The Road to Anarchy

During Alqueria's turbulent transition from small Spanish village to independent sovereign Republic one trapping of statehood was overlooked. The legal system. When the laws of Spain applied, it wasn't so much which laws to obey but which could be disobeyed with impunity. When people went too far the Guardia Civil would turn up. Driving around the village in a 4x4, elbows out of windows and mirrored sunshades, it was their attempt to intimidate. The occasional discarded piece of fruit or well aimed root vegetable bouncing off the car's bodywork demonstrated that the people of Alqueria remained unmoved.

Now they had set up housekeeping on their own some semblance of law and order had to be maintained. Alqueria was however in an unusual and unique position. The Village had its Remitroot crop which meant self-sufficiency, dignity and autonomy. A reversion to the golden days of eighteenth century Andalucía. The dream of every atavistic Anarchist. Alqueria had emerged from an insignificant Spanish backwater to the closest thing to paradise in the northern hemisphere. It's a pity the population didn't realise it. Relevant political ideologies usually imply that to get from Alqueria's initial state to its present a total destruction of society is required. Alqueria managed the transformation without this intermediary step.

This is the crux of the problem the people of Alqueria felt cheated. The occasional bout of wanton destruction always appeals to the good folk of the pueblo. Lawbreaking is almost second nature for the population. Do the law-makers create laws so they can be broken and therefore have to be enforced? Do they leave the Village Republic without statute and therefore retain a law abiding society?

There was to be a public meeting in the plaza in front of the Bar la Casa Devante. The question would be voted upon by the entire village. This, the politicians will tell you is an exercise in pure democracy. The sceptics will say it is simply an attempt by those in power to abdicate responsibility and cover their hindquarters against failure.

The Bar la Casa Devante was a bad choice of venue.

Horacio Stranglardeganso, landlord of the Bar used the opportunity to introduce a 'Happy Hour', eight drinks for the price of seven.

Rodriquez, while putting the case for legislation received a direct hit from a flying Remitroot bottle and was rendered unconscious. Manuela while putting her case for a lawless and therefore law abiding society was interrupted by five separate proposals, and they certainly weren't marriage. Manuela's passionate plea won the day by an overwhelming majority. The village-folk were duly put on their honour and asked to look to their consciences before they acted, spoke or even got out of bed.

That night the bank was robbed.