

FULGORE 63

An electric superboat



SIXTY KNOTS OF MENACE AT A STANDSTILL / FIFTY KNOTS OF SILENCE WHEN IT MOVES



A weapon at rest, and **no one has turned a key.**

Standing still at fifty knots' worth of intent. Sixty-three feet of carbon fibre, drawn low and forward-raked. The line runs unbroken from a plumb bow to a wide transom; the material that makes the boat fast is the material the eye reads.

Every statement boat before this one made its case with noise. The Fulgore 63 makes the opposite case, in the same language, at none of the volume.

A superboat has always kept a promise you could hear from the next marina over. Twin V12s, four thousand horsepower, a wake like a torn seam, an experience delivered at the exact volume of the thing it was named after. The aggression and the engine note were the same fact. Take the engines away and you took the boat away with them.

The Fulgore 63 is drawn in that world and answers a different question. Sixty-three feet of carbon fibre, the same blade-sharp line, the same low and forward-raked stance, the same cockpit that treats the person at the helm as a pilot rather than a passenger. Then, where a superboat carries V12s, the Fulgore carries an 800-volt battery architecture and four inboard permanent-magnet motors. Where a superboat carries a roar, it carries a fifty-knot silence.

The tension is designed in, not apologised for. A hypercar's menace has always been a promise the engine kept out loud. Strip the engine note and the menace has to live entirely in the form: in the chine, in the stance, in the way the plumb bow enters the water, in a low sun caught along the weave. The Fulgore looks like it is doing sixty at the dock. It does its real speed without a sound.

There is one honest trade underneath all of it, and this book states it where you can see it rather than burying it in a footnote. An electric hull that planes buys silence and a clean wake by spending range and top speed. A combustion 63 will run faster and farther. The Fulgore answers with the two things combustion can never buy back: a silent run at fifty knots and a hull that emits nothing. It plans a day around its charge rather than out-running a V12, and it is built for someone whose water is a coast and a bay. That is the whole trade. The boat earns its price on presence and silence, and it makes no other claim.

It is not a quieter version of a superboat. It is the argument that the next one **does not need to shout.**

The tension is designed in, not apologised for. Sixty-three feet of carbon fibre in the superboat idiom, and where the idiom carries a roar, the Fulgore carries a fifty-knot silence.

02 · HULL & SILHOUETTE



From across a harbour it reads as a weapon at rest. The whole silhouette is drawn low, flat, and under tension, a body pulled back and waiting to spring.

The sheer runs almost horizontal, an unbroken line from a plumb-to-slightly-reverse bow to a wide, aggressive transom, with the deckhouse and windscreen faired down into the body so nothing stands proud of it. Where a classic hull lifts and curves, the Fulgore holds flat and cuts. A single hard character line runs the full length of the topsides, a knife-edge crease catching light the way a hypercar’s shoulder does, set above a deep spray chine.

Underneath the line is a deep-vee planing monohull with a twin-stepped bottom. A hydrofoil would buy more range but flies a metre clear of the water and can never hold the low, planted stance the register demands. The two transverse steps reduce wetted surface at speed and hand range back to the boat — the single most valuable thing a stepped hull can do for a machine that runs on a battery.

LOA	63’0” · 19.2 m
WATERLINE	~55’ · 16.8 m
BEAM	17’4” · 5.30 m
DRAFT, LOADED	3’9” · 1.15 m
DISPLACEMENT	~30 t
DEADRISE	22° deep-vee
AIR DRAFT	~9’6” · 2.90 m



The Fulgore looks like it is doing sixty at the dock.
It does its real speed **without a sound.**

The line, uninterrupted, bow to transom. No radar arch breaks it; antennas and sensors are faired into a low carbon spine. Every functional element is subordinate to the silhouette, because the silhouette is the boat.

03 · DECK & COCKPIT

The register word is cockpit, never lounge. The driver is a pilot, and every other space answers to the sensation of driving.

The helm is drawn like an aircraft or hypercar tub — twin carbon bucket seats low and forward inside the windscreen line, race-shell form with integrated headrests and four-point bolstering. A faceted dash in exposed carbon wraps the two seats. Controls fall to hand on a hypercar logic: a single machined-aluminium throttle and mode lever, because an electric drive is single-lever with no gearbox and no trim tabs to fight.

The social spaces sit around that station without softening its language. The aft cockpit is the boat’s widest, most planted zone — a full-beam beach deck with a convertible bench and a large sunpad over the engineering bay that fold back into the driving machine when it is time to run. Ten aboard for a day, two overnight, CE Category B for offshore. The count stays lean so the boat reads as a machine and not a party barge.



Twin carbon buckets. A driving position, not a sofa.

One lever. No gearbox, no trim tabs, torque from zero.

Two screens, real switches. A driver’s cluster, not a chartplotter.

The aft deck converts, then folds back into a machine.

Faceted glass, raked hard back. **The harbour sees a cockpit.**

Hexagonal ambient light and machined vents carry the automotive detail through the whole tub. State-of-charge, power draw, range remaining, and speed read as a driver's cluster on two 16-inch high-contrast screens flanked by physical switches.

This is where the credibility lives. The spec states the physics first, then builds to the honest, aggressive end of it.

900^{kW} CONTINUOUS · ≈1,200 HP	1,800^{kW} PEAK · ≈2,400 HP	750^{kWh} USABLE · 800 V NMC	~50^{kn} TOP SPEED
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A 63-foot carbon boat that planes at speed is a large power problem, and the Fulgore does not pretend otherwise. Its drivetrain is four liquid-cooled permanent-magnet inboard motors in a twin-shaft surface-drive configuration, direct-drive. All four make full torque from zero rpm: an instant hole-shot that lifts a heavy hull onto plane without a gearbox and without turbo-lag drama.

Power feeds from a ~750 kWh usable pack, NMC lithium-ion, 800-volt, liquid-cooled, weighing about 5,400 kg. That mass is specified as an asset: carried low and central in the carbon keel-box, it is the ballast that gives the boat its low centre of gravity and its planted ride.

On the water: a planing cruise sweet spot at ~30 knots, a fast-cruise band of ~38 to 40 knots, a displacement idle at ~6 to 8 knots for maximum range. Charging is honest to the size of the pack: 20 to 80 percent in about 60 to 75 minutes on 200 kW DC, or a full charge overnight on 40 kW dock power. A lunch on the dock, and back out for the afternoon.

THE HONEST TRADE

A planing electric hull lives in a narrow range band at speed. At a 30-knot cruise the honest figure is a 50–70 nautical mile band on the ~750 kWh pack — a genuine day on the water, but not a passage. Drop to a 6–8-knot idle and the same pack stretches to 150–200 nm. A combustion 63 will run farther and faster; the Fulgore runs silent and clean, and plans the day around the charge.

The gap is the price of silence. The spec pays it in daylight.

Four motors, full torque from zero rpm. The hole-shot arrives without a gearbox and without a sound.

~750 kWh, carried low as ballast. The heaviest thing aboard is also what plants the ride.

20 to 80 percent in about an hour. A lunch on the dock buys the afternoon.

50 knots, and no engine note. The wake is the only thing it leaves behind.

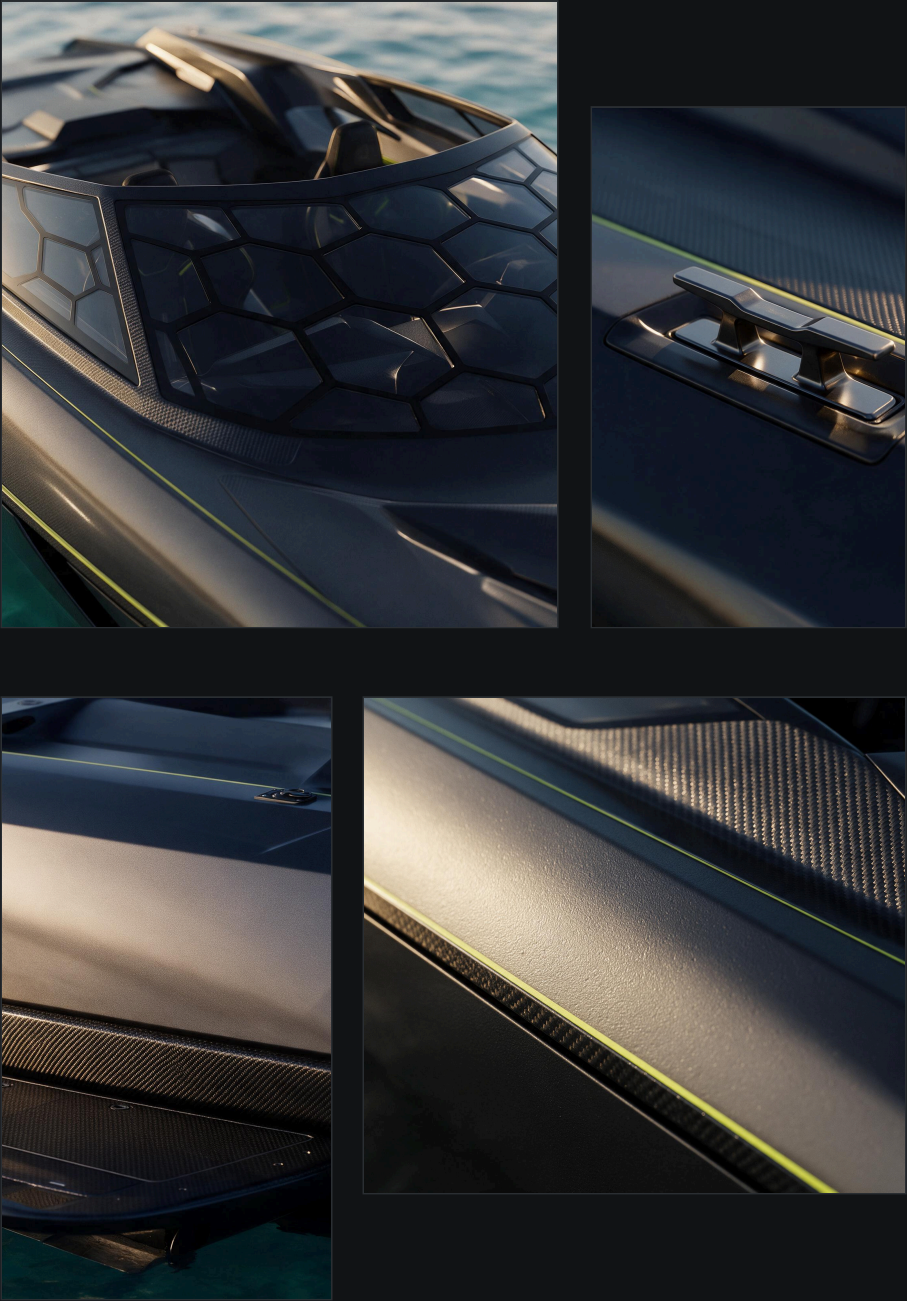
A hypercar palette, three tones and one accent, nothing else. The restraint is the aggression.

The show surface is exposed clear-coated carbon fibre across the hero panels — twill and unidirectional weave under a matte clear-coat, never high-gloss. The weave is left visible on purpose. The metal is machined billet aluminium, brushed and dark-anodised, gunmetal and black with bright machined edges as the jewellery: cold to the touch, tolerance-tight, milled. No chrome, no polished bronze.

Then one accent — a single electric-lime signature run as a hairline through the character line, the seat stitching, and the ambient cockpit light. A near-monochrome carbon body with one charged line reads as more menacing than any multicolour scheme could.

GraphiteCarbonGunmetalLime

Where a classic runabout shows amber wood, the Fulgore shows **black carbon**. It is the same gesture.



Exposed weave, machined billet, one high-voltage line. Everything else is carbon, graphite, and gunmetal.

Every headline number in this book carries its grounding. The figures marked verified were read on a named source’s own page; the design figures are naval-architecture targets set beside the in-production system each is scaled from; the range figures are honest bands, because a planing electric hull’s range moves with load, sea state, and how hard the boat is driven. The Fulgore 63 does not exist yet. It is an original concept, and it does not claim to match a combustion superboat’s speed or range. It states that gap as the deliberate price of a silent, zero-emission drivetrain, and it stands on the trade.

CLASS	63 ft electric superboat	MOTOR, CONT.	~900 kW · ≈1,200 hp
LOA	63’0” · 19.2 m	MOTOR, PEAK	~1,800 kW · ≈2,400 hp
BEAM	17’4” · 5.30 m	BATTERY	~750 kWh · 800 V NMC
DRAFT, LOADED	3’9” · 1.15 m	PACK WEIGHT	~5,400 kg
DISPLACEMENT	~30 t	TOP SPEED	~50 kn
HULL	Carbon monocoque, stepped deep-vee	RANGE @ CRUISE	50–70 nm @ ~30 kn
CAPACITY	10 day / 2 overnight · CE Cat B	RANGE @ IDLE	150–200 nm @ 6–8 kn
DRIVE	4× PM inboard, surface-drive	DC FAST CHARGE	20–80% in ~60–75 min

The wake is the only thing it leaves behind.

FULGORE 63

An original electric superboat concept. Numbers scaled from in-production electric-marine systems and stated as honest bands; the powertrain does not claim combustion parity. A performance day-yacht for a coast and a bay.