

## The Cancun Dynasty

they will arrive from all over the world

in huge steel tubes

stay at hotels

they will be the international delegates for  
WOMOC

World Mind Organisation Conference

to be held at Cancun

Mexico

Aesthete Chris from England

will be relaxing

in his hotel room

very deluxe

all a loafing super delegate could want

he will be happy here

he will develop his mind

along with other minds

As he is perusing his paper of address to the conference,  
there is a light tap at his door.

“What is that?” he thinks. “Did I hear a tap, or did I imagine it?”

He waits to see; and, yes, there is another tap, a little louder.

He leaps from his chair, opens the door and sees before him a very pretty Chinese girl.

“I am sorry to disturb you but can I talk to you, please?” she asks.

“You may,” he replies, stepping to one side to admit his visitor.

“My name is Anya-Li and I am the delegate from China,” she says.

“Yes I know,” Aesthete replies. “I saw you at the registration this morning and took note.”

“You did? Oh how kind and how flattering,” she comments, fluttering her dark eyelashes.

Anya is in her mid thirties, as is Chris our aesthete.

“It’s lovely to see you. What did you want?” the Englishman asks.

“Oh yes, sorry. I wanted to ask you if you know the German delegate, the one who is a painter,” she continues.

“Helmut? Yes,” Chris replies.

“Helmut? Is that his name?”

“Yes, Helmut Hauer.”

“Helmut Hauer. What a delightful name. So strong and clean. Helmut Hauer.” Anya-Li seems quite besotted with the name. Will she never stop repeating it and musing upon it?

“Yes, Helmut Hauer, the painter, the delegate from Germany,” says Chris.

“I knew he was German,” explains Anya-Li, “and that he is a painter because I overheard him telling some other delegates. But I did not catch his name. So I had to come to ask you. Helmut Hauer.” She stares past Chris and gazes through the window, looking as if she were conjuring up the figure of the man by thinking on the name.

“Why did you want to know if I knew him?” Chris asks.

“Because I want you to ask him to paint my portrait, so I can meet him, so I can be with him, so I can write poems about him,” Anya pauses in her plea.

“Well, I can certainly ask him when I see him tomorrow. He may be happy to paint you but I cannot promise.”

“But you will try?” Anya continues.

“Yes,” says Chris with a broad smile.

“Ever since I saw him, I have felt such a strong love, a great desire to be with him,” she continues. “I want to see him. I want to compose verses about him. I want to share the air of the flowers and the trees with him. I want to see his smiling eyes smiling at me. He makes me feel good.”

Anya-Li's rapture does not look like abating; so Chris lunges in with a new line of conversation.

"Are you planning on giving a talk at the conference?" he asks.

"I would like to, but I am very shy and I do not know if I am up to it;" Anya replies, "that is why I have to ask you to speak to Helmut, Helmut, Helmut, for me."

"Well, I am giving a talk. The inaugural talk, in fact," interrupts our aesthete, desperate to change the topic from Helmut to something a little more elevating.

"Sorry, are you, what did you say?" asks the innocent and lost Chinese poetess.

"I am giving one of the talks."

"Oh yes, whatever about?" Anya dreamily asks.

Chris is undeterred and speaks forth:

"Yes, my talk will be about the essay called 'The Perceptual Revolution' by the famous artist, Cesar del Mundo, who died recently."

"Tell me about it, Helmut?"

Undisturbed by this mis-naming, Chris continues:

"Well, Cesar wrote an extensive essay, a pamphlet really, about the way we perceive, and how our perceptions are changing. He called it: 'The Perceptual Revolution'.

“It’s just that I am going to use it as the basis for my talk and I will open the proceedings of our WOMOC conference with it,” continues Chris.

“I like it,” says Anya, “yes I like it. ‘The Perceptual Revolution’; yes, it sounds great.

“Now I must go. I must leave you. You won’t forget Helmut, will you? You will ask him to paint my portrait? I will need to sit for him, for many hours won’t I?”

“Absolutely, I’m sure, you will,” Chris declares as he gently leads Anya to the door.

She passes through it without removing her dreamy smile.

Chris closes his door and returns to his work, thinking that he has at least made the Chinese delegate a happy girl.

The next morning, Aesthete is crossing to his table for breakfast when a smiling young woman approaches him.

“Excuse me, I think you know Helmut Hauer, the painter from Germany, don’t you? I mean I saw you talking to him, yesterday. Do you think if I asked him he would do my portrait for me? I would like to sit for him and have him do my portrait to take home to my family. Do you think he would if I asked him?”

“I expect so,” Chris replies.

“I should warn you that you may have a rival,” he tells the lady.

“A rival? Ah, that is nothing to me. I am Susanna Mendez by the way. I am a physicist from South America,” declares the dark haired beauty.

“I am attending WOMOC to expound my ‘Laws of Everything’”, she formidably explains.

“You mean you hope to answer all our questions. I am so glad,” comments the Englishman.

“And I am quite sure it is worth your while to ask Helmut for a portrait.”

“Thank you. You have been most kind. I look forward to hearing you at the conference; why, there he is, there is the German I seek. Goodbye. I will go to him now.”

And the South American physicist disappears amongst a whirl of white-coated waiters and beach-dressed residents searching out tables, leaving a somewhat exhausted aesthete alone.

### ‘The Perceptual Revolution’

they will gather in the small conference room of the  
Paradise Hotel  
where the delegates are staying

there will be windows along a wall revealing the  
boulevards  
and the ways to the white sandy beaches and to the  
sea brilliantly blue

at one end of the room will be a table with chair and  
various lecture equipments

the delegates are seated waiting for the conference to begin

Chris rises and walks to the podium

He fumbles with his notes

Everyone waits eagerly, shuffling their papers and  
twiddling their pens and pencils

What will he say?

What will he outline?

What will he propose   prophesy   explain?

Chris begins:

“In writing down his ideas about the  
perceptual revolution, the late Cesar del Mundo wished for  
life to be seen as a directing, creating entity as well as a  
what happens to you. One need not swamp the other.

“He wanted to multi culturalise: multi religion, multi  
politics, multi sexual, multi national and so forth.”

Excitement chases through the minds of the delegates  
as they anticipate the ideas of Cesar del Mundo and the  
exercises of Chris, the Aesthete,

when

through the window will be thrown a huge piece of  
concrete

crashing to the ground  
splattering glass everywhere  
causing screamings and shoutings  
delegates running to the far side of the room  
turning to see  
young protestors at the window  
shouting slogans  
and shoving large placards through the open space they  
had made with their missile

“Mindalisation is Bad  
Out! Out! Out!  
Leave Cancun  
We don’t want your mind control here!”  
they yell

The shouting of the protestors was horrendous and the screams of the delegates could not drown out the protestors’ cries.

Eventually, delegates managed to leave by the door.

The police arrived to disperse the mob that had disturbed the peace of the hotel and of the conference.

The delegates were very distressed by the events at their conference lecture

and will recover quite quickly  
as they settle on the idea of gathering  
in each other's rooms  
to continue their explorations of mind

Into their minds will pour the thoughts regarding how the  
protestors  
came to know of the existence of WOMOC and why  
should anyone object to their conference at all

The manager of the Paradise Hotel  
has reassured them  
they can continue their conference  
He has stated he will increase security  
and is not going to allow rebels  
to disrupt their great cause  
He seems to be very enthusiastic  
about Mindalisation

So Chris is eager to engage everyone  
in the first of his mind exercises  
“Ladies and Gentlemen  
please relax your minds  
meditate

allow the earth to fall away  
sail to space  
free your imaginations  
discover new things for your pleasure  
stay with your minds  
see everything anew  
Create what you are  
what you wish to become..."

After an hour or so, he brings everyone back to their surroundings and they all seem refreshed and radiate happiness to each other.

They converse freely as if at a party that has relaxed and started to fizz.

Anya-Li is introduced to Helmut Hauer by Chris who asks Helmut to paint a portrait of their Chinese poetess.

"I'd be delighted to paint you, Anya-Li. You have an interesting, sensitive face. My teacher used to say: 'Always paint the faces that are interesting'. So I have no problem with the task of painting you."

"Thank you, Helmut. That is so kind of you. How much money will you want for it?" asks the oriental innocent.

Helmut smiles broadly and raises his right hand and forms a ring with his thumb and first finger to indicate:

“For you, nothing at all, my young lady.”

“Will you paint me also please, Helmut, as I would like a portrait of me for my family?”

This is, of course, the more assertive voice of Susan Mendez.

“I will paint you, Susan, and I will not charge you.

But you must both remember that my style of painting may not appeal to you.”

Francois rises early every morning  
and begins his finger exercises  
as he is a pianist and composer.

today the second day of the conference  
he is distracted

the day before  
he had spotted the Chinese poetess  
our delightful Anya-Li

so struck by her attractive face  
and enchanted by her mind  
he determined to meet her

Anya-Li is pleased Francois  
has invited her to the beach

she has already noticed  
he is attracted to her  
and she is happy to become  
more acquainted with him

Francois and Anya-Li  
discover two new friends  
friends that will last  
them forever

offering comfort and stimulus  
they are  
the beach and the sea

to walk on the beach  
is to test the movement  
of the body  
to its best  
control of balance  
and guidance

treading  
the sinking sand  
walking with shoulders  
and hips steadying  
the stride of the legs  
until the act of moving  
charges the brain with  
new thoughts

with the art of movement  
and the art of the mind  
Anya-Li and Francois  
experience these things  
    the beach  
    the sea  
        the translucent blue sea  
        mirror to the sky

Francois will say to Anya-Li:

“I think you are very sweet and I would like to know  
you more.”

Anya-Li will react with:

“Of course you must.  
We can be friends; but nothing more.  
I like you very much Francois  
but not as more than a good friend.”

“I see.

I am glad you have been  
honest with me.

Thank you.

I am young.”

“Let’s take a swim in the sea.”

and they joyfully play in the water

“Put in your hands to warm your body,” suggests Francois.

Anya-Li will do so and cry out:

“oh yes it works”.

“Now do a somersault.

Only when you’ve immersed your head  
will you feel really warm in the sea.”

“Oh no ... that’s too much for me”

and they splash and laugh

Susan shall walk down the carpeted corridor  
to the hotel bedroom door and knock

“Perhaps I should go  
perhaps I shouldn’t stay  
oh please  
hurry and answer the door  
or I might run away now”

Footsteps approaching the door  
make her stay

“Susan come in quickly  
what is it  
good to see you  
sit down”

It will be Aesthete Chris  
speaking  
having just opened his door

Susan is weak  
she trembles

“I’m sorry to disturb you  
but I’ve just had a terrible experience”  
Chris crouches to her  
“Take your time  
tell me all about it”  
“I was returning from the shopping mall  
when as I entered the hotel forecourt  
a group of protesters came rushing up to me  
they appeared from the bushes I think  
they were like wild monkeys  
they hurried round me and screeched  
they threw flour at me  
I think it was flour  
it was white and dusty  
it may have been sand  
they thrust their faces into my face  
they crowded me  
and yelled things at me  
it was awful  
and then someone called me a lesbian  
I couldn’t believe it  
who are these people  
don’t they have proper jobs to do?”

‘Get out!’ they shouted  
‘We don’t want your mindalisation here  
taking over the world  
warping people’s minds  
telling them what to think  
and what not to think!  
Get out of here  
you lesbian  
we don’t want you  
what are you doing coming here anyway’”

Susan will pause for breath  
Chris will rise  
and turn away from her  
Susan turns her head  
and watches Chris  
“Here come and look at the view”  
Chris will call to her  
Susan rises and goes to the window  
she stands next to him  
“Have you ever seen anything so beautiful?”  
he asks  
they are gazing out to sea  
and down to the beach

the turquoise blues  
of the sea  
glisten silvery  
scatterings of light

the coral white sands  
are rippled  
by the waters  
that crash on the shore

the two friends are happy to be looking at such wonder

Chris will say:

“I think at night  
the sea switches off  
it stops rolling and crashing  
it stops roaring and splashing  
it just switches off  
goes quiet and has a rest  
but it doesn't  
it continues through the night  
to the daybreak  
it never stops”

“I understand” replies Susan  
“about feeling the sea switches off  
and that it doesn’t  
it is so beautiful”  
Susan loses her balance  
as she faints into his arms  
he lays her on a chair  
and fetches her some water  
after a few minutes  
Susan recovers  
“I have to go for my next portrait session,” she says  
“Good how is that coming along?”  
“Very well I think”  
“Does Helmut let you see the picture”  
“No he hasn’t yet  
but I don’t mind  
I’m working on him  
I think I’ll take him  
to meet my family”  
Chris laughs  
and Susan leaves

Francois was happy  
he had been strolling  
he is uplifted by all he sees  
yet he will fall into despair  
because he has a mind that challenges

he has recently suffered  
a breakdown at home  
he hopes WOMOC will help him  
so far it has

now is the time Francois  
will feel the pain of his mind

a disappointment in his heart

he will open his mouth  
and the question will break out

“What am I doing here?”

he stops and leans against  
an old palm tree

he feels he is weeping

he lifts his heavy body  
and crawls through  
a gap in the bushes

he looks sadly  
at the exquisite lagoon  
formed by Cancun bay

He will stand there so long and wish himself away.

Then a voice will call him round.

It will be a friendly voice.

It will be someone from the WOMOC conference.

It is Helmut Hauer.

Helmut takes hold of Francois' shoulder  
and leads him through the bush  
to the pavement of the boulevard

"See how beautiful everything is  
the light is so clear  
so bright all the colours

the air so warm  
You feel wrapped around  
You must see the loveliness  
and let it drown your sadness."

"I don't know what I am doing here,"  
sighs the French composer.

"I know.  
You are young and in love  
or you want to be  
but you cannot force love  
that is what love is  
the unforced.

Let's walk down the boulevard Kukulcan  
with its noisy rushing traffic  
and we'll go to that bus stop  
do you see the little blue and white symbol  
on that post indicating a bus stop  
I bet you have never noticed one before  
Come on you know the drill  
spot the bus coming  
step forth and stick out your hand  
to make it stop

jump on  
and pay the 6 pesos  
and we shall go to the archaeological site  
'El Rey'"

They step to the pavement on the brink of traffic  
noisily passing by  
sometimes a touting taxi honks  
for a fare from them  
the wealthy tourists  
then yes  
here it lopes  
a bus  
when to put out one's hand  
halt  
stop  
we want to board you  
it's indicating to stop  
relief  
and the two delegates of WOMOC clamber  
onto the bus  
they pay their fares  
and stagger down the length  
of the vehicle to find

a hard plastic seat  
as the bus lurches  
lunges  
hurtles  
totters and pummels its way  
along the boulevard  
making a noise screeching  
and roaring enough  
to deaden all thoughts  
all memory of the outside world  
for here life is lived  
without the outside world  
you have the sun  
the sea  
the warmth  
the light  
and at night the blackness  
speckled with stars

So Helmut hopes the noise of the bus adventure will help to obliterate the troubled dramas of the minds of Francois.

Helmut thinks the authorities insist their buses are noisy for this purpose.

Soon they will reach the 'El Rey' site.

Another difficult manoeuvre has to be attempted now: the stopping of the bus.

Watch for the stops, go past the one before yours,

up, try not to fall over three times,

head for the pillar with the bell,

reach it and press;

but it's all right the driver is looking in his vast mirror to

see if anyone is attempting this daring feat,

so he would have stopped anyway

even if you hadn't made the bell without serious injury to yourself.

Helmut makes it well, the driver looks, the bus pulls into

the stop, the doors wrench open with a last gurgling

chortling scream and clunk, and they leap off the bus

firmly landing on the pavement.

Helmut stands upright and smiles warmly at Francois who manages a smirk himself.

"Great," he says, "So where is it?"

"This way," replies Helmut.

And the two stride in the direction of the sign announcing the intended destination.

The pavement is a dirt track, grassy bank and dried stubble.

There are bushes to their right and one or two crossings to be made.

Further to the right the lagoon glitters in the brightness of the sun.

Everything seems to colour itself red and orange, green and blue,

then, there a strip,  
a grey strip it moves...

"Oh look," calls Francois.

"Oh my goodness, I don't believe it.

I've never seen one before.

It isn't true, is it?

But it is, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's an iguana," contributes Helmut. "I was hoping you would see them.

They live here amongst the stones."

"Oh it's wonderful.

Thank you for bringing me here.

I've never seen an iguana before.

Not like this anyway, out in the open,  
in its own world.

Oh he's scurrying off."

And Francois is delighted to see the small creature dash into the rocks, after it had stood still for a long time watching Francois watching it.

They walk on and Francois is smiling with glee, and his heart is lifting as they approach the entrance to the site.

"It is quite small but I like it for that," comments Helmut.

"Yes I do.

I mean I'll be able to climb the pyramids as they are so low.

They are wonderful; how old?"

"Well they were abandoned around 800 AD, and were probably built a 1000 years before that, so let's say about 200 - 500 BC,"

Helmut instructs.

The two men delight in the arrangement of various grey stone pyramids forming an avenue in the turf;

they walk down the middle pathway,  
and on towards the final towering end piece,  
obviously some chief altar,  
they both notice that one's eye is ever drawn upwards  
to the sky.

The line of the buildings seems to highlight and draw  
all attention to what is above, to the sky,

"and so imagine," comments Francois, " how these  
ancients must have viewed their world by the stars of  
night, which appear in great abundance amongst the  
blackness."

"Yes, you can see how the stars were their identity,  
along with the tracking of the sun's passing overhead.

They must have been very skilled," says Helmut.

"Look, more iguanas," says Francois.

And in a clearing between stone structures, a whole  
colony of iguanas is gathering around the scattering of  
banana pieces a young girl is offering to them.

There are all sizes of the creatures.

There are one or two very large,

grey, withered old men ones;

there are dainty fragile ones;

there are strong medium sized ones.

They have very peaceful auras.

They look gentle kind animals;  
vegetarian.

"Maybe dinosaurs did just shrink," offers  
Francois.

"I think I shall write a poem about them."

"Do," encourages Helmut.

"Apparently to the Ancient Mayas, iguanas were a  
symbol of wisdom.

They look as if they are wise, don't they?"

Helmut and Francois walk on to the last structure and  
scamper to its top.

Though not very high it does give a refreshing view,  
being a good elevation.

The land spreads below,  
the paths stretch away,  
the iguanas are still being fed,  
the clouds white the blue  
and everything feels warm,  
everything feels like a new identity, measured in  
sensations,  
not words and ideas.

It is a lovely feeling to stand  
on the top of a pyramid,  
always reaching up into the light

and to the stars.

"I have it," says Francois.

"My poem."

"Let's hear it," say Helmut.

Francois recites quietly and firmly:

"O wise iguana  
be my friend today  
On the Kukulcan boulevard  
we will rest and play  
among the pyramids  
built for El Rey  
Oh how these iguanas  
they love their bananas."

Helmut repeats the last line and laughs out loud.

"What a joyful poem!" he declares.

"What a funny poem.

I think you're cured, my friend."

And the two men return to their hotel, thinking of  
how those iguanas they love their bananas.

"We are rivals in love."

"If you say so, Suzanne."

Susan Mendez and Anya-Li have been talking in the hotel foyer.

Both are enjoying having their portraits painted by Helmut Hauer.

He carefully timetables them so that they do not clash encounter in his room, which is quite the artist's studio by now.

"Of course, I have seen your portrait," declares Susan.

"I haven't," adds Anya-Li, "but I have seen yours."

"which I haven't. So that's his game is it?" asks Susan.

"It would appear we are allowed to see each other's picture but not our own," comments Anya-Li.

"Very cunning I call it," says Susan, and she turns her head away from Anya to consider the situation more fully.

"Perhaps he is testing his feelings for us?" queries Anya-Li.

"I expect that is it. Of course, I will win his hand as I have already won his heart."

"How can you know that?"

"I've seen your portrait, haven't I? My dear oriental friend, you haven't a hope. He's made you look so old. And he's cast you in such dark shades."

"That doesn't matter, I'm sure."

"What do I look like?"

"Well, it's true your picture is very light. Rather washed out, hazy I thought. But you are recognisable."

"There you are. I obviously will win his hand. You may as well admit it."

"If you like. It doesn't matter what we speculate. Helmut I'm sure will know his own mind when the time comes."

"That's settled," concludes Susan, who has a strong ability not to understand a word spoken to her. "Let's call a truce," she says.

and so to the protestors  
they are still present  
waving placards  
distributing leaflets  
generally protesting

no one knows where they come from  
they move around the world  
demanding people's freedom

it is rumoured they travel to some places  
to protest that no one is protesting

they are more peaceful now  
as it is known that

WOMOC is drawing to a close

our delegates are organising a dinner for their  
penultimate night at the famous Sea Horse restaurant.

there is a room there called the Galleon Room  
it is built on stilts in the lagoon

Susan and the others are eager to hear the plans for the Cesar del Mundo Foundation

there is much speculation about what this is and what it will do

along one beach they find a building with an interesting slogan sculpted onto it  
it reads:

“Life is lost in dreaming  
Dreaming is lost in Becoming”.

Aesthete Chris finds this relevant to their mind conference

At the dinner Chris gives a speech:

“I have been in discussion with certain people to establish a foundation which will be known as the ‘Cesar del Mundo Foundation’.

“It will be a large source of money that will introduce art from all parts of the world to galleries in his name.

They will exhibit work from living artists freely.  
Any one can show their work.”

Chris smiles shyly.

Is this a victory or not?

He wonders.

But his thoughts are interrupted by Susan declaring:

“Oh, I nearly forgot to tell you:

“Helmut has asked me to dine in his hotel room tomorrow night; it being our very last night in Cancun, 7:30.

“I think he is going to ask me to marry him.”

“Really,” says Chris, deciding very quickly,

“that’s wonderful.

“Would you call in my room across the hall just before you go, say 7:15?”

“Certainly I will, if you would like.”

“I would like, thank you,” says Chris as Susan dashes off.

He turns to hear Francois explaining to another delegate:

“and these iguanas sit very still

nodding their heads  
just nodding their heads  
quite slowly  
just nodding their heads like this”

and Francois nods his head in demonstration  
“then after quite a few nods  
they drop their heads down  
still  
with their floppy raggy necks loose  
and they go to sleep  
perfect sleep in the sun  
I saw quite a few of them do it  
broad daylight  
nod nod nod  
then sleep”

and the delegate and Francois laugh  
and laugh and laugh

Chris waited in his room for the  
doorbell to ring

she has to arrive

it is approaching 7:15

the doorbell must ring

it has to ring

he is waiting

he has to wait

if the bell does not ring

he has lost everything

why doesn't the bell ring?

tring tring

with the ringing of the bell

he steps onto the thick carpet and approaches the  
door

his hand on the door handle

he pulls the door towards him

and there in the light of the hallway shaded and  
shadowed

glowing and smiling

stands Suzanne Mendez

Susan as she promised she would

“Chris,” she says, “I am here.”

He steps aside to allow her into the room.

“I want to know why you want to see me. You know I’m due in Helmut’s room in a few minutes.

Tell me why you want to see me now.”

“So you would tell me the truth.”

“The truth. The truth.”

“Your truth.”

She laughs.

“My truth. I do have a truth?”

“You are a lesbian,  
and know it as I know it.”

She opens her mouth to cry out but stops herself, and instead turns to sit down on a chair.

“I have known it for some time. I had hoped I was wrong. But I cannot deny it any longer. I was hoping I could force myself to be different, to like men. I do like Helmut but not in a passionate way. I am a fool, forgive me.”

“Do not hurt yourself. You are an angel, like most lesbians; just as I am an independent like many homosexuals.”

“Yes, I thought you were gay. You have such sensitivity to the arts. But that isn’t it. It’s your face, your

manner, your style of walking, talking and thinking. I admire you very much.”

“Then let us marry. I will look after you; and you can look after me.”

“What a perfect answer.”

“Ours will be a marriage of head and heart; just love and friendship; creative arts sharing and communication.”

“I like it.”

“And so do I.”

“But Helmut, I will have to tell him. It’s almost time.”

“Don’t worry. Don’t move. I have seen to that. I have made arrangements. I will explain.”

And at that very moment, Helmut answers his door across the hall from aesthete’s room to find a girl there; but not the one he had been expecting.

“Hallo Helmut. I have come to see you in place of Susan.”

“Anya-Li. Hallo, come in. I am pleased to see you but I do not understand why you have come.”

“Chris and I arranged it. He told me that you had invited Susan to dinner here tonight. He and I discussed things and decided it would be a much better idea if

Suzanne went to see him, and that I came to see you. It's all right. We realised you would be better pleased yourself."

The foyer of the Paradise Hotel was bubbling with the delegates leaving and saying endless goodbyes.

Anya-Li will take Helmut home to China to meet her parents before they marry in Germany.

Chris will fly down to South America to meet Susan's family, a very large one apparently, and then they two will return to Merton in Worthshire, England, for their wedding.

Francois is returning to Paris to write a book about them all.

The other delegates are fluttering home happily after the adventures of their conference.

The protestors will go on somewhere else to protest. And the work of WOMOC will continue.

The Foundation with Chris at the helm will develop over the future years.

The galleries will be established.





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