

Home Kookin'

March 2009



Arnie: If this is a Las Vegas oneshot, Arnie Katz is writing first to get the dull stuff out of the way before the rest of this rowdy band of trufans takes a whack at it,

We're at the Launch Pad on Saturday night, March 14, when many friends are at Corflu Zed in Seattle. "We" are the Vegrants. We're missing a few of the regulars, but the rest of us are determined to eat and drink as much as if they were there, hovering over the buffet.

I wore Corflu t-shirts all today and yesterday, to keep the NCB (No Corflu Blues) within manageable bounds. Tonight, I'm feeling Insurgent, so I'm wearing my black silk shirt with the giant tiger head on the front. Look out, fakefans!

Point me toward a windmill; I'm ready to tilt.

Joyce: Don't hurt those windmills! Apparently they're fandom's best hope for the future of electronic fanzines. (Personally, I'm wearing the Corflu 25 t-shirt (by RossC) tonight, so tigers had best beware.

Ross: Soami. That's speed language for so am I. Wearing the Corflu 25 t-shirt, that is. I have not been wearing fan-wear over the last few days, since the Spirit of Fandom only touched her wand to me late last night when I briefly tuned in on events at Corflu Zed, committed a pun or two, and snuck out again.

Roc: All my fannish shirts are dirty, so I'm wearing exercise clothes... though I didn't exercise today. I managed to surprise Bill tonight with an early birthday cake which in itself turned out to be a surprise. There were no chocolate cakes available, so I got this cinnamon swirl thingie and hoped for the best. It was wonderful and I want to go out and buy another right away.

Arnie: Speaking of Speed English, it was quite a shock when Joyce asked me a surprising question. We were sitting in my office, listening to Bob Dylan and contemplating a weekend without Corflu Zed, when she suddenly looked me right in the eye and said these immortal words:

"What would my name be in Esperanto?"

Joyce had never before shown the slightest interest in synthetic world languages. In fact, she



Home Kookin' #1, March 2009 is a oneshot produced at Non-Cor 1, the noncom designed to chase away the No Corflu Blues. It was written on Saturday evening, March 14, at the Launch Pad, the home of Arnie & Joyce Katz (crossfire4@cox.net). It is the Group Effort of the Actifan Element, which includes Tee Cochran & James Taylor, Bill & Roc Mills, Ross Chamberlain, Don Miller, Rick King, Ron & Linda Bushyager and Arnie & Joyce Katz.

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often decries the orthographic peculiarities of fans she otherwise likes very much. I was so taken aback by her question that I asked her to repeat it to make sure I heard it right. She said:

“What would my name be in Esperanto?”

I’d heard it correctly. You may well wonder why she laid this request at my door. All I can say is that Joyce for some reason considers me a font of knowledge and, therefore, a target for her endless flow of imaginative questions.

As it happens, I know next to nothing about Esperanto, but I thought I could steer my way through the conversation as long as it stuck to Esperantoan nicknames.

Before I could say anything, Joyce blurted, “I guess it would be JoMoKo,”

JoMoKo! I thought it sounded pretty cool, actually, but I had to question the accuracy. “That would be for ‘Joyce Marie Katz’,” I pointed out. For ‘Joyce Worley Katz’ it would be ‘JoWoKo.’”

She closed her eyes to consider my counter-proposal.

“I like JoWoKo better,” she finally announced. “Or I could use ‘Joyce Marie Worley Fisher Katz’ and be ‘JoMoWoFoKo’,”

I laughed and replied, “Ok, JoMoWoFoKo it is! Can I call you MoGo for short?”

For some reason, that struck her as hilarious. She jiggled happily in her chair.

Don: That would make me DoEoMo, pronounced Dough Yo Mo.

Rick: Wow, I don’t even know what this language is. Esperanto?

Hmm, like making a new persona. I had to pause and think, and then had to turn and ask the room what the heck my name would be. Jeeze, great way to start off writing with the group, only to miss out on the first joke!

I tossed the question into a fray of stunned faces..... when the group just as suddenly crunched “RoGoKo!” with a burst of glee. I heard a few attempts of pronunciation that didn’t stick until I thought “row-GO-ko”. Sounds like an anime character name, sounds kind of cool and heroic.

Joyce: I figure it’s a real indication of tem-

perament, which pronunciation you prefer. “Row-GO-Ko” sounds like an action hero – perhaps just right for a crew member on a racing scull. “Do Eo Mo” on the other hand, sounds intellectual and perhaps Grecian God-like. So, Do, go thou and create a world.

Don: Jiminy crickets... Go make a world. No pressure... We figured out Arnie’s name would be AoDoKo, pronounced (Ow; as in ouch) Ow Dough Ko. That would be a great running gag, with people crying out “Owww” when addressing Arnie. Bill Mills would be BoRoMo. Arnie said something about Joyce’s name being MoFo and then Arnie said “Owww”.

Bill: All this linguistic acrobatics reminds me of a story I heard last week at a combination stag party, basketball game and funeral... and I’d tell it but I don’t know how to translate “is that a fanzine in your pocket Arnie? Or are you just glad to see me?” into Esperanto. For the fannish record I was delighted to celebrate my fifty-seventh birthday with my sweet wife and among my dear fannish friends here tonight.

What’s *Mazel Tov* in Esperanto?

Tee: mo zo to? Sounds like a mispronunciation of an Italian dish. I can well imagine the sercon room at Corflu: “so co? mo jo?” (deep inhale)

Oh, I do miss being at Corflu, but was glad for our little Vo Gro gathering. Oh wait, Vegrants gathering. Do Quo Xo, the hero breaking all the windmills with his exuberant Esperanto notwithstanding.

Arnie: The party raged onward until about 2 Am, liberally assisted by goodies, drink and some excellent live music by Bill and Tee.

Some Vegrants were not present, except in our warm thoughts: JoHn Hardin, Jaq Monahan, Brenda Dupont, Derek Stazenski and Alan & DeDee White. I imagine we’ll try this again, when we expect to have the full complement.

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