

dig yourself, LAZARUS!!!!!!
DIG YOURSELF, LAZARUS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
dig yourself, LAZARUS!!!!!!
(dig yourself back in that hole)

Larry made his nest up in the autumn branches
built from nothing but high hopes & thin air
he collected up some BABY-BLASTED mothers
they took their chances
& for a while lived quite happily up there
he came from NEW YORK CITY,
but he couldn't take the pace
(thought it was like DOGGY-DOG-WORLD)
then he went to SAN FRANCISCO
(spent a year in outer space)
w/ a sweet little san franciscan girl

I can hear my mother wailing
& a whole lot of scraping of chairs!!!!!!
I don't know what it is
but there is definitely something going on upstairs

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(dig yourself back in that hole)
I!!!! WANT!!!! Y!!!!!!!! TO!!!!!!!! DIG!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

yeah, NEW YORK CITY, he had to get out of there
& san francisco, well, I don't know
& then to LA, where he spent about a day
he thought even the pale sky-stars
were smart enough to keep well away from LA!!!!!!

meanwhile Larry made up names for the ladies, like
MISS BOO!!!! & MISS QUICK!!!!!!
he stockpiled weapons & took pot shots at the air
he feasted on their lovely bodies like a lunatic
wrapped himself up in their soft yellow hair

I can hear chants & incantations
& some guy is mentioning me in his prayers!!!!
I don't know what it is
but there is definitely something going on upstairs

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well NEW YORK CITY, man
SAN FRANCISCO, LA (I don't know)
Larry grew increasingly neurotic & obscene!!!!!!
HE NEVER ASKED
TO BE RAISED UP FROM THE TOMB!!!
no one ever actually asked him to forsake his DREAMS!!!
anyway, to cut a long story short
fame finally found him
mirrors became his torturers
cameras snapped him at every chance
the women all went back to their homes
& their husbands
(secret smiles in the corners of their mouths)
he ended up like so many of them do
back on the streets of
NEW YORK CITY!!!!!!!!!! (crowd)!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
in a soup queue/
a dope fiend/ (a slave)
then prison/ then the madhouse/
then the grave
O POOR LARRY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

but what do we really know of the dead
& who actually cares????????!!!!
I don't know what it is
but there is definitely something going on upstairs

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“Dig, Lazarus, Dig!!!”
Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds
From *Dig, Lazarus, Dig!!!* (2008)

“Prologue” from *Salem’s Lot*

Almost everyone [in the small Mexican town] thought the man and the boy were father and son.

They crossed the country on a rambling southwest line in an old Citroen sedan, keeping mostly to secondary roads, travelling in fits and starts. They stopped three places along the way before reaching their final destination: first in Rhode Island, where the tall man with the black hair worked in a textile mill; then in Youngstown, Ohio, where he worked for three months on a tractor assembly line; and finally in a small California town near the Mexican border, where he pumped gas and worked at repairing small foreign cars with an amount of success that was, to him, surprising and gratifying.

Wherever they stopped, he got a Maine newspaper called the *Portland Press-Herald* and watched for items concerning a small southern Maine town name Jerusalem’s Lot and the surrounding area. There were such items from time to time ...

The boy did not speak much. his face retained a perpetual pinched look, and his eyes were dark – as if they always scanned some bleak inner horizon. In the diners and gas stations where they stopped along the way, he was polite and nothing more. He didn’t seem to want the tall man out of his sight[. He] refused to talk about the town of Jerusalem’s Lot, although the tall man tried to raise the topic from time to time, and he would not look at the *Portland* newspapers the man sometimes deliberately left around ...

Once or twice a month (not always together) they attended mass at the small church in town. Neither of them understood the ceremony, but they went all the same. The man found himself sometimes drowsing in the suffocating heat to the steady familiar rhythms and the voices which gave them tongue. One Sunday the boy came out onto the rickety back porch [and told the man] hesitantly that he had spoken to the priest about being taken into the church. The man nodded and asked him if he had enough Spanish to take instruction. The boy said he didn’t think it would be a problem.

The man made a forty-mile trip once a week to get the *Portland, Maine*, paper, which was always at least a week old ... Two weeks after boy had told him of his intentions, he found a [feature] about *’salem’s Lot* and a Vermont town called Momson. The tall man’s name was mentioned in the story. He left the paper with no particular hope that the boy would pick it up. The article made him uneasy for a number of reasons. It was not over in *’salem’s Lot* yet, it seemed.

The boy came to him a day later with the paper in his hand, folded open to expose the headline: ‘Ghost Town in Maine?’

‘I’m scared,’ he said.

I am, too,’ the tall man answered ...

Two months after the newspaper article, the boy was taken into the church. He made his first confession – and confessed everything. [Father Gracon, the priest who received his confession said to the tall man, “T]here are strange things in the world. Forty years ago a peasant from El Graniones brought [me] a lizard that screamed as though it were a woman. [I have] seen a man with stigmata, the marks of Our Lord’s passion, and this man bled from his hands and feet on Good Friday. [What you and the boy have endured] is an awful thing, a dark thing. It is serious for you and the boy. Particularly for the boy. It is eating him up. [I will pray for you to know what to do].”

A week later he awoke sweating from a nightmare and called out the boy’s name.

‘I’m going back,’ he said.

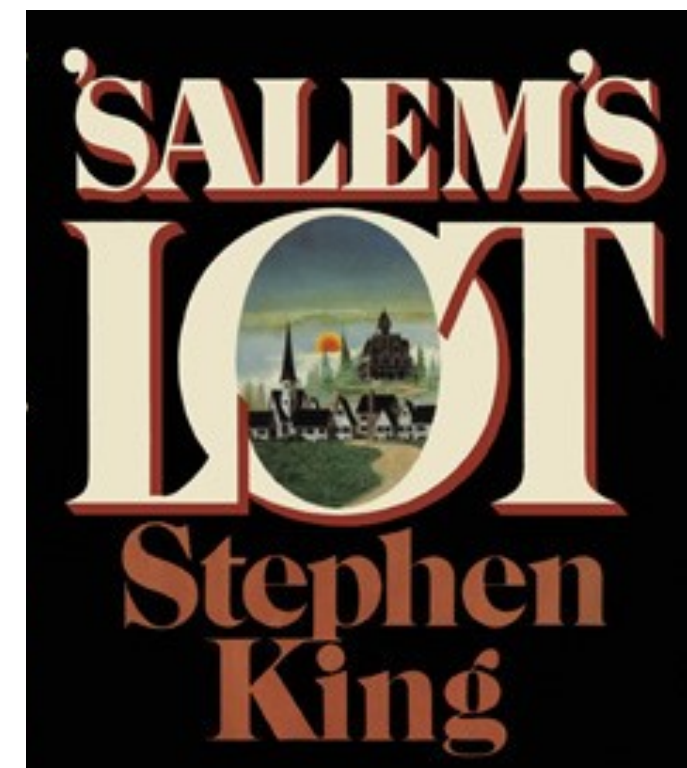
The boy paled beneath his tan.

‘Can you come with me?’ the man asked.

‘Do you love me?’

‘Yes. God, yes.’

The boy began to weep, and the tall man held him.



“Epilogue” from *Salem’s Lot*

It was almost noon when they got to the ’salem’s Lot turnoff, and Ben was reminded achingly of the day he had arrived here determined to exorcise the demons that had haunted him, and confident of his success. That day had been warmer than this, the wind had not been so strong out of the west, and Indian summer had only been beginning. He remembered two boys with fishing poles. The sky today was a harder blue, colder.

The car radio proclaimed that the fire index was at five, its second-highest reading. There had been no significant rainfall in southern Maine since the first week of September. The deejay on WJAB cautioned drivers to crush their smokes and then played a record about a man who was going to jump off a water tower for love.

They drove down Route 12 past the Elks sign and were on Jointner Avenue. Ben saw at once that the blinker was dark. No need of a warning light now.

Then they were in town. They drove through it slowly, and Ben felt the old fear drop over him, like a coat found in the attic which has grown tight but still fits. Mark sat rigidly beside him, holding a vial of holy water brought all the way from [Mexico]. Father Gracon had presented him with it as a going-away present.

With the fear came memories: almost heartbreaking ... The sign over what had once been a Laundromat still read ‘Barlow and Straker – Fine Furnishings,’ but now the gilt letters were tarnished and they looked out on empty sidewalks. The show window was empty, the deep-pile carpet dirty. Ben thought of Mike Ryerson and wondered if he was still lying in the crate in the back room. The thought made his mouth dry.

Ben slowed at the crossroads. Up the hill he could see the Norton house, the grass grown long and yellow in front and behind it, where Bill Norton’s brick barbecue had stood. Some of the windows were broken.

Further up the street he pulled into the curb and looked into the park. The War Memorial presided over a jungle-like growth of bushes and grass. The wading pool and been choked by summer waterweeds. The green paint on the benches was flaked and peeling. The swing chains had rusted, and to ride in one would produce squealing noises unpleasant enough to spoil the fun. The [slide] had fallen over and lay with its legs sticking stiffly out, like a dead antelope. [Perched] in one corner of the sandbox, a floppy arm trailing on the grass, was some child’s forgotten Raggedy Andy doll. Its shoe-button eyes seemed to reflect a black, vapid horror, as if it had seen all the secrets of darkness during its long stay in the sandbox. Perhaps it had.

He looked up and saw the Marsten House, its shutters still closed, looking down on the town with rickety malevolence. It was harmless now, but after dark ... ?

The rains would have washed away the wafer with which Callahan had sealed it. It could be theirs again if they wanted it, a shrine, a dark lighthouse overlooking this shunned and deadly town. Did they meet up there? he wondered. Did they wander, pallid, through its nighted halls and hold revels, twisted services to the Maker of their Maker? He looked away, cold.

Mark was looking at the houses. In most of them the shades were drawn; in others, uncovered windows looked in on empty rooms. They were worse than those decently closed, Ben thought. They seemed to look out at these daylight interlopers with [vacant stares].

‘They’re in those house,’ Mark said tightly. ‘Right now, in all those houses. Behind the shades. In beds and closets and cellars. Under the floors. Hiding.’

‘Take it easy,’ Ben said.

The village dropped behind them. Ben turned onto the Brooks Road and they drove past the Marsten House – its shutters still sagging, its lawn a complex maze of knee-high witch grass and goldenrod.

Mark pointed, and Ben looked. A path had been beaten across the grass, beaten white. It cut across the lawn from the road to the porch. Then it was behind, them, and he felt a loosening in his chest. The worst had been faced and was behind them.

Far out on the Burns Road, not too far distant from the Harmony Hill graveyard, Ben stopped the car and they got out. They walked into the woods together. The undergrowth snapped harshly, dryly, under their feet. There was a gin-sharp smell of juniper berries and the sound of late locusts. They came out on a small, knoll-like prominence of land that looked down on a slash through the woods where the Central Maine Power lines twinkled in the day’s cool windiness. Some of the trees were beginning to show color.

The undergrowth snapped harshly, dryly, under their feet. ‘The old-timers say this is where it started,’ Ben said. ‘Back in 1951. The wind was blowing from the west. They think maybe a guy got careless with a cigarette. One little cigarette. It took off across the Marshes and no one could stop it.’

He took a package of Pall Malls from his pocket, looked at the emblem thoughtfully – *in hoc signo vinces* – and then tore the cellophane top off.

He lit one and shook out the match. The cigarette tasted surprisingly good, although he had not smoked in months.

‘They have their places,’ he said. ‘But they could lose them. A lot of them could be killed ... or destroyed. That’s a better word. But not all of them.’

‘Do you understand?’

‘Yes,’ Mark said.

‘They’re not very bright. If they lose their hiding places, they’ll hide badly the second time. A couple of people just looking in obvious places could do well. Maybe it could be finished in ’salem’s Lot by the time the first snow flew. Maybe it would never be finished. No guarantee, one way or the other. But without ... something ... to drive them out, to upset them, there would be no chance at all.’

‘Yes.’

‘It would be ugly and dangerous.’

‘I know that.’

‘But they say fire purifies,’ Ben [said.] ‘Purification should count for something, don’t you think?’

‘Yes,’ Mark said again.

Ben stood up. ‘We ought to go back.’

He flicked the smoldering cigarette into a pile of dead brush and old brittle leaves. The white ribbon of smoke rose thinly against the [junipers] for two or three feet, and then was pulled apart by the wind. Twenty feet away, downwind, was a large, jumbled deadfall.

They watched the smoke, transfixed, fascinated. It thickened. A tongue of lame appeared. A small popping noise issued from the pile of dead brush as twigs caught.

‘Tonight they won’t be running sheep or visiting farms,’ Ben said softly. ‘Tonight they’ll be on the run.’

‘And tomorrow –’

‘You and me,’ Mark said, and closed his fist. His face was no longer pale; bright color glowed there. His eyes flashed. They went back to the road and drove away.

In the small clearing overlooking the power lines, the fire in the brush began to burn more strongly, urged by the autumn wind that blew from the west.



“Christ’s Entry Into Brussels In 1889”

James Ensor (1888)

From the J. Paul Getty Museum, Los Angeles