

these swift moments. A wonderful light burned in his mind and heart. All agitation became calm, all doubts, all perplexities, melted into a vast harmony. But these radiant moments were but the prelude to the last second which was immediately followed by the attack. This second was truly ineffable. When, later, the prince having recovered, reflected upon it, he said himself: "If these fugitive moments are owing to sickness and the suspension of normal conditions, then they are not of a higher life, but, on the contrary, one of a lower grade. What matters it if it be a sickness or an abnormal tension, when in looking back, recalling and analyzing it, the greatest degree of harmony and beauty are included?" In this moment did he not have visions analogous to fantastic dreams produced by intoxication with hasheesh, opium or wine? He could easily judge all these things when the attack ceased. These moments are marked by the extraordinary exaggeration of the inner sense; in the last moment of consciousness which precedes the attack the sufferer can say with full consciousness of his words, "For this moment one would give a lifetime." And without doubt the epileptic in this instant understands the allusion of Mahomet when he said that he visited all the mosques in less time than it took to empty his vase.

That we may see how perfect the correspondence is, compare this description of the psychic epileptic attack with the inspiration of genius, as authors describe it. Berlioz says: "A voice comes from my palpitating chest; it seems as though my heart, under the irritation of an irresistible force, expands as to be dissolved by expansion. Then the skin of my whole body aches and burns. I flush from head to foot. I wish to scream, call the assistance of some one who would console and guide me, and prevent my being destroyed, and detain the life which is ebbing away. I have no thought of death during this death, and the thought of suicide is unbearable, I wish to live, live with energies a thousand fold redoubled; it is a prodigious attitude of happiness, and a mania for activity, which can not be quelled except with devouring, furious realization

according to the measure of its intensity." Goethe said that the melody of verse, like a tiny, independent, impalpable thing, agitated within him before the words were formed, or the thought itself took shape. And Beethoven said, "I have told it, but they did not understand me, as they can not understand the power of artistic inspiration, as they do not understand that I act in accordance with internal laws, unknown to the vulgar, and that I cease to understand myself when the hour of enthusiasm is passed. Fools! In their cold exaltation, in their free hours, they select a theme, they develop, enlarge it, taking care to repeat it in another tone; they add by rule, wind instruments or some strange combination. All that is very reasonable, very polished, well studied; but could I work so? They compare me to Michael Angelo. Very well: how did the author of Moses work? With fire and furor; in a frenzy, he then made great strokes in the immovable marble, and forced it in spite of itself, to unlock his living thought sepulchered in the block; and I too compose thus. For me inspiration is that mysterious state in which the entire world seems to form a vast harmony, when every feeling, every thought, echoes in me, when all the forces of nature become my instruments, when a shuddering shakes my whole frame, when my hair stands on end."

These expressions demonstrate that where genius shows itself in the highest form, and where there is the greatest differentiation from the normal man, in the moment of inspiration he is more or less in that state of unconsciousness which, according to many, is the true characteristic of epilepsy.

"One of the characteristics of genius," writes Hagen, "is the irresistible impulse of the act." And thus is explained by Kant, Coleridge, Voltaire and Cardano, how works of genius can be created in sleep, as this is also a state of perfect unconsciousness, and how the double personality of genius, in the state of inspiration and in the state of normal mind, is a mystery to itself. The most salient characteristic of genius is therefore unconscious creation, which is the most singular, if not the sole phenomenon of epilepsy; and from that, to deduct that it is