

Events

October 2008

Slovenian Museum and Archive of Cleveland, Ohio Receives Generous Support From Ambassador Ghafari, October 6



As a clear signal of his strong interest and support for the Slovenian culture, Ambassador Ghafari became a founding member of the Slovenian Museum and Archive in Cleveland, Ohio. The Museum will recount the compelling story of Slovenians immigrating to the United States and becoming a vibrant part of the community of Cleveland. The Museum and Archive will become a focal point of preserving the Slovenian culture and ethnic identity within the United States. To help with the formation of this important institution within the Slovenian expatriate community, Ambassador Ghafari generously donated \$2500 of his own personal wealth to the Slovenian Museum and Archive of Cleveland, Ohio.

Ambassador Ghafari with Slovenian Consul Dr. Zvone Zigon



**Lojza iz vesolja
Louisa from Outer Space**



Author Majda Koren and children from the Cleveland Slovenian community gather for a photo at the Euclid Public Library October 1, 2008. Louisa from Outer Space is the latest in a series of bilingual Slovene English illustrated books penned by Ms Koren. Information regarding additional works by Majda can be found at the Forget Me Not Books website www.forgetmenotbooks.com

Photos from Ms. Koren's visit at the Euclid Public Library can found at: <http://picasaweb.google.com/philip.hrvatini/MajdaKoren>

Hello,

Opera Cleveland is opening *Hansel and Gretel* on Halloween, and our Gretel, soprano Anya Matanovic, is Slovenian-American. She is really excited to be performing here in Cleveland, which has such a large Slovenian population. So we wanted to get the word out to the community.

Thanks!

-Lisa

Lisa Hofmann
Public Relations &
Communications
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Hansel and Gretel

Friday, Oct. 31 at 8 p.m.
Sunday, Nov. 2 at 2 p.m.
Saturday, Nov. 8 at 8 p.m.
at the State Theatre, Playhouse Square

Two charming children, a delectable gingerbread house, and a wicked witch—all the elements of the Brothers Grimm fairy tale—come magically to life. Enchanting melodies mingle with rich orchestration in Opera Cleveland's bewitching production, and it's "happily ever after" for audiences of all ages.



Photo: Anastasia Pantsios, c/o Opera Cleveland

Bewitched: Opera Cleveland presents *Hansel and Gretel*



Opera Cleveland's last production of the season takes you to a mysterious land, where houses are made of candy and witches really do fly. The Grimm Brothers' fairy tale comes magically and musically to life in Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, at the State Theatre in PlayhouseSquare on Oct. 31, Nov. 2 and 8.

Audiences of all ages will enjoy the spooky yet sweet production, full of enchanting melodies and rich orchestration. Director Chuck Hudson and Conductor Dean Williamson lead a talented cast, which includes Anya Matanovic (Gretel), Patricia Risley (Hansel), Dana Beth Miller (Mother/Witch), Todd Thomas (Father), and Natasha Ospina (Dew Fairy/Sandman).

Performances on Friday and Saturday begin at 8 pm, with the Sunday matinee beginning at 2 pm. Performances will last approximately 2 hours, which includes one 20-minute intermission. All ticket holders are welcome to attend the free pre-opera lecture held in the theater one hour prior to the curtain.

Tickets range from \$25 to \$135 and are on sale now. Purchase online at www.operacleveland.org; by phone at 216.241.6000 or at the State Theatre box office, 1519 Euclid Ave. Discounts are available for groups of ten or more by calling 216.575.0903, ext. 221. *Hansel and Gretel* will be sung in English with English "subtitles" projected above the stage.

Cast and Crew (biographical information available at www.operacleveland.org.)

MEET THE CAST

Tuesday, Oct. 14 at 7:30 pm at Joseph-Beth Booksellers in Legacy Village www.legacy-village.com

Opera Cleveland Meet & Greet the Cast of Hansel & Gretel Tuesday, October 14th at 7:00 PM
Meet the cast of Opera Cleveland's Hansel & Gretel. Conductor Dean Williamson hosts the cast of Hansel & Gretel in an informal meet and greet event. Everyone will be available to talk opera and answer your questions. <http://www.josephbeth.com/Default.aspx?tabindex=2&tabid=3&storeId=3>

BELOKRANJSKO MARTINOVANJE

NOVEMBER 8, 2008 at 6:00pm at SLOVENIAN NATIONAL HOME 6417 St. Clair Avenue, Cleveland, OH 44103

Entertainment: STAN MEJAC ORCHESTRA MLADI GLAS SLOVENIAN DANCE GROUP, Toronto, Canada Dinner \$25.00 Children \$12.50 Contact: Malka 440-423-0527 or Rezka 440-729-0412

Dance admission welcome after 9:00 at no charge

St. Mary's Parish Halloween Dance



HALLOWEEN DANCE - ALPINE STYLE, featuring the Show Band "Klobuk" from Maribor, Slovenia. This event will be held in the parish hall on Friday, October 31st. Admission is \$10. There will be a variety of food, including Goulash for all of the ghouls and Vampe (Tripe Stew) for all of the vampires, plus much more. Please contact the rectory office for individual and table reservations at 216-761-7740 or joannstinziano@aol.com. Costumes are welcome and remember that this is a family event and children are very welcome, too. 15519 Holmes Ave Cleveland, OH 44110

HALLOWEEN PLES PO ALPSKEM STILU z zabavnim ansamblom "Klobuk" iz Slovenije bo v župnijski dvorani v petek 31. oktobra. Vstopnina je \$10. Pripravljena bo tudi hrana, golaž in vampi, in se drugo. Prosimo pokličite župnišče za rezervacije miz ali posameznih vstopnic 216-761-7740. Halloween kostumi dobrodošli, ker je to družinska prireditev pripeljite tudi vaše otroke.

A few of my photo links from the band stand with the Joey Tomsick Orchestra

Polka Mass with Father Frank Perkovich

<http://picasaweb.google.com/philip.hrvat/SNPJPolkaPerkovich>

SNPJ Grape Festival September 21, 2008

<http://picasaweb.google.com/philip.hrvat/SNPJGrape>

2008 Sugarcreek Swiss Festival

<http://picasaweb.google.com/philip.hrvat/JTOSwissFest>

God smiles on Slovenia

By Jan Morris

Published: October 11 2008 03:00 | Last updated: October 11 2008 03:00

Source: <http://www.ft.com/cms/s/0/8e4154ee-972b-11dd-8cc4-000077b07658.html>

Where am I? From my hotel bedroom before breakfast I can see, against a wooded background, a row of small cottages, some quaintly antique, some concretely contemporary, their terraced gardens thick with miscellaneous foliage, sunflowers and roses and plots of vegetables. Washing hangs on a line; there is an ironing board on a balcony; a housewife spots us and waves; a man next door is busy polishing his already spotless Citroën. Somebody has drawn a tastefully sexy graffito on a wall.

Down the road the town square is plastered with photographs of male and female candidates in next week's local elections, every one of them, it seems, supernally good-looking. Two hikers with Nordic poles stride into the morning, *almost*, but not quite, singing a merry hiking song. My hotel offers me 44 television channels in five languages, and a culinary speciality of the house, an old coaching inn that has fed imperial princes in its time, is turnip soup with sausages. After breakfast I can either be, within a couple of hours, swimming on an enchanted coast line, or in the depths of an Alpine forest with bears in it.

Where am I? Why, in Slovenia, the most delightful small country of 21st-century Europe, about which I have nothing in the least disagreeable to report.

When God devised Slovenia, I like to think in my creationist moments, he smiled. The independent Slovene republic has existed only since 1991 - and of all the new states that have emerged in our times, Slovenia is surely the luckiest. It seems to me to be just the right size and shape for human or national happiness - about as big as Wales, with two million people living generally amicably in it, with grand mountains and fertile flatlands, a lovely ancient capital and 30-odd miles of coastline on the Adriatic Sea, just enough for a port and a string of holiday towns.

It is not very rich, but not very poor either. Its neighbours - Italy, Austria, Hungary and Croatia - are generally well-disposed, give or take a frontier irritation, and it is a member of Europe, of Nato and of the United Nations. Its history is interesting, its Slavic language sounds fascinating - "the day before yesterday" in Slovene is *predvčerajšnjim* - and it is conveniently equipped for that prerequisite of small nations in our time, upmarket tourism.

Koper is a busy industrialised port, serving not only Slovenia, but the Slav hinterland beyond; the smaller coastal towns, inherited from the Venetian empire of long ago, live by tourism, so that their exquisitely Italianate piazzas and campaniles are invested with car parks and cafés and camp sites. But all sorts of artistic and architectural treasures are there to be found in Koper, and in half an hour you can be away from the razzmatazz, away from the echoes of Italy, and among the simpler allure of Slovenian Slovenia.

This can be exploitative too, mind you. Visitors have flocked to the little lake of Bled, in the north, ever since the days of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and even then the church-crowned islet in the middle of it was so universal a tourist icon that watercolours of it hung in drawing rooms from Budapest to Vienna. The nearby Julian Alps have their ski centres and chair-lifts, too, and flotillas of coaches convey package tourists to the myriad caves, long since illuminated and supplied with local legends. As for the celebrated stud-farm of Lipice, where the white Lipizzaner horses are bred, horse-lovers from all over Europe flock to stay at the two in-house hotels, learn to ride the Lipizzaners and watch them exercise. But the real delight of the place is to wander around the stables all by yourself, and meet some of those 400 glorious animals muzzle-to-muzzle, so to speak, unharnessed, unpripped and not on show at all.

For even some of the famous sites of Slovenia are restrained in their display. A genuine prodigy, to my mind, is the medieval castle of Predjama, which was for centuries the home of reclusive aristocrats and the lair of princely brigands. It is not remote nowadays, but the winding road up there gives no hint of drama until quite suddenly, beyond its attendant hamlet, there stands the white castle, grim and strange, half in and half out of the rock wall - behind it the gloomy vault of a cavern, below it a sheer cliff pock-marked with holes and tunnels. There is a café, but nothing touristy weakens the experience of Predjama, no glitz; only a sense of strange and cruel suggestion makes you stand there silently, with your coffee cup in your hand, staring at that weird construction in the rock.

Ljubljana, the Slovene capital, with its 300,000 people, is similarly unassertive. Its outskirts are ordinary, and its largely medieval centre seems to me rather like a show town in an architectural exhibition, very pretty, very festive, very *nice*, as though one of these days it might be taken to pieces again and packed off somewhere else. A castle crowns it, with a gigantic national flag flying high, and a little river meanders through its centre, crossed by fanciful bridges.

Everyone in Ljubljana seems to be having a good time. Countless *al fresco* cafes line the riverbanks, and they are all full and animated. Twenty or thirty small boys were being taught to rollerskate when I was there, and a whole stretch of street was closed off to allow them

hilariously to hurl themselves up and down, frequently colliding or collapsing into uncontrollable laughter. Nearby, one of their mothers, herself on skates, was killing time by pushing a baby about in a pram.

The streets of the old city are wide, very clean and extremely prosperous. Music often blares through the central square, where the merriest of the river crossings multiplies itself and becomes the ornamental Triple Bridge; big amiable dogs abound; an immense open-air market sells everything from pomegranates to bath-plugs; a thousand restaurants flourish; the magnificent Renaissance-Classical colonnade which embellishes the city centre turns out to be not Renaissance-Classical at all, but the work of Jose Plecnik (died 1957).

God evidently still smiles on Ljubljana, but then he smiles on all Slovenia. Here are two little cameos of ordinary Slovenian travel, with no sights to see, no rollerskating schoolboys, no fierce eyrie-castles, no Venetian campaniles or Habsburgian beauty spots.

First we go to the upper valley of the Sava Bohinska river, in the lee of the Julian Alps, where white village basks almost within sight of Mount Triglav, the country's highest peak. It is a very green, wide, semi-Alpine valley, edged with high hills, and the four or five little villages almost run into one another. They are all white-washed and clustered, with deep eaves and higgledy-piggledy lanes, and one has a little church with a fresco of St Christopher on its southern wall.

Every which way stand the tall white houses, with wide gardens full of flowers, and nothing much seems to be happening. The calm is absolute. Here and there we come across a man hosing down his tractor, or a woman with a bag of onions. Cats sit contentedly in the middle of fields. At an unexpectedly suave village restaurant they serve us grilled trout fresh from the river, with Slovenian Tokai wine and bread from the kitchen oven. God smiles, without a doubt, upon the Sava Bohinska valley.

And here, in contrast, we find ourselves lost somewhere east of Kranj. Helplessly we consult our map, hopefully we look for somebody to ask the way, and presently there somehow seems to sidle into our company half a dozen Slovene men and a very talkative Slovene woman. Between us we speak five languages, but we are fluent only in our own, and gradually our discussions descend into farce: "It's that way, for sure." "No it's the other, they haven't been through Preddvor." "No, no of course they haven't, they came the Cerklje way - they should go back the way they came then, they should have gone by Duplice." "No, no, no, look here, look at the map . . ."

And so, as the map gets more and more crumpled, the arguments louder, the languages ever more incomprehensible, we subside into impotent merriment, shake hands with each other, and, chuckling still, go our various ways. We ourselves are no wiser about our situation, so we leave the car on the grassy verge and go for a drink instead.

God looks down upon that Slovenian scene, too, and now he laughs out loud.

Jan Morris is the author of more than 40 books, including most recently a novel 'Hav', published by Faber

Librarian sews up lace apprenticeship in Slovenia

Published: October 10, 2008 01:38 pm

http://www.tribune-democrat.com/features/local_story_284133825.html?keyword=secondarystory

By TOM LAVIS

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Allie Marguccio of East Wheatfield Township is bent on preserving an old-world traditional art form.

Marguccio was awarded a nearly \$4,000 apprenticeship through the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts to attend workshops in Slovenia.

Her specialty is Idrija lace, a heritage of the small mining town in westcentral Slovenia for which it is named.

Marguccio, an elementary librarian in the United School District, Armagh, and her husband, Tom, traveled to Idrija in June.

Before starting her apprenticeship, Marguccio and her husband attended a three-day festival that showcased the art form.

The principal exhibit was titled "Shoes With Idrija Lace/Modernity, Hooked into Tradition," featuring the craftsmanship of Alja Novak, a shoemaker.

Novak's handcrafted shoes were adorned with Idrija lace and had been part of a traveling exhibition that had toured the world.

"Many of her shoes had been purchased by celebrities, among them American movie star Ben Affleck," Marguccio said.

"I also had an opportunity to meet a former director of the lace school who had been instrumental in gathering the traditional lace supplies that were sent to me when I first began to make lace."

While in Slovenia, Marguccio worked with master teachers Metka Fortuna and Stana Frelj, who developed a personalized curriculum of intermediate lace study specifically for her.

"I have been making Idrija lace for many years, so the goal of this apprenticeship was to tweak my skills and to learn how to properly use the traditional bolster pillow," she said.

"In this study, I worked on the Idrija narrow tape lace using the traditional pillow, bobbins and thread."

The apprenticeship offered many challenges in mastering the techniques as well as instructions in some new skills and ways of tensioning.

The trip had additional significance for Marguccio because Idrija is near the town of Cerklje, the birthplace of her grandmother and the home of Frelj, who was her primary instructor.

Frelj is employed by the Idrija Lace School but lives in Cerklje and teaches lace making at the primary school there.

Frelj's students begin their studies by learning basic bobbin winding. They use an electric winder to wind each bobbin.

"They start by making a long tape of cloth stitch," Marguccio said. "Tensioning is one of the most important aspects of their early learning, because its importance cannot be overemphasized."

Marguccio's apprenticeship began with a review of the color coding system, a method with which she was familiar but had not mastered.

She proceeded to practice with a variety of corners and turns, mastery of the braided flower with picots and little holes in the center (a typical flower seen in Idrija narrow tape lace), the twisted tape, understanding various pattern markings and starting and finishing.

"One of the most challenging things for me was learning to plait while holding the bobbins in the palms of my hands and then tensioning using both arms," she said. "It is much easier to do on a cookie pillow."

In 2000, Marguccio began her quest to devote more time to her craft. She started taking lessons every Saturday from Diana Danko of New Stanton, Westmoreland County.

"I was so excited about what I was learning that I shared my accomplishments and pictures of my work with my two cousins in Slovenia," Marguccio said.

One of the biggest challenges she faced during the beginning process was trying to find someone who could instruct her in the use of the traditional pillow (punjkl).

"The lace pillow I was learning on was the traditional Belgian cookie pillow, which is flat," she said. "In bobbin lace, the bobbins are crossed and twisted, weaving the threads through each other to make the design."

In using the Slovenian punjkl, a tubular bolster pillow, the bobbins are held in the palms of the hands and passed through the fingers in order to cross and twist the threads.

Marguccio began teaching Slovenian bobbin lace for beginners at the Bottle Works Ethnic Arts Center in Cambria City three years ago as part of UPJ's Outreach Program.

The apprenticeship and her certification has helped attain the goals she wanted to accomplish: To learn proper technique in the use of the pillow and to use the method to work traditional patterns at the intermediate level.

"By gaining this knowledge, I can expand my own teaching to a level beyond beginners," she said.