

The Healing Horn

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When I was in L.A. I went to several services run by an organization called the Universalist World Church. The services were held in a huge auditorium, formerly a used-car showroom. The head of this operation was a man named Dr. J., an Egyptologist, preacher and recording artist. At the back of the church he sold cassettes he had produced in his home studio. The cassettes had titles like: "UFOs and the Creatures Who Drive Them." His assistant was a tiny woman named Miss Velma, a soprano who also administered the Oil of Youth at the Healing Horn. The Healing Horn was an actual horn of identifiable origins all set in jewels.

When you touch the horn you feel a rejuvenating surge of energy, about fifty volts, as long as you happen to be standing on the metal plate embedded in the altar.

The most spectacular event of the year at the World Church was a Christmas service. There was a giant screen painted with a Nativity scene. There were lots of animals painted on the screen, with holes cut out where their heads would be; there was a microphone behind each hole. During the service, Miss Velma would stand behind the screen and stick her head through these holes, using a different voice for each animal. "Hi. I'm the cow and I saw it all." "Hello. I'm the dove. The lovely dove. And I was there too. I saw everything too."

The service would then abruptly cut to Dr. J., who would announce, "First, Miss Velma will shoot an arrow through a balloon. Then she will perform an Indian dance. And finally, she will perform a song for you on the mellophone." With no further explanation, Miss Velma comes out from behind the screen. First she shoots an arrow through a balloon. Then she does an Indian dance. And last, she performs a song on the mellophone.

And somehow it was amazing. First he tells you what will happen and then it actually happens, just the way he said it would. Like a prophecy being fulfilled.