WhiteFroth

Palpitating Body, Sounding Dress

Visual Booklet

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Master of Arts
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The Butoh costume is like throwing the cosmos into one’s shoulders...
while the costume covers the body, it is the body that is the costume of the soul.¹

Kazuo Ohno, undated
I ungloved my hands, and put my right hand on her thigh. She made no resistance. ‘They are close together, they are cramped really, open them wider.’ ‘I can’t, this old snoring man’s legs are against mine.’ ‘Lift one over the other.’ She did. I kept my hands there and began pinching her thigh. ‘That’s your garter,’ I whispered, feeling a little lump. ‘Are you sure?’ ‘I’ll make sure.’ Stooping a little, I dropped my right hand down, and pulled up her clothes. There was such a weight of them that my hand could only get up gradually. I felt her calf, and that it was in silk. She let me. ‘Oh your heavy clothes,’ I whispered. She put the leg down and far from the other, half moved her bum as if to ease her position, and the next instant her clothes being looser, I had one hand on to her thigh above her garter, and pushed it slowly higher up till my little finger was buried in the thatch of her motte, and my other fingers lay a little down grasping her left thigh, but I could not get them far enough to feel her notch, and the weight and pressure of her clothes against my wrist was almost painful. She put her hand down, but only to pull her clothes forward fearing perhaps that passing a gas-light might disclose our position. All that increased drag on my wrist and arm, for I was using my right hand, that being next to her, and my knuckles were outwards till I reached her knee and now was only sideways on her thigh - a difficult position, with heavy clothes against it. 

‘Walter’, 1888-1894
The objects which surround my body reflect its possible action upon them.\textsuperscript{3}

\textit{Henri Bergson, 1912}
Lady Aylesbury wears forty-eight yards of materials in each of her gowns, and instead of a crinoline (or horsecloth petticoat) she wears a petticoat made of down or feathers, which swells out this enormous expanse and floats like a vast cloud when she sits down or rises up.

*The Diary, etc., of Mrs Archer Clive, 1849*
The ‘partially undressed’.

Body ripping.

The weight.

The openings. 5

Winnie Ha, 2007


