

**ULTRAMARINOS DE LUCAS
LEAR'S SHADOW.
SHAKESPEARE**





SHAKESPEARE IS A MESS

To put it bluntly, Shakespeare is a damned mess.

Ultramarinos de Lucas Lear's Shadow. Shakespeare

2 SHAKESPEARE IS NOTHING BUT WORDS, POETRY

And when you are gripped by poetry, you can't let it go. That's what happened to us: Shakespeare got hold of us, gave us his words, one after the other, gave us his music; so we took the plunge and set to tell the audience the words of Mister William.

Poetry calls poetry. It's a curse. Our work is mainly about becoming permeable to Shakespeare's poetry and thus put it on stage. It's a never-ending job. It's a blessing. But what is poetry? We have no words...

3 IT'S NECESSARY TO MAKE AN EFFORT

Because Shakespeare is a mess. Because we don't know (we don't want) to make it easy for us. Because we like to start from scratch, from nothing, to get into the unknown. It's necessary to make an effort because theatre is the kingdom of imagination, and it is our duty to encourage the audience to imagine. It is the audience's duty to make an effort to imagine. Sometimes, a few times, we feel we walk hand in hand with the audience towards adventure. It's then we feel the effort is worth it.



THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR

It is the story of a king, Lear, who, old and tired, decides to split his kingdom up amongst his three daughters, along with all his wealth, authority, power and duties, just keeping the crown and the title of king to himself. Later, his daughters betray him, each one in her own way. Then, King Lear feels lonely, sick and despised, confronted with a miserable fate, which he himself started. Crawling towards death, he will know madness, shame, loyalty, joy and horror.

It is a simple story, easily recognized; old age, power, authority, family relations...

Well, an actor, just one of them, insists on telling the tragedy of King Lear, all by himself. Is that really possible? The actor fights against himself, against his own fear (of judging himself, of criticism, of failure, of being pathetic, of being unable to judge), he wraps the rope around his neck and fights. What a pain! The actor struggles because he feels (he knows it!) that he doesn't play if he torments himself, and if he doesn't play, there is no theatre and everything will be pathetic. What a pain! Be careful, you shouldn't say Lear's tragedy is performed here, alright? Here it is told. Well, more or less.





HERE EVERYTHING IS FAKE

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And that rock on the stage is, of course, cardboard. We want to talk face to face to the audience, plainly, without knowing where the actor ends and where the character starts; to what extent the audience accepts conventions, lies, the magic of a world that reveals itself before their eyes, in our hands, with no big devices, by playing and appealing to imagination, here and now.

Here and now, there is an actor on his own and the audience. The rest is all fake, so that everything becomes true (except for the bones, which are real from the beginning).

SHAKESPEARE

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Isn't he a mess? Where is he? Where should we look for him? Against the temptation for building, our work has been mainly about revealing, discovering the world that Shakespeare suggests, the kingdom he lives in, a kingdom of words as an expression of life. It is a nearby world because Shakespeare's plays talk about all of us: we are all depicted in his characters and the conflicts he creates. That is his main value: his plays are full of life. The more we read and say the words that Shakespeare wrote, the greatest he becomes for us, the most essential. No, Shakespeare is not a mess. No. He is life.





THE AUDIENCE

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We do perform for the audience. The audience justifies our work. We intend to share Shakespeare with the audience, to travel together in search for his world, through his words, his stories, hand in hand with his characters, always so complex. To share, while not imposing. We have no certainties. We can only let things happen to us, let Shakespeare happen to us, let him tell us what and how to do it.

IN ORDER TO PERFORM OUR PLAY

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The ideal conditions for the performance of *Lear's Shadow*. Shakespeare is a stage 8 metres wide by 8 metres deep by 5 metres high. In any case, our play is thought to be performed on almost any stage space available. However, the minimum conditions for the performance is a 6 metres wide by 6 metres deep by 3 metres high stage.

WHO WE ARE

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We are a group of reckless people that persist throughout the years in doing drama just as we did when we started: with no prejudices, enthusiastically, with passion, working together, learning together, enjoying it and suffering it together. We are reluctant (and it is not easy) to be another product in a market (we know we are, but we are not moved by it). We insist on doing the only thing we know: play.



More than 30 people have participated in the setting up of this play. Their names are not important. The important thing is that they are all part of *Ultramarinos de Lucas*.

WHERE WE COME FROM

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We do what we want; that is what we want to believe. We do what we need; we need to think that way. We try to be honest, look at ourselves and talk to ourselves sincerely; we do not force ourselves to do what we do not want to. We know that we will not do all the shows that we would like to; the ones we do, we need to do them. Our training comes from prestigious schools such as the *École Internationale de Théâtre de Jacques Lecoq* in Paris or *La Abadía* in Madrid. Since we founded *Ultramarinos de Lucas* in 1994, we have created about 20 shows for adult and family audience. They have been performed in our homeland and in a good number of countries, participating in all kind of festivals and fairs. Samuel Beckett or Harold Pinter are among the authors that we have taken onto the stage.

IN THE END (WHERE WE GO TO)

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In the end, all's dead: Lear's dead, Shakespeare's dead, we... tidy up and go. Till the next time. And nothing happened here. Or did it?



Est-ce que j'ai dormi pendant que les autres souffraient?
Est-ce que je dors en ce moment?
(Was I sleeping, while the others suffered?
Am I sleeping now?)

WAITING FOR GODOT
Samuel Beckett



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