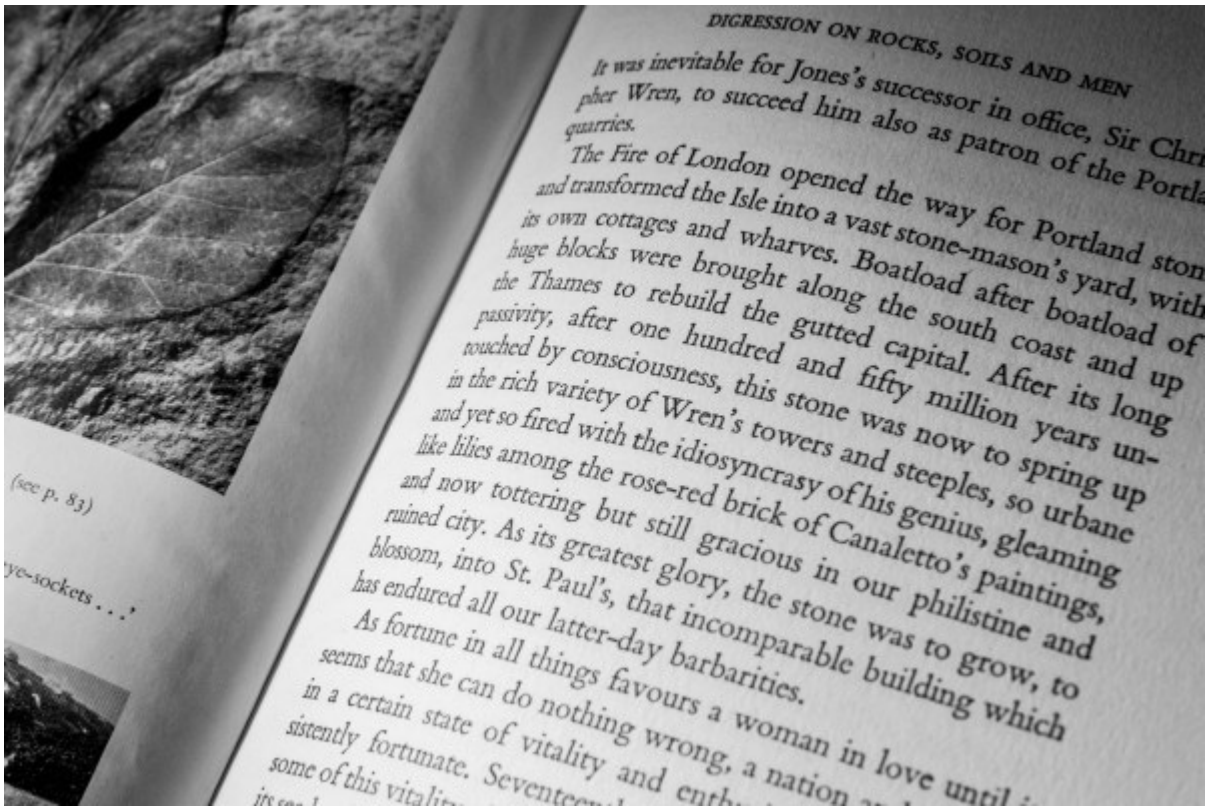
JACQUETTA HAWKES AND THE PERSONAL PAST



DIGRESSION ON ROCKS, SOILS AND MEN

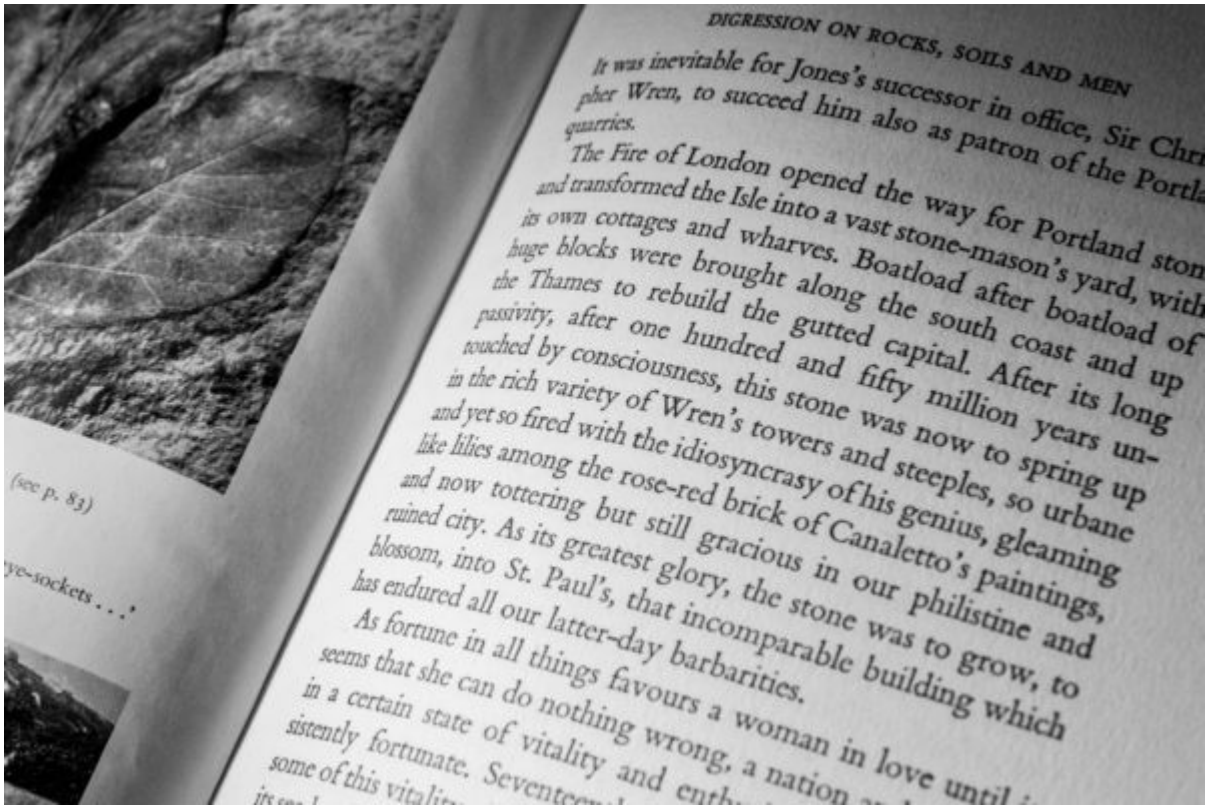
It was inevitable for Jones's successor in office, Sir Chri
pher Wren, to succeed him also as patron of the Portla
quarries.

The Fire of London opened the way for Portland ston
and transformed the Isle into a vast stone-mason's yard, with
its own cottages and wharves. Boatload after boatload of
huge blocks were brought along the south coast and up
the Thames to rebuild the gutted capital. After its long
passivity, after one hundred and fifty million years un-
touched by consciousness, this stone was now to spring up
in the rich variety of Wren's towers and steeples, so urbane
and yet so fired with the idiosyncrasy of his genius, gleaming
like lilies among the rose-red brick of Canaletto's paintings,
and now tottering but still gracious in our philistine and
ruined city. As its greatest glory, the stone was to grow, to
blossom, into St. Paul's, that incomparable building which
has endured all our latter-day barbarities.

As fortune in all things favours a woman in love until
seems that she can do nothing wrong, a nation
in a certain state of vitality and
sistently fortunate. Seventeen
some of this vitali

(see p. 83)

'ye-sockets . . .'



Christine Finn’s wonderfully sensitive documentary about Jacquetta Hawkes was broadcast on BBC Radio 3 yesterday – [Link] [Link] Truly, a human past.

Here are my earlier comments – [Link]

Jacquetta Hawkes from Michael Shanks on Vimeo.