

*Paul* by Paul Halton at Cafe

A spike is a small piece of tape that lines a stage, presenting direction, location of props, set pieces, or actors on stage. A spike's position confirms a series of movements.

Spike tapes are in many different colours.

The spike sits flat on the stage.

A spike is a symbol of the object. It represents its theatrical and material outcome.

A spike is fated.

In front row seats you look eye level with the lip of the stage. The contents of its landscape unknown.

A flat plane of desire.

The position of a spike cannot tell you to look up. You look in a direction of 180 degrees.

The flat landscape is one of pure change insofar as you cannot see any limits.

From your vantage point there are no spikes.

In the mirage of a flat landscape you have imagined a field of colours telling you what to do.

In pre-performance, spikes can also distinguish where one is not to go. They are barriers. Marking out a stage's limits. Two dimensional symbol becomes three dimensional movement.

The stage is an ephemeral action. The spike's topology presents questions of viewership. What am I to see?

Where am I to see it?

The spike digs into my feet.

The stage has no limits but it is covered with spikes.

What am I to feel? When am I to feel it? Do you feel it now?

The spike is flat, cut tape. A gift is a tradition of motion, stuck together with tape.

Spike. A gift comes in many shapes and sizes.

I try to surprise you and I place it in an odd shaped box.

A single long-stemmed rose hitting the walls of the round shaped box. Holding pose. Stuck to its new ground.

A rose is covered in spikes.

An uproar of applause.

A rose lands on the spike, its perfectly placed.

The performance is happening in reverse. A rose is covered in spikes.

A rose is fated.

Written by Lukas Kalos