

## The Day of the Wolves – December 1978

Having lived through the bizarre events of October 1978, the yuletide season found me standing on ground that was not as steady as it could have been. It had become much harder to deal with my interior life while also juggling the responsibilities of my career and my home and family life. Up to that time I had been more successful than not in establishing and maintaining a separation between worlds, although even when running the most mundane errands I was careful to keep my journal close at hand. I was still living a double life, however, and no matter what the reason for doing so or how successful one is at doing it, there is always strain in this sort of thing under the best of circumstances...and mine were very far removed from the best.

My ego was still resisting implementing the changes needed for the transformation of self via integration of the inner and outer men. In addition, no matter how numerous nor captivating my visionary experiences, I was still not permitting them to bring about the positive changes in my psyche as they were obviously intended to do.

It was early December and I was already into my schedule of Christmas concerts that had proven so important to the Dyal family's holiday finances in prior years. Nights and weekends were spent in rehearsal for upcoming performances as well as trying to control my interior life. Things were actually proceeding apace and quite smoothly when one day I had a major seizure.

I had been on the 405 freeway on my way to meet with a business client, when I turned off to visit a Catholic cemetery on Slauson Avenue in Culver City. I was in the habit of stopping there whenever I had an appointment in the vicinity. My favorite spot was a statue of the Virgin of Guadalupe, and that was my destination this particular day.

The statue was situated in a small alcove with a cave and waterfall and flowers around the base of the figure. I always experienced a feeling of safety in this lovely and tranquil setting. Today, I had the old familiar sensation of being tracked by something dark and foreboding, as an unseen bloodhound that had been set on my trail by someone who wished me ill. In fact, there was a threatening atmosphere building up around me that I could neither outrun nor shrug off and ignore.

Needing reassurance, I knelt on the contrivance provided for those seeking communion with whomever or whatever they felt the Virgin represented, and prayed. When finished, I sat on a nearby bench to rest my head. I was dizzy and felt unwell. Suddenly, I was surrounded by woods comprised of high, narrow trees towering hundreds of feet.

Specks of light flickered through the branches and fell to the ground, illuminating the woods in such a manner as to make it impossible to be certain of one's bearings or even clearly discern the terrain.

These mental journeys always have a life of their own, an invitation to the dance as it were, and on this occasion I was invited to walk the trail flanked on each side by the trees and stretching down the center of the forest. I accepted.

As I penetrated deeper into the woods, the surroundings became darker. I was very much aware of the fact that I was alone and the fear began to consolidate in my stomach. Charon was nowhere in evidence, nor were any of my other allies. Why I had to walk this way alone and where it would lead, I knew not. I only knew I had to go wherever I was being led and had to make the trip without companionship.

I continued on through the woods. A wind blew up, setting the trees aflutter and making the light play peek-a-boo with the leaf-laden boughs. The light would strike me full in the face, blinding me, then just as quickly be hidden. The floor of the woods was uneven and I was unsure of my footing, being off balance most of the time. I tripped over rocks, clods of dirt, raised roots of trees. I had no idea where I was going or why. One thing of which I was very much aware is that there seemed no way out except along the path I was walking.

Finally, I entered a clearing, really more of a spacious grassy plain surrounded by remarkably tall trees. I estimated it to be roughly two hundred feet in diameter. Although I was glad to be in open space at last, the downside was that the trail ended at the clearing, leaving me no clues for further navigation.

I felt an inner prodding to go into the clearing and I obeyed. The grass was some three to four feet high, no more, reaching roughly to my waist. I ran my hand across the tops of the blades, then watched it fall back into its normal position. The texture of the grass was unusual, more like wheat than anything else, and it seemed to be emitting sounds, whispers and cries as though a voice were attempting to speak from the wheat or through it. I listened carefully and was almost able to make out actual words, but not quite.

More intrigued than frightened, I hastened to the center of the clearing, intending to cross it and pick up whatever words I might be able to, but not stopping my journey to investigate further. I had to get back into the forest and pick up the trail once more. As I hurried across the grassy expanse, I heard a wailing type sound in the distance and the fear factor once more made itself felt.

On the far side of the clearing, I wasn't able to find the trail. I looked around, noting the extreme thickness of the tree trunks, but of the path there was not the slightest trace. There was no way I was going to backtrack; I wanted nothing more to do with that whispering wheat or whatever it was.

I decided to walk around the perimeter of the circle, hoping to detect a clue as to the point where the trail continued on into the woods. At the three o'clock point I saw an opening between two of the trees. Pushing, pulling, and crawling my way through branches and twigs and dirt, I managed to get back on the trail. By this time, it was getting dark; night was beginning to fall. All the childhood terrors of being lost in places like this began to enfold me in their chilling hug.

I realized I had nothing to make a fire, nothing to eat or drink, certainly nothing to protect me against wild animals. That I didn't know what to make of the whole thing is a modest understatement.

I concentrated on taking one step at a time, hoping to negotiate the distance between where I was and wherever I was supposed to wind up as quickly as possible. I could barely see the tree trunks and the flickers of light were left well behind. Then, through the dense black thickets I could see something, something all too familiar: red eyes. And not just one set, but dozens, materializing out of the night, everywhere. I heard the sound of something on the trail; it sounded like animal paws heavily striking the forest floor. The sound grew louder as it drew nearer.

Then I saw them. They looked like wolves, but much larger with powerful claws and great fangs. Their coats were a mixture of black and gray and those red eyes were unforgettable. Their speed was unbelievably rapid.

I turned to run and collided with one of them. My flesh was ripped asunder, my arm torn, blood gushed in torrents. Another one attacked. Wildly, I tried to slam myself into it, as though I could overpower it or at least deflect it. I tried to hurt it but I couldn't. I attempted to poke its eyes out, with not much better success. I thought of tearing at its teeth but only provided it a closer target, its fangs slicing into me, tearing me to shreds. How could anyone possibly defend themselves against these things, at least without firearms?

Fighting them was impossible, but there was nothing else I could do. I managed to grab hold of one and threw it into another. But they pressed their attack relentlessly, hurling themselves at me as a pack.

Then I was overwhelmed by them, consumed. Skin hung from me in tatters, my bones were snapped between their powerful jaws, my skull caved in, my eyes were their appetizer, my heart their entrée. It was the episode with the black minotaur but in reverse. This time, I was being eaten. They chewed great gouts of flesh out of me, then with quick jerks of their massive canine heads they threw them into the night. Finally, I was no more.

Now there was nothing but blackness, no forest, no path, no wolves. Nothing was visible. I was a disembodied consciousness floating in a sea of Indian ink. Then in the midst of this stygian nothingness appeared a source of light, a being of some kind, glowing white and magnificent.

I saw a human face and for what seemed like the first time in my life – had anything existed before I entered this forest of horror? – I felt relief.

It was human, an aged man with white beard, white robe, tall, with long, strong fingers. He had a definite form, unlike me, for I was still all thought, all incoherent energy.

Then very gently he spoke, explaining what had happened. I had been torn to bits by wolves of the forest. Yes, that much had been abundantly clear to me.

He went on to tell me his mission was to restore my life, renew my soul, change my heart, the heart that had been voraciously eaten by my attackers. Then he began to reconstruct me. I was being reborn as a picture is painted, piece by piece, section by section, from the ground up. After my head was restored I was still without features and without an outer dermis. But he was not yet finished with his task.

He continued his work of remaking Myron Dyal, slowly but surely, expertly; I had absolute confidence in his ability and knowledge to fulfill his task. He rebuilt me and the new body was glowing with a bluish light, very beautiful to behold, which turned out to be the matrix for the finishing touches, skin, muscles, sinew, each put in its proper place, pulled taut, made smooth.

I once more had a form but like the tin man, no heart. He seemed to sense my thoughts, for he produced a red heart, saying, "This is your new heart." He opened my chest and placed the heart in its usual location, then seamlessly sealed me up once more.

Next came facial tissue and new eyes with which to see new and miraculous things. My throat was replaced, as were my tongue and lips, ready to speak new truths with the new voice he gave me. New aromas would be smelled through the new nose, music of the spheres would be heard through new ears, new genitals were next. I was completely replaced. I was back.

He blew into my lungs the breath of new life. I saw my new hands, strong and ready for new work.

With the new eyes I looked round the forest, expecting the wolven creatures to return, but they had done their work and would never reappear.

"You may go now," the old man said, "I have made you a new creature. I have returned the life the dark ones had destroyed. I have made you a new being. Go now, and remember this day."

I wanted to ask him where I should go but as I began to speak I became aware that I was at home, in my study, safe and sound or, at least, safe. I hadn't the slightest idea how I had gotten home, could not remember leaving the cemetery or calling on the client with whom I had the appointment. I had lost an entire day out of my life and even for me that was quite an experience.

The next day at the office, my morning coffee was interrupted by continual congratulations on the excellent sale I had closed the day before. Sales managers and other colleagues were liberal in their praise of my handling of the deal.

So, I had gone to the client, closed the deal and returned home. I remembered nothing and was more frightened than ever. All the while I had been traversing the woods, fighting with wolves,

being pulled to pieces by them, and being remade by the old wizard, I was in actuality putting over a business deal, leisurely driving home, having dinner, sleeping, and doing who knows what else.

I had lost hours out of my life, had been functioning in two worlds at once and neither remembered what the other had been doing, much less had been aware of it at the time.

This didn't seem to have anything to do with a seizure disorder; it seemed more like multiple personality disorder, the sort of thing one associates with *Sybil* and *The Three Faces of Eve*. Could that be the source of my problems and experiences, was it an offshoot of them, or something completely new with which I would have to deal?

For the first time since Russ had left I considered contacting a doctor and discussing my condition, whatever it was.

But I didn't.