

fish
ultramarinos
de lucas



fish
tells

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scenic poem for children

'Love is fish
Quiet dripping rain'
Cristiane Grando

We were fish.

From this suspicion, a man and
a woman travel hand in hand.

The wind cradles them on stage;
they might be fetuses, perhaps
they are asleep, or maybe tired.

A blue carpet greets them, as if it
were an ocean, or an enormous
placenta, and the waves take

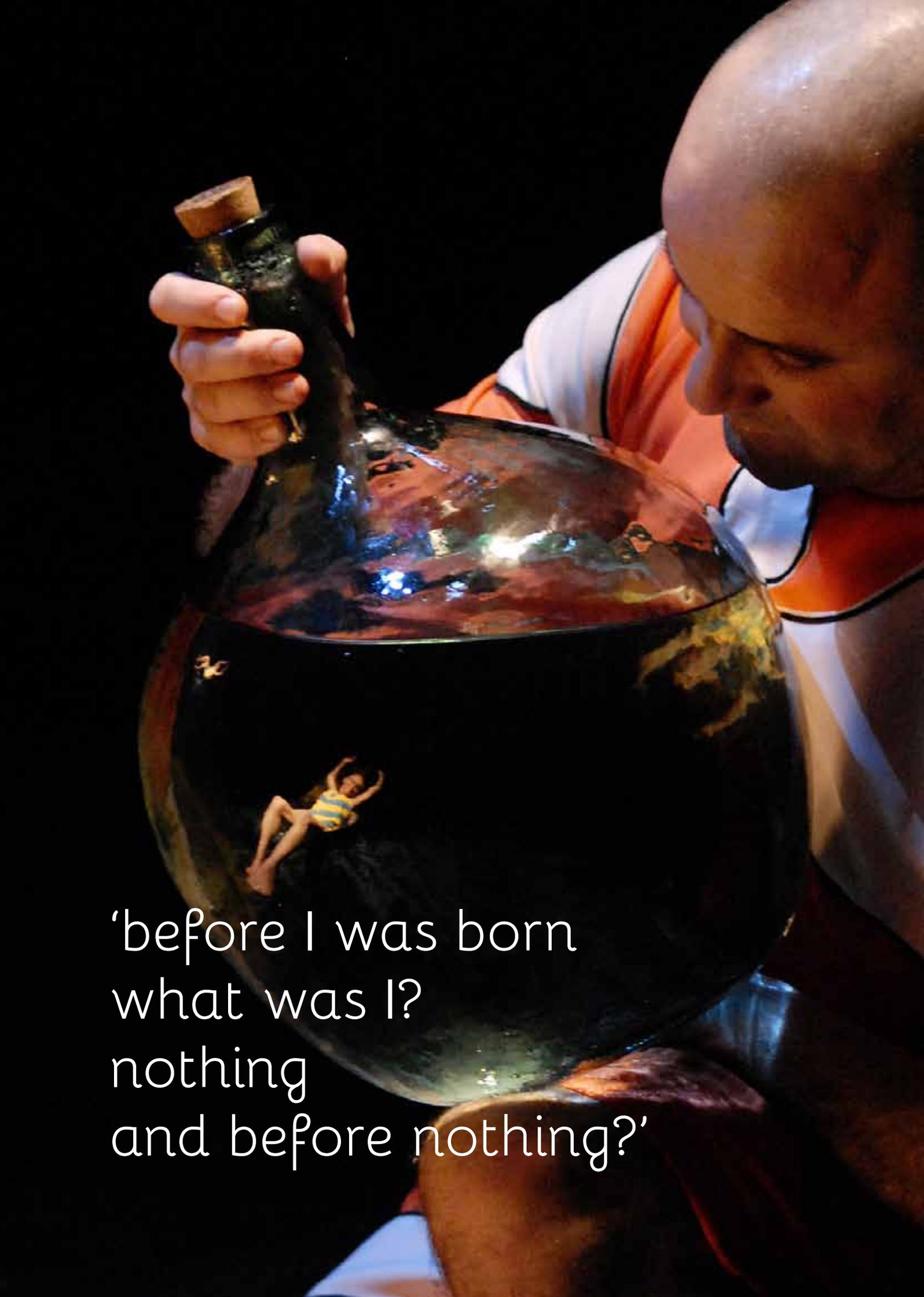
them to a basin, it could be a
nest, or just a bowl where they
meet. Their hands wake up, their
mouths open to the world, as if

they wanted to eat it up. They
breathe. It seems as if they were
being born. And they play with

the stones on the shore, tracing
paths, discovering landscapes in a
mirror, or is it a window?, is it the
world upside down? They bathe,

they dive or they rain. They chase
seashells, starfish. They don't know
yet that anyone could be fished.



A man with a shaved head, wearing an orange and white striped shirt, is looking intently into a large, clear glass globe. The globe is held by a hand from the left. Inside the globe, a small, detailed figure of a person in a yellow and blue striped swimsuit is floating in a dark, watery environment. The globe's surface is highly reflective, showing distorted images of the man and the surrounding environment. The background is dark, making the globe and the man's face the central focus.

'before I was born
what was I?
nothing
and before nothing?'

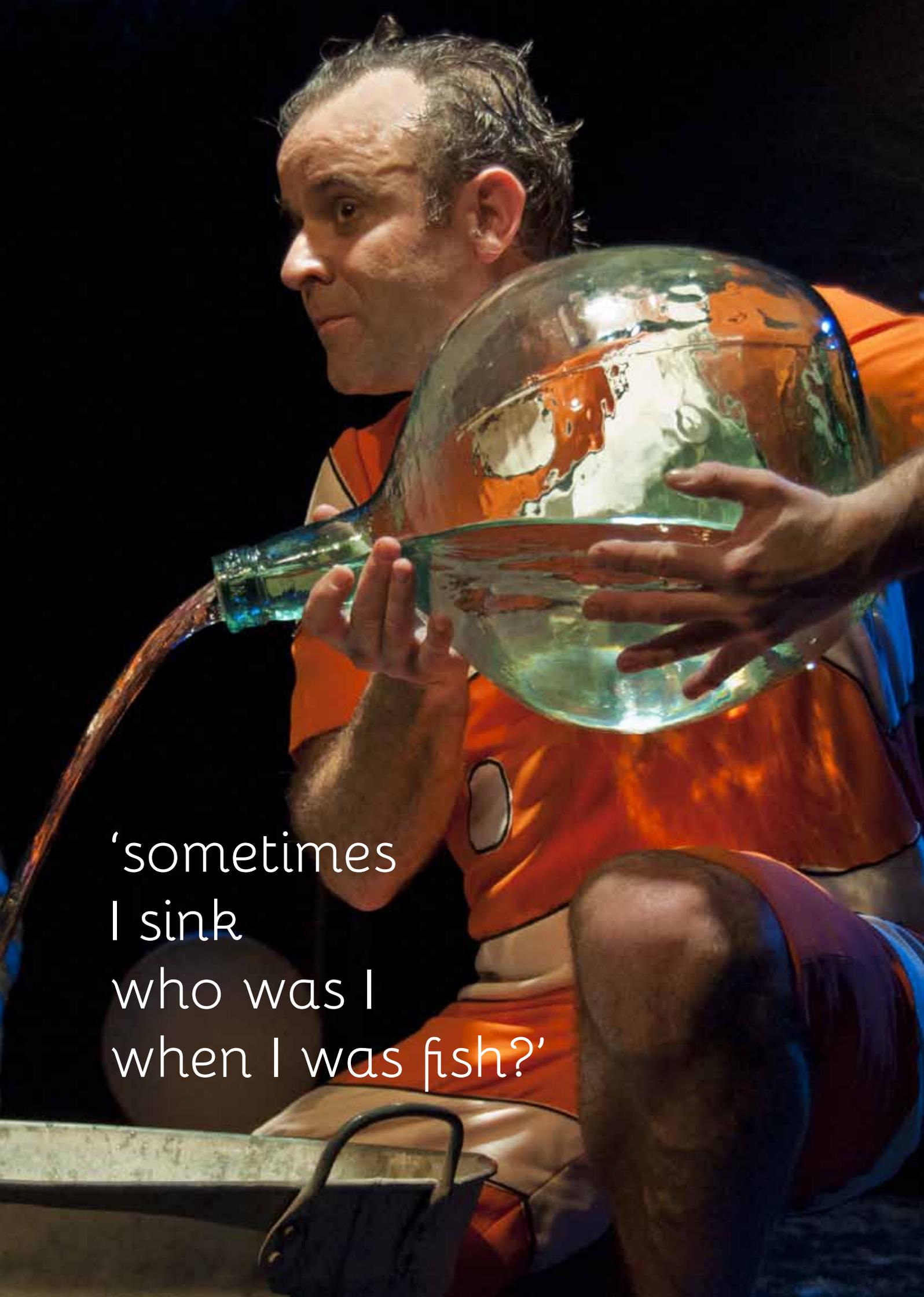
fish aims

With *fish*, children dive into the liquid universe they belong to –we belong to–even since before our birth.

In *fish*, we wonder about the origin, children who begin the road to life, and echo in the world, no more, no less.

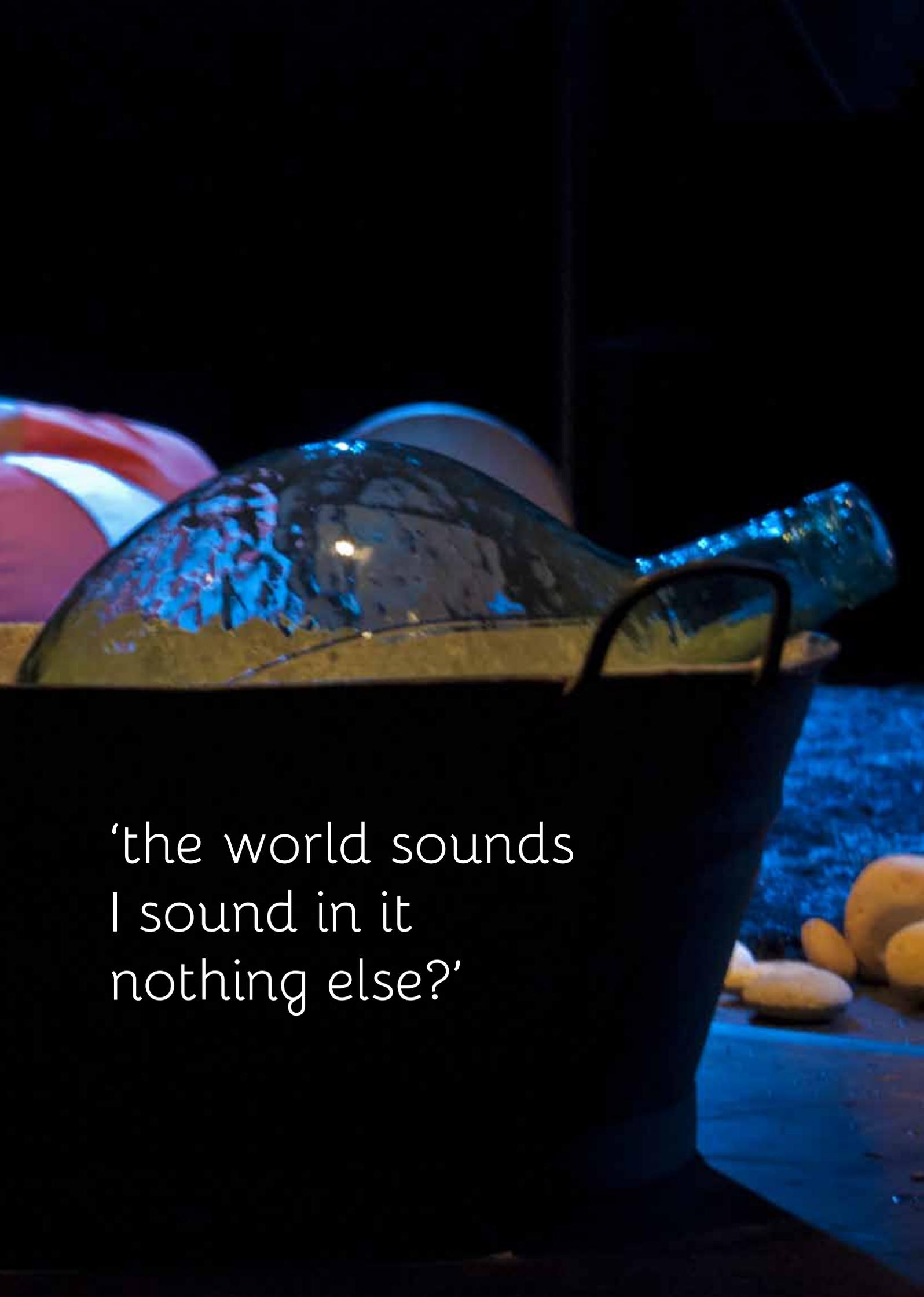
Playing *fish*, we wish to share the brief memory of our audience, floating together on the intense memory of that time, in which we were all fish, not being aware of it. We believe we have forgotten that aquatic condition, but it stays engraved on a sensitive corner of our memory, and it remains there, unforgettable.





'sometimes
I sink
who was I
when I was fish?'



A dark bucket filled with sand and a glass bottle, illuminated by blue light. The bottle is partially submerged in the sand. The scene is set against a dark background with some colorful, abstract shapes in the upper left. The text is overlaid on the lower left of the bucket.

'the world sounds
I sound in it
nothing else?'



'fishy fishy
anyone can be
fished'



fish on stage

This is poetry.

A blue carpet becomes water; a photograph becomes a landscape, and the depth of the sea turns into a mirror.

A man and a woman—as if they had been children—play being fish. A woman and a man—as if they had been fish—play being children.

The raw piano and Spanish guitar provide a rich world of sounds with a powerful strength to suggest underwater spaces; also to provoke different rhythmic games.

fish is a show for all ages, recommended for children from 1 to 6 years old.

Ultramarinos de Lucas proposes to celebrate life.

fish are

players

Marta Hurtado
Juam Monedero

direction

Jorge Padín

original music

Elena Aranoa, piano
Nacho Ugarte, guitar

voices

Zoe Dempsey
Simon Demsey

set design

Raquel Fernández

costumes

Martín Nalda

lighting

Juan Berzal

illustration

Juliana Javaloy

photographs

Martin Legett, Elena Aranoa

dossier design

Borja Ramos

production

Ultramarinos de Lucas





'the shore, the hands
the feet, the stone
on a path to the horizon'



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Ultramarinos de Lucas does not cast the anchor. We believe in this constant swimming that means playing theatre, even if the waves are high, and the sea fills with foams. With the biggest respect toward children, we want to touch down deep and speak to the audience about what is not seen on the surface. Yes. We will sink again in this new adventure. And we will be back afloat, with lungs full of air. At least, we hope so.

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