

# The Chautauquan Daily

*From the CCVA Galleries -  
An open letter to BCT Artistic Director for Life Louis E. Katron:*

***“What are we, chopped liver?!”***

*(\*\*\* N.B.: This is a **fictional** response from the **fictional** director of the very real Chautauqua Center for the Visual Arts Gallery to the **fictional** director of the **fictional** Bakersfield Community Theatre Company regarding their (until proven otherwise) **fictional** song.)*

21 July, 2006

**Chautauqua, NY - -**

**To the Editor:**

In an article in Saturday's **Chautauquan Daily**, **Mr. Louis E. Katron**, Artistic Director for Life of the Bakersfield Community Theatre, bemoans the fact that the Chautauqua Opera refuses, in no uncertain tones, to indulge, digest, ingress (not to be confused with that greatest of artists), egress, entertain or even chew upon - in fact, they deliberately eschew - the remotest possibility of ever in this lifetime performing the BCT's wonderful song.

Now we here at the **CCVA** (that's the **Chautauqua Center for the Visual Arts**, for the uninformed) have not heard this song, a song we are sure sings so fine despite the fact that even its title is unknown to us, as to all of Chautauqua; nor have we met Mr. Louis E. Katron, he of the Lifetime Directorship of the Bakersfield. No, sight unheard we can with certainty presume this strain, this air, this anthem - this *ballade* — to be a thing of beauty, of unbridled and exquisite charm and melody. How else to explain the wall of antipathy, of *résistance*, of dare-we-say-it (and in *Chautauqua*, no less!) rudeness towards this, our guest, Mr. Louis E. Katron. We can only surmise that Mr. Jay Lesenger was misquoted as he arose from the wrong side of his featherbed at the Opera House.

Nevertheless, we must take issue with Mr. Louis E. Katron for, as the aforementioned article informs us, he — increasingly incensed — muses upon the other artistic venues through which he might expose his beloved aria. He explores the symphony; proposes a sing-along (O Mitch, we knew ye well!); and even, in a flight of flippant fancy suggests the *ballet* as a possible, even suitable venue for his “good music!”

To this litany of artistic alternatives we here at the **CCVA** can only say, ***“What are we, Chopped Liver??!!”*** We, who as you, toil in the garden of the arts, that fertile soil of imagination; we, who like you live for the *frisson* between the real and the unrealized; how can you so blithely pass over us who wait to sing your song? Are we not real? Are we not Men? And Women? Are we not Chautauquans all, in fact or in Spirit? Where is charity, consideration? We have space, we have air; we are not, sir, liver: chopped, broasted, sautéed or otherwise. I would not believe you to be a philistine, but *“Cherry Sisters?”* Indeed.

Raglan Sleeves,

