

Architecture for the End of the World
presents

Fly-In, Fly-Out. Fit-In or Fuck Off:

Fictions of the Australian Industrial Landscape.

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Quote.

"I sit and watch the trains take my country away."

Aboriginal woman at Newman, a remote iron ore mining town in Western Australia.

Note.

In the December, 1972 edition of *Esquire*, the pioneer of the New Journalism movement, Tom Wolfe, described the use of non-fiction narrative as:

... a form that is not merely like a novel. It consumes devices that happen to have originated with the novel and mixes them with every other device known to prose. And all the while, quite beyond matters of technique, it enjoys an advantage so obvious, so built-in, one almost forgets what power it has: the simple fact that the reader knows all this actually happened. The disclaimers have been erased. The screen is gone. The writer is one step closer to the absolute involvement of the reader that Henry James and James Joyce dreamed of but never achieved.¹

With a multi-faceted world uncontrollably congealing into one network - and increasingly abstracting into the realm of the virtual - the format of this essay proposes a moment of reflection; through the fusion of narrative fiction with the factual, we are reminded of the cultural and experiential effects of our designs, of the most abstract economic systems and the most complex technological interfaces.

The composition of the essay is a series of vignettes and observations relating to a trip I made to the mining towns and aboriginal communities of Western Australia in December, 2010. I would stress that this is an essay on *fictions*, as opposed to *narratives*. Narratives have a beginning and an end - they are read or watched. Fictions, on the other hand, can be lived by generations and can shape the way we build. As this essay is a fiction, not a narrative, it has no end - no conclusion.

I have attempted to avoid pretentiousness, but when dealing with fiction, one has to throw caution to the wind.

¹ *Esquire*, December, 1972. p. 158.

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Introduction.

For years squatters and rural settlers had been finding small amounts of gold on their land, in the regions surrounding Victoria, in Australia. Victoria, in the first half of the nineteenth century, was governed by a well established pseudo-aristocracy, and the idea of a gold-rush on the scale of that of the Sierra Nevada, California, a few years earlier, would have upturned the social hierarchy overnight. So, miraculously, it was contained for several years. The wool and cotton prices were high and rising. As a result, residents had a comfortable and secure future that they didn't want to interrupt and nothing came of the gold findings. When Reverend W.B. Clarke reported his discovery in New South Wales by presenting an assortment of nuggets to the Governor, George Gipps, Gipps immediately exclaimed: "Put them away, Mr Clarke, or we shall all have our throats cut!"² The prospect of upheaval in a colony predominantly composed of expatriated British convicts would have terrified the establishment.

There would be a complete disruption of society when news that there was gold in Victoria reached Melbourne. After the depression of 1848, Victoria faced mass migration and was looking for a solution. If news of the discovery of gold in payable quantities hit neighbouring states, Victoria's future would be stabilised. Here anyone could be rich overnight. New liberal and radical philosophies evolved out of what, up until that point, had been a conservative, religious community. As many as 10,000 people arrived in Melbourne in one week in 1851. Inflation rocketed. One local account describes the resultant chaos: "robbery, outrage, and murder prevailed by day and night." It was the common consensus that the colony had been ruined as a "habitable place for civilised man."³ In a matter of months, Victoria unwittingly experienced a social revolution - but without the use of a guillotine.

From the chaos of the initial land claims grew an organising system of development. Claims were staked out and rural towns and rail networks bubbled up around them. Panoramas of tents and shanty towns crystallised into those of hand-made brick structures and timber sheds. Soon, timber frames were prefabricated elsewhere (as wood was scarce) and these were transported by train and erected on site. The shelters became ubiquitous, rather than local.⁴ Because of the haphazard arrangements of land-claims and property sizes, and the variety of the terrain, regular grid patterns were made impossible and these prefabricated towns grew 'organically'.

With so much wealth, unemployment dropped almost entirely. There was virtually no poverty and the cultural habits of Britain were imported. Bathhouses, racetracks, mansions, inns, schools and churches festooned the main streets of the Australian gold towns. In the arid desolation of the desert, water was extracted and prosperous cities with the veneer of culture blossomed - but not for long.

² Serle, Percival (1949). "Clarke, William Branwhite". *Dictionary of Australian Biography*. Sydney: Angus and Robertson.

³ Wilson, Granville. "Early Victorian Gold Towns," *Architecture in Australia*. June 1974, V. 63, #3. p66. Wilson quotes Thomas Carlyle.

⁴ *Ibid.* p67

*Menzies, Australia.**5th December, 2010.*

Crammed in the bus with their swags⁵ piled at their legs, a group of travellers were suffering from the blaze of the sun, the flies ricocheting between walls of glass and the muscle pains of a six hour drive. Peter had learned from an earlier experience with sunstroke not to sleep with his head against the window. Instead, he leaned his head back, neck stiff and comatose body approaching *rigor mortis*, with his towel over his head draped.

A sigh of relief spread through the group when the sight of a town in the distance disrupted the flatness of the oxidised desert horizon. As they approached, a half-torn sign read *Welcome to Menzies. Proudly declared a municipality on the 20th December 1895.* The bus stopped and its ragged inhabitants tripped over their bags and tumbled out onto a patch of tar. Before lifting their heads, hats were put on and cigarettes were lit. Peter was still half asleep. When his consciousness regained and his muscles pulsated back into action, he noticed that most of the group had quietly dispersed with their cameras and water bottles.

Peter lit his own cigarette and for the first time since entering the bus at Kalgoorlie, looked at the landscape around him. The bus had not stopped in a town at all, or rather, it had stopped in a corpse of one. Large rusted machines, the valves of crushers and the husks of old cars, sat piled in a line, which he imagined at some point in the dying years of the settlement had been rearranged in some effort of salvage. The dirt road that had brought the group to Menzies stretched forwards and backwards into the distance, with an array of scattered stone buildings on either side. He approached the nearest and read the words *General Shop* painted in blue across a surprisingly recently painted stone wall. At least it looked recent, he thought. As he peered between the bars that guarded the windows, he saw dusty shelves where the odd can and package still sat, half moved.

It unnerved him that there were no houses here. An assortment of present-day trailers sat on concrete beds three hundred meters away along a small ridge, but no life could be seen. Surrounding the small town hall, with its clock tower and heavy rustication, was an array of small flat plots. The houses must have been wood, he thought, but he had expected that such a place would be riddled with the timber wrecks of a spaghetti western.

As he crossed the street he froze mid-step as the sound of laughing came from his side. An aboriginal child on a bicycle, with golden hair and bright blue eyes punctuating her dark skin, casually passed behind the shadows of the town. Before the neurons of his eyes had time to pass into the synapses of his brain, she slipped out of view.

⁵ A Swag is a waterproof canvas bedroll used for sleeping on the ground in the Australian Outback.

Gold Fiction.

Sixty percent of the world's population now occupy cities, which results in an interdependence between cities and economic development. The strain that this development is putting on our resources is increasing exponentially. This is made evident with the recent increases of commodity prices across the board, from copper to rice, the results of which are very real and very serious. The 2007-2008 food price crisis led to famine in Asian countries such as India, China and Thailand, where rice is a staple part of the diet. In April 2008, rice prices hit 24 cents a pound, twice the price that it was only seven months earlier. In the United States, Wal-Mart went to the extreme of limiting the sale of 20 lb bags of rice to five per customer. In 2006 the price of corn was USD 2 per bushel, which escalated to USD 7 by 2008. The lack of regulation within the current global economic systems has created a discrepancy between the physical market value and financial market value of products.

Paradoxically, in the past five years the market price of key commodities have rocketed despite no shortage of supply; if you were to take Gold, Silver, Cocoa, Soybeans, Cotton and Crude Oil, for example, the market values for these commodities have increased by 245%, 344%, 200%, 260%, 330% and 520%, respectively. In the past five years - the increase in value is one of an *anticipated* shortage of supply, not a real one.

Marx explains how this fictional value can be the case when he relates the value of commodities, not in relation to their physical *properties*, but as a range of comparable *quantities*:

... As use values, commodities are, above all, of different qualities, but as exchange values they are merely different quantities, and consequently do not contain an atom of use value. If then we leave out of consideration the use value of commodities, they have only one common property left, that of being products of labour.⁶

The extremes of the rising market prices are manifested in the industrial landscapes of commodity producing countries, at the very source of where the labour power is exercised. At the Wiluna Gold Mine in Western Australia, large vats of arsenic and cyanide tower above mountains of rubble and debris. Mining activities in Wiluna have been ongoing since prospectors discovered nuggets in the desert in 1896 – one in particular weighed a staggering 460 ounces – that's a present-day value of USD 650,000. With the current value of gold at USD 1,370 per ounce (one ounce of gold is about the size of a one pound coin) extreme measures are taken to extract it. Wiluna was abandoned in the mid nineties, when gold prices were at a steady USD 800 per ounce. But in the past decade, as gold has passed the USD 1,200 mark, expensive methods of extracting miniscule proportions of gold from ore (that previously would have been ignored entirely) are now profitable. Gold is so valuable, in fact, that Apex, the company running the Wiluna operations, uses a bacteria in a BIOX process to prise microscopic particles of gold out of raw material – one part gold to every 265,000 parts of ore. The ore is crushed, liquefied, thickened, diluted with cyanide and fermented until one 20 kg bar of gold is squeezed out of 200 trucks of ore - an extraordinary 7,000 tonnes of waste is produced per bar. As soon as the bullion is smelted it is flown on a passenger flight to the Perth Mint, where it is further refined and buried in an underground vault built deep into the bedrock - its new life existing only in the virtual market of the digitised global economy.

Historically, gold has been valued across the world for its rarity and its non-corrosive properties. Platinum, though just as rare (and arguably more useful, as it is stronger, electrically conductive and non-corrosive) has a much higher melting point at 1,768° C. Historically it would have been impossible to melt. As a result of which, its present-day market price is much more volatile than gold's. Gold, on the other hand, is easily malleable and has a melting point of

⁶ Marx, *Capital, Volume One*, p. 43.

just 1,064° C, which has made all the difference to its market stability.⁷ Because it could be melted into coins and exchanged, gold soon became the standard currency of nations. Its most remarkable quality, however, is not in its physical and chemical properties (its non-corrosive nature, in particular), nor its aesthetic appeal. Marx continues, in *Capital*, "Not an atom of matter enters into the objectivity of commodities as values." Gold is remarkable because we don't need it, yet it unifies nations and individuals - it is a commodity valued by all and *trusted* by all. Which begs the question: for what reason?

⁷ Goldstein, Jacob. *A Chemist Explains Why Gold Beat Out Lithium, Osmium, Einsteinium ...* <http://www.npr.org/blogs/money/2010/11/18/131430755/a-chemist-explains-why-gold-beat-out-lithium-osmium-einsteinium>. 19th November, 2010.

Money Fiction.

Let us travel to the island of Yap in the South Pacific, 2,300 km northeast of the coast of Australia. The year is 1871. The industrious Irish trader, David Dean O'Keefe, has just arrived from Savannah, Georgia, having left his wife and daughter in search of economic opportunity. As he travels around the island and talks to the Yapese, he comes across large, donut-shaped rings of limestone sitting outside huts, nestled, moulding amidst the trees and beside paths. While some of these Rai stones were mere centimetres wide, the largest would reach up to four metres in diameter - immovable by any standards.

The intricately carved *Rai* would be traded by the locals, their perceived value depending on size and intricacy - for all manner of things: as dowries, for buying back the captured body of a deceased warrior, or for sea cucumbers and copra. The value of the Rai currency was kept high because of the hazards involved in quarrying the stone. The limestone could only be found on a distant island, whose inhabitants could often be hostile. These enormously heavy objects had to be carved in situ and carried onto rafts and sailed over choppy waters to Yap.

When the limestone deposits were first discovered by a small group of adventurous Yapese, the decision was made by their leader that the shiny and rare stone was to be carved into fish. But transporting the stone fish proved cumbersome, and they evolved into large disks that could be rolled, or carried by inserting a lifting rod through a hole carved into their centre. The Rai continued to gain value and eventually became a standard form of currency, mandatory assets in many exchanges.⁸

Because of the size and weight of their currency, the Yapese quickly grew tired of transporting the large stones whenever a transaction took place. So though a Rai stone might sit outside one man's house, it became a custom not to move it after trade took place. As it was understood by both parties that the stone belonged to one, there was no need to relocate it. Stones were continually traded between families and tribes, without moving at all.

O'Keefe recounts in his memoirs, the tale of one stone in particular. A group of Yapese friends had ventured out to Palau, the island where the stone was quarried, and proceeded to carve a Rai of great size, festooned with decoration and embellishments. As they proudly rolled the stone to the shore and loaded it onto their raft, they warily looked into the distance at looming storm clouds. Intrepid and ambitious, they took the decision to risk the waters and take the stone back to their village. They strapped the impressive Rai stone to their boat with ropes and paddled towards home. As they pushed through the building storm, the waves grew with vigour - and just off the coast of Yap, the bindings snapped free. In a desperate effort to save their lives, the men let the stone fall into the depths of the water.

When they set foot on land, the group were crestfallen and mournfully boasted of the magnitude and magnificence of their loss. As the tribesmen listened to their story, they concluded that it did not, in fact, matter that the stone sat inaccessible on the sea bed. The tribe trusted that the stone had been carved, therefore there was no reason not to trade it. The Rai stone at the bottom of the sea existed - its value outliving its physicality.

⁸ Goldberg, Dror. "Famous Myths of "Fiat Money"," Journal of Money, Credit and Banking 2005, 957-967

*Port Hedland, Australia.**12th December, 2010.*

Fourty-five minutes outside of Port Hedland, the group of travellers stopped at a gas station. The sun had already set and hunger had hit. As they pulled in to the forecourt, an ubiquitous white mining truck with all the accoutrements and trappings of rural communication and survival was parked by the glass doors of the entrance with one door partially open and Jay-Z playing on the radio. Below the yellow neon stripes that punctuated its caged rear windows, was a bumper sticker that read "Fly-In, Fly-Out. Fit-In or F*#k Off. Welcome to the Pilbara." *How welcoming*, Peter thought to himself.

Inside the station, one miner with a tanned face and a big build draped in the ubiquitous blue and yellow overalls of the Pilbara, browsed the CD's while another tentatively held the handles of fridges full of milkshakes and Gatorade. The group walked towards the canteen at the rear, where a number of locals sat eating burgers and sandwiches. The murmur of conversation stopped as they approached and a number of eyes fixed on the strangers. A man behind the counter said "sorry, our kitchen's closed". And as an old man in the background bit into his burger the group headed into town to find some food.

Peter gazed out the window as they passed through a small section of run-down suburban homes covered in red dust from the iron ore. Every lamppost and driveway was red. Every window-frame and corrugated roof. One small, black, wooden shed, no more than eight meters wide, which had been converted into a home with the addition of PVC windows, had a small sign pitched in front of it: *For Sale. \$870,000.*

Mining in the Pilbara is isolated and dangerous and its communities so fraught with alcoholism and drug problems, that even fork-lift drivers earn a minimum salary of \$150,000 after completing a two-week induction. Paying high salaries to miners has the benefit of pricing out the locals who attract the attention of various government environment and health agencies, but does nothing for the social issues that plague the mining towns.

That night, Peter and the group were to be hosted by Rio Tinto at one of their communities. Twelve thousand people live in Port Hedland, twice that number live in temporary encampments built by the mining companies. At some point the government decided that providing infrastructure to rural areas was too costly, and modern-day ghost towns were scattered across the Outback. They decided to penalise companies that constructed permanent communities for their employees, as the life of most mines usually lasted under a decade. This resulted in the mass transport of labour - sometimes up to 40,000 in one community. Companies like Rio Tinto would fly workers in from Perth for four weeks of work, after which they were flown back to spend time with their families for two weeks of rest. The workers would be housed in prefabricated dwellings that could be moved easily when the operations shut down, just as early miners had done in the nineteenth century.

The bus drove up to the gates of what looked like a prison. Large barbed wire fences outlined a rectangle containing an assortment of portable dwellings. Low-rise lines of rooms opening up to exterior walkways stretched in either direction, labelled A1, A2, A3... Dented metal doors with locks that had been replaced several times and air conditioning vents were repeated across the rows. After meeting the manager of the community, Peter and the others were given the keys to their rooms and told where they could get food, as the canteen closed at eight. Peter took his key, labelled with a yellow card reading *F18* and he made his way through the aisles, walking on concrete stepping stones. He unlocked the door and pulled it open. The air was stale and piping hot. He saw a remote control for the air conditioner and attempted to activate it. It took several tries but he managed after jostling with the cables that connected it to the wall. A fly was perched still on his blue pillow. The walls were covered in peeling, brown, wood-patterned linoleum. The floor was green and made of the same material. The window had been painted black. A door to the right of the room opened to a bathroom larger than his bedroom, with a

door that connected to the adjacent chamber, but with no lock. *Not ideal*, he thought.

After quick showers and cleaning up, the group met by the van and made their way to a bar that sold fish and chips. It was unusual here to see any building taller than one story that weren't attached to one of the mining machines. They ate their food in the restaurant and walked up some exterior stairs leading to the only bar open in the town. The mining companies had encouraged local businesses to close before 8PM, in an effort to enforce a curfew to curb night-time rowdiness and to ensure that miners were fresh in the morning, but this was the exception in Port Hedland.

At the bar were a line of girls in *skimpies*, wearing little other than the bare minimum. A twenty metre line of rowdy miners, from sixteen-years-old to forty-five, sat on the stools drinking beer. At the doors to the veranda, two labourers from two larger groups had decided that they wanted to fight, so after only a moment of eye contact they lunged at one another unprovoked. Feeling deeply uncomfortable, the girls in the group were taken back to the mining village. Peter and some of the remainders ordered beers and started to mingle in the vast and boisterous bar.

As the haze of the evening thickened, the men grew rowdier and the barmaids removed more clothing, but left their hats on. After several drinks, Peter and two others were the only remaining members of the group. His head was spinning and he felt ill so he vomited in the bathroom and felt a little better. When he returned to the bar where he had been standing, his friends were talking to some aboriginal workers. He couldn't focus on the conversation they were having but he knew that it was aggressive. As his friends grew rowdier, one of the aboriginals shoved one of them off his stool. Peter tried to pick him up but his friend had managed by himself. The incident caused no alarm to the drinkers surrounding them. The aboriginal miner, seeing the foreigner on the floor, went back to sipping his drink. In a drunken haze, Peter turned towards the doors not knowing if his companions were following him or not. He didn't care much. As he rested on the veranda and clumsily lit a cigarette, his head continually spinning, a young miner offered him some MDMA. He didn't know if he had taken it or not, but the rest of the night escaped from his consciousness.

Epilogue.

Some 3,000 metres above sea level, between the crests of the central Andes, sits the Laguna de Guatavita, the once sacred lake of the ancient Muisca people. It was here that the myths and legends of El Dorado were born. When the Spanish arrived in South America, rumours of a hidden city of gold were spread by captured Indians. Generations of explorers and adventurers searched for the golden city, with little luck. Imagined as a place, the rumours of El Dorado grew from a lake, to a kingdom, to an empire - at the heart of which sat the city of a legendary golden king, known as *El Dorado* (Spanish for "the golden one"). In pursuit of the legend, Francisco Orellana and Gonzalo Pizarro would depart from Quito in 1541, on what would be a disastrous expedition towards the Amazon Basin. While a mythical city of lost gold was never found by the Spaniards, Orellana would be the first person known to navigate the entire length of the Amazon River.

Though a city of gold was never discovered, two conquistadores, Lázaro Fonte and Hernán Pérez de Quesada, arrived at Guatavita, in present-day Colombia and heard of religious ceremonies involving large quantities of gold. The rituals involved the Zipa, the local king who would cover himself in gold dust and wash in the waters of the lake. From a ceremonial raft, intricate artefacts of gold would be thrown as a sacrifice to the local deities, into the depths of the pond. An account from the following century describes the ceremony, when in 1638 Juan Rodríguez Troxell wrote this letter, addressed to the *cacique* or governor of Guatavita:

The ceremony took place on the appointment of a new ruler. Before taking office, he spent some time secluded in a cave, without women, forbidden to eat salt, or to go out during daylight. The first journey he had to make was to go to the great lagoon of Guatavita, to make offerings and sacrifices to the demon which they worshipped as their god and lord. During the ceremony which took place at the lagoon, they made a raft of rushes, embellishing and decorating it with the most attractive things they had. They put on it four lighted braziers in which they burned much moque, which is the incense of these natives, and also resin and many other perfumes. The lagoon was large and deep, so that a ship with high sides could sail on it, all loaded with an infinity of men and women dressed in fine plumes, golden plaques and crowns.... As soon as those on the raft began to burn incense, they also lit braziers on the shore, so that the smoke hid the light of day. At this time they stripped the heir to his skin, and anointed him with a sticky earth on which they placed gold dust so that he was completely covered with this metal. They placed him on the raft ... and at his feet they placed a great heap of gold and emeralds for him to offer to his god. In the raft with him went four principal subject chiefs, decked in plumes, crowns, bracelets, pendants and ear rings all of gold. They, too, were naked, and each one carried his offering when the raft reached the centre of the lagoon, they raised a banner as a signal for silence. The gilded Indian then ... [threw] out all the pile of gold into the middle of the lake, and the chiefs who had accompanied him did the same on their own accounts. ... After this they lowered the flag, which had remained up during the whole time of offering, and, as the raft moved towards the shore, the shouting began again, with pipes, flutes, and large teams of singers and dancers. With this ceremony the new ruler was received, and was recognized as lord and king.⁹

Fonte and Pérez de Quesada saw that a number of gold mines were scattered around the area surrounding the lake and were puzzled by the fact that no gold was anywhere to be seen. In search of the gold, Quesada captured the local chief, enslaved his people and burned him alive at the stake when he refused to divulge the location of the lake. Just as he had given up hope, Quesada remembered a passing comment the chief had made about a lake called Guatavita. In 1545 they organised a 'bucket chain' of labourers and began to empty the lake. After three months of hard labour and several deaths, the water level had been reduced by only three metres, uncovering a minuscule amount of gold, with a value of 3000 pesos. Exhausted and out of funds, Fonte and Quesada abandoned their efforts.¹⁰

In 1580, a Bogota businessman called Antonio Sepúlveda would revisit the attempts to recover the gold at Guatavita. Sepúlveda was much more

⁹ Rodríguez Troxell, Juan. In a letter to the governor of Guatavita, 1638.

¹⁰ 'Famous Sacred Lake of Guatavita Gives Up Treasure', *New York Times*, October 27th, 1912.

industrious and began to cut a notch into the ridge surrounding the lake in order to drain the water into the valleys surrounding it. Sepúlveda lowered the water by an impressive twenty metres before the walls of the excavation collapsed, killing many of his labourers, bringing the effort to a dramatic halt. A portion of what was uncovered up until that point - golden ornaments, jewellery and armour - was sent to King Philip II of Spain. The gold found came to a value of 12,000 pesos, a measly sum considering the cost of the excavation efforts. Sepúlveda died soon after, a poor man, and is buried at a small church in the town.

Alexander von Humboldt, the noted biogeographer and explorer, visited Guatavita in 1801 and calculated from the surrounding mines and the gold recovered from the edges of the lake by Sepúlveda, that at its centre lay a further USD 300 million worth of gold (in today's money).¹¹ In 1898, a British consortium of investors set up 'Contractors Ltd.' in a project headed by Hartley Knowles. Knowles wrote in the New York Times of the potential of the excavation:

I think that most of what we have taken out up to date is from the side of the lake. We have not yet dug down to the bottom, and we don't know how much more we have to dig before we reach it. But according to the stories, the bottom of the lake is where the richest treasure are.

....

*As to what is still there, there is no way of finding out except to go on with the digging. The custom may have continued for thousands of years. Certainly it went on for two hundred years. So you see a good deal must have piled up.*¹²

Knowles was an engineer and knew that there was a risk that two hundred years of sediment and mud at the bottom of the lake might dry up if the water were to be completely removed, locking the gold inside of it.¹³ Knowles began by digging a tunnel underneath the lake, emerging at its centre. The water drained to a depth of four feet of mud and slime. Knowles had underestimated how difficult this mud would be to explore. In desperation, the excavators let the mud dry as they had previously tried to avoid, in the hope that they could dig through it. The mud baked in the Colombian summer sun and set as hard as concrete, rendering excavation impossible. Only £500 of gold was recovered, auctioned at Sotheby's in London. The 'Company for the Exploitation of the Lagoon of Guatavita' filed for bankruptcy and ceased to exist after almost fourteen years of active efforts to reach the gold at the bottom of the lake.

¹¹ Humboldt, Alexander von (1811). *Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain*. F. Schoell, Paris.

¹² 'Famous Sacred Lake of Guatavita Gives Up Treasure', *New York Times*, October 27th, 1912.

¹³ *The Great Treasure of Lake Guatavita - El Dorado - The Golden One*. <http://www.detecting.org.uk/gold-treasure-of-lake-guatavita/>