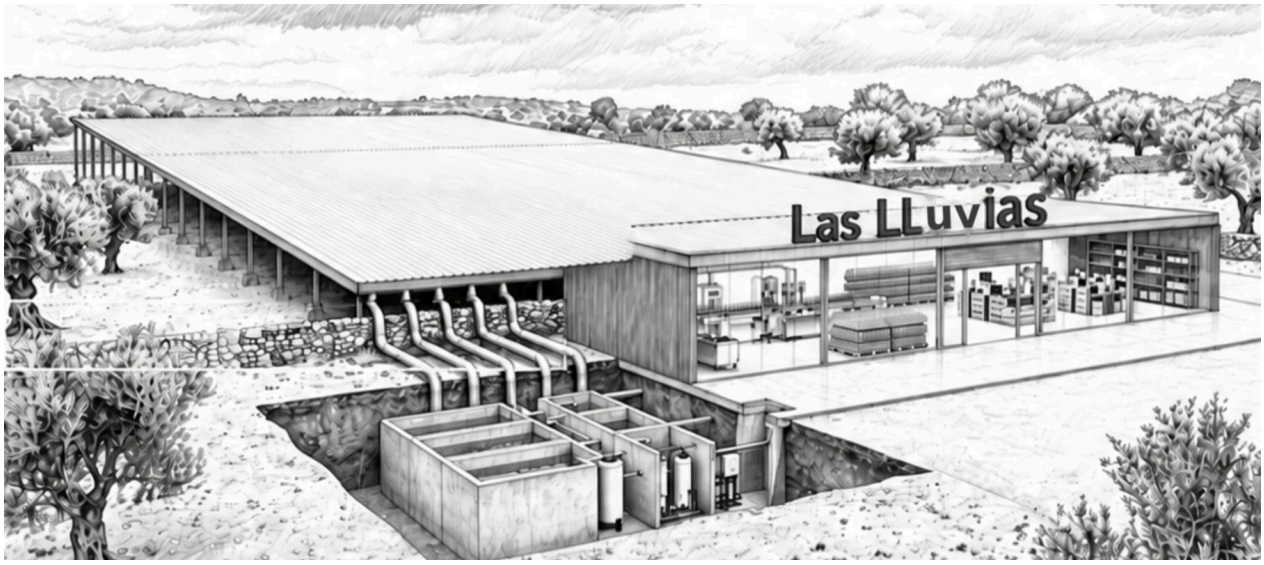
Every proposal that goes out under the Las Lluvias name carries an engineering layer, a regulatory layer and a financial layer. Those layers are necessary. They are also, on their own, insufficient. They explain the how. They do not explain the why.

The why began earlier and lives elsewhere. It began on a walk with my daughter, on a path between two dry-stone walls, and it lives in the slow accumulation of small moments — the bills I started to read more carefully, the cisterns I had stopped noticing, the rain on the panels of my own roof. None of those moments are line items in a memorandum. All of them are the reason there is a memorandum at all.

This document is the story behind the engineering. It is meant to travel beside the proposal — read once, the numbers acquire a shape they do not have on their own.

Scene one

An overground rainwater harvesting concept for Ibiza.



AN OVERGROUND PLATFORM · PENCIL

The premise is almost too simple to publish. The Mediterranean does not have a rainfall problem. Ibiza receives between 350 and 450 millimetres of rain in a normal year — many times the volume of water the island actually consumes. The aquifers nevertheless decline, the desalination plants run at capacity, and in dry summers we begin to talk about restrictions.

The reason is not supply. The reason is that we have built almost no infrastructure to capture and store what falls from the sky. Rain arrives, lands on hard surfaces we have already paid for, and is channelled away as a nuisance. Then, months later, we buy the same water back.

The premise of Las Lluvias is that we should keep it.

Scene two

The first thought arrived during a winter storm.



THE FIRST SCENE WE DREW · THE OBVIOUS IMAGE WE HAD STOPPED SEEING

I was at home, watching a winter storm push north from Formentera, and I noticed — for the first time, properly — what was happening to the rain. It was running off the roof, off the panels, off the terrace, and disappearing. Down the gravel paths, around the foundations, into the gaps between the dry-stone walls, and gone.

It was an ordinary thing. Every roof on Ibiza was doing the same. Every roof on Ibiza had been doing the same for a hundred years. And in two hundred days the same households would be paying for water trucked in from a desalination plant on the other side of the island, with the next storm still six months away.

I started to count, the way one counts when one is curious rather than alarmed. Roof area. Rainfall millimetres. A coefficient for what runs off a tilted glass surface. The numbers are not difficult. They are public. They are taught in any introductory civil engineering course.

What was striking was not the calculation. What was striking was that nobody on the island appeared to be doing it — and that the water had been falling on us, in plain sight, the entire time.

Scene three

A walk with my daughter, between two dry-stone walls.



THE WALK · THE IBIZA WE LIVE IN, AND THE QUESTION THAT STARTED EVERYTHING

A few weeks later, walking in the campo, Aura was small enough that her hand was still inside mine, on the lower side of the path where the dry-stone wall is the height of her head. She asked me a question I was not prepared for.

> *"Papá, why does the wall have wet spots and the field doesn't?"*

A dry-stone wall is porous limestone — it holds moisture for days. The field is shallow soil over rock that sheds water as fast as it falls. The wall, I told her, was built two hundred years ago to hold a terrace, and in the holding had also become a quiet form of water storage.

She thought for a moment, then said: "So we should build more walls."

She was, of course, right and not right at the same time. We could not literally build more walls — the labour and the limestone are not what they were in 1820. But she had understood the principle faster than the island has: that the answer to a dry summer is not to find more water. It is to keep what already arrives.

Scene four

What a wall does when nobody is watching.



WHAT A WALL DOES WHEN NOBODY IS WATCHING · PENCIL DETAIL

The Ibizan dry-stone wall is a piece of infrastructure that nobody designed, nobody patented and nobody charges for. It catches rain on its top course, slows it through its faces, releases it gradually into the soil behind. It does this without electricity, without maintenance, and without anyone calling it technology. We have been living with it for so long that we have stopped noticing what it is.

What I wanted to find — what the rest of this document tries to describe — is whether there is a contemporary version of the same idea. Something that catches what falls, holds it long enough to matter, and gives it back when it is needed. Something the next two hundred years could quietly inherit, the way we inherited the walls.

Scene five

What was already at my own house, that I had stopped noticing.

The next thing I did was something obvious, which is why I had not done it before. I walked around my own property and looked, properly, at what was there.

There were two cisterns under the pool terrace. They had been built when the house was built — old enough that the architectural drawings did not even bother to label them; common enough that the previous owner had not mentioned them in the sale; large enough, between them, to hold a serious volume of water. They were full of nothing in particular. They had been built for rain, abandoned to mains, and forgotten.

There was a pluvial channel cut into the basement plan. It collected rainwater off the terrace and carried it, by gravity, to the soakaway behind the kitchen — where it joined the storm drain and went out under the access road into the gravel.

And there was a flat roof above me, paid for years ago and depreciated to roughly nothing by now, with no obstruction larger than a chimney flue and no pitch sharper than two degrees. It was, in engineering terms, a perfect catchment surface. It had been catching nothing for years.

Every house on Ibiza of any modern vintage
has the same hidden inventory.

It was at this point — looking at the second cistern, which is large enough to swim in if one were so inclined — that I understood the proposal I would eventually write. The infrastructure for catching rain on Ibiza is mostly already in place. It was not built for rain. But it was built. The remainder of the work is integration.

Scene six

The convergence we are not yet using.



THE IBIZA WE WORK WITH · PENCIL · CLOUDS, WALLS, SABINA, TIME

Three things are happening simultaneously on the island, and they would compose a single answer if anyone put them together.

The first is that every villa above a certain price is being upgraded with solar photovoltaic. Subsidies are stacked, installation rates at a historical peak, a fourth desalination plant tendered for Sant Josep.

The second is that water — once a background utility — is becoming a foreground question. The trucked-water industry depends on desalination plants that have publicly failed in recent summers, and every owner who has waited for a delivery in August now understands the dependency in a way they did not before.

The third — hidden inside the second — is this. Every solar panel installed on the island is already a tilted glass surface in the rain. Hydrophobic, self-cleaning, oriented to the sun and incidentally to the sky. The water economics of catching rain off a panel are nearly free, because the catch surface is paid for by the energy economics. The integration is the proposition.

Scene seven

Las Lluvias de Ibiza.

The plural matters. We talk about the rains, not the rain.



LAS LLUVIAS DE IBIZA · THE NAME WE GAVE IT · PENCIL

We named the project Las Lluvias because in Eivissenc and Castilian alike, the rains are spoken of in the plural. To name the rains is to talk about a covenant the island has with the sky — not a single event, but a season that returns.

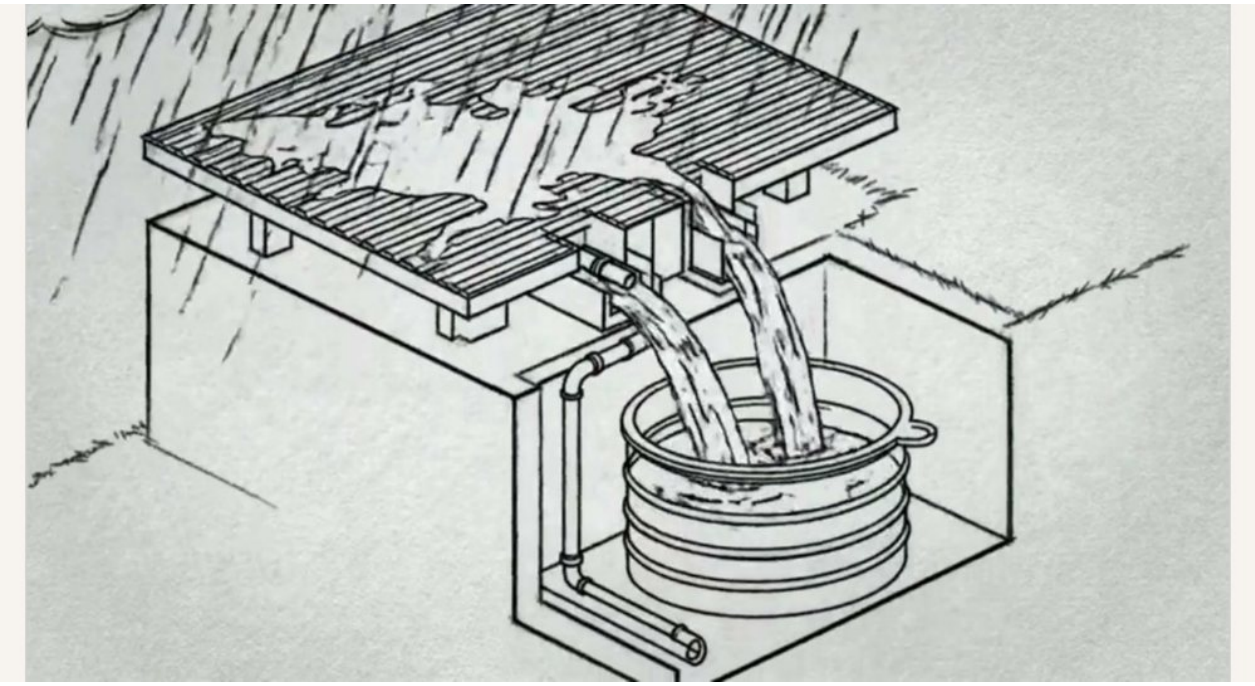
The infrastructure carries that covenant into useful form. At residential scale: a panel, a gutter, a first-flush diverter, an existing cistern repurposed, a small treatment train, a tap. At rural scale, on land that cannot be built upon: a single platform, catching water and generating electricity from the same surface, serving a cluster of households rather than one.

The technology is mostly proven. Buildings certified to the highest European standards already demonstrate each component separately. The architecture is novel only in its assembly and its scale.

What is missing is not the technology. What is missing is the integration, the productisation, and — quietly, beneath all of it — a story the island is willing to claim as its own.

Scene eight

Two scales for one island.



THE ARCHITECTURE · PENCIL CROSS-SECTION

At the villa scale. A contemporary roof at typical Ibizan rainfall captures a meaningful share of what the household consumes — in many modern houses, with a Mediterranean garden and a covered pool, a very large share of it. The buyer profile is exactly the one already paying for solar. This is where commercial revenue would begin and where pilots are easiest to prove.

At the rural scale. Across the island there are extensive plots of suelo rústico that cannot legally be built upon for residential use. They sit dormant. A single platform on such a plot yields clean water and electricity from the same surface, enough for a cluster of households. The land does not lose its character; it acquires a quiet productive layer underneath the existing one.

The two scales serve different audiences and different timelines. The villa scale is private capital, immediate, family-office paced. The rural scale is public-interest, slower, depending on the political receptivity of the five ayuntamientos. Either is sufficient as a first move. Both, in time, are necessary.

Scene nine

A second conversation, some months later.



THE CONVERSATION · PENCIL · WITH THE PLATFORM ON THE HORIZON BEHIND

Aura asked the second question on a different walk, on a low wall above the road that runs down toward the sea.

> *"Papá, when it works — what stays in the cistern?"*

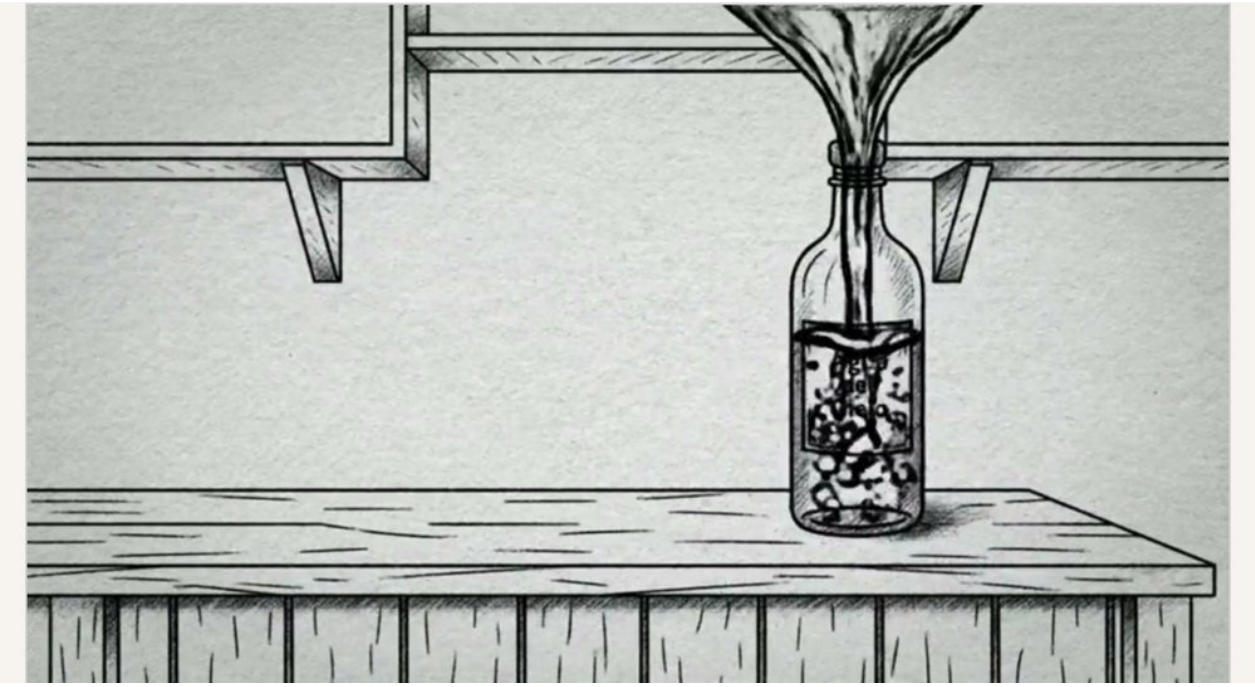
She did not mean the engineering answer. She meant: when this thing is built, when the cisterns are full, when the trucks have stopped coming — what is the part that lasts?

The honest answer is the cistern itself. The water in it changes; the cistern, hand-built from local stone, sits underneath whatever house owns it for a hundred years. It is closer to a wall than to a piece of equipment.

What stays is what stayed in the walls she had asked about a year earlier — a piece of patience built into the landscape.

Scene ten

A side stream.



THE BOTTLE AS THE BY-PRODUCT, NOT THE PRODUCT · PENCIL

Once a Las Lluvias system produces more water than the property consumes, the surplus has to go somewhere. It can recharge the soil. Or a fraction of it can be bottled.

Apothecary glass, dated by harvest cycle, named for the property the water was captured from. At residential scale, a single bottle waiting on the kitchen table when the owners arrive.

This document mentions it for completeness, not because it leads. The reason the system exists is the autonomy of the property and the resilience of the island. The bottle is a by-product — the moment, served at the kitchen table, in which the rest of the system becomes legible.

Scene eleven

Where the project stands today.

The technical, regulatory and financial layers have each been worked through to the depth a strategic-advisory document is permitted to hold. The engineering is conservative. The subsidy stack is current. The certification path — European standards at residential scale, the EU Drinking Water Directive for potable use — is documented.

What the project needs now is a first villa willing to become the reference. One contemporary roof. One audited operating year. One asset whose certification stack reprices it not because the market has moved, but because the asset itself has acquired something the market does not yet price.

The proposal that travels with this story is that first reference. It has been written to the depth a serious owner is owed, and it has been written for one property, not as a template.

The first villa to do this
becomes the reference for the rest.

Scene twelve

What the document is for.



THE FIRST BOTTLE, IN THE ONLY KITCHEN THAT MATTERS · PENCIL

This is the document I wanted to exist before the engineering memorandum — the part of the project that does not have a tab in the financial model.

The numbers in the proposal are precise to the depth a strategic-advisory document is permitted to be precise. They will tighten further as soon as the operator's utility ledgers and the cistern's actual chamber depth come back from site. None of that changes what is underneath them.

What does not change is the cistern. What does not change is the wall. What does not change is the small piece of patience built into the landscape, that the next people inherit. That is what this is for.

René Heinz

EQUINOX SUITE · IBIZA · MAY 2026



The pencil sequence reproduced throughout this document was commissioned in 2025 and forms the visual spine of the Las Lluvias narrative.

René Heinz

Equinox Suite

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