



A-I-R: For no reason? Unprovoked?

Roosevelt: Speak softly and carry a strong hand puppet! Of course it was unprovoked. But I think it may have been somewhat playful. The cat has attacked my calf before. It may be that the cat is somewhat jealous of my overly developed calf muscles. Anyway the cat attacked and I was in good spirits so I didn't kick the little mongrel. I just kind of shooed it away and that was the end of that incident.

A-I-R: So in your opinion, you weren't really attacked?

Roosevelt: I think it was more playful. But the cat does have a habit of going for my shins or calves, sort of putting its teeth into my skin, through my pants.

A-I-R: There has been some speculation that either the cat or the artist-in-residence broke the stuffed Cheetah's tail the other night. What do you think?

Roosevelt: It is my understanding that the cat is the artist-in-residence.

A-I-R: How long has Shredder been with the Club now?

Roosevelt: I'd say a couple of years now.

A-I-R: Has he really killed any mice?

Roosevelt: The cat has killed some mice and some rats in the garden and on the terrace. Yes, Yes.

A-I-R: When Shredder dies do you think he will be stuffed and mounted in the trophy room alongside the great animals of the wild?

Roosevelt: I think we will serve him at our annual dinner as an exotic. Serve his insides. I once had some cat intestine on an expedition to the Outback. But that is another story.

A-I-R: When all is said and done do you like the cat?

Roosevelt: I like the cat a lot. I almost adopted that cat.



Entrance to Trophy Room, floor 5 1/2
The Explorers Club, NYC

Sir Ed



Transcript of video interview between Teddy Roosevelt finger puppet and the Artist-in-Residence, February 15, 2006



Artist-in-Residence: Richard {EC president Richard Wiese} mentioned in passing that there was an altercation the other day between you and the club cat, Shredder. Can you talk a little bit about that?

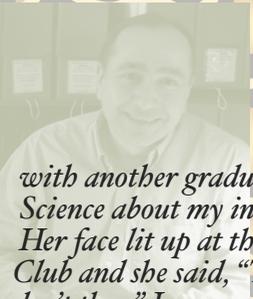
Roosevelt: As a matter of fact, yes. I had a minor altercation with the cat on Monday morning. The cat seemed in bad spirits, unusually frisky and aggressive. So I was in the library and the cat approached my shins. The cat seems to like to attack my shins on Monday morning. Luckily I happened to be wearing my gaiters. Do you know what gaiters are young woman?

A-I-R: Uh...an abbreviation for an alligator?

Roosevelt: No, it is a piece of cloth that you hook on to your boot and it covers your shin and your calf. It protects you from water when you are hiking.

A-I-R: So it's like a shin-guard, like what a baseball catcher wears?

Roosevelt: Kind of, it wraps around the shin and is made of a waterproof fabric. I was wearing it because the worst blizzard in the history of New York City struck on Saturday night and there was snow all over the place and I wanted to protect my lovely pants from the water and the snow. So anyway, the cat sized up my gaiters and suddenly attacked...my right gaiter. It wrapped its paws around my gaiter and then dug its teeth into the gaiter.



I am Angelo Galeazzi and I am interning now at the Explorers Club. Last night I was at Queens College speaking with another graduate student in Library Science about my internship here at the Club. Her face lit up at the mention of the Explorers Club and she said, "They have a cat there, don't they." I was amazed that she would know such a thing and said, "So you've been there," and she said, "No, not at all."



I had the cat for a year and a half, back then his name wasn't Shredder though, it was simply Cat. I have a very busy schedule so I gave him to the Club. The Board of Directors decided to name him Sir Edmund Hillary (famous explorer and honorary president). We called him Sir Ed for short and it mutated into Shred and finally Shredder. He started out in the basement where it was said he was dying of starvation. Clare brought him up to the Research Collections and he has lived there ever since."

--Leila Abasheva



"It is my understanding that the cat is the artist-in-residence"

