



In the epileptic's apartment, everything is padded shag, of a single, quiet, fall color. Outsized walnut sculptures, which resemble brains, hang high on the walls. A dim light glows around a row of easy anti-convulsant pill dispensers, in case there's warning time. In case the incapacitating pills are swallowed, the refrigerator's stacked for a few days. Speaking of time, there's a clock on the wall, also a Wechsler Adult Intelligence Test, to measure post- and inter-ictal alertness. Near the clock, a barometer implies the possibility of prediction. And manufacturers' labels, evidence of known origins, are displayed on all the furniture. Other epileptics come here to relax. The only concession to despair is a beautiful dark red nipple, dangling from the ceiling, just out of reach.