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The 1980's turned the corner into the Nineties and changes were in the wind. My business career was on a positive track, Paula and I had divorced, and I had moved from a fairly good-sized house to a small apartment in Chatsworth, a location with a picturesque view of the mountains. In some ways I was back to square one but on other fronts I was making headway. My inner life was generating exciting imagery and my artwork was progressing very satisfactorily.

Five years earlier my business interests entered a new phase as a partner in a Los Angeles based telecommunications firm. Although we encountered the usual problems inherent in launching a new business venture, by the start of the new decade we were in full operation and doing well. For once, all seemed well in the outer world of Myron Dyal.

1985 was also the year I had met Leslie and, on my part, it was love at first sight. I saw her in the place of my *anima* and she embodied my every fantasy. She was beautiful, intelligent, seductive with an air of mystery, musically inclined, dark, sarcastic. In short, the perfect match for me. Our relationship had a normal intimacy about it but we never achieved any kind of symbiotic unity.

In certain ways our relationship was troubled from the outset, but I wasn't preoccupied with that. She was special and I wanted her, end of story. The downside, of course, is that rather than dealing with the reality of another soul, I used her as the screen upon which I projected my desires and, as Paula before her, I probably never encountered the real Leslie vis-à-vis. Inevitably, she and I broke up early in the Nineties and my life once again headed for the Gehenna-like pit whence it came.

Concomitant with meeting Leslie my inner world entered disturbing territory. Even though being with Leslie had an aura of magic about it, the internal mental and emotional pots were still boiling and I knew I was marking time until the crash came.

I learned that loneliness can become a religion and just as ungrateful and unmindful as adherents to other faiths, my refusal to use all outstanding teaching and applicable techniques given me by my energy was causing me to slip further back on my life path. And yet I was also visiting the mountain several times a week and producing art and journal entries. So, in some ways things were coming together and manifesting results, in others they weren't.

Then from nowhere, epilepsy came roaring back into my existence as a devouring beast. It did not reappear on the isolated mountain or in the privacy of my apartment, but right in the middle of a sales presentation. I was pulled under by a riptide of dizziness and disorientation, my speech was slurred and in general I lost control and was forced to excuse myself. After that I was on a roll; unfortunately, it was downhill. I visited my physician who referred me to a neurologist. After tests, tests, and more tests, the prognosis was that I had a seizure disorder.

The medical fraternity reached for its ever-handy bag of chemicals and I was given a slate of medications whose effects were as bad as the epilepsy itself. After nine years of medical treatment spanning different medications, varying doses, and so forth, I was no closer to health than at the beginning. For some reason, my kind of epilepsy was strongly resistant to treatment. As you would expect, these were very difficult years made even more so by dint of the fact that my personal “process” which, for decades, had at least offered a modicum of support and stability, began to lose its own effectiveness. For the first time in my life I had reached a stage where I felt completely alone.

My only trustworthy companion was depression, who wandered with me through the farthest reaches of myself. Charon was still close by and willing to help but the fear aroused by my seizures led me to stop going to the mountain in search of my energy. I lived in an understandable state of constant dread, never knowing when or where a seizure would hit me. This fear worked its way into and negatively colored every aspect of life. The only thing I had to hang on to was my art and, as in the past, creativity was my lifeline and the alchemical catalyst for my salvation.

I worked at my art nights, days, weekends, spending my every free waking moment with it, but it still did not assuage my alienation. I had fully retreated into my old pattern of destructive thinking. Willfully isolated from friends, I threw myself entirely into my art and my “secular” employment.

As it happened, this schedule turned out to be quite therapeutic, the force of sheer hard work punctuating the clouds and permitting light to shine through once again. With the change of consciousness, I returned to the mountain and found my allies there. The fire had been rekindled and the gods greeted the return of their prodigal son.

What had been a dark tinge to the visions was also positively impacted by the season of change, gradually taking on a new, lighter energy, with the two polarities beginning to merge into a state of wholeness and completion.

Occasionally anxiety would raise its ugly head and there were always failures along the way but even these were stepping stones to further advancement. But the unification of complimentary-opposing forces was underway and I was feeling optimistic.