

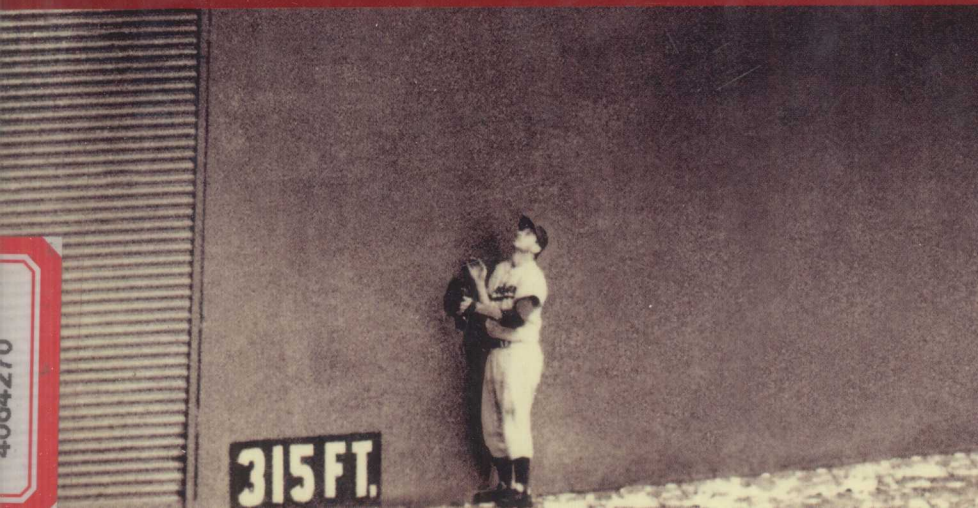
PAFKO AT THE WALL

Don DeLillo

a novella



THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD



Don DeLillo

PAFKO AT THE WALL

a novella

SCRIBNER

New York London Toronto Sydney Singapore



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NEW YORK, TH

GIANTS CAPTURE PENNANT, BEATING DODGERS 5-4 IN 9TH ON THOMSON'S 3-RUN HOMER

MEET YANKS TODAY

Third Baseman's Clout
 Sends Giants Into
 the World Series

BROOKLYN'S BRANCA LOSER

Yields Homer on Second Pitch
 After Relieving Newcombe
 in the Play-Off Final

By JOHN DREBINGER

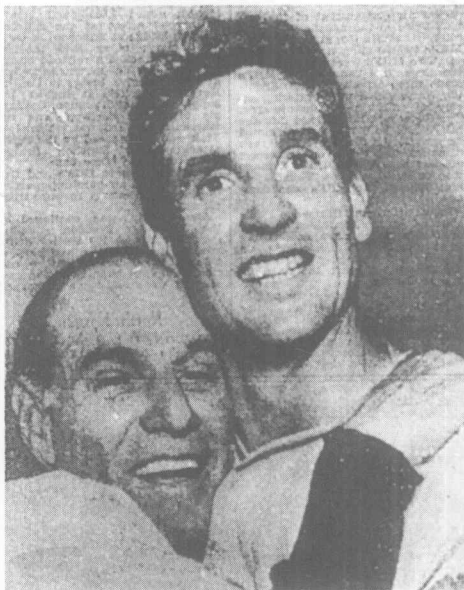
In an electrifying finish to what long will be remembered as the most thrilling pennant campaign in history, Leo Durocher and his astounding never-say-die Giants wrenched victory from the jaws of defeat at the Polo Grounds yesterday, vanquishing the Dodgers, 5 to 4, with a four-run spurge in the last half of the ninth.

A three-run homer by Bobby Thomson that accounted for the final three tallies blasted the Dodgers right out of the world series picture and this afternoon at the Stadium it will be the Giants against Casey Stengel's American League champion Yankees in the opening clash of the world series.

Seemingly hopelessly beaten, 4 to 1, as the third and deciding game of the epic National League play-off moved into the last inning, the Giants lashed back with a fury that would not be denied. They routed big Don Newcombe while scoring one run.

Then, with Ralph Branca on the mound and two runners aboard the bases, came the blow of blows

AFTER THE GAME WAS OVER



Bobby Thomson and Manager Leo Durocher of the Giants in the clubhouse after the victory over the Dodgers. Associated Press

It's Like a Wake in Brooklyn As Fans 'Replay' Fatal 9th

All Gotham was divided yesterday into three parts. The first of these the lordly Yankees inhabit; the second is the joyful country of the Giants; the third belongs to the fiercest and most desperate of all, the Brooklyn Dodgers.

GEN. HUGH A. DRUM

When Bobby Thomson exploded

NEW CHIEF OF INQUIRY ON INC OF U.S. TAX OFF

Dunlap Starts an Inve
 of Returns, Includi
 Enforcement Offi

TRUMAN APPROVAL

Examination Stems F
 Questionnaires Issu
 the New York A

By CLAYTON KNO
 Special to The New York Times
 WASHINGTON, Oct. 2
 Dunlap, Commissioner of
 Revenue, revealed today
 had ordered a thorough
 tion of the income tax re
 1948, 1949 and 1950 of a
 and front-line enforcement
 of the bureau.

In reporting the ord
 Oct. 1, the commission
 month on the job, told
 and Means subcommitt
 House of Representative
 gating recurring irregu
 the agency, that he ha
 "carte blanche authority
 things up" from both
 Truman and John W. Sn
 retary of the Treasury.

The order stated that
 nation of returns would
 "whether or not the infor
 the return indicates that
 is warranted" and tur
 ns for earlier years
 requisitioned if the cur
 revealed the need.

Continuing Check O
 Returns for all coming
 be examined automatic
 rights reserved for any
 including the right to a
 preserved for affected b
 ployees under the order.
 For the purposes of
 officials are defined on
 broad enough to include
 from a division head to
 missioner himself.
 Front-line enforcement

Cloudy, windy today and tonight.
Possibly clearing tomorrow.

Temperature Range Today—Max., 74; Min., 64

Temperatures Yesterday—Max., 72; Min., 64

Full U. S. Weather Bureau Report, Page 67

rk Times Company.

OCTOBER 4, 1951.

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E SHIFT UPSET

British, Greek, Filipino,
Korean, Turkish Units
Up Heavy Barrage

COUNTER-ATTACKS

ery Also Opens Up, but
Halt Push—Red Reply
ove From Kaesong

Reject Truce Shift

By The United Press.
O, Thursday, Oct. 4—
Communist High Command
rejected Gen. Ridgway's
to change the site of
an truce negotiations.

l to The New York Times.
Thursday, Oct. 4—A
United Nations offensive
at dawn yesterday in
and Western Korea
estimated quarter-mil-
lionist troops.
ed attacking force com-
ments of five divisions
men of nine nations—
Britons, Australians,
nders, Canadians, Fili-
pines, Turks and South
They stepped off after a
truce.

ent where the battle is
g stretches forty miles
ard from near Korang-
e twelve miles of Kae-
stwhile truce-talk city.
United Nations liaison
ow- to Panmunjon and
a message from the
st High Command.
a seven-day silence by
munists, it was presu-
mber to Gen. Matthew
ay's request of Sept. 27
-fire talks be resumed,
ed from Kaesong.

ish Tanks in Action
th Korean First Division
ned their immediate ob-
the extreme west of the
by early afternoon.

SOVIET'S SECOND ATOM BLAST IN 2 YEARS REVEALED BY U. S.; DETAILS ARE KEPT A SECRET

ANSWERING CHARGES BY MCCARTHY



Dr. Philip C. Jessup, Ambassador at Large, before a Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee yesterday. The New York Times

Jessup Denies Any Red Ties, Calls McCarthy Charge False

By WILLIAM S. WHITE
Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3—Ambassador at Large Philip C. Jessup produced documentary evidence today to show that he followed an isolationist position in World War II long after the Communists had reversed themselves and had come out for aid to the Allies.

Under oath he denounced as false, in general and in every detail, the accusations of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, Republican of

SPEED HERE URGED

White House Says Event
Discounts Peace Aims
Voiced by Stalin

STRESSES SECURITY ANGLE

Time and Place of Explosion
Are Withheld—Capital Is
Surprised by Report

By W. H. LAWRENCE
Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3—Soviet scientists and military men succeeded recently in exploding "another atomic bomb" inside the Soviet Union, the White House announced today. All details on the location and scope of the blast were ordered withheld on the ground that disclosure of the information would affect adversely United States security interests.

News of the atomic experiment was made public by Joseph Short, White House Press Secretary, who declared that the event belied persistent Communist propaganda, led personally by Premier Stalin, that the atomic energy development of the Soviet Union was being devoted exclusively to peaceful purposes and not to the manufacture of weapons.

The White House statement said flatly that the latest explosion was "another atomic bomb" and thus was much more precise than was President Truman's announcement Sept. 23, 1949 of the first Russian blast. At that time Mr. Truman reported that "we have

BRITISH EVACUATE STAFF FROM IRAN

Also by Don DeLillo

N O V E L S

Americana

End Zone

Great Jones Street

Ratner's Star

Players

Running Dog

The Names

White Noise

Libra

Mao II

Underworld

The Body Artist

P L A Y S

The Day Room

Valparaiso

PAFKO AT THE WALL



He speaks in your voice, American, and there's a shine in his eye that's halfway hopeful.

It's a school day, sure, but he's nowhere near the classroom. He wants to be here instead, standing in the shadow of this old rust-hulk of a structure, and it's hard to blame him—this metropolis of steel and concrete and flaky paint and cropped grass and enormous Chesterfield packs aslant on the scoreboards, a couple of cigarettes jutting from each.

Longing on a large scale is what makes history. This is just a kid with a local yearning but he is part of an assembling crowd, anonymous thousands off the buses and trains, people in narrow columns tramping over the

swing bridge above the river, and even if they are not a migration or a revolution, some vast shaking of the soul, they bring with them the body heat of a great city and their own small reveries and desperations, the unseen something that haunts the day—men in fedoras and sailors on shore leave, the stray tumble of their thoughts, going to a game.

The sky is low and gray, the roily gray of sliding surf.

He stands at the curbstone with the others. He is the youngest, at fourteen, and you know he's flat broke by the edgy leaning look he hangs on his body. He has never done this before and he doesn't know any of the others and only two or three of them seem to know each other but they can't do this thing singly or in pairs so they have found one another by means of sidly looks that detect the fellow foolhard and here they stand, black kids and white kids up from the subways or off the local Harlem streets, lean shadows, bandidos, fifteen in all, and according to topical legend maybe four will get through for every one that's caught.

They are waiting nervously for the ticket holders to clear the turnstiles, the last loose cluster of fans, the stragglers and loiterers. They watch the late-arriving taxis from downtown and the brilliantined men stepping dapper to the windows, policy bankers and supper club swells and Broadway hotshots, high aura'd, picking lint off their mohair sleeves. They stand at the curb

and watch without seeming to look, wearing the sourish air of corner hangabouts. All the hubbub has died down, the pregame babble and swirl, vendors working the jammed sidewalks waving scorecards and pennants and calling out in ancient singsong, scraggy men hustling buttons and caps, all dispersed now, gone to their roomlets in the beaten streets.

They are at the curbstone, waiting. Their eyes are going grim, sending out less light. Somebody takes his hands out of his pockets. They are waiting and then they go, one of them goes, a mick who shouts *Geronimo*.

There are four turnstiles just beyond the pair of ticket booths. The youngest boy is also the scrawniest, Cotter Martin by name, scrawny tall in a polo shirt and dungarees and trying not to feel doom-struck—he's located near the tail of the rush, running and shouting with the others. You shout because it makes you brave or you want to announce your recklessness. They have made their faces into scream masks, tight-eyed, with stretchable mouths, and they are running hard, trying to funnel themselves through the lanes between the booths, and they bump hips and elbows and keep the shout going. The faces of the ticket sellers hang behind the windows like onions on strings.

Cotter sees the first jumpers go over the bars. Two of them jostle in the air and come down twisted and asprawl. A ticket taker puts a headlock on one of them

and his cap comes loose and skims down his back and he reaches for it with a blind swipe and at the same time—everything's at the same time—he eyes the other hurdlers to keep from getting stepped on. They are running and hurdling. It's a witless form of flight with bodies packed in close and the gate-crashing becoming real. They are jumping too soon or too late and hitting the posts and radial bars, doing cartoon climbs up each other's back, and what kind of stupes must they look like to people at the hot dog stand on the other side of the turnstiles, what kind of awful screwups—a line of mostly men beginning to glance this way, jaws working at the sweaty meat and grease bubbles flurrying on their tongues, the gent at the far end going dead-still except for a hand that produces automatic movement, swabbing on mustard with a brush.

The shout of the motley boys comes banging off the deep concrete.

Cotter thinks he sees a path to the turnstile on the right. He drains himself of everything he does not need to make the jump. Some are still jumping, some are thinking about it, some need a haircut, some have girlfriends in woolly sweaters and the rest have landed in the ruck and are trying to get up and scatter. A couple of stadium cops are rumbling down the ramp. Cotter sheds these elements as they appear, sheds a thousand waves of information hitting on his skin. His gaze is trained on

the iron bars projected from the post. He picks up speed and seems to lose his gangliness, the slouchy funk of hormones and unbelonging and all the stammering things that seal his adolescence. He is just a running boy, a half-seen figure from the streets, but the way running reveals some clue to being, the way a runner bares himself to consciousness, this is how the dark-skinned kid seems to open to the world, how the bloodrush of a dozen strides brings him into eloquence.

Then he leaves his feet and is in the air, feeling sleek and unmussed and sort of businesslike, flying in from Kansas City with a briefcase full of bank drafts. His head is tucked, his left leg is clearing the bars. And in one prolonged and aloof and discontinuous instant he sees precisely where he'll land and which way he'll run and even though he knows they will be after him the second he touches ground, even though he'll be in danger for the next several hours—watching left and right—there is less fear in him now.

He comes down lightly and goes easy-gaiting past the ticket taker groping for his fallen cap and he knows absolutely—knows it all the way, deep as knowing goes, he feels the knowledge start to hammer in his runner's heart—that he is uncatchable.

Here comes a cop in municipal bulk with a gun and cuffs and a flashlight and a billy club all jiggling on his belt and a summons pad wadded in his pocket. Cotter

gives him a juke step that sends him nearly to his knees and the hot dog eaters bend from the waist to watch the kid veer away in soft acceleration, showing the cop a little finger-wag bye-bye.

He surprises himself this way every so often, doing some gaudy thing that whistles up out of unsuspected whim.

He runs up a shadowed ramp and into a crossweave of girders and pillars and spilling light. He hears the crescendoing last chords of the national anthem and sees the great open horseshoe of the grandstand and that unfolding vision of the grass that always seems to mean he has stepped outside his life—the rubbed shine that sweeps and bends from the raked dirt of the infield out to the high green fences. It is the excitement of a revealed thing. He runs at quarter speed craning to see the rows of seats, looking for an inconspicuous wedge behind a pillar. He cuts into an aisle in section 35 and walks down into the heat and smell of the massed fans, he walks into the smoke that hangs from the underside of the second deck, he hears the talk, he enters the deep buzz, he hears the warm-up pitches crack into the catcher's mitt, a series of reports that carry a comet's tail of secondary sound.

Then you lose him in the crowd.

• • •

In the radio booth they're talking about the crowd. Looks like thirty-five thousand and how do you figure it. When you think about the textured histories of the teams and the faith and passion of the fans and the way these forces are entwined citywide, and when you think about the game itself, live-or-die, the third game in a three-game playoff, and you say the names Giants and Dodgers, and you calculate the way the players hate each other openly, and you recall the kind of year this has turned out to be, the pennant race that has brought the city to a strangulated rapture, an end-shudder requiring a German loanword to put across the mingling of pleasure and dread and suspense, and when you think about the blood loyalty, this is what they're saying in the booth—the love-of-team that runs across the boroughs and through the snuggled suburbs and out into the apple counties and the raw north, then how do you explain twenty thousand empty seats?

The engineer says, "All day it looks like rain. It affects the mood. People say the hell with it."

The producer is hanging a blanket across the booth to separate the crew from the guys who've just arrived from KMOX in St. Louis. Have to double up since there's nowhere else to put them.

He says to the engineer, "Don't forget. There wasn't any advance sale."

And the engineer says, "Plus the Giants lost big yes-

terday and this is a serious thing because a crushing defeat puts a gloom on the neighborhoods. Believe me, I know this where I live. It's demoralizing for people. It's like they're dying in the tens of thousands."

Russ Hodges, who broadcasts the games for WMCA, he is the voice of the Giants—Russ has an overworked larynx and the makings of a major cold and he shouldn't be lighting up a cigarette but here he goes, saying, "That's all well and good but I'm not sure there really is a logical explanation. When you deal with crowds, nothing's predictable."

Russ is going jowly now but there are elements of the uncomplicated boy in his eyes and smile and in the hair that looks bowl-cut and the shapeless suit that might belong to almost anyone. Can you do games, can you do play-by-play almost every day through a deep summer and not be located in some version of the past?

He looks out at the field with its cramped corners and the overcompensating spaces of the deep alleys and dead center. The big square Longines clock that juts up from the clubhouse. Strokes of color all around, a frescoing of hats and faces and the green grandstand and tawny base paths. Russ feels lucky to be here. Day of days and he's doing the game and it's happening at the Polo Grounds—a name he loves, a precious echo of things and times before the century went to war. He thinks everybody who's here ought to feel lucky because