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House of Earth

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“Flying in the Wind”
—The Dust Bowl Confirmation of the Body in Woody
Guthrie’s *House of Earth*

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American literature, I believe, owes much gratitude to the leg work of Douglas Brinkley and to the enthusiasm of Johnny Depp, for it was Brinkley who discovered Woody Guthrie’s unpublished manuscript from the 1940s, *House of Earth*, in a university library in Oklahoma, and it was Depp who saw it published under his Infinitum Nihil imprint at HarperCollins in 2013.

In 1947, Guthrie had shown the first chapter of *House of Earth* to Alan Lomax, a folklorist and ethnomusicologist at the Library of Congress, who would later say of it, “There was a moment in my life when I considered dropping everything I was doing, and just helping Woody to get published. It was, quite simply, the best material I’d ever seen written about that section of the country” (Klein 347). It seems likely, though, that Lomax never saw any more of the book. When Guthrie finished the rest of it, he sent the entire manuscript to Irving Lerner, a Hollywood documentary-maker, hoping that a film might be made. That never happened, and the manuscript disappeared until very recently — when the University of Tulsa began putting together a Guthrie collection *and* the Lerner estate was being put in order. Brinkley stumbled upon the manuscript in the University of Tulsa’s McFarlin Library while looking for information on Bob Dylan. When Brinkley and Depp showed the manuscript to Dylan, he was “surprised by the genius” (Brinkley and Depp, “Introduction” 39-43).

A brief synopsis of the plot, mentioning setting, major characters, and significant action, should require no more than one reasonably-lengthed sentence: Their home poorly protected from the dusty, windy Texas Panhandle, Tike and Ella May Hamlin, both big talkers, make love (for *many* pages), and then, with Tike and a midwife at her side, Ella May gives birth (for *many* pages) — all the while, Tike and Ella May expressing *everything* they think and feel out loud, in-

cluding the hope that one day they will build an adobe home impervious to the wind.

A discussion of what the novel is, though, in essence, at its core—what it is and what it *isn't*—could very well begin with an examination of what a variety of reviewers, upon publication, had to say about its various elements—including what they thought Guthrie might be trying to achieve with his simple (some might say “nonexistent”) storyline—and how well he succeeded.

Brinkley and Depp themselves (“This Land”) write that *House of Earth* is “somewhat static in terms of narrative drive”—but Suzanne Vega implies, in the *Irish Independent*, that any judgement of any drag in the action may depend on how we define “action.” In any case, the issue of narrative drive is one that must be examined.

Most of the critics suggest that what is most likely to make readers’ eyes pop out of their skulls is the lengthy lovemaking scene that makes up most of Chapter 1, “Dry Rosin.” Brinkley and Depp label the scene “scorching,” and Vega insists that it is *not* lascivious, but Martin Chilton, in *Daily Telegraph*, suggests, unconvinced by the lovers’ mid-action dialogue, “Perhaps there could be a new ‘Folk’ section in the Bad Sex in Fiction awards?” Certainly, how readers process this lovemaking scene, whether it works for them, greatly affects how they process the novel as a whole.

Critics also call attention to the social criticism, from a proletarian point-of-view, that is explicit in the novel. Brian Woolley, in *Dallas News*, writes that Guthrie depicts “those who didn’t flee [the Dust Bowl], who stayed on the plains and tried to oppose their oppressors — big agriculture, the banks, the landlords, the corporations and the brutal weather — on their native ground.” Chilton says that the novel “is a heartfelt story about grinding poverty.” Brinkley and Depp suggest that the novel is “a meditation about how poor people search for love and meaning in a corrupt world, one in which the rich have lost their moral compasses.” Mary Helen Specht, however, says in *the Texas Observer*, that “Guthrie’s political message” is “the weakest part of the novel.” Her comment suggests to me that the “political message” may be less central to the narrative than some of the critics have suggested. Undoubtedly, Tike and Ella May do live in “grinding poverty,” but the meaning of the novel does not seem limited to, or even primarily focused on,

an examination of how “*poor* people search for love” (my emphasis). Michael Faber, in *The Guardian*, concludes that “*if* Guthrie aimed to give cosy, middle-class readers an insight into the grinding poverty of farm labourers, he chose a remarkably oblique angle” (my emphasis).

Another issue lies in the editing — or the lack there of. Brinkley and Depp admit that their editing of the discovered manuscript was somewhere between minimal and none — that was for the best, they thought — but Farber argues that “experienced editors would have trimmed some verbiage” — and that, perhaps, Guthrie, had never even finished the novel — there seem to be some loose threads, nothing comes of their adobe dream — Guthrie may have “intended to knock out another few hundred pages.” Emily Carter, in *Minneapolis Star-Tribune*, notices similar issues as Farber, but she’s satisfied to conclude that *House of Earth* “is well constructed, like a good song or house should be,” while also being “a bit flawed and unruly, exactly the way American literature has always been.” The novel is, she states clearly, “a fully realized piece of very American literature.”

Finally, many critics emphasize (and this is no surprise given the author’s unquestioned position in American music), the importance of sound, song, and music in *House of Earth*. Farber, though reserved in his praise, says that the novel is, “[a]t its best [. . .] an eccentric *hymn* to the everythingness of everything,” and that “[e]very sensation is note and *riffed on*” (my emphases). Carter states that “the *sound* Guthrie’s prose conjures up” is “remarkable,” and that it’s “a *sound* that started with Walt Whitman and itinerant preachers and barkers, people who conjured up momentum with words” (my emphases).

Of all the comments of these critics, the most intriguing, to me, is Carter’s statement referencing Walt Whitman — for Walt Whitman (in particular, his “Song of Myself”) is the light by which *House of Earth* can best be read.

I am the poet of the body,
And I am the poet of the soul.

The pleasures of heaven are with me, and the pains of hell are with me.
The first I graft and increase upon myself . . . the latter I translate into a new tongue.

I am the poet of the women the same as the man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

I chant a new chant [. . .]

I can almost imagine Guthrie, with these lines scratched out on a piece of paper and pinned to the inside of his shirt, sitting down to the *House of Earth* manuscript. That's how close to his heart Whitman's ideas in these lines from "Song of Myself" were to his heart, whether he was giving Whitman any conscious thought or not¹. Guthrie was determined, in *House of Earth*, to become the singer/novelist of the body, and to write as best he could, not just of a man's body, but of a woman/mother's body, too, and by so doing, rethink heaven and hell.

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As Jeanneta Calhoun Mish, in *World Literature Today*, writes, the setting — the Caprock region of the Texas Panhandle, with its animal life, vegetation, and weather—becomes a key character in *House of Earth*, and if there is a single key element (both literal element and metaphorical one), of that Caprock environment, it is the wind. In *House of Earth*, the wind is ubiquitous and incessant, and can be both bone-chilling and destructive. It blows from the first sentence — "The wind of the upper flat plains sung a high lonesome song down across the blades of the dry iron grass" (*HOE 3*) — to the last. The Caprock country is "close to the sun" but "closer to the wind, the cloudbursts, floods, gumbo muds, the dry and dusty things that lose their footing in this world, and blow, and roll, jump wire fences, like a tumbleweed, and take their last earthly leap in the north wind out and down [. . .]" (*HOE 4*), the narrator tells us. "No spot on the globe is closer to the wind than these north panhandle plains" (*HOE 92*). Tike's grandfather advised him to "Get a hold of a piece of earth for yerself" (*HOE 5*), but in reality, the earth of the Caprock country is forever in danger of being blown away — and there is "a cry

¹ In a poem entitled "Me and the Others," Guthrie writes how he couldn't be like the others (Pushkin, Whitman, Will Rogers, Sandburg) even if he tried, but wouldn't want to even if he could. In one line, he claims to have "smelt a few foneylike words in Whitman," a suggestion of a degree of familiarity with the poet. Certainly, his prose poem, "My Secret," reveals a clear Whitman influence. (*Born to Win* 25-26, 163-174)

that is always in these winds" (*HOE 10*). The wooden shacks that so many of the poor live in are no match for the wind. They cannot keep out the dust and cold it brings, and the wind, with the sun and the rain, is "just too awful hard on the wood" (*HOE 6*). In a moment when kisses from Tike moisten her breasts, Ella May perhaps feels her most vulnerable. "[T]he wind blows on them," she says, and "they, they, I don't know, they get real cold and hurt" (*HOE 28*). But in this harsh, relentless "wind," Tike and Ella May must try to make a life for themselves.

Guthrie endowed his two leading characters with those characteristics he thought were men and women's best, characteristics that enable a man and woman to stand in the wind and not only not be defeated but also see how very much they are capable of under even the harshest of conditions. Though "[i]gnorant as to the things of the schools," Tike is a "wiry, hard-hitting, hardworking sort of a man." He is a fighter, with "no extra fat around his belly"—his active metabolism burns it away before it can get to his belly—he's a fighter who "grinned his same little grin even when he got the best or the worst end of a fistfight." He's also "a dreaming man," "a man of ideas and of visions as big, as many, as wild, and as orderly as the stars of the big dark night around him" (*HOE 7-8*). If his dreams are both "wild" and "orderly," that just shows that he can embody a contradiction as well as Whitman could.

Ella May is the perfect partner for him. She is "made out of the same stuff that movement itself is made of. She [is] energy going somewhere to work." She is "small," but "solid of *wind* and limb, solid on her two feet" (*HOE 8*, my emphasis). Yes, she has the *wind* in her, which makes her a formidable opponent for the wind that blows across the Panhandle. And she will prove to possess the greatest gift: a moral compass that points straight and true—straight to universal truth.

The story begins with Tike telling Ella May of his idea to build an adobe house, their excitement with the idea soon coupling with a mutual desire to make love. Soon they are in the barn making love *and* talking, keenly aware of each other's thoughts and feelings. That they experience each other's bodies to the fullest while talking of the adobe house makes perfect poetic sense, for in their minds, the land they worry they may never own, their dream adobe house, and themselves, their bodies, are *all* made from the very same dust. Their idea is one Guthrie had shared with Cluster Baker, a guitarist in the Corncob Trio (Guthrie's Pampa band), when

he had returned to Pampa, from California, in 1937, via Santa Fe. In Santa Fe, he had been fascinated by an adobe pueblo and painted some adobe pictures. He gave one of those pictures to Baker. On the back of it was written, "This is adobe, a painted clay, open air, and sky. I was painting in front of the Santa Fe art museum when an old lady told me, 'The world is made of adobe,' and I said, 'So is man'" (Klein 86-87).

The *dust* oneness and sameness of land, home, and body is made clear throughout, both in the narrator's descriptions and in the things Tike and Ella May say.

The dust in the wind equaling the land they long for is clearly expressed in Ella May's whimsical suggestion for overcoming the lack of funds for purchasing a place of their own.

"Well, the very next time that one of those big mean old dust storms comes along, why, you wait till it gets just at its worst, see? Then."

"Then."

"Then you grab your hat and run out and catch it."

"Yeeehh."

"Then. You put your hand over your hat, like this." She slapped him in the middle of the back. "Like, so."

"So ho ho ho." He acted like he was coughing. "What?"

"Then you run over to the iron water tank, and you stick the hat and all, dust storm and all, down under the water, and you hold it down there till it tames down, and all of the wind and air goes out of it, and it just turns into soil, dirt again. Then you go and you lay it down somewhere, anywhere you want to, and it will be your land. Your farm. Your ranch." (HOE 38)

The idea of the land as a kind of home, a place that requires tidying up, is clear in Tike's description of nature as "mama": "When old mama nature wants to sweep our good old upper plains off real good and clean, she always uses those lower plains as a place to sweep her trash in!" (HOE 56). Finally, the idea of the body as land is clear in what Tike says and does when their lovemaking has finished.

He kissed the bruise on her leg and said, "Plant, plant. Dig dig. Cover up,

cover up. Now my seed's all planted an' dug down good an' deep for th' winter." He scratched her thigh muscle with one finger as if he were digging, then he made a movement with his hands as if he were covering it over. (*HOE* 75)

As the climax of their lovemaking approaches, their bodies become both home and land. Ella is keenly aware of "her inner organs and tissues, all her muscles and glands" inside "the *door* of her womb" (my emphasis). And as they move "their whole bodies," "[t]heir arms [tie] into knots like vines climbing trees, and the trees [move] and [sway], and there [is] a time and a rhythm to the blend of the movement" (*HOE* 41).

Guthrie's associations of the body with the home and the land sets the stage for the moments in the novel when the characters feel in their bones—and in the wind and in the dust—the oneness of all, with the human body the most essential part of that oneness, for it is after all, the sole point-of-view from which they can experience the total oneness, "the everythingness of everything," as Faber calls it. Ella May understands this all so well. It was the reason she broke free from her "rich moneybags daddy." He had lots of land and could have provided her with a nice home, but preferred to be landless and live in a "rotten fell-down house" than submit to his control — in particular his control of her physical body. All this she explains to Tike without meshing words:

"[. . . M]y rich old daddy [. . .] can just pass out his farms and his good houses to the rest of his young'uns that will kneel down in front of him and do what he says. He'll do their thinking, and their eating, and their breathing, and their sleeping for them for all of the rest of the days of their lives, and he'll find their right mate for them and go to bed for them and open up their legs for them and show them everything." (*HOE* 50)

As Ella struggles with labor pains, her "stomach in her hands, gritting her teeth, she turns a doorknob — and has a vision of "several million people all going and coming in and through and inside one another." She then delivers an impassioned soliloquy—a hymn to the oneness of the body (*HOE* 151) :

And the people are all born from one and they are really all one. The people are all one, like you and your baby are one, like you and your husband, both of you are one. And all of the upper north plains are one big body being born and reborn in and through one another, and those also of the lower south plains. All of those of the Cap Rock. This is the greatest one single truth of life and takes in all other books of knowing. (HOE 152)

And those who deny this truth, Ella May insists, those who through greed impair other's abilities to live as a part of this oneness, are the source of evil: they are "the thieves of the body" (HOE 152).

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The wind is a physical force in the "body" of the environment that makes life on the farm Tike and Ella May rent difficult, a physical force that blows right through the brittle, rotting wooden walls of their home. It is also a symbol of the social and economic forces that bear down upon the couple — the greed of the bankers and landowners. But more generally, it is the symbol of any hardship, any difficulty to overcome that life "blows" into your face — as Ella May understands all so well, and this makes the novel something much more than a work of mere social protest.

She held her hands against her breasts, then waved them about, beat her fists in the wind, and spoke in a loud scream. "Why has there got to be always something to knock you down? Why is this country full of things that you can't see, things that beat you down, kick you down, throw you around, and kill out your hope? [. . .] (HOE 15)

And the wind, we see, is not only an undying, unstoppable force in the "body" of the environment, it is a driving life force in *every* body, including the bodies of Tike and Ella May — and, in the end, the child they bring into the world. Ella May, especially, is described as possessing wind at her core — as strong as that which threatens to blow down their rotting house. When the wind would "sweep" the tumbleweeds from the plains, Ella May would just laugh at it — she would laugh at *all* the troublesome winds, whether they blew tumbleweeds, or debts, or "the fears and doubts of the world" her way.

She always laughed. She laughed in a way that was easy for her. She laughed best, most times, when the crops, the winds, the debts, the worries, the fears and doubts of the world, splashed their highest. [. . .] It came across her face, in her throat, from her stomach, her whole body at the same time, and she had a way of doing it in such an easy manner that the whole country just called it "Ella May's laugh." Other ones tried to add a little bit onto it, and said, "There's that Ella May *flying in the wind* again." "Ella May's ticklebox has blowed over." "Things must be pretty tough over at her house, she's laughing again." As a little girl, she had used her voice to make herself heard in the face and teeth of high hard winds, sand, gravel, straw, papers, all sorts of dry, brittle, noisy things that fill the air with loud sounds as they get taken into the winds of the plains. [. . .] Like she was, in a way, and in the same breath, making a little bit of fun of her own self, and all of her earthly sorrows in one breath. (HOE 56-57, my emphasis)

Her and Tike's lovemaking arouses this extraordinary wind at her core, arousing her desire to blow over the surface of all things in this world big and small.

And it did seem to Ella May that her eyes strained to try to follow the rays from the sun around the world. She leaned back against a higher bale of hay and lifted her breasts in her own hands, took a deep breath, let her lips fall apart, and wished that she could see every little hair on every little body in the whole big wide world, like the lamp of the sun does. *Like the breath of the wind does*. Like the waters wash them all. Her *wind* went out and over and across and in and around and through the whole farm, and she felt the hurts, aches, pains, sickness, and the misery and all of the gladness of all things around her. [. . .] She lay her head back and spread her knees apart. *The stir of the breeze* felt good against her feet and thighs. (HOE 24-25, my emphasis)

Finally, the wind is born again, revitalized, in the birth cry of their baby, a cry Guthrie celebrates in full-throated Whitmanesque fervor, strength, and all-inclusiveness. The new body gives new force to the wind. In Tike's ears, the powerful wind blows and highlights the oneness of both "the misery and gladness of all

things.”

A noise came. A noise in the whole room. A noise from under the bed, in the closet, up the stairs, even down from the roost, from out the cans of cream, the disks of the separator, the tablecloth, out of the globe of the lamp, the sound came onto the air, through the sounds of the night winds outside, the creaking of snow and ice, the scrunch of crusted slets, hard froze snow, a cry. It was a scattered and a broken, windblown, rattling yell. It was a woman drowned in water, a man drowned in hot oil. A dog that fell from landslide down the Cap Rock. A mama turkey shrieking at three of her babies caught in the mud ruts under truck wheels. The last death hiss, the only live sound of the leather lizard under a fallen rock. Noise of dry locusts on stems of bushes. High rattle of clouds of grasshoppers peeling off across the ranch. A yelping dog. Hungry coyote. The croak of a carp feeding with his fins out of water, the gasp of the buzzard shot through the head. A sound of new green things crashing up out of the spring ground. A dry wagon wheel, a barn door, the jingle of rusty spurs hung on the windmill post. The sound was a cry and the cry had all of these sounds and more and other sounds, all of the sounds, all of the hisses, barks, yelps, whoops, croaks, peeps, chirps, screams, whistles, moans, yells, and groans, all of these were mixed up in Tike's head as he listened to the scream of the bones of his temples and saw Blanche shake his baby there above that slick wall canyon. And out of the walls of the canyon the cry got itself together, and it got better organized and unionized and turned into something so wide, so high, so big, so loud, that it strained the boards of the shack. When it did dawn on Tike that all of this sounding was coming out from the mouth and the lungs, the belly, of his baby there in the air over that bed, then a feeling of such pride came over him that he felt like a blacksmith's anvil, and he heard in his soul a hundred hammers ring. And he heard his own hammer ring on every other anvil in the whole world. [HOE 196-197]

If Guthrie sings out in his prose as Whitman does, it is because the journey he feels his characters are on is, though begun in the body, as spiritual as Whitman's in "Song of Myself." And just as Casey, the preacher in John Steinbeck's *Grapes of*

Wrath, questions the common Christian views on sin and the body of his generation, so does Tike². Here's what Tike has to say after their long, long lovemaking finally comes to an end:

“Goshamighty. You know I feel just like a new man. Feel like I’m all good an’ set to go to worryin’ myself crazy again. You know, Lady, they said that the Good Lord run Adam a’ Eve outta th’ garden of Paradise ‘cause they done what we just got through doin’.”

.....

“I’m just about to decide that th’ Lord was dead wrong about what he done to poor old Adam an’ Eve. I’m just arollin’ it over in my mind. But, you know, I swear to God and’ little channel cats, Honey, th’ more we do that, th’ closer to heaven I get. [. . .] (*HOE* 46)

Like Whitman and Steinbeck (or at least his character Casy), Guthrie was not so interested in disbunking Christianity as expanding it, so that the joys of the flesh could be celebrated, fully, as a blessed part of creation. That he thought — like Whitman, like Casy — that there was nothing vulgar about the human body and that God could be discovered through the experience of the body, he made perfectly clear in a piece called “My Secret,” published in *Born to Win*.

Nothing in this earth life is vulgar to me.
Nothing around this planet’s crust is lowdown to me.
I see nothing obscene around me no matter where my ten senses go to scratch around.
I can’t see one thing indecent about any of the cells nor germs, nor plants, nor bugs, nor insects, nor skybirds, nor seeds of man.
To call God’s highest works (man) by some sort of a fearful obscene name would in my set of books be the worst of sins.

² One example of Casy’s “new” thinking: “Gonna hear husban’ and wife a-poundin’ the mattress in the night. Gonna eat with ‘em and learn. [. . .] Gonna lay in the grass, open an’ honest with anybody that’ll have me. Gonna cuss an’ swear an’ hear the poetry of folks talkin’. All that’s holy, all that’s what I didn’ understan’. All them things is the good things.” (*The Grapes of Wrath* 121)

.....

Love is the only medicine that I believe in. It enters into all other forms of good medicine and good nursing. To me the easy rub and gentle touch of the nursing hand is more potent and longer lasting in its healing powers than all or any other known drug medicine.

Love is the only God that I'll ever believe in.

The books of the Holy Bible never say but one time just exactly what God is, and in those three little words it pours out a hundred million college educations: and says, God Is Love. (*Born to Win* 164-165)

Thinking in this way in *House of Earth*, too, Guthrie as "the poet of the body" becomes "the poet of the soul." Through his descriptions of a truly loving lovemaking scene and a birth scene in which the mother's fortitude and universal vision are made crystal clear, he strives to become "the poet of the woman the same as the man." In showing how the wind inside human beings—their voices, their cries, their spirits—can lead to enlightenment, a joyous enlightenment, he becomes the singer of "the pleasures of heaven."

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I once had a college professor who told me that when evaluating any novel you had to ask yourself two questions, the first one with two parts: What was the writer trying to achieve — and how significant would that achievement be? And second, how well did he do what he set out to do? These questions strike me as good ones for coming to some conclusions about *House of Earth*.

So, first, what was Guthrie trying to do? He was, I think, trying to make a religious statement, Whitmanesque in nature, that would glorify human bodies through graphic depictions of them in motion, at close quarters with one another—a religious statement that would show how both a total awareness of the body and a willingness to celebrate the body can strengthen the spirit, a spirit which can then lift the heart and relieve suffering by "blowing" across all existence and uncovering "the everythingness in everything." His task was slightly different from Whitman's, as he tried to get exactly where Whitman did — an understanding of the cosmos, including the love in the cosmos—while focusing on only two human characters, Tike and Ella May, and on only two days in their lives. It seems to me,

then, that (*if* Guthrie was successful in what he was out to achieve) he does indeed deserve a place in the literary canon, for he gets us to the same place that “Song of Myself” does, only by a different route. If there is a destination worth reaching, it has to be a good thing to have more than one way to get there.

Of course, some readers may not like the graphic descriptions and raw language, or the paucity of characters, or the action being limited to only two scenes, or the page-filling, space-absorbing Whitmanesque cataloguing (something they may deem “unruly”—in which case, they will have to draw a slightly different conclusion than mine). They will surely have serious doubts about *what* Guthrie was trying to achieve.

In regard to the second question, how well did he achieve what he set out to, I think the most important thing to consider, the most *telling* thing, is how well he drew the lovemaking and birth scenes. Here, I’ll focus my attention on the love-making scene.

As I wrote in the first section of this essay, Suzanne Vega found the lovemaking scene beautiful, while Martin Chilton suggested that it should be given an award for “Bad Sex in Fiction.” Which view is more reasonable? Or is it impossible to say? Does how well the lovemaking scene work depend on how much each individual reader can believe the voluminous conversation that Tike and Ella May have while making love — or maybe depend on whether or not they *approve* of the conversation? In the end, I think that is actually the case: how well this scene works truly depends on what the reader brings to it.

Personally, I find myself on Suzanne Vega’s side, but I think this is at least partially because I bring to the reading of the novel a love of Guthrie’s music and songwriting and an understanding of his sincere belief that there is nothing about the human body that is vulgar or obscene, an understanding of the joy he takes in silly word play, an understanding of his unique brand of Panhandle humor and his startling honesty, and an understanding of how incredibly contemplative he nearly always was. In other words, if you can imagine Guthrie clearly, and you can also see a lot of Guthrie in Tike, and then the lovemaking conversation between Tike and Ella May becomes immensely more believable. Tike has been a selfish lover in the past. Now, though he cannot do so perfectly, he is consumed with understanding how Ella May experiences their lovemaking. He’s a country boy

with country metaphors (ones, granted, that Chilton finds too silly to believe), who feels his humor and honesty and the banter between them brings them closer together—makes their lovemaking more full of love.

I not only find this Tike believable, I find this Tike essential to Guthrie's entire purpose. Guthrie wants to glorify the body for sure, to show how the spirit comes to life *in* it, to show how the body connects with all in creation, but that means, first, finding a way to look at the body clearly, a way to feel the body intensely, and a way to assess precisely *all* the body can and cannot do. To me, Tike—and Guthrie *in* Tike—and Ella May, too, seem perfectly qualified to do this.

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