

PROGRAM DESCRIPTION

"Welcome to the Monkey House"

--Kurt Vonnegut

When I was a boy, I climbed a neighbor's tree eager to explore the private city of its limbs, each crook a new corner to turn, every branch an alleyway to adventure. It was early evening. The summer air inside the green cover of foliage was moist and cool and sweet smelling. I was not an experienced climber, and was secretly jealous of my friends who raced as monkeys do, without fear, swinging perilously in the tangle of green and brown grasping the sap sticky bark as if they were born to it. I was alone. I would prove my worth. I would win the key to their city. All I needed was a little practice. Today, I would earn my pass to the monkey house.

But my foot got stuck. Wedged hopelessly in between two twisty uptown streets that threatened to keep me there until who knows what evil would come to claim its hour. It grew dark. My shoe fit in an ugly deep crook as though its sole had been originally carved from the depths of that dark grasp and had finally returned home to the neighborhood of its birth. And it seemed determined to stay the night. Every effort to