

## **“Enough to make a body riot”: Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Chester Himes, and the Process of Socio-spatial Negotiation**

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Past criticism hasn't really shown much interest in drawing connections between Charlotte Perkins Gilman and Chester Himes. In the *MLA International Bibliography's* online database, not a single book or article places them side by side. This isn't necessarily surprising, though, seeing as Gilman and Himes do make a rather unlikely pair. They speak from different historical moments, with Gilman writing in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century and Himes in the mid-to-late twentieth century. They dealt in different genres, with Gilman mostly oscillating between sociological nonfiction and a heavy-handed and didactic brand of fiction, while Himes' body of work represents a progression from protest fiction (more or less of the Richard Wright school) to his later work in the hardboiled detective genre. The central anxieties of these two authors don't provide much overlap, either. Gilman's work is primarily concerned with the state of gender relations in America, while Himes' focuses on issues of race. And the anxiety gap between the two authors only seems wider when you consider the fact that Gilman's views on race were generally less than progressive and Himes was more or less a chronic misogynist. In short, there are really a lot of reasons why bringing Gilman and Himes together might seem somewhat curious, but I do so because I see a certain similarity of theme and purpose between Gilman's "The Yellow Wallpaper" and Himes' *Blind Man with a Pistol*. Despite their differences, I would suggest that both texts share a similar concern for socially produced spaces and their capacity to establish relations of exploitative domination, and, furthermore, I would suggest that both texts represent a similar process of socio-spatial negotiation. At the core, it seems to me that what we're essentially dealing with in both texts is the politics of space and the ways in which it establishes situations that are, to borrow a phrase from Himes, "enough to make a body riot."<sup>1</sup>

To begin by way of a general theory, I think it stands to reason that any riot can be traced back to the level of space. Simply stated, the environments in which social relations unfold are always produced with some specific functionality inherent in their design, and said functionality invariably reflects some particular set of ideological assumptions about how the world works and where individuals properly fit into it. As Henri Lefebvre suggests in *Critique of Everyday Life, Vol. 3*, "There is no real space or authentic space, only spaces produced in accordance with certain schemas developed by some particular group within the general framework of society."<sup>2</sup> What this means is that space can (and often does) represent a fundamentally violent apparatus. In short, where the practical schema that influences spatial form recommends an uneven sociality, the contents and contours of the built environment will constitute a concrete system that works toward achieving said unevenness by materially enabling certain modes of being and disabling others. As Lefebvre suggests in *The Production of Space*, the socially produced environment makes abstract ideas about sociality a practical reality by providing a system of

constraints, stipulations, and rules to be followed [that has] a normative and repressive efficacy—linked instrumentally to its objectality—that makes the efficacy of mere ideologies and representations pale in comparison.<sup>3</sup>

I think Michael Keith and Steve Pile probably said it best when they wrote that space is "both the medium and the message of domination [...] It tells you where you are and it puts you there."<sup>4</sup>

Now, generally speaking, it holds true that the rationality of space is essentially indistinct from the rationality of human activity.<sup>5</sup> Individuals typically abide by the strictures imposed upon them by the built environment, more or less unconsciously assenting to the legitimacy of the status quo. However, in cases where the spatial form of the socially produced environment restricts users' movements and activities in ways that force them into an abject state of subordination and exploitation, there comes a point at which individuals can become sensitive to the absurdity of what's happening to them. While the socio-spatial status quo will always be given as rational, should the violence it inflicts upon an individual reach a certain level of intensity, it may be said, as Lefebvre suggests, that "space itself, and the practice that corresponds to it, give rise to a clearer consciousness."<sup>6</sup> In such a moment, it becomes almost inevitable that an individual will challenge the existing state of affairs, in some way or another, because to do otherwise would be self-consciously irrational, even masochistic. It would essentially be, if I may borrow a line from Raoul Vaneigem, like playing "a game of heads-you-lose, tails-I-win in which one decides a priori that the negative is positive and that the impossibility of living is an essential precondition of life."<sup>7</sup> In terms of overt challenges, the first tack one would likely take would be to enact a strategy of measured discourse as a means of negotiation. However, such a

strategy may seem like working against an immovable stone. As Lefebvre suggests, the commonplace—i.e. ideology normalized as knowledge and concretized in space—tends to be clearly understood simply by virtue of its commonness. He suggests that “redundancy—that is to say repetition—is the basis of intelligibility,” which means that the well-rehearsed logic of the status quo becomes a kind of paragon of comprehensibility.<sup>8</sup> It also means, through the same line of reasoning, that any discourse that attempts to challenge the status quo lacks intelligibility, as it comes in the form of “pure information—a total surprise and an utter disordering of the [standard] code.”<sup>9</sup> Therefore, it becomes possible that reasoned attempts at negotiating an unjust socio-spatial situation will shatter into little more than an illogical sequence of sounds against the wall of common ideas, which may cause the disempowered to feel that the only viable course of action remaining involves a recourse to violence. When plain speech fails, the disempowered may opt to speak a different tongue, which Martin Luther King Jr. called “the language of the unheard.”<sup>10</sup> Simply stated, the situation may evolve into a riot.

However, what I mean by a “riot” perhaps warrants clarification, because the term tends to be used somewhat loosely. As Paul Gilje suggests in his 1996 study, *Rioting in America*,

the term ‘riot’ encompasses many different kinds of activity. Depending on the context, a riot could be a parade with an effigy, or brutal manslaughter by a crowd, with a wide range of activities in between. Much depends on the perspective of the individual.<sup>11</sup>

Any kind of tumultuous activity that disrupts the normal progression of the everyday, then, might be labeled a riot, depending on whom you ask. However, when I use the term here, it has a very specific definition. In short, a riot is nothing but a temporary rejection of all known forms of propriety so that violent action may be used as a means of establishing a new form of sociality. As Michel de Certeau suggests, the code of social propriety, which at its most basic constitutes a compulsion to keep the peace,

is largely comparable to the system of the communal “kitty”: it is, at the level of behaviors, a compromise in which each person, by renouncing the anarchy of individual impulses, makes a down payment to the collective with the goal of drawing from it symbolic benefits necessarily deferred in time.<sup>12</sup>

However, in cases where the spatial form of the built environment and the practice that corresponds to it cast individuals into an abject state of subordination and exploitation, the benefits of propriety are vastly outweighed by the costs incurred. Realizing this, and realizing that measured discourse

leads nowhere, individuals may temporarily unsubscribe from propriety, allowing the “anarchy of individual impulses” to be channeled into violent action that seeks the rational end of living differently. This definition of mine accords largely with Gilje’s, as he suggests that a riot can be identified by “any group of twelve or more people attempting to assert their will immediately through the use of force outside the normal bounds of the law.”<sup>13</sup> However, I feel it necessary to insist upon the revolutionary nature of the riot as a socio-spatial practice. Also, I don’t believe that there’s a need to impose a twelve-person minimum when trying to identify a riot as such. Gilje explains that he chooses the number twelve in accordance with some legal precedent, but I feel that this is ultimately an arbitrary and unnecessary restriction, and I would suggest that while a riot can be a collective act, it can just as well be an individual performance. Numbers don’t matter to me; in my view, it’s ultimately the motive and the productively violent activity itself that define a riot.

That said, when we look at the established set of socio-spatial conditions and the sequence of events that Gilman provides in “The Yellow Wallpaper,” I would suggest that it all accords with the general theory I’ve just outlined in a fairly straightforward manner. At the level of space, we’re given a socially produced environment in the form of a sickroom, the declared purpose of which is to restore the bodies and minds of women suffering from neurasthenia (a.k.a. hysteria)—which, as Elizabeth Ammons points out, is nothing but the “trauma of unsuccessful role adjustment.”<sup>14</sup> However, as Gilman’s story makes clear, medical logic is largely corrupted by the influence of commonplace gender ideology in this instance, so what this space actually does has far less to do with restoring women’s health than it does with reinforcing an allegedly natural social situation. Just as the dominant architectural logic of the nineteenth century American home normalized the ideal of domesticated femininity, so too does the spatial form of this medicalized environment.<sup>15</sup> In the article “Writing Silence,” Ammons provides what I would deem a detailed and accurate account of this space and how it works. As she points out, the relative geographical location of the building itself is critical: it’s situated at a distance from “modern, urban America,” and in this way it “perfectly symbolizes the Victorian ‘separate sphere.’”<sup>16</sup> The building’s remoteness from the public and its interactive possibilities reproduces the domestic isolation ordinarily imposed upon women. Similarly, Ammons suggests that the sickroom’s windows, which offer views in all directions yet never truly give one much to look at, “declare a narrow slit of vision and experience permitted” to women.<sup>17</sup> She also highlights the fact that Gilman’s sickroom is furnished entirely with “symbols of restraint”: there’s a bed nailed down to the floor, a gate that blocks the top of the stairs, and rings in the walls—all things that normalize the “repression and self-denial” that were deemed natural practice for women.<sup>18</sup> And, of course, there’s the yellow wallpaper, to which the story’s title refers, which reinforces a state of “grotesque, idiotic cheerfulness,” which is ultimately the affective key to a

woman's assent to the status quo.<sup>19</sup> According to Ammons, this environment, and the practice that corresponds to it, work toward making a woman "the quintessential image of Victorian femininity"—or, in other words, a perpetually dominated subject who makes no claim to identity or purpose beyond the purview of her male-oriented function.<sup>20</sup>

However, while all this presents itself as rational in light of the ideology-laden system of commonplace ideas, when Gilman's narrator is placed in this environment, she almost immediately begins to perceive the disjuncture between the rationality of space and the rationality of her experience. Having been told by medical experts (the main one here being her husband) that she's to be made well by remaining in this environment and limiting her activity to the narrow range of possibilities therein, she writes in her journal, "Personally, I disagree with their ideas. Personally, I believe that congenial work, with excitement and change, would do me good."<sup>21</sup> She goes on to express that she believes, contrary to the prescription, that what she actually needs is "less opposition and more society and stimulus," adding, quite bluntly, "I don't like our room one bit."<sup>22</sup> Thus, sensitive to the absurdity of the situation, and unwilling to accept that "the negative is positive," Gilman's narrator begins to express her concerns directly to her husband-physician. However, when she does, her position in every conversation takes on an air of illogic. Her ideas can't pierce the artificial rationality of the well-rehearsed, ideology-laden discourse that dictates a woman's socio-spatial position in late nineteenth century America, and so her words produce no effect. When she tries to suggest that the room be redecorated in a manner that accords more with her own sensibilities, the husband-physician replies by saying, "You know the place is doing you good [...] and really, dear, I don't care to renovate."<sup>23</sup> When she tries to recommend relocating to a different room, he replies with a gesture and a statement that are equal parts infantilizing and dismissive: as she reports in her journal, "he took [her] in his arms and called [her] a blessed little goose, and said he would go down cellar, if [she] wished, and have it whitewashed into the bargain."<sup>24</sup> And, in a final attempt to reason with the man over the terms of the situation, she bluntly asserts that her time in the sickroom was doing her no good at all, and she expresses a desire to leave immediately—a move to which the husband-physician responds by giving her "such a stern, reproachful look that [she] could not say another word."<sup>25</sup> He tells her that her ideas are "but a false and foolish fancy" and insists that she trust his expert judgment without question.<sup>26</sup> Thus, it begins to seem as though plain speech will invariably lead nowhere. The logic of Gilman's narrator is simply too foreign for the physician-husband to comprehend, entrenched as he is in commonplace ideas.

Understandably, then, Gilman's narrator changes her tack. She suspends her subscription to all established rules of propriety, and she opts to speak "the language of the unheard" as a means of achieving a new mode of living, engaging in a one-woman hospital riot where the object of violence becomes the sickroom itself—the apparatus providing the material underpinning of her

social position. She locks the door to the room, and although she can't do much about the bed—which is nailed to the floor so she can't move it, and she only hurts her teeth when she tries to bite pieces of it away—and she can't do much about objects like the bars in the windows, she channels the “anarchy of [her] individual impulses” toward the yellow wallpaper.<sup>27</sup> As she tears the paper from the walls, strip by strip, she imagines herself liberating a parade of women that have been trapped by its disgusting pattern—and she ultimately liberates herself. In short, because she's removed the paper, she's no longer subject to the imposition of a “grotesque, idiotic cheerfulness”—and so, by extension, she's no longer subject to the pattern of subjugation that characterizes the status quo. Having completed her project, she allows her husband-physician to enter the room, and she announces, in a more or less abstract manner, that she's transformed the room in such a way as to reconfigure its use and its meaning through her violent actions. Although she remains in the room, she can confidently announce that she's “got out at last” and can't be put back where she was by her husband-physician.<sup>28</sup> At this point, he faints, and Gilman's narrator proceeds to circle the room in a triumphant manner, creeping over the man's symbolically prostrate body every time it gets in her way.<sup>29</sup> Through the riot, she effectively seizes control of the sickroom, alters it, and in so doing establishes a differential mode of living.

Now, turning to Himes and *Blind Man with a Pistol*, I would suggest that we're essentially dealing with the same socio-spatial situation. The central difference between Himes' novel and “The Yellow Wallpaper” is simply that the situation sprawls across a larger, and more complex, environment, and the process of negotiation is diffused among a large number of individuals, rather than being the work of a single woman working against one husband-physician.

At the level of space, the socially-produced environment reflected in *Blind Man with a Pistol* is the Harlem ghetto of the late 1960s. As a subsection of the broader urban environment, this is a space that's been “hollowed out” through the systematic urban retoolings of the postwar era—meaning that it's been largely stripped of its economic base and essentially left in a state of collapse. Now, in discerning the logic of the ghetto as a socially produced environment, there are really two connected schemas that we're dealing with. First, it can be said that stripping this area down has the effect of creating a more or less trapped population that lacks the resources necessary to achieve any real self-determination. According to Tyrone Simpson, the urban-capitalist socioeconomic order “has historically required a racialized ghetto, a ready reservoir of vulnerable and stigmatized labor that it may exploit for material or symbolic purposes,” and so this spatial configuration can be seen as a fairly familiar mechanism that takes the abstract ideal of capitalism, infused with a racial logic, and makes it a practical reality.<sup>30</sup> The secondary function of this process of “hollowing out” is the establishment of a racialized moral geography—a spatial system through which subordinated black bodies can be exploited for purposes beyond the purview of labor as such. In short, given

the circumstances of a trapped population with little in the way of an economic apparatus to rely on, what invariably emerges is an illegal underground economy based on various illicit activities, such as gambling, drugs and, perhaps most significantly, prostitution. Thus, the general area starts to resemble something like what Thomas Heise talks about in *Urban Underworlds*: a space that “secure[s] bourgeois morality” by keeping crime and vice decidedly “elsewhere,” “while simultaneously creating imaginary playgrounds [...] where an expanding class of managers and supervisors could frolic,” should they decide to take a “moral vacation.”<sup>31</sup> All told, Himes’ ghetto, like the actual one it seeks to reflect, is a space where ruinous infrastructure limits the agency of the racialized population trapped therein, and, in so doing, positions them socially as a mass of objects that can be exploited economically, imaginatively, and sexually by the white population.

Now, given the intensity of the violence inherent in this socio-spatial situation, it doesn’t take much to imagine how one might perceive a certain disjuncture between the rationality of space and the rationality of human activity therein. Thus, it’s not surprising that certain attempts would be made to effect a redistribution of social power discursively. And Himes gives us three of them—all of which come in the form of protest rallies, all of which take place, appropriately enough, on Nat Turner Day. The first of these marches is premised upon the idea that a simple rhetoric of racial fraternity can provide a means of equalizing the uneven social relationship between the black and white populations. The second march is premised upon the idea that a general discourse of Black Power will level the playing field. The third march is fundamentally religious in character, and it seems to be premised upon the idea of generating white shame. Beginning with the idea that the White Jesus and his message of meekness has historically functioned as “whitey’s con,” the purpose of this march is to confront white society with a discourse and an image of a lynched Black Jesus until “whitey pukes.”<sup>32</sup> According to the group’s leader, Prophet Ham, the march is to serve figuratively as a kind of indigestible communion.<sup>33</sup> Now, each of these movements attracts a certain number of followers. Many of Himes’ Harlemites are unwilling to accept that “the negative is positive,” and they do believe that it’s possible to negotiate with power discursively by taking to the streets with slogans and signs.

However, there’s also a large number who seem to sense that measured discourse will ultimately prove to be an exercise in futility. Perhaps a function of the fact that such strategies have failed in the past, these individuals seem to have internalized the idea communicated to Himes’ detectives, Coffin Ed Johnson and Gravedigger Jones, by Michael X near the end of the novel—the idea that “whitey doesn’t want to understand [...] that there are Negroes who are not adapted to making white people feel good.”<sup>34</sup> In other words, they accept that white society’s well-rehearsed, ideology-laden knowledge of the world and where everyone fits into it will prevent whites from understanding the black population as anything more than a mass of objects to be exploited economically, imaginatively, and sexually. They accept that ordinary speech will

ultimately come across as an unintelligible sequence of sounds, and so, to them, all three protest marches are, in fact, “all just a big joke.”<sup>35</sup> Therefore, they opt to speak instead in the “language of the unheard,” hoping to dismantle the ghetto through a project of productively violent action that wrests control of the space’s use and its meaning away from those currently in power in order to establish some semblance of social justice.

However, they certainly don’t underestimate the magnitude of this project. They understand that in order to effectively overturn the status quo, they need to ensure that a sufficiently chaotic situation can develop. Hence, in chapter 14 of the novel, we find a group of individuals seemingly searching for the body of a black man murdered by the white police. As Himes makes clear, no murder has actually taken place, and so there really is no body to find. However, the pretense of a search can be read as an attempt to generate a rumor of blatantly identifiable white violence that can help compel the general population toward a mass rejection of propriety and mass participation in the productively violent activity of rioting. As it happens, though, “No one really believed in the dead man” and, as such, the riot is held back, since it would inevitably lack the force required to achieve any kind of revolutionary end.<sup>36</sup> But, in a moment of serendipity that only a postmodern absurdist like Himes would orchestrate, the would-be rioters actually find the kind disruption they crave in the protest rallies they previously looked upon with scorn. In short, when the three marches cross paths in the streets, a brawl breaks out among the members of the separate factions, and when the police intervene to restore order, the would-be rioters seize the opportunity to build upon the situation. As Himes explains, these people move from the sidelines and into the fray, but they have no interest in “taking sides in the main fight, they just [want] to chase the white cops.”<sup>37</sup> Even Himes’ black detectives, Coffin Ed Johnson and Gravedigger Jones, who are alternately feared and revered by Harlem residents, are treated with scorn due to their affiliation with white authority, and a Molotov cocktail thrown in their direction ultimately forces even them from the scene.<sup>38</sup> Meanwhile, as the standard authority has been set on its heels, “A number of adventuresome young men [...] [begin] breaking store windows on the *Block* and snatching the first thing they [can].”<sup>39</sup> According to Himes’ analogy, the looters, in this moment, become “like sparrows snatching crumbs from under the beaks of larger birds.”<sup>40</sup> They channel the “anarchy of [their] individual impulses” toward claiming possession of the environment by violently clearing it of anyone who represents the order of the status quo, as well as toward breaking down the ghetto’s racialized economic principles by attacking the neighborhood’s white-owned businesses and redistributing the wealth amongst themselves. However, unlike in Gilman, the story continues on into the aftermath of the riot, and it shows the riot’s effects to be fairly ephemeral, as the status quo re-establishes itself once more shortly thereafter.

In the final chapter of *Blind Man with a Pistol*, the scene of the riot is supplanted by a scene of “urban renewal,” in which a number of Harlem’s slum buildings are being torn down while Coffin Ed and Gravedigger busy



themselves with the humiliating new assignment of shooting rats that emerge from the wreckage. As Simpson suggests, this scene “references the birth of what Arnold Hirsch and Carlo Rotella call the ‘second ghetto,’ a postwar moment in which the city fathers restructure the inner cities of the U.S. frostbelt to be more economically marginal and their residents more black and more invisible.”<sup>41</sup> Thus, in what might be considered a testament to the seeming impenetrability of the artificial rationality of commonplace ideas, it would seem as though the story ends with nothing but the production of a spatial form that will prove to be an even more severe apparatus of domination and exploitation than the one that preceded it. However, although the people of Harlem seem to be standing passively by on the sidelines, there’s a general sense of indignation over the socio-spatial project unfolding before them. The situation is, as Himes writes, “enough to make a body riot,” and it’s at this point that a second moment of seeming serendipity occurs. A literal blind man with a pistol emerges from out of the subway and onto the street firing wildly at a white man who had humiliated him a few moments earlier, and a stray bullet strikes down one of four white police officers who happened to be present. The remaining three return fire, killing the blind man instantly, which means that now there actually is a body that can be referred to in order to help compel the general population to participate in acts of productive violence.<sup>42</sup> Within the hour, word that “The mother-raping white cops has shot down [an] innocent brother” spreads throughout the neighborhood, and a new riot, no doubt larger and more violent than the first, is effectively set in motion.<sup>43</sup> The novel, therefore, ends on a note of open possibility, as the ghetto, along with its use and its meaning, continue to be contested.

Now, at this point, I’d like to elaborate on one aspect of rioting as a form of socio-spatial negotiation that I think *Blind Man with a Pistol* in particular makes clear. As I’ve been suggesting, a riot is “the language of the unheard”; it’s the extension of the moment in which plain speech shatters into an unintelligible sequence of sound against the wall of well-rehearsed, ideology-laden knowledge about the world and where people fit into it, leaving the subordinated and exploited with seemingly no other choice but to take violent action in the struggle for social justice. However, it’s highly possible that rioting, just like the discursive negotiations that precede it, presents itself as ultimately unintelligible to those on the outside. It’s possible that, as a spectacle of violence, all a riot communicates discursively is a kind of illogical ferality and lawlessness that has no discernible legitimacy. It may not be clear that the riot is nothing but a violent response to the common violence of the status quo. If I may borrow a simile from Emma Goldman, the harmony of the rioters’ agonized cry may seem like nothing but discord to untuned ears.<sup>44</sup> Thus, even if riots have historically been “important mechanisms for change,” as Gilje suggests they have been, there’s a risk that whatever changes they effect will be interpreted as illegitimate and will ultimately be undone if the central logic of the riot doesn’t pierce the artificial rationality of the status quo.<sup>45</sup> What I mean is that it’s possible that the lingering force of common

ideas will serve as the basis for a kind of counterrevolution that restores the order and the supposed peace of old.

However, that brings me to what I would deem the politics of writing the riot. Essentially, what I would suggest that Gilman and Himes do in their respective works is take the “language of the unheard”—which may be unintelligible and, therefore, productive only in an ephemeral way—and translate it. They remove it from the realm of the violent spectacle and represent it at the level of language, where it may be more easily deciphered, and, by giving it a stable life in print, they open the possibility that it may achieve the redundancy and repetition that it requires in the name of intelligibility. In writing the riot, these authors enact a project that works toward supplanting the logic of the harmful practical schemas developed by society, and they, therefore, work toward establishing future situations where violent spaces—and the violent practices that correspond to them—will no longer seem rational. To succeed in doing so, of course, also means establishing future situations in which rioting becomes archaic, as it would become no longer necessary.

However, it might be said that such a project also requires the work of the critic in order to be brought to completion. If these texts are essentially translations of the “language of the unheard,” there’s perhaps a need for literary criticism to do the work of translating the translations. Especially given the fact that these texts can, in a certain way, be as disorienting as the riots they represent—with Gilman’s story requiring readers to negotiate a somewhat cryptic set of symbols and an overall narrative structure that comes in fits and starts, and Himes’ novel being arranged non-sequentially and also full of odd and unresolved tangents—I think there’s certainly a need for criticism to step in and sort things out. In so doing, the language might be properly decoded, and its logic of socio-spatial violence might be forced into the realm of public knowledge, where it ultimately needs to be in order to achieve true efficacy.

### Notes

<sup>1</sup> Chester Himes, *Blind Man with a Pistol* (London: Allison & Busby, 1986), 191.

<sup>2</sup> Henri Lefebvre, *Critique of Everyday Life, Volume III*, trans. Gregory Elliott (New York: Verso, 2005), 135.

<sup>3</sup> Henri Lefebvre, *The Production of Space*, trans. Donald Nicholson-Smith (Malden, MA: Blackwell, 2007), 358.

<sup>4</sup> Michael Keith and Steve Pile, “Introduction Part 2: The Place of Politics” in *Place and the Politics of Identity*, ed. Michael Keith and Steve Pile (New York: Routledge, 1993), 37.

<sup>5</sup> Henri Lefebvre, *The Production of Space*, trans. Donald Nicholson-Smith (Malden, MA: Blackwell, 2007), 72.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, 411.

<sup>7</sup> Raoul Vaneigem, *Treatise on Living for Use of the Young Generation* (New York: Situationist International, 1970), 36.

- <sup>8</sup> Henri Lefebvre, *Critique of Everyday Life, Volume III*, trans. Gregory Elliott (New York: Verso, 2005), 70.
- <sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, 70.
- <sup>10</sup> Martin Luther King, Jr. "The Other America." *GPHistorical.org*, 19 March, 2013. <http://www.gphistorical.org/mlk/mlkspeech/mlk-gp-speech.pdf>.
- <sup>11</sup> Paul Gilje, *Rioting in America* (Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1996), 4.
- <sup>12</sup> Michel de Certeau, Luce Giard, and Pierre Mayol. *The Practice of Everyday Life, Volume 2: Living and Cooking* (Minneapolis: U of Minnesota P, 1998), 9.
- <sup>13</sup> Paul Gilje, *Rioting in America* (Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1996), 4.
- <sup>14</sup> Elizabeth Ammons, "Writing Silence," in *Conflicting Stories: American Women Writers at the Turn of the Twentieth Century* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1991), 35.
- <sup>15</sup> Cynthia Rock et al., "The Appropriation of the House: Changes in House Design and Concepts of Domesticity," in *New Space for Women*, ed. Gerda R. Wekerle. (Boulder, CO: Westview Press, 1980), 83.
- <sup>16</sup> Elizabeth Ammons, "Writing Silence," in *Conflicting Stories: American Women Writers at the Turn of the Twentieth Century* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1991), 36.
- <sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, 37.
- <sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, 37.
- <sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, 37.
- <sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, 38.
- <sup>21</sup> Charlotte Perkins Gilman, "The Yellow Wallpaper," in *The Yellow Wall-Paper and Other Stories*, ed. Robert Shulman (Oxford: Oxford UP, 2009), 3.
- <sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*, 4.
- <sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*, 6.
- <sup>24</sup> *Ibid.*, 6.
- <sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*, 12.
- <sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*, 12.
- <sup>27</sup> *Ibid.*, 18.
- <sup>28</sup> *Ibid.*, 19.
- <sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*, 19.
- <sup>30</sup> Tyrone R. Simpson, II, "Enough to Make a Body Riot: Chester Himes, Melancholia, and the Postmodern Renovation," in *Ghetto Images in Twentieth-Century American Literature: Writing Apartheid* (New York: Palgrave MacMillan, 2012), 149.
- <sup>31</sup> Thomas Heise, *Urban Underworlds: A Geography of Twentieth-Century American Literature and Culture* (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers UP, 2011), 88.
- <sup>32</sup> Chester Himes, *Blind Man with a Pistol* (London: Allison & Busby, 1986), 81-82.
- <sup>33</sup> *Ibid.*, 82.
- <sup>34</sup> *Ibid.*, 179.
- <sup>35</sup> *Ibid.*, 105.
- <sup>36</sup> *Ibid.*, 124.
- <sup>37</sup> *Ibid.*, 109.
- <sup>38</sup> *Ibid.*, 145.
- <sup>39</sup> *Ibid.*, 112.
- <sup>40</sup> *Ibid.*, 140-41.
- <sup>41</sup> Tyrone R. Simpson, II, "Enough to Make a Body Riot: Chester Himes, Melancholia, and the Postmodern Renovation," in *Ghetto Images in Twentieth-Century American Literature: Writing Apartheid* (New York: Palgrave MacMillan, 2012), 115.

<sup>42</sup> Chester Himes, *Blind Man with a Pistol* (London: Allison & Busby, 1986), 194.

<sup>43</sup> *Ibid.*, 195.

<sup>44</sup> Emma Goldman, "The Psychology of Political Violence," in *Anarchism and Other Essays* (New York: Dover, 1969), 107-8.

<sup>45</sup> Paul Gilje, *Rioting in America* (Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1996), 1.

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