

Igor Responds

by Igor
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I am a cat and my name is IGOR. I resent people calling me Iggy, Igor-the-cat, kitty cat, or even cat or CAT! That is an attack upon my dignity, and I am a dignified cat. While cats can't speak, we can listen and even understand what humans say to us. How can I say this if I can't speak? My master tries to keep me away from his computer, but once, while he was gone on one of his long boring walks, I jumped up on the table and managed to type out these words with my paw on the keyboard – if Archy and Mehitabel can do it on a typewriter, I can certainly do it on a computer. [*more about Archy and Mehitabel below*] Yes, I even know how to spell (spellcheck helps).



All this philosophy stuff he keeps telling me is pure bull sh!t, or cat litter as a cat would say. First of all, I *can* tell time. When the sun comes up, it's time to eat. When the sun goes down, it's time to eat. And any time in between, it's time to eat. That's not so complicated. In the morning, I have to wait an hour or more after sunrise for my lazy master to get up, open the door, and finally feed me! It's he who doesn't seem to know about time.

And this thing about existentialism, I'm certainly free to make all the decisions in my life. Well, maybe not about going to visit the vet! And I have not yet learned how to open doors, or use the elevator.

And I can sleep whenever and wherever I like. I sleep when I'm tired or when my master won't play with me. My favorite place to sleep is on his bed. Sometimes, when it's cold, I crawl under the covers – that's a most reasonable thing to do. Cats love a good quilt, and their master's PJs to snuggle up with. Otherwise, any place I happen to be, I can collapse on the floor, even if it's in front of where my master may be walking – that's his problem.

My master doesn't seem to know that his house is owned and operated solely for the comfort and convenience of his cat. And his sole purpose is to amuse me, feed me, and clean my litter!

So, don't believe all the things my master says, especially when it's about philosophy.



ARCHY & MEHITABEL

Don Marquis was a columnist at New York's *Evening Sun*. In 1916 he introduced two fictional characters, Archy and Mehitabel. They appeared in hundreds of humorous verses and short stories in his daily column, "The Sun Dial". Archy was a cockroach, who, in former life, was a free-verse poet. Mehitabel was a

street-wise ally cat. At night, Archy would climb up onto the typewriter in Don Marquis's office, and hurl himself at the keys, laboriously typing out stories of the daily challenges and travails of himself and his best friend Mehitabel. Because he typed by diving on the keys, he had difficulty with upper case and punctuation, yielding a rather free-form lower-case text. There was at least one point in which Archy happened to jump onto the shift lock key — a chapter titled "Capitals at Last" (styled as "CAPITALS AT LAST"). The two of them shared a series of day-to-day adventures that made satiric commentary on daily life in the city during the 1910s and 1920s.

The story as told by Igor to Archy, who typed it on his typewriter.

I am a cat and my name is igor i resent people calling me iggy igor the cat kitty cat or even cat that is an attack upon my dignity and i am a dignified cat while cats cant speak we can listen and even understand what humans say to us how can i say this if i cant speak my master tries to keep me away from his computer but once while he was gone on one of his long boring walks i jumped up on the table and managed to type out these words with my paw on the keyboard if archy and mehitabel can do it on a typewriter i can certainly do it on a computer yes i even know how to spell spellcheck helps all this philosophy stuff he keeps telling me is pure bull sh t, or cat litter as a cat would say first of all i can tell time when the sun comes up its time to eat when the sun goes down its time to eat and any time in between, it's time to eat thats not so complicated in the morning i have to wait an hour or more after sunrise for my lazy master to get up open the door and finally feed me its he who doesnt seem to know about time and this thing about existentialism im certainly free to make all the decisions in my life well maybe not about going to visit the vet and I have not yet learned how to open doors or use the elevator and i can sleep whenever and wherever i like i sleep when im tired or when my master wont play with me my favorite place to sleep is on his bed sometimes when its cold i crawl under the covers thats a most reasonable thing to do cats love a good quilt and their masters pjs to snuggle up with otherwise any place i happen to be i can collapse on the floor even if its in front of where my master may be walking thats his problem my master doesnt seem to know that his house is owned and operated solely for the comfort and convenience of his cat and his sole purpose is to amuse me feed me and clean my litter so i dont believe all the things my master says especially when its about philosophy

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