

2015-10-11 **Esperanto kaj Geonkloj**

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I've conversed with Europeans on Tatoeba. They tell me not to worry about Esperanto, as it will survive, probably somewhat à la Hebrew. They think Japanese is more important. The Europeans are not like Americans, who think highly of Chinese. They think Britain belongs to America, not Europe.

Auntie Mila and Uncle Joe are visiting Rideau House on Lulu Island. I didn't know that Uncle Joe Ferrer's mother's surname is Jiménez, just like my favourite Mexican singer José Alfredo Jiménez. Auntie and Uncle tell me stories of their voyages to Myanmar, Vietnam, and the Philippines' remote Batanes Islands. Uncle Joe is 81. Auntie Mila is 79. Uncle Joe still remembers his way around our block, and he's got difficulty with vision. He now likes talking about astronomy with me: about how people one day may terraform Mars, about why Pluto is a *dwarf planet* and not a *planet*, and about how conspicuous it is that almost half a century has gone by and no one is on Luna. Auntie Mila, a Roman Catholic, and I talk about Protestantism, Gnosticism, and Buddhism. I retell her my fantasy of living in a condo in Makati in Metro Manila.

Uncle Joe still jogs. On weekdays before his going to the law office, he jogs up and down Metro Manila's Kamias Road, on which his house stands. On Sundays, he jogs at the grounds of the University of the Philippines.

On the local Lulu Island scene, it's not enough that commoners throw around metaphors about languages. They should actually come closer and learn.

These days, I still like purple Lojban, besides green Esperanto. The eggplant is green and purple.