El Molino Rojo

To say that all politicians are corrupt would be an exaggeration, there is certainly one on Baker Island in the north Pacific who is honest and sincere. Manuela, however uses her position to further her own ends. As Minister of Culture she has wide scope to indulge her little flights of fancy.

Built on the site of one of Rodriguez's defunct olive groves is a huge gaudy red windmill. Built of wood and probably contravening building, fire and Sunday spitting regulations, if such regulations existed in Alqueria that is, is Manuela's new enterprise. El Molino Rojo, the premier night-spot of Alqueria, southern Spain and the Iberian peninsular. People from far and wide risk arrest being smuggled into Alqueria just to spend an hour or two in the pink painted interior of the establishment.

Sacerdote del Semblante Lánguido the village's reluctant and existentialist priest spends his evenings at the bar, drinking Absinthe and cheerfully disgracing himself with Manuela's 'working' girls. The entertainment is second to none. Ernesto Muyinestable the one legged flamenco dancer dazzles with his thundering displays. Although falling over frequently his stamping and whirling is not only hypnotic but quite remarkable for a monopede.

Blythe Gruntmore, the village's resident Englishman particularly enjoys Sanchia Sústomore and her haunting cantes. He will sit, lost in the emotional and melancholy tones while nursing a glass of wormwood flavoured Remitroot Liquor. Unfortunately his grasp of Spanish is such that she could be singing about a broken vacuum cleaner. Perhaps the wormwooded Remitroot enhanced his linguistic ability or it may simply have paralysed him from the neck up. The majority of Manuela's clientèle however didn't know whether to applaud or offer the singer first-aid.

Another devotee of wormwood Remitroot is one Teruel la Caminata an extremely short bearded individual who regards himself as something of an artist. He captures

the bawdy scenes from El Molino Rojo on his canvases during the evening and hawks them around the streets of Alqueria during the day. Painting and consuming vast quantities of Remitroot aren’t compatible with good hand to eye coordination, with the result that his canvases are infantile daubs. Teruel has only ever sold one painting, to Blythe Gruntmore who was also drinking the Remitroot liquor at the time.

The finale is a Spanish version of the Can-can, choreographed and starring Manuela herself. Under her careful guidance this energetic and racy dance is transformed into a pornographic and gratuitous display or riving bodies and discarded clothing. Only a mind such as Manuela's could have conceived such a salacious and exhausting routine. It always leaves the audience stunned and disturbed.

It is however the main attraction and caused a riot when left out of one performance after Manuela suffered a groin strain.