# The Money from Senor A. Westerby Does Not Move

AT Rancho La Puerta, a cooperative vegetarian health centre near the Californian border of Mexico, the mail comes in about noon. One summer day during the time I was in residence there I was leaning on a fence post reading in a rather unenlightened way communication from the London branch of my bank, when Jesus Maria Domingo Villcresi came across from the south corner of the vineyard where he had been working and leaned against the other side of the post, at my back.

"Hi, Pancho," he said, in his light, clear voice. "You have a letter."

"Hi, Jesus," I said, "I think it is about nothing.'

"It is from your sweetheart, then."

"My sweetheart cannot write," I said. "She cannot even write about nothing." (It seems impossible to avoid jangling, distorted echoes of Hemingway when recording semi-Spanish conversation.)

Jesus rubbed the back of his neck against the post.

'Then it is of money."

"I think so. My bank has written to tell me I have money in London."

"You need it here, Pancho. Soon you must have a new pair of pants."

Certainly I must have a new pair of pants, but there is a law ordering me not to move money from London to Mexico.

I could feel Jesus's shoulders rise and fall as he shrugged.

"Then you did not make the money yourself." He probably thought I had stolen it.

"I made all the money myself."

"I have never seen you make money here. How did you make it yourself?" "I wrote stories."

"Of what?"

"Of people. But one person I do not remember writing about is Senor A.

Westerby in the State of Georgia." "Who is he?"

"The Bank says I wrote about him and was paid money for it. See, Jesus, it is in the letter."

The Bank had prepared a statement which seemed to indicate that I had either £49/12/8 or £74/17/6. In their own words they listed the sources of the individual sums which made up the total (or totals). Some seemed to come from a sale of stamps and some from piecies. Allowing for a certain clerkly freedom of spelling I thought they might have confused me with a sheep farmer who had made a bit on the side from Coronation stamps, but there was an unmistakable listing: "Fee for contribution to N.Z. Listener of 6/12/51 A. Westerby in the State of Georgia."

lesus leaned over the fence and eyed the statement tolerantly.

"Then the figures are money?" "Yes."

"Did Senor A. Westerby pay you this money to write of him?

"I have never heard of Senor A. Westerby and I do not think I have ever written of him, certainly not in the State of Georgia."

"My uncle was once in the State of Georgia," Jesus said. "He became very rich there before the Inmigraciones deported him.

"I respect your rich uncle," I said. "but who is Senor A. Westerby, and what did I write of him?"

"You are a little loco from the sun, Jesus said kindly. "It is time Pancho," to eat. Have your beans and thank Senor A. Westerby whom you do not know for the money you cannot move.'

"I am very much loco from living too long in Mexico. Before I lived here I always knew of whom I had written."

"All gringos are a little loco," Jesus said persuasively. "Certainly those here. They eat no meat."

He paused as a mountainous lady came by, wearing shorts, a halter and a baseball cap. "Hi," she said in a flat

Have you guys ate awready?" Middle West twang.

Tesus watched overflowing progress, "All that meat an' no potahe said in Engtoes," lish, "But she moves with spirit against the

The breeze was quite strong that day; a sea breeze from the west. It blew in my face as I walked to the Co-operatives' quarters for the midday meal and siesta. I was disgusted with A. Westerby, but siesta is a cure for everything. I placed my canvas cot where the breeze funnelled between two scrub oaks. At three o'clock I rose to the surface from a deep sleep straight into the eye of the wind. Just like the bridge of a ship, I thought. Now where . .

Oh! The Strait of Georgia, between Vancouver Island and the mainland of British Columbia! Of course! Two years ago, on the bridge of one of the "Prin-Canadian Pacific ships through a westerly blow and I wrote a piece called A Westerly in the Strait of Georgia. Adios, Senor Westerby! Adios my free spelling friend the clerk in the London Bank!

When I told Jesus he didn't see much

to shout about.
"Who knows?" he said. "You make money in London from the west wind

"All that meat . . . but she moves with spirit against the wind"

or Senor Westerby, but it does not move, Pancho, it does not move."

"But certainly I am the less loco," I said, robbed of a strong counter by his persistent realism.

"You have much spirit, my friend," he said, comfortingly. "Tomorrow my father makes wine. That is better for you than new pants. With wine you can write more stories. With wine it will move! Con mucho gusto! Salud, amigo, salud!"

-G. leF. Y.

(Solution to No. 658)

#### CAROLS DEARTH ŧ I M A V E MAUDLIN BESOM ρ L РВВ L SWIMPROSTYLE R E 1 MELANCHOLIA M A N TRUMPETS POLO А i ESPARTO OPALS s E T 7 THRUSH ASTERN

#### Clues Across

- 1. Brain child.
- 4. Fickle, but lame if put out.
- R. Accuses.
- 9. Solomon's instrument.
- 10. Theme for a sermon.
- 11. Jamaica peoper.
- 13. Reigns in disorder.
- 15. Correctly.
- 18. Rare coif for the youngest Service.
- 19. Knocks sharply backwards for a 16. Does this rushing stout pole.
- 22. With a rat I fashion a head-dress.

#### LISTENER" **CROSSWORD** 'THE

- 23. Quick return thrust.
- 24. Kind of leopard.
- 25. Coffer.

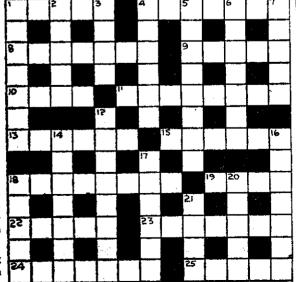
### Clues Down

- 1. Fragile.
- 2. Forefinger.
- 3. Fastidious.
- 4. "---- when young did eagerly frequent
  - Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument" (Rubaiyyat of Omår Khayyam).
- 5. Stray pet (anag.).
- 6. Behaviour.
- 7. Eat away,
- 12. Uninformed.
- 14. Something a girl has in common with her parents only until she is married, as a rule.
- stream tear under a rocky hill-top?

#### 17. Burn up the road?

- 18. I can't (anag.).
- 20. Part of a baronet's apparel in reverse.
- 21. Part of a steep ice-slope.

No. 659 (Constructed by R.W.H.)



## Mature Mozart

THOUGH five of Mozart's six piano trios belong to the period of his maturity they are probably among the least known of his works. They are seldom heard, though the trios of his friend Haydn appear regularly in recital programmes. Lovers of chamber music are therefore getting something rather special in the broadcasts of these trios which began this week (August 24) from 2YC, and will continue weekly on Mondays until all six have been heard. The so-called sixth was, in fact, the first Mozart wrote-in August, 1776. Two of the others were written in 1786, and the remaining three in 1788; the year in which Mozart's last three great symphonies were written. The five trios of his maturity have much of the style of the piano solos of the piano concerti written in the last 10 years of the composer's life. The one to be heard next from 2YC-at 8.40 p.m. on August 31 is No. 2 in B Flat Major, K.502. These recordings are on long-playing discs, and the same artists are heard in the complete series. These are the pianist Agi Jambor, well known European audiences and in the United States for his solo recitals and appearances with major orchestras; Victor Aitay (violin), concert master of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and widely known as a virtuoso; and Janos Starker ('cello), well known in European concert halls and now first 'cellist of the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra.

N.Z. LISTENER, AUGUST 28, 1953.