

called *Revelations of Divine Love in Sixteen Showings*. She was living in Norwich. She has a profound illness for three days. They think she's dead or almost dead. And she has sixteen visions. And then she just describes them—what I was talking earlier about the mystics, bodily seeing, spiritual seeing, mental seeing—she talks a lot about that. She's really psychologically adept about levels of perception and awareness. And she's also really bodily. She describes being sick, and paralyzed, and hot and cold, and then she has these sixteen visions, in the course of a day, like May 9, 1374, or around then. And they're all of Jesus, Jesus bleeding, Jesus whatever, so they're graphic and gory. She writes little visions of what she saw and then she writes a whole chapter about what it means.

The whole thing about bodily violence, physical violence, and sexual violence: the mystics are all about that. They're really about the body as a site to try to describe what's going on in your mind. The violence of your mind is described as getting your head cut off. Or having things gouged into you, or having flowers blossom out of you. Right? That stuff is hugely important to me: Julian; John of the Cross; Catherine of Sienna; *The Cloud of Unknowing*. They're just these bodily, intense, deep images that are trying to describe the ineffable. That which cannot be named.

When I turned sixty, I flew myself to England for a week by myself to see Julian's church, and when I was received in the Catholic Church, I took the name Julian as my confirmation name. I wrote the people at the Children of Norwich church—there's a little nun's house next door—and I said, "I want to come to your church. Can I come hang out with you?" It's this big sixteen-room place, and it was me and one nun. And I'm like, "So, can we watch TV?" The church at Norwich, where Julian wrote this book, is still there. Basically, it's like a hole in the ground, and they say they built a church around it. I was in the church every day, and one day I closed the inside door behind me, and plaster fell off the outside door. Gasp! Oh my god! Of course, I stole the plaster.

Anyway, that stuff is tough to describe. For me, it's one of those things about religion versus philosophy, or even psychology. In philosophy and psychology you get the idea that they believe they can explain things. And religion ultimately goes back to, "Actually, we