he image that greets you, entering this fascinating exhibition, is of a solemn two-year-old, peering out of a shell of state robes, encrusted with jewels and gilt embroidery and holding two cherries on a single stalk, symbols of virtue, innocence. This is Prince Henry Frederick, born in 1594, the cherished son of Anne of Denmark and James VI of Scotland. When his father succeeded to the English throne as James I, in 1603, Henry was heir to both crowns, a glowing symbol of hope, a future king. But we know, as his family and nation could not, that this would never be. Henry died of fever, probably typhoid, in 1612, aged eighteen. The throne passed to his brother, Charles I, in 1625.

makes every section of this exhibition inti- Prince", the Venetian ambassador reported mate and poignant. Here is the manuscript of him as saying, "It is not necessary for me to Queen", and his stiff younger brother Charles, his hat.

Henry's childhood court was largely based

Hope in hindsight

JENNY UGLOW

THE LOST PRINCE National Portrait Gallery, until January 13, 2013

Catharine MacLeod

THE LOST PRINCE The life and death of Henry Stuart 192pp. National Portrait Gallery. £30. 978 1 85514 458 3

Homer and Coryat's Crudities - he was no of Alexander the Great. tains.

library - the exhibition shows Chapman's current show includes the manuscript of Ben of antique coins, medals and gems. This was hopeful Prince".

Jonson's The Masque of Queens, immaculately transcribed for him by the poet, anno-

The awareness of Henry's early death academic star. "I know what becomes a As a teenager, then, he was made to feel like the heir to Alexander, capable of anything. The Venetian Foscarini judged that "He James VI's Basilikon Doron, his handbook on be a professor, but a soldier and a man of the was athirst for glory if ever any prince was". kingship, inscribed to the four-year-old world." His athleticism and love of military A much-copied miniature by Isaac Oliver gesture, after slitting the throat of a deer, in the plans for his own palaces, using the lat-

one passion he shared with his brother. When Henry lay dying, Charles brought the small bronze "Pacing Horse", for him to hold - the consolation of beauty.

After his death on November 6, 1612, his body lay in state in Westminster Abbey. A month later, when the crowds saw the lifelike tated with its classical sources. Another of effigy, of wax and wood, in the funeral proces-Peake's magnificent paintings shows Henry sion, they let forth "a fearful outcrie . . . as if on horseback, dragging Father Time by the they felt their own ruine in that losse". forelock, wearing parade armour with surreal Henry's short life encapsulates the brilliance roundels of disembodied hands stretching and richness of court living, both its backupwards holding anchors. Nearby stand suits ward-looking notions of chivalry and its forof armour, intricately chased, one embellished ward-looking interests in art, science, navigawith emblems of roses, thistles and fleurs-de-tion, exploration and diplomacy. But behind lys, the other with scenes illustrating the life all the glorious portraits, books and objects lies a shadowy question - fruitless to speculate, yet hard to resist - would history have been different if Henry had lived? Would Britain have escaped civil war?

The vivid visual biography assembled by the curator Catharine MacLeod, and the fine Henry, "my dearest son, and natural succes- exercises are shown in William Hole's print shows his confidence, and easy charm - a catalogue, offer no answer, but Henry's sor". Here is a childish, formal letter to his of him practising with the pike, while the start- charismatic appeal similar to that of his extravagance and dynastic European preoccumother and one from his father, praising his ling, large-scale portraits by Robert Peake are nephew, Charles II – with a steely hint in the pations seem to leave little room for an easy handwriting. Here he is at nine, in a grand dynamic, full of action, set outdoors, a com- armour and encampment beyond. His ambi- accommodation with Parliament or people. portrait by Marcus Gheeraerts the Younger, plete departure from convention. In one, in tions were also displayed in his patronage of And yet his story does have a modern resoskinny and wide-eyed, enveloped in velvet the company of the kneeling Earl of Essex, navigators and explorers, in the search for the nance: the weeping crowds inevitably conjure Garter robes. Nearby are portraits of his sister, with his greyhound and his horse behind him, Northwest Passage and the settlement of Vir- memories of the death of Diana, Princess of the future Elizabeth of Bohemia, the "Winter Henry is sheathing his sword in a sweeping ginia. Nearer home, his ambitions can be seen Wales: indeed, the National Portrait Gallery has ensured that as you leave the exhibition with a stuffed bird of paradise pinned to against a vista of parkland and snowy moun- est hydraulic technology developed by Solo- you meet Mario Testino's portraits of today's mon Caux, to build grottoes and fountains royal family, among them Prince William, top This was one of many symbolic displays rivalling anything in Italy, and in his courtly of a recent poll of royals. Bizarre as it seems, at Nonsuch, the lost palace of turrets and tow- of power. Henry was often the focus of the collecting of manuscripts and books, paint- 400 years after Henry's death, Britain can ers. But although he had access to a superb court masques, festivals and sculpture and a staggering collection still be enthralled by the promise of a "most

In Mark Franko's own words, this is not a biography of Martha Graham, but rather I "a historically contextualized and biographically informed analysis of her work between 1938 and 1953, arguably her most productive period". The book is subtitled "The life in the work", and Franko examines details of Graham's private and interior life only insofar as they illuminate her aesthetics, her creative methodology. Crucial to this examination is the figure of Erick Hawkins, the first male dancer to join Graham's company. Fifteen years her junior, Hawkins was nevertheless the most potent influence on her artistic development in this period, as co-creator, confidant, competitor, and briefly her husband. Franko provides a fuller, more balanced appraisal of Hawkins's contributions to Graham's career, as well as his profes-

sional aspirations and personal insecurities,

than most conventional biographies. Franko focuses on four works - American Document (1938), Appalachian Spring (she had declined an invitation to perform at the Olympic festival in Berlin in 1936), and

A near myth

KATHLEEN RILEY

Mark Franko

MARTHA GRAHAM IN LOVE AND WAR The life in the work 231pp. Oxford University Press. £18.99 (US \$29.95). 978 0 19 977766 2

eschewed myth, this time in a perilously selfrevelatory attempt to dramatize her Jungian quest for "individuation" and to reconstruct her state of mind in the immediate aftermath of her separation from Hawkins.

choreographed the Chorus of Archibald MacLeish's play Panic in 1935. Surprisingly, herself, her resentment of her own commodi-(1944), Night Journey (1948) and Voyage however, he omits, in his otherwise thorough fication – and also her complicity in it. (1953) – which represent three distinct investigation of her relationship to myth, to phases of Graham's choreographic evolution: note that this was a Greek chorus and that the ham in Love and War would be more valuthe dramaturgical, the mythographic and the model for Panic was Sophocles' Oedipus. able if it were more accessible to an educated psychodramatic. In 1938, Graham rejected And while this brief collaboration predates lay readership and if there were greater conmyth as an ideological instrument of Fascism the period of Franko's primary focus, it is textualization, especially of Anglo-American arguably an important piece of background to modernism. For example, one question that an understanding of Graham's own reconcep- might have been explored is whether there instead gave corporeal voice to her anti- tualization and feminization of the Oedipus was a connection between Graham's interest Fascism in the form of a utopian Americana, myth thirteen years later. According to in heroic personification and individuation "encrypted" with Left-oriented politics. Dur- MacLeish, Graham "was crazy about and a wider interest on the part of literary ing the 1940s, she gradually and successfully [Panic]. She thought that's the way you modernists such as W. B. Yeats (whose influembraced myth, however, and in particular ought to write a play". In MacLeish, Graham ence on Graham Franko acknowledges) in the transgressive otherness of Greek tragic had an example of a Popular Front poet who the rebirth and apotheosis of the self. heroines (notably Medea and Jocasta). Much drew on classical mythology to critique the less successfully, in the 1950s, Graham again modern American experience and whose call

to creative action in his essay "The Irresponsibles" (1940) anticipated her own. Closer attention to modernism's prevalent use of classical myth might have modified Franko's view that "myth, which had been appropriated as a Fascist mode of representation, was a definite liability to a progressive American artist".

In his re-evaluation of Martha Graham, Franko has made extensive use of her Notebooks and correspondence, and of recorded oral histories. These sources give us valuable insights into her autodidacticism in all its profusion and chaos, as well as her modernity. We gain an appreciation of how her work was ahead of its time but also profoundly Franko mentions in passing that Graham shaped by, and responsive to, it. And we learn about the myth of Martha Graham

As a cultural study, however, Martha Gra-

The father of ballet d'action in the eighteenth century, Jean-Georges Noverre, said:

"Dancing is possessed of all the advantages. of a beautiful language". Martha Graham, too, equated choreography with the act of writing, describing dance as "the writing of a soul's journey". The best dancing, of whatever genre, tells us a story, illuminates a character or psyche, enables us to see the inner workings of music in motion and, above all, touches us at an intensely human and elemental level. Yet it is an unfortunate irony that so much of the academic discourse about dance is heavy-footed. Franko says that Graham's use of utopia in American Document "was designed to make people think, but not to bog them down". His analysis of Graham is wellresearched and well-considered, innovative in focus and provocative in its conclusions, but too often the reader is bogged down in his leaden prose and by a use of jargon that alienates and obfuscates, divesting words of any dance-like eloquence, vitality or precision. His book is a far less compelling portrait of the woman dubbed "the Picasso of dance" and of the modernist milieux in which she lived and created than it could have been.

Another consequence of Franko's at times impenetrable prose is that we can become alienated from the subject. His attempts to deconstruct and elucidate sometimes render Graham's methodology even more arcane. More positively, one could say he contributes to a healthy ambivalence about Graham's achievement – on the one hand, admiration for her intellectual curiosity, her passionate and audacious vision, but, on the other, a sense of estrangement from the self-absorption and self-mythologizing that obviously fuelled her creations and the Graham persona.