

Villanova University Charles Widger School of Law

From the Selected Works of Mitchell J Nathanson

Spring 2014

Dick Allen Preferred Not To: A Reconsideration of Baseball's Bartleby

Mitchell J Nathanson, *Villanova*



Available at: https://works.bepress.com/mitchell_nathanson/31/



PROJECT MUSE®

Dick Allen Preferred Not To: A Reconsideration of Baseball's Bartleby

Mitchell Nathanson

NINE: A Journal of Baseball History and Culture, Volume 22, Number 2, Spring 2014, pp. 1-41 (Article)

Published by University of Nebraska Press
DOI: [10.1353/nin.2014.0021](https://doi.org/10.1353/nin.2014.0021)



➔ For additional information about this article

<http://muse.jhu.edu/journals/nin/summary/v022/22.2.nathanson.html>

ARTICLES

Dick Allen Preferred Not To

A Reconsideration of Baseball's Bartleby

MITCHELL NATHANSON

“What I saw . . . persuaded me that [he] was the victim of innate and incurable disorder. I might give alms to his body; but his body did not pain him; it was his soul that suffered, and his soul I could not reach.”¹

Herman Melville, “Bartleby, the Scrivener.”

INTRODUCTION

During the course of his major-league career, Dick Allen did a lot of things: he was the 1964 NL Rookie of the Year and the 1972 AL Most Valuable Player; his 351 home runs are more than Hall of Famer Ron Santo; his 1,119 RBI are more than Hall of Famer Rod Carew; and for those who pray at the alter of sabermetrics, his “adjusted OPS+” is higher than the greatest slugger of all time, Hall of Famer Hank Aaron. Because of all that he did, the MLB Network in 2012 ranked him as a member of its “Top Ten Not in the Hall of Fame” (he was ranked number nine). However, despite all that he did, Dick Allen, like Melville’s Bartleby, is remembered more for what he preferred not to do: he preferred not to listen to his manager or follow the edicts of team and league officials; he preferred not to cooperate with reporters; occasionally he preferred not to inform anyone of his whereabouts; and at times he preferred not to play the most difficult sport of all, one which requires lightning-quick reflexes, pinpoint accuracy, and split-second decision making—all while forming a response to a hardball honing in with ill intent at over ninety miles per hour—without first stopping at a tavern or two (or three) on his way to the ballpark. Because of all that he did and all he preferred not to do, Allen became one of the most controversial players in the history of a game replete with them. As *Sports Illustrated* summed him up in 1970, “He is known as a man who hits a

baseball even harder than he hits the bottle. . . . Allen shakes the game's Establishment and stirs up its followers as no other player can."² Because of what he did and what he preferred not to do, nearly every baseball fan with an opinion has a strong one when it comes to Dick Allen.

Throughout the arc of his productive yet strange and oftentimes maddening career, and in the decades thereafter, the debate over who was ultimately to blame for the controversy that seemingly followed Allen wherever he went raged on, and rages still today. Were Allen's repeated transgressions his fault? Team management's? The media's? The fans'? Who is responsible for the tragedy that was Dick Allen? For all of his talent, and despite how much his teammates seemed to like him wherever he went, who is to blame for the fact that no matter where his travels took him over the course of his fifteen-year career—Philadelphia, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia again, and Oakland—disharmony, dissension, disagreement, and disruption invariably came along for the ride? Why is it that one of the most talented players of his generation was summed up by the preeminent baseball historian Bill James as someone who “did more to *keep* his teams from winning than anybody else who ever played major league baseball”?³

This article attempts to examine Allen's career through a unique lens—the one provided by Melville's classic short story, “Bartleby, the Scrivener.” In so doing, this article will show that although Allen's foibles were in many ways his own, they were also, perhaps in greater part, the inevitable result of a larger injustice perpetrated on the black athletes of the 1950s and '60s—those players who emerged a generation after Jackie Robinson broke Major League Baseball's color barrier in 1947 and who were compelled to endure the brutal racial double standard that arose in the wake of Dodger president Branch Rickey's “Great Experiment.” In the end, through the lens of “Bartleby, the Scrivener,” the systemic injustice that preyed on Allen and that ultimately became the catalyst for much of what enveloped him emerges. Drawing on an analysis of “Bartleby” from a legal and literary perspective, focusing primarily on what it has to say about social hierarchies and the role of compassion in the workplace, this article aims to provide a more complete understanding of the factors that affected Allen and other black ballplayers of his era while they tried to navigate their journey through what had been, up until very shortly before their arrival, a whites-only game.

Through Allen, this article attempts to provide a different perspective on workplace social hierarchies in general, whether they take place in a law office, baseball clubhouse, or anywhere else. As a society, we oftentimes ground ourselves in procedure and rules with the belief that following them sets us on a path toward righteousness and virtue. As both “Bartleby” and

Dick Allen demonstrate, however, sometimes an overreliance on these qualities has the opposite effect, with devastating consequences for those subject to them when measured in human terms.

DICK ALLEN: A PRIMER

Although a comprehensive review of Allen's tumultuous career is beyond the scope of this article (and can be found in other sources), a relatively brief outline of his professional arc will be attempted in order to provide the foundation for the substantive analysis that follows.

Hailing from Wampum, Pennsylvania, a small town located on the western edge of the state, Allen's talent shone through from an early age. When he was signed by the Phillies as an eighteen-year-old amateur free agent in 1960, he received the largest bonus ever given to a black player to date.⁴ This was considered significant not only from Allen's perspective but from the Phillies' as well, given their notorious reputation as an organization hostile to African American athletes (only three years earlier, in 1957, they became the last team in the National League to integrate their major-league roster—a full decade after the debut of Jackie Robinson). Clearly, Allen's signing was an indication that the organization was looking to reform its image.

Initially, Allen rose quickly through the Phillies' minor-league system and, by the spring of 1963, hoped to make the team's major-league roster. Despite a strong showing during spring training, however, he did not make the club and believed that his assignment instead to the team's new AAA affiliate in Little Rock, Arkansas, was made for reasons beyond those that existed on the playing field (he believed he was being punished by general manager John Quinn for asking for a fifty-dollar raise after his strong season in '62, and he believed that he had been singled out to integrate the Little Rock club, which had never had a black player on its roster to that point).⁵ Although he begged the organization not to send him to the Deep South, his pleas were ignored, and off he went to become, in his eyes at least, the Jackie Robinson of Arkansas baseball. For the twenty-one-year-old Allen, this was a task he neither wanted nor was prepared for. Arkansas governor Orval Faubus, who only six years earlier attempted to defy the federally imposed desegregation law by enlisting the National Guard to prevent African Americans from attending Little Rock Central High School, was on hand to throw out the first ball. Picketers marched outside of the stadium with signs saying "Don't Negro-ize baseball" and "Nigger go home"; and after the game, Allen returned to his car to find a note pinned to his windshield reading, "Don't come back again, Nigger."⁶

Irrespective of his presence on the now "integrated" Arkansas Travel-

ers, Allen was compelled to confront the existence of segregated life in the Deep South on a daily basis—he had no choice but to live on the black side of town, was barred from eating with his white teammates in many restaurants, and generally experienced a lonely and isolated life where he became acutely aware of the double standard he had no choice but to accept. “I got lonely fast,” he said. “There were two sets of rules in Little Rock, one for the Arkansas Travelers and one for Dick Allen. . . . That didn’t go with me. From that day on, I decided if there was ever a double standard again, I would be the beneficiary, and not the other way around.”⁷ Regardless of the nature of his circumstances in Little Rock, Allen had a productive season and was awarded the team’s MVP as a result of voting by the team’s fans. However, he would never again place his trust in team management or in those who claimed to be acting in his best interest.

Because of his solid season in Little Rock, Allen was called up to the Phillies in September of that season and, in 1964, was named the National League’s Rookie of the Year despite making 41 errors at third base, a position he had never played before and one which he was asked to try during spring training by his manager Gene Mauch.⁸ Although 1964 was a success in many ways, the first hints of what was to come for him from the team’s fans emerged toward the end of the season when, after a brutal race riot in the neighborhood surrounding Connie Mack Stadium, he began to hear boos and catcalls on a regular basis, trickles of resentment toward the poor-fielding, bonus-baby black star who seemed to represent, to some white fans at least, everything that was going wrong in the neighborhood surrounding the stadium. In July of 1965 things would get even worse for Allen after an altercation with a teammate, Frank Thomas, who attacked him with a bat. When the popular, and white, Thomas was quickly released, many fans and members of the media blamed Allen, portraying him as a prima donna with the power and ability to dictate the team’s roster to management.⁹ Although this perception was far wide of the mark, Allen was not permitted to present his side of the story, and he was threatened with a substantial fine from team management if he dared comment.¹⁰ Once again, just as in Little Rock, the incident left Allen feeling helpless and alone, exploited by those who claimed to be looking out for him.

Soon things went from bad to worse for Allen, with fans pelting him with bottles, pennies, and anything else they could get their hands on. Allen responded by wearing his batting helmet on the field at all times for protection.¹¹ By 1968, Allen was determined to rid himself of the Phillies, their fans, and the local media but, in this pre-free agency era, had no obvious means to do so given that he was tied to the club indefinitely pursuant to the reserve clause. Hoping to compel the Phillies to trade him, Allen soon began to

refuse to follow team rules, at one point engaging in a protracted “sit down” strike, where he refused to play for the duration of the club’s West Coast road trip.¹² By 1969, his perceived obstinacy had become national news, with President Nixon weighing in, urging Allen to end his current midseason hold-out. Speaking to Phillies pitcher Grant Jackson prior to the All-Star Game, he instructed him thusly: “You tell Richie Allen to get back on the job. You tell him that he’s not going to get as good a job if he quits baseball. You tell Richie it’s not for the good of the Phillies, or the good of the fans, but for the good of Richie Allen that he get back.”¹³

Eventually Allen did come back but, in conjunction with his return, removed his clothing and personal items from his locker and relocated to a storage area where he was determined to dress apart from his teammates. For the next two weeks, manager Bob Skinner ordered Allen’s belongings returned to the team’s locker room, but Allen removed them once again to the storage area. Back and forth this went until finally Skinner gave up.¹⁴ Shortly thereafter, Allen refused to play in an exhibition game against the team’s minor-league affiliate, and Skinner resigned. By this point, Skinner had become convinced that he was being undermined by the club’s owner, Bob Carpenter, who had apparently acquiesced in Allen’s request to skip the exhibition game. Skinner along with his predecessor, Gene Mauch, also alleged that Carpenter undermined their authority further by returning to Allen the fines they collected as a result of his numerous indiscretions.¹⁵

Even though Allen finally got his wish after the 1969 season and was dealt to the St. Louis Cardinals, the controversy continued. Allen greeted the Cardinals by refusing to report to the club for spring training, demanding a substantial raise before joining his new teammates. Although things seemed to go well in St. Louis thereafter, he was nevertheless traded once again, this time to the Los Angeles Dodgers after the completion of the 1970 season. There, he joined a team that had its doubts about him before he even arrived, with general manager Al Campanis charging that the team passed on the opportunity to acquire him earlier because Allen’s mere presence on the club’s roster would have made a “travesty of everything the Dodger spirit represents.”¹⁶ Although Allen was joining the same organization that brought Jackie Robinson to the majors just twenty-four years earlier, he bristled at the very notion that such a thing as the “Dodger spirit” even existed—although many players felt blessed simply to don the Dodger uniform, Allen did not. He was traded to the Chicago White Sox after the season.

In Chicago, Allen’s performance on the field sparkled. In 1972, he won the American League’s MVP award and almost won the league’s triple crown. By 1974, however, things began to sour there, too. Allen’s penchant for missing

games, particularly at the end of the season when title hopes had been extinguished, began to stir rumbles of resentment. A former team physician called him a malingerer.¹⁷ Difficult in many respects, the season ended surprisingly and prematurely when on September 14 Allen, the league leader in home runs at the time, called his teammates together (with the Sox still with a remote but fighting chance for the divisional title) and announced his retirement from the game.¹⁸ The Sox finished nine games out, and Allen was soon gone.

Allen was not gone for long, however, as he very quickly made it clear that he was going to play somewhere in 1975 “even if it’s Jenkintown.”¹⁹ To the surprise of absolutely everybody, he eventually resurfaced in, of all places, Philadelphia. This time, the team, its fans, and the local media were determined that things would be different than they had been earlier. Allen was showered with affection at seemingly every at bat; and even though he struggled in the field and at the plate, few held him up for ridicule. Regardless, Allen continued to drink and, by the ’76 season, began missing games as well.²⁰ Although the Phillies won the National League’s Eastern Division title in 1976, controversy was never far behind as the team split along racial lines, with an Allen-led dispute over the makeup of the club’s playoff roster prompting discussion in the locker room of the possibility of the first player-organized boycott of the postseason in league history.²¹ After being swept in the playoffs by the Cincinnati Reds, the Phillies declined to re-sign Allen for the 1977 season. Cast adrift once again, Allen signed with the Oakland A’s but, after a few months of poor play and continual disagreements with management, was released.²² Only thirty five years old, Allen was out of baseball once again, this time for good.

BARTLEBY, THE SCRIVENER

Although Melville’s classic was penned nearly two centuries ago, “Bartleby, the Scrivener: A Story of Wall-Street” continues to resonate with modern audiences. While the world in which the suffering and insufferable Bartleby existed has changed in so many ways, the motivations behind the story’s characters have not, such that those who read the story on their Kindles can easily relate to the travails of the lowly scrivener toiling in a pre-Civil War Wall Street law office.

On the surface, “Bartleby” appears to be a straightforward tale. The narrator, who remains unnamed throughout, is an attorney who considers himself a “safe man” doing a “snug business.”²³ “I am a man who from his youth upward, has been filled with a profound conviction that the easiest way of life is the best.”²⁴ He enjoys the privileges his societal position provides him and bathes in the good opinion of those of high standing with whom he’s come in contact

through the course of his profession. When the story opens, he employs two scribes, Turkey and Nippers, who each suffer in their own way and whose suffering is invisible to the narrator. Turkey manages to endure the drudgery of his job by imbibing heavily during his lunch break, to the point where his work in the afternoon suffers.²⁵ Nippers's suffering is more visceral—the never-ending copying on a table of the wrong height has damaged his back to the point where he labors in constant pain.²⁶ To this crew comes Bartleby, who is hired due to an increase in the narrator's workload. Bartleby is assigned a work space in a corner near the narrator, so he can be at the narrator's beck and call. His work space faces a window that "commanded at present no view at all, though it gave some light."²⁷ To this, the narrator further segregates Bartleby by placing between him and Bartleby "a high green folding screen, which might entirely isolate Bartleby from my sight, though not remove him from my voice. And thus, in a manner, privacy and society were conjoined."²⁸

At first Bartleby is prodigious in his work but nevertheless manages to pique the narrator because while he is industrious, he is not "cheerfully industrious."²⁹ Soon Bartleby's industriousness, cheerless as it is, begins to decrease. Initially he refuses to examine a small paper by announcing that he "would prefer not to."³⁰ Gradually he refuses to perform other tasks as well, begging off by simply exclaiming that he would "prefer not to." Perplexed, the narrator asks Ginger Nut, the office gofer, what he makes of Bartleby's refusals. "I think, sir, he's a little *lunny*," replies Ginger Nut.³¹ Turkey and Nippers likewise reassure the narrator that he is in the right, with Nippers suggesting that Bartleby be kicked out of the office.³²

Things quickly disintegrate in the office as the narrator soon learns that Bartleby has been sleeping there as well. As Bartleby's refusals become more regular, the narrator begins to develop a fascination toward him and seeks to learn more about him; however, when he tries to engage Bartleby, he is rebuffed. Attempting to prod him toward a measure of productivity, the narrator asks him to agree to be at least a little reasonable by beginning to examine papers again in the next day or so. Bartleby, however, responds simply that "[a]t present I would prefer not to be a little reasonable."³³ Eventually Bartleby's coworkers begin to mimic his tone, as both Turkey and Nippers start to drop the word "prefer" regularly into their speech patterns, causing the narrator to fear that his office is descending into chaos: "I thought to myself, surely I must get rid of a demented man, who already has turned the tongues, if not the heads, of myself and clerks."³⁴

Finally, Bartleby decides that he will do no more work of any sort but nevertheless refuses to quit the narrator's employ, responding to the narrator's request that he vacate the premises by announcing that he simply prefers not

to. Perplexed and anxious to remove the man who “had now become a millstone to me,” the narrator concocts a plan to encourage Bartleby to quit, a procedure the narrator believes to be brilliant, albeit, as it turns out, only in theory.³⁵ Once the plan is placed into practice, Bartleby refuses to play along, refusing to submit to the narrator’s procedure, and, in so doing, thwarts the plan. With rules and procedure failing him, the narrator resigns himself toward acting charitably toward Bartleby, reversing course and telling him that he may now stay in the office as long as he likes.

It is at this point where the narrator realizes the limits of the charitable impulse, as the good opinion of those men of high standing he so long had valued is now in jeopardy. As the narrator becomes aware of the whispers of clients and colleagues concerning the strange and curious man residing within his law office, he fears for his professional reputation and is determined once more to rid himself “of this intolerable incubus.”³⁶ Resigned to the fact that Bartleby will not quit him, the narrator decides to quit Bartleby instead and relocates his law practice to another building, leaving Bartleby behind. Very soon, however, the new occupants of his old office catch up with him and inform him that “you are responsible for the man you left there. He refuses to do any copying, he refuses to do anything; and he says he prefers not to; and he refuses to quit the premises.”³⁷ Forced to confront Bartleby once more, the narrator returns to his old office and attempts to convince Bartleby to come live with him in his home, to which Bartleby simply replies that “at present I would prefer not to make any change at all.”³⁸

Finally, Bartleby is forcibly removed from the office by the landlord and taken to the Tombs as a vagrant. Here, although the narrator is now, at last, rid of his albatross, he feels compelled to visit Bartleby to ensure that he is being treated properly and with compassion. He meets the “grub-man,” who informs him that Bartleby appears to be starving himself to death; so the narrator presses “some silver into the grub-man’s hands” and asks him to see to it that Bartleby is well treated. “I want you to give particular attention to my friend there; let him have the best dinner you can get. And you must be as polite to him as possible.”³⁹ Regardless, Bartleby refuses to eat, and shortly thereafter the narrator learns that he has died. It is at this point where the narrator reveals what he learned shortly after Bartleby’s death: that prior to coming to work for him, Bartleby had been a clerk in the Dead Letter Office, engaging in the soul-crushing work of sorting through letters addressed to those now deceased, letters headed only to the incinerator save for a bauble here and there enclosed therein and uncovered by the clerk and deemed worthy of salvage. At this point, the depth of Bartleby’s soulless, unsatisfying work

life becomes fully apparent to the narrator, who can only exclaim, “Ah Bartleby! Ah humanity!”⁴⁰

Although separated by over a century in time and involving two seemingly different professions, the parallels between the black experience in Organized Baseball during the immediate post–Jackie Robinson era, as embodied by Dick Allen, and that of the lowly office worker in a nineteenth-century law office, as embodied by Bartleby, become apparent if one chooses to look beneath the surface. Although “Bartleby” appears to be a straightforward story focused solely on the troubled Bartleby, it contains, like an artichoke, many layers, each one as revealing as the next once peeled back and exposed to the light. For even though Bartleby seems to be about the scrivener (the obvious protagonist given that the narrator remains anonymous throughout), it is in many ways about the unnamed narrator as well, in fact even more so. As such, it informs the reader of both of their experiences throughout the story. Similarly, although Allen’s story seems to be most obviously about Allen himself, it too is informative when it comes to the narrators of his tale—his primary employer (the Phillies), the media (who literally told his story from their perspective), and the fans (who ultimately rendered judgment on Allen). Therefore, the following sections will tackle the story of the black experience in Organized Baseball in the immediate post–Jackie Robinson era through these varying perspectives. First, Allen himself should be analyzed through the lens of “Bartleby.” From this perspective, perhaps it will become apparent that the popular notion of Allen’s seemingly “innate and incurable disorder” was not innate after all, as other people and forces played a significant role in Allen’s outlook on his professional career and those of his workplace superiors. Ultimately, as “Bartleby” makes clear, humanity, or more specifically the lack thereof, appears to have been a significant contributing factor as well.

HOW “BARTLEBY” INFORMS OUR UNDERSTANDING OF DICK ALLEN

Quite obviously, both Bartleby and Allen were tormented individuals who appeared to be suffering as a result of some sort of vague, incalculable (at least to many) injury. Eventually, as his story unfolds, we learn that Bartleby’s injury is spiritual in nature, as even the oftentimes ignorant and tone-deaf narrator realizes early on that it was Bartleby’s soul that suffered more than anything else—the result of a succession of spirit-crushing jobs held one after the other. As one law and literature scholar described it, Bartleby is a symbol of “the deadening effect of the work environment [that] created workers who were viewed as the equivalent of drones, and employers gave little thought to their emotional well-being or personal fulfillment.”⁴¹ In fact, it should there-

fore not come as a surprise that it was not merely Bartleby who suffered—but his fellow scribes as well. Turkey resorted to the bottle in order to survive the daily drudgery to which he was subjected, and while Nippers’s suffering manifested itself physically through the constant pain he endured just to do his job, this was not the extent of his torment. Nippers likewise suffered emotionally through his employer’s callous disregard for the pain Nippers experienced while in service to him. While describing Nippers’s inability to create a workspace that alleviated his discomfort, the narrator distances himself from Nippers’s condition by blaming him for his inability to find a desk that permitted him to work pain free. Rather than recognize his role in creating the environment that caused Nippers’s distress, the narrator instead sloughs off Nippers’s condition by pitilessly concluding that it was Nippers’s never-ending experimentation with various workstations that was the cause of his pain: “In short, the truth of the matter was, Nippers knew not what he wanted.”⁴² If he was looking for sympathy, Nippers clearly was not going to receive any of it from his employer. Ditto for Turkey, whose drinking concerned his employer only to the extent that he fretted that Turkey’s work suffered in the afternoons due to his imbibing during his lunch break.⁴³ These sorts of injuries—spiritual in nature—have historically gone unremedied in our legal system and therefore remain largely unrecognized in society at large, because they are typically viewed as necessary byproducts of institutions that serve the powerful.⁴⁴ Accordingly, they are trivialized and demeaned, considered unworthy of consideration. Far from even being considered injuries at all, they are instead legitimized as “an accepted part of the terrain of daily living.”⁴⁵ In this way, they quickly become invisible.

Allen’s core injury was likewise spiritual in nature and would be the root cause of nearly everything that spun out of control for him throughout his career. Despite his protestations, Allen was assigned to what was in many respects ground zero of the segregationist South: Little Rock, Arkansas. Upon his arrival and without any sort of counseling or protective measures taken by Phillies management, Allen quickly learned that the town was governed by two sets of rules—one for whites and one for blacks like him. Throughout the season, he endured the racist taunts, segregated lifestyle, and fear of impending violence that always seemed to be on the cusp of exploding. Worse, he was left to endure all of this alone: “Maybe if the Phillies had called me in, man to man, like the Dodgers had done with Jackie [Robinson], and said, ‘Dick, this is what we have in mind, it’s going to be very difficult, but we’re with you’—at least then I would have been better prepared. I’m not saying I would have liked it. But I *would* have known what to expect.”⁴⁶ Instead, he felt abandoned

by his employer, left to fend for himself at the age of twenty-one, while residing in the middle of what he perceived to be a powder keg.

Feeling devalued, Allen's injury became truly invisible not merely because of the Phillies' indifference toward his well-being but also because of the white media's silence regarding his situation in Little Rock as well as the truly horrifying conditions for blacks in the Deep South in general. According to sociologist Gunnar Myrdal in his study of American racism, this silence both fostered and was the result of "the convenience of ignorance"—the idea that the South's brutal apartheid was perpetuated at least in part by northern whites who preferred to know as little as possible about what was happening in the southern states or more generally with regard to the depth of racism existing within the nation as a whole.⁴⁷ Rather than confront the issue, whites, and the white media, chose instead to largely ignore it. This practice carried over into the sports pages, as the issue of race was likewise regularly disregarded. As a result, for decades many white fans had no idea that a color line even existed in Organized Baseball. The absence of black faces on the field was rarely if ever written about, so fans in the pre-Jackie Robinson era could very easily conclude that nothing was amiss, given that the issue was almost never broached.⁴⁸ After the color line was broken, the practice was nevertheless continued as most sportswriters wrote only about the game itself and not the social issues associated with it that were in many ways more significant, if more troubling. In Philadelphia, the racist practices and pasts of both the A's and the Phillies were routinely overlooked—sportswriters refused to put on record A's owner and manager Connie Mack's racist comments regarding the Dodgers' signing of Jackie Robinson, despite Mack's permission for them to do so.⁴⁹ Later, in 1957, when the Phillies at last became the final National League team to integrate—a full decade after the debut of Robinson—the *Philadelphia Inquirer* ignored the story completely; its write-up of the historic game focused solely on the game itself and never mentioned its historical context.⁵⁰ Similarly, Allen's travails in Little Rock were likewise "whitewashed."

As a result of all this, many Philadelphia fans were not aware of all Allen had endured and how damaged he had most likely become by the time he finally reached Philadelphia in September of 1963. Even if they had been so aware, however, as "Bartleby" indicates, it is unlikely that the Phillies, the fans, or the media would have been equipped to properly respond to such a spiritual injury. As one law and literature scholar concluded, "Put simply, while the law will display all of its vital signs of outrage on behalf of a wounded body, when it comes to the human soul, the best it can do is register a complacent flat line."⁵¹ As goes the law so goes society writ large: although there is no shortage of ambiguity and uncertainty when it comes to physical injury, we're

typically prepared to nevertheless accept and acknowledge the existence of a physical malady. By contrast, our tolerance level oftentimes falls to zero when similar ambiguities and uncertainties present themselves within the context of a spiritual injury. As a result, “when confronted by apparent injuries to the soul, we somehow always presume bad faith.”⁵² Within this context, any manifestations of spiritual injury emanating from Allen were going to be blamed on him from the moment he walked onto the Connie Mack Stadium turf for the first time; they would be considered evidence of “an innate and incurable disorder” rather than something caused by outside forces. Allen’s impressive physical characteristics, which were regularly remarked on with awe by the white media from the time he made his debut in Philadelphia, belied a damaged soul. Simply because he appeared fit from a physical perspective did not necessarily mean that he was fit on the whole. He came to Philadelphia an injured soul, although few chose to notice this or to wonder as to the cause of this malady if they had.

As Bartleby, Turkey, Nippers, and Allen all demonstrated, bureaucratic institutions, be they law firm offices in the 1850s or modern-day MLB franchises, are all capable of bringing about spiritual damage and decline. These institutions, however, rarely tolerate a rebellion by the soul, one that would have a scrivener or professional ballplayer refuse work by simply stating that they’d prefer not to toil in such mindless, or in Allen’s case soul-deadening, endeavors. Bartleby’s refusal to engage in such work led to fears of chaos and the disintegration of the narrator’s entire professional world, while Allen’s stated preference to avoid Little Rock was met with organizational silence, most likely due to similar concerns.⁵³ As a pure baseball decision, the Phillies’ insistence that Allen report to their highest minor-league affiliate made sense. As a moral and ethical one, it most certainly did not. However, just as the focus of the law is on winning cases for clients and generating fees for attorneys, the focus of a major-league sports team is on winning games and ensuring that its players are physically prepared to play at the major-league level. The spiritual well-being of one’s employees is simply not part of the equation, not when it comes to the law office, the baseball club, or most professional environments for that matter. Perhaps the work environments of Bartleby, Turkey, Nippers, and Allen resulted in increased efficiencies and at least short-term gains for their employers. Regardless, they were devastating when measured in spiritual terms.

Later, in 1965, Allen once again suffered a spiritual injury as a result of his altercation with Frank Thomas. Although he was bludgeoned with a bat, the injuries Allen suffered were predominantly emotional as he was silenced by the organization in the aftermath, unable to tell his side of the story and com-

pelled to endure the racist taunts from the stands and the insinuations from the media that he was a troublemaker. It wasn't until years later, after the damage had been done, that Allen was able to speak on the matter, and when he did, he recounted how Thomas would routinely pretend to offer his hand to black teammates in a purported "soul shake" but then grab the teammate's thumb and bend it backward—clearly a "joke" with serious, aggressive, racial overtones.⁵⁴ Allen also remarked how the fight itself began after Thomas engaged him in racial taunts by referring to him as "Muhammad Clay," a statement that resonated with Allen: "[it] was meant to say a lot, and it reminded me of how he would bend back a black player's thumb for laughs."⁵⁵ Although a little over a month later Dodger catcher John Roseboro would be vilified for attacking Giant pitcher Juan Marichal with a bat during a game, here Allen was the one who was pilloried, even though he was the victim and not the perpetrator, the result of the organizationally imposed cloak of silence. In the aftermath of the incident, Allen recalled that he began playing "angry baseball": "It seemed the whole city of Philadelphia blamed me for what happened."⁵⁶ Regardless, despite the banners hanging in the Connie Mack Stadium stands, despite the hate mail, despite the racist taunts, the Phillies refused to permit Allen to address the issue. For they were quite clearly unable to recognize Allen's spiritual injury as a harm in and of itself and, therefore, would have been unable to properly address and remedy it even if they had. These bureaucratic shortcomings would contribute to nearly all of Allen's later troubles, which would very quickly mount and spin out of control.

In order to appreciate the toll the Phillies' conduct toward Allen took on him emotionally, it is helpful to view Allen's tenure with the organization through the lens of therapeutic jurisprudence theory. Essentially, therapeutic jurisprudence is a behavioral approach to the administration of justice—typically formal legal justice but justice in a larger sense as well—that analyzes how institutionally generated approaches to legal or societal problems affect those impacted by them.⁵⁷ Pursuant to this theory, such institutional actions can produce either therapeutic or antitherapeutic consequences and, given this choice, argues that the actions taken should appropriately be geared to produce positive, therapeutic results.⁵⁸ Although most often applied in a legal context, with the therapeutic impact of legal rules and procedures analyzed in terms of their behavioral outcomes, it can be similarly applied to any situation where the fate of an individual is in the hands of a large bureaucratic institution.

Therapeutic jurisprudence rests on the "three prime ingredients of a therapeutic experience," which are commonly referred to as "the three V's: namely, a sense of voice, validation, and voluntary participation."⁵⁹ In order for an individual to experience a true therapeutic process in the administration

of justice, he should “have a sense of ‘voice,’ or an opportunity to tell [his] story. . . . Equal with voice is ‘validation,’ or the feeling that [someone] has really listened to, heard, and taken seriously [his] story.”⁶⁰ When both voice and validation have been achieved, the individual is more likely to feel that he has played a significant role in shaping the result and therefore is more likely to view the process overall as one in which he has voluntarily participated: “When individuals feel they voluntarily partake in a process, they function better and even alter destructive behavior patterns.”⁶¹ By contrast, those who view the process to be coercive are more likely to feel the process to be unfair and more likely to lose respect for those in positions of authority over them. “Such feelings not only tend to jeopardize an individual’s rehabilitation, but can also engender what is called ‘learned helplessness’ which promotes apathy, arrests change, and makes individuals simply give up.”⁶² According to the psychologist Martin Seligman in his study of learned helplessness, there are likewise three ingredients to this syndrome as well: “first, an environment in which some important outcome is beyond control; second, the response of giving up; and third, the accompanying cognition: the expectation that no voluntary action can control the outcome.”⁶³ Through both *Bartleby* and *Allen*, the effects of a lack of therapeutic jurisprudence resulting in learned helplessness are apparent.

Although on the surface both appeared to be toiling in what some would consider relatively posh environments (a Wall Street law office and a major-league clubhouse), both workplaces are revealed to be, upon deeper examination and in their own ways, sweatshops bereft of any of the nonmonetary attributes necessary for a satisfying professional life. Beyond the pecuniary, both workplaces were structured so as to organizationally deny the three *Vs* to their employees, leading both *Bartleby* and *Allen* to exhibit learned helplessness behavior in the extreme. *Bartleby* and his fellow scribes were very quickly made to understand that they were expected to function like machines rather than people, as the tools necessary to enrich their employer.⁶⁴ In fact, the narrator is quite clear that, as an attorney dealing in property (“rich men’s bonds, and mortgages, and title-deeds”), he viewed his employees as little else; when *Bartleby* shuts down and “prefers not to” work, the employer likens him to a physical possession, “useless as a necklace.”⁶⁵ Later, in his attempt to rid himself of the useless *Bartleby*, the employer questions him: “What earthly right do you have to stay here? Do you pay any rent? Do you pay my taxes? Or is this property yours?”⁶⁶ What is implicit in this line of rhetorical questioning is the assumption that, obviously, *Bartleby* cannot own the property because, from the employer’s perspective, *Bartleby* is property himself.⁶⁷ As property, *Bartleby* cannot be granted voice, validation, or a sense of voluntary partici-

pation in the decisions that affect his professional life. Consequently, he deteriorates into a state of learned helplessness where he is unable to do anything at all, even quit or accede to his dismissal.

Allen, as well, suffered a deprivation of the three Vs such that his tenure in Philadelphia, from the outset, was antitherapeutic in the extreme. Consequently, his spiritual and emotional regression between 1963 and '69 should not have been unexpected. As noted above, Allen was denied a voice on two important occasions—the decision to send him to Little Rock in 1963 and in the aftermath of his altercation with Frank Thomas. Lacking a sense of voice in both instances, he most likely was denied the feeling of validation as well—the sense that his employer was listening to him and taking his opinion seriously. And this could very well explain why Allen viewed the organization's actions in both of these instances as ones that were at least somewhat punitive in nature—measures taken to “put him in his place” as retribution for prior bad acts. Clearly, he did not view himself as a voluntary participant in either decision. Beyond these two instances, Allen experienced an antitherapeutic process on a daily basis over the small, yet deceptively significant, issue of his very name. Although he had always gone by “Dick,” the Phillies, and thereafter the media, insisted on nevertheless calling him “Richie,” much to his consternation as he considered “Richie” to be a little boy's name.⁶⁸ While perhaps a minor matter on the surface, the repeated reminder that he was voiceless and lacked validation from those around him made him feel as if he were a spectator to his own professional life; lacking voice and validation, he was hardly a voluntary participant in his career.

Beyond the three Vs, the overarching issue of working as a professional player in Organized Baseball in the immediate post-Jackie Robinson era raised many troubling questions for black players as a group, ones that would strain player-management relations in even the best of circumstances. Given Allen's specific issues with the Phillies, these would only become exacerbated. Here again, “Bartleby” is instructive.

Written in 1853, a time of great national expansion, “Bartleby” is reflective of the boom in the sort of professional manual office labor detailed through the work of Bartleby, Turkey, and Nippers.⁶⁹ Although “Bartleby” is many things, one of them is a portrait of the treatment of the exploited by those in positions of power. Some “Bartleby” scholars go so far as to posit that the story has a racial aspect to it, viewing Bartleby and his scrivener cohorts as representative of enslaved black workers bound in chains, with the scriveners being bound spiritually rather than physically.⁷⁰ Even if not taken to that extreme, the story is, at a minimum, about the weakness of the so-called at-will employment system, where the master-servant relationship is clearly del-

etierous to the servant, who nevertheless has little choice but to continue to serve the master regardless.⁷¹

At the heart of any employment relationship is the concept of “free productivity”—the idea that in order to maintain the employment relationship, the employee must freely choose to be, and remain, productive to the employer.⁷² If he ceases to be productive, the relationship necessarily ends. Implicit in this arrangement, however, is the unstated foundation that in order to exist within the relationship, the employee must be productive; if he ceases to be productive, he ceases to “be,” as the relationship is defined.⁷³ Accordingly, the employee’s productivity defines his essence here, not his biological or social identity.⁷⁴ Within this framework, “Bartleby” demonstrates the unpalatability of choice the labor contract has imposed on workers such as Bartleby—if he freely chooses to be unproductive, he must either be forcibly removed from the premises, in which case he will be unable to earn a living and will literally (as in Bartleby’s case) die, or he must forego his choice to be unproductive and be productive against his will.⁷⁵ The first option starkly reveals the folly of the notion of the “equal and free contract of labor.” As one law and literature scholar wrote, “The choice to work or not work is not much of a choice, where the alternative to labor is death.”⁷⁶ So the employee in such a situation has no real choice after all; he must work. Productivity is the essence of his being within this context, and he has no choice as to whether to be productive or not. When the work offered is unfulfilling and unrewarding, as it is in Bartleby’s case, his only alternative to death is suffering. Thus, whenever the balance of power between master and servant is hopelessly skewed, the choice becomes one of physical death versus death in a spiritual sense. Bartleby reflects this false choice by experiencing a metaphorical death in the narrator’s office before literally dying in the Tombs.

The employment issue facing black athletes in MLB in the post-Robinson era was not dissimilar. Unlike their white counterparts, who monopolized Organized Baseball until only recently, many black players did not view their presence within a game that for years fought to exclude them as an Edenic experience; they had to endure the racism of small southern minor-league towns like Little Rock while they were coming up, segregated accommodations during major-league spring training even after they had made the big league club (in Clearwater, Florida, spring training home of the Phillies, black players such as Allen were not permitted in the team’s hotel and were forced to lodge in the black section of town),⁷⁷ the racist barbs coming from the stands, and the sometimes life-threatening hate mail delivered to their front doors. In many ways, the racial issues emanating from their mere presence on a major-league roster in the 1950s and ’60s overshadowed their entire pro-

fessional existence. In Allen's case, his situation was exacerbated by the racial chasm that existed within the North Philadelphia neighborhood surrounding Connie Mack Stadium—a neighborhood that was in the throes of transition from white working class to black, while housing an overwhelmingly white baseball team. As the predominantly white fan base of the Phillies trekked to the stadium to watch their team, they oftentimes saw black players such as Allen as the face of their discontent over the changing complexion of the city.⁷⁸ Because Allen brought an increasing number of black fans to the stadium as well, the unease of some white fans only increased as now, wherever they looked, their experience at a Phillies game reminded them of why they had fled the city to the burgeoning suburbs.⁷⁹

After the euphoria surrounding the first generation of black players subsided, the next generation—Allen's—no longer reveled in simply being permitted to play within Organized Baseball. The game's color line had been broken, and in Allen's case, sixteen years before his arrival in Philadelphia. It was no longer considered accomplishment enough to be handed a uniform. Unlike the debuts of players such as Robinson, Larry Doby, Willie Mays, Hank Aaron, and others in the late 1940s and early '50s, the arrival of black players in the late '50s and early '60s was viewed through a starkly different lens. For black players of Allen's generation, baseball had become more of a job than a marker of racial progress.⁸⁰ And as a job absent the glow of integration, it was far less pleasurable for them than it was for white players. Despite the formal breaking of the color line, baseball was nevertheless segregated in many more subtle ways. Lacking voice and validation, many felt an absence of a sense of voluntary participation in their careers (Allen most obviously but others to varying degrees). Further complicating matters was the harsh reality of the limited number of high or even decent-paying jobs for African Americans outside the world of professional sports. Players such as Allen, who was uniquely skilled at baseball—a game that in many ways was unwelcoming to him—were repeatedly reminded by family and business associates that there was little choice but to play professional baseball if they hoped to earn a respectable living: "You waste your baseball talent, it's your sin," his mother would remind him whenever he spoke of leaving the game that had caused him so much angst.⁸¹ Later, when he considered walking away from the game rather than accede to yet another suspension, his agent lured him back by telling him that he was "born to play baseball. You owe the world your talent."⁸² Implicit in these statements is the assumption that Allen really had little choice but to continue to play; as a black man with a high school education, he had few other options available to him and none that offered the financial rewards that baseball did. More explicit was the stark alternative

offered to Allen from teammate Joe Lonnett in 1963 when Allen considered quitting rather than endure Little Rock: should Allen “choose” not to continue and decide to return home, Lonnett reminded him that what awaited him in western Pennsylvania was little more than “a lunch bucket and work [in] that late shift in the mills.”⁸³ For many, the chance to play professional baseball could only be viewed as the opportunity of a lifetime; for a poorly educated black man of that era who experienced all that Allen had by the late 1960s, it was something else altogether.

Like *Bartleby*, Allen was keenly aware of the fact that he was viewed as little more than property by his employer, with his value solely tied to his ability to produce for the organization. It was a reality that ate away at him and likely had much to do with his rebellious nature. In preparation for the 1968 season, Phillies general manager John Quinn attempted to sign Allen to a conditional contract that would relieve the club of much of its financial obligation should he be unable to return to his accustomed level of production after a severe hand injury during the '67 season.⁸⁴ To Allen, the contract embodied the club's opinion of him—he was only of value if he could swing a bat.⁸⁵ He refused to sign the contract. Later, when Bob Skinner took over as manager of the club, he announced that Allen would be treated no differently than any other player. Again, this sentiment struck Allen to his core as he viewed himself as an individual, not an interchangeable cog in the Phillies' machine.⁸⁶ After George Myatt replaced Skinner, his first public words to the press were, “I don't think God Almighty Hissself could handle Richie Allen,” to which Allen replied, “George, you don't ‘handle’ people, you treat them. Horses, you handle.”⁸⁷ To Allen, the club's continual attempts to micromanage his personal life in order to increase his productivity along with the media chatter regarding the speculation that his drinking and lifestyle were diminishing his skills robbed him of his personhood: “I was doing a man's job, making a man's salary. I could make my own decisions like a man.”⁸⁸ Allen yearned for the respect he believed manhood entitled him to; baseball, as he learned, had no room for such sentiments.

His thoughts regarding the issue of free agency in baseball likewise reflected his core values as well as a recognition of the necessity of the three Vs in any employment relationship. As he wrote in his autobiography, “The freer you make baseball in every respect, the better the game's going to be. . . . If baseball owners would concentrate on making their franchises exciting and happy places, instead of work camps where guys punch in and out, ballplayers would *fight* to stay.”⁸⁹ To Allen, providing players with voice and validation by allowing them to freely choose their place of employment and negotiate their contract with management on equal terms would result in clubs full of play-

ers overflowing with feelings of voluntary participation; players would believe that their clubs were precisely that—*their* clubs, not merely ownership's, where the field hands toil meekly and silently. As he recognized, freedom and voice in the employment relationship was the key to professional success. Rather than freedom, however, Allen experienced recurring feelings of voicelessness and a lack of validation throughout his career, particularly as he was traded, without his say, to St. Louis in 1970, to Los Angeles in '71, and to Chicago in '72: "I couldn't get myself to even care. The fix was in. Dick Allen was a guy to use for one year and then trade off. I was getting the quick shuffle. I was only in my eighth season of baseball, but that's what baseball had become for me—a fast shuffle to oblivion."⁹⁰

Absent the prospect of free agency, where he would be free to choose his employer and to negotiate the terms of the employment relationship, Allen saw himself as a man without options; foregoing work meant only one thing: death, in either a literal or metaphorical sense. Given the false choice between work and death, Allen carved out a third option: he, like *Bartleby*, simply "preferred not to" do anything at all. To him, this path represented the only alternative that gave him even a modicum of control over his professional existence, the "divine spark of spiritual resistance against the tyrannies of a bureaucratic, soulless world."⁹¹ As his career progressed, Allen would increasingly resist by simply "preferring not to" participate in what he saw as the cruel order dictated to him without his consent.

For *Bartleby*, the use of the verb "prefer" is crucial in that it offers him the opportunity to view his spiritual death at work, as well as his literal death within the Tombs, as something chosen, something undertaken with his consent.⁹² In fact, this appearance of consent is really all *Bartleby* has left professionally speaking; it is the only way for him to convince himself that he has taken control of his situation. Ultimately, however, he even manages to negate his mantra when, after refusing to work, he likewise refuses to quit as well.⁹³ For he cannot quit because, while he can refuse to work, he understands that quitting is not an option given that quitting means a literal death, as opposed to the spiritual one he is suffering as long as he remains employed. He can fool himself for only so long. At some point he is going to face the fact that despite the use of the verb "prefer," he has no control over his situation at all—death, in one form or another, is inevitable. In essence, as one "*Bartleby*" scholar has asserted, "*Bartleby* is engaged in a one-person strike, for no apparent purpose and with no effort to make common cause. His protest is sad, futile and almost comical. However, the danger of wider protest that he represents is powerful and broadly threatening."⁹⁴

Allen's tenure in Philadelphia and elsewhere was likewise dotted with

a series of “sad, futile and almost comical” one-person strikes. Moreover, pathetic as they were, they nevertheless succeeded in frightening management, which was always worried about the consequences of such actions should others follow Allen’s lead. In June 1968, after being fined for failure to hustle and arriving to the stadium late and unfit to play, Allen engaged in what can only be termed a “sit-down strike” and simply refused to play.⁹⁵ The following season, he engaged in a second strike after being suspended for arriving late to a game in New York. This time he stayed away from the club for twenty-six days even though he was aware that his “suspension” would have been lifted as soon as he returned to the club. Instead, he refused, promising that he would “never again play for the Phillies.”⁹⁶ Without free agency, though, he had no legitimate power to back this threat up, and he eventually returned (although he did secure a promise from owner Bob Carpenter to trade him after the season.⁹⁷ Carpenter did not have to make such a promise, however, and had repeatedly refused to in the past despite Allen’s pleas). While engaged in this latest strike, Allen cut himself off from everyone, even his family. He refused to read the newspapers and in many ways became a hermit.⁹⁸ Although these gestures were largely futile and without purpose, they did succeed in giving him the illusion of control over his situation.

Beyond his sit-down strikes, Allen engaged in other forms of rebellion with no apparent point other than to allow him a feeling of control. Increasingly he began to toy with reporters: “If I was in the mood, I would sit down and answer whatever they asked me. The next day, I would tell the same guy to get out of my face. It threw them off their stride. They resented the lack of control—and they’d get back at me in print.”⁹⁹ Upon return from his strike in 1969, he moved his belongings out of the Connie Mack Stadium locker room and set up his own private dressing room in a storage closet. For weeks Allen and manager Bob Skinner engaged in a pitched battle of wills wherein Skinner would order the clubhouse attendant to return Allen’s things to the locker room only to see Allen remove them to the storage area once again the next day.¹⁰⁰ Likewise in ’69 he began scratching messages in the dirt around first base, where he was now playing. When Commissioner Bowie Kuhn ordered him to stop, he responded by scratching out “No” and “Why?”¹⁰¹ After General Manager Quinn likewise ordered him to stop, Allen defiantly scratched “Mom,” because “nobody told me what to do except my mother.”¹⁰²

In their attempts to deal with their employees’ rebellious nature, both Bartleby’s employer as well as Phillies management resorted to small, seemingly charitable acts in the hope that these would act as peace offerings sufficient to quell the uprising. However, in both cases, these acts only served to exacerbate the situation. As Bartleby’s employer makes clear, charitable acts in a

workplace environment are rarely charitable at their core. Instead, they're often made out of self-interest and done in an effort to placate a disgruntled employee with the hope of motivating him to increase his productivity, to the benefit of the employer: "Aside from higher considerations, charity often operates as a vastly wise and prudent principle—a great safeguard to its possessor. . . . Mere self-interest, then, if no better motive can be enlisted, should, especially with high-tempered men, prompt all beings to charity and philanthropy."¹⁰³ In such instances, charity offers the promise of a double-barreled benefit to the employer: increased productivity by his employee as well as the cheap purchase of moral superiority by the employer: "To befriend Bartleby; to humour him in his strange willfulness, will cost me little or nothing, while I lay up in my soul what will eventually prove a sweet morsel for my conscience."¹⁰⁴

The danger of such transparent acts, however, is precisely that they are transparent and, once seen for what they are by the object of the charitable act, only deepen the rift between the employer and employee. Bartleby's employer is exposed to this reality early on in the story when he gives Turkey his coat to replace the tattered one Turkey was compelled to wear because the employer did not pay him a decent wage (in fact, Turkey was even required to spend what little he earned on the ink needed to complete his work as a scrivener). While the employer believed that this "charitable" act would cause Turkey to reduce his lunchtime drinking and become more productive in the afternoons, Turkey instead becomes insolent, much to the employer's chagrin. Later, after offering Bartleby twenty dollars and informing him that he'd assist him in relocating wherever he'd like, the employer hoped to engage Bartleby in a conversation about his background and upbringing. When Bartleby once again refuses to engage him, the employer becomes piqued: "His manner on this occasion nettled me. Not only did there seem to lurk in it a certain calm disdain, but his perverseness seemed ungrateful, considering the undeniable good usage and indulgence he had received from me."¹⁰⁵ Through the repeated rebuffing of these small "charitable" acts, resentment on both sides hardened.

The Phillies likewise attempted to manage Allen throughout his tenure with the club via small, seemingly charitable acts and became resentful when Allen refused to acknowledge them properly in their eyes. In 1962, Allen was hit with a paternity suit while still a minor leaguer. Phillies management quickly paid the accuser \$5,000 even though her allegations were dubious.¹⁰⁶ Whatever goodwill management thought they were buying through this payout quickly evaporated when Allen saw the act for what it was: "The Phillies, to their way of thinking, have bailed me out of a jam, and in their eyes, I'm beholden to them. A lot of guys would have been, but then a lot of guys aren't Dick Allen."¹⁰⁷ Indeed, the Phillies indulged Allen from the start with "chari-

table” acts, initially in an attempt to cleanse their own consciences of the stain from the club’s past racial practices, and later in an attempt to goad Allen into falling in line with his teammates and maximizing his performance on the field. The payout to Allen’s accuser was not the first instance of this behavior; upon signing Allen as an amateur free agent in 1960, they offered him a \$70,000 bonus—at the time the largest ever offered to a black player.¹⁰⁸ While they most likely could have secured Allen’s services with a smaller bonus, the extra money served the club well in providing them with the moral capital necessary to distance themselves from the image of a Phillies organization that had been the last to integrate in the National League only three years earlier. Throughout his tenure in Philadelphia, Allen recognized these acts for what they were; and while he had no qualms accepting the club’s indulgences, he, like Turkey and Bartleby, refused to alter his opinion of the organization. In fact, these acts only reinforced his belief that he was a mere pawn in the grand scheme of things, being moved around the chessboard without his consent in an effort to further the club’s interests, not his.

By the late 1960s, both Mauch and Carpenter were regularly attempting to placate Allen through seemingly charitable acts and became increasingly agitated when he refused to respond with gratitude and fall in line. At times, Mauch would seek to protect Allen by offering excuses for him to the media, insisting that Allen was merely stuck in traffic rather than simply a no-show.¹⁰⁹ On other occasions, Mauch would fine Allen for one infraction or another, but Carpenter would return the fine to Allen once collected.¹¹⁰ Later, once George Myatt became manager, he decided to simply permit Allen to do whatever he pleased.¹¹¹ Regardless, Allen’s opinion of the organization never softened. Instead, it hardened considerably, to the point where he simply refused to play for them at all. After he was traded to the Cardinals, Allen greeted his new owner, Gussie Busch, by refusing to report to spring training unless he received a substantial raise for the 1970 season.¹¹² Busch was outraged and confused by Allen’s actions, given that he believed that he treated his players well; the Cardinals traveled by chartered jet (uncommon for the era), the players roomed alone on road trips, and they generally were treated to many small amenities that other organizations did not provide.¹¹³ Although many players responded to these small charitable acts in a predictable manner, Allen did not. White players, in particular, were appreciative of Busch’s seeming benevolence; and as a result, the Cardinals of the 1960s had the reputation of being a “first class organization.”¹¹⁴ Black players, such as Allen and Curt Flood before him, saw things differently. From their perspective, the Cardinals were little different than their peers, running a baseball “plantation” where the field hands were powerless and voiceless; chartered planes and sin-

gle rooms did not change that reality. Never recovering from his pique, Busch shipped Allen off to the Dodgers after one season; and once again, Allen saw through the Dodgers' alleged mystique: "The problem is all that Dodger Blue jive. Not Dick Allen. The organization tries to get you to believe that being a Dodger is all you've ever needed in this world. They want you to feel blessed. It's one way they keep their players in tow. A lot of guys fall for it."¹¹⁵

Charity has its limits, however; and when the charitable provider begins to sense that his benevolence is damaging his stature, the charitable impulse typically lessens (calling into question once again the true nature of the charitable impulse in the first place). As one "Bartleby" scholar remarked, "We quit sympathizing with those in need of our charity where the pain of doing so exceeds the 'morsel of self-approval' we might glean from the charitable act itself."¹¹⁶ Moreover, "we reach that point rather quickly when it becomes clear that the object of our charitable impulse is failing or refusing to respond in the appropriate and hoped for way."¹¹⁷ For Bartleby's employer, his charitable impulse recedes when his professional colleagues begin to question Bartleby's presence in the office and whisper behind the employer's back. At that point, fearing a loss of status and damage to his business, the employer pulls back from Bartleby, rationalizing his decision thusly: "But thus it often is, that the constant friction of illiberal minds wears out at last the best resolves of the more generous."¹¹⁸ In the end, the whispers, the threat to his authority, the potential damage to his reputation, all outweighed the charitable impulse, which was, as discussed above, dubious in any event. Very quickly, the threatened employer turns on Bartleby in an effort to save himself at Bartleby's expense, when he vows "to gather all my faculties together, and for ever rid me of this intolerable incubus."¹¹⁹

Allen experienced the limitations of the Phillies' charitable impulse early in his career when General Manager John Quinn, who only a year earlier "benevolently" paid off Allen's paternity accuser, punished Allen in 1963 by sending him to Little Rock after Allen requested a fifty-dollar raise for the season.¹²⁰ Later, as Allen's tenure in Philadelphia neared its end, the club exhibited less and less patience with him every time he responded to one of their small charitable acts with insolence rather than appreciation. Finally, inevitably, like Bartleby, Allen devolved into a state of learned helplessness where he became unreachable by anyone and proceeded to administer a succession of self-inflicted wounds that damaged him forever and eventually drove him out of baseball for good. He internalized all the bad feelings toward him until he became the embodiment of the troublemaker many had accused him of being all along: "I'd been hearing I was a bum for so long that I began to think that maybe that's just what I was."¹²¹ He began drinking heavily, eventually devel-

oping a regular barhopping route from his home to the stadium.¹²² He openly flouted more and more of the club's rules. And he "began to act the role that Philadelphia had carved out for [him]."¹²³ Powerless, voiceless, lacking validation, the spiritually wounded Allen finally became as infantile and needy as the helpless Bartleby purposely starving himself to death in the Tombs.

HOW "BARTLEBY" INFORMS OUR UNDERSTANDING OF THE 1960S ERA PHILLIES, THEIR FANS, AND THE MEDIA

As stated above, "Bartleby" is not merely a story about the lowly scrivener; it is likewise, and in many ways even more so, a story of the narrator-employer. In fact, some "Bartleby" scholars posit that he is the true protagonist of the story. The reader is provided with hardly any information concerning Bartleby prior to his tenure with the employer, but she very quickly is informed of nearly every pertinent piece of information concerning the employer save his name.¹²⁴ From this perspective, the story is ultimately about the limitations of the employer's ability and willingness to help Bartleby as well as the employer's ultimate salvation.¹²⁵ Likewise, Allen's tale is not merely about Allen; it is also about the "narrators" of his story—the Phillies, the fans, and the media (which, combined, created the narrative of Allen's tenure in Philadelphia that has stuck in the public's consciousness)—whose limitations and salvation are similarly revealed in surprising ways. Each of Allen's "narrators" will be addressed in turn.

First, the Phillies. One of the overriding themes of "Bartleby" is the limitations of, and damage caused by, an overreliance on procedure. As the story makes clear, although rules and procedure are intended to ensure equality of treatment, they can sometimes result in inhumanity instead when procedure is blindly followed without regard to the potential human costs in a given circumstance. This explains why the narrator is able to inflict serious harm on Bartleby while remaining a genuinely likeable character throughout the story. Unlike a typical villain, the narrator is not evil or twisted in any way. In fact, the reader is more likely to see himself reflected in the narrator than in the strange, mysterious Bartleby. In many ways, we can empathize with him—an ordinary man confronted with difficult decisions—and it is unlikely that we'd be able to manage Bartleby any better than he.¹²⁶ As the story progresses, it becomes clear that the employer's overriding flaw is his insistence on prudence and method. His approach to dealing with a troubled employee such as Bartleby makes sense on a rational level but ultimately fails because it does not address the deeper cause of Bartleby's problem, which is something that cannot be remedied through such means.

For instance, as discussed above, he first decides to simply disengage from Bartleby the way most employers disengage—through the offer of a small severance (here, twenty dollars) and the promise of a favorable recommendation going forward.¹²⁷ When he's rebuffed, he concocts what he believes to be a foolproof procedure for ridding himself of his troubled employee: he decides that by simply speaking to Bartleby as if the common assumption was that he would be departing by day's end, the deed would in fact be done, and Bartleby would leave the office that evening, never to return. Initially, he's impressed with his plan: "As I walked home in a pensive mood, my vanity got the better of my pity. I could not but highly plume myself on my masterly management in getting rid of Bartleby. Masterly, I call it, and such it must appear to any dispassionate thinker. The beauty of my procedure seemed to consist in its perfect quietness."¹²⁸

Before the employer even returns to the office the following morning to see if his "perfect" plan has succeeded, however, he realizes that while his procedure is foolproof in theory, in practice it may be anything but: "It was a truly beautiful thought to have assumed Bartleby's departure; but, after all, that assumption was simply my own, and none of Bartleby's. The great point was, not whether I had assumed that he would quit me, but whether he would prefer to do so. He was more a man of preferences than assumptions."¹²⁹ Just as he now suspects, he returns to work only to encounter Bartleby once more. As the employer realized once his initial euphoria subsided, procedure and method have their limits in that they assume that the human actors affected will act like machines, operating reliably pursuant to an easily identifiable pulley system of cause and effect. What he learns through Bartleby is that humans are far more complex, with emotional needs that operate on a deeper level and that may not respond to method no matter how well thought-out. Now annoyed, the employer confronts Bartleby more directly, appealing to reason by insinuating that since Bartleby does not own the property or pay the rent or the taxes on it, he has no right to remain—all logical, common-sense arguments. However, they are worthless points as to Bartleby, because the root of his trouble lies deep within him, far beyond the point where mere logic has appeal.

The Phillies of the 1960s learned a similar lesson in their dealings with Allen. Here as well, it is easy to sympathize with them and their plight. All along, they did what they thought was right, and it is difficult to identify an instance where one could reasonably conclude that they acted in a villainous manner. In short, they followed the proper procedural steps in nearly every instance throughout Allen's tenure there. But in the end, their actions nev-

ertheless still fell far short of addressing Allen's underlying problems and, in many instances, wound up exacerbating them.

Their original sin, shipping Allen off to Little Rock, is defensible, even somewhat laudable, from the perspective of method and procedure. Strictly as a baseball move, sending a top prospect to the highest-level farm club, where he would have the opportunity to compete against top minor-league competition, is only rational. Beyond baseball, taking a stand against segregation by actively seeking to integrate professional ball in the Deep South is something we can all sympathize with and even applaud. At long last, the club appeared to have acknowledged its ugly racial history by taking the lead in integration rather than shamefully lagging behind their peers; and for this, they rightly expected accolades rather than criticism. The flaw in this procedure was that their vehicle for achieving these ends was not a mere cog in their machine, he was a twenty-year-old Dick Allen, an individual who was woefully unprepared for what he would have to confront. In addressing their needs as an organization, the Phillies ignored Allen's needs as a human being. Without stopping to consider Allen as an individual, their plans and methods, no matter how well thought-out, were doomed from the start.

Their handling of Allen's altercation with Thomas was similarly noble in intent, defensible in method, but far short of what was required in order to address the human issues the dustup presented. Their release of Thomas within hours of the incident and their gag order on Allen were steps taken in an effort to protect their rising star. Procedurally, it is hard to criticize the club for taking action to do what they could to prevent a budding controversy; but just as with *Bartleby's* employer, this plan was only perfect in theory. In practice, it was a disaster. Ultimately, procedure failed the Phillies here because there was a greater injustice confronting Allen than the one the club was responding to: the treatment of black major-league players in the post-Jackie Robinson era. By failing to recognize the larger and deeper harm, the Phillies' actions in the Thomas incident only served to strengthen Allen's sense of injustice and dehumanization.

As a result of Dodger president Branch Rickey's "Great Experiment," which brought integration to the major leagues in the form of Jackie Robinson, a racial double standard was created, one which may not have been apparent to white executives such as Rickey or the thousands of white players who populated the big leagues then and in the years that followed but one which resonated with many of the black players now subject to it. Given Rickey's emphasis on finding the "right player" to integrate the game as well as his exhortation to Robinson that he "turn the other cheek" when it came to the taunts he undoubtedly would hear, an expectation of what constituted the

“right kind” of black player in the major leagues emerged. This player was expected to know his place, to not speak up for himself, to stand down in the face of racist remarks.¹³⁰ Accordingly, unlike their white counterparts, aspiring black players were routinely subjected to character tests to determine their fitness on major-league rosters. The Yankees’ treatment of Vic Power stands out as emblematic in this regard. Rising through their farm system in the early 1950s, Power seemed primed to become the first black major leaguer in club history. However, he was unexpectedly assigned to the minor leagues in both 1953 and ’54, because he was not considered to be “the right kind of Yankee.”¹³¹ As proof, fingers pointed to his flashy style of play, his temper (he was known to fight anyone, even white players), and his penchant for dating white women. Although it was widely acknowledged that he was more talented than the white players who made the Yankee roster instead of him, few took issue with his treatment by the organization: “The first requisite of a Yankee is that he be a gentleman, something that has nothing to do with race, color or creed,” wrote *New York Daily Mirror* columnist Dan Daniel, conveniently overlooking the presence of the white Billy Martin and Mickey Mantle on the roster, who would not pass for gentlemen under any definition of the word.¹³² As Robinson himself noted when considering Power’s frustrating career, Power “refused to take second-class citizenship” and paid the price for so doing.¹³³ By the time players such as Allen arrived on the scene in the early 1960s, the double standard had become institutionalized, such that even though black players were now on the rosters of every club in both leagues, their experiences were far different than those of their white teammates. As a group, they were confronted with obstacles and humiliations that their white counterparts never even had to consider.

Through their blind adherence to method and procedure and their inability to consider the larger, more deeply ingrained racial issues confronting Allen, the Phillies failed him when sending him to Little Rock in 1963 and muzzling him in the aftermath of the Thomas incident. Much like Bartleby’s employer, the club exhibited willful ignorance of the realities confronting their employee, comforting themselves instead in the notion that a procedure applied equally to all can only result in equitable results in the end. The club was not the only entity engaged in this form of willful ignorance, however, as this mindset extended to both the mainstream (white) media as well as to the club’s fan base. Such ignorance was grounded in deep historical roots.

Prior to Robinson’s breaking of the game’s color barrier, club owners were rarely compelled to even comment on the game’s segregated status, because an overwhelming majority of the sportswriters covering the clubs refused to raise the issue.¹³⁴ Consequently, many casual fans were not even aware that blacks

were indeed barred from Organized Baseball. This “conspiracy of silence” resulted in willful ignorance on behalf of both the mainstream media as well as the club owners and was a significant reason why the game’s color line was able to perpetuate itself for as long as it did.¹³⁵ Even after Robinson’s debut with the Brooklyn Dodgers, the racial angle was largely ignored by the media. In Philadelphia, the Phillies’ shameful refusal to integrate for a full decade post-Robinson received little play in the city’s white papers, to the extent that when they finally did integrate, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* did not even note the momentous occasion in its write-up of the historic game (the city’s black paper, the *Philadelphia Tribune*, marked the occasion with a banner headline¹³⁶). This mindset trickled down to the club’s white fan base, who largely knew what they knew about the Phillies from reading articles and columns in papers such as the *Inquirer*. As historian Chris Lamb wrote, speaking of the game’s segregated past, but of a mindset which likewise applied in the game’s post-integration incarnation, “Newspapers sold baseball and baseball sold newspapers, and both sold the idea that everyone was equal in baseball.”¹³⁷

When the white press did focus on racism in baseball, it often portrayed it as a uniquely southern phenomenon, intimating that such attitudes did not cross the Mason-Dixon Line.¹³⁸ In so doing, the realities of racism were typically ignored by the media and, therefore, often by the clubs as well. As a result, neither the Phillies nor many within the media were willing to examine the racial issues relevant to Allen as he understood them. Both ignored the spiritual and emotional damage done to Allen as an individual because, procedurally speaking, the Phillies had done nothing wrong, either by shipping him off to Little Rock or by gagging him after the Thomas incident. Just as Bartleby’s employer placed a screen between himself and his employee so he would not have to face Bartleby, so too did the Phillies, the media, and inevitably the fans shield themselves from Allen’s predicament, through their willful ignorance of everything that predated Allen’s arrival in Philadelphia.

Tellingly, the narrator describes his law office prior to Bartleby’s arrival as harmonious and ruled by him in a benign fashion, as indicated through his “overlooking mistakes and bestowing gifts.”¹³⁹ Eventually, the reader learns that this portrayal is deceptive, as there is no mention of the backbreaking, tedious, spirit-killing work done by the office scribes. As such, it only looks harmonious if one chooses not to dig deeper, something the narrator clearly has no interest in doing. When the narrator erects the screen, he is pleased: “And thus, in a manner, privacy and society were conjoined.”¹⁴⁰ By so doing, he has successfully placed Bartleby close by so as to have him at his beck and call, but otherwise, Bartleby could be invisible to him, a situation that fosters willful ignorance and one that will ultimately contribute to Bar-

tleby's emotional retreat into a state of learned helplessness. Post-Robinson, the clubs and the white media likewise erected a barrier between themselves and the black experience that would eventually wreak havoc on players such as Allen. Neither the Phillies (nor any club, for that matter) nor the media had much interest in understanding the racial issues that were entwined with the entrance of black players into what had been for decades a whites-only game. Instead, they preferred to act as if the past had never happened and steadfastly refused to examine their roles in maintaining the game's segregated past. The game's golden age—largely perceived to be the decades of the 1930s and '40s—was only golden if one chose not to examine it more closely, and few were willing to do that. Instead, the clubs chose to retain their privacy, as well as their dignity, by conveniently ignoring all that took place within their game for decades. However, the black players now dotted throughout the majors were expected to perform for the benefit of these same club owners, media members, and fans, no questions asked. For Allen, this arrangement proved to be unworkable.

By ignoring reality, club owners and the white media legitimated both the privileged position of those who ran the game as well as the needy, helpless role assumed by Allen as circumstances freely chosen and not, at least in part, caused or assisted by outside forces. As a result, each side was portrayed as having deserved their role. The concept of legitimation is a central theme of "Bartleby" in that through the narrator, the self-justification, or legitimation, of privilege is on grand display.¹⁴¹ Throughout the tale, the narrator believes himself to be almost divinely entitled to his property, societal position, and wealth; he is blind to the reality that these privileges were attained largely through the work of those in his employ, who were less fortunate than he and of whom he took repeated advantage to achieve his status.¹⁴² Moreover, he views Bartleby's condition as something he and others like him played no role in creating or fostering: "[He] was the victim of an innate and incurable disorder. . . . It was his soul that suffered, and his soul I could not reach."¹⁴³ Through this lens, Bartleby's pathetic condition is seen as one that was, in some way, freely chosen by Bartleby or, at a minimum, something that could not be pinned in any way on the narrator. This explains the reader's sympathy toward the narrator: we relate to him because we all feel a need to legitimate our own positions of relative privilege, and we all do so, like the narrator, in part by repressing our awareness of the needs of people such as Bartleby as well as the possibility that we have played at least some role in their condition.¹⁴⁴ In this vein, it feels natural to legitimate the statuses of every homeless or underprivileged person we see by concluding that they've either somehow chosen this path in life or are, like Bartleby, victims of some sort of vague

“incurable malady” that is beyond our abilities to remedy.¹⁴⁵ In short, just as we need to believe that we deserve everything our positions of relative privilege offer us, so too do we believe that those less fortunate deserve their lot in life as well. Under this microscope, Allen’s tenure in Philadelphia becomes a portrait of legitimation.

For years, Allen was painted by the white media and many fans as an overly needy malingerer and rebellious whiner. However, little if any attention was ever paid to the role they, along with the club, played in creating this persona. As Allen remarked in his autobiography, the media and the fans quickly turned on him because he was unable to provide his side of the Thomas incident.¹⁴⁶ Fans threw pennies, bolts, and beer bottles at him on the field; finally he began wearing his batting helmet at all times simply for protection from the Phillies faithful. For the next few years he received threatening racist phone calls and taunting from the stands. Garbage was dumped on his lawn, and a barrage of negative articles appeared daily in the local as well as national mainstream press.¹⁴⁷ All of this caused him to play, in his words, “angry baseball.”¹⁴⁸ These incidents, combined with the club’s decision to send him to Little Rock in 1963 as well as the overarching refusal by the club and media to simply refer to him as “Dick” rather than “Richie” as per his wishes, were significant factors in the development of the Dick Allen whom most fans and media members knew. He was hardly the “victim of an innate and incurable disorder” of which the club, the media, and the fans played no role in facilitating. Regardless, the underlying assumption in much of the criticism of Allen at this time was that Allen alone was responsible for his words and actions.

Moreover, not only is the sort of behavior exhibited by Bartleby and Allen largely understood as freely chosen, it is seen as insidious if not checked—something that, like a virus, could spread to others in the absence of definitive action. In “Bartleby,” although Turkey and Nippers, who were mistreated themselves at the hands of the employer, initially agree that Bartleby is disturbed and ought to be removed from the office, soon they begin to mimic Bartleby’s use of the word “prefer,” slipping it into their speech patterns here and there, such that the employer suspects an imminent office-wide revolt. It is at this point that the employer resolves to act in order to prevent a descent into chaos: “surely I must get rid of a demented man, who already has in some degree turned the tongues, if not the heads, of myself and clerks.”¹⁴⁹ Shortly thereafter, once he learns that his colleagues are whispering behind his back, he concludes that his professional reputation is now at stake and that Bartleby’s mere presence in his office is undermining his authority. Now, he states, he has no choice but to “rid [him]self of this intolerable incubus.”¹⁵⁰ He fears for the future of the structured world in which he has thrived and comfortably

prospered all his life. Everything that has enabled his privilege, he believes, could be brought down by a mere scrivener if others followed his lead, as they now appeared to be on the verge of doing. It is an overreaction to be sure, but one brought on by the frightening realization that he has reached his station in life on the backs of others—those who could cut him off at the knees by simply refusing to blindly follow the established order of things. Better to stamp Bartleby out now, he concludes, before he infects the others and brings his entire world crashing down.

Fears over the potential of a descent into chaos were similarly felt within Organized Baseball both before and after Robinson's entry into the game. Rickey's admonition to Robinson that he "turn the other cheek" was born out of such concern—out of a fear that should Robinson simply stand up for himself, bedlam would ensue. After his muzzle was lifted and he began to assert himself on the field, the *Sporting News* chided him for so doing, concluding that simply by acting no differently than his white teammates, Robinson was somehow un-American and therefore responsible for the death threats sent to him: "They will resent and repel with all their force the agitator, the sharper with an angle, the fellow who is less than an American because he chooses to be a rabble rouser."¹⁵¹ The publication was silent as to the patriotism of Robinson's white teammates and opponents who acted no differently. Because black players represented a threat to the established social order within the game, Organized Baseball, its attendant media, and many white fans viewed them warily. To them, Allen's arrival in Philadelphia only served to confirm their worst fears.

After his Little Rock experience, Allen vowed that "from that day on, I decided if there was ever a double standard again, I would be the beneficiary, not the other way around."¹⁵² Determined not to follow the rules established for the black players who came before him, Allen's daily presence represented a threat to the order that had ruled the game for years. No wonder the Phillies, the white media, as well as their white fan base felt under siege. Once again, the *Sporting News* weighed in, admonishing the Phillies to take "a firm hand" with Allen in order to bring him in line.¹⁵³ President Nixon chimed in as well, sending a message through teammate Grant Jackson at the 1969 All-Star Game in which he told Jackson to "tell Richie Allen to get back on the job. You tell him he's not going to get as good a job if he quits baseball."¹⁵⁴ With student protests and the rise of the counterculture in the background, Allen's rebellious nature seemed to Nixon to be another sign of the collapsing order. After Allen returned, he was no more humbled, as he took to "dirt doodling" around first base, with every "No," "Why," "Boo," and "Mom" interpreted as a

threat to the established order of things; if others followed his lead, those in power feared, the entire fabric of the game would be destroyed.

Like *Bartleby's* employer, the Phillies attempted to quell the uprising before it spread; not only did they deal Allen to St. Louis after the season, but their scouting reports of potential signees now made mention of the player's race as well as his "off-the-field behavior." One such report on a black outfielder, Mickey Bowers, remarked that he was problematic in that he "fought for his rights" and did not like "whites pushing him around or telling him what to do." It also noted that Allen was Bowers's idol and that, for that reason, Bowers was a player to be avoided if the organization wanted to dodge "another such era with this young player."¹⁵⁵ In St. Louis, owner Gussie Busch was likewise concerned about the domino effect if Allen's behavior were not stamped out immediately. In fact, things had already spun out of control in all sorts of ways, from his perspective: "I can't understand what's happening here or on our campuses or in our great country."¹⁵⁶

Ultimately, however, despite such sentiments, what players such as Allen and Curt Flood as well as the emerging Players Association demonstrated was that although it might have appeared as if it were they who had the problem, in reality, the problem lay with those who ran the game and who refused to acknowledge its changing realities. They would be the ones who would have to change. In Philadelphia, although the Phillies in their dealings with Allen and other black ballplayers lacked ill intent, although the media was not evil, and although the fans (with some exceptions) only wanted to root for a winner, all would have to fundamentally alter the way they understood the game in order to accommodate the changing times. And by the mid-1970s they did, with each achieving, in some respects (and like *Bartleby's* narrator), a measure of salvation. Unfortunately, like *Bartleby* himself, salvation was beyond Allen's reach, since by the time those around him changed their ways, he was too badly damaged for redemption.

SALVATION

Any attempt to pinpoint the moment of clarity as it appeared to the Phillies, the white media, and their fans would be fruitless. Such an event did not occur—there was no single event which caused the light switch to toggle on and for things to change forever after. Instead, during the interval between Allen's departure in 1969 and his return in 1975, a gradual evolution took place, one which changed the outlook of all three entities. Granted the benefits of time and distance from Allen as he journeyed from St. Louis to Los Angeles and then to Chicago in the intervening five seasons, the Phillies, their atten-

dant media, and the fans all proceeded to reassess their roles in creating and perpetuating the Allen saga. Whereas in '69 all three were firmly convinced that Allen was the sole cause of his troubles, by '75 a belief emerged—in deeds more so than words—that the blame should more rightly be shared. In that sense, the Phillies, the Philadelphia media, and a significant portion of their fan base were able to achieve, upon Allen's return to Philadelphia, not merely a sense of closure with regard to Allen, but salvation as well, as things would be far different going forward for outspoken black players in Philadelphia than they had been when Allen arrived in 1963.

In this regard, they, the “narrators” of Allen's Philadelphia saga, were no different from Melville's narrator—although throughout the story it appears as if it is Bartleby who must change, by the end it is the narrator whose outlook is altered, providing him with a measure of redemption. In the end, the narrator develops at last a true sense of empathy, realizing that his heretofore small charitable acts, delivered with ulterior motive, were woefully insufficient and degrading. As the shallowness of his offers of one of his coats to Turkey or twenty dollars to Bartleby finally becomes apparent to him, he replaces them with truly empathetic gestures—offers to Bartleby of shelter, friendship, and comfort.¹⁵⁷ During his visit to Bartleby in the Tombs, he reaches out to Bartleby, offering to do what he can to stave off Bartleby's death. Thus, although the narrator has finally achieved what he appeared to want all along—disassociation with a person he once described as an “incurable incubus”—he takes measures to sustain Bartleby and, in so doing, acts for the first time in a way that is beyond his own self-interest. Significantly, the official name of the Tombs is the Halls of Justice.¹⁵⁸ Upon his visit there, the narrator realizes that although Bartleby wound up in such a place by means of seemingly appropriate method and procedure (he was booked for vagrancy), he nevertheless was a victim of anything but justice in the truest sense. He had been denied true justice his entire life by employers much like himself.

Upon his return to Philadelphia in 1975, Allen found an organization, fans, and media willing to bend over backward to welcome and accommodate him, something that would not have happened without a significant shift in belief as to the cause of Allen's troubles during his initial tenure there. The Phillies were now owned by Bob Carpenter's son Ruly, who was in many ways more progressive than his father, who may have meant well but who was often confused as to how to approach the influx of black players into his organization. The fans embraced Allen warmly, offering him several standing ovations throughout a 1975 season in which he struggled mightily; the boobirds and catcalls were, for the most part, gone. And the media, at last, called him “Dick.” All of these changes and gestures said as much about the entities mak-

ing them as they said about Allen; the Phillies, the media, and their fans had looked inward and resolved to fundamentally change.

Change would not be universal, however, as, like *Bartleby*, salvation came too late for Allen. Near the end of the story, as the narrator attempts to comfort the dying *Bartleby*, he tries to brighten his spirits: "And to you this should not be so vile a place. Nothing reproachful attaches to you by being here. And see, it is not so sad a place as one might think. Look, there is the sky and here is the grass."¹⁵⁹ However, it is too late to change *Bartleby's* worldview, as all he can reply is, "I know where I am."¹⁶⁰ Shortly thereafter, he dies. Thus, despite the narrator's truly empathetic words and actions, *Bartleby* remains unreachable. Allen would continue to self-destruct as well. Despite the sincere efforts of those around him to change, to reform, to progress, Allen was unable to do the same given all that had come before. Wherever he looked, he saw racial injustice, never stopping to question his initial impulse. He interpreted manager Danny Ozark's 1976 lineup decisions, which left black players such as Bobby Tolan and Ollie Brown occasionally on the bench, with the white players Tommy Hutton and Jay Johnstone on the field, as evidence that the organization was "working a quota system,"¹⁶¹ he refused to play at times, seemingly intent on punishing Ozark for various perceived injustices;¹⁶² he sulked, alone, on the frigid bench in Montreal's Jarry Park when the Phillies finally clinched the Eastern Division crown, atoning, at least somewhat, for the 1964 team's collapse.¹⁶³ Later that day, he called together a collection of the team's black players, along with Mike Schmidt, and held a separate celebration in the locker room's broom closet—an act which finally and openly divided a clubhouse that had been gradually coming apart ever since his arrival in 1975.¹⁶⁴ He then threatened to boycott the team's first visit to the postseason unless his Hispanic teammate Tony Taylor, who had effectively retired earlier in the season, was activated for the club's series against the Cincinnati Reds.¹⁶⁵ With the clubhouse and organization now in chaos, the Phillies were predictably swept by the Reds. Shortly after the playoff debacle, Allen was informed that he would not be invited back for the 1977 season.

Because of Allen and players like him, such as Curt Flood, whose tone may have been more political in nature but who similarly refused to accept the game's racial double standard, Organized Baseball, its attendant media, and its longtime fans, all were compelled to evolve. In 1976, largely because of the leadership of the now vocal black athletes who opened the eyes of their white teammates to the plantation that was the national pastime, free agency finally arrived, giving players the three Vs for the first time. As an inevitable corollary, club owners had little choice but to tolerate outspoken players regardless of race, given that they were now free to take their talents elsewhere on the

open market if they believed their voices to be stifled. Learned helplessness became a thing of the past, as players, now with voice and validation, experienced a sense of voluntary participation in their professional lives at last.

By today's standards, Allen's acts of rebellion seem tame, hardly of a nature to threaten the established order of things. In fact, if only he played in the twenty-first century rather than the mid-twentieth, Allen might very well have been embraced by those in power, becoming a pitchman for multinational conglomerates, as Dennis Rodman did, or a network studio host, like Michael Irvin. That such controversial athletes are now embraced rather than shunned has much to do with those who came before them, those who refused to be seen and not heard. Although there are a panoply of reasons why Irvin, Rodman, and others are so pervasive on our screens today, Dick Allen is unquestionably one of them.

Allen himself, however, remains shunned to a large degree. Scores of athletes in his wake held out, battled management, struggled with alcohol, and missed games for one reason or another. Many of them have asked for and received forgiveness; Allen has refused to ask and therefore has never received. Consequently, his transgressions remain, as if perpetually suspended in amber. And so Allen himself remains, resigned to his fate, in the Tombs, awaiting the inevitable.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank Dominic Origlio for his invaluable research assistance.

NOTES

1. Herman Melville, *Bartleby the Scrivener* (Perfection Learning, 1980), 37. First published November 1853 in *Putnam's Magazine*.

2. William Leggett, "A Bird in Hand and a Burning Busch," *Sports Illustrated*, March 23, 1970, <http://sportsillustrated.cnn.com/vault/article/magazine/MAG1083441/index.htm>.

3. Bill James, *The Politics of Glory: How Baseball's Hall of Fame Really Works* (New York: Macmillan, 1994), 322–25.

4. William C. Kashatus, "Dick Allen, the Phillies, and Racism," *NINE: A Journal of Baseball History and Culture* 9, no. 2 (Spring 2001): 156.

5. Dick Allen and Tim Whitaker, *Crash: The Life and Times of Dick Allen* (New York: Ticknor and Fields, 1989), 14–15.

6. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 12–14.

7. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 15.

8. Claude E. Harrison Jr., "Phillies to Give Allen Shot at 3rd Base Position," *Philadelphia Tribune*, January 28, 1964, 11.

9. Larry Merchant, "Fighting Phil Waived Goodbye," *Philadelphia Daily News*, July 6, 1965, 62; Claude E. Harrison Jr., "Phila. Is Where Roy Was Barred; Rich Allen Booed," *Philadelphia Tribune*, July 13, 1965, 12.

10. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 8.

11. But see Stan Hochman, "The Sizeup of Richie's Hat," *Philadelphia Daily News*, July 24, 1968, 64, where Allen explains that he wore a helmet in the minors but manager Mauch forbid the practice on the Phils. Once Mauch was fired, however, Allen contends that he simply returned to the practice. Later, he would claim that the helmet was more for protection from the fans.

12. See, for example, Allen Lewis, "Allen Set to Play after Talk with Owner," *Philadelphia Inquirer*, June 11, 1968, 33; Bill Conlin, "Carpenter 'Cures' Allen . . . But Is Mauch Sick Now?" *Philadelphia Daily News*, June 11, 1968, 56.

13. "Hail to the Chief," *Sport* 48 (October 1969), 6; Stan Hochman, "Nixon Can Rest Easy—Rich Allen's Back," *Philadelphia Daily News*, July 24, 1969, 52. As Hochman's article notes, Allen had already agreed to return to the Phils by the time of Nixon's comment.

14. Frank Dolson, "Richie Prefers Closet to Company of Fellow Phillies," *Philadelphia Inquirer*, July 30, 1969, 31; David Wolf, "Let's Everybody Boo Rich Allen!" *Life* 67 (August 22, 1969): 50, 53.

15. Sandy Grady, "They Ruined Allen-Skinner," *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, August 8, 1969, 25; Allen Lewis, "Skinner Quits Phillies, Assails Front Office in Dispute over Allen," *Philadelphia Inquirer*, August 9, 1969, 1.

16. Leggett, "A Bird in Hand."

17. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 148.

18. Richard Dozer, "Allen Bids Adieu to Chisox Fame, Fortune," *Sporting News*, September 28, 1974, 29.

19. Bruce Keidan, "Dick Allen Back in Phils Uniform?" *Philadelphia Inquirer*, November 13, 1974.

20. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 102.

21. Bruce Keidan, "Phils Are Resting Uneasily as Ozark Hides Hurt and Anger," *Philadelphia Inquirer*, September 30, 1976; Bruce Keidan, "Phils Get Warning, Then Win," *Philadelphia Inquirer*, September 30, 1976; Frank Dolson, "Phillies Bewildered in a Tower of Babel," *Philadelphia Inquirer*, October 1, 1976.

22. Tom Weir, "Chump Charlie Asks Jumper Dick to Take Hike," *Sporting News*, July 9, 1977, 13.

23. Melville, *Bartleby*, 4.

24. Melville, *Bartleby*, 4.

25. Melville, *Bartleby*, 7.

26. Melville, *Bartleby*, 10–11.

27. Melville, *Bartleby*, 16.

28. Melville, *Bartleby*, 17.
29. Melville, *Bartleby*, 17.
30. Melville, *Bartleby*, 18–19.
31. Melville, *Bartleby*, 23.
32. Melville, *Bartleby*, 22.
33. Melville, *Bartleby*, 40.
34. Melville, *Bartleby*, 42.
35. Melville, *Bartleby*, 44.
36. Melville, *Bartleby*, 56.
37. Melville, *Bartleby*, 59.
38. Melville, *Bartleby*, 63.
39. Melville, *Bartleby*, 67.
40. Melville, *Bartleby*, 71.
41. Kristin Huston, Comment, *The Lawyer as Savior: What Literature Says about the Attorney's Role in Redemption*, 73 UMKC L. Rev. 161, 173 (2004).
42. Melville, *Bartleby*, 10–11.
43. Melville, *Bartleby*, 7.
44. See Robin West, *Invisible Victims: A Comparison of Susan Glaspell's Jury of Her Peers, and Herman Melville's "Bartleby, the Scrivener"*, 8 Cardozo Stud. L. & Literature 203, 204 (1996).
45. West, *Invisible Victims*, 203.
46. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 15.
47. See Chris Lamb, *Conspiracy of Silence: Sportswriters and the Long Campaign to Desegregate Baseball* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2012), 22.
48. Lamb, *Conspiracy of Silence*, 14.
49. Lamb, *Conspiracy of Silence*, 318.
50. Christopher Threston, *The Integration of Baseball in Philadelphia* (Jefferson NC: McFarland, 2003), 88–89.
51. Thane Rosenbaum, *Body and Soul under the Law, and the Response from Law and Literature in "Bartleby, the Scrivener" and "Billy Budd, Sailor"*, 26 Cardozo L. Rev. 2425 (2005).
52. Rosenbaum, *Body and Soul*, 2427.
53. See John Rossi, *The 1964 Phillies: The Story of Baseball's Most Memorable Collapse* (Jefferson NC: McFarland, 2005), 58.
54. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 4.
55. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 6.
56. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 58.
57. See Ann D. Ronner, *The Learned-Helpless Lawyer: Clinical Legal Education and Therapeutic Jurisprudence as Antidotes to Bartleby Syndrome*, 24 Touro L. Rev. 601, 625–26 (2008).

58. Ronner, *Learned-Helpless Lawyer*.
59. Ronner, *Learned-Helpless Lawyer*, 627.
60. Ronner, *Learned-Helpless Lawyer*, 628.
61. Ronner, *Learned-Helpless Lawyer*, 629.
62. Ronner, *Learned-Helpless Lawyer*.
63. Martin E. P. Seligman, *Helplessness: On Depression, Development and Death* (New York: W. H. Freeman, 1992), xvii.
64. See Ronner, *Learned-Helpless Lawyer*, 641.
65. Melville, *Bartleby*, 12.
66. Melville, *Bartleby*, 50.
67. See Ronner, *Learned-Helpless Lawyer*, 647.
68. "Phillies' Allen Prefers 'Dick' as First Name," *Philadelphia Tribune*, August 8, 1964, 9; George Kiseda, "Name Annoys 'Rich' Allen," *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, September 14, 1964, 39.
69. See Huston, *Lawyer as Savior*, 172–73.
70. See Jack Getman, *Bartleby, Labor and Law*, 10 U. Pa. J. Bus. & Emp. L. 717, 735 (2008).
71. Getman, *Bartleby, Labor and Law*, 738.
72. See West, *Invisible Victims*, 210.
73. West, *Invisible Victims*, 211.
74. West, *Invisible Victims*.
75. West, *Invisible Victims*, 217–18.
76. West, *Invisible Victims*, 217.
77. The Phillies were one of the last clubs in the Major Leagues to insist on integrated lodging for their players, finally bowing to pressure applied by the NAACP in 1962 when they relocated their hotel from Clearwater, Florida, to Tampa. See Randy Dixon, "Phillies Give in to NAACP Boycott," *Philadelphia Tribune*, March 13, 1962, 1.
78. See Threston, *Integration of Baseball in Philadelphia*, 102; Mitchell Nathanson, *The Fall of the 1977 Phillies: How a Baseball Team's Collapse Sank a City's Spirit* (Jefferson NC: McFarland, 2008), 114–25.
79. Threston, *Integration of Baseball in Philadelphia*, 102; Nathanson, *Fall of the 1977 Phillies*, 114–25.
80. See Threston, *Integration of Baseball in Philadelphia*, 101.
81. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 46.
82. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 76.
83. Richard Dozer, "Don't Let Those Fans Drive You Out," *Chicago Tribune*, March 2, 1973, C3.
84. Sandy Grady, "Allen-Quinn Feud Simmers in Florida," *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, March 1, 1968, 29; "Richie Allen: An Unhappy Phillie," *Philadelphia Tribune*, March 12, 1968, 15.

85. Threston, *Integration of Baseball in Philadelphia*, 107.
86. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 80.
87. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 80.
88. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 107.
89. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 120.
90. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 136.
91. Rosenbaum, *Body and Soul under the Law*, 2429.
92. West, *Invisible Victims*, 220–21.
93. See Ronner, *Learned-Helpless Lawyer*, 636.
94. Getman, *Bartleby, Labor and Law*, 738.
95. See, for example, Ray Kelly, “Someone’s Gotta Go: Mauch or Allen?” *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, June 10, 1968, 27; Lewis, “Allen Set to Play,” 33; Conlin, “Carpenter ‘Cures’ Allen.”
96. Wolf, “Let’s Everybody Boo Rich Allen!” 54; Sandy Grady, “Allen Remains ‘Indefinite,’” *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, July 11, 1969, 25; Bill Conlin, “Never Again,” *Philadelphia Daily News*, June 25, 1969, 59.
97. See Kashatus, “Dick Allen, the Phillies, and Racism,” 174.
98. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 75–76.
99. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 116.
100. “Richie Moves His Locker outside Main Clubhouse,” *Sporting News*, August 16, 1969, 20.
101. See “Allen’s Footwork out of Step to Phils,” *Sporting News*, August 23, 1969, 7; Stan Hochman, “Allen’s Sandy Scrawls Open New Vistas for Graffiti,” *Philadelphia Daily News*, August 5, 1969, 52; Bill Conlin, “Allen One-Up on Kuhn,” *Philadelphia Daily News*, August 7, 1969, 46; Kashatus, “Dick Allen, the Phillies, and Racism,” 176–77.
102. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 79.
103. Melville, *Bartleby*, 52.
104. Melville, *Bartleby*, 25.
105. Melville, *Bartleby*, 39.
106. Allen & Whitaker, *Crash*, 107–8.
107. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 108.
108. See Kashatus, “Dick Allen, the Phillies, and Racism,” 156.
109. See “Richie Allen, Phillies Slugger, Still Having Big Problems,” *Philadelphia Tribune*, May 11, 1968, 15.
110. See Claude E. Harrison Jr., “Richie Allen Blamed as Skinner Quits as Manager of Phillies,” *Philadelphia Tribune*, August 9, 1969, 1; “Carpenter Counters Skinner’s Charges,” *Chicago Daily Defender*, August 26, 1969, 27. Carpenter alleged that he never returned any fines to Allen, although he admitted that on three occasions fines levied by manager Gene Mauch were held “in abeyance” when Mauch was fired and were eventually returned to Allen.

111. Bill Conlin, "Extra Rations for Myattmen," *Philadelphia Daily News*, August 9, 1969, 29. Indeed, Myatt announced that there would be no formal rules for any of his players—no formal curfews, no bed checks, no compulsory batting practice, and no set time for the players to arrive at the ballpark on game days.

112. Leggett, "A Bird in Hand."

113. Leggett, "A Bird in Hand."

114. Leggett, "A Bird in Hand."

115. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 134.

116. West, *Invisible Victims*, 223.

117. West, *Invisible Victims*, 223.

118. Melville, *Bartleby*, 54.

119. Melville, *Bartleby*, 55–56.

120. See Kashatus, "Dick Allen, the Phillies, and Racism," 159.

121. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 72.

122. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*,

123. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*,

124. See West, *Invisible Victims*, 220.

125. Huston, *Lawyer as Savior*, 171.

126. See Getman, *Bartleby, Labor and Law*, 736.

127. Melville, *Bartleby*, 37–38.

128. Melville, *Bartleby*, 46.

129. Melville, *Bartleby*, 47.

130. See Mitchell Nathanson, *A People's History of Baseball* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 2012), 92.

131. Nathanson, *People's History of Baseball*, 104–5.

132. Nathanson, *People's History of Baseball*, 104–5.

133. Nathanson, *People's History of Baseball*, 104–5.

134. See Lamb, *Conspiracy of Silence*, 14–15.

135. Lamb, *Conspiracy of Silence*, 14–15.

136. Claude Harrison, "Large Crowd Expected to Watch Phillies 'Unveil' John Kennedy," *Philadelphia Tribune*, April 16, 1957, 12.

137. Lamb, *Conspiracy of Silence*, 32.

138. Lamb, *Conspiracy of Silence*, 286–87.

139. Getman, *Bartleby, Labor and Law*, 724.

140. Melville, *Bartleby*, 4.

141. See West, *Invisible Victims*, 220–21.

142. West, *Invisible Victims*, 223–24.

143. Melville, *Bartleby*, 37.

144. See West, *Invisible Victims*, 228.

145. West, *Invisible Victims*, 228.

146. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 69.
147. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 59–60.
148. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 58.
149. Melville, *Bartleby*, 42.
150. Melville, *Bartleby*, 56.
151. Lamb, *Conspiracy of Silence*, 328–29.
152. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 15.
153. “Who’s in Charge around Here?” *Sporting News*, August 23, 1969, 14.
154. “Hail to the Chief,” 48 *Sport* 6 (October 1969).
155. Threston, *Integration of Baseball in Philadelphia*, 112–13.
156. Leggett, “A Bird in Hand.”
157. See Ronner, *Learned-Helpless Lawyer*, 695.
158. Melville, *Bartleby*, 65.
159. Melville, *Bartleby*, 66.
160. Melville, *Bartleby*,
161. Allen and Whitaker, *Crash*, 163–64.
162. See Frank Dolson, “Ozark’s Composure Shatters Noisily . . .,” *Philadelphia Inquirer*, April 26, 1976; Allen Lewis, “Allen’s Pride Is Hurt: Bats 7th,” *Philadelphia Inquirer*, May 19, 1976.
163. Bruce Keidan, “Allen Declines to Join in Phils’ Fun,” *Philadelphia Inquirer*, September 27, 1976.
164. See Tony Kornheiser, “Body and Soul,” *Inside Sports* 1 (October 1979): 24, 30; Nathanson, *Fall of the 1977 Phillies*, 183–84.
165. Keidan, “Allen Declines to Join in Phils’ Fun.”