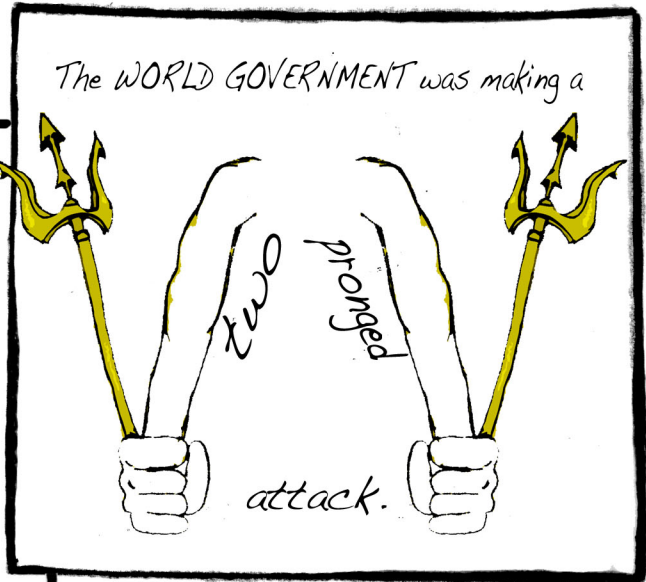


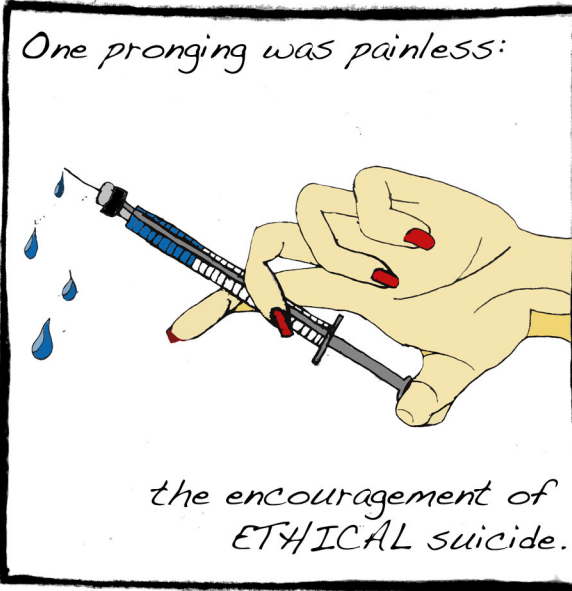
# Welcome To The Monkey House (1968)

Interpreted by Carley Watts

The population of Earth was  
17 billion human beings...



The people were virtually  
packed together like  
drupelets.



One pronging was painless:

the encouragement of  
ETHICAL suicide.

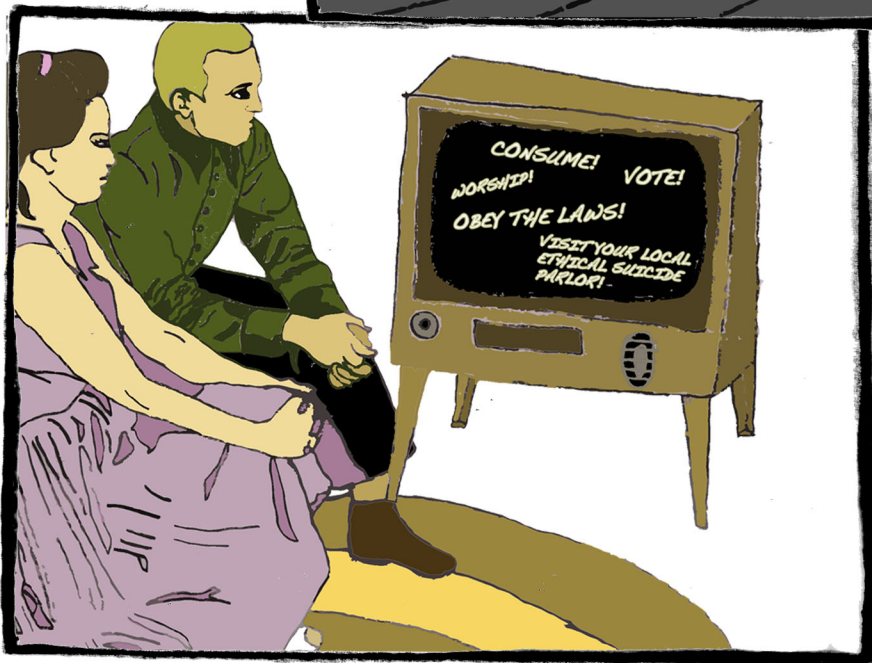


The other pronging was  
compulsory:  
ethical birth control,  
three times a day.

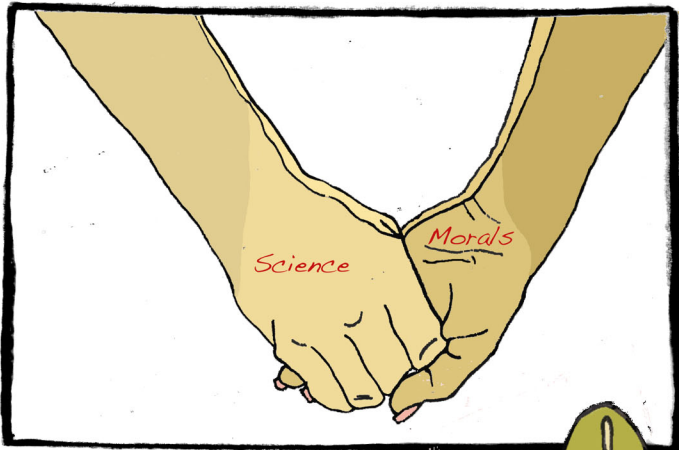
Practically  
**EVERYTHING** was  
the government...

There was a Howard Johnsons  
next door to every Ethical  
Suicide Parlor.

They were  
both owned  
and run by  
the  
government.

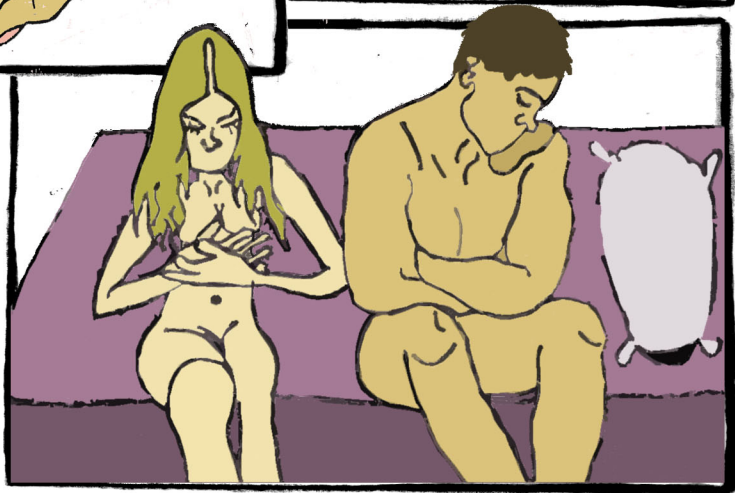


The average citizen moped around  
home all day and watched television,  
which was the government.

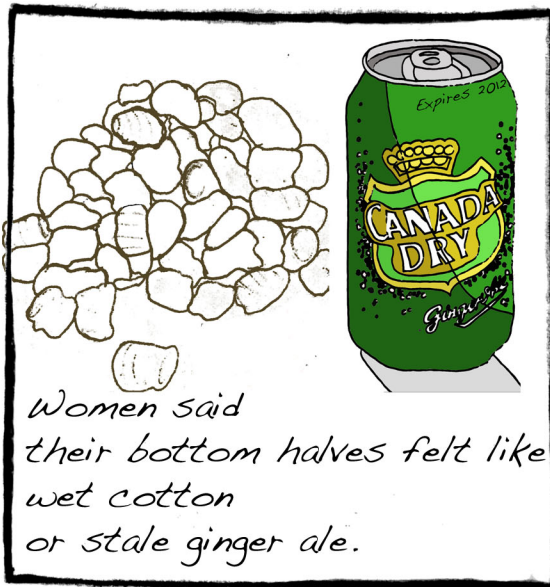


The birth control pills were ethical; they didn't interfere with a person's ability to reproduce. That would have been unnatural and immoral.

They simply took every bit of pleasure out of sex...



People were numb from the waist down.



Women said their bottom halves felt like wet cotton or stale ginger ale.

Men said their bottom halves felt like cold iron or balsa wood.



All nothingheads were bombed out of their skulls with the SEX MADNESS that came from taking nothing.



A "nothinghead" was a person who refused to take his ethical birth control...

And nothingheads were very sensitive from the waist down.

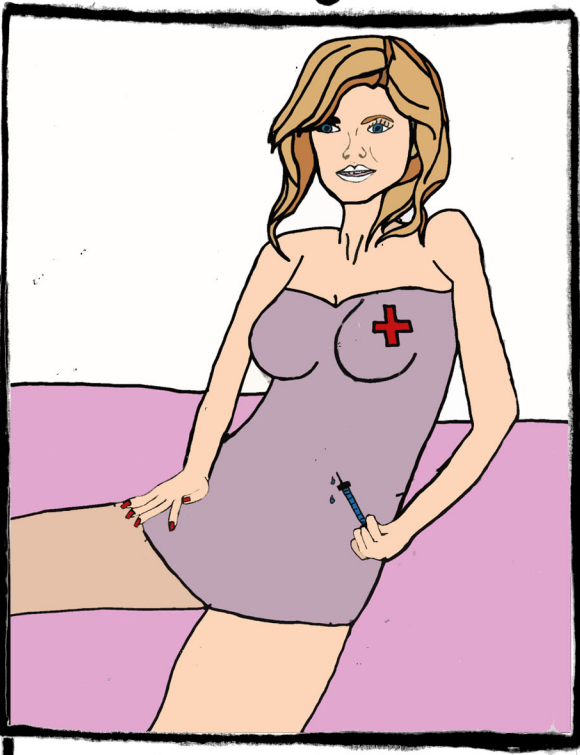




Nancy was a virgin.  
All Hostesses were...

The truth was  
sex was the  
last thing any  
Hostess ever  
had in mind.

Ethical suicide  
consisted of going to  
the nearest Suicide  
Parlor and asking a  
Hostess to kill you  
while you lay on a  
barcalounger.



Nancy McLuhan

Their white lips and big eyes  
and body stockings and boots  
spelled SEX, SEX, SEX.

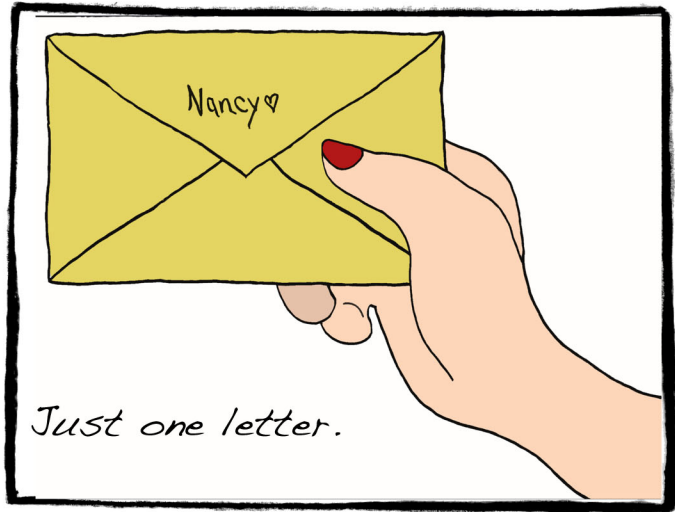
*A notorious nothinghead  
was headed for the town  
of Hyannis.*

**WANTED!**



*"Billy the Poet"  
Specializes in deflowering Hostesses*

The mailman came into the Ethical Suicide Parlor in Hyannis where Nancy worked.



Just one letter.

A piece of filth from Billy...



"What the Somethinghead said to the Suicide Hostess"

I did not sow, I did not spin,  
And thanks to pills I did not sin.  
I loved the crowds, the stink, the noise.  
And when I peed, I peed turquoise.

I ate beneath a roof of orange;  
Swung with progress like a door hinge.  
'Neath purple roof I've come today  
To piss my azure life away.

Virgin hostess, death's recruiter,  
Life is cute, but you are cuter.  
Mourn my pecker, purple daughter -  
All it passed was sky-blue water.

The blue light went on  
over the door of a booth.



The person in there  
wanted  
SOMETHING...

A foxy grandpa was  
any old man who  
guibbled and joked and  
reminisced for hours  
before he let a  
Hostess put him to  
sleep. Something of a  
rarity. Most people  
looked twenty two  
thanks to  
anti-aging shots.

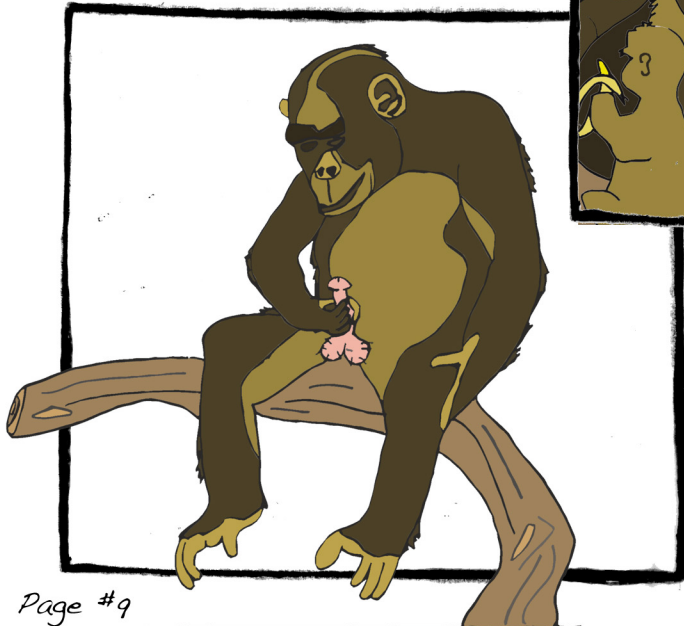






The foxy grandpa claimed to have known J. Edgar Nation, the father of ethical birth control. Nancy had to pretend to marvel at a story everybody knew...

J. Edgar Nation and his kids went to church one Easter and everything was so beautiful and pure that they decided to take a walk through the zoo, and they were just walking on clouds.



Nation went straight home and started developing a pill that would make monkeys in the springtime fit things for a Christian family to see.

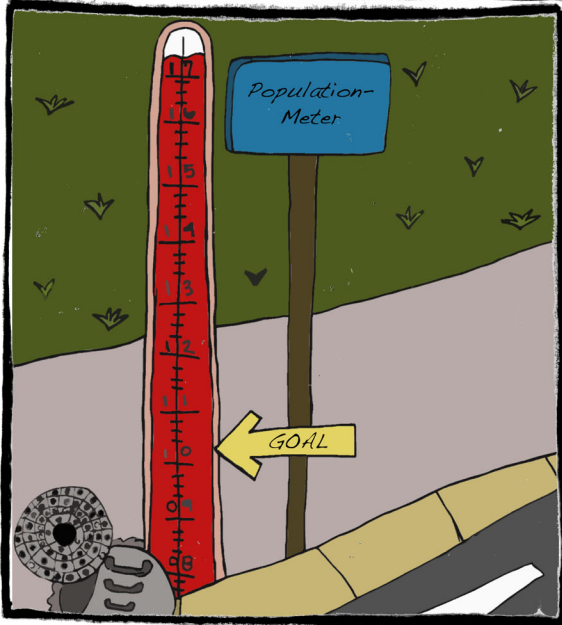


When the story was over, he drew a gun from his belt. He peeled off his bald dome and wrinkled forehead...

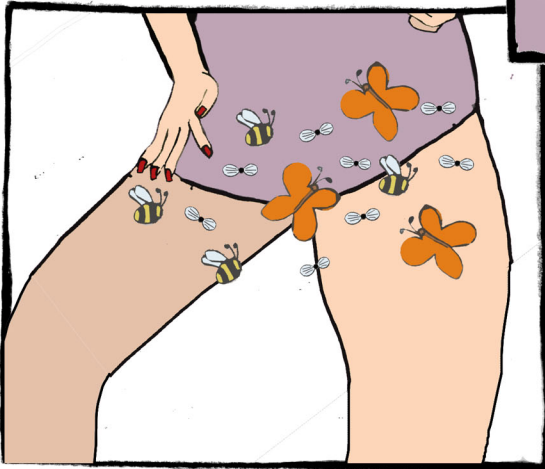
He had already unbolted the bars on the window. He made her go down a manhole that was hidden by a giant mock thermometer. One inch on that thing equals 83,333 people.



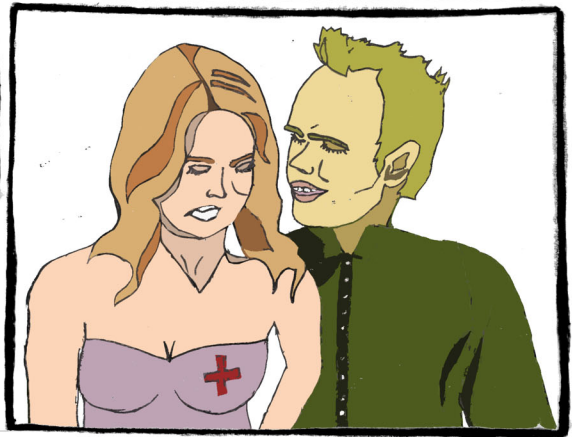
He took her down into the sewers of Hyannis, to the old Kennedy Museum.



Billy had a gang of men and women standing around the manhole. The PERVERTED women were sisters from the Ethical Suicide Service. They gave Nancy a shot of truth serum.

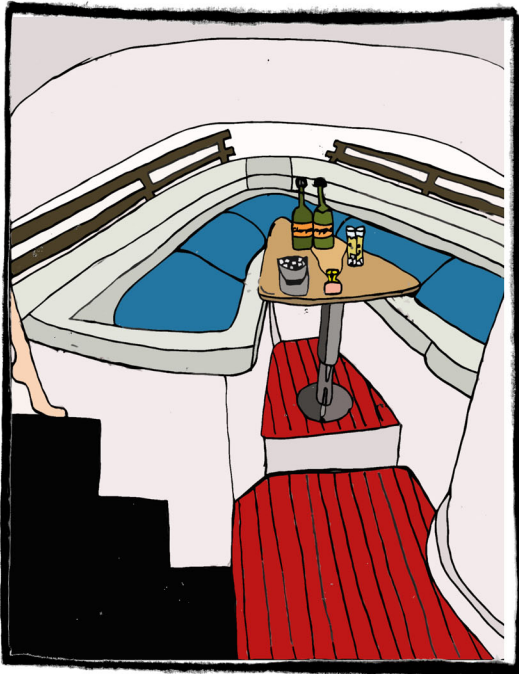


Never listen to a woman till the pills wear off.



Nancy dreamed that millions of insects were swarming about her from the waist down. They didn't sting; they fanned her. She was a nothinghead.





Nancy was taken onto  
a yacht where the  
old harbor  
used to be...



She descended bravely into the cabin,  
which was a pool of candlelight and  
pine-needle perfume. The hatch locked  
behind her. And then she saw him.



He didn't hurt her. He  
deflowered her with a  
clinical skill she found  
ghastly.



Billy left a pill bottle. He told  
Nancy that if she takes them  
she will never have children,  
but will stay a nothinghead.