



**JOHN  
STEINBECK  
THE MOON  
IS DOWN**

**John Steinbeck**

## **The Winter of Our Discontent 75p**

A dynamic novel full of life and laughter and love which brings a small New England town into startling reality – from Ethan Hawley, the man to whom the rat-race beckons to Marullo, the razor-sharp Sicilian store owner, and Margie, the good-time girl, alluring in body, warped in soul. Ethan exchanges integrity for success only to find his moral scruples explode like landmines along the road to the top.

## **East of Eden 95p**

The famous saga of the Trasks and the Hamiltons who grew up in the Salinas Valley between two major wars. From its masterly portrayal of Cathy – adultress and murderess – to its graphic presentation of conflict between brother and brother; from its glittering vignettes of Californian small-town life to its panoramic fresco of a growing nation *East of Eden* is an unforgettable reading experience.

## **Of Mice and Men 40p**

This is the story of Lennie, one of Steinbeck's most poignant characters. A simple-minded giant, Lennie must rely on George, his mentor and protector . . . But even his best friend cannot save Lennie from his worst enemy – his own strength . . .

'His just understanding of character, the candour and forcefulness of his dialogue and his mastery of climaxes are all his own and inimitable' **TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT**

## **Tortilla Flat 60p**

These tales of the ludicrous adventures of *paisano* Danny and his friends are often regarded as Steinbeck's funniest. When Danny, much to his surprise, inherits two small houses in the tumbledown district of Monterey, his carefree and dissolute friends crowd in – and with them a truly riotous life . . .

## **W. Somerset Maugham**

### **The Narrow Corner 70p**

This tale of the sea came from a passage in *The Moon and Sixpence* which Maugham had written twelve years earlier. The villainous Captain Nichols brings his passenger, Fred Blake, a fugitive from the law, to the remote island of Kanda after a violent storm – and what starts as a thrilling tale of sea adventure becomes a tragic tale of love . . .

### **The Razor's Edge 80p**

The story of three of Maugham's most brilliant characters – Isabel, whose choice between passion and wealth has lifelong repercussions . . . Her uncle, Elliott Templeton, a classic American snob . . . and Larry Darrell, Isabel's ex-fiancé who leaves his stockbroking life in Chicago to seek spiritual peace in a Guru's *ashram* in Southern India.

### **Cakes and Ale 60p**

*Cakes and Ale* was the book by which Maugham most wanted to be remembered. As he traces the fortunes of a famous writer and his extraordinary wife, Maugham's superb ironic skill combines with a great lyrical warmth to make a uniquely unforgettable novel.

You can buy these and other Pan Books from booksellers and newsagents; or direct from the following address:

Pan Books, Sales Office, Cavaye Place, London SW10 9PG

Send purchase price plus 20p for the first book and 10p for each additional book, to allow for postage and packing

Prices quoted are applicable in the UK

While every effort is made to keep prices low, it is sometimes necessary to increase prices at short notice. Pan Books reserve the right to show on covers and charge new retail prices which may differ from those advertised in the text or elsewhere.

## The Moon is Down

John Steinbeck was born in Salinas, California, in 1902. After studying science at Stanford University he worked successively as labourer, druggist, caretaker, fruit-picker and surveyor. His first novel, *Cup of Gold* (1929), was about Morgan the pirate. *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939), his most popular book, tells of a migratory family seeking work in California; it was awarded the Pulitzer Prize, and has been compared in its influence to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. His other novels include *East of Eden*, *Of Mice and Men*, *The Pearl*, *Sweet Thursday*, and several collections of short stories. Steinbeck was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1962. He died in 1968.

Previously published by  
John Steinbeck in Pan Books

The Grapes of Wrath  
Of Mice and Men  
Cannery Row  
Sweet Thursday  
The Pearl  
Burning Bright  
The Log from the Sea of Cortez  
The Winter of Our Discontent  
East of Eden  
The Short Reign of Pippin IV  
To a God Unknown  
The Long Valley  
Tortilla Flat  
Journal of a Novel  
Travels with Charley  
Once There Was a War

John Steinbeck

# The Moon is Down

**Pan Books** in association with

**William Heinemann**

First published in Great Britain by William Heinemann Ltd  
This edition published 1958 by Pan Books Ltd,  
Cavaye Place, London SW10 9PG  
in association with William Heinemann Ltd  
16th printing 1978  
All rights reserved

ISBN 0 330 01188 x

Printed in Great Britain by  
Richard Clay (The Chaucer Press) Ltd, Bungay, Suffolk

This book is sold subject to the condition that it  
shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold,  
hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior  
consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which  
it is published and without a similar condition including this  
condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser

## CHAPTER I

BY ten-forty-five it was all over. The town was occupied, the defenders defeated, and the war finished. The invader had prepared for this campaign as carefully as he had for larger ones. On this Sunday morning the postman and the policeman had gone fishing in the boat of Mr Corell, the popular storekeeper. He had lent them his trim sail-boat for the day. The postman and the policeman were several miles at sea when they saw the small, dark transport, loaded with soldiers, go quietly past them. As officials of the town, this was definitely their business, and these two put about, but of course the battalion was in possession by the time they could make port. The policeman and the postman could not even get into their own offices in the Town Hall, and when they insisted on their rights they were taken prisoners of war and locked up in the town jail.

The local troops, all twelve of them, had been away, too, on this Sunday morning, for Mr Corell, the popular storekeeper, had donated lunch, targets, cartridges, and prizes for a shooting competition to take place six miles back in the hills, in a lovely glade Mr Corell owned. The local troops, big, loose-hung boys, heard



the planes and in the distance saw the parachutes, and they came back to town at double-quick step. When they arrived, the invader had flanked the road with machine-guns. The loose-hung soldiers, having very little experience in war and none at all in defeat, opened fire with their rifles. The machine-guns clattered for a moment and six of the soldiers became dead riddled bundles, and three half-dead riddled bundles, and three of the soldiers escaped into the hills with their rifles.

By ten-thirty the brass band of the invader was playing beautiful and sentimental music in the town square while the townsmen, their mouths a little open and their eyes astonished, stood about listening to the music and staring at the grey-helmeted men who carried sub-machine-guns in their arms.

By ten-thirty-eight the riddled six were buried, the parachutes were folded, and the battalion was billeted in Mr Corell's warehouse by the pier, which had on its shelves blankets and cots for a battalion.

By ten-forty-five old Mayor Orden had received the formal request that he grant an audience to Colonel Lanser of the invaders, an audience which was set for eleven sharp at the Mayor's five-room palace.

The drawing-room of the palace was very sweet and comfortable. The gilded chairs covered with their worn tapestry were set about stiffly like too many servants with nothing to do. An arched marble fireplace held its little basket of red flameless heat, and a hand-painted coal-scuttle stood on the hearth. On the

mantel, flanked by fat vases, stood a large, curly porcelain clock which swarmed with tumbling cherubs. The wall-paper of the room was dark red with gold figures, and the woodwork was white, pretty and clean. The paintings on the wall were largely preoccupied with the amazing heroism of large dogs faced with imperilled children. Nor water nor fire nor earthquake could do in a child so long as a big dog was available.

Beside the fireplace old Doctor Winter sat, bearded and simple and benign, historian and physician to the town. He watched in amazement while his thumbs rolled over and over on his lap. Doctor Winter was a man so simple that only a profound man would know him as profound. He looked up at Joseph, the Mayor's serving-man, to see whether Joseph had observed the rolling wonders of his thumbs.

"Eleven o'clock?" Doctor Winter asked.

And Joseph answered abstractedly, "Yes, sir. The note said eleven."

"You read the note?"

"No, sir, His Excellency read the note to me."

And Joseph went about testing each of the gilded chairs to see whether it had moved since he had last placed it. Joseph habitually scowled at furniture, expecting it to be impertinent, mischievous, or dusty. In a world where Mayor Orden was the leader of men, Joseph was the leader of furniture, silver, and dishes. Joseph was elderly and lean and serious, and his life was so complicated that only a profound man would know him to be simple. He saw nothing amazing

about Doctor Winter's rolling thumbs; in fact he found them irritating. Joseph suspected that something pretty important was happening, what with foreign soldiers in the town and the local army killed or captured. Sooner or later Joseph would have to get an opinion about it all. He wanted no levity, no rolling thumbs, no nonsense from furniture. Doctor Winter moved his chair a few inches from its appointed place and Joseph waited impatiently for the moment when he could put it back again.

Doctor Winter repeated, "Eleven o'clock, and they'll be here then, too. A time-minded people, Joseph."

And Joseph said, without listening, "Yes, sir."

"A time-minded people," the doctor repeated.

"Yes, sir," said Joseph.

"Time and machines."

"Yes, sir."

"They hurry towards their destiny as though it would not wait. They push the rolling world along with their shoulders."

And Joseph said, "Quite right, sir," simply because he was getting tired of saying, "Yes, sir."

Joseph did not approve of this line of conversation, since it did not help him to have an opinion about anything. If Joseph remarked to the cook later in the day, "A time-minded people, Annie," it would not make any sense. Annie would ask, "Who?" and then "Why?" and finally say, "That's nonsense, Joseph." Joseph had tried carrying Doctor Winter's remarks

below-stairs before and it had always ended the same: Annie always discovered them to be nonsense.

Doctor Winter looked up from his thumbs and watched Joseph disciplining the chairs. "What's the Mayor doing?"

"Dressing to receive the colonel, sir."

"And you aren't helping him? He will be ill dressed by himself."

"Madame is helping him. Madame wants him to look his best. She"—Joseph blushed a little—"Madame is trimming the hair out of his ears, sir. It tickles. He won't let me do it."

"Of course it tickles," said Doctor Winter.

"Madame insists," said Joseph.

Doctor Winter laughed suddenly. He stood up and held his hands to the fire and Joseph skilfully darted behind him and replaced the chair where it should be.

"We are so wonderful," the doctor said. "Our country is falling, our town is conquered, the Mayor is about to receive the conqueror, and Madame is holding the struggling Mayor by the neck and trimming the hair out of his ears."

"He was getting very shaggy," said Joseph. "His eyebrows, too. His Excellency is even more upset about having his eyebrows trimmed than his ears. He says it hurts. I doubt if even Madame can do it."

"She will try," Doctor Winter said.

"She wants him to look his best, sir."

Through the glass window of the entrance door a helmeted face looked in and there was a rapping on

the door. It seemed that some warm light went out of the room and a little greyness took its place.

Doctor Winter looked up at the clock and said, "They are early. Let them in, Joseph."

Joseph went to the door and opened it. A soldier stepped in, dressed in a long coat. He was helmeted and he carried a sub-machine-gun over his arm. He glanced quickly about and then stepped aside. Behind him an officer stood in the doorway. The officer's uniform was common and it had rank showing only on the shoulders.

The officer stepped inside and looked at Doctor Winter. He was rather like an overdrawn picture of an English gentleman. He had a slouch, his face was red, his nose long but rather pleasing; he seemed about as unhappy in his uniform as most British general officers are. He stood in the doorway, staring at Doctor Winter, and he said, "Are you Mayor Orden, sir?"

Doctor Winter smiled. "No, no, I am not."

"You are an official, then?"

"No, I am the town doctor and I am a friend of the Mayor."

The officer said, "Where is Mayor Orden?"

"Dressing to receive you. You are the colonel?"

"No, I am not. I am Captain Bentick." He bowed and Doctor Winter returned the bow slightly. Captain Bentick continued, as though a little embarrassed at what he had to say: "Our military regulations, sir, prescribe that we search for weapons before the com-

manding officer enters a room. We mean no disrespect, sir." And he called over his shoulder, "Sergeant!"

The sergeant moved quickly to Joseph, ran his hands over his pockets, and said, "Nothing, sir."

Captain Bentick said to Doctor Winter: "I hope you will pardon us." And the sergeant went to Doctor Winter and patted his pockets. His hands stopped at the inside coat pocket. He reached quickly in, brought out a little, flat, black leather case, and took it to Captain Bentick. Captain Bentick opened the case and found there a few simple surgical instruments—two scalpels, some surgical needles, some clamps, a hypodermic needle. He closed the case again and handed it back to Doctor Winter.

Doctor Winter said, "You see, I am a country doctor. One time I had to perform an appendectomy with a kitchen knife. I have always carried these with me since then."

Captain Bentick said, "I believe there are some firearms here?" He opened a little leather book that he carried in his pocket.

Doctor Winter said, "You are thorough."

"Yes, our local man has been working here for some time."

Doctor Winter said, "I don't suppose you would tell who that man is?"

Bentick said, "His work is all done now. I don't suppose there would be any harm in telling. His name is Corell."

And Doctor Winter said in astonishment, "George Corell? Why, that seems impossible! He's done a lot for this town. Why, he even gave prizes for the shooting-match in the hills this morning." And as he said it his eyes began to understand what had happened and his mouth closed slowly, and he said, "I see, that is why he gave the shooting-match. Yes, I see. But George Corell—that sounds impossible!"

The door to the left opened and Mayor Orden came in; he was digging in his right ear with his little finger. He was dressed in his official morning coat, with his chain of office about his neck. He had a large, white, spraying moustache and two smaller ones, one over each eye. His white hair was so recently brushed that only now were the hairs struggling to be free, to stand up again. He had been Mayor so long that he was the Idea-Mayor in the town. Even grown people when they saw the word 'mayor', printed or written, saw Mayor Orden in their minds. He and his office were one. It had given him dignity and he had given it warmth.

From behind him Madame emerged, small and wrinkled and fierce. She considered that she had created this man out of whole cloth, had thought him up, and she was sure that she could do a better job if she had it to do again. Only once or twice in her life had she ever understood all of him, but the part of him which she knew, she knew intricately and well. No little appetite or pain, no meanness in him escaped her; no thought or dream or longing in him ever reached

her. And yet several times in her life she had seen the stars.

She stepped around the Mayor and she took his hand and pulled his finger out of his outraged ear and pushed his hand to his side, the way she would take a baby's thumb away from his mouth.

"I don't believe for a moment it hurts as much as you say," she said, and to Doctor Winter, "He won't let me fix his eyebrows."

"It hurts," said Mayor Orden.

"Very well, if you want to look like that there is nothing I can do about it." She straightened his already straight tie. "I'm glad you're here, Doctor," she said. "How many do you think will come?" And then she looked up and saw Captain Bentick. "Oh," she said, "the colonel!"

Captain Bentick said, "No, ma'am, I'm only preparing for the colonel. Sergeant!"

The sergeant, who had been turning over pillows, looking behind pictures, came quickly to Mayor Orden and ran his hands over his pockets.

Captain Bentick said, "Excuse him, sir, it's regulations."

He glanced again at the little book in his hand. "Your Excellency, I think you have firearms here. Two items, I believe?"

Mayor Orden said, "Firearms? Guns, you mean, I guess. Yes, I have a shotgun and sporting-rifle." He said deprecatingly, "You know, I don't hunt very much any more. I always think I'm going to, and then



the season opens and I don't get out. I don't take the pleasure in it I used to."

Captain Bentick insisted. "Where are these guns, Your Excellency?"

The Mayor rubbed his cheek and tried to think. "Why, I think——" He turned to Madame. "Weren't they in the back of that cabinet in the bedroom with the walking-sticks?"

Madame said, "Yes, and every stitch of clothing in that cabinet smells of oil. I wish you'd put them somewhere else."

Captain Bentick said, "Sergeant!" and the sergeant went quickly into the bedroom.

"It's an unpleasant duty. I'm sorry," said the captain.

The sergeant came back, carrying a double-barrelled shotgun and rather nice sporting-rifle with a shoulder-strap. He leaned them against the side of the entrance door.

Captain Bentick said, "That's all, thank you, Your Excellency. Thank you, Madame."

He turned and bowed slightly to Doctor Winter. "Thank you, Doctor. Colonel Lanser will be here directly. Good morning!"

And he went out to the front door, followed by the sergeant with the two guns in one hand and the sub-machine-gun over his right arm.

Madame said, "For a moment I thought he was the colonel. He was a rather nice-looking young man."