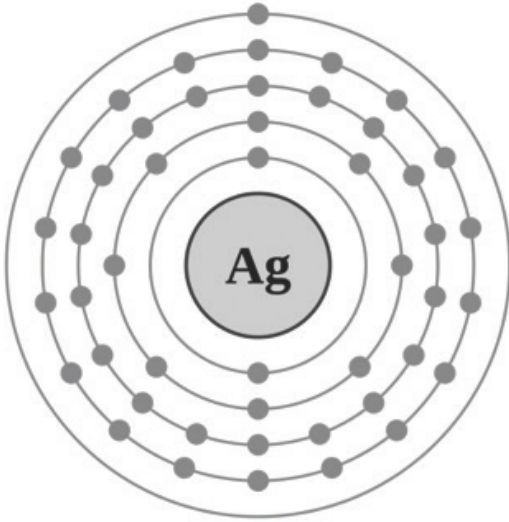


SILVER

Jane Rendell



At each stop, the blood that dripped from the Marupi's (Bronzewing Pigeon) wounds soaked into the ground, forming the unusual geological landforms we see today.

Star-Crossed Beginnings (Twice)

SILVER

A prospector, he was born on 7 October 1846 at Stuttgart, Duchy of Württemberg, where he was educated. A clerk in a chemical firm, he later trained as an edible-oil technologist with a large chemical manufacturing company in Hamburg, where he worked in the export department as he was fluent in English and French. He was delicate and the bitter winter of 1868 brought on a serious lung weakness, so he decided to leave Germany for a warmer climate.

He arrived in Melbourne in 1869 and, on advice from friends, moved to New South Wales. He worked on Walwa station, then wandered from place to place until engaged as a boundary rider on Mount Gipps station in the Barrier Ranges in the far west. After discoveries of silver at Silverton and Day Dream every station-hand in the area searched for indications of the metal.

When his duties led him to the 'hill', he often examined the outcrop. No geologist, he was observant and on 5 September 1883 pegged the first block on the 'Broken Hill', which he thought was a mountain of tin. The discovery of rich silver ore in 1885 led to the formation of the Broken Hill Proprietary Co. Within five years he had made a fortune.¹

An architectural design and writer, She was born on the 22 March 1967 in Al Mahktoum hospital, Dubai in the 'Middle East'. As a girl She lived in Sudan, Afghanistan and Ethiopia. Her movements followed the pattern of her father's work. Unlike many children in similar situations, She was not put into a boarding school at the age of 11, but came back to live in England with her mother and sister. She says 'came back'. The phrase implies that She was returning to somewhere She had already been. But She had never lived in England before. It was not her country of origin, but her father's.

Once the women were back at home, her father continued to traverse the drier areas of the globe. He was a hydrogeologist – a man who looks for water and brings it to the surface for people to wash and drink. He did this in lands that were not his own, that he was not raised in, that were strange to him and with people whose languages and customs were not kin, but that he had had to learn anew. Her father had skills that allowed him to locate water under a brittle crust, and so he used his knowledge to help. So why is She uneasy?

She swings back and forth, higher and higher, watching her dark shadow on the rough dry ground. As mid-day approaches, her shadow grows smaller, and then fades. Everything goes grey but it is not a shade She has seen before. It is not a dull grey, like the light on a day when clouds pass across the sun, but bright and dazzling, a grey that hurts her eyes. She looks up. The sun has disappeared.

He was born in December 1956, grew up in Kirkintilloch, Scotland, and was educated at the University of St Andrews where he graduated with a first class bachelor's degree in Geology in 1977. He went on to study at the University of Bristol where he was awarded a PhD in Organic Chemistry in 1981.

He was a postdoctoral research fellow with the British Geological Survey. He was a Humboldt Fellow and worked at the Nuclear Research Centre in Julich, Germany. He published over 50 research papers as a scientist.

In 1983, he joined BP's research division. He worked his way to BP Finance, and then as head of capital markets. After 22 years at BP, he left as group vice president petrochemicals.

In April 2004, he joined Rio Tinto as chief executive of the industrial minerals division. In June 2007, he served as the chief executive officer, diamonds and minerals.

He became the chief executive of non ferrous in BHP Billiton in November 2007. He succeeded Marius Kloppers as the CEO of BHP Billiton on 10 May 2013.²

Where, *She* wonders, to begin this book, and how? The material qualities of a lost rock set boundaries for her writing. Working to the limits of a brief – this is certainly what *She* is used to as a trained architect, and also what *She* has argued for in the past as a theorist and critic: for a writing that responds to the qualities of the object or site it engages with – in form as well as content.³ *She* has often referred to Primo Levi's *The Periodic Table* in her classes, a novel where the material qualities of the elements inform the arc of the narrative and personalities of characters.⁴ Another inspiration for her has been the *OuLiPo* group, (*Ouvroir de Littérature Potentielle* or the *Potential Literature Workshop*, launched by Raymond Queneau and François Le Lionnais in 1960) whose writers sought to discover the potential of literature by acknowledging existing constraints and introducing self-imposed ones, for example in the works of Georges Perec and Italo Calvino.⁵

Silver offers her many kinds of constraint: it is a transition metal. This appeals, as *She* has written on transition before. In fact, *She* reflects, all her work has engaged in some way or another with transition. Silver has many other fascinating material qualities: its symbol, its atomic mass, its melting point, its linguistic root in the word 'shining', its 'face centred' crystal structure, and applications in photography, medicine, and coinage. But most attractive to her is its atomic number in the periodic table and the image of the five concentric shells with electrons circulating like moons around the sun that is a star.

The Silver Age (in Eight Takes)

SILVER

For years and years the land of the setting sun, as the Barrier Ranges country is termed in New South Wales, has been known to squatters, but only a country for raising cattle for the Adelaide and Melbourne markets, and producing wool for English auctions. Today it is the scene of many thriving growing townships, clustering where the roar of furnaces continues day and night, and miners are descending into and ascending out of the wealth-hiding bowels of the earth. It seems to be a disputed point as to who was the first to call attention to the mineral richness of the Barrier Ranges, which have in the infancy of their development made the haunts of cattle-duffers homes for honest toilers, and converted humble shepherds into influential silver kings.⁶

[...] Mr. Bowes Kelly, the Australian mining magnate, who is now being made so much of in London, is an Irishman, Mr. Kelly is physically the model of a colonial pioneer, tall, broadly built, strongly knit, and fair. His face carries the impression of more experiences than one would have thought could have been crowded into 47 years. Yet that is his age, it being just over 39 years since, as a boy of eight, he passed through London on his way from the West of Ireland, where he was born, to the pastoral expanses of Riverina, in New South Wales, where his father held the position of a police magistrate. After leaving school, Mr. Kelly adopted sheep-farming as his calling, and ultimately became manager of a station on the Darling belonging to those famous squatters, the Messrs. Chirnside. In 1881 he turned his attention to mining. After 30 years or so of real 'hard graft', in Australia Mr. Kelly went to London with his wife and family for a spell of rest and change. A representative of the British Australasian sought him out at the hotel in Northumberland-avenue, London, at which he is staying.⁷

In September, 1883, Mr Charles Rasp, of Melindie, then a boundary rider on Mount Gipps station, was mustering sheep near Broken Hill, on the peaks of the Barrier, and was struck by its suggestive formation. The southern portion of the hill, which runs north-east and south-west for between 1 and 2 miles, presents the appearance of a very jagged razor, so fine seems the edge, and so peculiar the indications. From the bluff which marks the southern boundary of Block 14 to a similar bluff overlooking Block 16 in the flat and the Junction mine on an eminence to the left, the hill is still rugged, though much less so than on the northern portion. Mr Rasp discussed with Mr George McCulloch, manager and part owner of the station, the promising look of the hill for prospecting, and it was decided to peg it out in the possibility of discovering a tin lode. Wilyuwilyu-yong, the aboriginal name for Broken Hill, was therefore applied for in the names of Messrs. George McCulloch, G. A. Lind, and George Urquhart, seven blocks, or a total of 2 miles being secured on the line of lode.⁸

[...] In 1881 Mr. Kelly relinquished the management of the Messrs. Chirnside's run, which, by-the-bye, was situated only 120 miles from the future Barrier Silver Field, no very long distance, as distances are reckoned, in the 'bush.' Having plenty of energy at command, Mr. Bowes Kelly, when the great silver discoveries were made in 1882-3, was not unnaturally attracted by the marvellous wealth so suddenly unfolded in the vicinity of his old location. It was not, however, till 1884 that Mr. Kelly first visited the field which was to prove such a source of prosperity to New South Wales, of 'boom' to Melbourne, and of salvation to South Australia. After careful inquiry he decided to buy into the Broken Hill Syndicate, which represented the embryo stage of the great silver-producing concern which was to blossom out into the world-famous Broken Hill Proprietary Company, Limited, and which, since the date of its incorporation on August 13, 1885, has paid £9,216,000 in dividends, and at the present moment possesses the largest reduction works in the world, besides giving employment, directly and indirectly, to some 20,000 people. On acquiring an interest in the syndicate, Mr. Kelly was appointed a director, and was also a provisional director in the flotation of the Broken Hill Proprietary Company, which originally started with a capital of 16,000 shares of £20 each, of which 2000 were disposed of to the public, and 14,000 went to the vendors.⁹

The Township of Willyama is laid out in wide streets at right angles to the four compass points, as in Adelaide. The main mile thoroughfare, Argent-street, is therefore not quite parallel with Broken Hill, which flanks it a few hundred yards to the south. Standing in the balcony of Elliott's Hotel, which is halfway down Argent-street, the visitor faces the mine. Right opposite is Block 13, on which is the old smelting plant, with its slagheap running down the slope of the hill. To the right and lower down the slope are the Company's offices, and higher up still, looking to the right or in a southerly direction, are the shaft of Block 12, and a little lower the new smelting plant is being erected. Beyond this and below Block 11 is the diamond drill of the Underlay Company, as to the work of which very little is generally known. From Block 10 the hill descends to a point which seems to be in a straight line with the railway. The point conceals from view the road to the Broken Hill Central mine, where the Broken Hill lode has been found to be of rich character.¹⁰